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February 26, 1977

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P.22

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending February 26, 1972.

Last This Week		
1	1	SON OF MY FATHER..... Chicory Tip (CBS)
2	2	LOOK WOT YOU DUN..... Slade (Polydor)
3	3	AMERICAN PIE..... Don McLean (United Artists)
4	4	HAVE YOU SEEN HER..... Chi-Lites (MCA)
5	5	TELEGRAM SAM..... T Rex (T Rex)
6	6	WITHOUT YOU..... Nilsson (RCA)
7	7	MOTHER OF MINE..... Neil Reid (Decca)
8	8	STORM IN A TEACUP..... Fortunes (Capitol)
9	9	LET'S STAY TOGETHER..... Al Green (London)
10	10	DAY AFTER DAY..... Badfinger (Apple)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending February 25, 1967

Last This Week		
1	1	THIS IS MY SONG..... Petula Clark (Fye)
2	2	RELEASE ME..... Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
3	3	PENNY LANE/STRAWBERRY FIELDS..... Beatles (Parlophone)
4	4	I'M A BELIEVER..... Monkees (RCA)
5	5	HERE COMES MY BABY..... Tremeloes (CBS)
6	6	SNOOPY V. THE RED BARON..... Royal Guardsmen (Stateside)
7	7	LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER..... Rolling Stones (Decca)
8	8	PEEK-A-BOO..... New Vaudeville Band (Decca)
9	9	MELLOW YELLOW..... Donovan (Fye)
10	10	ON A CAROUSEL..... Hollies (Parlophone)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending February 23, 1962

Last This Week		
1	1	LET'S TWIST AGAIN..... Chubby Checker (Columbia)
2	2	THE YOUNG ONES..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
3	3	ROCK-A-HULA BABY..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
4	4	FORGET ME NOT..... Eden Kane (Decca)
5	5	WALK ON BY..... Karl Denver (Decca)
6	6	MARCH OF THE SIAMESE CHILDREN..... Kenny Ball (Fye)
7	7	CRYING IN THE RAIN..... Everly Brothers (Warner Bros.)
8	8	CANT HELP FALLING IN LOVE..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
9	9	A LITTLE BITTY TEAR..... Burl Ives (Brunswick)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
C · H · A · R · T · S**SINGLES**

This Last Week	Week ending February 26, 1977	Position in chart	Highest Position Weeks in chart
1	(2) WHEN I NEED YOU Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	5	1
2	(3) DON'T GIVE UP ON US David Soul (Private Stock)	9	1
3	(1) DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA Julie Covington (MCA)	9	1
4	(9) BOOGIE NIGHTS..... Heatwave (GTO)	4	4
5	(10) CHANSON D'AMOUR Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	3	5
6	(4) DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes (CBS)	5	4
7	(8) JACK IN THE BOX Moments (All Platinum)	4	7
8	(5) SIDE SHOW..... Barry Biggs (Dynamic)	9	3
9	(17) ROMEO..... Mr. Big (EMI)	2	9
10	(13) SING ME..... The Brothers (Bus Stop)	5	10
11	(6) DADDY COOL..... Boney M. (Atlantic)	8	5
12	(7) ISN'T SHE LOVELY David Parton (Pye)	7	4
13	(16) THIS IS TOMORROW Bryan Ferry (Polydor)	2	13
14	(18) DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY Thelma Houston (Motown)	4	14
15	(12) SUSPICION..... Elvis Presley (RCA)	6	7
16	(23) THEY SHOOT HORSES DON'T THEY Racing Cars (Chrysalis)	2	16
17	(11) CAR WASH..... Rose Royce (MCA)	8	5
18	(—) TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS Mary MacGregor (Ariola)	1	18
19	(25) WHAT CAN I SAY..... Boz Scaggs (CBS)	4	19
20	(—) BABY I KNOW..... Rubettes (State)	1	20
21	(15) YOU'RE MORE THAN A NUMBER Drifters (Arista)	8	4
22	(—) SATURDAY NITE Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS)	1	22
23	(19) DON'T BELIEVE A WORD Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	6	12
24	(29) SOUND AND VISION David Bowie (RCA)	2	24
25	(22) MORE THAN A FEELING Boston (Epic)	4	22
26	(—) ROCKARIA Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	1	26
27	(—) YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING..... Real Thing (Pye)	1	27
28	(—) MIGHTY POWER OF LOVE Tavares (Capitol)	1	28
29	(—) GO YOUR OWN WAY Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	1	29
30	(21) NEW KID IN TOWN Eagles (Asylum)	6	16

BUBBLING UNDER...MAYBE I'M AMAZED — Wings (Parlophone); FIRST
THING IN THE MORNING — Kiki Dee (Rocket); GET A
GRIP ON YOURSELF — Stranglers (United Artists);
KNOWING ME KNOWING YOU — Abba (Epic); DARLIN'
DARLIN' BABY — O'Jays (Philadelphia).**ALBUMS**

This Last Week	Week ending February 26, 1977	Position in chart	Highest Position Weeks in chart
1	(3) THE SHADOWS 20 GOLDEN GREATS (EMI)	4	1
2	(10) ANIMALS..... Pink Floyd (Harvest)	3	2
3	(1) EVITA..... Various Artists (MCA)	7	1
4	(5) ENDLESS FLIGHT Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	7	4
5	(2) DAVID SOUL..... (Private Stock)	12	2
6	(14) 20 GREAT HEARTBREAKERS..... (K-Tel)	3	6
7	(7) SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE Stevie Wonder (Motown)	19	1
8	(9) HOTEL CALIFORNIA Eagles (Asylum)	9	4
9	(4) RED RIVER VALLEY Slim Whitman (United Artists)	7	1
10	(8) LOW..... David Bowie (RCA)	6	8
11	(6) ARRIVAL..... Abba (Epic)	14	1
12	(15) MOTORVATIN'..... Chuck Berry (Chess)	4	12
13	(12) ABBA GREATEST HITS..... (Epic)	47	1
14	(11) WINGS OVER AMERICA..... (EMI)	8	8
15	(19) A NEW WORLD RECORD Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	12	8
16	(20) BOSTON..... (Epic)	3	16
17	(22) DANCE TO THE MUSIC..... (K-Tel)	3	17
18	(—) SONGS FROM THE WOOD Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)	1	18
19	(17) WIND AND WUTHERING Genesis (Charisma)	7	8
20	(13) WHITE ROCK..... Rick Wakeman (A&M)	4	13
21	(25) JOHNNY THE FOX Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	9	9
22	(18) A DAY AT THE RACES..... Queen (EMI)	10	2
23	(—) DOWNTOWN TONIGHT Racing Cars (Chrysalis)	1	23
24	(—) 22 GOLDEN GREATS Bert Weedon (Warwick)	12	3
25	(16) SHOWADDYWADDY GREATEST HITS (Arista)	10	4
26	(24) LOVE ON THE AIRWAVES Gallagher & Lyle (A&M)	4	22
27	(21) LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE Bread (Elektra)	5	21
28	(—) IN YOUR MIND..... Bryan Ferry (Polydor)	1	28
29	(23) LUXURY LINER Emmylou Harris (Warner Bros)	3	23
30	(—) RUMOURS Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER...ELVIS IN DEMAND — Elvis Presley (RCA); VISIONS —
Don Williams (ABC); NATURAL AVENUE — John Lodge
(Decca); CLASSICAL GOLD — (Ronco); THE FULL LIFE —
Jack Jones (RCA).**U.S. SINGLES**

This Last Week	Week ending February 26, 1977
1	(1) TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS Mary McGregor
2	(2) NEW KID IN TOWN..... Eagles
3	(3) FLY LIKE AN EAGLE..... Steve Miller
4	(5) LOVE THEME FROM "A STAR IS BORN" Barbra Streisand
5	(6) I LIKE DREAMIN'..... Kenny Nolan
6	(7) YEAR OF THE CAT..... Al Stewart
7	(8) NIGHT MOVES..... Bob Seger
8	(11) DANCING QUEEN..... Abba
9	(4) ENJOY YOURSELF..... Jacksons
10	(14) CARRY ON WAYWARD SON..... Kansas
11	(12) GO YOUR OWN WAY..... Fleetwood Mac
12	(13) THE THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE..... 10 c.c.
13	(16) DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY..... Thelma Houston
14	(20) RICH GIRL..... Daryl Hall & John Oates
15	(17) BOOGIE CHILD..... Bee Gees
16	(18) LONG TIME..... Boston
17	(9) WEEKEND IN NEW ENGLAND..... Barry Manilow
18	(19) LIVING NEXT DOOR TO ALICE..... Smokie
19	(10) BLINDED BY THE LIGHT..... Manfred Mann
20	(26) DON'T GIVE UP ON US..... David Soul
21	(21) SAVE IT FOR A RAINY DAY..... Stephen Bishop
22	(22) LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE..... Bread
23	(15) I WISH..... Stevie Wonder
24	(23) WALK THIS WAY..... Aerosmith
25	(24) HARD LUCK WOMAN..... Kiss
26	(25) DAZZ..... Brick
27	(—) CRACKERBOX PALACE..... George Harrison
28	(—) MAYBE I'M AMAZED..... Wings
29	(—) SAY YOU'LL STAY..... Tom Jones
30	(27) JEANS ON..... David Dundas

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

This Last Week	Week ending February 26, 1977
1	(1) A STAR IS BORN..... Streisand, Kristofferson
2	(2) HOTEL CALIFORNIA..... Eagles
3	(3) SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE..... Stevie Wonder
4	(5) BOSTON..... Boston
5	(—) ANIMALS..... Pink Floyd
6	(4) WINGS OVER AMERICA..... Wings
7	(9) YEAR OF THE CAT..... Al Stewart
8	(7) FLY LIKE AN EAGLE..... Steve Miller Band
9	(6) FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE..... Peter Frampton
10	(11) TEJAS..... ZZ Top
11	(15) NIGHT MOVES..... Bob Seger
12	(8) GREATEST HITS..... Linda Ronstadt
13	(—) RUMOURS..... Fleetwood Mac
14	(10) A DAY AT THE RACES..... Queen
15	(13) A NEW WORLD RECORD Electric Light Orchestra
16	(12) BEST OF THE DOOBIES..... Doobie Brothers
17	(19) LEFTOVERTURE..... Kansas
18	(14) ROCK AND ROLL OVER..... Kiss
19	(—) ASK RUFUS..... Rufus featuring Chaka Khan
20	(21) THIS ONE'S FOR YOU..... Barry Manilow
21	(18) A NIGHT ON THE TOWN..... Rod Stewart
22	(24) LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE..... Bread
23	(28) LOW..... David Bowie
24	(25) LIGHT OF SMILES..... Gary Wright
25	(26) FESTIVAL..... Santana
26	(29) THE ROARING SILENCE Manfred Mann's Earth Band
27	(30) WIND AND WUTHERING..... Genesis
28	(16) THE PRETENDER..... Jackson Browne
29	(—) TOYS IN THE ATTIC..... Aerosmith
30	(—) IN FLIGHT..... George Benson

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

DETROIT SPINNERS TOURING

THE DETROIT SPINNERS embark on a British tour in late April. It will be their first here with new lead singer John Edwards, and the first five dates to be confirmed are Birmingham Odeon (April

22), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (23), Liverpool Empire (24), Dunstable California (30) and Croydon Fairfield Hall (May 1).

Further dates, including a major London concert, are still being

lined up and will be announced shortly. The 14-track album "Best Of The Detroit Spinners" is to be issued by Atlantic to coincide with the tour.

THE COMMODORES' dates and venues for their British tour, plans for which were reported by NME last week, have now been finalised by promoter Bob England of Good Earth. The Tamla Motown group play Dunstable California (March 12), Bristol Colston Hall (13), Manchester Palace Theatre (14), Liverpool Empire (15), Reading Top Rank (16), Birmingham Odeon (18), London New Victoria Theatre (19) and Brighton Top Rank (20). FRANKIE VALLI and the Four Seasons will now be appearing at Liverpool Empire on May 5 instead of Blackpool Opera House, as announced when their tour was first reported five weeks ago. To preview with their visit opens with a week at the London Palladium from April 25, their new album "Helico" is issued by WEA on March 4.

Shads on the road?

IN VIEW OF the current chart success of their "20 Golden Greats" album, the Shadows are likely to re-form for a concert tour later this year. They have not worked together since they represented Britain in the 1975 Eurovision Song Contest, but Hank Marvin sees this as an ideal opportunity for a comeback by the band. Despite their recording commitments with Cliff Richard and Olivia Newton-John respectively, both Bruce Welch and John Farrar could make themselves available for a tour. But it is not yet certain if drummer Brian Bennett would be free, or if a replacement would be necessary.

CONNOLLY: Biggest-ever British tour

BILLY CONNOLLY sets out in April on one of the longest concert tours ever undertaken in this country, visiting no less than 49 venues.

He opens with gigs in Scotland at Oban Corran Hall (April 14), Cambeltown Victoria Hall (15), Arran Brodick Hall (16), Musselburgh Brunton Hall (18), Stonehaven Town Hall (19), Fraseburgh Dalrymple Hall (20), Largs Barrfields Pavilion (22), Ayr Gaiety Theatre (23) and Rothesay Pavilion (24). Other April concerts are at Blackpool Opera House (28) and Llandudno Astra Theatre (29).

Connolly's May concerts are Isle of Man Villa Marina (1), Isle of Man Ryde Town Hall (3), Brighton Dome (4), Jersey West Park (5), Hastings White Rock Pavilion (6), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (7), Paignton Festival Theatre (8), Weymouth Pavilion (9), Portsmouth Guildhall (10), Whitley Bay Playhouse (13), Gt. Yarmouth Wellington Pier (15), Skegness Pier Theatre (16), Clacton Princess Theatre (17), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (18), Ramsgate Wilson's Hall (19), Scarborough Futurist (21) and Morecambe Winter Gardens (22).

Then follow Inverness Eden Court (July 13), Aberdeen Music Hall (14), Dundee Caird Hall (15), Edinburgh Playhouse (16), Newcastle City Hall (18), Carlisle Market Hall (19), Sheffield City Hall (20), Ipswich Gaumont (22),

Oxford New Theatre (23), Bristol Hippodrome (24), Birmingham Hippodrome (25), Leicester De Montfort Hall (26), Manchester Free Trade Hall (27), three gigs in Ireland (29-July 1), York Theatre Royal (July 3), Preston Guildhall (4), London Rainbow Theatre (5 and 6), Liverpool Empire (8) and Glasgow Apollo Centre (9).

Hillage at Rainbow

STEVE HILLAGE BAND headline a one-off concert at London Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, March 26, soon after they return to Britain from their current U.S. tour with the Electric Light Orchestra. This will be the band's last live show anywhere for several months, as they will then be writing and subsequently recording their new album. Their latest single "Hurdy Gurdy Man" is released by Virgin this weekend. Tickets for the Rainbow concert are on sale now priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

FLEETWOOD MAC are confirmed for a second night at London Rainbow Theatre. Their concert on April 8 is already sold out, so they will now be appearing at the same venue the following night (9). A third gig at the Rainbow may be added later.

● The "Moving Left Revue '77" plays a special one-off concert at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, March 13. This is a 12-piece collective featuring the combined talents of Henry Cow and Mike Westbrook's Brass Band featuring singer Frankie Armstrong. It seems likely that the Cow-Westbrook combination could become a permanent amalgamation, and the Roundhouse show will determine the feasibility of this.

Television, John Cale due

TELEVISION, the New York cult band whose album "Marquee Moon" was critically acclaimed by NME's Nick Kent earlier this month, are coming to Britain in the spring. NME understands that dates for their debut tour are currently being lined up for the April - May period, including at least one major London concert. The band will also be playing dates in Europe, though it is not yet clear if these plans will take place before or after their British gigs. Further details are expected shortly.

JOHN CALE is expected to play selected dates in Britain in the early spring, after he has completed European gigs next month. On the Continent, he is taking part in a package tour called "Anarchy in the EEC" in which The Clash, Vibrators, Richard Hell, Subway Sect, Squeeze, Heartbreakers, Cherry Vanilla, Police and Wayne County are also involved. They are not, however, all appearing simultaneously on the same bill - Cale, for instance, has dates from March 16 to 26 with the Vibrators and Squeeze. As reported two weeks ago, Cherry Vanilla visits Britain prior to the Euro-tour, opening here next week.



JOHN CALE



The Dead & Chicago in Beach Boys gig?

REPORTS FROM America this week confirm widespread speculation here that the Beach Boys are to headline a big Silver Jubilee concert at the giant Wembley Stadium in the late spring, probably on June 11. And it is understood that the Grateful Dead and Chicago, both of whom have previously worked with the Beach Boys, are in the running for guest spots in the show. But rumours suggesting that Paul Simon may take part were dismissed this week by his New York office.

Rock venues in provinces

BOURNEMOUTH Village Disco is to present a regular rock night every Monday, starting next week. First confirmed bookings are AC/DC (February 28), Charlie (March 7), Nasty Pop (14) and Bandit (21).

And more pop and rock will be coming to East Anglia, with the news that Bury St. Edmunds Focus Cinema is to stage regular live shows. The first is on Sunday, March 6, with Liverpool Express.



STEVE HILLAGE

Damned on Rex dates

THE DAMNED have now been confirmed as the support act for the British tour next month by Marc Bolan and his new-look T. Rex, as forecast by NME three weeks ago. It will be the biggest break yet for the new-wave band, and they will be featuring material from their newly-released Stiff album "Damned, Damned, Damned".

The Rex-Damned tour opens on March 10, and three further dates have been added to the itinerary - at Hanley Victoria Hall (March 13), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (19) and Portsmouth Locarno (20).

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

TED NUGENT

WITH GUESTS

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FASTBACK MUSIC - BY POST

This week's best-selling songbooks

NME Book of Rock	95p	Queen/Sheer Heart Attack	£1.25
Jackson Browne/21 Songs	£5.50	Queen/A Night At The Opera	£2.35
Nis Lofgren/Cry Tough	£3.50	Songs Of David Bowie	£3.50
Steve Miller/23 Songs	£3.95	Bowie/Diamond Dogs	£2.95
Free/12 Big Hits	£2.00	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos	30p
Paul McCartney 13 New Songs	£1.60	Yessongs/Yes	£2.95
Paul McCartney/In His Own Words	£1.95	Lead Guitar Tutor with Record	£3.50
Stones/Black & Blue	£2.50	Rock Bass Tutor with Record	£3.50
Bad Co. 1st Album	£3.95	Lead Zepplin Complete (1-5)	£3.95
Bad Co. Straight Shooter	£3.95	Plantsy 26 Songs	£1.75
Bob Dylan/Desire	£2.95	Rock Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Frankton Comes Alive	£2.95	Bass Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Beach Boys/20 Golden Greats	£2.95	Clapton/Ocean Blvd & others	£2.95
Pink Floyd/Dark Side Of The Moon	£2.50	Lindisfarne/10 Songs	£1.10
Mike Oldfield/Tubular Bells	£2.50	Wishbone Ash/15 Songs	£1.50
Kinks Greatest Hits	£2.50	Marc Bolan/Warlock Of Love	95p
Jimi Hendrix/40 Greatest Hits	£3.95	Marc Bolan Lyric Book	95p
Hollies Greatest Hits	£2.50	T. Rex Songbook	£1.50
Rod Stewart/15 Songs	£2.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 1	£6.95
Altman Bros. 15 Songs	£2.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 2	£6.95
74 85 Guitar Chords	£4.00	Sutherland Bros & Quiver Song Book	£2.95
Beatles Complete/Guitar Or Piano	ea £3.95		
Status Quo/42 Songs	£2.00		
Eagles Greatest Hits	£4.95		
Eagles & Desperado	£4.95		
Eagles/On The Border	£3.95		
Eagles/One Of These Nights	£3.95		
Queen/19 Songs	£2.00		

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Ace: April tour

ACE are to headline "at least 20" concerts during their spring tour of Britain, promoter Ian Wright of MAM told NME this week. The tour opens on April 22 and includes a major London concert. It will be the band's first in this country since they took off for the States a year ago, to base themselves on a ranch outside Los Angeles. Full details of their British itinerary, plans for which were exclusively revealed by NME before Christmas, will be announced in a week or two. Ace are unlikely to have a new album issued to coincide with their visit, although a new single is planned, so they will be featuring material from their latest LP "No Strings" in their stage act.

News Desk

BEBOP GIGS
RE-VAMPED

BE-BOP DELUXE have now re-scheduled four of the five concerts they were forced to cancel last week, after leader Bill Nelson was injured in a car crash. The gigs, which were to have been their final dates in their extensive British tour, are re-set for London Hammersmith Odeon (March 25 and 26), Bristol Colston Hall (27) and Bournemouth Winter Gardens (28).

It has not been possible to re-arrange the Brighton Dome concert, so the band will instead play the nearby Eastbourne Congress Theatre on March 29.

All existing tickets for the first four nights remain valid for the new dates, although cash refunds can be obtained from the respective box offices if desired. However, Brighton ticket-holders have no option other than to claim refunds and to re-book for Eastbourne.

Nelson was injured while travelling from Leeds to the Bristol gig. His car was involved in a crash and he was thrown through the windscreen. He was taken to Hudders-

Nelson
—after
injury

field Infirmary and, although not detained overnight, had 12 stitches inserted in his guitar hand. This, coupled with the facial cuts, made the cancellations necessary.

In view of these circumstances, the band's Maori bassist Charlie Tumahai is being allowed to return to Britain to fulfill the re-arranged dates.

DIAMOND(S) DELAY

THE CASE OF Rough Diamonds versus Rough Diamond has been deferred for another week. As reported last week, West London band Rough Diamonds had secured an injunction against new Island Records outfit Rough Diamond — whose personnel includes David Byron, Clem Clempson and Geoff Britton — preventing them from using that name because of the confusion it was creating. The action was heard in the High Court last Friday, but a decision was deferred for a week, and the injunction has been extended until then.



BILL NELSON

EAGLES
VISIT

THE EAGLES are definitely coming to Britain, although their visit is now scheduled for three weeks later than originally planned, promoter Harvey Goldsmith told NME this week.

Despite plans for the band to visit this country, announced before Christmas, there has been some doubt in recent weeks as to whether their tour would be called off.

But Goldsmith has just returned from America, having clinched the Eagles for the late April-early May period. Details of their British concerts are expected to be confirmed next week.

MU rock boost

MUSICIANS UNION have appointed an official specially to handle the complex problems in the rock music field. He is Mike Evans, a former sax player who set up the Music Liberation Front in 1970. His new post carries the title of Rock Organiser, and any rock musicians seeking advice or assistance should contact him at 01-834 1348.

Queen-Lizzy date is
denied by promoter

REPORTS that Queen and Thin Lizzy are to co-headline the big Silver Jubilee concert at London Earls Court on Saturday, June 4, continue to abound — both in rock circles and in various sections of the Press. But, as reported by NME last week, the appearance of these bands could not be substantiated.

And event promoter Mel Bush went a stage further this week, when he stated categorically: "I've got no shows with Queen, and I've got no shows with Thin Lizzy, neither do I plan any shows with either band in the foreseeable future."

REPORTS suggesting that guitarist Brian Robertson has left Thin Lizzy, and has now joined Graham Parker and the Rumour, have been denied by Lizzy management. Robertson was unable to accompany Lizzy on their current U.S. tour due to illness, from which he has since recovered.

Now fit again, he recently played a few Swedish dates with the Rumour, but only to help out when Brinsley Schwarz was taken ill. Robertson will re-join Lizzy on their return to this country.

ON THE ROAD

FABULOUS POODLES, who this weekend begin a ten-day tour of Holland and Belgium, return to play London Islington Hope & Anchor (March 10), London Hendon Middlesex Polytechnic (11), Scunthorpe Priory Hotel (12), Hereford College (18), London Kensington Nashville (19), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (23) and London Twickenham St Mary's College (26).

PAM AYRES headlines her first British tour, supported by vocal group Canticle, with dates at Bournemouth Winter Gardens (March 20), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (25), Birmingham Hippodrome (27), Croydon Fairfield Hall (28), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (30), Bristol Hippodrome (April 3), Preston Guildhall (10), Slough Thames Hall (11), Portsmouth Guildhall (13) and Coventry Theatre (16).

JAMES BOOKER, the highly-respected U.S. bluesman, makes a one-off London appearance next Tuesday. He plays the 100 Club in Oxford Street. It is unlikely that any other gigs will be set for him.

MEDICINE HEAD have gigs next month at Derby Cleopatra's (March 3), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (4), Fishguard Frenchman's Motel (5), Plymouth Fiesta Suite (7), Sheffield University (11), Northampton County Ground (12), London Enfield Middlesex Polytechnic (17), Bristol Polytechnic (19), Birmingham Newman College (25), Leeds Forde Green Hotel (28 and 27), Doncaster Outlook Club (28) and Bath Newton Park College (31).

THE GORILLAS have extra March dates at London Kensington Nashville (1), London Islington Hope & Anchor (2 and 3), London Oxford St 100 Club (8), Gwent Newbridge Club (13), Abertillery Six Bells (14), Cardiff Top Rank (15), Newport Stowaway Club (16), Swansea Circles Club (17), Belfast Polytechnic (21), Coleraine Ulster University (22), various gigs in Eire (24-29) and High Wycombe Nags Head replacing Matlock (31).

PETE BROWN's new band Back To The Front play their debut gigs at Birmingham Aston University (tomorrow, Friday) and Manchester Electric Circus (Saturday). March dates are now being finalised, and the first to be confirmed are London Camden Dingwalls (5), London Islington Hope & Anchor (6) and London Marquee Club (14). They are also set for a four-day stint at London Covent Garden Rock Garden from April 13.

BUSTER, who were recently signed by RCA, undertake their first headlining tour starting this weekend. They play Chester Quaintways (this Saturday), Southport Floral Hall (Sunday), Horsham Capitol Theatre (March 4), Middlesbrough Pharaoh's (5), Manchester Palace Theatre (6), Stoke King's Hall (7), Worcester Bankhouse (8), Newcastle City Hall (11), Swansea Brangwyn Hall (13) and Buckley Tivoli (14). The tour culminates at London Victoria Palace on March 20.

CHARLIE have slotted several more dates into their current tour schedule. They are Slough College (March 5), Bournemouth The Village (7), Nantwich Civic Hall (10), Manchester Electric Circus (12) and London Marquee Club (22). They also support Liverpool Express in their concert at London Rainbow this Saturday.

JAKE THACKRAY spring tour: Cambridge Corn Exchange (March 14), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (15), Ipswich Corn Exchange (17), Stockton Thornaby Pavilion (19), Preston Guildhall (20), Shrewsbury Music Hall (21), Hanley Victoria Hall (April 3), Southampton Guildhall (4), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (5), Salisbury City Hall (6), St Helen's Theatre Royal (13), Oxford Town Hall (25), London Hornsey Town Hall (26), Manchester Free Trade Hall (May 3), Bradford St George's Hall (4), Sunderland Empire (5), Bristol Colston Hall (6), Bath Pavilion (7), Croydon Fairfield Hall (10), Warrington Crossfield Theatre (17), Edinburgh Music Hall (31), Aberdeen Capitol (June 2) and Inverness Eden Court Theatre (3).

BANDIT, currently touring with SAHB without Alex, have six gigs in their own right next month — at Coventry College of Education (March 12), London Kensington Nashville (15), Oxford Westminster College (17), London Marquee Club (18), London Chelsea College (19) and Bournemouth The Village (21). They then go out as the support act on the debut tour by Paice Ashton Lord, opening March 26.

FLYING ACES, the band fronted by ex-Man bassist Martin Ace, continue their current tour with March gigs at London Camden Dingwalls (1), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (2), Burton 76 Club (4), Bolton Institute of Technology (5), Coventry Warwick University (9), Derby Cleopatra's (10), Lancaster St Martin's College (11), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (12), Leeds Forde Green Hotel (13), Cheltenham Pavilion (18) and Leicester Polytechnic (19).

THE ROUTE '77 package tour, featuring the Doctors Of Madness and the Pat Travers Band, has been booked for another four dates. They are Leeds Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Keele University (March 9), Retford Porterhouse (11) and Northampton County Ground (12). But the projected gig at Southampton University on March 12 is now cancelled.

SHOWADDYWADDY return from a Scandinavian tour to play Batley Variety Club (tonight until Saturday), Morecambe Winter Gardens (this Sunday), Merthyr Tydfil Rhydcar Leisure Centre (Monday), Stoke Bailey's (March 10-12), Stockport Davenport Theatre (13), Farnworth Blighty's (17-19) and Sunderland Empire (20).

DEAF SCHOOL have March gigs at Blackburn King George's Hall (4), St Alban's Civic Hall (5), Leeds Polytechnic (6), Nottingham Polytechnic (8), Aberystwyth University (9), Liverpool Empire (11), Durham University (12), Croydon Greyhound (13), Stafford Top Of The World (14), Birmingham University (16), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (17), Canterbury Kent University (18), Colchester Essex University (19), London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (20), Sheffield Top Rank (23), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (25), Edinburgh Tiffany's (26) and Redcar Coatham Bowl (27).



DAVE SWARBRICK will be supported by all current members of Fairport when he plays his previously-reported solo concert at London Queen Elizabeth Hall next Monday (28). Several past members of Fairport are also expected to be in attendance.

SCOTT FITZGERALD supports Sergio Mendes and Brasil '77 in their concert at London Theatre Royal Drury Lane this Sunday (27), and their subsequent provincial gigs... and DAVID PARTON supports Climax Blues Band in their concert at the Theatre Royal on March 20.

RACING CARS have been booked for extra gigs at Birmingham Barbarella's (March 5) and Bristol Locarno (6).

NATIONAL HEALTH have cancelled their gig at Wolverhampton Polytechnic tonight (Thursday), but have taken a late booking at Oxford Clarendon Press Institute Hall tomorrow (Friday). Please note that this late change is not shown in the Gig Guide.

THE STEVE GIBBONS BAND

ROLLIN' ON

LOOKING FOR
SOMETHING
A LITTLE
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ALBUM
"ROLLIN' ON"
ON POLYDOR
RECORDS
& TAPES.

ROLLIN' ON

ROLLIN' ON



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6 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon

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ROLLIN' ON

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

Stones to EMI —official



● Under the new EMI contract, the band will continue to use their own Rolling Stones label with its extended red tongue logo.

AFTER lengthy negotiations with virtually every major record company, the Rolling Stones last week signed a new contract with EMI Records.

There was immediate speculation in London that this deal might affect the band's artistic control over its own product, since it seemed a strange coincidence that the Stones, the *betes noires* of the '60s music establishment, should

sign with a company which had so recently stood accused of bowing to hysterical, reactionary public opinion in its abrupt termination of the Sex Pistols' contract.

A source close to the Stones in Los Angeles (whither they all jetted after the conclusion of the deal) immediately denied that the band's artistic independence had been at all jeopardised. He pointed out that it was in fact merely a distribution deal, for the Rolling Stones record label, and said that the group's creative control of their own product was "as near complete as you can get in this imperfect world."

Money was not thought to have been a major factor in the final decision. The same source quoted earlier said that all companies involved in the negotiations had offered more or less the same terms — "give or take a million or so". (He was, of course, talking dollars.)

The exact financial terms remain unclear. Widespread press reports that the deal carried a £1 million guarantee were dismissed by both EMI managing director Leslie Hill and Stones representative Les Perrin as "purely speculative."

It is known however that under the terms of the deal — which covers world rights with the exception of North America and Canada — EMI will get six albums, as well as publishing rights to an extensive part of the Jagger/Richard catalogue.

The deal will take effect after the spring release of the band's forthcoming live double album, which will be their last under the distribution deal with WEA.

It is known that the five of them met in Paris on the weekend of February 5th., and it was at this time that they decided to take up the EMI offer. The source in Los Angeles speculated that the reason for their eleventh hour rejection of Polydor's terms was that they were upset at the manner in which the company had prematurely leaked the news of its important 'signing' at the Cannes Midem festival at the end of January.

Before flying out to America, Jagger commented: "In this jubilee year, I feel it is only fitting that we sign with a British company." Everybody, it seemed, had a quotable quote. A spokesman for Atlantic records denied that they had lost the group. "We say we just misplaced them."

The Stones are now in America to begin negotiations over again for U.S. distribution rights to their label. They will also put the final touches to their live album, before flying to Toronto on February 28 to begin work on their next studio album, the first of their undoubtedly lucrative new contract.



PAUL WELLER

THE JAM SIGN TO POLYDOR

POLYDOR climb aboard the new-wave band wagon, with the signing of three-piece band The Jam. The deal covers four years, and the first release in a few weeks' time will be the single "In The City". The trio — who consist of Paul Weller (lead guitar and vocals), Rick Buckler (drums and backing vocals) and Bruce Foxton (bass) — are also set for the following dates:

Leighton Buzzard Hunt Hotel (this Saturday), London Putney Railway Hotel (March 1), London Hammersmith Red Cow (2, 9, 16, 23, and 30), Leicester Polytechnic (5), Canterbury Kent University (11), London Islington Hope & Anchor (18), London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (24 and 31) and London Royal College of Art (25).



Stranglers first LP

THE STRANGLERS have completed work on their debut album, now officially titled "Dead On Arrival", and it is currently being mixed by producer Martin Rushent. Tracks include "Sometimes", "Ugly" and "Down In The Sewer". The album has been given top priority in view of the success of the band's single "Grip", which has now become a serious chart contender. Because of this, release of the LP has been brought forward from May to April.

RECORD NEWS

RCA sign Iggy Pop

● The Clash's first single under their new deal with CBS Records is released on March 18. It couples two of their most popular stage numbers, "White Riot" and "1977". Their debut album follows on April 8.

Clash disc out soon

● Iggy Pop, who opens his British tour next Tuesday (see Gig Guide), has been signed by RCA Records. His latest album "Idiot", recorded in Berlin with David Bowie producing, is being rushed out as quickly as possible to coincide with his visit.

● Barclay James Harvest have a live EP issued by Polydor on March 4, marketed in a special sleeve. Main track is "Rock'n'Roll Star", regarded as the highlight of their stage act.

● Yvonne Fair, the former Tamla Motown singer who reached No. 5 in the NME Chart last year with her single "It Should Have Been Me", has been signed by Ember Records. She is about to begin work on an album for her new label with producer Robert Cullen.

● Paul Nicholas' follow-up to his two recent chart entries marks a complete change of style. Released by RSO on March 4, it is a ballad version of the oldie "If You Were The Only Girl In The World".

● As a prelude to his British visit next month, Barry White's single "I'm Qualified To Satisfy You" is rushed out by 20th Century this week.

● A definitive six-volume set of Fats Domino's work, spanning his career over almost 30 years, is being compiled by United Artists label manager Tim Reed. Release is expected in the spring.

● "The Beat Merchants", issued by U.A. this weekend, is a double-album compilation covering the early British R & B boom of 1963-64. Among the 38 groups featured are the Zephyrs, the Pirates, Cliff Bennett and the Rebel Rousers, the Mojos, Bern Elliott and the

Fenmen, the Big Three and the Downliners Sect.

● David Soul has won a Platinum Disc for selling over a million copies of "Don't Give Up On Us" in Britain alone. It is only the third single to go Platinum in Britain — the other two being Brotherhood Of Man's "Save Your Kisses" and Queen's "Bohemian Rhapsody" — since the award was instituted four years ago. But there were previous million-sellers in the days when this target was necessary for a Gold Disc.

● Release of the Horstlips album "The Book Of Invasions" has been put back to March 4, in spite of what DJM Records describe as "unprecedented demand".

● Joe Tex has signed for Epic Records, distributed in Britain by CBS. He is at present recording an album for his new outlet in Nashville.

● Teddy Pendergrass, lead singer with Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes and featured on their current hit "Don't Leave Me This Way", has recorded his first solo album. It is issued by Philadelphia International on March 4.

● Dr. Feelgood will not be recording their new album in Paris, as originally planned. Instead they have booked three weeks at the Rockfield Studios in Monmouthshire from March 3.

● RCA release the album "The Best Of John Denver Vol. 2" this weekend. It includes his biggest-selling track "Annie's Song".

● Bronze Records have signed an exclusive licensing deal with EMI, effective from April 1. Artists whose material will now be distributed through EMI include Uriah Heep, Manfred Mann and Osibisa.

Fats: six LP set

● Booker T. & the MG's, the original Stax house band who reformed recently, have signed with Elektra Records. Their new album "Universal Language", their first for five years, is rushed out this weekend.

MG's back with LP

THE FIFTH Poynton Folk Festival is to be staged for three days during Easter weekend, from April 8 to 10.

Barry White

BARRY WHITE has had another four dates added to his short British tour next month, and his Manchester venue has been switched. The extra shows are at Preston Guildhall (March 17), Portsmouth Guildhall (22), Southport New Theatre (25) and Birmingham Hippodrome (26), and again there will be two performances each night. White's Manchester concerts on March 19 will now be at the Palace Theatre and not the Apollo.

His other two dates, previously reported, are at London New Victoria (16) and Eastbourne Congress (23). Besides Love Unlimited, White will be bringing over nine U.S. musicians, who will augment a 35-piece British orchestra (increased to 45 for the London shows).

Extra Transfer gig

MANHATTAN TRANSFER have been booked, at short notice, for a third London concert. Their two gigs at London New Victoria last night (Wednesday) and tonight had completely sold out by last weekend, so they have slotted in an extra show at the same venue this Saturday (26) at 8pm — with tickets priced at £3.50, £3 and £2.50 now on sale. As previously reported, the group also play Manchester Palace this Sunday.

Rockabilly specials

CHARLIE FEATHERS heads a package of four near-legendary rockabilly giants, who play two major London concerts in mid-spring. Others on the bill are Jack Scott, Warren Smith and Buddy Knox — and together they appear at the Rainbow Theatre on April 30 and May 1, with tickets all at the one price of £3.50, on a first-come first-served basis.

The package is billed as the Sun Sound Show, as all four artists at one time recorded for Sun

Records, the label which was responsible for Elvis Presley's debut. In fact, they all came to prominence at about the same time as Presley. None of them, apart from Knox, has previously visited Britain.

Scott and Knox both had chart successes here in the late 50's and early 60's — but neither they nor the other two are widely known in this country, except among rockabilly enthusiasts.

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The Skynyrd: an everyday story of country folk

BOY, YEW jest put yawself into a man's shoes ... an' now yaw gonna have to walk in 'em ... Those were the words Lacey Van Zandt laid on his 17-year-old son Ronnie many years ago and they're very important when you're trying to cut through to the core of Skynyrd Rebel Macho ...

"Ah'd bin out all night," Ronnie Van Zandt draws in a Holiday Inn in a town neither of us can remember the name of at this moment. "Got home fer breakfast ... ma mamma said sump'n ter me as we were all eating round the table an' ah muttered real quiet under ma

'Ah took off mah boot an' started hitting him in the face'

breath — 'fuck yew'. So Lacey — that's ma paw — told everyone to jest carry on with their breakfast an' he took me out and said those words to me ... an' then he drew back his fist an' knocked me flat ... ah got up eventually and then he told me to go back inside an' apologise to ma maw — we call her Sister ..."

And what did you do?
"Ah jest held ma jaw an' did what ah was told ... said "Yessir" to Lacey an' apologised to Sister ... a boy geets wild at 17, needs a man like Lacey to straighten him out ..."

How do you get on with him now?

"Well, a few months back ah whupped him in a fight fer the very first time, an' we always fought ... but ah whupped him in a fight fer the very first time, an' we always fought ... but ah whupped him. He's 64 now ..."

What happened after the aggravation?

"He got up an' he said that he wuz glad how ah'd grown up, to be the man ah am ... he told me that he'd played a part in making me that man an' ah told him he wuz right ..."

Sounds a bit like "A Boy Named Sue". The gravel in the gut and the grit in your eye. Father and son mortal enemies until the final showdown and the price paid enables them to admit to mutual respect.

But make no mistake — for better or worse, Lynyrd Skynyrd are what they play.



RONNIE VAN ZANDT (right) and STEVIE GAINES, who wears his jacket back to front to prevent him striking passers-by on impulse.

They couldn't pose if they tried.

After the come down you find out that this town is Newcastle. The kids at the gig are nothing short of amazing. Makes a healthy change from London.

They got Georgie accents and Confederate rebel flags on their Van Zandt-lookalike hats. The kids I talked to were mostly still at school or on the dole. For many of them Lynyrd Skynyrd were their favourite band. Seems like Johnny Reb redneck-rock rules okay in the industrial teenage wasteland of the north ...

SKYNYRD'S SET opens with a flash of light, guitarists Gary

Rivers of blood ... The crunch of bone against bone ... The story Sam Peckinpah missed. If this page moves, put the boot in quick. Love and peace.

By **TONY PARSONS**

Rosington, Allen Collins and Okie Steve Gaines crunching down on their axes for the opening chords of their song about poor country boys getting picked up and exploited by big capitalist corporations with promises of fame, riches and more being laid on them in return for their talents — it is, of course, "Working For IPC." I mean "Working For MCA."

Ronnie Van Zandt has his hat tugged down over his eyes and he holds the mike stand at the 60 degree angle that Rod affected in the early 70s. He wanders the stage occasionally glancing at his band who resemble the bounty hunters in *The Wild Bunch*, all long matted locks, hard expressions and battered hats with Rebel flags ...

"I Ain't The One" is the backwoods boy put-down of some rich man's daughter who's been using him, and "Saturday Night Special" and "Whiskey Rock 'N' Roller" are based around their addiction to the road and motels, booze, a lot of travelling and a lot of women.

These are followed with more songs about the southlands — "The Smell Of Death," "Ain't No Good Life," "Gimme Three Steps", "Call Me The Breeze" and "T For Texas". The music is nuthin fancy, jest basic rock-a-boogie with influences, such as the Allmans, mostly coming from the Macon County area of the south, but also incorporating less obvious sources of, uh, inspiration like The Band, Jimmy Rodgers and JJ

'If you hit her I'd try to kill you too'

'God bless you, man'

They encore with "Crossroads" and then, finally, their poignant tribute to Duane Allman, the beautiful "Free Bird", the crowd all on their feet and surging towards the stage ...

"If I leave here tomorrow, would you still remember me?"

BACK AT the Holiday Inn you can't help thinking, as the band unwind in the bar, of the legends around Skynyrd's motel trashing, their blood baths with other guests and each other and, all in all, a reputation for treating their tours in much the same fashion as Attila The Hun and his crazed hordes treated their sojourns across Asia and Europe ...

Obviously it's superb copy fodder for a writer to feed the vicarious appetites of his readers, but does it ever piss you off when you read a big article

'Man, her teeth jest about went in every direction'

on the band that doesn't even mention the music once?

Ronnie Van Zandt rubs his tired eyes and knocks back a large Jack Daniels. "Well, it sure does, but we got this reputation now an' it looks like we're stuck with it ..." he scoops a handful of peanuts out of the bowl on the bar and grins lewdly at the barmaid.

"Pardon me, maaaaam?" he drawls with southern charm. "Maaaam? Did you — heh heh heh — geet these peanuts off a Mister Jimmy Carter?"

Do you think the reputation you've got is valid? I mean, most of the stories seem to have an element of truth around them ...

"Well, we sure do geet kinda, uh, loose when we're on the road ... and there's nobody around to stop us or hold us back none ... an' that's the way we like it ..."

After some more fuelling things start to heat up. The bass player Leon Wilkeson throws some sugar around. "Snort that!" A lady friend of the band, for no reason, tosses a drink over a travelling salesman that Allen Collins — with Van Zandt one of the most intelligent and articulate members of the band — has been talking to. This pisses Allen off. Word spreads through the Holiday Inn that Allen's in trouble down in the bar and within minutes band

■ *Continues over page*



The South will rise again ... LEON WILKESON. Pic KATE SIMON



ALAN COLLINS

Lynyrd Skynyrd

From previous page

members who'd gone back to their rooms appear all ready for aggravation.

Little Billy Powell, the keyboards player, cools the situation out, tells 'em Allen ain't in any trouble. Billy is quiet, sensitive, a real great guy. His wife is having a baby back home and he wishes he was there.

A member of the road crew appears. He's so mad he's ripped his phone out of the wall and has still got it in his hand.

"Allen ain't in no trouble, maaan! Forget it!"

It all reminds me of an old Cretan proverb: *I fight with my brother, with my brother I fight my cousin, and with my cousin I fight the world . . .*

Seems both Crete and The South are populated by violent romantics . . .

In the early hours there's only a few of us left in the bar: me, Van Zandt, Billy, Gary Rossington and the girl who threw the drink. Nearby is a party, or rather a coach-load, of travelling bucket salesman.

When we get up to leave the girl stumbles and falls and one of the travelling bucket salesmen says something that ain't

very nice. We stop in our tracks simultaneously. Sam Peckinpah should have filmed it all in slow motion. Gary goes back into the bar and leans against the counter. Van Zandt grabs me and Billy and bangs his pint glass against the wall as he gives us our instructions. "Geet the biggest mutha," he whispers harshly. "Everybody geet the biggest mutha . . ." His mouth twists in a nasty grin. Vicious but amiable. "An' then watch 'em run like rabbits . . ."

It don't come to that because the travelling bucket salesman desert their unfinished gin and tonics with ice and lemon and make a break for their rooms.

"Ma wife's got a shotgun," Van Zandt says as we stumble back to our rooms. "An' ah

showed her how to use it. If anyone broke into our home while I'm on the road she'd blow them to pieces . . . but ah had to teach her . . . she's a quiet lady, a Georgia Peach . . . but ah learned her you gotta protect your family an' property . . . ah talk to ya more tomorrow on the coach. Ahh gotta crash now . . ."

A COUPLE of hours sleep and back on the road, blurry and hungover, Holiday Inn towels scattered over the floor of the bus. Fragrant clouds waft through the air and it's north to Scotland and a brace of Glasgow Apollo gigs. The landscape is wet and misty. A rural black and white movie.

One of the band looks on the verge of tears as he reads a

magazine he found when we were hanging around the hotel lounge.

"Will ya look at that?" he says, half to me and half to himself. I edge over to look at what he's reading. It's an article on The War. A photograph of a Vietnamese baby that has been scorched with napalm is what's screwing him up.

"That poor little gook," he says, and I wonder what the political retards who consider Skynyrd to be right-wing racists because they come from the south would think of this . . .

"That poor little gook kid," he says again and rubs his eyes and nobody looks at him.

"That Goddamn war," Ronnie Van Zandt says vehemently and angrily rips open a can of beer. "That goddamn, lousy waste of a war . . ."

Ronnie Van Zandt reads a few thousand word put-down about his band while one of the Georgia Peaches massages his neck and I try to stay awake. When he's finished reading it he lays down the paper and scratches his head in exasperation. I've already read the piece and Skynyrd's Paranoia Blues concerning the press seems justified . . .

"Some writers are fulla shit," he says to me.

When I wake up we're driving through a city district of tenement slums. The Gorbals.

"Sometimes I fergit where ahh am," Ronnie says. "One time ah came on stage, shouted 'Hey, Philadelphial!' an' later ah found out we were in Saint Louis . . ."

Leon Wilkeson grabs my arm and offers me a pair of headphones.

"Got a song ahh'd like ya to listen to," he draws. "Great, great words . . . listen to the lyrics, man, okay?"

Sure. I put the headphones on expecting obscure swamp-land folk music or maybe a few esoteric cajun sounds. But it's Frank Sinatra singing "My Way".

"That's maaaa song," Leon says respectfully.

Another fahn fahn fahn gig (Gimme An S For Sulphate). The kids at the Apollo are the best crowd that I ever saw. But I'd hate to be playing in a band that they *didn't* like . . .

After the apres-gig party I settle down with Ronnie Van Zandt and Allen Collins in the latter's hotel room and we talk all night. The drinks from room service are slow but steady. Jo Jo Billingsley, one of the girl back-up singers, who sings like a Georgia Janis Joplin, is crashed out in the same white silk dress she wears on stage. Terminal road exhaustion.

As our discussion of the Skynyrd machismo develops it transpires that Van Zandt was charged with attempted murder when he was 18 and

the thought occurs to me that for the band to project any image other than the one it already has would be nigh on impossible.

"Ahh took ma friend's girl down to the local hamburger joint," he says. "Just to have a coke an' burger, y'know? But ahh didn't know she's bin foolin' around with *another* guy other than ma buddy. An' we were just sittin' there when this other guy comes in an' he jest picks up a bottle an' whacks her straight across the mouth with it."

He shakes his head in disgust. "Man, her teeth jest about went in every direction an' the blood . . . ma paw told me that a woman has only got her looks, that's what ma paw told me, an' I knew that guy had jest destroyed that girl's looks for all time. . ."

What did you do?

"Ah went crazy an' went for him jest as ma buddy walked into the joint an' saw what he'd done to his girl . . . and the guy kicked me in the balls jest about as hard as he could and ah felt them come up to ma mouth . . . then I got up an' hit him me an' ma buddy stood over him an' looked at each other . . . then ma buddy says, 'He's jaws!'

"Ah took off ma boot that had steel on the bottom an' started hitting him in the face."

What happened at the trial? (Ronnie's reliving it now, it's one of those times when you feel like you're walking on eggshells . . .)

"The judge said to me, 'Boy, yew tried to kill that guy, didn't ya?' An' ah said that ah did an' that ah didn't regret it. And he said to me that he understood the way ah reacted but he'd put me in jail if he saw me in court over the next few years . . . so ah had to stay out a trouble if ah wanted to be a free man . . . God, ah couldn't bear to be put away . . ."

He looks down at the sleeping face of Jo Jo and remembers the girl who got the bottle across her mouth and I can see the fury rising back up in him.

"But ah don't regret it, ah tell you, Maan, that if you hit her with a bottle ah'd try to kill you, too . . ."

He looks up and shakes my hand. "God bless you, man . . . y'know, that George Wallace, he had some bad ideas about black people but he was a good man and when they shot him they shot the man who shoulda been the next President . . . and if any of them Russians or anyone call your queen a *whore*, he wouldn't let 'em get away with it . . . he'd call them out about it . . ."

There's good people in the south - even if I *still* believe they've got a few politicians I wouldn't want kissing any baby of mine . . .

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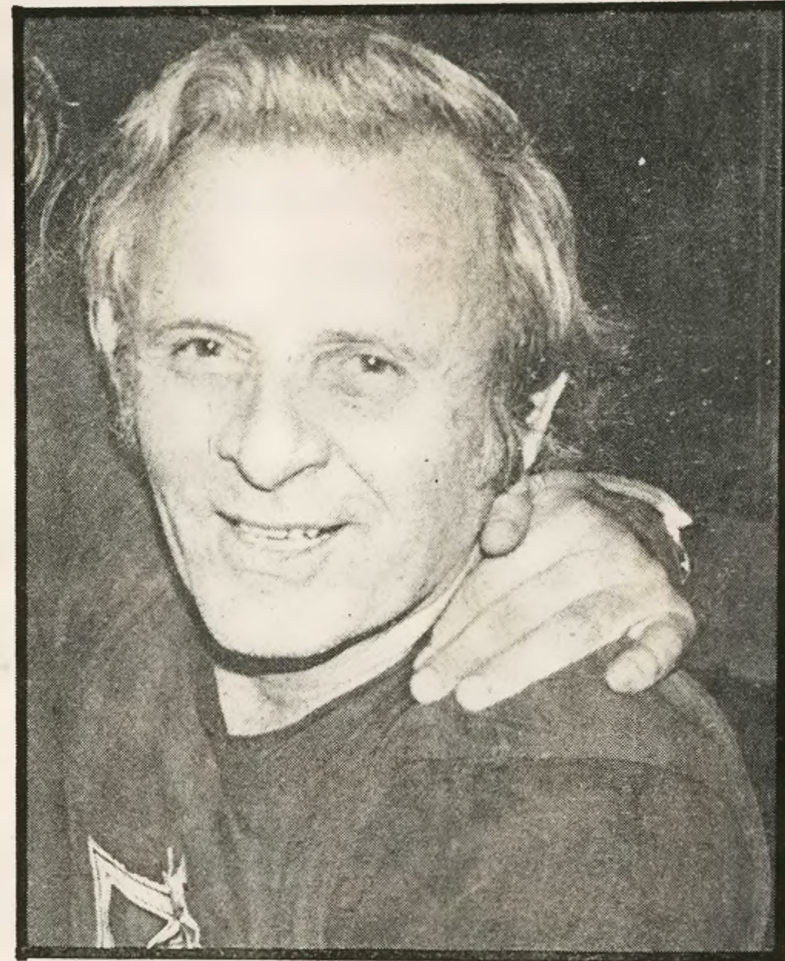
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Thur 3 Mar	LEEDS Poly.	Sat 12 Mar	UXBRIDGE Brunell University
Fri 4 Mar	SALFORD University	Tue 15 Mar	CANTERBURY Kent University



Ronnie Van Zandt's dad smiles confidently as his son places a hand on his shoulder prior to an attempt at beating him up. Pic: KATE SIMON.

EMMYLOU: MARRIAGE CAUSES DYLAN AMNESIA

Plus (HOT SCOOP!), she sleeps with her producer

WHAT A WEIRD one. Emmylou Harris just heard the new Dylan single "Rita May" on the radio and can't remember whether or not she sang on the song, presumably an out-take from "Desire", on which it would seem that Ms. Harris most definitely flexed those tonsils of hers.

"I feel very silly but I have no idea whether it's me on that song. There were a few out takes, but the whole thing was done so fast... It sounds like me," says Emmylou, on the phone from Colorado Springs where she's just finished a show.

One thing Ms Harris hasn't forgotten, though, is her recent marriage to record producer Brian Ahern.

The couple were wed at Ahern's home in Halifax, Nova Scotia on January 9.

Although Ahern, a naturalised Canadian, has produced all three Warners' Emmylou Harris albums, their relationship was not a widely publicised one. News of the wedding didn't reach her English record company until a month after the event.

In the past Ahern was instrumental in launching the career of Anne Murray. Right now he's in Toronto working on Jesse Winchester's next album — while his spouse is out on the road.

"We're taking separate honeymoons," she jokes.

This past year has taken a lot out of Ms Harris.

After her hugely successful British tour last winter ("I think those shows were an artistic pinnacle for me"), it was all down to touring America, where she's only now beginning to show signs of breaking in the same manner she has over here, and recording a follow-up to "Elite Hotel", subsequently titled "Luxury Liner", currently holding down a place in both the U.K. and U.S. charts.

"We didn't approach that album any differently from the other ones, but an album can't help but take a direction, even if it's not a thing you're conscious of at the time.

"Luxury Liner" has a continuity. It's a more serious album than 'Elite Hotel', which was very much a road album, you know, songs about drinking in bars and stuff."

Twenty cuts were recorded for "Luxury Liner", only two of which were considered not up to standard. The others were held over, so that consequently there's already enough material in the can for another album.

Emmylou's favourite song from the album is "Poncho and Lefty", a finely crafted song by Texan songwriter Townes Van Zandt.

"Rodney (Crowell, the Hot Band's acoustic guitarist/dobro player) encouraged me to do that song. We included it in our sets before we recorded it. It's unique. A real epic.

"I used to sing songs by the same guy when I did folk shows."

One of the record's surprise inclusions is the song subsequently chosen as a U.K. single, Chuck Berry's "You Never Can Tell". It seems surprisingly in context because of its blatantly rock 'n' roll nature.

"I don't think of it as a rock 'n' roll song. We worked it out at a rehearsal and the band came up with such an unusual approach to it we had to put it on the album. The song is such a celebration."

"Luxury Liner" is the first Warners' Emmylou album not to include a Beatles' song.

"I don't go round looking for

Beatles songs, those other two were both done at the sessions for 'Pieces Of The Sky' (her first Warners' album)."

So what are the songs that didn't make it?

"Just the usual array of country songs."

There was talk you were going to record Paul Simon's "The Boxer"?

"That's a song I've always liked, especially as I've lived in New York.

"It's always been in the back of my mind to do it live. It crops up on my list periodically but so far I haven't recorded it."

Seemingly the biggest change in her musical set-up came with the news last year that James Burton had left the Hot Band — to work permanently with Elvis Presley.

English guitar picker Albert Lee, formerly of Heads Hand and Feet, had sat in with the group when Burton was ill and on the latter's exit he joined on a temporary basis.

Today, Lee's still wielding his axe with the Hot Band, and now there's no question of him leaving. According to her, he fits in perfectly.

Her current tour commenced on the first of this month and will eventually bring her to Europe in March. The tour hits England again in April with a headline spot on the closing night of the annual Wembley country bash.

She comments tartly, "I'll be spending my 30th birthday in Frankfurt. Wow."

□ STEVE CLARK



SLIGHTLY OUT OF PROPORTION?

Tony Buryon

(With apologies to G. Scarfe and "The Times")

GRATEFUL GRAEME TO JOIN DEAD???

EX-KURSAAL FLYERS guitarist Graeme Douglas certainly hasn't been idle since last week's announcement of his departure from the Flyers. He jammed with the Hot Rods at their Keele warm-up



GRAEME DOUGLAS: Over to you, Jerry...

gig on Wednesday, with Canvey band Gypsy Rock Squad and a couple of Feelgoods on Thursday, with the Micky Jupp Band in Southend on Friday, and had his car pinched on Saturday, after which he played on half of the Hot Rods' Rainbow set (reviewed in *On The Town*).

His parting with the Kursaals has been coming a long time. Always a band of five disparate forces, Douglas's odd-man-outmanship has been increasingly apparent, his raw rock guitar jarring with Will Birch's rock archivism and Paul Shuttleworth's theatricality.

Apparently Douglas didn't get on at all well with Mike Batt, who produced their hit single and album, "Little Does She Know" and "Golden Mile", and who's been

signed up for their next studio sessions.

What Douglas does next is uncertain. In December he put together a band called Eddie & The Blizzards to play Southend's "Ballroom Blitz" (NME 18.12.76), but there's little likelihood of that becoming permanent, as the Blizzards' second guitarist, Barry Martin, has replaced Graeme in the Kursaal Flyers.

However, Graeme Douglas assures me he's got a couple of irons in the fire, and it's hard to imagine a guitar player of his calibre not getting snowed under with offers. Asked who he'd most like to play with, he says Jerry Garcia. "Grateful Graeme To Join Dead"? Over to you, Jerry.

□ PHIL McNEILL

DYKES FOIL CIA

HEY WIMPS! According to *The Guardian*, the Roxy Club and other punky black leather hang-outs ain't the only place your old faded blue jeans will make you a social leper... If you don't dump your denim real soon, you could just be chased by the FBI!

Yes, the well-respected Federal Bureau of Investigation, under the

leadership of late lamented boss J. Edgar Hoover, used women undercover agents for at least four years to investigate the tide of rampant feminism in America. They came up with the spell-binding scam that (A) some groups were proficient in karate, (B) one group used Paul Newman's credit card number while dialling long distance, and (C) a third group held a conference attended by women in blue jeans!

The investigation was abandoned after Hoover's '72 death.

The reports contain various nasty references, with a main theme that the feminist movement is dominated by dykes.

The Seattle field office called Hoover in July 1970 to tell him that some homosexual delegates at a local conference were openly declaring

their interests.

Three weeks later Mr. Hoover received their report:

"The women in general appeared to be hippies, lesbians or from other far-out groups. Some of them were very colourfully dressed, but the majority wore faded blue jeans. Most seemed to be making a real attempt to be unattractive."

The San Francisco office told Hoover in 1970 that the feminist movement could be usefully divisive within the flourishing New Left, and an agent recommended its use as a counter-revolutionary movement with which to weaken the overall radical cause. However the San Francisco office soon lost interest, and soon formally requested permission to close the case.

□ JULIE BURCHILL

BARE RUMP SHOCK IN OZ

WHILE THE Sex Pistols' antics have kept the British press slaving through the winter, our Aussie cousins have been treated to AC/DC's dirty deeds throughout their riotous conquering-heroes-return tour, which just wound up after two months.

Talking to Angus Young in his Perth hotel, it emerged that the group were pleased to have been home but anxious to get back to Blighty. "They've started calling us punks," he peevish. "They keep getting us muddled up with the Sex Pistols."

In between recording a new album, picking up platinum and gold records for the first two and driving the little girls wild, the band obnoxious journalists at beer-washed press conferences where they boasted of balling 100 chicks in 10 days and Angus dropped his drawers.

Unmoved, the nation's nymphets flocked to tattoo parlors and had their loins girded with the band's logo and names. One paper sponsored a "Win A Pop Star" competition and the winning tootsie elected to tie her tender torso to young Angus for a day, although he denies that she took advantage of his youth and innocence.

"She just hung around all day and came to the concert." Hah. Tell it to the marines.

Things got a little out of hand when the single "Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap" hit the airwaves with its cue to "Call me anytime / 36 24 36". A little old lady in Sydney with the telephone number 362-436 was subsequently inundated with obscene phone calls from would-be dirty deed doers, and inviting messages from missies who thought it was the band's number.

A touch of the grovel-grovels and a change of number were required for the LOL to drop her intentions of suing for "abuse, ridicule" and the shock of it all.

After that Angus came under fire for his mooning propensities. "They more or less told me if I'm gonna do it I'm gonna get locked up, so I guess if I find myself doing it I'll have to make a big rush for the back door."

"We were playing at a place about 40 miles from Melbourne and the place was swarming with cops. We were warned by the police that we'd all be locked up if we did anything."



ANGUS YOUNG: 15 nudes on stage

So we were performing away and somebody said all the cops had gone to some riot going on somewhere. So the whole crew, the lot of us took off our clothes. There were about 15 people on stage with nothing on."

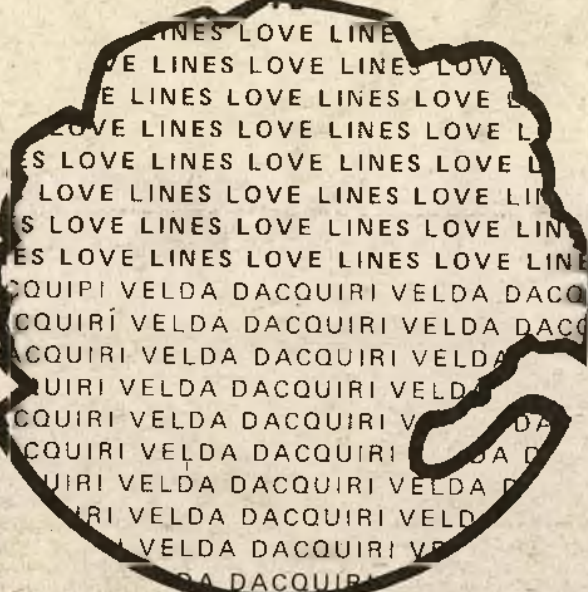
Evidently the screaming girls, loose women, Fosters and acclaim as "Australia's top rock group" have had an invigorating effect on the sassy five since they now leap into immediate British road action without a break. Fasten your seat belts, they wanna roo you.

□ ANGIE ERRIGO



Be sure to crash with the best

SHOULD YOU have the good fortune to run into **Pat Collier**, the highly desirable bass player with **The Vibrators**, a word of advice: do not mention his car.



Last month you see, young Patrick (oh I do so adore his kneecaps) was driving his battered, bright green Renault 6 en route to an interview with the *News of the World* when the car was in collision with a Rolls Royce.

Fortunately, neither party was injured but both cars, I understand, sustained damage to the body work.

Then only last week, Pat's Renault 6 was involved in yet another accident — this time with a Jensen.

I am told the Jensen owner seemed more concerned about losing his pen than the damage to his car, for he refused point blank to allow the Vibrator to borrow his.

"That," he expostulated in stentorian tones, "is my pen and the last time I was involved in an accident I had it stolen." Patrick, whose green Renault is easily distinguishable by the various dents, scratches and bits of paint-work from the other cars with which it has been in contact, seems severely chastened by his recent bad luck and promises in future "That any accident that may happen is with cheaper cars."

No no Patrick, my darling.

It may only be a Renault 6 but at least it has the good taste to only get tangled with a better class of automobile.

Boring

JUST HOW much more stick is beautiful **Britt Ekland** going to take from her lover, **Rod Stewart**?

Imagine, my angels, the Swedish beauty's humiliation on reading the *Daily Mirror* and discovering her true love had said "Sometimes I can't stand Britt. She gets up my nose as most women do sooner or later."

Still that's nothing to what he says of her two children: "Yeah, well they're a pain in the arse sometimes."

Britt, my angel, if you've got your head screwed on the right way, instead of packing punches, I suggest you pack suitcases, hundreds of them if need be (and knowing your extensive wardrobe, it probably will) and leave him now.

Pregnant

HAVE YOU noticed my angels, how suddenly, it is chic to be pregnant?

Linda McCartney wasted no time at all in announcing that she was expecting (her fourth) later this year and



Pat (love those knee-caps) Collier

Lulu has proclaimed that she too is to become a mother in '77.

Even **Farrah Fawcett Majors**, the blonde beautiful star of that deadfally boring (but successful) series *Charlie's Angels* has revealed to the *News of the*

World that she too wants to become a mother.

"I need a baby" she says "It was our real reason for getting married and I think now is right."

Overpaid

SPEAKING of being rich. I have come to look on scruffy, rock photographers who squat in the orchestra pit and snap flash bulbs at pop groups in a new light.

For I understand from an intimate acquaintance that the person employed by **Chicago** (that rather loud but incredibly wealthy American band) as tour photographer was paid £3,500 plus expenses for six weeks work.

Unknown

EVEN PRETTY girls have problems. I understand the delightful **Cher Allman** recently ran into a spot of bother with a security guard.

Driving up to the Beverly and Fairfax studios in Los Angeles, Cher was unconcerned that she had left her identification pass at home.

After all, who could fail to recognise that she was Cher Allman superstar?

Apparently, only the security guard at the aforementioned studios.

When she arrived, she smiled and announced "I'm sure you know who I am."

The nasty man retorted "I don't care who you say you are — you're not getting in here without an ID."

Fortunately the lady was able to obtain a temporary pass, with the aid of a friend who was inside the studio.

The following day she returned, her pass conspicuously placed on her blouse, and carrying a large glossy picture of herself.

Fat

SKELETON IN the cupboard dept: Did you know that **Tony** (all you need is love and the right connections) **Palmer**, that well-known journalist and broadcaster was nicknamed "Bumbly" at school?

NEIL DIAMOND: "Love At The Greek" (CBS 95001).
JOHNNY CLARKE: "Horse Arise Version" (Virgin V2076).

From *Melody Maker*, February 19 1977. The title of the new Johnny Clarke album is "Authorised Version".

CARELESS TALK

"There's a danger of being seen to branch into the 'middle-of-the-road' entertainment section, and I'd hate that to happen to me. Any taint of an Elton John or John Denver situation is horrendous. Once you're tainted with the middle-of-the-road disease it's all over".

— Ian Anderson.

The Guardian, February 3 1977

"Last year 200 Teds rolled up for our wedding. We had Bill Haley's 'Rock Around The Clock' playing as we walked down the aisle and afterwards we all had a quick jive on the pavement outside Hove Town Hall."

"For our honeymoon we toured all the rock'n'roll revival clubs in the South-East... I've left written instructions that when I die I want to be buried in my drape and winkles. They can play an Eddie Cochran (sic) number as they shovel the first load of earth on my coffin. I fancy a little rave on my grave."

— Johnny Fox, grave-digger and rock'n'roller.

Daily Express, February 3 1977.

"I don't need to know anything about pop — I just need to know about the pop club."

— Clifford Davis (occasional New Faces panelist and mentor of the *Daily Mirror* Pop Club speaking at the latter's first anniversary celebratory luncheon, January 31 1977).

"They didn't have records when I was young".

— Lee Black Childers in conversation, *The Ship*, Wardour Street, London W1, February 7 1977.

"The image is a bit too good to be true. I'm the only one that ever had a hassle with drugs, but I'm over that now. I don't know why I tried to kill myself. My brain went. I had taken an overdose of Seconals, Valium and Mandrax all at once. That was a mistake. I'd advise nobody to take speed. I got so messed up on speed once it ended with me taking an overdose of pills. When I was high on speed, I was high for months. Your friends start getting worried and make you stop taking it. It's such a comedown when you come back to reality and the hassles and that. When you're on it, you feel great and when you stop taking it you're depressed. It's incredible."

— Eric Faulkner, Bay City Rollers, New York, February 4 1977.

"The Cottesloe theatre is a simple rectangular box holding up to 400 people."

— National Theatre programme, 1977.

LONE GROOVER

BENYON



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RCA



The Chieftains 5/600 years on

*Some of the oldest music in the world — played
by some of the oldest musicians in the world*

SO PADDY MOLONEY'S STANDING THERE, and Stanley Kubrick says: "Like to use one of your tunes as a Love Theme for a film I'm doing in Ireland" — and Moloney, who's never actually seen any of the man's films, says fair enough, and leaves it at that.

ABOVE: Chieftain's PADDY MOLONEY "sitting in" with IGGY AND THE STOOGES at the Cafe Wha?

Then Kubrick calls him in Denmark to come back and do some mixing and says he's short of music for his epic, so Moloney whips out his tin whistle —

he never goes anywhere without it — and plays a selection of airs.

Kubrick is delighted. So from a five-minute theme, there turns out to be about 20 minutes of Chieftains' music on the soundtrack of *Barry Lyndon*, much to the satisfaction of Moloney. "Oh we're up there with the greats now".

Moloney, arranger and composer

of the Chieftains music, is just back from a sell-out tour of Scandinavia ("We played the same night as Abba — they sold out about three months in advance. But we did alright, of course. Our audience is a bit different from theirs").

The last Chieftains tour of the States found people like Jackson Browne, Kate and Anna McGarrigle, Art Garfunkel and The Band checking them out. Moloney claims their appeal can be explained by the purity of their music and the enthusiasm they generate on stage, which, according to him, is getting better.

"Or worse, depending how you look at it.

"We just enjoy ourselves so much. There's always something new in the music, however many times we play it."

He's delighted the way his interpretations of traditional Irish music are reaching such a wide audience.

"In America now we're getting 80% American audiences. When we originally went over we were semi-pro and used to be guests of Irish societies and were branded forever.

"But now our music is reaching a far wider audience, sell-out concerts at places like the Lincoln Centre and Madison Square Gardens . . .

They're still churning out those awful records 'Christmas Time In Connemara', tear-jerker music; what we're playing is *proper* Irish music, and thank God, it's caught on.

"To play to 5,000 people in, say, New York, and see that it excites them and get across the beauty of the music is a great thing.

"There's a fair indication that what we play today was being played five or 600 years ago. It's been classified in manuscripts as some of the oldest folk music in the world, and there's a correlation between the music we play and music from India, which came via Greece and the Balkan countries.

"In fact I heard a girl from Bangladesh play a tune which has eight bars that are identical to one of our slow airs."

So, like, where are your roots, man?

"I grew up with traditional music, it was just like somebody speaking a language, a whole way of life. In Dublin when I was a boy I used to go to the Flynns on a Monday night for the brown bread and jam, and listen to the old pipers.

"Playing the pipes is terribly difficult, it's only after about 25 years that you begin to master them and don't think about the technique, pumping the wind into the bellows and controlling the pressure into the chanter. That's the beauty of the tin whistle, you just think about the tune in your mind at the time."

What's the competition like down there?

"There was a great awareness about traditional music in Dublin in the '50s, in the bars and on the radio, but the ceili bands now just employ all the three-chord tricks of the nation".

MOLONEY'S WRITING his own tunes now, two on "Chieftains V" and five on the last album "Bonaparte's Retreat", the most impressive of which was the near 15-minute title-track.

"That was a hell of a step; I mean, I like our albums to be balanced, but 'Bonaparte' was something I'd been wanting to do for a long time.

"The Fox Hunt" was our first attempt at that sort of thing in 1967, our first 'concept', but what I was trying to do with 'Bonaparte' was evoke an image of the past, in pretty much the same way as Kubrick did in *Barry Lyndon*, you know, to get a visual image of all those little boats sailing on the dark seas away from Ireland".

The next few months promises to be "pretty hectic" for Paddy Moloney, a lot of television ("pity about our 'In Concert' clashing with 'Dr Who'") a concert at the National Theatre next Monday — the first group to be invited to play there, after the final performance of "Playboy Of The Western World", for which Moloney composed the music — an Irish tour in March, listening to the tapes of a projected live album and trying to get ideas together for the next Chieftains studio album.

Oh and Mrs Moloney is expecting in early March. ("I do get home some nights".)

Eamonn Andrews, Jackson Browne, Peter O'Toole, The Grateful Dead and many other Chieftains fans will be looking forward to the results.

□ PATRICK HUMPHRIES

WHAT DO YOU DO when you've given up all hope of ever reuniting the Beatles? Find four substitutes, of course.

Enterprising enough. And you would think that in Los Angeles, of all places, you'd have little trouble rooting out four likely lads — after all you see John, Paul, George and Ringo lookalikes hopefully sashaying the street everyday.

Bearing that in mind, a trio of New Yorkers kissed goodbye to the blizzards to hold Beatle Mark 11 auditions in the Sire recording studios in Hollywood.

The three masterminds were Steve Regal, David Hobbs and Sandy Yaguda — and they'd planned on launching a show entitled *Beatlemania* on Broadway later this year. However, they found that a prospective reunion — even an imitation one — is always fraught with difficulties.

For a start, only 25 would-be's

FAKE BEATLES FOOL USA

turned up. Agreed, there was one perfect Lennon double but, as the promoters pointed out, he was six inches too tall. There were also a few passable McCartneys and Harrisons, but not one Ringo in sight.

Undaunted Yaguda, the musical director, decided to press on. *Beatlemania*, he explained, would be a two-and-a-half-hour show of Beatle concerts with visuals and slides.

"The basic concept will be to give the people The Beatles in a Live Concert situation . . . from 'Love Me Do' in the beginning right through to 'Let It Be'. People will be able to get close to them. They will be able to see them, and hear them. For The First Time In A Concert Situation.

"I was at their concerts, and it was

pretty hectic. You couldn't really hear them. You could hear the audience better than you could them. This will be two-and-a-half hours rather than 20 minutes".

Fine. But these won't be the real Beatles.

"I know", Yaguda acknowledged, rapidly. "But the guys we wind up with will be so good that, after the first 20 minutes, they will become the real John, Paul, George and Ringo".

Looking desperately around the deserted studio, he concluded: "We have a couple we've found that we're really happy about. But we want to make sure that we can't find anybody better or that we can substitute for them — because the amount of singing they're going to be doing, you can be sure someone's going to lose his voice. So we will have to have substitutes".

Ever get the feeling the whole world's going loopy?

□ BARRY DILLON

LOWRY



"The kidney shaped swimming pool went about the same time as my kidneys."



ALWAYS EAGER to cater for the stereo freak who has everything, the electronics industry is rapidly going over the top in an attempt to produce even more sophisticated equipment for the new generation of compulsive consumers.

Witness to this is a new deck out Stateside called the Accutrac 400, for which the adverts proclaim: "Its father was a turntable. Its mother was a computer."

Copy continues as follow: "Just imagine you want to hear cuts 5, 9 and 7 on an LP. In that order. Maybe you even want to hear cut 9 twice, because it's an old favourite.

"Simply press buttons 5, 9, twice, then 7. Accutrac's unique infra-red scanning beam, located in the tonearm head, reads the surface of the records and directs the tone arm to follow your instructions."

Downer freaks will also be pleased to learn that the whole shebang can be operated by cordless remote control from the comfort of the listener's armchair.

You're in the Woodstock Generation!

□ DICK TRACY

GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR

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- 8th BRISTOL, Colston Hall
- 9th PORTSMOUTH, Guildhall
- 10th CARDIFF, Capital Theatre
- 11th OXFORD, New Theatre
- 13th LONDON, Rainbow
- 15th GUILDFORD, Civic Hall
- 16th SHEFFIELD, City Hall
- 18th BRADFORD, St. George's Hall

- 19th GLASGOW, Apollo Theatre
- 20th ABERDEEN, Music Hall
- 21st EDINBURGH, Usher Hall
- 23rd NEWCASTLE, City Hall
- 24th BIRMINGHAM, Odeon
- 25th NOTTINGHAM, Trent Polytechnic
- 26th BBC TV Sight & Sound
- 27th IPSWICH, Gaumont
- 28th LEICESTER, De Montfort
- 29th BOURNEMOUTH, Winter Gardens

APRIL

- 3rd MANCHESTER, Palace Theatre

Produced by John Langer



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MORE TOURS FOR THE ROLLING STONES — SEE PAGE

BEAT SCENE

Vol. 3 No. 73

NOVEMBER 8, 1964

THE BEAT SLUMP

BEAT SCENE LOOKS AT THE STATE OF BRITISH BEAT



THE MERSEYBEATS on "Ready Steady Go". Left to right—Aaron Williams, John Banks, T.

It's less than two years since the Beatles shook the pop-world and unleashed that we've come to know as beat music. Yet today beat is in a definite slump. The charts over the past few months reveals the increasing number of pop ballads in, at the same time the decline of the first wave of beat groups, with the notable exception of the Searchers. Beat groups are not enjoying the success they once did, even Gerry and the Pacemakers, the Fourmost, the Swinging Bluejeans and the side them leading non Mersey outfits: the Dave Clark Five, Brian Poole and the T and the Dreamers, Bern Elliott and the Fenmen are no longer assured of instant folk has happened? The novelty of beat has worn off. No longer, it seems, can groups co series of soundalike singles in the wake of a hit. No longer can groups rest on their laure increasingly look to their choice of material and attempt to find interesting arrangement.

Liverpool itself is still a haven for great groups, but now that the immediate interest in Liverpool has relaxed, many of the city's most professional and experienced groups, who have failed to benefit from being in the limelight, among them, the Undertakers, Faron's Flamingoes, the Big Three and the Escorts, are finding it more difficult than ever to make a real impression. It is even harder for new groups in the city. Merseymania is over, it seems, and no other city has emerged to rival it or give beat music a much needed shot in the arm.

Manchester at the moment may look a likely contender for Liverpool's crown, but it's foolish to

read too much into the success of Freddie and the Dreamers, the Hollies, Herman's Hermits and currently, at the fifth attempt, Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders. Manchester owes much of its success to a favoured nearness to Liverpool. It has no sound of its own and for many of the city's leading groups, like the Statesmen, the Country Gentlemen, the Toggery Five, Pete MacClaine and the Clan, despite strong releases in the past, a future of only local prominence is the likeliest prospect.

Birmingham, our second largest city, has made little impact. The current success of the Rockin'

Berries had brot duck, but too late of Mike Sheridan riders, Keith Po Danny and th banded), th and the these pag Brumbea' of Merse establish good musi missed th If w perhaps slump, groups because

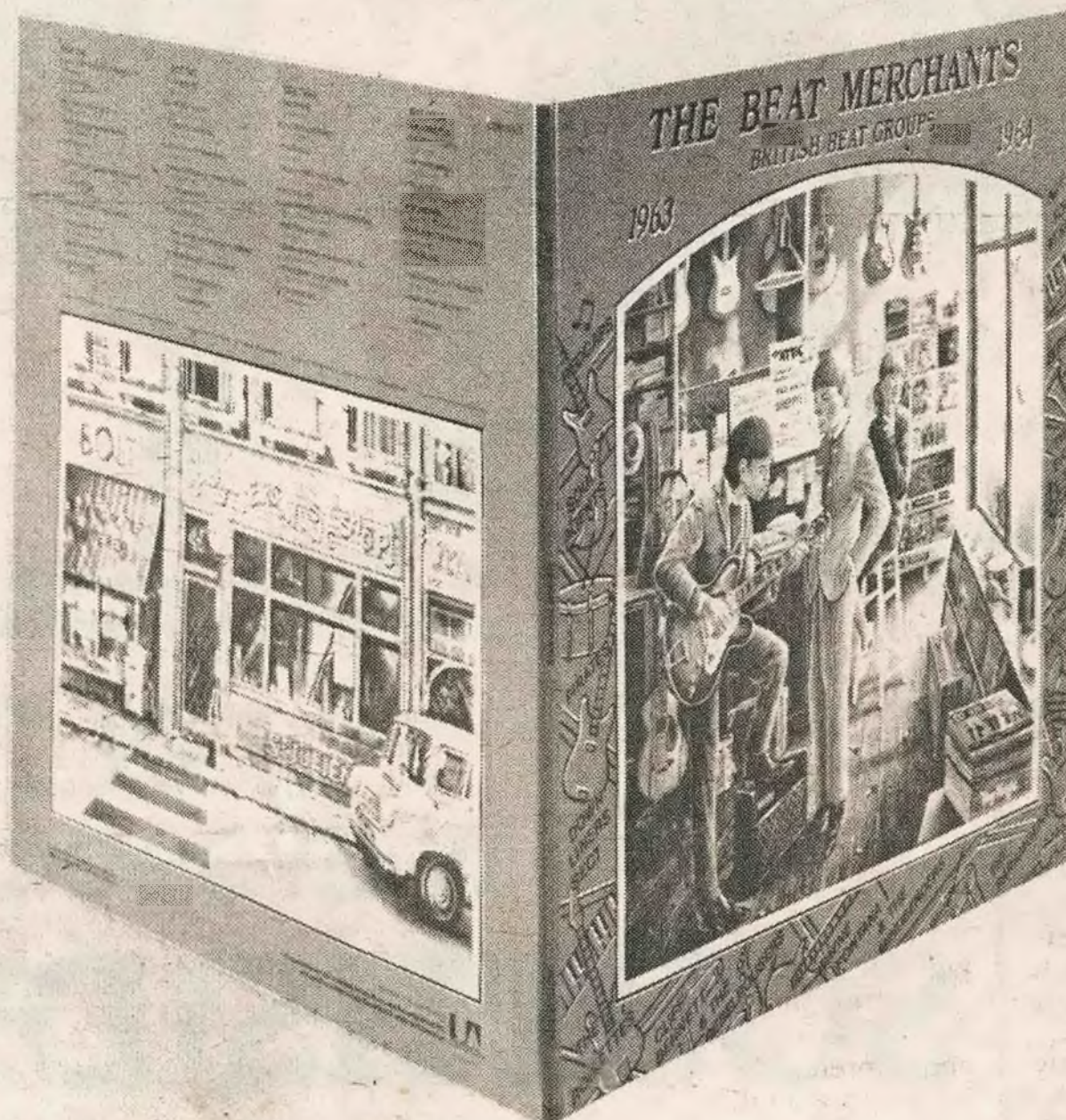
formance on record, the Dave Clark Five, the Kinks, the Zombies all brought a fresh approach to the beat model, though for every one there are a hundred Merseybeas copyists in and around Londo who have got nowhere.

London of course has al pioneered the new sound whic looks set to replace beat style music - R&B. Following the initi success of the Rolling Stones, the Manfred Mann, the Pretty Thin, and recently, Newcastle's Animals, R&B is definitely the sound of the moment

- 1) The only two sides recorded by the legendary PIRATES without the late great Johnny Kidd.
- 2) The first single by London's R&B pioneers The DOWNLINERS SECT.
- 3) Two groups that contributed members of 10CC.WAYNE FONTANA & THE MINDBENDERS & THE WHIRLWINDS (from Manchester).

- 4) Robin Trower's R&B days prior to Procol Harum in Southend's PARAMOUNTS.
- 5) Some of Birmingham's leading pioneers in the Beat Boom including MIKE SHERIDAN & THE NIGHTRIDERS who included at various times both Jeff Lynne & Roy Wood and evolved into the Idle Race.
- 6) R&B pioneers from around Britain such as THE SHEFFIELDS from Yorkshire, THE BEAT MERCHANTS from the Sth. Coast and THE OTHERS from Middlesex.
- 7) THE FARINAS from Leicester, the group that evolved into The Family.
- 8) Liverpool favourites such as THE BIG THREE live at The Cavern, THE SEARCHERS live at Hamburg's Star Club. The MOJOS, EARL PRESTON & THE TTS, FARON'S FLAMINGOS & THE ESCORTS.
- 9) From Manchester PETE MACCLAIN & THE CLAN, THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN, & THE FOUR JUST MEN.
- 10) The South of England's leading beat groups such as BERN ELLIOTT & THE FENMEN, TONY RIVERS & THE CASTAWAYS, THE ZEPHYRS featuring Pete Gage now a producer of some note.
- 11) Russ Ballard, and other Argent members in THE ROULETTES

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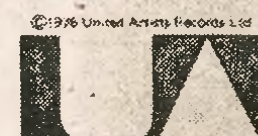
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UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS
UDM 101/2

SINGLES

A punk classic from the Old Wave

RECORD OF THE WEEK (dec'd)

GENE VINCENT: Say Mama (Capitol). Possibly the most compelling figure ever to limp into a spotlight. I only ever saw him three times but the combined image of those occasions is etched as deep in my boogie box as anything that's happened since.

He had an extraordinary appeal. Part hero worship, part sympathy, a false sense of identity — the James Dean syndrome — largely based on a few great records, an original punk personality and one of the most distinctive voices in rock music. Despite his reputation as a greasy demon Gene was at his peak with cool jive and sentimental ballads but this, one of his best shots of energy, is a monster too. Recorded in 1958 and still being attempted by revivalist rock bands the nation over. Let's see it at no. 1.

RECORD OF THE WEEK (alive 'n' kicking)

COMMODORES: Just To Be Close To You (Motown). Severely edited version of their killer track from their "Hot On The Tracks" album. A romantic soul ballad but don't start reaching for the off switch — it's not at all like The Stylistics or any of those MOR tootlers. This is a genuine soul performance of the young stud variety, like son of Sly rejecting most of the freaky side issues but still staying on the crazy side of average. There have been rumours of late that American blacks have lost their heritage and sense of direction. This is the kind of classic cut that'll put paid to those ridiculous notions. Let's see it at no. 2.

NEAR MISS

JAKE THACKRAY: On Again! On Again (EMI). Discounting massive TV/Radio exposure this hasn't a hope of being a hit, but I must say I'm rather partial to Jake's caustic, deadpan wit. All about women who can't stop flapping their jaws, even in the missionary position. One sort of intercourse deflating another. Traditional music hall sentiments disguised as up-market, drawing room folk, and very neatly written with it.

WIDE OF THE MARK

ROGER WHITTAKER: A Time For Peace (EMI); GEORGE HARRISON: True Love (Dark Horse). Two good men and true, both politely asking for peace and harmony in our troubled world (Roger with what I assume is an original song and George with the Cole Porter standard). I wouldn't knock their ideal — it's a luffy fantasy. The only trouble is that wimpy pleas like these will never do the trick. If we all joined hands and chanted "All You Need Is Love" until our lungs gave out we'd only fall on one another with clubs as soon as the music stopped. Dylan's "Lonesome Death Of Hattie Carroll" provoked more understanding

than the combined force of every recorded example of this kind of abstract nonsense.

NEARLY ON THE BULL

ERROL DUNKLEY: Eunoch Power (Daddy Kool). And talking of meaningful music, here's a rasta response to the Rt Hon Member for South Down's "£1,000 apiece for repatriation" speech. OK, says Tapper Zuckie's message, we don't wanna stay in Babylon anyway, forget about the thousand quid and just give us the Black Star liner. I wonder what they'll make of Ethiopia when they get there? Anyhow, that's a future problem. At the moment they've got Powell's kind to contend with. Zuckie's song is good and his production is crazee, particularly on the version flip, but unfortunately Dunkley isn't in the same league. Still a dread record though.

SHOWADDYWADDY: When (Arista); SMOKIE: Lay Back In The Arms Of Someone (Rak). Now here's a funny thing. The former revive the Kalin Twins' 1958 hit and the latter perform a Chinnichap original, yet it's Smokie who evoke the deepest feeling of deja vu. By abysmal timing

SINGLES REVIEWED BY CLIFF WHITE

and total lack of empathy with the world, Showaddywaddy have reduced a perfectly innocuous pop hit from the past to a throwaway. Smokie perform a sensual pop rocker that sounds as if it's based on the sentiment of Rod Stewart's "Tonight's The Night" and the arrangement of "Maggie May" but for some dream reminds me of The Everly Brothers and Buddy Holly. A Hit.

PHOEBE SNOW: Shakey Ground (CBS); THE TEMPTATIONS: Shakey Ground (Motown). Two fine versions of a pulsing, funky get down. The Temps being the 1975 original and Phoebe substituting some of Dennis Edwards' guttural stud power for sass and strut that gives her an equally strong revival. I just about prefer the original but it's a close run thing. Why not buy both?

VARIOUS: Disco Doubles (CBS and subsidiaries). Twenty-five double-sided hit re-issues that CBS reckon are their most requested dance items. Haven't got room to list them all — check the special display box in your record store for that — but note that with bona fide goodies in the selection like The Isley Brothers' "That Lady"/"Summer Breeze", The O'Jays' "Back Stabbers"/"Love Train" and Sly's "Dance To The Music"/"Stand" this is not just yer average blast of disco fodder.

REAL THING: You'll Never Know What You're Missing (Pye); JIMMY JAMES: Life (Pye). The trouble with non-



The late GENE VINCENT

reggae British black acts is they worry too much, or their managers do. Instead of just marching into the studio and recording what comes naturally, be it pop, soul or underwater baggiping, they have long-winded discussions about what market to aim for or what image to present and the result is always a compromise. Real Thing come on slower and more acceptable than their previous hits, and Jimmy turns in a MOR disco singalong that's only a mite better than his appalling "Funky Conga". Look guys, let's stop trying to please everyone and their grandmother and make some honest music, huh?

AEROSMITH: Walk This Way (CBS). Unaccustomed as I am to heavy metal kids I like this well enough. Strong rock riff cut up with short bursts of mean machine guitar, not over-extended, just functional and concise. Verses tumble

with snappy lyrics, although the title choruses are harmonised far too cutely to gell with the rest of the song. No wonder Steven Tyler couldn't make it with the high-school yummys if he walked that way. Just when they start to go over the top it fades. Perfect timing.

ELVIS PRESLEY: Moody Blue (RCA). After much ado about this being his 100th single, and newly recorded too, El Cheeseburger weighs in with an immediately forgettable item, tailor-made for the Radio 1 playlist. Would you believe disco-country? "Vintage Presley", claims the press release. If this is vintage who was that hellcat who raised a lot of sand when I was young and impressionable?

CHARLIE: Johnny Hold Back (Polydor). While Queen and Thin Lizzy battle their way around America here's a

competent if rather thin mixture of both for desperate fans who can't wait for the heroes to return home.

TYRONE DAVIS: Ever Lovin' Girl (Brunswick). Another strong rolling soul walk from the smokey-voiced talent who keeps clocking 'em up in The States but can't seem to get a break here. It's from his "Turning Point" album, and as that great title track didn't interest too many Britons I can't see this faring any better. Shame.

O. C. SMITH: Together (Caribou); ARTHUR PRYDOCK: When Love Is New (Polydor). Two easy-listening soul veterans shape up well. Smith with a gentle rocking ballad that feels like "By The Time I Get To Phoenix", Prydock with a classy MOR disco performance that's much like Jerry Butler. Both men sing as well as ever

they did, although neither are about to set your soul on fire.

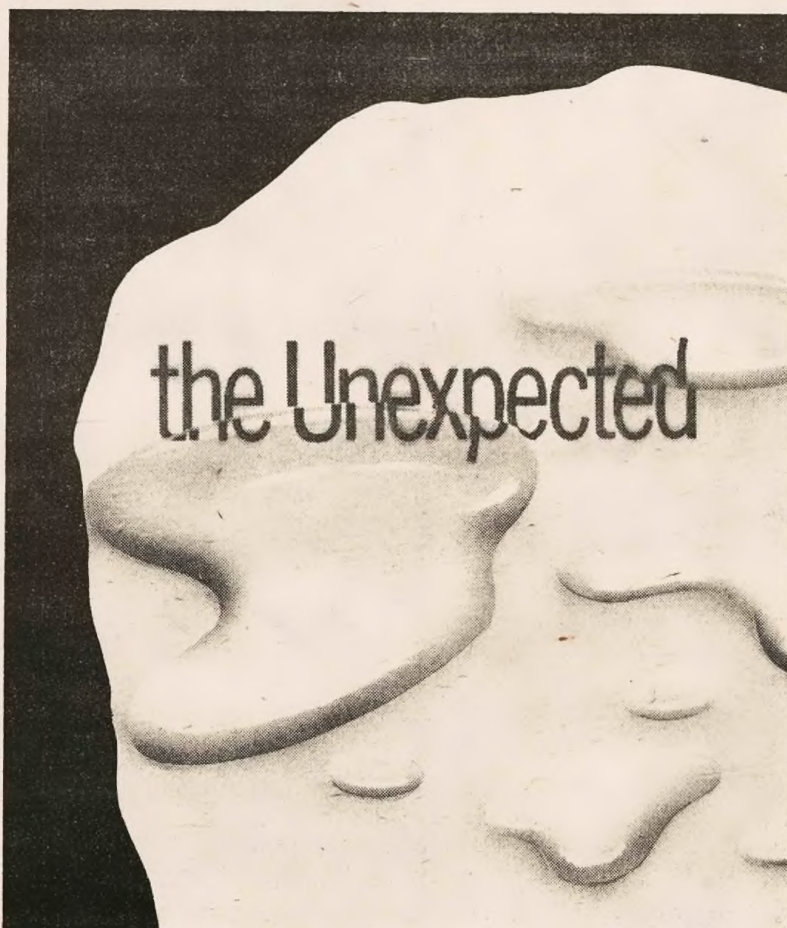
BONNIE BRAMLETT & DOBIE GRAY: Never Gonna Give You Up (Capricorn); SAM & DAVE: Why Did You Do It (Contempo). Speaking of Butler, Bonnie and Dobie share a strong revival of his 1968 Philly smash, while reunited Sam and Dave re-cycle Stretch's recent hit. Both are better than you might imagine. Dobie Gray is a particularly effective 'Lady's Choice' (the album of the single) and the ex-Stax stars' hunk of disco-funk is as good as the original, but far too close on its tail to succeed.

BOB SEGER: Night Moves (Capitol). I've been sweating over this one since square one and still can't find the words to attract your attention. About all I can offer is that if Van Morrison drank the same hooch as Joe Cocker he'd probably end up sounding like Bob Seger. This man has got Morrison's intonation, phrasing and general ambience off to a tee but, far from being a low-grade imitation, he writes his own good songs and cuts excellent records if this is anything to go by. Rec-O-Mended, with a lone star guarantee.

KURSAAL FLYERS: Radio Romance (CBS). I hadn't realised that the Flyers were quite such a straight up 'n' down pop outfit. Somehow their photos and interviews had suggested something a little less clean-cut and altogether weirder. Not that this isn't a pleasant enough disc, doubtless about to follow their last into the charts, but it's the kind of thing you'd expect to hear from a quartet of healthy young boys with large, spotless teeth and bright eyes.

BUFFALO: Midnight Cowboy (Good Earth). Absolute blank in my think tank about how to describe what is basically just a nifty little modern pop record. All I know is, it works. And all done with mirrors by the writer, singer, musician, producer and arranger, one John Bryant. If it was by a name artist it'd be a hit, no trouble.

SOMMERSET: We Remember Jim (Cactus Country). So do I, if only from last week's NME. From what I recall of the real live Jim Reeves, the lead singer on this belated tribute has done a neat exhumation job. That chick who just got all the publicity for cuckolding her old man with Jim's memory will really get the hot flushes when she hears this.



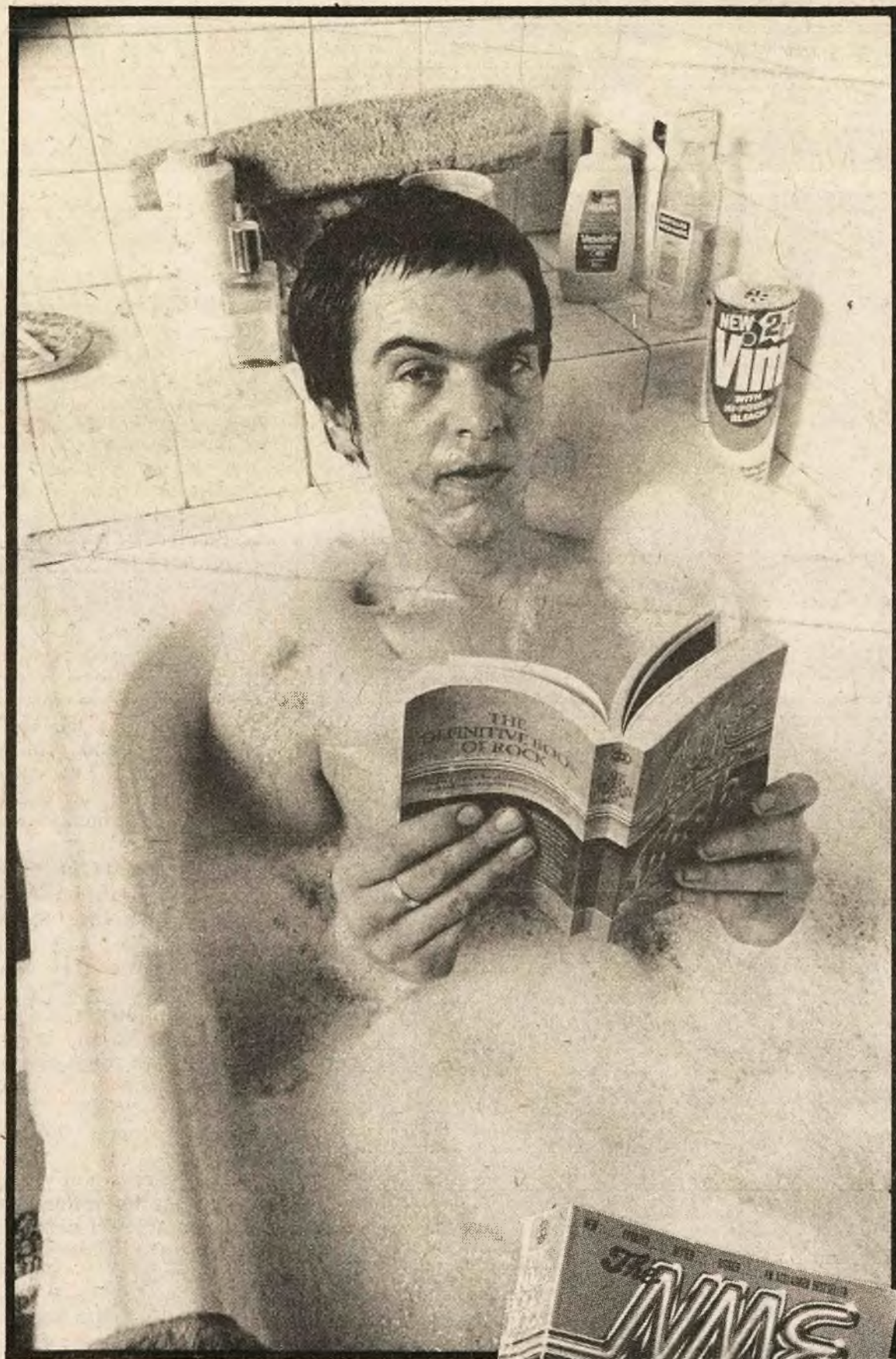
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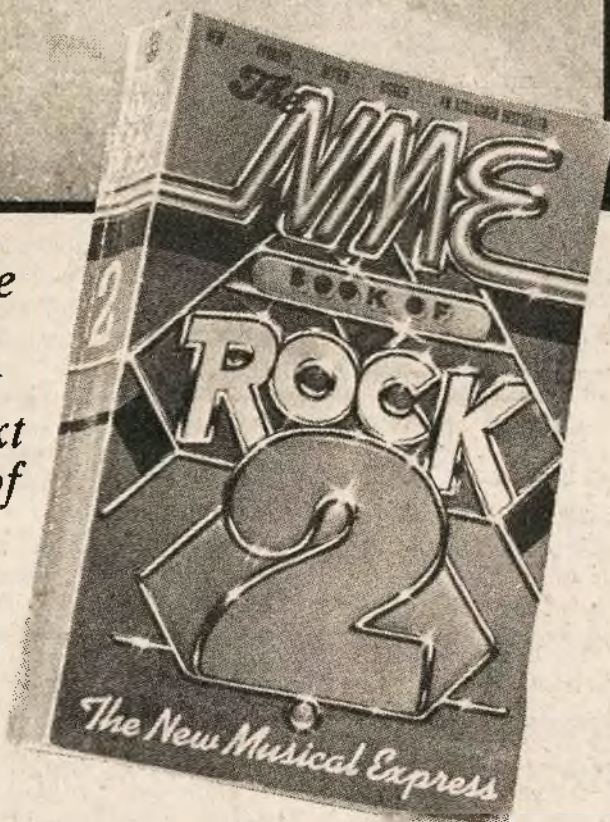
Television soon on ...



Television The Band To Watch



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Hello there, Williamsport PA.

The co-pilot pulls out the pneumatic steps, and four people disembark.

We're three of them, my two CBS Records chaperones and me, and we've got an hour's cab ride ahead from this small town to the next, an unguided tour of backwoods Pennsylvania, metre-long icicles dangling over painted wooden porches, 200 yards-wide rivers completely frozen over, Bing Crosby lurking in the forest shadows.

We're on our way to see the hottest property in rock, This Month's Phenomenon: Boston.

So many facts and figures to savour: a debut album which platinumed within eleven weeks of its September release and is now ploughing on for the 2½ million mark in the States alone; voted Best New Group by *Creem* readers and no doubt in many other polls; likely recipients of the Grammy for new group. It's 10.30 pm in Addis Ababa.

They're popular.

The rock machine never being satisfied with just that, they're phenomenally, incomprehensibly popular. Amazing, it is. Unbelievable.

Nobody except their pathetically arrogant manager is arrogant enough to pretend to understand it, but actually it's quite simple: Boston are a bleeding marvellous group who make fantastic music.

"CAN YOU GET us in? It's sold out."

Bradley Delp seems to have been recognised.

This is pretty rare: ten minutes after this incident I watch him mingle into an audience that has come specially to see him, and nobody bats an eyelid. So, unless they take us for roadies, these six kids are obviously real fans; whether they are or not, Brad promises to try.

He's slithering across the ice talking about the Beatles, just as I'd been told he would, and looking like a less shaggy Roy Wood.

Three minutes after meeting him I love him.

Brad, who according to the Boston blueprint ought to be the smouldering sex symbol to front mastermind Tom Scholz' "depersonalised rock and roll" (thanks, Lester), is a starstruck superstar.

This man is actually looking forward to the Grammy thing because he "might meet a Beatle", and when I run him a message from a timid little black girl after the gig ("Er, Brad, um, Sandra from Fair-boys High says do you remember her?") he positively explodes with joy and rushes outfront to see her.

He's like that onstage.

There you are, expecting this bunch of cynical manipulators to blitz out their heavy rock pastiches accompanied by smoke bombs and all the alienating paraphernalia of posture and product . . . and there's this ball of energy bopping happily around the stage, just like Roy Wood, and

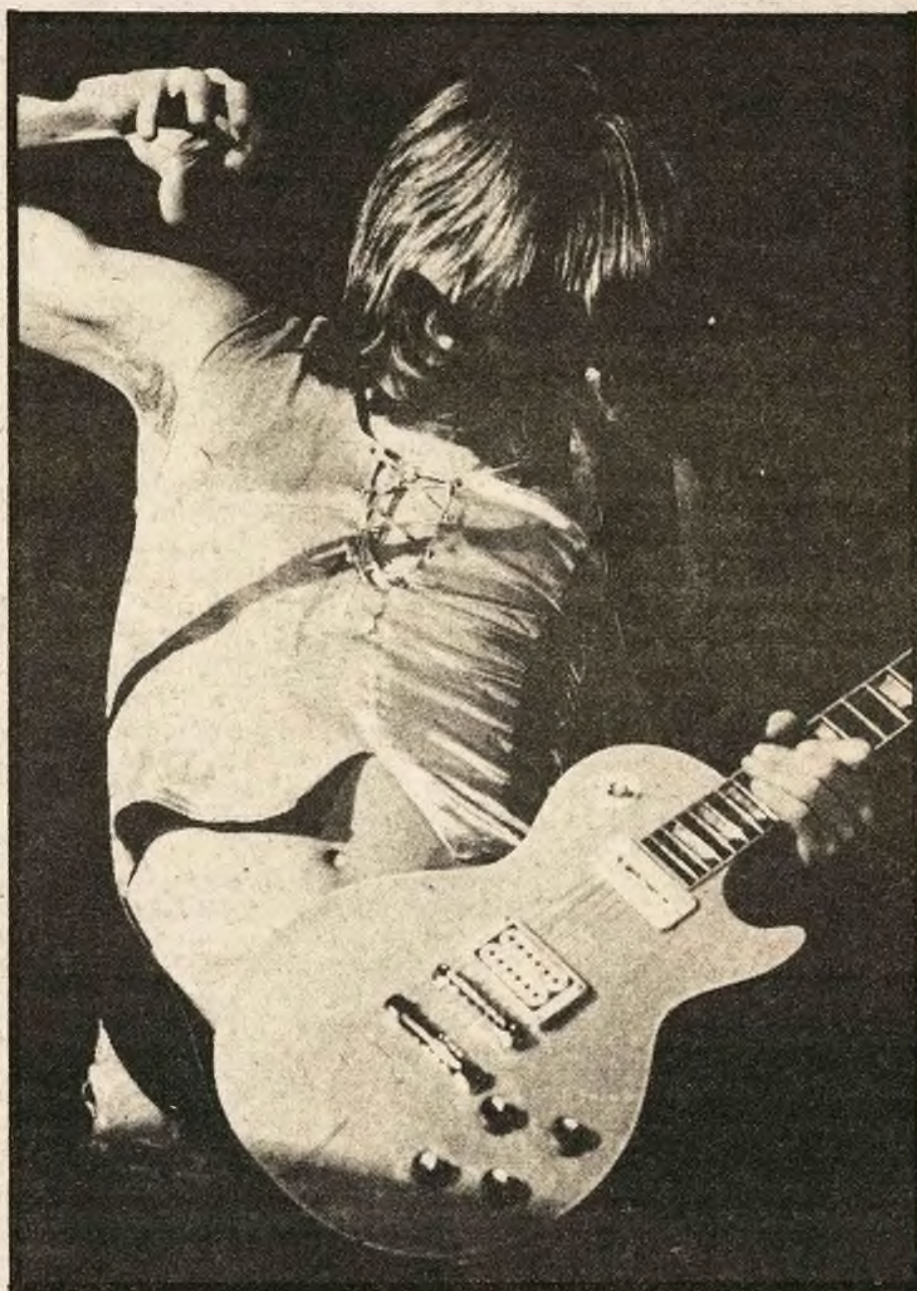


Darling! Our first jet! (FRAN SHEEHAN — left — and A. ROADIE)

it's so obvious that Brad Delp is ecstatically high on just being there, grinning and laughing and applauding the audience all the way to the dressing room.

"Sib and I like to go out in the audience and talk to people before we do the thing. People say, 'What are you doing here? You shouldn't be here.'"

"But when I had to wait 28 hours to get tickets for George Harrison I thought, 'I wonder what he's doing now, he's somewhere else, doesn't even know all these people are sitting here.' And I thought if I was ever in that position, people queuing to buy tickets for me, I'd like to go down and keep them company."



ABOVE: the bit where TOM SCHOLZ gets flash with the technology.

JAZZ

Meet the man who's about what he's about.

LOUIS HAYES — *hard-bop drummer*
and a stylist who can deal with stylists. He
talks to BRIAN CASE

DETROIT means something else to the cats in the berets. Barry Harris, Donald Byrd, Kenny Burrell, Doug Watkins, Yusef Lateef, Louis Hayes — that's the cry of the city. And Tamla Motown?

"I think that whole area of music is a money-makers' situation for the record companies who've just bombarded the whole industry," says drummer Louis Hayes. Louis, tall, slim, dressed in battle-dress top, chinos tucked into cowboy boots, level gaze behind huge owl glasses.

"The generation before me, they bombarded the scene with jazz musicians. Detroit has a very musical atmosphere there. The only thing I have against Tamla is when they try to filtrate that into jazz, you know, jazz-rock see. That takes away a whole culture."

Louis shrugged. "Well, it's just about playing ONE way if that culture gets away from you."

It sure didn't get away from Louis Hayes. He started playing at 10, taught by a cousin who was a drum teacher, went on to play with Lateef. In 1956 he went to New York to join Horace Silver — "Finger poppin'", "Juicy Lucy", "Home Cookin'" — flexible hard-bop drumming that often

moved up alongside the soloists.

"When I was forming, my main influences were Max Roach and Kenny Clarke — Max impressed me with his solo ability and Kenny Clarke with his swinging, playing with the group ability. After I got to New York, Philly Joe Jones became a good friend. Old Jo Jones, I was around him a lotta the time and he was an influence, especially with his philosophies and just living life. He's a very interesting man because he'll tell you a lot about how to live out here, how to skip a lotta problems, jump over hurdles."

"He sounds like a father figure," I said.

"Exactly. I feel very honoured to have that kinda relationship with him," said Louis. "I like all good drummers. Elvin Jones and Tony Williams are favourites too."

IN 1959, Louis left Horace Cannonball Adderley's band, and stayed six years. With bassist Sam Jones, he formed a driving rhythm section for one of the most popular groups in jazz history. "Jive Samba", "This Here", "Work Song" and "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy" moved a million keesters, sold like a bitch. Following Cannon's death,

Louis played for Oscar Peterson's trio.

"Oscar's a perfectionist," said Louis. "He's really taken the time to master the instrument, and he has definite views on how his music works best for him, which is correct — I agree with him 100 per cent. In order to work with him you hafta be totally into his way of doing things. That's good for the trio, but sometimes there aren't too many people who can do that if the leader won't sometimes bend a little bit and go along with some other ways of thinking. I know, myself, I learned a lot, but I liked to be a little more of an individual."

Another of Oscar's drummers, Ed Thigpen, told me once that after he'd left the trio, he realised he'd specialised himself up a gum-tree as far as other units were concerned.

Louis didn't agree. "For me, being a jack of all trades ain't what I'm about. I'm Louis Hayes, and I'm about what I'm about. Playing with Oscar was something I had to do, but I never got outta touch. See, I was living in New York — Thigpen was living in Canada. Freddie Hubbard was living upstairs. I go home, I'm dealin' with the cats. I'm only with Oscar for a while and then it's back to me again, so I'm looking out for that all the time."

In fact, between two stints with Oscar Peterson, Louis co-lead The Communicators with Freddie Hubbard and Joe Henderson. Did he find the financial security of the Granz stable hard to kick?

"I respect Norman and all that tremendously, but I wouldn't want to be there myself. That's the era that came up with Jo Jones and Roy Eldridge and all those beautiful people, and I wasn't even around then, so I have to deal with my fears. That's his stable there, and I'm a different generation."

The generation that copped for Bird first, and Diz — then worked back to discover Lester and Bean. The hard-bop generation.

"Exactly," said Louis. We're sitting in the afternoon gloom in Ronnie's foyer back last summer. Viola Wills is clearing her pipes somewhere inside, cat wailin' up some blues on piano. There have been some changes in Louis' band since then — Junior Cook has split, Jackie McLean's son Rene replacing him — but Woody Shaw, Stafford James and Ronnie Matthews remain intact.

"Do the model pieces alter your drumming?" I asked him.

"It gives me more freedom to open up and be a little more creative. You don't hafta play

the same cymbal beat all the time, but then again, old Jo Jones was changing the cymbal beat up a long time ago. Nothing's new, but this is another expression and you don't necessarily hafta play strict time all the time."

Was he ever attracted to the massive drum kits of the cross-over superstars?

"Well, I've never felt like that. I'm still basically trying to learn about these four and the cymbals I have now. I might try some of the things. One drum caught my ear, the tom tom with the floor pedal on it. It varies the sound, gives like a tympani effect."

"Another thing — a long time ago when Birdland was still happening, we had a drum marathon going and we're planning to do that again in the near future with Philly Joe Jones, maybe Elvin, and myself. That's one idea I've always been taken by."

One pretty African idea, the great drum-in, paradiddles a-plenty.

"No," said Louis. "Musically, I never felt that strong an attachment to Africa because I never was that familiar with it. You hafta be around that culture for a second. It's like me playing Indian music or something. As you get older you're kinda formed as far as your musical feeling goes."

Africa's a place I'd like to know much better because that's where everything originated from."

UNLIKE many hard-boppers, he's tolerant towards the New Thing, towards Sunny Murray and Milford Graves. "They're doing what they like to do, and what they do best. Myself, I don't prefer playing like that. I don't like total freedom. You can be free when you have form, that's my freedom. You can go out, but you hafta know how to get back."

A good drummer needs, in short, everything: "Good ears, practise your facility, be sensitive and know something about the other instruments you're playing with so you can accompany them with some kinda taste. Know their capabilities. So . . . it's a lot to know."

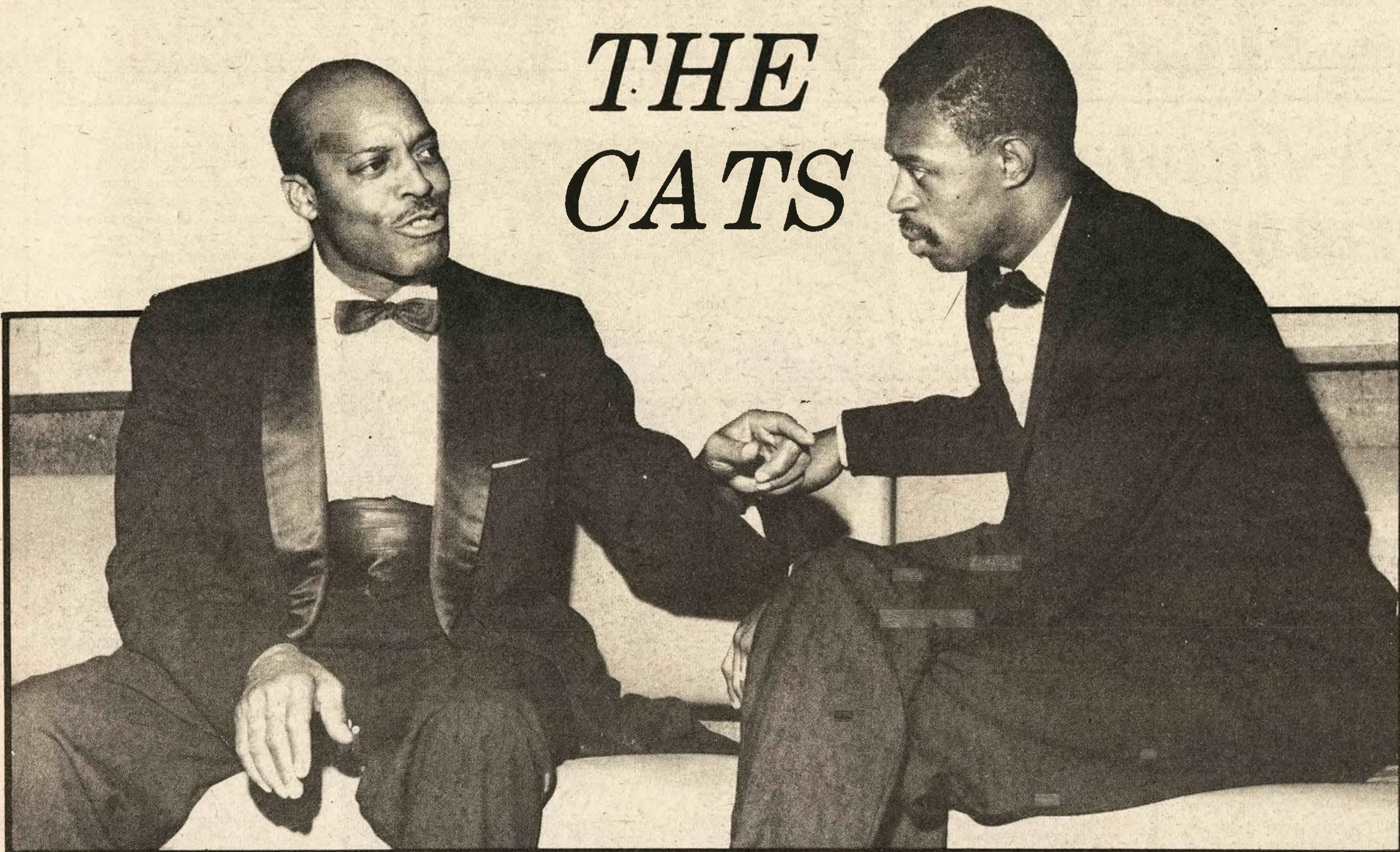
In action, Louis Hayes seems to gaze containedly into the middle-distance while his hands deal out flickering fire. The two big ride cymbals push open like batwing doors to boost the horn, cush-cush on the hi-hat mushrooming under the lyrical line of the trumpet. Louis, looking cool, stretches time.

"I think the drummer's first place is to make the band sound the way it's gonna sound, like if it's gonna have

Peter Powell, on behalf of RADIO LUXEMBOURG
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Ireland for the amazing support and hospitality
shown when touring there recently. We look
forward to more tours in Northern and
Southern Ireland in the future.



DEALIN' WITH THE CATS



LOUIS HAYES (right) with PHILLY JO JONES. Pic: VALERIE WILMER

fire. The drummer controls the group, so to a point you're the leader. It's an instrument that's supposed to accompany, but there's so many different ways. It's much easier for me to be in the forefront because there's been a lotta people before me who've already done it. Max

Roach and Art Blakey for instance. Name value has a lot to do with it also."

"And most drummers are aggressive by nature," I said. "Like boxers."

"My basic nature isn't like that," said Louis mildly, "but then again, sometimes on the

bandstand it is. I can control it in accompanying a person because I don't like to overplay him. I like to be able to create the kinda mood they want, and work around that. Like instruments, each person has his limitations and its easy playing drums to just run over some-

body — but that's not playing together.

"I think a drummer's nature is pretty aggressive, just goes along with the instrument I guess. Trumpet and drums, both of those are extroverts."

He became politically aware out of self-defence. "It just has

to be, living in this world. You hafta be aware, concerned about things happening to you and the people around you. It took me growing up to find out about my history, because going to school in North America you never get to learn certain things, whereas in the

South you'd get to know more. "They had to have black schools in the South, but in the North because they integrated you missed out on some things."

Some of Louis' best work occurred in the context of the Blue Note hard-bop sessions, and we found ourselves unanimous on the decline of that once great label.

"Well, Alfred Lion and Francis Wolff started infiltrating that whole 'soul' thing in about 1957 or so. When you went in to make a record, it was straight-ahead at first, you know, some music. Then they started saying, 'Just give me one tune that's for the people' — and then it started growing out of proportion."

"Now this band was formed out of a need just to play what we felt like playing. There's not that many guys my age to choose from, guys that can play on that level, musicians that have some depth to what they do."

SELECTED RECORDINGS

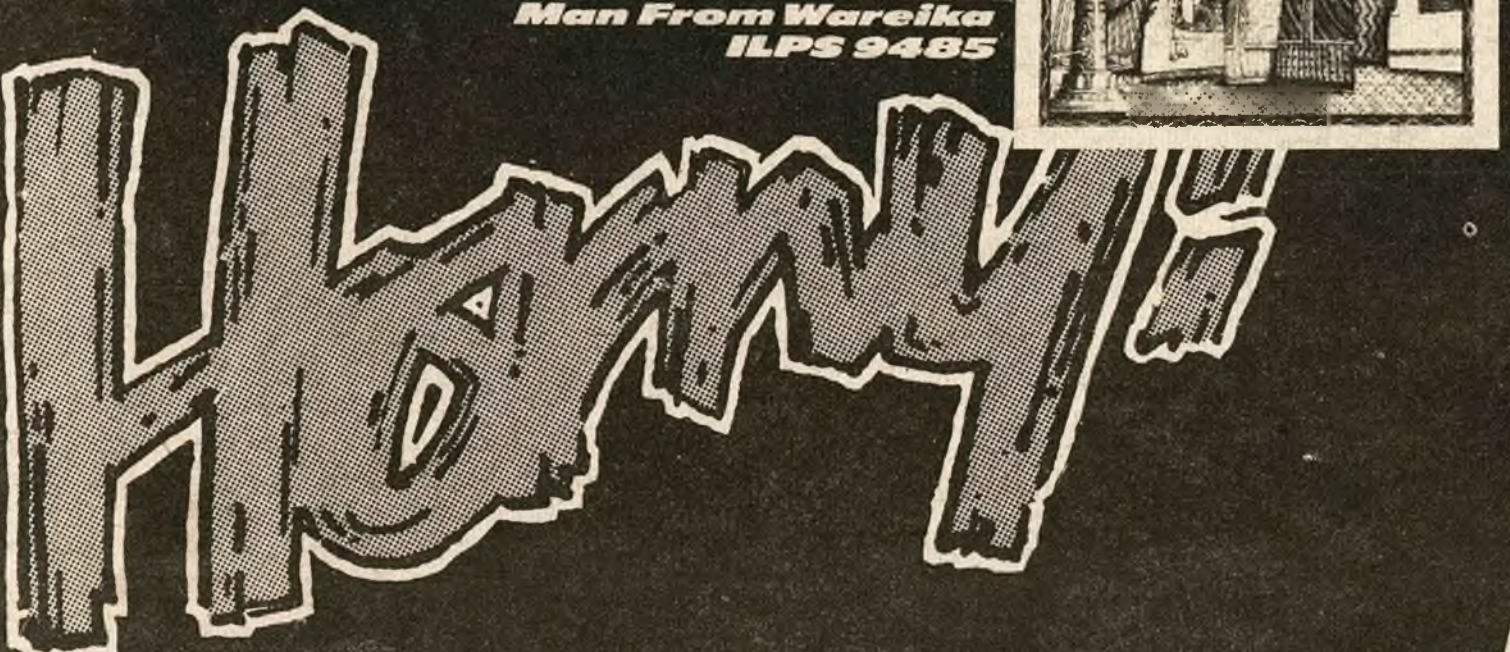
"The Stylings Of Silver", Horace Silver (BST 81562), "finger Poppin'", Horace Silver (BST 84008), "The Japanese Concerts", Cannonball Adderley (Milestone M47029), "The History Of An Artist", Oscar Peterson (Pablo 2625 702), "Breath Of Life", Louis Hayes (Muse 5052).



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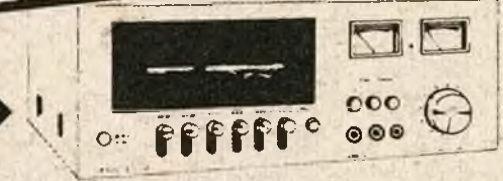
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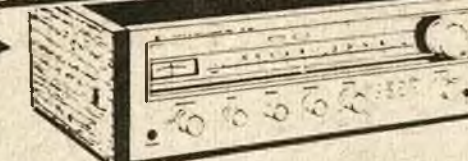
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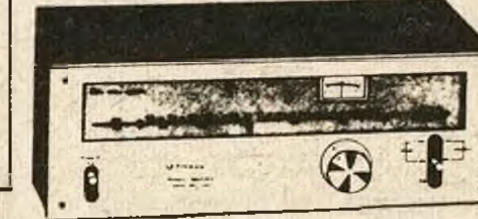
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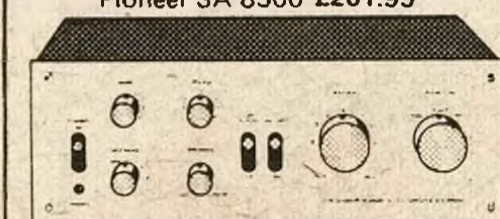


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"People have no respect for comedy. They think it's easy." — Groucho Marx

THE FAR-REACHING implications of Groucho's comment are nowhere more applicable than to audience and, particularly, critical reaction to screen comedy.

For instance, it's easier to consistently grip an audience with drama; if there are lulls in a comedy or, even more damaging, a poor ending, one's impression of the whole is drastically altered in a way which wouldn't necessarily affect the opinion of, say, a Western.

Emblematic of this prejudicial view of screen comedy are the films of Mel Brooks.

Because Brooks comes from a background of gag-writing for television comics in the 50s, his film are generally dismissed as "ragbags of the best and worst" and "no more than the sum of their parts".

Parts of his films are very much hit-and-miss affairs, but the incisive marriage of form and content in his fourth feature, *Young Frankenstein*, establishes that Brooks is no mere maker of slapdash revues.

And, unlike most film critics, Mel Brooks is a very funny man, possessed of a prodigious imagination.

Only Brooks could have come up with the whimsical notion of making a silent comedy in 1976, talk 20th Century-Fox into financing *Silent Movie*, and then triumphantly prove that silent is golden by-breaking box-office records both here and in the States.

That's another peculiar aspect of comedy films; they are rarely huge financial successes. Sure, many do respectable business, but they're not blockbuster material. Not until Brooks' *Blazing Saddles* had a recent comedy cleaned-up at the box-office, and even now his only rivals are the *Pink Panther* movies.

BORN IN Brooklyn in 1927, Melvin Kaminsky had the standard Jewish slum kid upbringing. At 14 he adopted the name Brooks (from his mother's maiden name), and countered his unprepossessing appearance by telling jokes and doing impressions.

It was in the supposedly humourless years of the Eisenhower and McCarthy '50s that Brooks came to prominence by "feeding the monster" — gag-writing for TV. He wrote for Sid Caesar's *Your Show Of Shows* for ten years, his fellow writers including Woody Allen and Neil Simon.

He later collaborated with

SIDESWIPE

"A flawless triumph of bad taste, unredeemed by charm or subtlety."

(NME, 1977)

Buck Henry on the successful *Get Smart* TV series, a mid-60s secret agent spoof starring Don Adams. It was a novel that he'd written which formed the basis for his first film.

THE PRODUCERS (1967)

AWAY FROM the strictures of TV writing (and if it's possible, 50s sponsored American TV must have been even more repressive than it is now), Mel Brooks excelled at what he does best: offending people.

The Producers drew almost unanimous vitriol from the American critics ("Grotesque", "Terrible", "Amateurishly crude", etc), but was better received by their British counterparts when it was finally shown here in 1969 ("The most underrated comedy of the 60s" — *S. Times*).

This polarisation merely serves to accentuate the iconoclastic nature of Brooks' comedy.

The very opening scene was enough to put off many people: Max Bialystock, a broken down theatrical impresario, is seen leeringly embracing a series of old women in the hope of extracting money from them for his next production. Since Max is played by Zero Mostel, with his dank hair combed forward over a bald pate, running the gamut of his eccentric personality traits (gleaming eye, diabolic smile, mock humility, overbearing truculence), the feeling of disgust was perhaps doubled.

When Leo Bloom, his neurotic accountant, inadvertently shows Max how he can make money — by overselling shares in his plays and confining himself to sure-fire flops —

"Oh Mel, do you think that, if they wrote about you in NME, all those wonderful kids that read that magnificent journal would go right out and see your films?" — "I hope so, dearest, I hope so."

MEL BROOKS and BERNADETTE PETERS in "Silent Movie"



a frantic search is on for the worst play in the world.

They find *Springtime For Hitler*, a musical drama by a still-devout Nazi, attempt to procure the services of a zonked-out hippie to play Adolf, and hire a total incompetent as director (a mincing queen who makes his initial appearance resplendent in an evening gown).

With Gene Wilder playing Leo in his unique whining, strangled-voice bit (after an early tantrum over his security blanket, Wilder is forced to coast on mere hysteria for the remainder of the film), the first hour of the movie is blisteringly funny, culminating in the outraged indignation of the opening night audience at *Springtime*.

The invention and audacity of Brooks' black comedy is summed up by a single overhead shot of the jackbooted chorus girls forming a swastika a la Busby Berkeley.

Unfortunately, the ridiculous play is ultimately a success and Brooks hasn't quite prepared the elements needed to complete the farce, so the final half-hour peters out somewhat.

Nevertheless, *The Producers* remains an almost flawless triumph of bad taste, unredeemed by charm or subtlety. It's Brooks' favourite film.

THE TWELVE CHAIRS (1970)

AFTER THE THEATRICAL satire of his debut feature and before his popular send-ups of movie genres, Brooks made his odd-film-out.

The Twelve Chairs, a relatively straight adaptation of a Russian novel, wasn't shown in this country until 1975.

Seeking one of twelve dining room chairs (the one with the family jewels sewn into its seat) now scattered the length

and breadth of Russia is Ippolit (Ron Moody), an impoverished nobleman turned bureaucrat since the Revolution. His main rival is the local priest, Father Fyodor, piously greedy and played to the hilt by Dom DeLuise, simpering and slaving like a Pavlovian dog.

By no means an integral part of the Brooks canon, *The Twelve Chairs* does have its moments, notably when DeLuise is on screen.

His reading of the line "Oh Lord, you're so strict!" is as excruciating as Basil Fawlty's immortal "Oh thank you, God, thank you so bloody much!"

And there is one superb visual gag: when Ippolit leans over to impart a kiss to the brow of his bed-ridden dying mother, the rubber stamp he is holding imprints the word "Cancelled" on her cheek.

Like *The Producers*, it failed to make money, but Brooks' reputation was made by his next two films.

BLAZING SADDLES (1974) and YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN (1975)

THE MEANINGLESSLY-TITLED *Blazing Saddles* spoofed Westerns by placing a black sheriff in a bigoted, unfriendly town called Rock Ridge.

Cleavon Little, as the sheriff, has us on his side from the start when, responding to a foreman's request that he lead the downtrodden labourers in "a good ole nigger work song", he delivers a delicately modulated rendering of Cole Porter's "I Get A Kick Out Of You".

With two other fine performances from Brooks' 'repertory' company — Gene Wilder as the Waco Kid and Madeline Kahn as Lili Von Shtupp — *Blazing Saddles* is

essentially a series of elaborate set pieces, climaxing with the monstrous Western brawl interrupting a camp top-hat-and-tails dance number in the adjoining studio.

This anarchic ending in no way prepared one for the restraint shown by Brooks with *Young Frankenstein*. Strikingly photographed by Gerald Hirschfeld in the same low-incandescence as James Whale's 1931 original, this is undoubtedly Brooks' most consistent and stylish work to date.

Beautifully played by Peter Boyle (the Monster), Ms Kahn (Elizabeth) and co-writer Wilder (Dr. Frankenstein) ("That's Frankenshteen!"), this film, too, has its set pieces.

And none is funnier than the poor Monster's encounter with a blind hermit (played, bewigged and bearded, by Gene Hackman) who, in trying to be

By MONTY SMITH

hospitable to his new friend, accidentally pours hot soup over him, showers him with wine and splinters of glass in toasting his health, and finally sends him on his way in mute horror by erroneously setting fire to his thumb instead of his cigar.

It is in *Young Frankenstein* that Brooks first intimates that he is in not merely interested in spoofing specific genres, but that one's entire cultural impression of the cinema is his big box of toys.

Thus, Wilder and Kahn are involved in a tremendous parody of *Anna Karenina* as they say their fond farewells at a steam-enveloped railway station; and the Monster, after seducing Elizabeth, lights two cigarettes with the romantic

THE FILMS OF MEL BROOKS

aplomb of Paul Henreid (circa *Now Voyager*).

This becomes more pertinent when understanding the critical thumbs-down from the more serious critics for his latest feature.

SILENT MOVIE (1976)

IT IS, perhaps, unfortunate that *Silent Movie* should open in the same week as a London revival of Buster Keaton's *Spite Marriage* (1929).

Some people regard *Silent Movie* as Mel Brooks' Valentine to the slapstick comedians, but the fact is this is a resolutely contemporary comedy. That doesn't stop the critics bleating about the comparative genius of Keaton and Chaplin, of course, but — ignoring, for a moment, that no one was more clinical or contrived in his approach to comedy than Keaton — they're being obdurate in the extreme.

Where Brooks scores is in sharing a loving complicity with his audience on the inherent absurdity of all dramatic formulas and melodramatic mechanisms.

The Great Race, *It's A Mad Mad Mad Mad World*, *Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines* — all had far more in common with the slapstick tradition than Brooks ever intends with his film.

Set in 1976, it simply tells the story of Mel Funn (Brooks), an ex-alcoholic film director who plans to save the bankrupt Big Picture Studios from a takeover by the monster Engulf & Devour corporation by producing a multi-million dollar all-star silent movie.

When Funn puts his scheme to the *Current Studio Chief*, his reaction is immediate and incredulous.

"Don't you know slapstick is dead?" he asks Funn the instant before his chair collapses, careering him across his office to crash into the far wall.

It is the next title card which lets you know this is going to be no ordinary slapstick comedy: "Where am I? Who am I? Who ordered the veil cutlet?" asks the stunned chief.

Throughout, these off-beat title cards serve as neat counterpoint to some of the more obvious visual humour. When Funn and his two cronies, standing on one another's shoulders in a huge gabardine, knock on Burt Reynolds' door, they use as their opening gambit: "Hi! I have a terrible glandular condition. May I use your phone?"

The comedy ideas in *Silent Movie* are legion, and the wonder of it is not that some of it doesn't work but that so much of it works so well.

As he skillfully guys war movies (a Coke machine as mortar bomb dispenser), musicals (the wedding-cake couple disappearing in a mass of cream as they skip from tier to tier), suspense films (codominous music swells as Dom DeLuise, his not inconsiderable bulk already dangerously inbalancing James Caan's trailer, starts shaking pepper on his hamburger), and high finance ("Our toilets are nicer than most people's homes"), Brooks keeps his promise in making *Silent Movie* the noisiest movie ever made — sound effects are multifarious.

HIS NEXT (A Mel Brooks Talkie!) will be a Hitchcockian parody called *High Anxiety*. Brooks himself will play the head of the Psycho-neurotic Hospital for the Very, Very Nervous.

No doubt it will be the same old ragbag of cinematic clichés, the sum of its parts, not to be taken seriously. Hope so.



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fulfilled
our
destiny.

We stood
against
everything —
chance,
the elements,
existence itself.

The doors of
creation are
always open.

(Don't go away. There's more.)

It now goes far beyond
how much one can gross
on the gate.

The bread doesn't come into
it any more.

We still care enough to go plonking off around the world
yet again . . .

(OK. He's finished.)



LED ZEPPELIN Chapter 94

by ROY CARR

IN TERMS OF WIDE-SPREAD PUBLIC CONFIDENCE, it appears that the law of diminishing returns doesn't apply to Led Zeppelin.

Nine years and almost as many albums since their maiden flight, NME's Readers' Poll indicates that in these times of uncertainty, Led Zeppelin's stock is as stable as Gilt Edged Securities.

Whilst other bands of Zeppelin's stature fall apart at the seams, lose their incentive, grow complacent, or become riddled with paranoia, Zeppelin give the impression of being utterly immune from such occupational hazards.

Every major band must dread the inevitable day when they awake to find that the public that once fawned over them has deserted them in favour of a fresh face. Whilst not exactly fresh-faced, the emergence of rock's fourth generation — a movement that has brought about suspicion, insecurity and the first major generation gap *inside* the little world of rock'n'roll since the 50s — has caused more panic amongst the league leaders than any Poll result.

Waves have been made.

In the first punk fusillade aimed at the rock establishment, almost no one was spared. However, whilst most of rock's patriarchs were rightly stigmatized as Old Farts, Jimmy Page and Robert Plant seemed to hold a strange fascination for The Angry Young Men of the New Wave.

The fact that Page and Plant could casually wander into the lion's den, check out what (given time) could eventually become strong competition, and then voice their approval, gained Zeppelin the respect that the rest of rock's pampered aristocracy failed to receive from a justifiably restless proletariat.

IF ANYTHING, Robert Plant has assumed the role of sympathetic big kid brother to many young bands. This afternoon, as Zeppelin go about putting the final touches to their new road-show at Manticore's desolate rehearsal studio in Fulham, members of Generation X scurry around the stage in their ill-fitting raincoats, firing smart-ass one liners at Plant and receiving as good as they give.

"C'mon lads", Plant chortles as he fends off a good-natured jibe. "I know it's still a bit early in the day, but you've got to learn to be quicker than that."

Swaggering around the stage in a velvet-trimmed, gold lame drape jacket, Plant proudly demonstrates Zeppelin's latest toy — an electronic harmonizer.

"Wellah Hullo, Ahh-Mahrey Loo, Ahh-Good-er Bah Hhheart", he burbles plum-in-cheek into a microphone and through the wonders of modern technology, promptly gets the sound of two synchronized voices in perfect harmony for the price of one.

"Ere . . . you-have a go", Plant says as he hands over the microphone to bleached Billy Idol. "This thing can

make you sound like The Everly Brothers".

Idol grabs hold of the microphone, grins at his mates, shakes a shoulder at Plant and starts bellowing "A Whole Lotta Love". The Lemon Squeezer smiles approvingly.

Originally the assignment was this: get the individual members of Zeppelin to select and discuss three tracks a-piece for a hypothetical "Best Of Led Zeppelin" compilation.

John Paul Jones picks up the entire stash of Zeppelin albums, flicks through the sleeves as though he's never seen them before and politely enquires: "Can we listen to them all first?"

The idea is promptly jettisoned.

TO SAY that Zeppelin are more than a little chuffed by their landslide victory in the NME Poll would be an understatement.

"It only goes to prove", insists Page, "that Led Zeppelin are not a nostalgia band."

Everyone in the room nods in agreement.

"The very essence", adds Plant, "of why you're talking to Zeppelin as four people all in the same room is because we still excite each other. It's not a stagnant situation whereby we're just going through the paces."

Usually, the longer bands stay together, the less reason they find for continuing. Not only do they find it increasingly difficult to produce new material, but the actual physical effort of getting out of bed and gathering together in the same studio on the same day becomes a mammoth operation in itself.

Led Zeppelin, it appears, aren't bothered by such problems.

The atmosphere that prevails at a Zeppelin rehearsal is hardly melodramatic. Nobody plays prima donna and neither is it a calculated exercise in putting together a crowd-baiting three ring circus.

In the bleak atmosphere of a disembowelled cinema, Zeppelin run down "The Song Remains The Same" with as much enthusiasm as if performing before a crowd of 10,000 — and not just a dozen roadies and two large industrial heaters.

"I think", says Page, "that if you've got a set that's so cut and dried, so well-rehearsed that you've no other option but to play it note-for-note each night, then it's bound to get stagnant."

"We've always structured things so that there's an element in which we can suddenly shoot off on something entirely different and see what's happening. Personally speaking, for me, that's where the element of change and surprise comes in — the possibilities of having that kind of freedom, should you suddenly require it, right in the middle of a number."

"You never quite know what's waiting around the corner. The last time, it was 'Presence'. For that album we all agreed that we'd go right back to square one. Start with nothing, just a few basic structures and the minimum of rehearsal. We completed the album in less than two weeks."

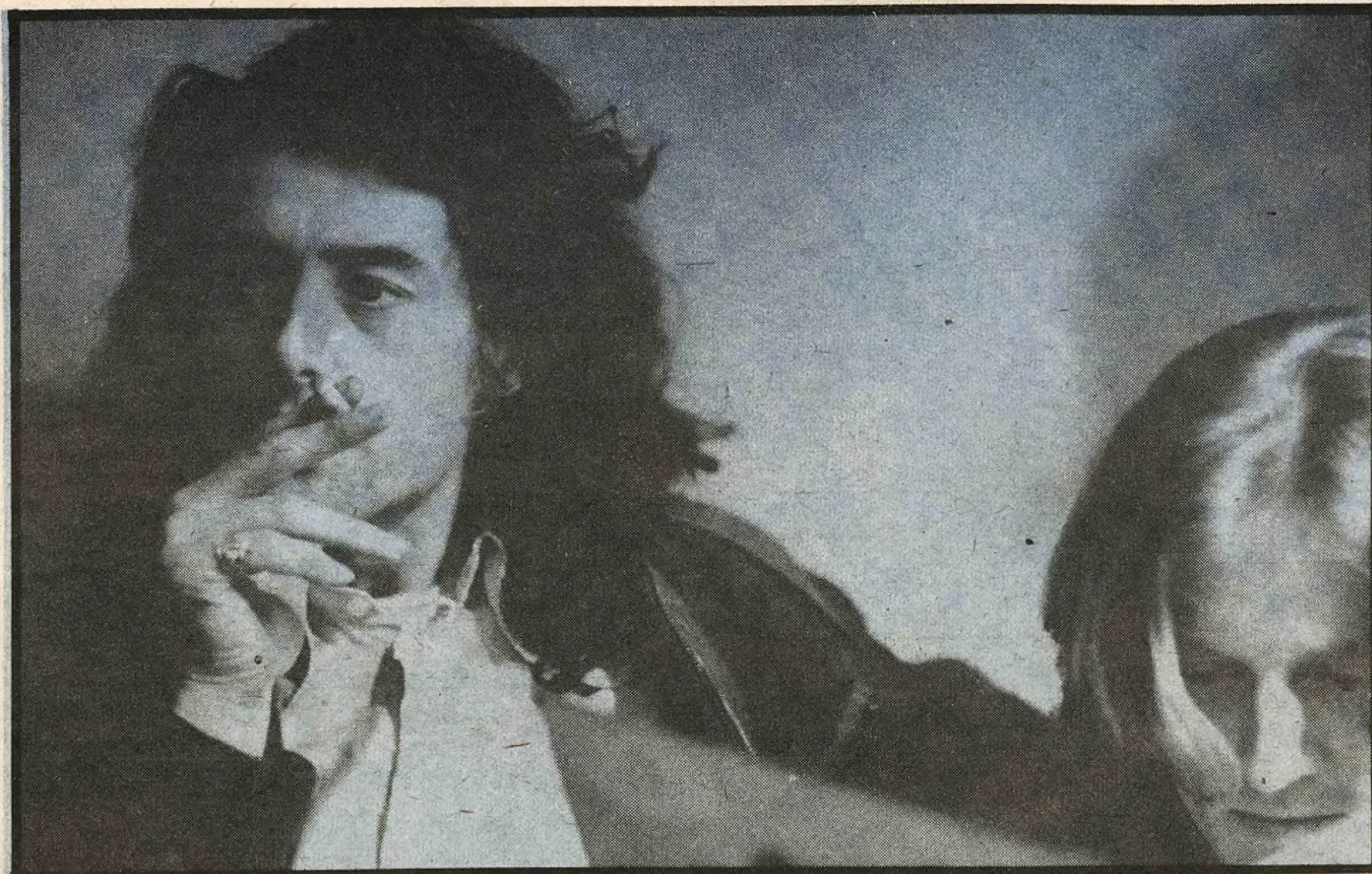
"That's why", Page elaborates, "Presence was a testament... if you like, two fingers" (he gestures) "to all the kinds of things that destroy other bands. We needed to do that album in so much as we had been together a long time and that we required the challenge of working fast and simply."

PLANT MAINTAINS that, though every album has been important in Led Zeppelin's development, "Presence" was the most crucial. With Bonham and Jones signalling their endorsement, Plant reveals that if there has ever been the remotest chance of Zeppelin calling it quits, that was the juncture.

"We've never reached a stage when we've turned to each other in despair and said where do we go from here? But when we recorded 'Presence' we were fighting to survive."

It was a test of endurance which they only just managed to pass.

"I feel", Plant begins slowly, "that in some ways we have fulfilled our Destiny." He pauses. "But by the same reckoning, there's absolutely no



(Above:) "Ere, 'oo said that?"
(Right:) "Hum, looks like Plant could do with a holiday..."

end to that fulfillment. The Doors of Creation are always open.

"Presence" was our stand against everything. Our stand against The Elements, against Chance. We were literally fighting against Existence Itself. We'd left home for 12 months and it seemed that everything was about to crumble."

Plant, his body severely shattered as a result of an auto wreck, his wife Maureen similarly in a critical condition, was just one of the dilemmas confronting Zeppelin and The Future. After careful consideration of the situation, it was agreed that the best therapeutic treatment for Plant was to become absorbed in recording a new album.

Still in extreme pain, he was nightly wheeled from his hotel, through sub-zero conditions and into Munich's Musicland Studios.

"We all knew that maybe it wouldn't come together — but there's absolutely no doubt about it, that album helped pull me through at a time where I just couldn't have taken any more. There's no getting away from the fact that we had our backs up against the wall, but we were determined that nothing was going to stop us. Once we got into the studio, it just happened spontaneously."

"If ever there was a time to quit that was it, because before we went into Musicland, we didn't actually know if we'd ever play together again or, if we did stop, just how long we'd have to wait — and whether or not it would ever be the same should we get back together again."

"That's why, alone of all the albums we've recorded, 'Presence' relates specifically to a point in time. 'Presence' isn't a precis on aspects of Life In General, but aspects of hurt. That's what songs like 'Tea For One' and 'Hots On For Nowhere' are all about."

He emphasises the point by reciting the second verse of "Hots On For Nowhere":



"Now I've got friends who will give me their shoulder
In event I should happen to fall
And with time and his bride growing older
I got friends who will give me fuck all."

"I was Questioning Everything," he explains.

"Well", enquires Plant, "who are

BANDS HAVE THROWN in the towel for less. Plant continues to speak for the rest of Zeppelin when he concedes that most bands bring about their own downfall, be it either through apathy or plain stupidity. One gets tired, almost cynical, of musicians quitting bands over "irrevocable differences of musical policy" and a burning desire to cut a solo album. In nine years, there's never been any serious suggestions of anyone taking an extended sabbatical from Zeppelin in order to record a solo Meisterwerk.

"Well", enquires Plant, "who are

we gonna make solo albums with? There's nobody better than this band to play with and nobody better to help you. Sure, one's imagination is a great thing but it isn't nearly as good as bouncing ideas off one another. You can really only achieve a personal peak after being around certain people for any length of time."

But you know the drill. I've written a dozen songs but nobody in the band wants to record them!

Bonham guffaws. "You've been listening to those interviews George Harrison's been doing on the radio!"

"I think The Beatles were fools to split", Plant opines.

Page chimes in: "It's all down to the question of the importance of being happy and content within the framework of the group you're a member of. Sufficiently happy enough not to feel the need to go off and make a solo album. Now for quite some time, The Beatles had that kind of mutual contentment."



Pics by PENNIE SMITH

"I was in New York, and I can remember McCartney telling me at the time he was cutting his second solo album, that it was difficult for him to play with other musicians."

"McCartney felt that, on his own, it was an uphill struggle. He didn't know the musicians and apart from his reputation as a Beatle, they didn't know him. He didn't realise the immense difficulties until he was suddenly confronted with that specific problem."

McCartney isn't the only one who has found out the hard way. After innumerable solo albums, it is rumoured that The Who have discussed the prospects of using one another as sessioners on individual projects.

"Well", says Page, "it's taken them long enough to reach that conclusion — but isn't that because, in terms of virtually everything The Who undertake, Townshend plays Fuehrer?"

Pete?

THOUGH ZEPPELIN insist that "Presence" was their major recent endeavour, NME Readers nominated the soundtrack of "The Song Remains The Same" as their premier choice for '76.

It's safe to assume that much of Led Zeppelin's runaway victory has been achieved through the film and its soundtrack. Despite the fact in some quarters (notably in this publication), "The Song Remains The Same" was received with "certain reservations", it seems to be the perfect fulfillment of the average Zeppelinite's heavy metal fantasy.

Originally premiered in four-track stereo, "The Song Remains The Same" is currently being shown with mixed-down two-track, since outside the capital, very few cinemas are equipped with the requisite facilities.

Indeed in some locations the management have been less than co-operative. This has meant that Page and Plant have been moving around Britain making spot sound-checks at showcase engagements.

Both agree that in Birmingham, the management of the cinema was most sympathetic towards their distinguished guests, despite the fact that on the opening night, the house equipment blew in the last few frames.

"Apart from that", Page admits, "it really has proved to be a hard battle against the cinema circuits and their managers. Obviously, one tries to be idealistic about such things, but it's not possible to do what you want on the regular cinema circuits in Britain."

This hasn't been the only drawback they've encountered. The fact that some cinemas have installed highly reflective screens (or exceedingly dull ones), has in some instances effected the colour temperature of the print.

"It's almost the same as when we announce a tour", Plant interjects. "If Zeppelin play small places like the Nottingham Boat Club, people complain about the size of the place and the sound in the same way as when we put a show on in the biggest indoor arena in the country."

"In the end, you can't be too discriminating, otherwise you'd end up with a hernia. A lot of people want to see 'The Song Remains The Same' and so we have to leave it up to their better judgement and that of the cinema that's screening it. It's either that or not show it at all!"

AS YET, a new Zeppelin album (their ninth) isn't scheduled, though there are some songs being prepared. It could well take shape somewhere along this new tour.

Plant's injuries have almost healed and, though he can't play football, his leg is on the mend.

"I wouldn't be risking the use of my leg and going out on such a lengthy tour if I felt that it really wasn't worth it. If I and the rest of the band didn't honestly feel that there was something to achieve we'd stay at home."

"You have to understand, it now goes far beyond how much one can gross on the gate. The bread doesn't come into it any more. Never mind the prissy things — that's something 'Presence' taught us."

"No matter what some people may think, we still care enough to go plonking off around the world yet again."



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With Gabriel's lyrics

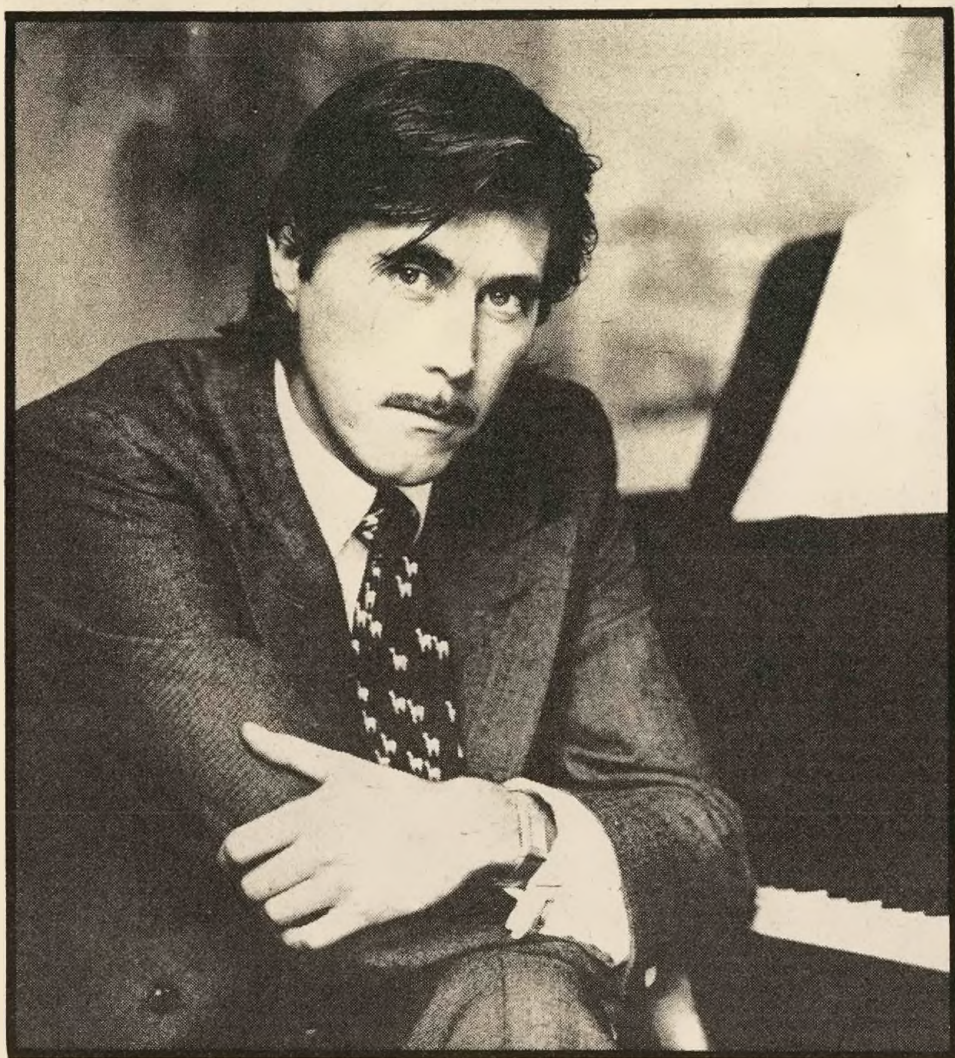
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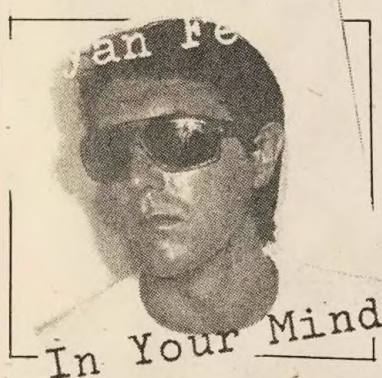


MopealongaBry?



SingalongaBry?

Artiste In Search Of Wider Audience



BRYAN FERRY
In Your Mind (Polydor)
Let's Stick Together (Polydor)

MY HEROES always disappoint me. Joe Stalin, Indira Gandhi, Bryan Ferry — one by one they blow it.

Bryan Ferry blew his big chance by offering up the transcendental glory of Roxy Music to the altar of torch songs and the Cilla Black Show.

He didn't just choose to pose in the middle of the road, he tied himself to the railway tracks and sacrificed himself to A Wider Audience.

"In Your Mind" bears out this about-turn admirably. Catchy, cute and commercial, it comes over with all the conviction of an empty lipstick case when compared to the shimmering alien beauty of "For Your Pleasure."

Here we have The Great Paul Thompson, but my favourite (and the prettiest) Roxyperson Andy Mackay is conspicuous by his absence.

Continuing the grand solo-Ferry tradition of warbling about love as opposed to rubber dolls and bogus men, Brief Encounters are the order of the day, infested with a painfully transient and glacial passion. Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard with a lobotomy.

Kicks off with the single "This Is Tomorrow", an up-market down-home sleaze which commits the crime of rhyming "moon" with "June" and is very redolent of Bryan's Army Surplus phase during which he dressed Jacqui Sullivan and Doreen Chanter (present and correct here) as WAFs — those were the days!

An insidiously stomping beat that only Lot's wife could stand still to, there's no pussyfooting.

"Truckin' By The Railway

Station/I'm On The Road Again."

Great stuff, but "truckin'"? Come on Bry, you wouldn't know a truck if it ran up your nose! A roaming in the gloaming motel room-T.V.-train whistle ambience jostles for a seat with bayonet guitars gilded by triumphantly strident trumpets and caterwauling chick singers.

"All Night Operator" should keep you moving — this will give you a good excuse not to listen to the words, which consist largely of "Do telephones make you cry?/I try to write letters/Only my pen runs dry" as Bry pleads with his belle to quit playing hard to get, laid-back in a teeth-grinding kind of way.

Ferry, maybe because he's more mature (we won't say old), sings these things with a certain ease, without the affectation of younger people like Deaf School and Manhattan Transfer. You can just see the Palm Court Orchestra hiding behind the potted plants.

Definitely lobbyfodder muzak, but positively Ritz.

In a softer, sweeter mood is "One Kiss", evocative of romance in a vacuum and one hand on the door handle, ships in the night. Doleful and dirgelike doo-wop with seasaw saxophones, the lyrics are appropriately bitter.

"Where can they go from here?/Forever or never/Or once in a while/Their situation's clear."

Nevertheless it's not hard to envisage crowds on football terraces swaying to the hypnotically murky beat.

I really loved "Love Me Madly Again", in which Bry resumes his stiff upper lip and aggressive pout to barnstorm into a staccato song of old flames still smouldering and cutting it on the street while making time with casual passion and backstabbing guitars interspersed with a silkily wretched refrain.

"Don't make it easy for me/Some like it tough, you see/Is it as passionate as it

seemed?/Was it for real or some kind of dream?" But Bry sounds so elegant the only thing one can imagine him getting mad about is a crease in his cravat.

I was wearing a kimono when I played this record, so the side two opener "Tokyo Joe" made me feel real ethnic. But after the initial glow, this little nugget started to grate. Hot on the heels of "She Sells" from "Siren", this would seem to be another instance of the Sadistic Mika Band's (Roxy once toured with them) influence. This tale of an Oriental jellybean in a watertight dress cutting the ice in the Danger Zone just don't cut the Colemans with its prominent strings and tentative piano, ushered in and out by tinny Hong Kong gongs. "Femme fatale or ingenue?/She very cunning, fiendish clever."

If she's so clever, how come she's in a piece of dreck like this? About as authentically Japanese as Chow Mein.

"Party Doll" isn't the old Buddy Knox classic but a nondescript, evasive little song. Bry lapses into his old habits — "I'll wind you up/Let's twist again." In every dream home a party doll, huh Bry?

Ferry sounds relatively uninvolved here and therefore very boring, his masks being much more appealing than his face (in common with David Bowie).

Bry seems to be having hassles thinking up his own titles, because next we have "Rock Of Ages", a winsomely indifferent song written by Chris Thomas, in which Bryan is elbowed out of the way by his persistent ladybirds who handle the refrains quite manfully — in fact Dyan Birch (ex?) of Kokomo comes over much stronger than Ferry himself — nevertheless failing to haul this little gem up from the mire of mediocrity.

"After you/There's no fun/On the run/The party's over". You said it Bry. We drag our tired feet into the final and title track.

"Hark the frozen chimes of winter/Crystal shimmer in your mind" — William Blake he ain't, and first impressions are borne out by the moronic lyrics and tedious tune.

Well, there you have it. I dug some of it against my better judgment but when all's said and done, this is music for androids.

MEANWHILE, to consider "Let's Stick Together" — with one eye on the profits and the other on the mirror, the Laurence Harvey of gauchito costumes retraces his steps in a veritable *tour de force* of brass aggression in 36.55 minutes of fascist rock and roll at its brainstorming best, inasmuch as "fascist" rock and roll exists as opposed to the nihilistic Moog apathy of "Low" and its comrades.

The title track, an energetic rework of a much covered song, is the type of backing track with which to turn a disco into a Nuremberg Rally. It inflicts grievous bodily harm, interspersed with the yowling of the lovely Jerry Hall and saxophones being used like Lugers.

Ferry's original swashbuckling Grand Guignol approach to "Casanova" on "Country Life" is here thrown off for a more insidious stance redolent of stalking Sioux and snakecharmers, sinisterly ambiguous and less blunt yet more menacing in its disinterest — "Now you're flirting with heroin/Or is it cocaine?"

The stunning "Sea Breezes" from the first Roxy album is less successfully recast. That first album seemed a disjointed exploration into the realms of futuristic fall-out alienation. "Sea Breezes" is less appropriate here, though the bleak synthesizers are as destructively evocative as ever.

A bootied parody of the old Jimmy Reed standard "Shame Shame Shame" follows, a humourless caricature that could possibly sound like the real thing to a fifteen year old kid whose experience of black

music extends no further than Billy Ocean.

The sneer is almost audible in Ferry's voice, but the track is a supreme example of content over form; even Tina Charles would be hard pushed to mutilate class like this.

And there's "2HB", Ferry's wistful, drifting tribute to Humphrey Bogart, also from the first album, but remodelled.

Side two opens with the Everley Brothers "The Price of Love". It's cruelly hypnotic, with PVC Mexicano guitars, the tap of high heel castanet flourishes backed by a rogue elephant stampeding Nazi beat that defies you to stay still, and Hideaway overtones that would make Don and Phil regurgitate their WASP sodapops.

The glacially hollow "Chance Meeting" is a neat sketch of Ferry as wimp which nevertheless comes across as authentically despondent; Ferry's voice seethes with suppressed hysteria.

Lennon-McCartney's archly charming "It's Only Love" has a sighing naivety that even Bryan can't assassinate, and sure enough he warbles with passable sincerity.

"You Go To My Head" took Ferry to the apex of his Noel Coward phase as he lay crooning on a chaise longue, cool as julep and with as much guts, till the hard reality of no chart placing made him sit up and think. It sounds better in retrospect.

Next is "Re-Make/Re-Model", the formidable opener of the first Roxy album, and the last track is Gallagher and Lyle's "Heart On My Sleeve", maybe Ferry's weirdest moment. Why Ferry should cover such an inoffensive little song is baffling. But he does it with panache.

Five Ferry songs, six cover versions, eight credits for bass and guitars. And a lousy sleeve, with Bryan wearing what appears to be a dead caterpillar on his upper lip.

Julie Birchill

GRATEFUL DEAD *Wake Of The Flood / Mars Hotel* (United Artists)

THE GRATEFUL Dead have always been a band whose work formed into waves and troughs. "Wake Of The Flood" is unfortunately one of the low points. After ODing on a slew of multi-record live packages they seemed to lose their funk somewhere along the endless highway that runs from slightly north of the Golden Gate Park clear through to Venus.

Although a very direct descendant of the magnificent "Workingman's Dead" and the slightly less than magnificent "American Beauty", its fault was that it toppled too far over into plaintive, post-psychedelic country music so beloved by San Francisco sojourners who had lately retired to the pastoral harbours of Marin County, San Francisco's great hippie suburb.

With no jig-along tracks like "Uncle John's Band", "Casey Jones" or "Truckin'" to add a necessary balance, "Wake Of The Flood" falls into the trap avoided by its predecessors. The vocals are just too wistful, and where once Garcia's guitar soared he simply picks. Sure, it may be superhuman picking, but picking just the same. The rhythms are subdued, and even Robert Hunter's lyrics (and I consider Hunter one of the greatest lyricists this side of Bob Dylan) lack their red dirt robustness.

It may be a great record for those among us who can lay back on the porch and watch the mist coming in across the bay, but for the obtrusive urban environment in which the rest of us find ourselves, the record is just too lightweight.

"Mars Hotel", however, is a totally different plate of greens. The spirit is right back there with Jacks on Kings and the hum of the diesels. It may not be drag out rock and roll. That seemed to be left to Bobby Weir on his solo albums.

There is, however, the kind of optimistic bounce that is the hallmark of a quality northern California hoedown. The kind of music that's for strutting down the block, talking to stray dogs and grinning at the ladies.

From Kreutzman to Garcia everyone's playing is wide open in comparison to the doleful tightness of the companion record. Even the down tempo tracks like "Ship Of Fools", although tinged with an easy sadness, have a sturdy edge that most of the cuts on "Wake Of The Flood" sadly lack. Even Hunter seems back in his stride with a jaunty optimism that draws his imagery from the street, the billboard and other rich lodes of classic pop-folk lore.

Perhaps someone reminded the Dead that their roots lay in a brawling, rumbustious port rather than some lost spiritual eco-Eden. Or maybe they just remembered that their purpose was to create music to get high to.

I doubt the wisdom of re-issuing these two records as a package. The set really does seem to present just too much of the same kind of Dead for one sitting. An ideal proposition would surely have been to produce a comprehensive, historical and, best of all, chronological package like the Jefferson Airplane/Starship's "Flight Log" or the Stones' "Rolled Gold". This would, however, present tricky contractual logistics as their material is split between two (or is it now three?) different record companies.

Mick Farren

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NEIL DIAMOND
Love At The Greek (CBS)

JUST WHAT the world needs, another live double album set from Neil Diamond, even if it is produced by Robbie Robertson. Really.

Back in the early 60s Diamond yearned to be a star, when he was just plain Neil Ship, hawking his songs around the music publishers.

He eventually made a single as Neil Shepherd (ironically enough, for CBS). But it flopped and he had to be satisfied making do as a staff writer, churning out hits for other people.

Fed up with writing for The Monkees, Diamond finally found success as a singer-songwriter with MCA, despite his unprepossessing voice. Now he enjoys the type of adoration reserved for the likes of John Denver.

And, as can be discerned from the photographic spread on the cover of "Love At The Greek", they appear to appeal to the same people. The audience at LA's Greek Theatre comprises a fascinating cross-section of Middle Americans, from bronzed boy-next-door to blue-rinsed matron. Unfortunately, there's a bit of street greaser in Diamond that no amount of sequins on his shirt can disguise.

The music? Pretty much as you'd expect. Brash and vulgar or coy and fey by turn, the nadir is easily reached during an embarrassing version of "Song Sung Blue" when Diamond hoarsely exhorts Helen Reddy (gasp!) and Henry "Fonzie" Winkler (wow!) to each take a verse, something palpably beyond both of them. Otherwise, the old hits are all here, just like they were on "Hot August Night", his other live double set.

Maybe CBS can justify its release as the soundtrack of the one-hour TV special which was filmed during the concerts. Maybe CBS just got tired of waiting for Neil to justify the incredible transfer fee they laid out when signing him from MCA. After all, he's produced the goods for them about as often as Derek Hales has found the net for Derby.

Monty Smith



GARY WRIGHT
The Light Of Smiles (Warner Bros)

HAS THE Dream Weaver dropped a stitch?

After cracking the American charts with the "Dream Weaver" single and album, this set was the crucial one Wright needed to consolidate his success; it seems to lack the necessary qualities to confirm its creator's status.

The album has a great deal of atmosphere. There's no doubt that the keyboards line-up is far from a gimmick. All those whirling electronics have rarely been used to such evocative effect.

Wright's taste is impeccable. Where other keyboard wizards go in for bombastic assaults, he prefers to deploy all that technology with delicacy and

restraint.

The result is that even his weakest songs gain considerably from his sensitive arrangements. The spiritual aura he generates is impressive even to those sceptical towards religion.

The problem is that Wright's composing talent has perhaps let him down a little. While every song here displays his distinctive style, there's nothing to approach the song that changed his fortunes.

The title track sounds similar to "Dream Weaver", and may score fairly heavily as a result. Other songs have their moments; "Who Am I" has an attack that lifts it above its surroundings, but it's no classic.

Maybe Gary Wright's hit single was no more than an inspired one-off. A parallel might well be George Harrison's "My Sweet Lord" — a gorgeous contemporary hymn that the songwriter has never managed to equal.

Perhaps spiritual bliss dulls the judgement of religious rockers, and they fail to see that melodies are more important than messages.

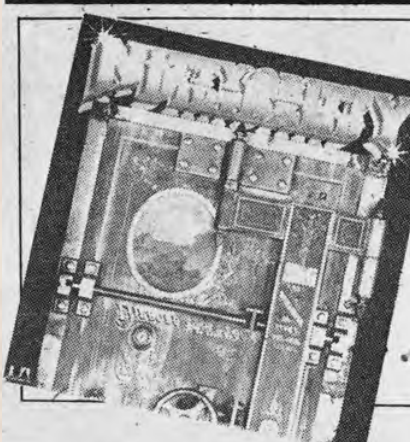
Whatever the explanation, Gary Wright will need to be a good deal tougher in his approach to his own work if he's to sustain the momentum he's gained.

At one level there's no knocking his output. If you're looking for an album that has a consistency of mood, that never deviates from its chosen path, you couldn't do better than this one.

If millions of people have been turned on to Wright's unique sound, then they won't be disappointed with this.

But his appeal may pall. When you've been to a couple of church services and the novelty has gone, subsequent ones become surplus to requirements.

Bob Edmunds



NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND

Dirt, Silver And Gold (United Artists)

WHEN YOU'VE cranked out as many multiple sets as the Dirt Band you're unlikely to stint yourself in the retrospective stakes.

A triple it is.

Well, it has been ten years or more, even though the business has remained consistently unimpressed.

The profiles have remained doggedly low, individual personality well submerged to the extent that even their few real fans would be hard pressed to name names. Instead they have admirers.

Ironically then that the graceful anonymity with which they invested proceedings on the magnificent "Will The Circle Be Unbroken" has threatened to smother their output since.

It's understandable. Playing with the likes of Doc Watson must be a humbling experience for any young picker.

Thus there's an embarrassing gap in the middle of this chronicle as a veil is drawn over the arid period from 1972 onwards which only came to an end with 1975's promising "Symphonium Dream."

The return to form is further cemented here with a liberal helping of new material, notably an accomplished slice of pure mahogany guitar picking called "Win Or Lose" and a carefully weighted medley of "Bayou Jubilee/Sally Was A Goodun."

The undergraduate hokiness of their late '60s jug-band repertoire I could have done without; but that's small beer in a bar full of stiffs.

Monty Smith

small invention, a whole side seems too much.

Side two is more encouraging, drawn from the period around 1969 when they began picking up excellent songs from the repertoires of writers like Michael Nesmith, Randy Newman and Jerry Jeff Walker, whose marvellous "Mr Bojangles" is included here in what could be its definitive form.

Even allowing for lapses like the appallingly wet "House At Pooh Corner" (on which the shakey foundations of Kenny Loggins' career were built) it's impressive testimony to their judgment.

But maybe they listen and learn a little too much.

Good taste in this kind of music is a double-edged sword.

Tinkering around with shape can only go so far without altering content.

Like the 19th century playwrights who wanted to give "King Lear" a happy ending, the roseate glow of much of their work does threaten to erode the spontaneity inherent not only in the music's creation but also its re-creation.

You didn't catch Gram Parsons tinting things sepia; his mission was to be true to the spirit of what he played and let the style follow.

What the Dirt Band possess in terms of craft is considerable; what they lack was provided in abundance by the old timers on "Will The Circle": wit, instinct, improvisation and a sense of tradition which can't be learned in school.

Maybe that three-record set is a more fitting picture of their gifts than this. It remains their finest hour and they ought to be proud of it.

David Hepworth

PURE PRAIRIE LEAGUE

Dance (RCA)

LONG GONE are the days when Pure Prairie League could, eyes closed, knock the Eagles sideways into a pile of Kentucky cow-flops.

Pioneers in the now jaded country-rock stakes, their first two albums are justifiably considered classics, but they didn't enjoy any more than cult appreciation. After "Bustin' Out" they disbanded, but two years later an RCA sharpie released "Amie" from that album and it became a post-humous hit in America.

That was enough to tempt co-founder George Powell to reform the band. Which has so far proved to be a mistake since they now lack their main strength — guitarist and composer Craig Fuller (now an American Flyer).

From once being an excitingly electric band they've slipped to mundane eclecticism. The new line-up has limped through "Two Lane Highway" and "If The Shoe Fits", and although there are sporadic signs of improvement on "Dance", the only real remaining link between this outfit and the last is the fetching old-cowpoke cover illustration which has become their trademark — a sort of Norman Rockwell'n'Roll logo.

The writing credits are shared by Powell (uptempo), bassist Mike Reilly (country) and guitarist Larry Goshorn (melodic). There are a few tasty slide licks but they're swamped by the superfluous strings and horns used throughout. The nondescript lyrics don't deal with anything more important than the banalities of love or the clichéd virtues of life in the great outdoors.

There are isolated moments of pleasure — provided by the barrelhouse piano and locomotive drumming on "Dance" (RCA's token single), the novel ragtimey arrangement on "Catfishin'", and the neat interplay between guitar and pedal steel on "Tornado Warning" — but that's small beer in a bar full of stiffs.

MATUMBI

Leggo! Ah Fi We Dis (Rama)

JAH WOOSH

Psalms Of Wisdom (Black Wax)

JAH STITCH

No Dread Can't Dead (Third World)

REVOLUTIONARIES

Vital Dub (Virgin)

FOLLOWING A YEAR of overkill, backlash and recrimination and pending the eclipse of Channel One's waning star, the most galvanic happenings in a quiescent reggae scene have been the upsurge of British based reggae talent and the development of an indigenous UK sound.

Until recently, English reggae was an inconsequential miscreant, bound to its Jamaican counterpart in the role of parasite only: manufactured, like soup, by a masonic order of beat and commercial time-servers; all grimacing pastiche and shackled creativity; cast wistfully in the direction of the national charts, and written with Stevie Winwood in mind.

It was even dressed up like reggae, to fool the kiddies; but since it was cynical, calculated and soulless, it was out of sympathy with a reggae audience's needs, and therefore not reggae at all. In return for nothing, the reggae audience simply denied its existence.

But now, with the JA connection too dazed by events during the last couple of years to emerge from its retarded natty dread stranglehold and steadily devalued by greed and chicanery, British youth acts have been inspired to explore their own singular visions, to meet the demands of a local audience. Plus, of course, the lure of dunzer.

Best by far, are Matumbi, led by Cricklewood martyr Dennis Bovelle. Their hit version of Bob Dylan's "Man In Me" is currently to be heard rocking from every sound and blues in town; gravitating daughters into the arms of their men, like only the poignant voices of Delroy Wilson and Dennis Brown did hitherto.

The group started life in traditional Cimarrons / Greyhound / Marvels style, with half-hearted recordings for Bush-Trojan — including "Reggae Stuff", a caricature of Kool and the Gang's "Funky Stuff" — and came into their own last Spring with "After Tonight", one of the year's most memorable hits.

Under contractual etiquette, the band were also obliged to adopt the name African Stone. In this other incarnation, they cut the immaculate "Run Rasta Run" for Dennis Curtis, followed by "Singer Man" and "How Long Must I Wait", both Dip productions.

Late last year, producer Mr. Derrick released an album — uncredited — featuring the group, and titled "Ah Who Seh? Go Deh!" Issued on the Dip subsidiary Rama label, the set was a compelling synthesis of dub backing tracks, horn instrumentals and scattered vocals, that no party was considered *blacks* without.

Beat and bleary, sound-system followers would drift from snug clubs into the morning streets, with snatches of "A Who Seh? Go Deh!" still pulsing through their befuddled brains: "Jah Chase Dem", "Half Way To Za-ion", "Run Dem Out", "Raw Kut", "Rite Back" — the level of literacy only adding to the music's parochial charm:

"A long time now,
Since I-man come out of slavery;
And until dis day, oh yeah,
Dem no send I no dunny...
I-man ah go write dem a letter;
Mek dem know dem 'ave fe gwan better.
I-man ah go write dem
A blood-claat letter;
Show dem seh, dem 'ave fe gwan
Rahtid-id-id-id-id-id..."

JAH STITCH: the scars were there already.

Pic: PAT GRIFFITH



ROOTS ROCK ROUNDUP RIDES AGAIN

PENNY REEL rakes through recent reggae.

The title of the album became the hip catchphrase in London reggae circles. "Ah who seh? Go deh!" replaced "under (heavy, optional) manners, discipline and behaviour" as the smart thing to say between spliffs.

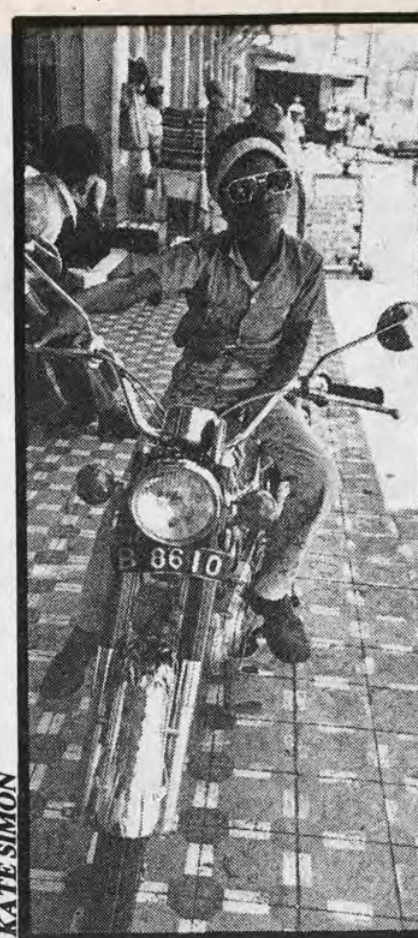
In fact, the newer phrase was an abbreviation of its predecessor: foreshortened from "Ah who seh? Go deh under (heavy) manners, discipline, etc." Taking his lead from Count Shelly, Mr. Derrick invested rootspeak with a dimension not dissimilar to that contributed by Slade in the service of rock'n'roll.

Now, a second Rama album has arrived in the clubs and shops. Credited to the all-purpose 4th Street Orchestra, this new set is another Mr. Derrick / Matumbi / African Stone collusion. "Leggo! Ah Fi We Dis" is the title; and tracks include "Tribute to Idi Amin", "Back Weh Babylon" and "Entebbe". Similar to its predecessor in terms of the dub / vocal production, "Leggo! Ah Fi We Dis" is already shaping as a worthy sequel.

Tell you so.

MORE STANDARD is the fare provided by Jah Woosh — in his role as "starboy" with "Psalms Of Wisdom" (Black Wax).

Produced by the Ja-Man team of Dudley Swaby and Leroy Hollett, the album is the dual-voiced toaster's fifth UK release, and his best to date: with versions of Junior Byles' "Remember Me" ("Satanland") and "Chant Down



Tomorrow's DJ today? Kingston youth puts on the style.

Babylon" ("354 Skank"), plus Rupert Read's "City Dread" ("Ism Scism").

The title track is Woosh's most fulsome oblation to Ras Tafari since the criminally neglected "Magnet Scorcher" / "Psalm 121" for Phil Pratt in 1974 — which title, incidentally, has recently resurfaced on a Trojan various toasters LP, "DJ Roundup".

Also included is "Free Mi Ganja", which I suppose speaks for itself:

"Babylon a sell it; the natty dem a smoke it; society a buy it ... legalise I-man cally; so I-man keep on smoking down de alley, let me tell you seh."

Two titles on the Jamaican recording — "She Tek A Set" and "Take Your Time Fatty" — have been omitted from the pressing, apparently because of some mix-up on the master tape, and replaced with Errol Holt's "Shark Out Deh" and Jah Stitch's "Danger Zone Chapter Three". Both are 1976 classics, and more than compensate for the missing music.

Unfortunately, Jah Woosh's popularity is not what it should be. His idiosyncratic chant-talk irritates some sensibilities; and it seems unlikely that he will ever achieve the accolades reserved for more charismatic toasters.

"I would give what I have to give thee; give and give and you will live and live: so be a giver, and don't be a receiver, y'all!"

Also, his credibility was somewhat impaired last year, with simultaneous release of his music on something like a dozen different labels.

Personally, I think Woosh is an incredibly inspired artist: sassy, sentimental and engagingly shy; and I recommend "Psalms Of Wisdom" without qualification.

He is also a dynamite dancer onstage; and now that he seems to be permanently resident in this country, I urge you to check him live.

MENTION OF Jah Stitch prompts discussion of his own fine LP, "No Dread Can't Dead" (Third World) — the Killer's first.

Stitch was recently a victim of JLP / PNP rivalry, when a gang of gunmen burst into Bob Marley's Tuff Gong record shop, where the toaster was hanging out, and shot him in the head. The first confused reports out of JA pre-empted his death; then were later amended to "unconscious" and then "recovering".

A period of hospitalisation ensued after which Bunny Lee took charge of his career and made good capital of the attack to promote Stitch record sales.

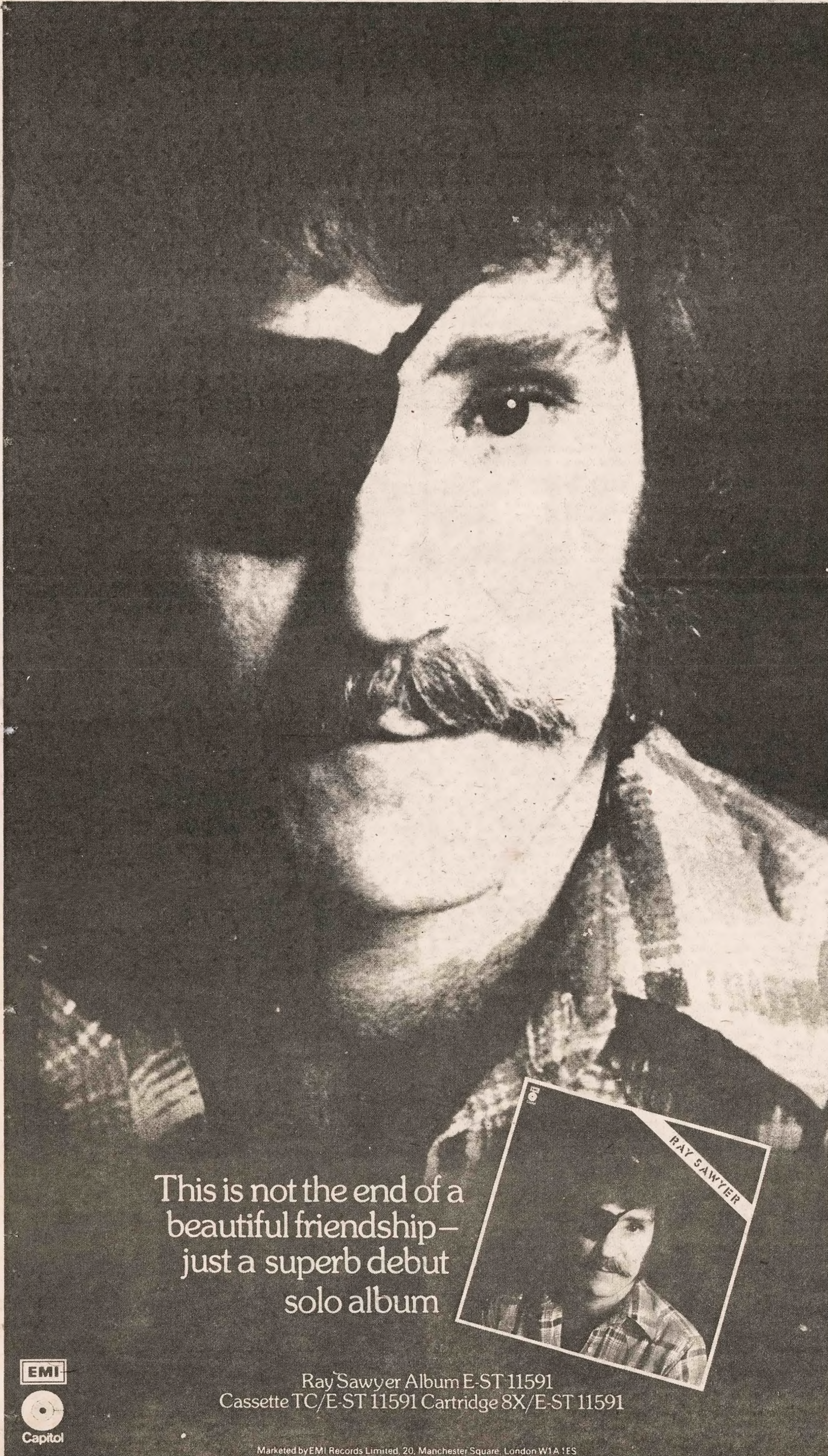
He even had the toaster voice a tune entitled "No Gun Can't Dead A Man Wid A Dread Pon Him Head", hence the title of this set.

Very much in the mould of contemporary reggae, Jah Stitch spits lyrics of violence, danger, ballistics, battle and

Continues over page.

DR HOOK'S

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curfew. Prefacing each commentary with a peremptory "nah true" snarl.

"Now from the East, West, North and South, you can hear it all about," he declares on the opening track, "everyone under heavy manners, yeah; it's what it comes to nowadays, yaaaah!"

Striker Lee's echo-filled rhythms, crude dub mixes and liberal use of reverberation compliment the atmosphere of diffident rage created by Stitch. "No Dread Can't Dead" is unremitting vehemence; without respite; Central Kingston squalling in a serial state of emergency.

"Not a joke, a serious thing, as I would tell you."

Striker has given his protege strong rhythms to ride: Derrick Morgan's "Heavy Manners" and "Greedy Gal"; Johnny Clarke's "Crazy Baldhead" and "Sinners Repent"; Horace Andy's "Root Of All Evil"; John Holt's "No Man Is An Island" and Cornel Campbell's "The Stalwart".

Stitch makes good use of them. Devotees of Bunny Lee productions will know what to anticipate, and won't find much to disappoint them.

"No-one really wants to stand alone; everybody really wants to be somebody's own. Back weh slavemaster; go weh wid yah brutality."

Jah Stitch has been disfigured for life; but his music has not altered much from what it was prior to the shooting; it was as abrasive and vulnerable then as it is now. The scars are not new.

LESS discomforting is the Channel One "Vital Dub" (Virgin), a bass and drum rocker, displaying the musical accomplishments of Sly, Rancie, Duggie, Ansel Collins and others, as the Revolutionaries — although what prompted these pillars of the reggae establishment to adopt a name like that, I cannot think!

To promote the album, an advertisement was designed, giving the impression that Mr. Derrick functions in the capacity of Virgin's copywriter. Which seems doubtful.

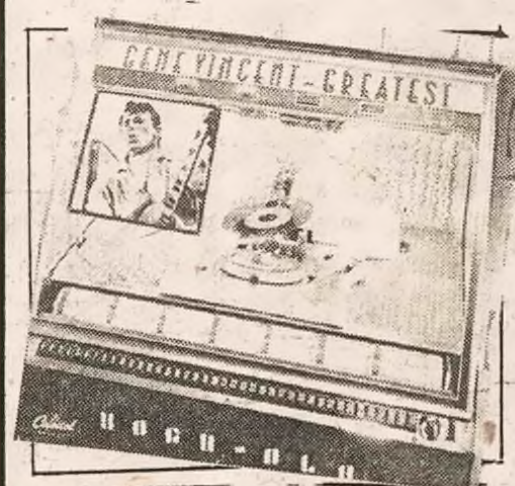
The set boasts nine backing tracks, six of which appeared on the Mighty Diamonds' "Right Time" album. Neither are they originals: all nine previously serviced Studio One, like virtually all Joe Joe rhythms.

"Vital Dub" 's interest is purely archival. It was the original showcase of the Channel One sound, featuring Sly Dunbar's double-drumming and Errol T's inventive mix. At the time of issue, the LP commanded upwards of ten pounds in this country. Furthermore, it was responsible for the development of reggae during 1976, its influence more keenly felt than any other. That was eighteen months ago.

Since then there have been four further dub sets from Channel One — all very popular and more deserving of release than "Vital Dub". In addition, Joe Gibbs has recreated the sound in his own style; so too have Bunny Lee, Phill Pratt and scores of lesser lights. Over-exposure has killed its impact: the seasonal cycle has stripped its value. Twilight perseveres.

All dem yout' seh: "Vital Dub" is redundant.

Penny Reel



GENE VINCENT Greatest (Capitol)

GENE VINCENT was one of rock's great losers. Crippled for life in a motorcycle accident before he even started recording, his career was dogged by mismanagement and mishap, while even post-

humously his talents and contribution to rock have been severely underrated (the NME Book of Rock for instance, makes no mention of him at all).

Yet Vincent was one of rock's great originals. Visually, his all black leather outfit (complete with gloves) and agonised stage persona — at once menacing and beseeching as he clenched the mike stand, greasy coxcomb jutting forward, his tortured body draped rigidly behind — were the blueprint for the macho aggression school later exemplified by Jim Morrison.

He came to prominence after winning a Capitol Records "Find Another Presley" competition in 1956. Unlike Presley, he never sold out to the conformist commercial pressures that ushered in the drab era of high school phoneys like Fabian and Paul Anka around the turn of the decade, a defiance which earned him the undying devotion of Europe's hardcore rockers.

Also unlike his contemporaries among the original wave of unfettered rockers, he didn't get religion (Little Richard), get busted or discredited for under-age sexual activities (Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee), get middle-aged (Haley and Fats Domino), or get killed (Holly and Cochran), though he came dangerously close when he was in the same car crash that offed Cochran. He finally died of an ulcer in Los Angeles in 1971. Vocally too, he was special. His high-pitched, breathless style had both melody and raunch, a vital synthesis of white C&W and black sexual aggression that added up to a perfect rock-'n'-roll voice. It was sad that he usually had to contend with second-rate material.

When he had the right song the result was dynamite, "Be Bop A Lula", his first and best known record, still sounds revolutionary today, a compelling mix of sensuality and suppressed energy booming out of a fierce echoing production abyss.

Though Vincent was less lucky with his follow-ups, "Gene Vincent Greatest" gathers together enough evidence to substantiate his claim to a more prestigious part in posterity.

There's the roaring "Blue-jean Bop", the glorious rockabilly shuffle of "Race With The Devil", the flat spin of "Who Slapped John" and "Rocky Road Blues", and the more considered "Lotta Lovin" which provided Vincent with his biggest hit outside of "Be Bop A Lula" and which is also the lead track of Capitol's current maxi-single.

Besides Vincent's contribution there's some great playing from his band, The Bluecaps (who Rolling Stone once dubbed 'the first ever group'); all throbbing stand-up bass and ricocheting maximum treble guitar breaks, invariably accompanied by Vincent yelling "Go Bluecaps Go". Let's not forget where high energy rock started.

If there's a criticism of the album it's that the slower, more sensuous side of Vincent is passed over in favour of uptempo dancers, some of which are frankly routine.

Since "Greatest" was compiled by The Wild Wax Show, I presume that it's basically a collection of the most in-demand material from the UK's Ted dance halls, and at a selling price of £2.20, it seems churlish to carp too much.

Omitting the likes of "Woman Love" — an overtly sexual paen that was the twin 'A' side of "Be Bop A Lula" — makes nonsense of the title. Greatest what? Hits? Performances? Hardly either without "Woman Love", "My Heart" or "Pistol Packing Mama", all of which are featured on the still available "Best Of Gene Vincent".

But when original Bluecaps albums are going for fifteen quid upward though, it's a welcome release.

Neil Spencer



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Tony Parsons NME



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Master Gabriel And The Priestly Egg

PETER GABRIEL

Peter Gabriel (Charisma)
AND LO, it came to pass that a cast of thousands — of whom the London Symphony Orchestra, arranged and conducted by Michael Gibbs and Robert "Is this where I plug in?" Fripp, are but the tip of the iceberg — did meet, in places as diverse as London and Toronto.

They did join with Peter

Gabriel and did help him create a 12" plastic disc of darkest black, which came to be known as the long awaited solo album, and it was called "Peter Gabriel", which was wise, for it was his name!

And he did say upon said solo album "Valentino, you want me to beg/You got me cooking, I'm a hard boiled egg".

But it was not so! For out of

all the Tribes of Egg, it is the Parson's Egg with which Peter Gabriel should be likened, for it was, you will recall, good in parts. And so it is with his solo album.

There is one Larry (Wires) Fast who is credited on the sleeve with "Synthesisers and Programming", which — I hope — refers to the synthesisers, and not the musicians, but I have my doubts.

For, despite the highs this album undoubtedly attains, there are lows which should not be overlooked.

I'm thinking particularly of the over elaborate production and air of sterility on some tracks, such as "Waiting For The Big One", with its limp jazz/blues riff and "Excuse Me", complete with Barber-shop Quartet straight from *The Good Old Days*, both of which are stifled by an artificial attempt to make them into something bigger than they are intended to be.

No-one would have imagined this — Gabriel's first album since he left Genesis — to have been a simple knees-up round the Revox. It obviously leans more towards an epic overall sound, with strings and synthesisers used indiscriminately.

Fine, that's what Gabriel excels at. It's just that when he tries for a "natural" sound, I visualise all the musicians, producers, arrangers and engineers sitting round, deadly serious, trying to evoke a "making solo albums can be fun" mood. It all ends up sounding contrived and unnatural.

Then there are the words: Gabriel goes for nifty couplets all the way through, rather than using the rhyme to make a point.

Lines like "Lady Godiva came incognito/The driver has stolen her red hot magneto" and "I'm feeling so dirty, you're looking so clean/And all you can give is a spin in your washing machine" — from

"Modern Love" — are fine as amusing lyrics, but not for a whole album of punch lines.

Gabriel has a head full of beginnings, middles and ends, but that doesn't necessarily make for good songs.

Not that great rock songs have to be actually about anything; elliptical imagery is fine if used sparingly, but the very freedom Gabriel allows himself with words becomes in the end restrictive. But what the hell, even if the lyrics only do mean about as much as "The Waste Land" in Esperanto, it's the music that's going to get people on his side.

And so to the good news. The tracks on this album that do work grow as quickly in appeal as Triffids multiply. You don't have to go far into the album to see what I mean. The best track, the excellently titled "Moribund The Burgermeister" is the opener with Gabriel's extraordinary voice gliding between straightforward singing and mock operatic tones. It begins with beautiful synthesised percussion, then *WHAM!* with the Orchestra Celestial.

On the straight vocal sections, Gabriel's voice and phrasing reminds me of Paul Simon, but it's when he switches and intones ominously that a large amount of weird is injected.

It's probably the best example of what Gabriel can do — and does — very, very well. God knows, the path of rock epics are paved with failed concepts, but on "Moribund" Gabriel strikes a happy balance between grandeur and orthodoxy.

Then, before you've had time to draw your breath on Gabriel fading and sounding like Vincent Price with bad catarrh, it's off up "Solsbury Hill". Straight away you're sucked in by the acoustic guitars and jerky percussion, evoking a pastoral scene, before a great burst of electric guitar, and all the way through

that insistent percussion (which sounds like the loop tape that Simon used on "Me And Julio Down By The Schoolyard", but no matter).

After the intensity of "Moribund", "Solsbury Hill" comes as a refreshing change, and is probably the album's most accessible track.

"Modern Love" follows, a nod in the direction of heavy metal, with guitars and keyboards laying down a riff strong enough to land Concorde on.

As for the strings, "Down The Dolce Vita" (up the revolution?) kicks off with a symphonic air. It conjures up visions of the Hindenburg crashing to earth in a swirl of Technicolour flame, before it careers away on a nice shifting tempo, embellished by the LSO, hacking away for all they're worth.

The album ends in triumphant style with "Here Comes The Flood", where Gabriel chooses to ignore Dylan's warning and finishes the album with a grandiose climax. Hear the way it builds up, with doomy strings and searing guitar, carrying Gabriel's voice along, like flotsam on the flood of the music — Ark for Ark's sake!

And that's it, the record ends, like itself, with the needle moving inexorably towards the spindle of death. And like life, there is both good and bad, but in the end, the good outweighs the bad, which is how it should be!

Patrick Humphries

PETER BAUMANN

Romance 76 (Virgin)

PETER BAUMANN, one third of Tangerine Dream, the one member who actually started on keyboards. An album of music/noise pleasure conditioning.

Custom built keyboards (slide, squeak, bubble, fiddle), unassuming orchestra, choir, percussion. As mere 'no catch' preparation of sounds it is

endearing fairy cake enjoyment.

So light it floats. Blow it and you get bubbles. Simplistic and melodic, sparse yet lush. Some would say lovely. There's a detachment, an element of clinical perfection, of automation, but there are rewards.

It's muzak with medium interpretability. Enough of altering of emphasis, adding and subtracting of sounds, phasing, shaping, and interaction to elevate the sound above the totally background. Though it does rest well at very low volume whilst you read the new Frederick Pohl.

The first side has three pieces: 'Bicentennial Present', 'Romance' and 'Phase By Phase'. Pretty, constant, modest, they're based on simplistic patterns of notes, elaborated seductively and selectively, gently unfolding. Precisely structured. Basic but effective percussion.

The eighteen minutes of the second side — 'Meadow of Infinity' parts one and two sandwiched by 'the Glass Bridge' — are essentially one piece. A little looser than side one, more variable but as controlled. It includes *Jaws* soundtrack — like increased tension, doomy rise-and-fall choir, occasional heavy percussion, but still rides out easy and simple. Now and then a slight modulation of dynamics, without any unsettling increase in attack.

In approaching the album it's best to overlook the grotesque cover and soppy titles (the music is less pompous). The cover should be blank, with minimal sleeve information, perhaps even excluding the musicians' name. The thing needs proper perspectives; neither art nor showbiz, negative nor positive, a necessity nor nauseous — it exists.

Yeah... but what a great album for softly jamming along with on your Woolworth Sooty xylophone. I like participatory records.

Paul Morley

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PATTI BOULAYE
Patti Boulaye
(Handkerchief)

AND NOW, Number 43 in the series Patti's of Our Time.

As Patti's go, Miss Boulaye is five thousand fathoms below Smith and Labelle and nowhere within spitting distance of Hearst. To be frank, Patti Boulaye is the pits. Unhappily, this is a pit dredged all too frequently by various cynical/dumb girls in search of a fast buck and a two second chance to flash their ass on TOTP.

The culprits are too numerous to be listed in full, but Boney M and Silver Convention are typical of the breed, and Tina Charles has made a fine art of it.

A truly egalitarian art form, Drivel is sung equally well by black folks as by white ones. Trash transcends all barriers.

But it's somehow much more depressing to hear black girls sing this kind of crap. After all, this dubious genre is commonly labelled "Soul", so if white girls sing it like a depilatory commercial, who can blame them? They just don't know how soul's meant to be sung.

Listening to Patti Boulaye (or Gloria Gaynor, or Linda Lewis) I keep wondering if she's ever heard Aretha Franklin or even Dionne Warwick circa "Don't Make Me Over". She should retouch her roots sometime.

In common with The Blue Oyster Cult, Miss Boulaye's songs possess better titles than content. Here we have such nuggets as "Stop It I Like It",

"I'm Not Going To Put My Shirt On You" and "Kiss And Make Up Time". (Kiss — there's your next album title.) She sings them all in a bored shrill squeak backed by jack-booted strings.

She also does a half-assed handjob on Mac Davis' "Baby Don't Get Hooked On Me". She does O.K. Nothing wrong with this track that a firing squad couldn't put right. The bulk of the songs are written by a Mr Charles Blackwell, who as an apt punishment should be shut in a darkened room and played the whole four sides of "Evita".

Patti Boulaye is very beautiful. Despite this her record is as disposable as a bin liner, with the possible exception of "Stop It I Like It" which I thought displayed an interesting sexual perversity.

Soul? More like masochistic kipper.

Julie Burchill

SHOWADDYWADDY Greatest Hits (Arista)

A LOT OF people get a lot of enjoyment out of this band.

Pre-pubescent children enjoy the records because they think it's Fun Firty rock 'n' roll; and rockers, teds and purists, who know that in reality it's pure pop pap pushing an illusion (sadly misplaced) that Showaddywaddy are carrying on the traditions of the '50s get enjoyment out of burning piles of Showaddywaddy vinyl.

Well, all the greatest smashes of this mob are on this waxing — "Hey Rock 'N' Roll," "Rock 'N' Roll Lady," "Under The Moon Of Love," and all the rest, including dire covers of discs by Cochran and Cooke, which is sacrilege. You can understand rockers getting mighty mad about a pop band pretending to be rockers and defiling the memory of great old masters at the same time.

Showaddywaddy are an ex-New Faces act who get number ones and pretend to be rockers, even though the use of Radio One DJ David Hamilton to write their sleeve notes

undermines this stance somewhat.

If it weren't so annoying then it would be funny...

Tony Parsons

BILLY OCEAN

Billy Ocean (GTO)

OCEAN DOESN'T profess to be anything other than a pop singer with a flair for interpreting material that's like a cross between The Drifters and late-60s Motown, as heard on his hits "Love Really Hurts Without You" and "L.O.D. (Love On Delivery)", both included here.

The other nine tracks, though not as blatantly catchy, are just as good in their own predictable way — more enjoyable than a lot of similar recordings because of the punchy accompaniment and Ocean himself, who's a cut above other singers of his ilk.

He and his writing/producing team are unlikely to win any awards for originality or be remembered in future volumes of rock encyclopedias, but as long as the British public go for bouncy approximations of last decade's American pop/soul — and it seems like they'll never tire of it — then he can expect to extend his run of hits.

Cliff White

RUSH

All The World's A Stage (Mercury)

ABSOLUTELY the worst dosage of excessively unpleasant heavy metal garbage I've ever heard.

What's more it's a double album with tracks from all their dreadful records, live of course.

Who are Rush?

Rush are a Canadian trio whose appeal is somewhat basic, like moronic dig.

No humour, not a lick to risk your ears on and a line in self-indulgence that makes Led Zeppelin seem like Jehovah's Witnesses.

It isn't listenable, it certainly has nothing to do with rock and roll, it's driving me mad.

Max Bell

IMPORTS

IT SEEMS that the latest "in" legendary figure is Ferdinand La Menthe "Jellyroll" Morton, a modest lad much given to such utterances as "New York had no idea of real jazz — until I got there."

With his mouthful of diamonds — which somebody nicked after his death in 1941 — Jelly was a colourful character who played piano, sang and composed almost as well as he boasted he could.

Leon Redbone recently ripped off Jelly's "Winin' Boy" for his "Double-Time" album and now Dave Van Ronk's come up with guitar transcriptions of Morton's "Mamie's Blues" and "The Pearls" on his "Sunday Street" (Philo), describing the latter piece as "The hardest song I no doubt played in my life — I took some liberties, but what can you do?"

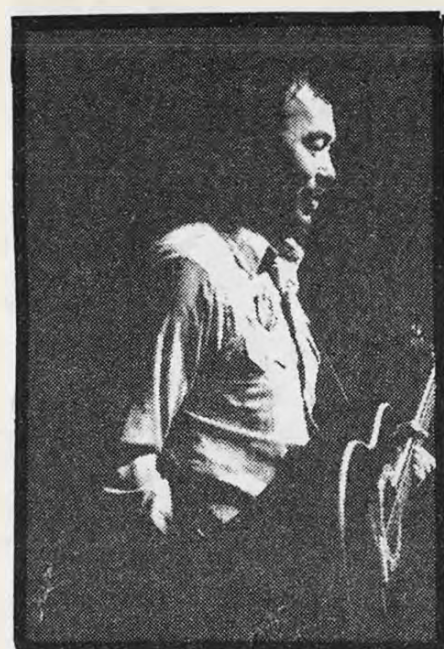
That statement would have left the Jelly Lord well chuffed. "I'm the master," he would have said, utilising his favourite expression, "I'm the master."

But while Jelly gave little credit to anyone, I have nothing but admiration for Van Ronk's efforts, his ragtime and blues guitar playing possessing great warmth as well as technical expertise.

I like his "give-'em-hell" vocals too, Beefheartian but oddly effective on such unlikely subjects as Joni Mitchell's "That Song About The Midway" and "Would You Like To Swing On A Star", a kiddiwinky special once crooned by Bing Crosby.

I'm not so certain about the value of Mike Bloomfield's "If You Love These Blues, Play 'Em As You Please" (Guitar Player), on which Kooper and Stills' Supersessionist sidekick demonstrates guitar blues styles as played by B. B. King, T-Bone Walker, Lonnie Johnson, Jimmie Rodgers, Eddie Lang and others.

"Christ!" one budding axeman was heard to exclaim,



"If I really wanted to hear how B.B. sounded then I'd go out and by one of his records." And you gotta admit he had a point.

A whole corral-full of good country fare has found its way onto the market during the past few days, these releases including "Tompall Glaser And His Outlaw Band" (ABC), Moe Bandy's "I'm Sorry For You My Friend" (Columbia), Bob Luman's Johnny Cash-produced "Alive And Well" (Epic), Sonny James' "You're Free To Go" and David Allan Coe's "Rides Again" (Columbia) on which the ex-con and self-confessed killer discards his Legendary Rhinestone Cowboy gear to lead his Tennessee Hatband on such titles as "Willie, Waylon and Me" and "Punkin' Centre Barndance".

Doing the customary 33 1/3 revs a minute round my turntable this week has been the 32nd album to be produced by John Boylan — his 31st, as you may remember, having been Boston's high-flyin' debut disc.

Now Boylan has turned his attention to "Denim" (Epic), a Texas four-piece of that name, led by guitarist-songwriter Bill Browder, whom I seem to remember receiving some production credits on T. G. Shappard's "Solitary Man" elpee.

So what are Denim like? Well, musically clean-cut and reasonably laid-back, I guess is the best way to describe their approach.

Their material is attractive enough and there are times when they remind me of Pure Prairie League, whom Boylan also produced, and even if they're destined to make no great mark on the course of rock, at least their harmony vocals didn't cause me to indulge in instant sonambulism — which gains Denim a few points over one or two more well-known bands that I could mention.

Television's "Marquee Moon" (Elektra), recently previewed in these pages by Nick Kent, can now be found in every self-respecting import shop, while "Universal Language" (Asylum) featuring the re-formed line-up of Booker T., Steve Cropper, Duck Dunn and new boy Willie Hall, is also around.

And for those of you who don't regard the description "British Blues Band" with some misgivings, I'll mention that there's a "Best Of Savoy Brown" around on London, featuring cuts from such previously released albums as "Blue Matter", "Raw Sienna" and "Street Corner Talking".

Meanwhile, you may care to learn that both the Cryan Shames' albums, "Scratch In The Sky" and "Sugar And Spice" (Columbia), have been reissued, the former featuring Isaac Guillory, and that Transatlantic have plans to import supplies of Charlie Byrd's "Triste" (Improv) and Sonny Rollins' "The Way I Feel" (Milestone).

In the Also Around spot there's Arthur Prysock's "All My Life" (Old Time), Jimmy Buffett's "Changes In Attitudes" (ABC), Ray Barreto's "Barreto Live" (Atlantic), Puente, Colon, etc. "Salsa Greats Vol. 1" (Fania) and Billy Swan's "Four" (Monument).

Fred Dellar

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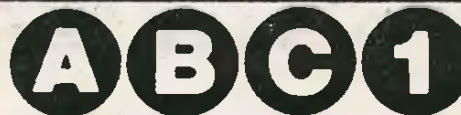
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Peter Hammill: An Open Letter . . .



PETER HAMMILL
OVER (Charisma)

DEAR PETER,

Received your new album some weeks ago. Apparently you were interested in my reaction to your work or so the nice lady from Charisma claimed in her accompanying note.

I'm flattered, yes, but more than a little bemused. Are you looking for a kindred spirit in the press corps? An understanding critique perhaps?

I really don't mean to be cynical / condescending (though everyone appears to believe that said twin reactions tend to osmose from my every pore whenever I put my rock critic's hat on, I know).

I understand you've been received non-too favourably by many of my peers, though you do have fervent pockets of admirers who see in your work the blinding light of some perverse stirring inspiration. It figures.

After all, you are attempting something a little extreme, well away from the identikit terrains of good ole rock 'n' roll or plushy velvetene singer-songwriter introspection.

There's not a pedal-steel guitar or disco rhythm or Richard Perry doll invigilating over the sessions in view.

I find this all very admirable (really!) in a way. There's also a certain remorseless fire beating in that soul of yours. It's plain for all to hear.

I want to like you . . . no, feel something . . . yes, be touched by the ardent passionate approach. But I can't.

I just don't like your album, mate. I find it a harrowing, tortuous creation to listen to, not, mark you, so much because of the extremity of your delivery — though that sometimes doesn't help!

No, it's just that your side of things is so damn doom-laden, poe-faced and self-centred. You're very eloquent but there's not one redeeming shard of light to your vision of humanity.

Apparently this album "Over" was inspired by the painful severing of a love-affair that was both obviously long and passionate. I read that in the gossip column of *Sounds* by the way, but listening to this record, there's no 'apparently' to it.

You're quite unbelievably obsessive about it all, that's plain enough. She went off with your best friend, you say? Life can be a bitch at times.

It's just, Peter, that you're obsessed with turning a straight-forward case of love-sickness into some monstrous cancer. Goodbye, cruel world and all that.

Well, unrequited love has touched us all — the mightiest and the lowest, poet and peon, and at least the former, while gripping his wounded heart in heightened anguish in that arch pose of one who believes himself to be possessed of an utterly superior sensitivity, can turn 'angst' to 'product'.

Which is what you've done here, right? The Heart in torment, passions in extremis — the proverbial works — but ultimately it comes down to how you approach it.

Take some of my fave unrequited lovers: for example, Tim Buckley of "Blue Afternoon" times used to sell himself simply on the premise that he was "So-o-o-lonely" and, boy, I loved it, every last corny syllable — 'cos old Tim knew how to ring that angst forth with every sympathetic minor chord and seductive melo-d-ee known to the accomplished torch tunesmith.

It was great, as when it came out, it just happened to coincide with the breakdown of my first-ever affair.

And then there was Bob

Dylan and "Blood On The Tracks." That coincided with another big break-up. One year we lived together — one whole year — and then she pissed off with some Gauloise-breathed Parisian arsehole. Left me on the floor of some King's Road boutique, pleading . . . Oh, sorry, am I embarrassing you? I do find all this personal darkest soul-on-full-display stuff a bit cloying to read myself but it's so addictive when you're doing the breast-beating, no?

Yeah, of course, you know. It's all here in "Over." Self-doubt, self-pity, attempted selflessness through self-denial — and less "was it her? — was it me?" out-pourings, terminal world-weariness, blithe reminiscences — psychosis, neurotic — you name it, "Over" has it. (Forgive the theft).

Maybe it's a lot to do with the production — my reasons for feeling uncomfortable every time I listen to it. It's very claustrophobic, Peter — cramped, splintered arrangements which, sure, make a change from the Fleetwood Mac approach — but remorseless tonal misery is no alternative to anything, I think.

So much misguided passion and eloquence is too much cold comfort for me. And this constant pre-occupation with "doom" — it's not healthy, you know. More wit, Peter more *joie de vivre*: the tempering hand of humour, self-mockery if that's what it takes.

Look, Pete. Just think of it this way. When most folks I know break up with the one they love, they go to pieces, get drunk, blow all their money on pernicious stimulants and usually end up cleansed but broke (at least).

You're lucky, old son. You can turn all that emotional disorientation etc. into actual bucks by just working it all off in the studio of your choice. Now there's something to laugh about. I only wish someone had pointed that out to you before you made this bleak, godforsaken record.

Oh well, such is life.

Yours In Hope,

Nick Kent



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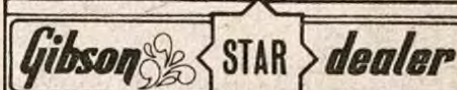


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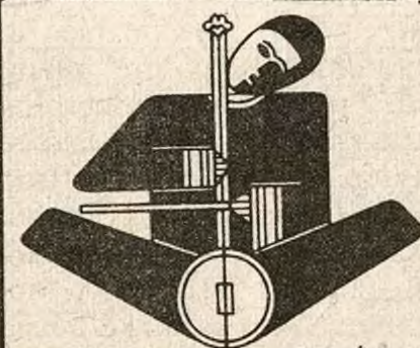


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INSTRUMENTS: By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Some thoughts on guitar pornography

EVEN IN these liberated times, the bizarre sub-cult perversion known to social scientists (some of whom "pick a bit" on the side themselves) as "Guitar Pornography" has been the recipient of considerably less publicity from the more sensation-hungry broadsheets than many of its less specialised relations.

Little has been written of those odd, nervous little confrontations where the casual opening gambit: "Uh... do you play yourself, then?" has led to hastily convened rendez-vous to examine 1959 Fender Telecasters, 1948 Martin Dreadnoughts or old Gibson catalogues.

Mark well the latter allusion. The thing that Guitar Perverts like doing is getting their clammy hands on rare models of classic guitars, but if this outlet is denied them they will settle for a bunch of photographs of such guitars, preferably being played by famous musicians or photographed reverently in exciting, dynamic settings, all accompanied by fevered prose describing in luxurious — and indeed downright lubricious — detail, their ease of handling, warmth and breadth of tone and hot, powerful response.

There. That was pretty exciting, wasn't it? Made you want to reach out and fondle the three-position selector switch on an old black Stratocruiser (a 1961 model, for instance), didn't it? Made your fingers itch for a fretboard, huh? Well, suit yourself. Each to his own, eh? (haha?)

Unfortunately, a new book by Ian C. Bishop, *The Gibson Guitar From 1950* (Guitar Magazine/Musical — New Services Ltd), makes lousy pornography. In layman's terms, it's like settling back for something a trifle on the — ah — racy side and finding out that you've just invested in a treatise on the mating habits of the Galapagos turtle translated from the original Russian by a rather testy German professor.

Even the most dedicated guitar pervert will admit that — ultimately — any guitar (even the extremely rare 1958 Gibson Explorer) is nothing more than a tool with which to make music. When I look at a photograph of a really ace old guitar, what I'm thinking about is how it feels to play it and how it sounds, what styles of music it's best suited for, which noted guitarists favour it and why, whether it stays in tune or not... stuff like that.

Mr. Bishop doesn't bring the guitar up off the page and into the reader's hand.

He's more concerned with whether certain guitars are "collectable" or not, and I get the impression that he'd rather hang a guitar on the wall and talk about it than plug the sucker in and jam. Discussing the tremelo arm fitted to 1960-61 SG style Les Paul Standards and Customs, Bishop writes "many of these unfortunately (is there a proof reader in the house?) been removed by their owners in the past largely owing to the tuning problems they caused."

Personally, if I'd bought an SG in 1961 and found that the tremelo made the strings go out of tune, I would most certainly have taken the bleeder off or swapped it for a more efficient unit, since my priority concern would be having a playable guitar in 1961 rather than a "collectable" one in 1977.

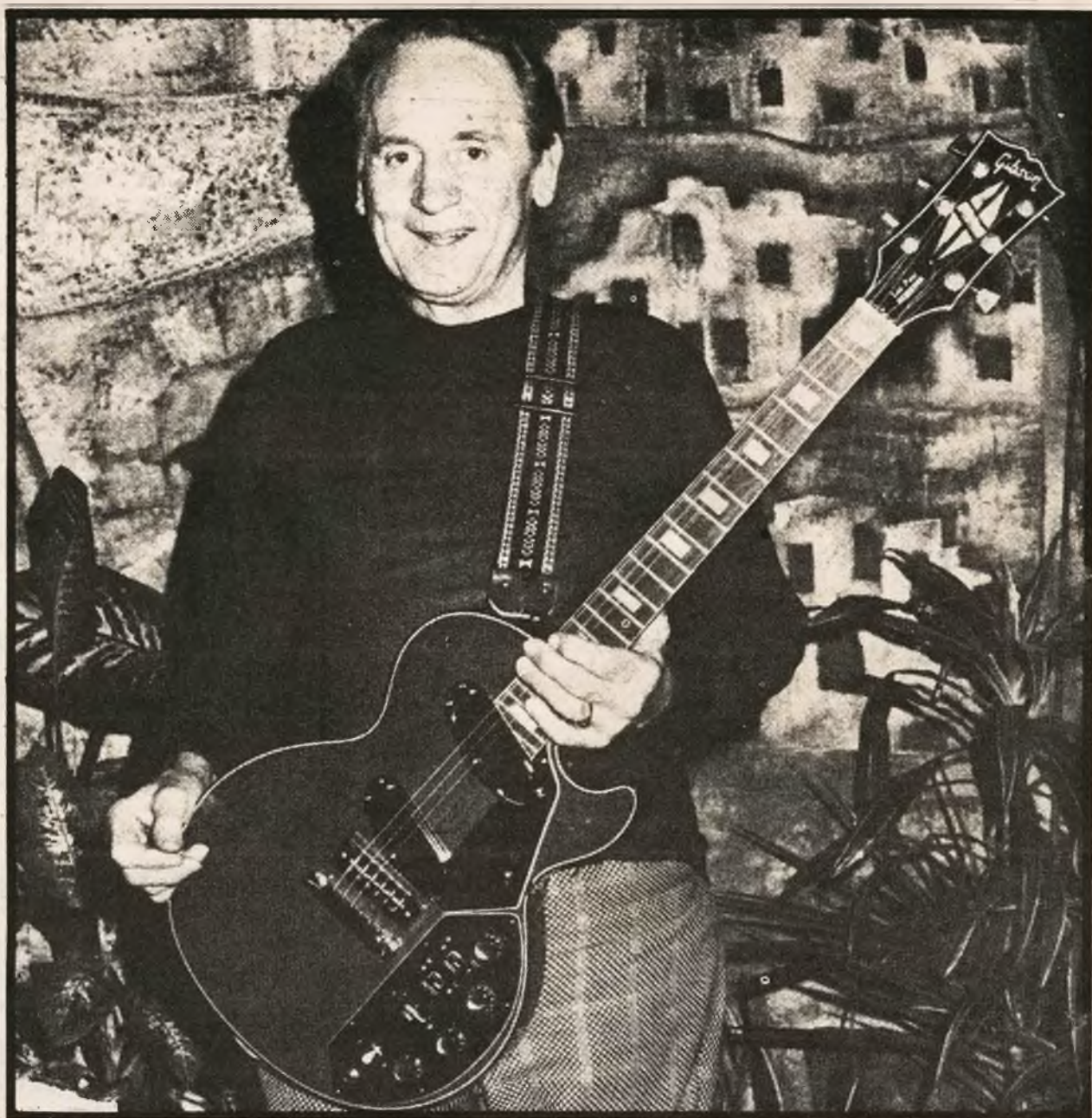
I'm fully aware that Mr Bishop's brief has been to provide an exhaustively comprehensive illustrated history of Gibson guitars: a work of reference rather than entertainment. I mean, it obviously ain't intended as absorbing reading on the London-to-Glasgow run. But even though I'm as much a sucker for guitar trivia as anyone I know (and you'd best believe I could be a real fool for the 1963 Firebird 7, the 1959 EB1 solid mahogany violin bass or the 1962 ES 345), I ended up hopelessly adrift in a sea of "cream coloured pick-up surrounds", Venetian and Florentine cutaways, dot-inlays versus block-inlays and other weirdnesses.

If you own a second-hand Gibson and wish to trace its ancestry, this book can tell you just about everything except what the guy who wound the pick-ups had for breakfast the day your guitar came off the production line. There's even a serial number checklist, which enabled me to discover that my SG Junior dated from '62 instead of '61, which means that even though it's the same as the 1960 model it isn't, after all, an "SG-style Les Paul Junior." Sob...

I've probably been unduly harsh on Mr. Bishop, whose research has been nothing less than admirable. I only wish that he'd been able to communicate to the reader something of the stone-blind ecstasy that you can get from playing a fine guitar, from using the instrument to pull electricity out of the wall and ideas out of your mind and combine them to make music, to convey somehow the feeling of putting your brain and soul into a hunk of wood and metal with your hands and hearing it coming out of an electric suitcase.

Cuz without that, books about guitars are about as interesting to music-lovers as histories of the chisel would be to devotees of fine sculpture.

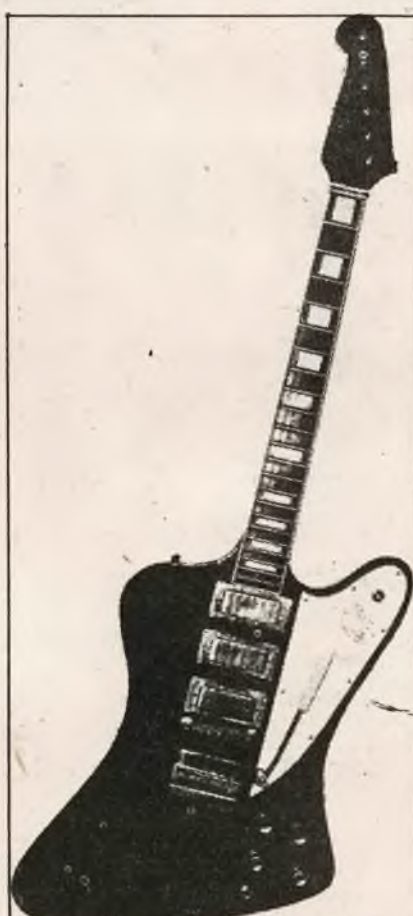
FEETNOTE: Next time, this column will concern itself more directly with its subject matter. Until then, may your strings never tarnish or your plectra split in mid-riff. Salud y pesetas!



LES PAUL with a Les Paul Recording guitar



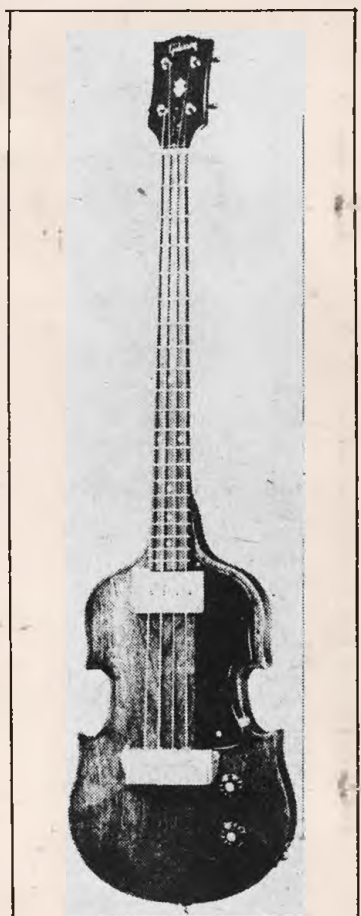
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FLASHES

RUMOUR HAS IT that in 1974 '60s recording artist Lesley Gore, fed up with making artistic concessions, dropped out of the music business and started writing her own material. Along with lyricist Ellen Weston, Lesley has written scores of tunes, and all of them "without compromising", as Lesley puts it.

Last week she opened at Reno Sweeneys in Manhattan, with a 50-minute set into which the 30 year-old Californian managed to jam over 20 songs. Miss Gore did her biggies, including "You Don't Know Me", "Judy's Turn To Cry", and the obligatory "It's My Party", which drew a hot response from the jaded and hip Gotham dwellers. She also kicked out some of her newer ditties, without endangering the set.

Gore seems to have a special rapport with her fans, none under 30, a sprinkling of gays and a few Barry Manilow look-alikes.

America's love affair with reviving its musical past seems to have gone full circle, with only the stronger acts surviving after getting dug up from the past. Lesley Gore, once the teenage ball of pow, now finds herself with a new career working intimate supper clubs... and surviving.

Joe Stevens

THE ADVERTS, consensus had it, were better than the Damned at the Roxy the other night — this was partly because the Damned's vocals were unintelligibly distorted and the guitar was mixed so low as to be inaudible. I heard some great drumming though...

The Adverts, on the other hand, had a clear vocal mix, and Tim Smith's lyrics came over well. Songs like "Bored Teenagers", "Great British Mistake" and "One Chord Wonders" got a few pogo dancers going. Tim's voice is good and was well supported by Gaye's bass playing.

She doubles on vocals, croaking, "Don't give a damn, don't give a damn..." glaring at the audience through kohl eyes while Tim gives a silent scream.

There's a touch of West Coast in their sound, both on guitar and in Laurie Driver's jerky drum-rock style — a little reminiscent of Drumbo's early work with the Magic Band. Driver's still raw and uncertain, but already has a distinctive style.

Adverts are new and inexperienced but, like The Clash, are an original new voice on the scene.

Miles

A SCHOOL HOP in Seacroft (nr. Leeds); one slightly the worse for drink writer and a bunch of friends and semi-friends, most along to see the band, a few along for the ride. COMIX was the band: three guys and a chick bass player.

They played a roughly 50/50 mix of self-composed and non-original numbers. The non-originals were well chosen and well played — "Good Vibes", "Barbra Ann", "Love Is The Drug" — and their own songs, courtesy lead guitarist, were musically quite excellent, but perhaps a little lacking in lyrical flair. One negative point: They need a vocalist / front man badly. Nice one, basically.

John Hamblett

JAZZ DIARY

LOTTA SCUTTLEBUTT prowling around the JCS bookings for this year's Camden Jazz Festival. Speculation rife around the Revolutionary Ensemble, Marion Brown, Noah Howard and Archie Shepp, meanwhile watch this space. Bonus of the week has to be Dexter Gordon, still hovering in the wings at Ronnie Scott's, sitting in with Jackie McLean's son, Rene, in the Louis Hayes-Woody Shaw Band.

The Rising Sun, Battersea has jazz every Sunday from flute-soprano-tenor Roland Lacy, who is also appearing with Robin Jones at The Bulls Head, Barnes on February 28th.

The first week of March sees a festival of contemporary music at Battersea Arts Centre. 'WOW!' includes The Option Band, Swift, Joy, Jabula, Lighthouse and Landscape.

A magnificent release from CBS, "The Lester Young Story, Volume 1" including an unissued take of "Shoeshine Boy" and "I've Found A New Baby". Mainly from 1937, this is vintage Pres from Teddy Wilson-Billie Holiday sessions. From DJM, Zoot Sims' "Dream Dancing" is also a must in what looks like an unbroken run of boss albums from the old Hermanite.

The Italian Horo label continues to issue recklessly good artists — pick of the current crop has to be George Adams' "Suite For Swingers", track called "Melodic Rhapsody". Don Pullen's "Five To Go" is solo pianist throughout, and covers the spectrum from delicate to bananas. Archie Shepp's "Jazz A Confronto" is all right but less dramatic than his Festival at Massy album "U-Jamma" for Unitelidis.

Brian Case

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NEW VICTORIA
THE McGARRIGLES are, through no fault of their own, in a rather uncomfortable position now. After rioting and screaming over their debut album, the crits were so carried away that anything the sisters did next was expected to be devastating. In that light the new album is, almost predictably, disappointing simply because it isn't sensational.

In concert the circumstances are similar. Kate and Anna are, as they were six months ago, direct, uncomplicated and charming. The reverent audience, lolling back in the seats expecting utter magic and thundering for encores, must, however, have felt a little deflated by certain elements of bungling and boredom present. You might say that the honeymoon is over.

Five Hand Reel, who opened the evening, made an appealing and highly competent showing with their Celtic folk-rock and some really good violin work. But when are bands ever going to learn that trying to browbeat an audience

into singing along only creates restive embarrassment and irritation?

The McGarrigles could scarcely be described as a dynamic duo. Having met them backstage when they were last here, I thought they were very warm, gracious, lively women. But on stage Kate seems a little rigid with tension and Anna's sweet-natured, giggling girliness, while endearing, betrays her nervousness.

Their uncertainty is very worrying because you end up sitting there nervously waiting for something awful to happen to embarrass everybody.

One problem is that the girls are kind of klutzy between numbers, frequently either at a loss for words or chattering unsteadily, clattering about swapping instruments through an obstructive looking mike barrier.

I don't wish, by pointing these things out, to confuse the fact that the evening was delightful on the whole. Both the familiar and the new songs are rich in feeling, beautifully melodic and articulate. The vocals, consistently enchanting, embodied humour, vivacity and intensity in flurries of gracefully exhilarating harmonising.

The mood was varied from the buoyancy of "Foolish

You" to the stirring "Talk To Me Of Mendocino", from the fragility of the French ballads to the headiness of the ensemble singing in "Complainte Pour Sainte Catherine".

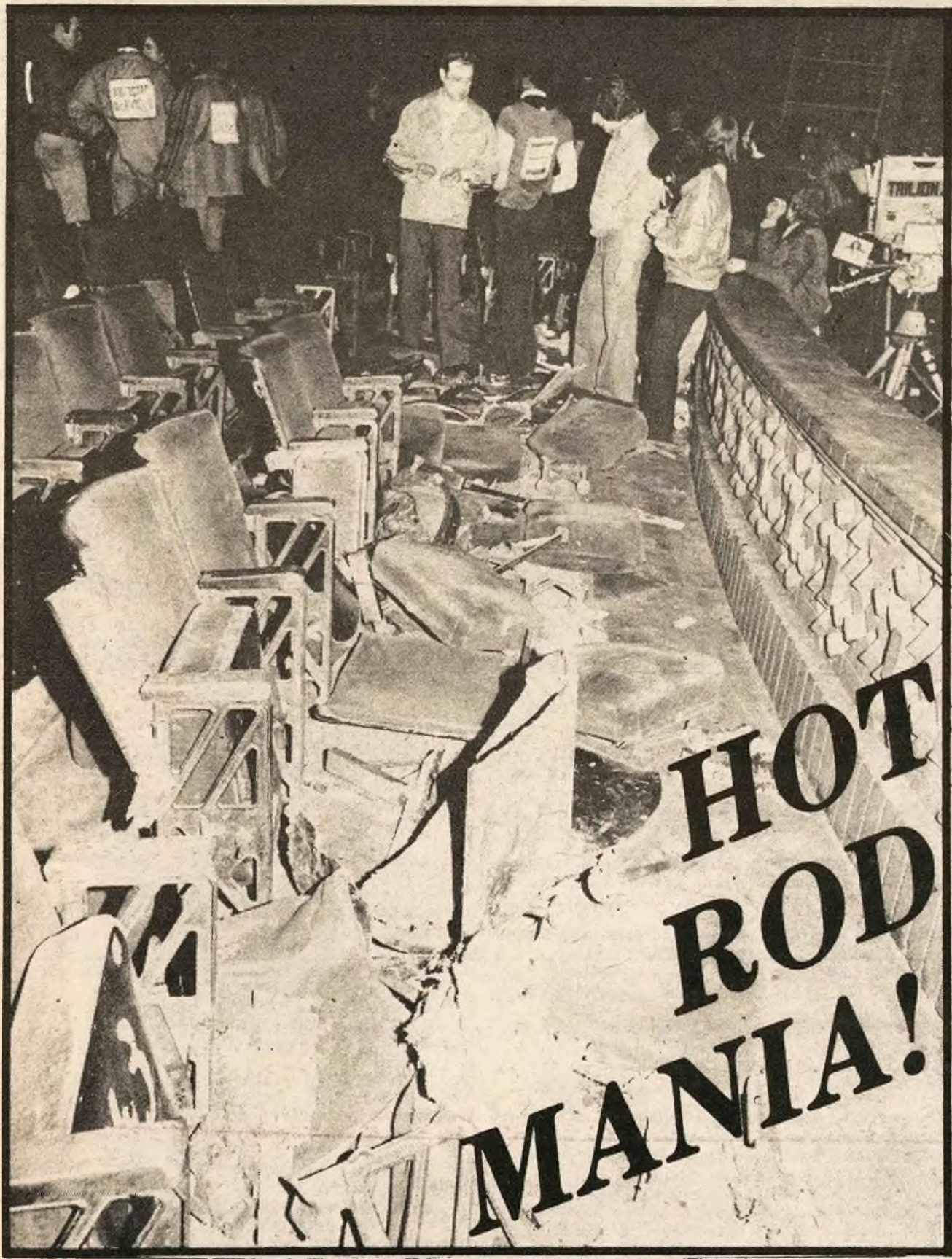
Kate's "Come A Long Way", from "Dancer With Bruised Knees", was a joy, and "First Born" came across with amusing penetration. Anna's voice emerged in such a marvellous sex kitten style in the "teenage English" of "Be My Baby" that Phil Sector would have been enraptured.

Some much needed pizzazz was contributed by Chaim Tannenbaum's belting of Ma Rainey's "Oh Papa" and Alan Stowell's exciting violin solo of "The Hangman's Reel". Tannenbaum, in fact, was invaluable throughout for his easy presence, and his vocals helped to balance the girls' occasional tendency to shrillness.

What it comes down to is that one doesn't dig the McGarrigles for glamour, professionalism or a riotous evening. They provide the fresh air, flowers in springtime, tra la and 'hi, I'm a human being with feelings' end of things in a heavily polluted scene, and they're never cloying about it. When they get it together they're great.

When these two self-conscious, plain-dealing women-next-door took up their quiet stances and obliterated their tension for a highly-strung and breathtaking "Heart Like A Wheel", I cried. Hi, girls. We're truly all in the same boat, just like plain folks with feelings, too, so relax.

Angie Errigo



NICK KENT sees it as an Emperor's new clothes job

Eddie & The Hot Rods RAINBOW

I JUST DON'T know about this bunch. Eddie and the Hot Rods — bonafide young bloods, true, devotees of the sturdy high-energy amp-up, true, and . . . and . . . beyond that, the verbiage, definition-wise, tends to get a tad lean on the bone, and if their best form was on display last Saturday down Finsbury Park way, then this group is in more trouble that they probably think.

OK, OK, I know — don't bother to write in and say it. You were one of the two or three thousand who was there too and already you're thinking — what is this jerk getting at this time? I was there. I saw that audience just eating it up. Mania, man, pure ape-shit mania was the name of the game down in the stalls. Guys on the chairs. Guys on the shoulders of the guys on the chairs. Feverish jiving every-which-way. A pure unadulterated rock'n'roll experience is what I saw/partook in.

Well bully for you. Glad to hear you enjoyed it, though I'm wondering whether you were at all conscious during the hour/hour and a half the Hot Rods were onstage for, or whether my theory that you'd all hexed yourselves up to have a good, effervescent bop come-hell-or-high-water well beforehand is closer to the bullseye mark. Because what I heard was . . . how can I constructively describe it . . . a wall of aural murk, a sound so warped and patently devoid of

any detail that the end mix a kind of thick electro-sludge propped up by a dull idiot-throb denoting what might be laughingly called "the rhythm".

Apparently Charlie Murray had noted a similarly unappealing muddled texture to the band's sound when they'd played the Roundhouse a couple of months back, so this problem isn't altogether new — which is doubly worrying. No band in a position to fill venues the size of the Rainbow, consequently charging at least a couple of quid a head for said privilege, can possibly be excused for amping out such a hideously distorted sound — so God only knows what a young outfit like the Rods, out to impress on every level, one presumes, are playing at.

But then it was all rather a preposterous evening. A solid wall-to-wall all-tickets coup, the audience was (a) predominantly male — at a glance, possibly an 80-20 ratio — and (b) most decidedly non-poseurish — Roxy/Sex Shop clientele were absent, as were safety pin wearers and their ilk. In their place was a more grass-roots style of aggro, all thick skulls and the morose, hungry look of that kind of youth weaned on a staple diet of greased mutton, Status Quo and No.6 coupons, just commencing to branch out toward the ingesting of beer and amphetamine sulphate.

It's the old football vibe — "Hot Rods! Hot Rods!" barked out with solid insistence. At a guess, the dole-queue rock schtick doesn't really apply so much; this crowd appear to have worked all week, and used the band's show to simply let off steam. To them it didn't matter about the sound — just that dull thud was all that was

needed — and to that extent, it was all kind of sad.

Other punk bands have put the Hot Rods down of late, either for their lack of relevance or their loon-pants or whatever — and though a lot of it is just dumb bitching, there is something distressingly reactionary about their stance.

The Rods' emergence predates other units such as the Pistols and the Clash, so maybe it was only chronologically inevitable that the band should be the first new-wave "punk" outfit to sell out a venue as prestigious as the Rainbow. They have simply had more time to work up an audience.

I wondered, however, right throughout the show, just whether they deserved it. They have energy, sure, but so what? Devotees of the band boost this as if it were some big deal, that this in itself is the perfect come-back to mutterings that yet more reprints of "Gloria", "Satisfaction", "96 Tears" et al are just yer basic reactionary rock'n'roll insignificance.

More to the point, though, I find their own songs somehow lacking. "All I Need Is Money", "Teenage Depression" . . . the latter is probably the strongest so far, and it's just another minor league Berry retreat with lyrics that boast a contemporary slant of sorts but end up sounding too . . . easy, like a thoroughly calculating, uninspired bid at rewriting a "My Generation" for the '70s. The musical clout is so damned constrictive that even a more experimental work, "On The Run", is downright silly in its exposition of some psychotic mentality.

Visually, the band does have a measure of presence. Vocalist Barrie Masters looks almost

teenybopper clean and "appealing", but he knows how to work a stage, riding out the cluttered, hyper-energised pitch and projecting a good deal simply through this unceasing activity. Guitarist Dave Higgs and bassist Paul Gray flank the stage and, yes, they and drummer Steve Nichol can play with a certain vim.

Maybe it's down to that old bogey-man — sheer lack of inspiration — which makes the whole play seem lacking in any real commitment, or at least commitment to anything beyond the shallow, self-centred drool and static retracing of old jive desires that make up high-energy rock'n'roll identikit. Even with all fuel tanks on the blow, the band's corporate visual reminded me disturbingly of a previous performance — on a *So It Goes* show — where all the camera angles simply made the group look like puppets. Pumping out hot air.

Something, anyway, has got to give, because if there's anything more unforgivable than old passe rock it's young passe rock. This may be the first direct lambast against a group who've been, to my mind, incredibly lucky as regards their press. You may think therefore that yet again *NME* is building-up-to-knock-'em-down, which I'd like to try and convince you isn't so . . . but I fear you wouldn't believe me.

I should also mention that the Rods, possibly responding to Roy Carr's call for a second guitarist when reviewing the "Teenage Depression" album, had another player up there for most of the set, one Graeme Douglas (ex of the Kursaal Flyers), who slightly resembled a taller, more static Nils Lofgren visually. The sound however was so bad that I was unable to hear one note he played, so that any comment on the band's adeptness when thus fortified must be deleted. Too bad, really — it could have been just what they needed.

Nick Kent

Laughing Dogs

NEW YORK

BOTTOMS IS a recent addition to New York's rock circuit, a 100 Club type cellar tucked away in the posh/residential Upper East Side (much to the surprise of the girl I'm with, who only lives a couple of blocks away).

It's a cold Wednesday night, and there are less than a hundred people seated around the tables — sited uncomfortably remotely from the stage — to witness the astounding Shirts supported by The Laughing Dogs. The headliners are due here in March with the Dictators, and they're so good I'm still bidding for cover, centre spread, etc, on their behalf, so . . .

As the Dogs set up, the local vicar appears, one of those jovial bearded types. Must have parked his scooter outside. Then, to my amazement, he starts inveigling himself with the band just as they're going onstage . . . he's going up there too . . . oh, he's the keyboard player! Had me fooled . . .

Maybe it's because I'm so desperate to get an Edgar Winter interview together this week (and failing) that the first song reminds me of "Easy Street", and maybe it's because I've just seen the awful *Gumball Rally* that the Franco/butch bass player, Ron Altaville, reminds me of Michael Sarrazan . . . whatever, it's really excellent, he and drummer Skip Reed driving into Steve Miller style excitement.

Second song, with Lol Creme lookalike guitarist Jimmy Accardi proving less of a singer than Altaville, features entertaining tricks with rhythm, and begins to define The Laughing Dogs as a kind of funky 10cc. Later, as the funk diminishes, the 10cc tag remains — but these four

guys are much warmer, nuttier, looser, streetwise, unpolished.

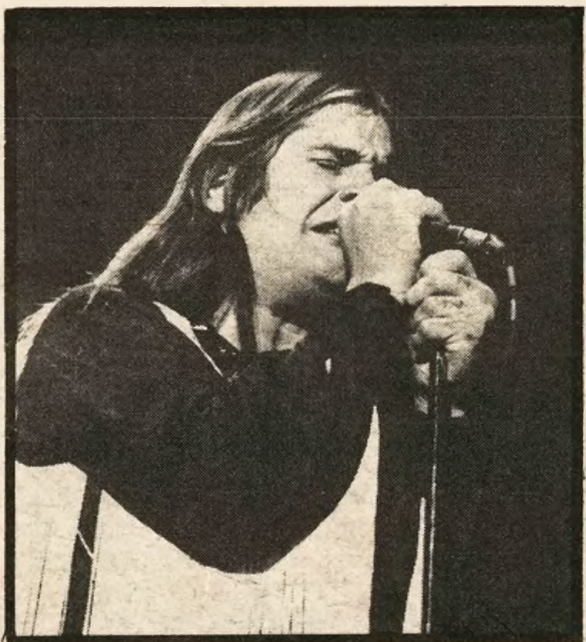
After about six songs, a couple of which have been fairly amazing — particularly one reminiscent of Hall & Oates with Accardi playing a tussling solo over a rhythm section that seems to drop beats whenever the fancy takes it — and a couple of which have been near disasters, with roadies rushing about trying to fix loose mike connections by hitting things, Altaville announced "When Sox Turn To Shoes". This song is about dirty socks.

Organist/vicar Jimmy Cathcart has by now moved to a small fiddle-shaped Hofner guitar, and after a funny but scrappy "Sox" they play an even funnier "I'm Moving to Rhode Island (Shoop, Shoop)", a lively semi-R&B song riding on terrific roller riffs to a ridiculously flashy ending. Cathcart goes back to organ for a slowie based on some lovely, exceptional chords, then a Raspberryish pop song and a Steely Dannahish dumbly jokey rocker which transforms into pseudo-jive funk and . . . suddenly the venue radiates with warmth as everybody gets ready to . . .

"Do The Bear". You puff your cheeks out like Brando in *The Godfather*, jerk about like Joe Cocker on valium, stick out your belly . . . and you're doing The Bear. The sight of at least six kids from the audience out on the floor with Altaville, while back onstage Accardi does a rap about The Cagney Bear, which is even trickier, creases everybody up.

They race to the line on a fast rocker, and that's The Laughing Dogs, a highly intelligent, very adept, hilarious group . . . without a contract. Accardi tells me they've been together 18 months, played on Rupert Holmes' second album, are doing demos, but . . . aah, sit on it. What can I say? Catch 'em next time you're in New York?

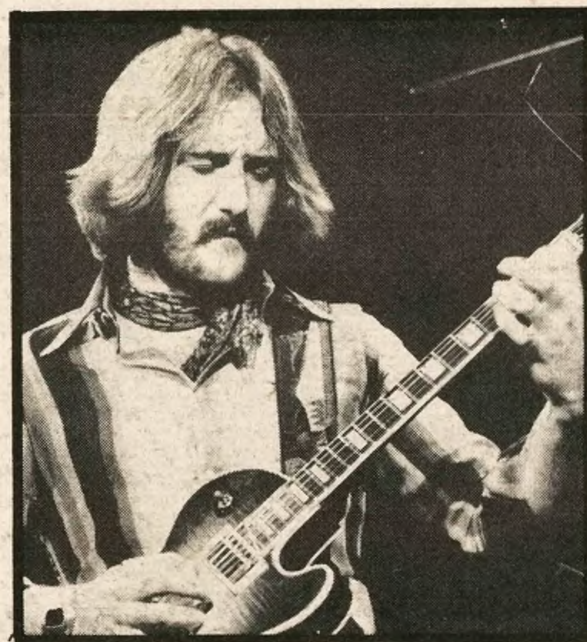
Phil McNeill



BLACK SABBATH set out next week on a short British concert tour, opening in Glasgow on Wednesday. It's the first time they've performed here since the latter part of 1975, and they've devised a brand new stage act for the occasion. Our picture shows the band's linchpin, singer **Ozzy Osbourne**.



FRANK SINATRA plays a full week of concerts at London's Royal Albert Hall starting on Monday, with the **Fifth Dimension** as support act. Tickets are inordinately expensive, but they've already all been snapped up — either by the very rich or the very stupid — so you've little hope of securing one now.



JAN AKKERMAN (above), former key member of **Focus**, and vocalist **Kaz Lux** fly in with their new band to headline a debut tour of this country. It opens in Brighton on Wednesday, and they are featured in BBC-2's "Whistle Test" the previous night. Two other ex-Focus men are included in the line-up.



URIAH HEEP are undertaking their first British tour since their dramatic personnel upheaval last summer, which saw the sacking of one man, the departure of another and the introduction of two new members. First gigs are Birmingham (Monday), Leicester (Tuesday) and Portsmouth (Wednesday). Pictured: **Mick Box**.

AN EDITORIAL SELECTION

NATIONWIDE

THURSDAY

AYLESBURY Britannia: **IONA**
AYLESBURY King's Head: **CILLA FISHER & ARTIE TREZISE**
BARNOLDSWICK Community Centre: **TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND**
BARROW Max's Disco: **BRANDY**
BARRY Memorial Hall: **LONE STAR**
BELFAST Queen's University: **IVOR CUTLER**
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: **HOOKER**
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: **SHOOP-SHOOP**
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: **THE FIRST BAND**
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: **MAGNUM**
BLACKPOOL Horseshoe Casino: **OLDHAM TINKERS/WOODBINE LIZZIE**
BLACKPOOL Imperial Hotel: **RACING CARS**
BOURNEMOUTH Cromwell's: **MIKE BERRY & THE ORIGINAL OUTLAWS**
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: **JACOB MARLEY**
CANTERBURY Kent University: **MARTIN SIMPSON**
COLERAINE New Ulster University: **JULIE FELIX**
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: **SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA**
CROYDON Red Deer: **HEARTBREAKERS**
DERBY Cleopatra's: **GONZALEZ**
DERBY Station Inn: **DAVE BURLAND**
DOUGLAS Isle of Man Palace Lido: **SLIK**
DUNOON Queen's Hall: **MARTY WILDE/BERT WEEDON/TORNADOS/CARL SIMMONS/WILDCATS**
FLEETWOOD Queen's Hotel: **BRIAN DEWHURST**
FOLKESTONE La Crique Club: **LOVE POTION**
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: **GEORGE HAMILTON IV/MELBA MONTGOMERY/PETE SAYERS**
GLASGOW Apollo, Centre: **BRYAN FERRY**
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre: **GENE PITNEY/BONNIE TYLER**
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: **LEE KOSMIN BAND**
IPSWICH Corn Exchange: **SUPERCHARGE/MEAL TICKET**
KEELE University: **RALPH McTELL/MAGNA CARTA**
LEEDS Polytechnic: **DOCTORS OF MADNESS/PAT TRAVERS BAND**
LEEDS University: **GORDON GILTRAP BAND**
LEICESTER Rolls Royce Club: **CHRIS BARBER BAND**
LEITCHWORTH Carousel Club: **ABBOTT**
LIVERPOOL Bradford Hotel: **BERNARD WRIGLEY**
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: **PETE & CHRIS COE**
LONDON Barnes Red Lion: **FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES**
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **F.B.I.**
LONDON City University: **BURLESQUE**
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: **THE JAM/REJECTS**
LONDON ENFIELD Middlesex Polytechnic: **PLUMMET AIRLINES/DODGERS**
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: **LAST EXIT**
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: **DOWNLINERS SECT**
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: **RADIATOR**
LONDON Marquee Club: **SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND** without **ALEX/BANDIT**
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: **MANHATTAN TRANSFER/BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND**
LONDON N.11 Orange Tree: **SUN SESSION**
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: **J.J. JAMESON**
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: **TOM ROBINSON BAND**
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: **JERRY THE FERRET**
LONDON Tooting The Castle: **PAINTED LADY**
LONDON TWICKENHAM The Albany: **DANGEROUS RHYTHM**
LONDON TWICKENHAM Queen Mary College: **COUNT BISHOPS**
MALVERN Winter Gardens: **AC/DC**
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: **PROCOL HARUM**
MIDDLESBOROUGH Rock Garden: **THE STRANGERS**
MIDDLESBOROUGH Town Hall: **SASSAFRAS/JACK-THIGHS**
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: **NIGHT BIRD**
NORWICH Crookers Disco: **BREAKER**
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: **PELICAN**
PERTH Salvation Hotel: **DEAD END KIDS**
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: **LITTLE BOB STORY**
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: **CHARLIE**
PORTSMOUTH H.M.S. Nelson: **TRAX**
POYNTON Folk Centre: **SILLY WIZARD**
PRESTON Polytechnic: **NIGEL MAZLYN JONES**
RYDE L.o.W. Ponda-Rosa: **ACKER BILK BAND**
SHEFFIELD City Hall: **TED NUGENT/STEVE GIBBONS BAND**
STOCKTON Incognito: **J.A.L.N. BAND**
SWANSEA Circles Club: **DRAGONS**
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: **NATIONAL HEALTH**
WORTHING Central Hotel: **AMAZORBLADES**

FRIDAY

ABERTILLERY Rugby Club: **DRAGONS**
ABERYSTWYTH University: **SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS/TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND**

ACCRINGTON Albion Hotel: **JOBE ST. DAY**
ALTON Community Centre: **FREDDIE & THE UNTOUCHABLES**
BASILDON Double Six: **CLEMEN PULL**
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: **LIVERPOOL EXPRESS / PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT**
BIRMINGHAM Newman College: **ROCK ISLAND LINE**
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: **SPITFIRE**
BLACKPOOL Locarno: **MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS**
BLACKPOOL Tiffany's: **ARBRE**
BRADFORD Str Hotel: **PETE & CHRIS COE**
BRIGHTON Sussex University: **SUPERCHARGE**
BRISTOL Colston Hall: **GENE PITNEY / BONNIE TYLER**
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: **STORMTROOPER**
BRISTOL University: **HARD UP**
BROMLEY Saxon Tavern: **GEORGE HATCHER BAND**
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: **AC/DC**
CAMBRIDGE Fitzwilliam College: **GREAT EASTERN**
CARDIFF Capitol: **VAL DOONICAN**
CARDIFF University: **ROY HARPER & CHIPS / ALBION DANCE BAND**
CARLOPS Allan Ramsay Hotel: **THE HERODES**
CHELtenham Pavilion: **LITTLE BOB STORY**
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: **PETE ATKIN**
CROMER West Runtun Pavilion: **AL MATTHEWS**
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: **THE MCGARRIGLES / FIVE HAND REEL**
DONCASTER College of Education: **CASINO**
DUNDEE University: **ROOGALATOR**
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: **SONNY RICHARDS BAND**
DUDLEY Teachers Centre: **DAVE CARTWRIGHT**
DUNFERMLINE Kinema: **DEAD END KIDS**
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: **GEORGE HAMILTON IV / MELBA MONTGOMERY / PETE SAYERS**
EASTBOURNE Kings Club: **DEL SHANNON**
EDINBURGH College of Art: **SKEETS BOLIVER**
EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre: **BRYAN FERRY**
EDGBASTON Mason Hall: **SASSAFRAS**
FLEETWOOD Queen's Hotel: **BRIAN DEWHURST**
GALWAY University: **IVOR CUTLER**
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: **TED NUGENT / STEVE GIBBONS BAND**
GODALMING Chiddingfold Club: **ACKER BILK BAND**
GORLESTON Ocean Room: **THE CHANTS**
GUILDFORD Surrey University: **FOX**
HATFIELD Polytechnic: **CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS / BEES MAKE HONEY / LEE JACKSON'S STRIPJACK / DODGERS**
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: **ALEX CAMPBELL**
HUDDERSFIELD Golcar Club: **TENDER TOUCH**
HULL Phoenix Club: **RIOT ROCKERS**
HULL University: **DAVE BURLAND**
BIRMINGHAM Civic Hall: **TRAX**
KENILWORTH Chesford Grange: **DEL SHANNON**
KIDDERMINSTER College of Further Education: **NIGEL MAZLYN JONES**
KINGSTON Polytechnic: **THE MOVIES**
KINGSWINFORD Woodman Inn: **BOB DAVENPORT**
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: **MATHEWS BROTHERS**
JORDANSTOWN Polytechnic: **JULIE FELIX**
LANCASTER University: **RALPH McTELL / MAGNA CARTA**
LEEDS Polytechnic: **THE GORILLAS**
LEEDS Trinity & All Saints College: **MUSCLES**
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Hunt Hotel: **SCRATCH**
LIVERPOOL Dove & Olive: **BODY**
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: **JOHN MARTYN**
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: **RACING CARS**
LIVERPOOL University: **ALAN PRICE**
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **BABE RUTH / BAMBOO & THE REGGAE GUITARS**
LONDON Central Polytechnic: **90° INCLUSIVE**
LONDON COCKFOSTERS Trent Park College: **NUTZ**
LONDON EPPING Centre Point: **SOMETHIN' ELSE**
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: **BUSTER JAMES BAND**
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: **LEFT HAND DRIVE**
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: **LEW LEWIS**
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: **F.B.I. / JERRY THE FERRET**
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: **DOWNLINERS SECT**
LONDON KENSINGTON Elizabeth College: **BURLESQUE**
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: **GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES**
LONDON Marquee Club: **ALKATRAZ**
LONDON N.17 White Hart: **HELLRAISERS**
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: **THE WORLD SERVICE**
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: **STREETWALKERS / FOSTER BROTHERS**
LONDON Royal College of Art: **COUNT BISHOPS**
LONDON School of Economics: **FINLAND STATION**
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: **TROGGS**
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: **SCREAMER**
LONDON STRAND King's College: **MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND**

LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: **IRON MAIDEN**
LONDON STRATFORD North-East Polytechnic: **PLUMMET AIRLINES**
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **ROKOTTO**
LUTON Reflex Club: **AFTER THE FIRE**
MAIDSTONE College: **KITES**
MAIDSTONE Teachers Centre: **VIN GARBUIT**
MANCHESTER Belle Vue: **JERRY LEE LEWIS / THE DARTS**
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: **MOTORHEAD**
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: **BERT JANSCH**
MIDDLESBOROUGH Rock Garden: **THE BOYS**
NEWCASTLE Freeman's Hall: **GONZALEZ**
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: **DOCTORS OF MADNESS / PAT TRAVERS BAND**
NORWICH East Anglia University: **THE DAMNED**
OXFORD Westminster College: **CHARLIE**
PAISLEY College of Technology: **CASPIAN**
PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: **RED BEANS & RICE**
READING University: **PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA**
RISLEY Blue Ball Hotel: **FLIGHT 56**
ROCHDALE ABC Theatre: **MIKE HARDING**
SALFORD University: **BUDGIE / SNEAKERS**
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: **THE STRANGLERS**
SIDCUP Dutch House: **VILLAGE**
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: **BOB STEWART**
STAFFORD College of Education: **A.F.T.**
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: **THE 'O' BAND**
ST. ALBANS Horn of Plenty: **MARTIN SIMPSON**
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: **SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND** without **ALEX / BANDIT**
WAKEFIELD Newton House W.M.C.: **CADILLAC**
WELWYN GARDEN CITY Campus West: **THE REAL THING**
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: **JENNY HAAN'S LION**
WORTHING Pavilion Theatre: **THE YETTIES**
YORK University: **S.A.L.T.**
YORK Wentworth College: **MEAL TICKET**

SATURDAY

ABERDEEN University: **ROOGALATOR**
ACCRINGTON Albion Hotel: **JOBE ST. DAY**
BADGERS MOUNT (Kent) Black Eagle: **AFTER THE FIRE**
BARWELL Three Crowns: **BOB DAVENPORT**
BASILDON Double Six: **JERRY THE FERRET**
BATH The Globe: **JIGSAW**
BEDFORD College of Education: **A.F.T.**
BIRMINGHAM KING'S HEATH Hare and Hounds: **COSMOTHEKA**
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: **JERRY LEE LEWIS / THE DARTS**
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: **HOI-POLLOI**
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: **MOMENTS / RIMSHOTS**
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: **GEORGE HAMILTON IV / MELBA MONTGOMERY / PETE SAYERS**
BRACKNELL Sports Centre: **SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND** without **ALEX/BANDIT**
BRADFORD University: **MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND**
BRIGHTON Prior House: **AMAZORBLADES**
BRISTOL Anson Rooms: **DRAGONS**
BRISTOL Granary: **S.A.L.T.**
BRISTOL University: **THE DAMNED**
BURY ST. EDMUNDS Corn Exchange: **THE REAL THING**
CAMBERLEY Lakeside Club: **DEL SHANNON**
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: **THE MCGARRIGLES / FIVE HAND REEL**
CHESTER College: **GONZALEZ**
CHESTER Quaintways: **BUSTER**
CIRENCESTER Corn Hall: **CISSY STONE BAND**
COLCHESTER Essex University: **FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE**
CROMER West Runtun Pavilion: **JIMMY HELMS**
DERBY Grandstand Hotel: **ROCK ISLAND LINE**
DERBY King's Hall: **GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS**
DUDLEY College of Education: **LEE KOSMIN BAND**
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: **GEORGE HATCHER BAND**
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: **CHRIS FOSTER**
EDINBURGH University: **THE HERODES**
EGHAM College: **WINDOW**
EWELL North-East Surrey College: **STRIDER**
EXETER University: **AC/DC**
FAREHAM Roundabout Hotel: **ACKER BILK BAND**
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: **CLEMEN PULL**
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: **RALPH McTELL / MAGNA CARTA**
GOOLE Old Goole WMC: **TENDER TOUCH**
HAVING Technical College: **CALEDONIA**
HITCHIN Mid-Herts College: **MUSCLES**
HUMBERSTONE Windmill: **SUN SESSION**
IMMINGHAM Humber Mouth Yacht Club: **OLDE ENGLISH PUB BAND**
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: **GENE PITNEY / BONNIE TYLER**
KELSO Queen's Head: **KHATRU**
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: **STREETWALKERS / FOSTER BROTHERS**

SUNDAY

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: **DIRTY TRICKS**
AYLESBURY John Hampden: **LEFT HAND DRIVE**
BARROW Civic Hall: **"UP COUNTRY"** with **HAZ ELOIT & FEELING / MILLER BROTHERS / BERNIE & CHAS / CAROL STUBBS**



IGGY POP arrives on the crest of the punk wave to play a few dates here, beginning at Aylesbury (Tuesday) and Newcastle (Wednesday). His backing band includes two former Todd Rundgren sidemen, and there's speculation that David Bowie may sit in on a couple of the Iggy's dates — but you'd better not count on it!



JERRY LEE LEWIS, having now recovered from his recent illness, brings his own explosive brand of vintage rock'n'roll to Britain for three concerts at Manchester (Friday), Birmingham (Saturday) and London Rainbow (Sunday). As support act, promoter Bob England gives a deserved break to the fast-rising Darts.



KIKI DEE isn't on the road this week, but rates pictorial coverage because she's one of the principal TV attractions during the week. Together with her band she's featured for an hour in "Sight And Sound In Concert" on Saturday.



HAWKWIND play a one-off London concert at the Roundhouse on Sunday, their first since their recent line-up changes, culminating in the departure of bassist Paul Rudolph (now replaced by Adrian Shaw). More British gigs follow in the spring, after their return from Europe. Pictured above: Bob Calvert.

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

BELFAST Queen's University: RACING CARS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: HOOKER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Looney Bin: BERNARD WRIGLEY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: JOHN MARTYN
BRACKNELL Arts Centre: AFTER THE FIRE
BRADFORD Alhambra Theatre: MIKE HARDING
BRISTOL Colston Hall: THE MCGARRIGLES / FIVE HAND REEL
BRISTOL Hippodrome: ROY ORBISON
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: TRUTH
BUCKHURST HILL Roebuck Hotel: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
CANTERBURY Kent University: DOCTOR OF MADNESS / PAT TRAVERS BAND
CHELSEHAM Crown & Cushion: PETE QUIN / BILL CADDICK
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: PROCOL HARUM
CROYDON Greyhound: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
DEWSBURY Shoulder of Mutton: JOHN GOODLUCK
DONCASTER Skellow Grange Club: BEANO
DUBLIN Projects Arts Centre: IVOR CUTLER
DUNDEE University: RALPH McTELL / MAGNA CARTA
DUNSTABLE Civic Hall: SENATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX/BANDIT
EASTBOURNE Crown Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON
EDINBURGH Triangle Club: DAVE MILNER
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: STREETWALKERS / FOSTER BROTHERS
HULL New Theatre: MARTY WILDE / BERT WEEDON / TORNADOS / CARL SIMMONS / WILDCATS
HYDE St. Paul's Folk Club: NIC JONES
LIVERPOOL Empire: BRYAN FERRY
LONDON BATTERSEA Nag's Head: £42 CHEQUE / JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: CILLA FISHER & ARTIE TREZISE
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: HAWK-WIND / FLYING ACES / KEITH CHRISTMAS BAND
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON DALSTON Four Aces: BLACKSTONE
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: SERGIO MENDES & BRASIL '77
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: BOWLES BROS. BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RAY PHILIPS' WOMAN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Riverside Studios: SHORT WAVE BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: COUNT BISHOPS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE MOVIES
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON Marquee Club: BEARDED LADY / PANAMA SCANDAL
LONDON PADDINGTON Cue Club: ROKOTTO
LONDON Palladium: GENE PITNEY / BONNIE TYLER
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: JERRY LEE LEWIS / THE DARTS
LONDON RICHMOND Green Carnation: JOHNNY G's ONE-MAN BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DUST ON THE NEEDLE
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: CLICHE
LONDON Victoria Palace: SURPRISE SISTERS / SUPERCHARGE
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: HARVEY ANDREWS / JOHN DUNKERLEY / TIM BROAD-BENT
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: DEAF SCHOOL
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: MANHATTAN TRANSFER / BOB KERR & THE WHOPEE BAND
MANCHESTER Ritz Ballroom: MOMENTS / RIMSHOTS
MATLOCK Baths Pavilion: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
MIDDLEBROUGH Town Hall: ROY HARPER & CHIPS / ALBION DANCE BAND
MOLD Cld Theatre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
MORECAMBE Winter Gardens: SHOWAD-DYWADY
OSMOTHERLY Pied Piper: PETE & CHRIS COE
OXFORD New Theatre: VAL DOONICAN
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: GEORGE HAMILTON IV / MELBA MONTGOMERY / PETE SAYERS
POYNTO Folk Centre: DEREK & DOROTHY ELLIOTT
READING Top Rank: AC/DC
ROMFORD Albemarle Club: SECOND OFFENCE
SAUCHIE Sauchie Hall Social Club: SUN SESSION
SOUTHPORT Floral Hall: BUSTER
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: THE REAL THING
TRURO Plaza Cinema: ACKER BILK BAND
WANTAGE Swan Inn: TONY ROSE
WIGAN Aspull Rugby Club: BRIAN DEWHURST

BIRMINGHAM Odeon: URIAH HEEP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: PROCOL HARUM
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: AC/DC
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: SERGIO MENDES & BRASIL '77
BRIGHTON Seven Stars: RACER
CHARNOCK RICHARD Park Hall: DEL SHANNON
CHESTER Quaintways: CHARLIE CHIGWELL ROW Camelot: SOUNDS COUNTRY
COVENTRY Mr. George's: ROCK ISLAND LINE
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: ROY ORBISON
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE STRANGLERS
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: ROOGALATOR
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
GOLDALMING Shacklefield Social Centre: MARTIN SIMPSON
LEEDS Scott Hall Hotel: TENDER TOUCH
LIVERPOOL Empire: TED NUGENT/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: MOTHER REDCAP
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: ROGER WILLIAMSON BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE DAMNED
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DAVE EDMUNDS' ROCKPILE
LONDON Marquee Club: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: THE MCGARRIGLES / FIVE HAND REEL
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: CHAMPION
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: DAVE SWARBRICK/NIC JONES
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: LONG JOHN BALDRY/HOOCHIE COOCHIE MEN
LONDON SOUTHAL Seagull: VILLAGE
LONDON SOUTHBANK National Theatre: THE CHIEFTAINS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: MIKE KHAN BAND
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: HUNGRY HORSE
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: LANDSCAPE
LONDON W.C.1 Collegiate Theatre: PETE ATKIN
MERTHYR TYDFIL Rhydyar Leisure Centre: SHOWADDYWADY
NEWCASTLE Ford Arms: PETE & CHRIS COE
OXFORD Nettleford Bull Hotel: VIN GARBUTT
PLYMOUTH Good Companions: ACKER BILK BAND
PONTEFRAC Green Dragon: BRIAN DEWHURST
SCUNTHORPE Baths Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
SHEFFIELD City Hall: BRYAN FERRY
SWANSEA Licensing Centre: BILL CADDICK
SWANSEA Top Rank: SENATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX/BANDIT
TOLWORTH Toby Jug: BURLESQUE

TUESDAY

AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: IGGY POP
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: HORSLIPS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRIGHTON Art College: AMAZORBLADES
BRIGHTON Dome: ROY ORBISON
BRIGHTON Top Rank: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
BRISTOL Colston Hall: PROCOL HARUM
CANTERBURY Kent University: CAN
CHARNOCK RICHARD Park Hall: DEL SHANNON
DUMFRIES Lorbrough Hall: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
FALKIRK Town Hall: CALEDONIA
GAINSBOROUGH Yarrowburgh Hotel: SNEAKERS
GARSTANG Eagle & Child: PETE QUIN
GRANGEMOUTH Leapark Hotel: SUN SESSION
HARROGATE West Park Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: TEQUILA
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: URIAH HEEP
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: FLYING ACES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: KEITH TIPPETT BAND
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: ROBIN DRANSFIELD
LONDON HORNSEY The Stapleton: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE GORILLAS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour Club: DAVE EVANS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: JAMES BOOKER-TEQUILA BROWN BLUES BAND
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: STRIFE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BONE IDOL
LONDON W.C.1 Collegiate Theatre: PETE ATKIN
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PENZANCE The Garden: DOCTORS OF MADNESS / PAT TRAVERS BAND
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: AC / DC
SCUNTHORPE Tiffany's: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
SOUTHEND Talk of The South: JIGSAW

SOUTHAMPTON Anchor Inn: MARTIN SIMPSON
SUTTON COLDFIELD The Crown: STAGE FRIGHT
WELWYN GARDEN CITY The Fountain: LOL COXHILL & GUEST

WEDNESDAY

BARNESLEY Changes Roxcene: TENDER TOUCH
BELFAST Queen's University: FAIRPORT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIRGO
BRIGHTON Dome: JAN AKKERMANN — KAZ LUX BAND
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
CRAWLEY Town Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
FOUNTAINBRIDGE Tartan Club: SUN SESSION
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: BLACK SABBATH
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: ROY HARPER & CHIPS / ALBION DANCE BAND
GUILDFORD Surrey University: MARTIN SIMPSON
KEELE University: CAN
KING'S LYNN Technical College: BURLESQUE
KNUTSFORD Delmeany Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
LEICESTER Polytechnic: PETE ATKIN
LIVERPOOL Empire: ROY ORBISON
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells CADO BELLE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: FLYING ACES / SLIPKNOT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE JAM
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: GORILLAS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON LEWISHAM South-East London College: JOHN DOE & PLUMS
LONDON N.7 Tufnell Park Hall of Residence: THE DAMNED
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CONSORTIUM
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: JOE COOL
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON W.1 Gulliver's Club: AL MATTHEWS
LOUGHBOROUGH University: THE 'O' BAND
MANCHESTER University: DIRTY TRICKS
MARGATE Ship Hotel: VILLAGE
MOTHERWELL Civic Centre: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
NEWCASTLE City Hall: IGGY POP
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: RALPH McTELL / MAGNA CARTA
NOTTINGHAM Commodore Suite: DEL SHANNON
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: JOBE ST. DAY
OAKENGATES Town Hall: HARVEY ANDREWS
OXFORD New Theatre: WURZELS
OXFORD Polytechnic: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
PENICUIK Navaar House Hotel: THE HEROES
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: DOCTORS OF MADNESS / PAT TRAVERS BAND
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: URIAH HEEP
REDRUTH Mid-Cornwall College: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
SUTTON Scamps: BERT WEEDON
SWANSEA Top Rank: AC/DC
SWINDON The Affair: PIGSTY HILL LIGHT ORCHESTRA
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: THE VIBRATORS
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: DRAGONS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: LITTLE BOB STORY

RESIDENCIES

BAILEY Variety Club: MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS Week from Sunday
BEDFORD Nite Spot: DUKES & LEE Tuesday (1) for five days
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: TONY MONOPOLY Week from Sunday
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: J.J. BARRIE Week from Monday
BLACKBURN Cavendish: FLAMINGOS Thursday for three days
DERBY Bailey's: TERRY WEBSTER & DICTIONARY Thursday for three days
HULL Bailey's: BEANO Thursday for three days
LEICESTER Bailey's: FREDDIE STARR Week from Monday
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MOON Thursday for three days
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: FRANK SINATRA / FIFTH DIMENSION Week from Monday
LONDON Talk of the Town: DRIFTERS Monday for two weeks
NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita (doubling SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern): HELEN DAY & CATCH Week from Monday
OLDHAM Baileys: FIRST IMPRESSION (Thursday for three days) / THE CHIMES (Week from Monday)
SHEFFIELD Baileys: SHABBY TIGER Thursday for three days
SOLIHULL New Cresta Club: COUNTRY MUSIC WEEK with JED FORD / CULPEPPER COUNTY / KEN HARRIS & THE PLAYBOYS / BILLY FONTAINE Week from Sunday
STOKE Bailey's: RAIN Thursday for three days
STOKE Jolles: GENE PITNEY Week from Monday

RADIO TV

KIKI DEE will doubtless take full advantage of the biggest TV opportunity of her career, when she and her band have an hour to themselves in "Sight And Sound In Concert" on Saturday, with its usual BBC-2 and Radio 1 stereo link. And the "Old Grey Whistle Test" (BBC-2 Tuesday) has the British TV debut of the Jan Akkerman-Kaz Lux Band, plus British troubadour John Martyn.

Over on BBC-1, "Swap Shop" ends its current run on Saturday morning. To mark the occasion, there's a special pick-up supergroup featuring Leo Sayer (vocals), Suzi Quatro (bass), John Miles (guitar), John Christie (keyboards) and Kenny Jones (drums). Liverpool Express will also be in evidence.

Same day, same channel sees the return of "Saturday Night At The Mill" starring Roy Orbison and resident band, Kenny Ball's Jazzmen. It's preceded by "Saturday Special" with Clodagh Rodgers.

After "Porridge" on Friday, there's the first of BBC-1's new "Max Boyce In Concert" series with this week's guests, the Chieftains and Neil Lewis & John Luce.

Watch "Top Of The Pops" and Noel Edmunds if you must, but later tonight (Thursday) on BBC-1 "Omnibus" should be interesting. Subtitled "L.A. — My Home Town", it's about British exiles in California, with Ian Whitcomb as the guide. It includes a section on Peter Asher, producer of Linda Ronstadt among others.

ITV has decided in its wisdom to repeat the highly-rated (but in my personal opinion, dreadful) "Rock Follies" series on Thursday nights — and it's now given an additional boost by Julie Covington's current chart success. For viewers in London and one or two other ITV regions, "Russell Harty" is back on Friday night.

Third show in Tony Palmer's "All You Need is Love" marathon is devoted mainly to ragtime, and in particular the influence of Scott Joplin. It's on ITV on Saturday night, while the same morning on commercial there's "Supersonic" with Racing Cars, Golden Earring, Cliff Richard, Guys'n'Dolls and Dennis Weaver.

Janet Street-Porter's "London Weekend Show" (London ITV only, Sunday lunchtime) looks at the success of the smaller record companies.

Film of the week has to be the James Bond movie "Thunderball" starring Sean Connery (ITV network, Saturday).

And for Jazz fans, there's a new BBC-2 starring Oscar Peterson starting on Tuesday.

Luxembourg takes pride of place in the radio section this week, thanks to a special they're broadcasting on Sunday night (10.30-midnight). The programme looks back at the charts since their inauguration in 1952, and plays the two biggest hits of each year until the present day. Hosted by former 208 dee-jay Teddy Johnson, it serves as a timely reminder of NME's upcoming 25th anniversary next month.

From Monday to Friday next week it's "Radio 1 in the North West". The station's regulars Noel Edmonds, Tony Blackburn, Paul Burnett, David Hamilton and Dave Lee Travis — will be based in Manchester, and there are many outside broadcasters planned from radio cars touring the Lancashire area.

Radio 2 tonight (Thursday) has Sounds Country and Tucson in "Country Club". It's followed by "Folkweave" with excerpts from the 1976 Sidmouth and Loughborough Festivals.

And a reminder that Radio 1 continues its repeated "Elton John Story" at lunchtime on Saturday.

MONDAY

BARNESLEY Turf Hotel: TRACTOR
BEVERLEY White Horse Inn: DAVE BURLAND

LIVE PAGE

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm. to 11.00 pm.
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Wed 23rd & Thurs 24th Feb (Adm £1.25) A MARQUEE SPECIAL CONCERT S. A. H. B. (without Alex) plus friends & Jerry Floyd Fri 25th Feb (Adm 60p) ULTRAVOX M. E. & Ian Fleming Sat 26th Feb (Adm 70p) Free admission with this ad. Before 8pm STALLION Gloria Mundi & Ian Fleming Sun 27th Feb (Adm 60p) Free admission with this ad. before 8pm. BEARDED LADY Panama Scandal & Nick Lee	Mon 28th Feb (Adm 60p) Free admission with this ad. before 8pm. AFTER THE FIRE Plus support & Jerry Floyd Tue 1st March (Adm 75p) LITTLE BOB STORY Plus support & Jerry Floyd Wed 2nd March (Adm 65p) TIGER Plus guests & Jerry Floyd Thur 3rd March (Adm 90p) MEAL TICKET Plus friends & Ian Fleming Fri 4th March (Adm 70p) SCREAMER Plus support & Ian Fleming
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Hamburgers and other hot & cold snacks are available

RED COW HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6 Friday, February 25th 50p LEW LEWIS BAND Saturday, February 26th Free WOLF Sunday, February 27th Free LAST EXIT Thursday, February 24th 50p THE BUSHWACKERS Wednesday, March 2nd Free JAM	
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FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASH VILLE ROOM Thursday, February 24th Free RADIATOR (ex Snafu — Airforce — Lindisfarne) Friday, Feb. 25th and Saturday, Feb. 26th £1.25 GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES Sunday, February 27th 60p THE MOVIES Monday, February 28th 75p DAVE EDMUNDS ROCK PILE FEATURING Nick Lowe, Billy Bremmer, Harry Williams Tuesday, March 1st 75p GORILLAS CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14 (Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)	
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HOPE & ANCHOR UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON, N.1.

Thurs. Feb. 24—	The Return of the	
Fri. Feb. 25—	DOWNLINERS SECT	75p
Sat. Feb. 26—	LEW LEWIS BAND	75p
Sun. Feb. 27—	COUNT BISHOPS	50p
Mon. Feb. 28—		
Tues. March 1—	G. T. MOORE	60p
Wed. March 2—		
Thurs. March 3—	GORILLAS	75p

GE ENTS
OLD THEATRE
HOUGHTON ST.
ALDWYCH WC2
Tubes: HOLBORN/TEMPLE

MAJOR LONDON APPEARANCE

DAVE EDMUNDS ROCKPILE

featuring NICK LOWE, TERRY WILLIAMS, BILLY BREMMER

SATURDAY, 26th FEBRUARY : 7.30 pm
Special Guests: PLUMMET AIRLINE + ULTRAVOX
Real Ale : Hamburgers + Pizzas : "Sounds"
TICKETS £1.00 Adv., from LSE Union Shop. £1.20 Door
"STIFFS WELCOME!!"

SAT., 5th March — A "RELEASE" Benefit with ARTHUR BROWN, CAROL GRIMES, KEITH CHRISTMAS, PAUL BRETT, REGGAE & SPECIAL SURPRISES!!!

ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1
SUNDAY 27th FEBRUARY at 5-30
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

HAWKWIND

FLYING ACES

KEITH CHRISTMAS BAND

ON RECORD MARK POPPINS

ADM £2.00 inc. VAT IN ADVANCE R HOUSE BOX OFF 267-2564
or LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS Shaft. av. 01-439-3371 or AT DOOR

BOB ENGLAND FOR GOOD EARTH PRESENTS

JERRY LEE LEWIS

WITH GUESTS
DARTS

FRIDAY 25TH FEB AT 7-30
KINGS HALL, BELLE VUE MANCHESTER
TICKETS 3-50 2-50 2-00 1-00
From Belle Vue box office 061-223-2928

SATURDAY 26TH FEB AT 7-30
ODEON, BIRMINGHAM
TICKETS 3-50 3-00 2-50 2-00
FROM BOX OFFICE 021-643-6101

SUNDAY 27TH FEB AT 8-30
RAINBOW THEATRE LONDON
TICKETS 4-00 3-50 2-50
FROM BOX OFFICE 01-263 3140 & USUAL AGENTS

John Martin for Classic Concerts and Transatlantic Records proudly present

DAVE SWARBRICK

and friends
(Martin Carthy/Simon Nicol/Dave Pegg/Bruce Rowland)

in Concert with guest star
NIC JONES
Compere and guest appearance
BERT LLOYD

THE QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL,
London S.E.1

Monday 28th February, 7.45 pm
Box office, 01-928 3191

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY, Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middx.

Friday February 25th
in the Kingdom Room

S.A.H.B.

(without Alex)
+ BANDIT

Tickets £1.00 in advance, £1.20 on the door

Wednesday March 2nd
in the Kingdom Room

CADO BELLE

+ Slender Lois
Admission 60p

Friday March 2nd
in the Kingdom Room

SMOKIE

+ Support

Tickets £1.00 in advance, £1.20 on door

Tickets available from Social Secretary, Brunel University S. U., Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex. Tel (89) 39125. Members Bar. Tube: Uxbridge. Buses 204, 207, 233. M4 one mile.

TRIPS AT THE VALE HALL
AYLESBURY
TUESDAY MARCH 1st at 7.30 pm.
from Detroit the legendary

IGGY POP

Tickets 185p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Sun Music High Wycombe, Ellis Jon's Amersham, Free 'n' Easy Hemel Hempstead, F. L. Moore Dunstable & Luton, Hi-Vu Buckingham or at door if available (check first) — enquiries 88948/84568
Life membership 25p

RAW IDIOT POWER... IN SOUND AND VISION

IMPERIAL COLLEGE
Prince Consort Road, SW7. In the Great Hall.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5 at 8 pm

ALBERTO Y

LOST TRIOS PARNOIS

+ SUPPORT

SATURDAY, MARCH 12th, at 8 pm

RACING CARS

+ SUPPORT

Tickets £1.30 in advance, £1.40 on door, available from Virgin Records (London) or I.C.U. Ents. Enquiries 01-589 8238 or 01-589 5111 ext. 1042

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

KATE & ANNA MCGARRIGLE

WITH GUESTS

FIVE HAND REEL

FAIRFIELD HALLS
PARK LANE, CROYDON Gen. Manager Michael Tearle

FRIDAY 25th FEBRUARY at 7-30

TICKETS £2-50, £2-00, £1-50, (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 688 9291
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

NEW VICTORIA
WILTON RD, S.W.1

MONDAY 28th FEBRUARY at 7-30

TICKETS £2-50, £2-00, £1-50, (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 834 0671,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

CATCH THE DARTS

at the *Rainbow*



Sun 27th
Feb. 8-30

An Evening with

MICHAEL CHAPMAN

featuring Keef Hartley & Rod Clements

At King's College, Strand
On Friday 25th February '77
starting at 8pm

Tickets 90p in advance @ Temple £1.20 at the door

LIVE PAGE

VICTORIA PALACE THEATRE
VICTORIA STREET S.W.1
SUNDAY 12th MARCH at 7.30
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

NATIONAL HEALTH

TICKETS £2.00, £1.75, £1.50, £1.25 (incl. VAT) ADVANCE FROM THEATRE BOX OFFICE 834-1517.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS SHAFTS, AVE. 439-3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE 240-2245, USUAL AGENTS ORON NIGHT

THE NAGS HEAD
London Road, High Wycombe.
FRIDAY FEBRUARY 25th

PUMP HOUSE GANG

Admission 60p



West Runton Pavilion
NORFOLK
TEL WEST RUNTON 203

Friday March 4th
CADO BELLE
Admission 90p

Saturday March 5th
Liverpool Express
Admission £1.30
Tickets Available for
Sat. March 19th
Marc Bolan
+ The Damned
£1.50

Fri. March 25th
Michael Chapman
+ Band
£1.00

WORDS (Barry Clarke)

CITY HALL ST. ALBANS Saturday Mar. 5th 8.30 pm to 11.30 pm DEAF SCHOOL + SQUEEZE MARY JANE DISCO BAR — FOOD Advance Tickets from Box Office. Chequer St. St. Albans. Tel: 64511	CITY HALL ST. ALBANS Saturday Feb. 26th at 7.45 pm ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS + Bleak House Mary Jane Disco Bar — Food Tickets £1.20 (incl. VAT) in advance from Box Office, Chequer St., St. Albans. Tel. 64511 or £1.20 (incl. VAT) on door.	QUEENSWAY (Civic) HALL DUNSTABLE Sunday Feb. 27th at 7.30 pm S.A.H.B. (without Alex) + Bandit Mary Jane Disco Bar — Food Tickets £1.50 (incl. VAT) from Box Office, Tel. 603326; F. L. Moore Records, Record Room, St. Albans, or £1.50 (incl. VAT) on door
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Mon March 7th DOCTORS OF MADNESS + PAT TRAVERS + TYLA GANG + FILM
Mon March 14th AC/DC + JENNY DARREN BAND
SAT MARCH 19th JACK THE LAD ON TOUR
ALL AT CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS. TEL: 64511

ENTS COMMITTEE
POLYTECHNIC of CENTRAL LONDON
115 NEW CAVENDISH STREET, W1. 636 6271
FRIDAY, FEB. 25th, 8 pm-12.30 am

DESMOND DEKKER

+ 90° inclusive + Disco + Late Bar
Tickets 75p in advance, £1.00 on door

KINGSTON POLY ENTS PRESENTS
Friday February 25th
at the Canbury Park Centre

THE MOVIES + DISCO

Admission 70p Doors open 8pm

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BJORN does running repairs to his blow-up Swedish ANNA doll



ANNA: We have inflation!



ABBA: ABSOLUTELY ABSURD (TONY PARSONS gets Euro'd out)

Abba
ROYAL ALBERT HALL
MONDAY NIGHT at the most choosy popular music venue in the capital and, at seven pounds fifty pence a ticket and to the soundtrack of a whirring chopper (like the one on the albums, posters, *undswelter*), the most commercially successful act since the Fab Four are about to rear their four Nordic heads....

The crowd, I mean audience, are a motley crew of everything from middle-aged couples to fey Bowie lookalikes to young marrieds in from the suburbs. They're tense with the privileged excitement of a Cup Final crowd; even at these prices this gig, I mean concert, has had the heaviest deluge of ticket applications ever — and that includes everyone from the Stones to Sinatra.

But then Abba could probably ask for blank cheques and still sell-out the RAH; when everything you cut automatically goes platinum-gold-platinum you can afford to keep your ethics in a numbered Swiss bank account.

CURTAIN UP LIGHT THE LIGHTS!

The stage packed with musicians; guitarists, drummers, back-up singers choreographed to move as one and, in threads of silver glitz, ABBA!

Straight into a couple of numbers from the latest album, "Arrival", and the sound is dire — muddy, tinny, can't hear the back-up singers, and separation of instruments almost non-existent.

The first two songs, "Tiger" and "That's Me", are a suitable introduction to apprentice students of Abbaranto. The first sees the honeythighed duo of Anna (blonde one) and Frida (dark one) as the predators, while the second sees them as helpless and vulnerable, desperately in need of a strong, protective male. Both of them are sung to the kind of instantly likeable and completely disposable pop melodies that only the true greats such as Lennon/McCartney and Chinn/Chapman have been able to consistently churn out over any length of time.

Of course it was only a matter of time before someone sussed that the Swedish-wet-dream-fantasy syndrome was the perfect vehicle to clean up in popular music. But it wouldn't have been possible without the writing talents of Benny (the keyboards one who looks like a balding, inoffensive dormouse) and Bjorn (the guitar player who looks like

Jimmy Carter impersonating one of the Glitter Band).

The songs from their "Greatest Hits" and "Arrival" albums are indisputable proof that Benny and Bjorn can knock out hit songs that are the pop music equivalent of a Martini advert.

"SOS", "Money Money Money", "Mamma Mia", "Knowing Me, Knowing You", and all the rest, a Harold Robbins-type package of all the desires of the paying customers — mostly sex or money, preferably both — sung from the angle of either dominance or submission. On your feet or on your knees....How can I resist ya?

The biggest disappointment for me, even more than the difference between the live performance and the records (if Abba are a live band then so were the Monkees), is the size of Anna's butt. Maybe she's put on weight. Maybe she's the *Top Of The Pops* studio cameras only shot her good side. Whatever, as the show wears on through a grotesque pseudo-Trenchtown number and more hits and a rock'n'roll (sic, very sic) song, the girls slowly peel off (it wasn't as horny as it sounds) and it seems like every time Anna hasn't got the chore of singing into the mike she turns her back on the audience and tries to shake it down like some whitewashed Tina Turner.

"Looks like something out of a Swedish porn movie," Lynne from Leicester sniffed with imperious scorn. "If I had an ass like that I wouldn't shake it about so much...."

Between numbers we're subjected to show biz raps so crass that I doubt if they'd allow them in a Cilla Black show. They've all got their lines to do, but chubby old Bjorn is by far the worst offender. He tries to be smooth and comes across greasy, and he tries to be amusing and just comes across like a buffoon....

"Per-aps you would like to hear my bew-tep-full blonde vife sing a song?....Y'now that eet is difficult for Benny to get on stage at heez age....he ees the only rock star I know with an accordion...."

Guffaw-guffaw-guffaw. The audience, who remain transfixed in their seats clapping politely, sit there and watch the movie.

"Fernando" goes down well, only natural really; the words are pure fourteen days in Benidorm — the smell of Ambre Solaire, a pint of Watney's and a knee trembler behind the Hotel Splendido with a shorthand typist from Lancashire. Plus the WASP lady's dream of running into a

Valentino Latin Lover, even if she does end up settling for a Spanish waiter named Miguel.

HEY BAYBEE, YOU EENGLISH WANNA GO TO DISCOTHEQUE?

The show reaches an all-time low with the four members of Abba taking turns at making ridiculous noises into the mikes while the sound man fiddles with his dials to make their voices sound like chipmunks or real deep and so on. Inevitably, this gets a few chuckles. Larf a minute, innit?

The next song after this nonsense is probably the definitive Abba number, "Dum Dum Diddle". I like this song a lot — honest! — and get so carried away with the sheer excitement that I decide to risk a pummelling at the hands of the RAH jobs-vorhs and...TAP MY FEET!!!!

The matron front of me whirls round and shoots daggers. Her husband puts his arm around her. Now, now, Doris, we don't want any trouble. Seems me foot brushed against the back of her seat. I am sick with guilt. It's like when you're going home on the train out of your brain on the five fifteen and some old plastic bucket salesman starts throwing a fit because you're reading the cartoons in his paper over his shoulder.

Next up, yes, it's CONCEPT TIME!

Bjorn gets into a deadly serious rap about how tough it is at the top, how even with everything, money, money, money can buy there are times when the wunnerful world of rock'n'roll can destroy those who have rose to the positions of stardom.

The concept revolves around a girl who leaves her home town to make it, does so, not happy, blah blah blah. Between each number some dude in a cloak and white make-up mutters ominously about how the young girl's show biz career is developing. Exactly, it was pantomime.

LOOK BEHIND YOU!

Thankfully, after two hours the show is over with old Bjorn urging everybody out of their seats for "Dancing Queen".

Even now the excitement is not so much electric as battery operated. Why doesn't old Bjorn urge the punters out of their seats right at the beginning of the evening? It's much easier to stay awake when you're on your feet....

It was crass, it was glib, it was contrived, it was like watching twenty consecutive episodes of the Debbie Reynolds show.

And I used to like her, too.

Tony Parsons

John Martyn

YORK UNIVERSITY
SO THERE WAS I, one o'clock in the morning, getting into a vicious Hell's Angel rhythm, occasionally putting the book down to examine the current metamorphosis of my carefully cultivated Sonny Barger leer in the mirror. I was just working up a fine sense of righteous brotherhood with the Outlaw Bikers, when uninvited and unprovoked the first evil tremors of a full scale assault of Bad Conscience forced me to take up my present position behind the loathsome typewriter.

Actually this attack of conscience was hardly unexpected; after all it's been five days now since I saw John Martyn at York University and not one word have I committed to paper on the subject. The trouble is, every time I try to visualise or recollect the events of last Friday my head fills with weirdness and horrorfulness, for although the actual gig was wondrously fine it was surrounded on all sides by heinous calamities, events so terrible and bizarre they almost totally pervert my remembrances of that night, and utterly erase the fond memories of John Martyn's superb performance.

However, major and minor tragedies and strange notes aside, the fact remains that John Martyn played a diverse and radical range of material

with considerable elan, feeling and skill, and that's what counts. And he played solo with no good buddies to lend musical or moral support, not even Danny Thompson.

Martyn is very into the concept of Artist As Lonesome Wandering Minstrel — a fact that may or may not have influenced him in choosing Wiz Jones, an old friend, for the support act. Wiz seems to be the epitome of the "pick up thy guitar and walk" troubadours, playing a pleasing blend of folk and blues (more blues than folk, thank you God). This does not mean Martyn is returning to his folk roots in a musical sense, far from it, as for most of the set he concentrated on his later material — or, at least, numbers I presumed were of a more recent variety.

For truth to tell I had never seen John Martyn before Friday, neither had I heard any of his albums, so I'm in no position to put any vintage on his material, or for that matter to say whether John Martyn Solo Performer is any more or less interesting than John Martyn Group Leader. But that's neither here nor there anyway; the truth is John Martyn writes intriguing songs and presents them very entertainingly.

I wouldn't presume to put any label on his music and, as the man himself adamantly refuses to do so, I guess that just about takes care of that. Martyn is primarily concerned with breaking down barriers, drawing on varied influences and styles to create One, a

"whole" that is very much more than a sum of its parts. By using all manner of electronic skullduggery he creates swirling, cosmic scenarios as a backdrop to his unique vocals, sometimes in the form of free flowing and fluid glissandos, sometimes in strict synchronisation with the vocal pattern. The mechanically induced distortions and warping of his guitar sound, often almost beyond the point of recognition, were sometimes beautiful and sometimes overbearing, but always provocative.

I was going to ask him what FX he used, but on reflection I figured that that was a little like asking a magician how he works his illusions. The only negative criticism I feel able to make is that Martyn occasionally conceives more ideas than he brings to fruition, but that's a small price to pay for such a colourful imagination.

The only musical parallel that springs to mind, for anybody interested in such matters, would be Tim Buckley's "Starsailor" album — a much under-estimated album of jazz improvisations — a similarity heightened by the fact that Martyn uses his (more limited) voice in much the same way as Buckley did.

Before seeing the show I had, for some strange reason, labelled John Martyn as a folkie, and was prepared to dislike him on general principal. However, I've seen him now and I sincerely believe that there isn't a singer-songwriter in Britain who can hold a candle to him in terms of innovation and imagination.

John Hamblett

Roy Harper OXFORD

ROY HARPER, back on the road for the first time in nearly two years, was last seen live at Knebworth '75, where prior to smashing up his dressing room caravan he abused the 100,000 audience for failing to appreciate/understand his peculiarly personal approach.

His debut gig on the new tour at Oxford Polytechnic was far less a confrontation, more a communication with the audience — less "they", more "we". Of course we were glad to see him back, but he went a long way to please us.

Going "heavy", going electric with a band, has paradoxically been part of a mellowing out process for the once angry acoustic rock and roll philosopher. His new set treads less the dangerous path of self-indulgent excess both in content, drawn mostly from "HQ" and "Bull In A Ming Vase", and performance. Again he's supported by some famous chums (Henry McCullough, Andy Roberts, Dave Lawson, John Halsey, and Dave Cochran) but Chips play more like a band than previous

support line-ups despite only six days' rehearsal.

Chris Spedding, when once asked what it was like playing for John Cale and Roy Harper almost simultaneously, remarked that "it was easy... just like falling off a log, you just play it". There's none of that session lack of involvement now, and while one might have expected a somewhat tiresome professional untogtherness from the track record of those concerned, what in fact we have is an endearing unprofessional togetherness. What mistakes there were, Roy assured *NME* afterwards, will be ironed out as the tour progresses.

There seems to have been a conscious decision on Harper's part to tone down the overall madness; nevertheless he maintained the old informality and thankful lapses into anarchy.

Everyone was obviously suffering from heavy first night nerves, and occasionally it got a bit sloppy, especially in the longer, more structured songs that are now central to his set. But as the gig progressed and audience reaction got warmer and warmer the band gained momentum. The turning point, I suppose, was "One Of Those Days In England", alternately languorous and rocking,

with an almost Floydian sense of dynamics. The band and Harper's new-look worldview began to make sense.

The song seems typical of his current work: English entirely in feel and subject matter, closer to Ray Davies than Bob Dylan, the old hero.

"I never thought I'd play this song in public, 'cos it's so me": thus Harper introduced "When An Old Cricketer Leaves The Crease", which records the battle of great individual visionary artist (John Snow, Geoff Boycott, Roy Harper) against jealous Establishment philistines. Affectionate observation with underlying angst, moving further away from the esoteric and closer to Rock and Roll. Like, Roy Harper is getting accessible.

Right, Roy Harper — friend of the underdog — is back. And getting through this time by being cryptic rather than specific in message; electric rather than acoustic; with a larger sound to simplify the music; working hard not to take it too seriously; premeditated (to a point) but still inspired. These are not niggling inconsistencies but the paradoxes of an enigmatic artist.

"Quite a good first night," was Harper's own verdict.

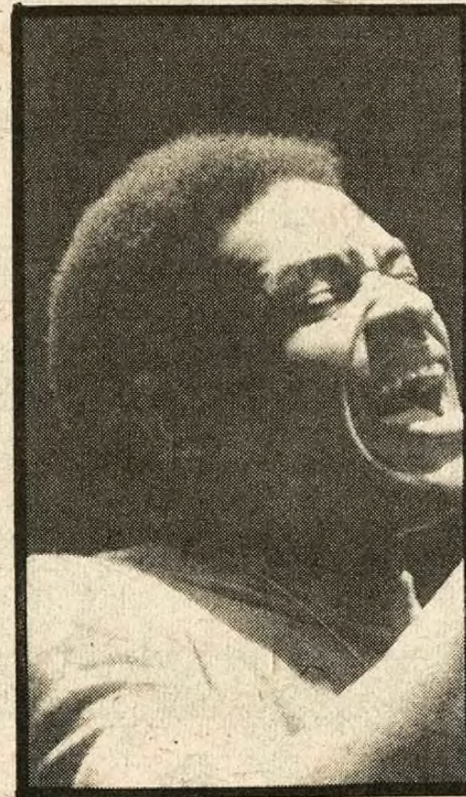
Jonathan Barnett

Al Jarreau

VICTORIA PALACE
LAST YEAR Ronnie Scott's, this year the Victoria Palace, next year... I wouldn't like to estimate. It could be The Albert Hall or back to Ronnie's.

Jarreau has immense talent. More than that, he is unique, at least in the sense that he's totally unlike anyone else on the international circuit at the moment. Whether or not there are hoards like him starving in obscure basement clubs I know not.

Coming from a Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, coffee-shop jazz type background into the spotlight of a mass media-cum-West Coast rock'n'soul market, he combines the vocal pyrotechnics of his past (scat-singing, extemporisation and instrument-imitation) with some intense blues / gospel moods and freewheeling songs that allow his small group to stretch out, particularly his regular keyboard maestro,



Tom Canning.

It's an extraordinary mixture, captivation in concert but so far only partially successful on record and decidedly uncommercial with it. However he must have a larger following in Britain than record sales indicate, for the Palace was cosily crowded with

amazingly enthusiastic fans. Jarreau was on stage for nearly two hours, comprising two equal length sets, both of which received a standing ovation.

With a vibist augmenting his usual drum / bass / keyboard accompaniment, he worked new and deeper magic with many of the songs he performed last time around ("We Got By", "Your Song", "Letter Perfect", "Kock All The Gates"), songs off his second album that I don't remember from last year ("Rainbow In Your Eyes", "Milwaukee") and several equally sensual and demanding new titles ("My Love For You Is A Sweet And Lasting Treasure", "Burst In With The Dawn").

His cheerful, stumbling personality and disorganised presentation come across as well at The Palace as in a club, but I truly believe that he's got to get a wider variety of moods and a tougher direction if he wants to break out of his languid cult image into the mainstream big time.

Cliff White

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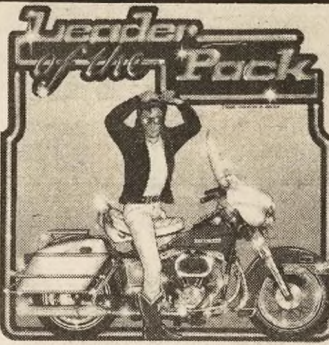


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167. JOIN THE ARMY

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is not what I meant.

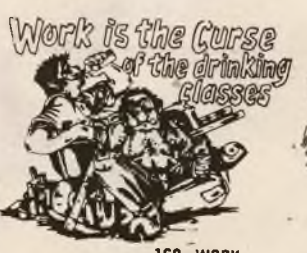
221. UNDERSTAND



219. JOIN AIRFORCE



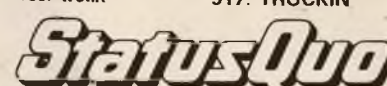
134. GENESIS



168. WORK



517. TRUCKIN'



186. STATUS QUO

Serene i stumble,
amid the flowers.
And try to count,
life's drinking hours.
For me dull days,
do not exist.
I'm a boozy faced,
old piss artist.

229. SERENE BOOZER



111. NEWCASTLE BROWN



663. COOL
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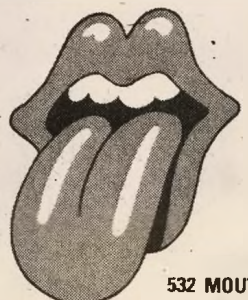
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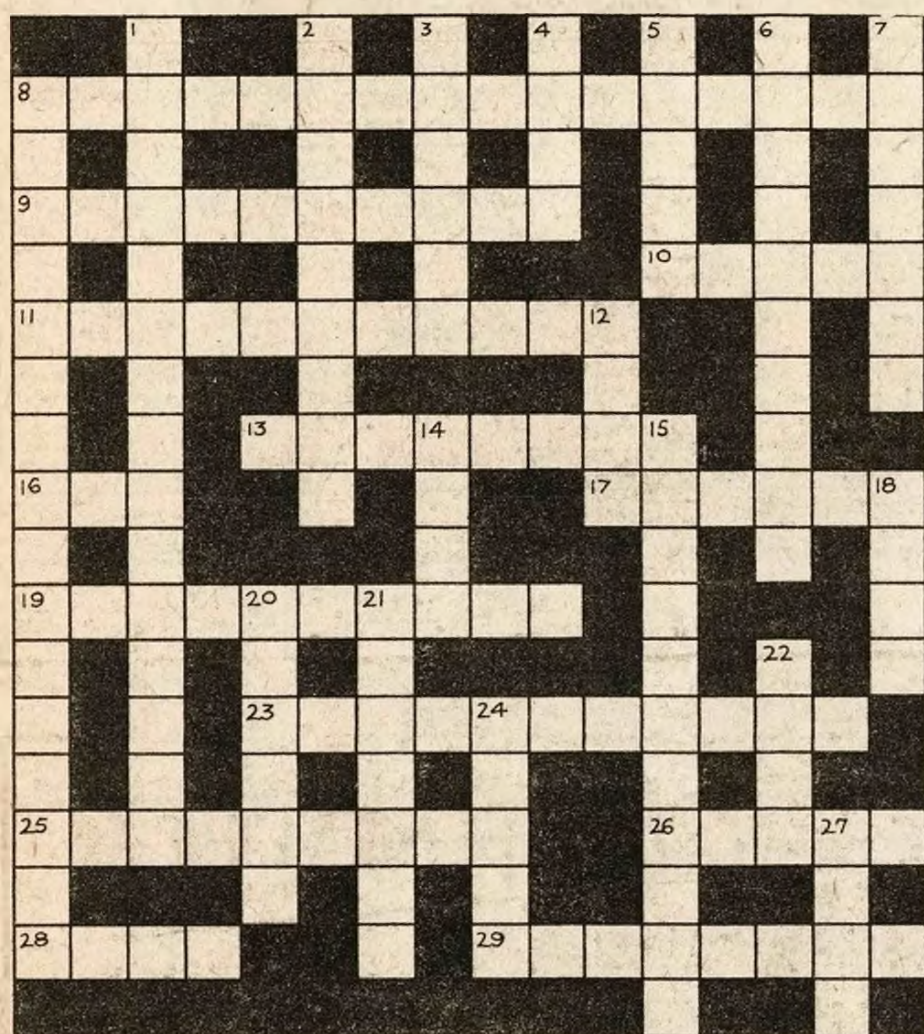
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EXPRESS WORD



ACROSS

- 8 The McCartneys in migration (5, 4, 7)
- 9 Bob Seger's nocturnal motions? (5, 5)
- 10 Amorous Mr Big
- 11 Pre-Alice Cooper, a U.K. pioneer of rock/out-rage/theatre (6, 5)
- 13 Freddie Laker meets Peter, Paul & Mary courtesy TWA! (3, 5)
- 16 A soaking for Willie?
- 17 "Ring Of Hands" was their second album
- 19 Currently enjoying a gold-lined comeback (3, 7)
- 23 Well-meaning folkie
- 25 Former Deep Purple vocalist (3, 6)
- 26 See 24
- 28 & 7 Of Byrds, country-rock and Emmylou connections
- 29 From early '71, Reggie Dwight's first hit 45 (4, 4)

DOWN

- 1 Rod's first for Riva (1, 5, 2, 3, 4)
- 2 Balmy bore (3, 6) (anag)
- 3 Get outta John, baby!
- 4 Had "Hey Girl Don't Bother Me" hit in '71
- 5 Face of '69, album-seller of '76
- 6 A Righteous Brother (4, 6)
- 7 See 28
- 8 The forecast is for storms on Broadway (4, 3, 9)
- 12 One third of LaBelle
- 14 Coop arrangement on West Coast!
- 15 Wrote and sang on "I'm Not In Love" (4, 7)
- 18 See 24
- 20 Bob / . . . / Tweed
- 21 A hit for T. Jones and A. Harvey
- 22 Memphis / . . . / Chance
- 24 & 18 & 26 A 1969 No. 1, and the Stones last single for Decca
- 27 Ms Wilson of Heart

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW

ACROSS: 1 "A Day At The Races"; 7 "It Takes All Night Long"; 9 (Curved) Air; 12 "Pinball Wizard"; 14 Georgie Fame; 16 "Sticky (Fingers)"; 18 Mickie Most; 21 (Phil) Everly; 22 (Bob) Harris; 23 Mose (Allison); 24 (Tim) Rose; 25 (Mose) Allison; 29 Dr Hook; 30 "Sticky Fingers"; 31 Daryl (Hall). DOWN: 1 Animals; 2

"After The Goldrush"; 3 Al Kooper; 4 "Heartbreak Hotel"; 5 (Al) Stewart; 6 Bob (Harris); 8 Grammy; 10 "Please Please Me"; 11 Tim (Rose); 13 Dick Taylor; 15 Grimms; 16 & 17 Sutherland Brothers; 19 "One Man Band"; 20 Curved (Air); 25 "Abbey (Road)"; 26 Phil (Everly); 27 "Road"; 28 U.S.A.

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I THINK Neil Spencer's dismissal last week of the *Gasbag* comment that New Wave bands were "neo-fascist" (see A. Freak's letter) needs to be gone into a little more deeply.

For a start, it's true that not *all* new wave bands have these tendencies, but I think that what A. Freak was getting at was the "potential for fascism" that some of these bands afford, with their worship of hatred, violence and general nihilistic destruction.

Lyrics of songs such as "I'm A Lazy Sod", "Gonna Sniff Some Glue" and "Anarchy In The UK" offer worthlessness and hopelessness as substitutes for Love and Peace of 1967.

This worship of the worthless is reflected in the audience, rather than vice versa.

These youngsters think it's great to disfigure themselves with ugly clothes, short brutish haircuts and safety-pins stabbed through their cheeks.

To my mind that goes far deeper than a mere fashion trend. It's self-hatred, self-abuse, and self denigration. Consequently these fans make ideal fascist-fodder. They consider themselves "The dregs" and have a sort of inverted pride in the fact that society thinks they're worthless.

Given this state of affairs, can't you see Neil, how easy it would be for someone to come and offer a focal point to these kids along the lines of a Hitler figure?

I'm not joking when I say this. A large section of the German electorate who supported the Nazi Party in the 1930s were the young people who'd never voted before, or who'd previously been apathetic.

Given that the Dole Queues and current economic recession are likely to get worse before (and if) they get better, then shouldn't any "fascist potential" be regarded with concern? Also, isn't it sad that these youngsters should regard themselves as worthless and value their own talents and potential so little? As yet another "old hippie" it's *THIS* aspect of punk rock, not the music itself, which I find so depressing.

Who said "Don't let it bring you down?"

Oh well, good to see the Zen Loony's still with us. And young baldie!

CRAZY MAISIE

I base my opinion that the New Wave are not "neo-fascist" not so much on socio-psycho analysis, but simply on the dozen or so New Wave bands I've seen and the camp followers I've talked to, most of whom seem less likely to be sucked in by any Big Brother than their parents or even elder brothers and sisters.

On the whole though, I suspect a major fault in much of the New Wave is that it *doesn't* go deeper than a fashion trend ("and who cares if hair is long or short or grey we know that hair ain't where it's at," as Frank Zappa put it in '68). George Melly suggested that the '60s "revolution" was basically a "Revolt Into Style" (the name of his excellent book). I suggest the '70s "revolution" will be similarly diverted into attitudinising and commercialism.

Maybe we should define who or what a "hippy" is. Charles Manson was called a hippy. Were the crowd at the Reading Festival who threw cans at the Mighty Diamonds hippies? If so, I'll take the New Wave. I admire your concern and positive attitudes but for people just to mouth "Peace and Love" and extol '60s values when the '60s movement so evidently failed is no longer enough. Your approach at least shows commendable thought. — N.S.

"Let us put our trust in the eternal spirit which destroys and annihilates only because it is the unsearchable and eternally creative source of all life. The urge to destroy is also a creative urge."

MICHAEL BAKUNIN (1814-76)

NOWHERE IN your columns have I seen an account of anarchy which does the ideology any credit. People like the Sex Pistols have picked the first 'revolutionary' word out of the shorter Oxford dictionary and are attempting to extract 'publicity mileage' out of something they have no idea of, or its implications and consequences.

Anarchy is the most misunderstood and underrated ideology of modern times. I would suggest that before the term 'anarchy' is freely bandied about, someone ought to sit down and explain to your readers what it's all about; then and only then will clichés such as 'Anarchy in the U.K.' start to have real meaning, rather than being superficial crap currently in vogue.

STEVE, University of Essex

we've got No/HI-G
TO SAY TO YOU
Lit

PRETTY VACANT? Don't you believe it. Betcha this lot got stuck together in the 6th Form commonroom. Altogether now: "The Long To The GenEraTion..."

You have a point. Why pick a negative quote like that one on top, for a start? — N.S.

HAS ZELAH Browne ever seen The Damned, Generation X, Vibrators etc? I'll bet she hasn't; the only way she knows of anything is from mates or what others have written.

Listen, if a critic tells you a film is crap, or that a gig was bad, or that an L.P. isn't worth buying it's his/her opinion, not fact!

The surf is up, let the new wave roll.

DICK, Watford.

AW C'MON Tony, it's not a month gone since NME (Neil Spencer's review of *The Adverts* — Ed) was wondering how, if this is really dole-queue rock, some band could afford a brace of Strats and a grand's worth of P.A. gear. I like your review and am happy to accept that they were crummy and artless — with any size of ay you like — but a dig at their instruments is not fair; I cannot imagine that it is the gear which is preventing them from being better.

(This is a Japanese Export Board public service notice. As the finest cheapo imitation Les Paul guitar player in this village, I can tell you that some of these Jap copies are pretty good. And I hear that, despite the legends, some of the furreal Les Pauls around are pretty not-so-good.)

Thinking it over, the song-quote doesn't make sense — you sure you got it right? I mean, where else you gonna dream? What's the use of dreaming in a mink-lined palace? More to the point, *what* you gonna dream about there? Not shit-filled sewers, that's for sure... I suppose you did get it right. The poor bastards; yes, it is sad.

BRIAN PATE, Wrenningham, Norwich.

All revolves round the ambiguity of "dream" really doesn't it? Dream as in 'aspire', or dream as in 'unconscious' hein? — N.S.

IT IS pathetic that so many people are being conned by this negative bandwagon that preaches apathy toward change.

"What's the use in dreaming when you're living in a shit filled sewer?" sing The Rejects. Punk Rock dismisses so glibly the creative potential of the individual in favour of blankness and submission; why not take the initiative of climbing out of the sewer and doing something positive about your trashy lot, instead of glorifying it in songs, which have no bearing or impact on the status quo, on either a musical or a social level?

Besides who wants to hear music about your shitty sewers...?

Over to you.

TIDDLEY (from my SW3 drain)

That's telling 'em. And the next bloke.

TO THE 'I was so much older then' bag,

"Cross after Cross, Mound after Mound
And no flowers blossom, but are bound,
The dying and the dead in the wreaths,
Sad Crowns for Kings of Underground."

from a poem by J. Griffith-Fairfax, 1917.

As a clapped out old hippie or boring old fart, I begin to wonder whether the spirit of 'Love and Peace' is indeed still amongst us (Zelah Brown 12.2.77).

As a consequence of growing older the majority of us have been forced into accepting the system of jobs, mortgages and responsibility and now realise that we presented about as much threat to the establishment as people who put foreign coins in slot meters.

Although I sympathise with the blank generation in trying to avoid

'the soft machine' they are no more than a very small pimple on the very large arse of our society — an arse that we tried to sweeten with flowers — not lacerate with razor blades. If it seems that I have lost faith in what is essentially my generation, then perhaps you are right for I see no real and lasting signs of its existence today — where are our Richard Nevilles, our Plaster Casters?

With Johnny Rotten and Patti Smith where is the room for love and peace and above all fun? You remember fun.

Well, it was fun while it lasted and now as I sit in my knitted cardigan, ponder over my vegetable seed catalogues and roll another joint, I remember:

"When I should die think only this of me
that there is some corner of a foreign field
that is forever... Woodstock".

ALAN WESTON, Essex.

Richard Neville went back to a sheep farm in Oz I remember. Now he writes for *Punch*. Don't follow leaders. Burn your cardigan and wear your kaftan if you want. Like Zen Loony said last week, it's hard work. Good luck with the growing. (Don't use chemicals.) I mean, look at this next lot... N.S.

WE ARE heartily fed up with the current wave of p'n* alia. They slag us, our music and our beliefs. Can we sit back and let this happen?

No. We have decided to set up an Alternative Fanzine called *Sniffin' Flowers* for all those freaks who are interested in genuine music (i.e. from

Yes to Tangerine Dream, and from Hawkwind to Man). We have a basic editorial staff, but would be pleased of any contributions from any full-blooded hippy that might be interested. We welcome opinions, reviews of concerts and albums, and interviews.

Would potential contributors or anyone that is interested and feels the same as we do please contact: *Sniffin' Flowers* at 12 The Chase, Romford, Essex. Or at 73 Sheringham Avenue, London N.14 4SH.

THREE FRUSTRATED ALTERNATIVES, Whetstone, N.20.

See, it's catching. — N.S.

Extract From "Pigs (Four Of Them)"
Hey you Pink Floyd, Ha Ha charade you are

You big time punk band, Ha Ha charade you are

And with your tour hey what a farce
You're really a good laugh
Really a joker

You can stay down in the south
And "Keep your Animals"
Floyd you con the people
When you don't look to the north.

You're nearly a band
You're nearly a band
But you're really a ghost.
THE GREAT EAGLE, Scotland.

IF 'THE William Tell overture', is the brand new 'hit' from Mike Oldfield, shouldn't someone tell Giocchino Antonio, so he can sue for royalties. LE COMTE ORY, Hayling Island. Who was that masked smart-ass one liner? — N.S.

I AM WRITING with regard to your interview with Carol Grimes in February 19th's issue. You state "Her present group, the London Boogie Band — Mike Woods and Joe Mavetie (guitars), Steve York (bass), Tony O'Malley (keyboards), Jerry (sic) Stannard (drums) — have been together two years, get good reviews and live on Social Security for a good deal of the time."

In fact, Mike, Tony and myself have only been with the band for about five weeks. I have never drawn Social Security in my life and have no intention of ever doing so. I don't make a living from Carol's gigs, but I am able to exist by doing gigs and sessions on a freelance basis as well. As far as I know the same applies to

Edited by
NEIL SPENCER

the current line-up of the band.

While I can see that your implication that we are forced to live off the Welfare State might be aimed towards getting us some sympathy, it is in fact totally false and also harmful to our reputations as professional musicians.

Love, brown rice & safety-pins.

STEVE, York, London NW6.

Delete Carol Grimes & Co. from 'Dole-queue rock' ok chaps? — N.S.

IN YOUR news item (Feb 19) re, Be Bop's bass player Charlie Tumahai and his 18 month battle in vain with the immigration authorities, you conclude "reason for Tumahai's expulsion is basically the Musicians' Union's policy of excluding foreigners from working here."

Since his joining this Union in March 1975 — and as a Commonwealth citizen this was without the 12 month waiting period necessary for 'foreign' (your phrase) musicians — we have repeatedly voiced our approval to the Department of Employment that he should be granted a work permit.

Letting editorial prejudice infringe on straight news reportage is pretty lame journalism, especially where it's based on ignorance of the true facts. MIKE EVANS, Rock Organiser, Musician's Union, London SW1.

We'll take your word for it Mike, but our information via the BeBop press officer was that the DoE was acting in accord with MU wishes. Apologies if we got it wrong. — N.S.

I'D LIKE to thank you for the in-depth (if a trifle belated) review of the Floyd album. The bit that really got me went "... fades in with Waters strumming over Wright's swelling organ."

You a special friend of Julie Burchill, Angus?

GREMLIN, K.G.S.

P.S. How about Roy Harper singing "I'll never find another ewe"?

Or "Baa - baa - baa - Baa - Barbra Ann"? — N.S.

As 20th Century technology relentlessly 'advanced', new and better GASBAGS plied the ozone. Each week an innovatory Bag hit the pages. Then tragedy struck. A Bag collapsed in mid-spiel, crushing letters and consigning signatories to oblivion. Investigation revealed vital weaknesses in Bag structure.

BAG FATIGUE

had arrived



Spot The Hippy. Old Wave meets New Wave at Supersonic: Cpt. Sensible (Damned), Roy Harper (sheep kisser), Rat Scabies, Henry McCullough (Chips).

TEAZERS

A WEEKLY TRUMPETING

"SOMETIMES," SAID **Bill Wyman**, reminiscing about groupies in last Thursday's *Daily Express*, "There'd be a girl hiding behind your shower curtain when you checked into your room. It was very hard to resist. When you were in Cleveland, Ohio, on a cold winter's night, bored and fed-up, it was like manna from heaven." As far as the future's concerned Wyman figures he has five more years with the band before he can set himself up financially and branch out.

Of **Michael Philip** he says: "Mick's a very strong person. He can drag you along if you aren't careful. It's not a problem to me but he does it to many people and then drops them on the way if he gets fed up with them. If I was a jet-setter, ran around the way he does and was in that band of people he mixes with all the time, I might feel overshadowed by him. But as I'm not it doesn't affect me." Among the people Bill chooses to mix with (in the South of France where he lives) is the painter **Marc Chagall**.

For those of you who've been nagging *T-zers* about the state of **Robert Plant's** health and wondering how his car-crashed body will take to touring the US, Good News is brought by The Column That Cares. After abortive attempts to fatten himself up through visiting various physiotherapists, Plant eventually took himself down to Wolverhampton Wanderers FC training ground to join in with the chaps. "Fie," they cried at first, "no rock star prima donna numbers from you, young fellow. If you train with us you train every day." Plucky Percy mucked in like a real man and soon was fitter than ever before. He is also a confirmed Wolves fan.

Steering away from these two philosophical and physical rock star chaps, *T-zers* encounters **Jon Lord** in full babble (again in the *Daily Express*): I'm still a rock and roll musician and I don't think I'm young enough to start a Stravinsky kind of career." Instead he's teaming up

with **Ian Paice** and **Tony Ashton**

... And after *T-zers* reported that the rest of the BeBop Deluxe were travelling everywhere on their current UK tour by Limo while **Bill Nelson** drove himself in his new Jaguar, there comes

the horrid news that Nelson was taken to hospital last week after said motor collided with a lorry in thick fog on the M62. Though he was allowed home after treatment for cuts, a number of gigs had to be cancelled (see news pages).

The saga of **Keef** and his Bentley lingered on last week with the unfortunate fellow being fined £25 for driving without tax or MoT on the night of the Bust.

D. J. Murray The K (the fifth Beatle, remember?) had his lifelong collection of records, tapes and negatives destroyed after a hot-water pipe burst in his £400-a-month suite of rooms. He is suing the agents for £750,000.

Led Zeppelin to play New York's Madison Square Garden in the early summer for "an extended run". (And run and run and run).

T-zers correspondent at Malibu Colony reports that **Emmylou Harris** is still desirous of recording an elpee avec **Dolly Parton** and **Linda Ronstadt**. Indeed, the threesome would have been together on Emmylou's recent "Luxury Liner" had Linda not been stricken down with flu.

Why does **J. J. Cale** douse his upper body in talcum powder before stepping on stage? Does he just have a very greasy body or is there more to this than meets the eye? And what on earth are these horrid tales of the laid-back fellow having wrecked his hotel room on his last visit to London??

Now it can be revealed: **Phil Collins** nearly quit **Genesis** during rehearsals for "The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway" album.



Just one suck from my trunk and all these *T-zers* will disappear off this page. So no more pigs, okay?

Les Feelgoods currently recording at Rockfield — where **The Pirates** are also presently entrenched — with US production luminary Bert de Coteaux at the helm. Bert's past includes a fab string of successes including **Ben E. King's** "Supernatural Thing".

Meanwhile, back in the smoke, **Lee Brilleaux** was doing 'is Big Bruvver' fing at **Eddie & The 'Ot Rods** post-Rainbow bash. "Owd it go tonight? 'Ear yer did alright," said Lee, elbowing his way to the bar past two of The Rods, who avowed to having been just a shade nervous about their first real concert appearance. "Nah," counselled Lee, "Yer dun it once, yer can do it a fahsand times."

At same gig, the over-enthusiastic **Hot Rods'** army allegedly took out of service some 184 of the Rainbow seats. As Lee said, "Unnerd 'n' eighty-four seats... at two quid a seat... that's erhh... erhh... that's a fair chunk outa yer wages. (Pause) Mine's an 'Arvey Wallbanger... vodka an' orange juice."

There's nowt as funny as folks, folkies and old blues singers. Octogenarian blues vet **Furry Lewis** is apparently well and truly peeved at **Joni Mitchell's** "Furry Sings The Blues" composition on her "Hejira" elpee. "The woman (Joni) came over here and I treated her right, just like I does everybody that comes over," Furry told *Rolling Stone* magazine, "... then she goes and puts it all down on record, using my name and giving me nothing!" The reply from the La Mitchell camp is that Joni merely mentions Furry's name (in the title line) and the rest of the song is about his neighbourhood, Beale Street, in general.

"Och. It's terrible difficult findin' good material, y'ken," sez **Maggie Bell**, currently searching upstairs, downstairs and in the lady's chamber for suitable "hit material" for a 45.

Bah, Humbug: After triumphant near-sellout gig at Nashville last Friday night, **Lemmy's** magnificent **Motorhead** banned from the venue because "they attract the wrong sort of audience."

Elliot Randall, occasional **S. Dan** guitarist, recently in London jamming with **Gonzales**.

Well, better late than never (as teacher used to say when *T-zers* handed in their homework): Hollywood moguls are after **A. Faith** (36) to star in

a full length feature film of **Budgie**, the character he played in the British TV series.

Phil Lynott, whose beat group **T. Lizzy** is currently causing **Queen** a few problems with their support spot on the US tour, feels it's a compliment when people compare his singing style to **Bruce Springsteen**. "It's a compliment if they like me, but an insult if they say I'm copying. But **Van Morrison** — I openly

admit I've tried to copy him. Van is the man."

A mixture of tour fatigue and flu afflicting dapper **Daryl Hall** caused the last minute cancellation of **Hall & Oates** Hammersmith gig last Tuesday week.

Hundreds of men with beards, polo neck sweaters and duffle coats were trampled to death in a riot by ticketless fans at Manchester University during which police were called. They were anxious because they couldn't get tickets for **Ralph McTell**.

And sticking with earnestness, *T-zers* hears that **Alan Stivell** is getting that Celtic thing together by recording his latest chart contender in Fowey (pronounced *Foy* for those purists amongst you) in Cornwall.

"What was Mick's reaction," asked the *Sunday Express's* **Roderick Mann** of **Bianca Jagger**, "when you said you wanted to come to Hollywood?" "He said 'Good'," replied Bianca, "If you do well you'll be able to pay your share of the rent." Oh, by the way, *T-zers* hears that whilst Mick remains in Long Island writing a screenplay, the Sunset Boulevard located Bianca is walking out with **Ryan O'Neill**.

Lady Forkbender to take part in a "Desert Island Disc" style programme being made by

Southern TV. The jolly fine idea is for Forkie to choose — on lavender notepaper, *T-zers* presumes — the five movies with which she'd pass the time should she ever be stranded on Patrick Moore's favourite orb.

"I have no plans for a divorce," says **Fleetwood Mac's** **Christine McVie** of her now-ended marriage to band bassist **John**, "although it may crop up eventually. John and I have a wonderful relationship now."

What a changed fellow: **Marc Bolan** arrived an hour early for his NME interview last Friday (see upcoming ish).

The Dictators and **The Shirts** strongly rumoured for Paris, London and other UK gigs at end of March.

Moody Blues seem to be readying themselves for re-forming. (Can you see them playing down the Roxy?)

Roger Daltrey gets his first composer credit on his new solo album, with three songs co-written with **Dave Courtney** and **Tony Meehan**.

Roy Harper now pronounced cured from the sheep virus he picked up giving one of his flock the kiss of life. Incidentally, *T-zers* hears that since the primal screamer contracted the disease audiences on his tour have been greeting his appearances with strange bleating sounds.

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