

**Bob Dylan's divorce; Graham Parker's dream;
Nils Lofgren's feet; Peter Gabriel's chances.**

**new
MUSICAL
EXPRESS**

**The Idiot
& The
Oddity**

**IGGY & BOWIE:
THIN WHITE PROFILES
NUMBERS 1 & 2**

Cover pages

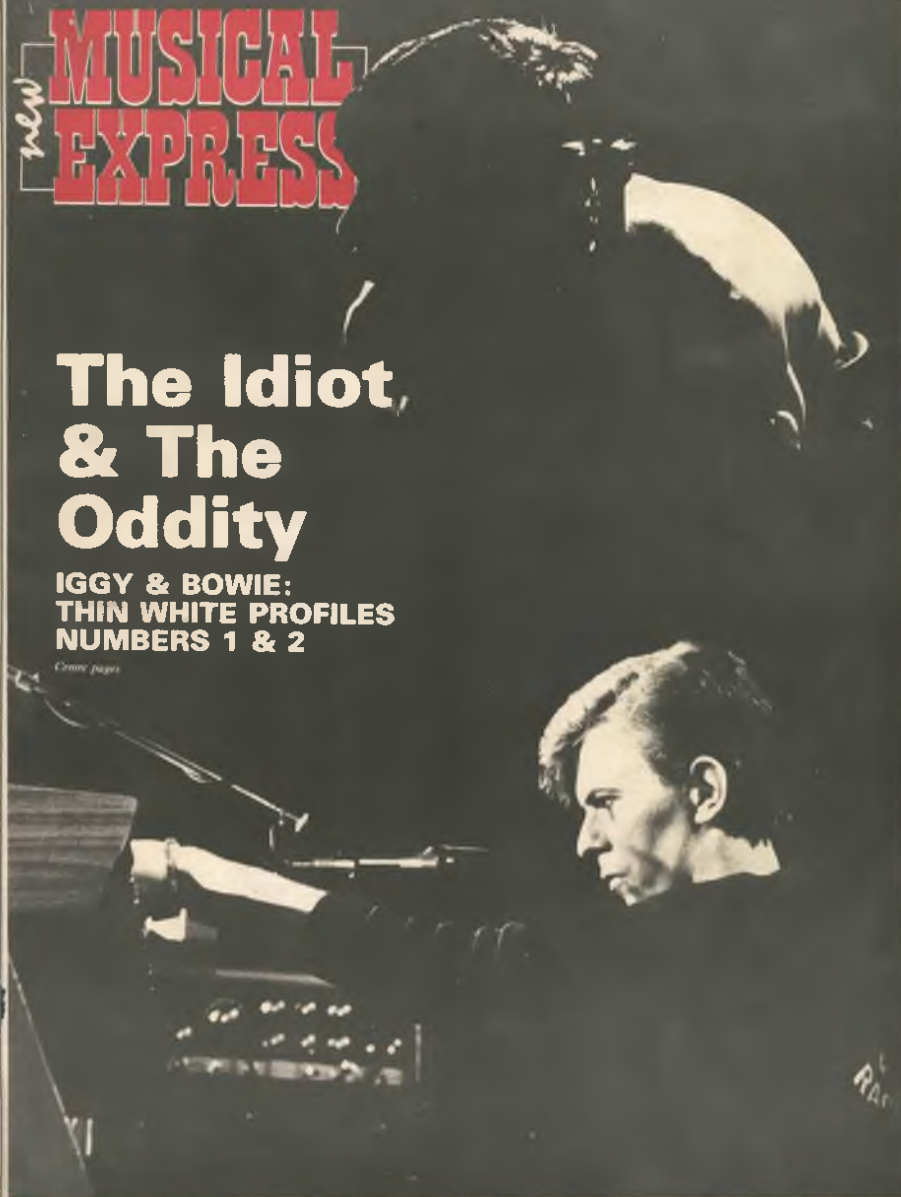


Photo: CHARLIE DAVIES

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

THE WHO RAINBOW SEASON?

NME LEARNED this week of a plan for The Who to headline a string of London concerts to coincide with the Queen's Silver Jubilee celebrations. It is understood that the project involves nine days at the Rainbow Theatre. Exact timing of the season could not be ascertained, but it is believed to be mooted for late May or early June.

It would follow comparatively soon after Elton John's six days at the Rainbow in the first week of May. And it reflects the Rainbow's increasing policy to attract names for period bookings rather than one-off concerts.

No official confirmation of the gigs could be obtained at presstime. The Who's publicist commented: "They have a very busy time ahead in the studios, with a new Who album and various solo LPs to make, and I've heard nothing about London concerts. But that doesn't mean they won't do them!"



Reed visit in May

AFTER MUCH speculation about his on-off British visit, it was officially announced this week that Lou Reed is definitely set for concerts in this country. He will be here during the first week of May, although his visit is being restricted to London, where he will headline two or three major concerts. Precise details of dates and venue are at present being finalised, and will be released in a week or two.

Reed's London gigs come at the tail end of an extensive European tour, opening on March 22 and lasting until the end of April — taking in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Germany, Belgium, France, Switzerland and Austria.

It will be his first British visit for over two years, and his current act is built around his recently-released Arista album "Rock And Roll Heart". The musicians featured on the LP are also backing him on his European jaunt — they are Michael Fonfara (keyboards), Bruce Yaw (bass), Michael Suchorski (drums) and Marty Fogel (sax).

Chuck Berry: London venue

DETAILS OF Chuck Berry's major London concert, which kicks off his short British in mid-spring, have now been finalised by promoter Derek Block — who announces that the veteran U.S. star is to headline at the New Victoria Theatre on Friday, April 29.

Berry's previously-reported one-nighter at Batley Variety Club has been brought forward two days to May 1, to enable two gigs in Ireland to be slotted into his

itinerary — at Belfast ABC Theatre (3) and Dublin National Stadium (4).

Other gigs remain as revealed by NME six weeks ago — Birmingham Odeon (May 5), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (6), Sunderland Empire (7) and Liverpool Empire (8). There is a possibility of a Glasgow date being added on May 2, but this is still awaiting confirmation. After his British visit, Berry begins an extensive tour of Europe.

Tom Waits in town

TOM WAITS plays the only British date in his short European tour when he headlines at the new Sound Circus venue in London's Kingsway (formerly the Royalty Theatre) on Sunday, May 1. Although this is his only gig, promoter Frederick Bannister is at present negotiating a TV appearance for Waits, whose visit was exclusively forecast by NME five weeks ago.

Widowmaker: dates, venues confirmed

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the first heading tour by Widowmaker, plans were revealed last week. The opening coincides with the April 1 release of their new Jet album "Too Late To Cry", the first to feature their new lead vocalist John Butler. Gigs in May have still to be finalised, but those booked for next month are:

Cromer West Runton Pavilion (April 1), Northampton County Ground (2), Barnsley Civic Hall (7), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (9), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (13), Newcastle Mayfair (15), Wigan Casino (16), Carlisle Market Hall (21), Edinburgh University (22), Glasgow Strathclyde University (23), Redcar Coatham Bowl (24), Canterbury Kent University (26), Brighton Top Rank (27), Sheffield Polytechnic (29) and Manchester University (30).

John Cale dates



The Boys

JOHN CALE is now confirmed for a string of British dates, as exclusively forecast by NME two weeks ago. He headlines a package which also features British new-wave bands The Clash and another outfit, who will probably be The Boys. And the tour is climaxed by two major London concerts during the Easter holiday.

Dates so far confirmed are Ipswich Corn Exchange (April 5), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (6), London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (Easter Sunday and Monday, 10 and 11), Cambridge Corn Exchange (15), Southend Kursaal (16), Maidenhead Skindles (17), Plymouth Top Rank (18), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (19), Liverpool Eric's Club (21), Manchester Free Trade Hall (22), Birmingham Barbarella's (23), Leeds University (24), and Stafford Top Of The World (25).

Further gigs up to May 3 have still to be finalised, bringing the total up to about 20, and these will be announced shortly. The package then moves to Europe for the period May 5-12.

The tour provides a major break for both British outfits. The Clash's reputation is already growing steadily, and The Boys — if they are confirmed — will be further boosted by their signing with Nems Records who release their single "I Don't Care" early next month. The Boys also have gigs in their own right at Leicester University (tomorrow, Friday) and London Covent Garden Roxy Club (March 16 and 24), before playing a five-day stint at Paris Gibus Club from March 30.

Clash in two London gigs

THE CLASH headline two new-wave shows at the Harlesden Coliseum in North-West London this weekend. Also appearing in the first gig tomorrow (Friday) are Subway Sect and the Buzzcocks, while Generation X and Flits support on Saturday. The venue is an established bingo parlour which, according to the promoter, "has now been rescued for occasional gigs by upcoming bands".

Stranglers at Roundhouse

THE STRANGLERS are to headline their first major London concert, topping the bill at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, April 17. It will be their first appearance in the capital since, when supporting Climax Blues Band at the Rainbow, they were turned off stage by GLC executives. Two support acts have still to be named, but tickets are already on sale, all at the one price of £1.70. Promoters are Straight Music.

Streetwalkers at the Circus

& ALBION DANCE BAND

STREETWALKERS, who recently completed a British concert tour, are back in action again next week when they headline a one-off London concert at the new Sound Circus venue in Kingsway.

Their act is to be filmed for inclusion in a new half-hour Thames TV series, starting next month. Support act is Burlesque, and tickets are now on sale at £2.50 and £2.

Albion Dance Band have also been booked for a Sound Circus concert, appearing there next Tuesday (15). Other acts already

set for this venue include John Miles (tonight and tomorrow, 10-11), the Gordon Giltrap Band (this Sunday) and Can (March 23-24). For more details of Sound Circus, see Gig Guide, page 44.

HELLO, JOE!

JOE are a new three-piece outfit featuring ex-King Crimson bassist Gordon Haskell, ex-Curved Air drummer Jim Russell and ex-Stomu Yamashta guitarist Hiroshi Kato. Their debut single "How Can I Resist?" has just been released by GTO Records, with an album and debut gigs to follow shortly.

METAL KIDS — gone but not forgotten!

HEAVY METAL KIDS, who have been inactive since the departure last summer of vocalist Gary Holton, have their album "Kitch" released by Rak in early May. But this does not indicate that the band are about to stage a comeback — on the contrary, they appear now to have disintegrated. Keyboard player John Sinclair has also left and, although the remaining three — Ronnie Thomas, Keith Boyce and Barry Paul — are still keen to work together, they are unlikely to re-emerge as the Kids. A spokesman explained: "The album is coming out simply because producer Mickie Most thought it was too good to leave on the shelf."

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

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TICKETS £2.00, £1.50, £1.00 (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

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

U.S. visitors: Tops, Brass Construction

● **BRASS CONSTRUCTION** fly in next month for their first-ever visit to this country. They are joining the previously-reported Detroit Spinners' British tour, taking in Birmingham Odeon (April 22), Dunstable California (23, instead of 30 as announced two weeks ago), Liverpool Empire (24), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (30 instead of 23) and Croydon Fairfield Hall (May 1). The major London date for the tour has now been set for the Hammersmith Odeon on April 29. Construction, who arrive in Britain on April 11, will also be playing a string of dates in their own right — and these are at present being set.

THE FOUR TOPS undertake a concert and cabaret tour starting at the end of next month, their first-ever spring tour of this country, all their previous visits having been in the autumn. Dates confirmed by promoter Arthur Howes are at Dunstable California (April 30), Birmingham Nite Out (May



2-7), Manchester Golden Carter (9-14), Wakefield Theatre Club (15-21), Sheffield Fiesta (23-28) and London Palladium (29). The venue for a concert on May 1 has still to be finalised.

● **RANDY EDELMAN** is now confirmed for three other British concert appearances, in addition to his opening date — reported last week — at Croydon Fairfield Hall on April 12. Promoted by Dudley Russell, he plays Birmingham Town Hall (April 14), London Royal Festival Hall (15) and Manchester Ardwick Apollo (17). Tickets for the Festival Hall show go on sale next Tuesday (15), but the other three box-offices are open already.

● **SONNY TERRY** and **BROWNIE MCGHEE**'s British tour dates have now been confirmed. After playing concerts in Belfast (April 19) and Dublin (16), the blues duo visit Penzance Winter Gardens (April 19), Plymouth Woods Centre (20), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (21), London Central Polytechnic (22), Leeds Polytechnic (23), Manches-

ter Royal Exchange Theatre (24), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (25), Lancaster University (26), York University (27), Plymouth Guildhall (29), Cambridge Corn Exchange (30) and London New Victoria Theatre (May 1).

● **BILL ANDERSON** headlines a British concert tour in May, supported by Mary Lou Turner and the Po'folks. Dates are Belfast Ulster Hall (May 3), Ipswich Gaumont (6), Birmingham Hippodrome (7), London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (8), Portsmouth Guildhall (11), Southport New Theatre (12), Aberdeen Music Hall (13), Glasgow Apollo Centre —(14) and Eastbourne Congress (15).

● **THE STYLISTICS** have added another London date to their British tour itinerary, opening in Manchester this Sunday. Their concert at the Royal Albert Hall on March 22 is now sold out, so they have slotted in an extra show at the London Palladium on April 3.

● **THE EXCITERS** return to Britain for a 12-day one-nighter tour, starting April 13. MAJOR LANCE has a string of dates lined up for the period April 30-May 8. DETROIT EMERALDS are coming in with their complete U.S. show for a nine-day tour starting May 23. BEN E. KING tours Britain again from June 26 to July 3. All these visits are being lined up by promoter Barry Collings.

● **NILS LOFGREN** is now planning a British tour in May, although promoter Ian Wright had not previously been expecting him to come in before the autumn. Said Wright: "Nils has made it plain that he's fed up with the American circuit, and wants to return here as soon as possible. His manager has promised to give me a precise period within a few days, and I shall then start setting dates. But it now looks like May."

Campbell event

GLEN CAMPBELL is to give two special performances at London Royal Festival Hall on Saturday, April 2, as an addition to his previously reported British tour schedule. The concerts will trace his career from the outset to the present day and, in addition to his regular backing band, he will be backed by the 75-piece Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. The shows will be filmed for worldwide TV distribution by BBC producer Terry Hughes, and they will also be recorded by Capitol for a live album. Promoter Jeffrey Kruger announces that tickets are now on sale priced £7.50, £6.50, £5.50, £4 and £2.50.

ON THE ROAD

MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden has decided to go ahead with its policy of twice-weekly gigs, due to its initial success. Bookings for the remainder of this month are the **Foster Brothers** (tomorrow, Friday), **Cherry Vanilla** and **Johnny Thunder** (Saturday), **Nasty Pop** (18), **S.A.L.T.** (19), **Shanghai** (25) and **Warren Harry** (26).

MR. BIG, currently high in the charts with their single "Romeo", return from their current American tour in mid-spring to headline their own British tour. It will take in 25 dates, starting in early May, and the itinerary will be announced shortly.

THE MOTORS — the new band fronted by ex-Ducks Deluxe men Nick Garvey (guitar and lead vocals) and Andy McMaster (bass and joint lead vocals) — have upcoming gigs at **London Islington Hope & Anchor** (tonight, Thursday), **London Royal College of Art** (Friday), **London Camden Dingwalls** (Saturday), **Middlesbrough Town Hall** (March 18), **Sunderland Polytechnic** (19) and **Leicester Polytechnic** (23). They spend the last week of March recording their debut single, before going back on the road in April. Also in the line-up are ex-Renaissance member Rob Hendry and ex-Snakes drummer Richard Wernham.

SACHA DISTEL plays **Barrow Civic Hall** (April 22), **Preston Guildhall** (23), **Bletchley Leisure Centre** (24), **Bradford Alhambra** (25), **Bournemouth Winter Gardens** (27), **Eastbourne Congress** (29), **Slough Thames Hall** (30), **London Palladium** (May 1), **Bedford Nite Spot** (2), **Solihull New Cresta** (4-7), **Dublin Fiesta** (9 week), **Croydon Fairfield Hall** (20), **Wolverhampton Civic Hall** (21), **Ashton-under-Lyne Tameside Theatre** (22), **Glasgow City Hall** (23), **Aberdeen Capitol** (24), **Inverness Eden Court** (25), **Edinburgh Usher Hall** (26), **Bridlington Spa Pavilion** (27), **Cambridge Kerridge Hall** (28) and **Great Yarmouth Wellington Pier** (29).

TYLA GANG next week complete their involvement in the Doctors of Madness-Pat Travers Band package tour, then have solo gigs in their own right at **London Covent Garden Rock Garden** (March 23), **Ipswich The Manor** (24), **Liverpool Eric's Club** (25), **Manchester Electric Circus** (26), **London Kensington Nashville** (27) and **London Camden Dingwalls** (April 2).

GRIND, the three-piece hard rock band, have gigs at **Bromley Stockwell College** (tomorrow, Friday), **High Wycombe Nags Head** (March 19 and 25), **Reading Target Club** (23), **Harlow Technical College** (26), **Cromer West Runton Pavilion** (April 1), **Leeds Florde Green Hotel** (8), **Manchester Electric Circus** (9), **Birmingham Barbarella's** (10), **Birmingham Bogart's** (13), **Bedworth Furness Inn** (14), **Northampton County Ground** (16), **Reading Target Club** (21) and **Romford Albemarle Club** (24).

PINK FAIRIES headline a benefit concert for release at **Brighton Sussex University** tomorrow (Friday). The all-nighter also features Tim Blake (ex-Gong), Here & Now, Mirror, Skywhale and Amazorblades, among others. Admission is £1.80 on the doors.

ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION are coming to Britain shortly for TV and radio appearances, plus a few selected gigs. Their visit is to promote their new Polydor album and single, titled "A Rock And Roll Alternative" and "So Into You" respectively.

HEATWAVE, who are enjoying a smash hit in the NME Chart with their single "Boogie Nights", are going out on an extensive tour running from mid-March until the end of May. First gigs set are **Birkenhead Hamilton Club** (March 15), **Hucknall M.W.C.** (16), **Stoke Bailey's** (17-19), **Swansea Top -Rank** (20), **Portsmouth Locarno** (22), **Bristol Bailey's** (23), **Derby Bailey's** (24-26), **Jack-sdale Grey Topper** (27) and **Birmingham La Dolce Vita** (28-April 2). Dates for April and May are still being finalised.



STEVE GIBBONS BAND will again be the support act on the re-arranged Be-Bop Deluxe concerts which, as previously reported, were cancelled owing to Bill Nelson's injury in a car accident. These are at **London Hammersmith Odeon** (March 25-26), **Bristol Colston Hall** (27), **Bournemouth Winter Gardens** (28) and **Eastbourne Congress** (29). The Gibbons Band also have dates in their own right at **London College of Printing** (tonight, Thursday), **Bromley Stockwell College** (Friday) and **Southampton University** (Saturday).

JOHN OTWAY and **Wild Willie Barratt** are on tour again, with gigs at **Bedworth Furness Inn** (tonight Thursday), **London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle** (Friday), **Oxford Oranges and Lemons** (Saturday and Sunday), **London Islington Hope & Anchor** (March 18), **Aylesbury Friars** (19), **Oxford Polytechnic** (24), **Cromer West Runton Pavilion** (25), **London Kensington Nashville** (28) and the **Hope & Anchor** again (29). More are being set.

GIGGLES have five dates this month — at **Northampton College** (tomorrow, Friday), **Portsmouth Polytechnic** (Saturday), **Hereford College of Education** (March 18), **Brighton Polytechnic** (19) and **Fishguard Frenchman's Motel** (26).

CHARLIE are to support the Kinks in their one-off London concert, announced last week, at the Rainbow Theatre on March 24. The other newly-booked dates for Charlie are at **Newcastle University** (March 19) and **Derby King's Hall** (23).



ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL

PICTURED left are Texas country rock band Asleep At The Wheel, who make their British debut by way of a one-off concert at **London Hammersmith Odeon** on April 16. They take time off from their European tour with **Emmylou Harris** to play this gig, their only U.K. appearance. Promoted by **Straight Music**, who announce that tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. The band's third album "The Wheel" is released by **Capitol** on April 7.

CHOCOLATE TOUR

HOT CHOCOLATE headline a major concert tour starting in ten days' time. Dates so far confirmed by promoter Ian Wright of MAM are **Coventry Theatre** (March 20), **Swansea Brangwyn Hall** (21), **Southampton Gaumont** (22), **Preston Guildhall** (23), **Manchester Ardwick Apollo** (24), **Birmingham Odeon** (25), **Bracknell Sports Centre** (26), **Bradford St. George's Hall** (28), **Chester ABC Theatre** (29) and **Southend Kursaal** (April 2).

Several more gigs have still to be finalised, running up to Easter, and the tour will climax in a major London concert — probably on Easter Sunday. Details of these additional concerts will be announced next week, along with the name of the support act. Tickets are now on sale at all the above venues, with a maximum admission price of £2.50.

Soul tour extension

DAVID SOUL is to prolong his short British concert tour, opening in **Glasgow** next Monday (14), in order to headline a special charity event at **Southampton Gaumont** on Monday, March 21.

Billed as "A Royal Gala Evening Of Stars", it is being staged in aid of the **Graham Hill Appeal**, with proceeds going to the **Royal Orthopaedic Hospital**. **Earl Mountbatten of Burma** will attend the concert, which also features — among others — the **Goodies**, **George Melly** and the **Footwarmers**, the **New Seekers** and **New Edition**.

● **Radio Luxembourg** are repeating their hour-long **David Soul** interview at 9pm on March 21. And on March 24, **Lux** present an **Elton John** evening from 7.45pm to 1am.

OSIBISA GIGS

OSIBISA headline five British concert dates starting at the end of this month, following their return from Africa — where, ten days ago, they performed at a major open-air event with **Stevie Wonder** sitting in as special guest!

Their handful of gigs in this country are at **Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic** (March 25), **Croydon Fairfield Hall** (27), **Cromer West Runton Pavilion** (April 2), **Hemel Hempstead Pavilion** (3) and **Maidenhead Skindles** (10).

Highlights of **Osibisa's** African jaunt came in the Nigerian town

on **Tafawa** where, on the first night, they played to 10,000 people in a concert televised throughout the continent. The next evening they headlined a stadium gig before a 60,000 crowd, and it was here that they were joined by **Wonder** — who, besides singing with **Osibisa**, also performed a drum duet with **Sol Amarfa**.

Said **Wonder**: "I haven't come to **Nigeria** to perform as a soloist, simply to sit in with **Osibisa**." The band have now moved on to **Ghana**, where they are currently appearing in **Accra**.

ZEP COMEBACK

DETAILS OF **Led Zeppelin's** comeback tour of North America were announced this week by manager **Peter Grant**. The band play a total of 41 major concerts between the beginning of April and early July — including a string of six appearances at both **New York Madison Square Garden** and **Los Angeles Forum**.

The tour was originally scheduled to open last week on **America's West Coast**, but was delayed when singer **Robert Plant** went down with acute tonsillitis. Ironically, it was **Plant's** car-smash

injuries which had previously kept **Zeppelin** off the road for over a year.

The band's itinerary now starts in **Toronto** on April 1, and the **West Coast** dates have been rearranged for the tail end of the tour.

Zeppelin had been due to complete their U.S. commitments on June 14 but, with revised gigs now carrying them into July, their projected return to the British concert arena will be delayed until the latter part of the summer — at the earliest.

ROUGH DIAMOND'S NAME RETURNED

London debut in May

THE NEW **Island Records** band featuring **David Byron**, **Clem Clempson** and **Geoff Britton** are now, as the result of an out-of-court settlement reached last week, free to continue using the name **Rough Diamond**. And they are to make their British debut by way of a major London concert at the **Rainbow Theatre** on Wednesday, May 11.

As previously reported, **Byron & Co.** ran into trouble when the **High Court** granted an injunction preventing them from calling

The out-of-court agreement, between the lawyers of the two parties concerned, gives the **Island** band the sole use of the name **Rough Diamond**. It appears that a financial settlement was made upon the **West London** outfit, who have agreed to change their name.

"**Rough Diamond**", the band's debut album, is released by **Island** in Britain on April 1. They tour Europe from April 22 to May 8, before returning for the **Rainbow** gig. It is not yet known if they will be playing any other British dates at this time, although it seems unlikely as a U.S. promotional visit is also being lined up.

SOMETHING
MAGIC

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SO I WENT from day to day
Oh my life was in a rut
Till I thought of what I'd say
Which connection I should cut
I was feeling part of the scenery
I walked right out of the machinery

— Peter Gabriel ("Solsbury Hill")

THE LATE SEVENTIES are here and The Rock Machine isn't always a turn-on anymore.

In fact to some it's distinctly repugnant as readers of this paper should have noticed if they read Ian MacDonald's review of Bowie's "Low" or have been paying any attention to the punks' and their supporters' wacry of "Back to the streets" (though, in the case of the latter, I wonder how much of it is being anti for anti's sake, and just how many of them wouldn't relish the prospect of being the rich old pop stars they supposedly despise?)

But actually to come out against the all-powerful and utterly seductive Rock Machine when you're part of it — the beast itself swelling your ego and bank account alike — is another thing, an entirely admirable one at that and perhaps even art for art's sake. Which is just what Peter Gabriel did when he quit Genesis two years ago, immediately prior to their final thrust towards the top of the British rock hierarchy.

Alright, I know you could say such a move was ego for ego's sake, but having met Gabriel a couple of times and listened to his recently-released first solo album, there's more to it than that.

AS GABRIEL'S publicist notes with an air of relieved satisfaction, the former Genesis figurehead is a lot easier for an interviewer to deal with these days. Whilst hardly the world's most languid subject, he — like his erstwhile colleagues Tony Banks, Mike Rutherford and Steve Hackett — has mellowed out considerably in the past few years.

It still takes a good half-hour before this extremely articulate human being actually relaxes and begins to assemble his

PETER GABRIEL made it big. It got to him. He pulled out. Now he's back. What's his excuse? STEVE CLARKE asks.

utterances into anything like lucidity, but there's not so much a hint of a stutter from Gabriel's mouth these days.

Gabriel actually feels more comfortable in front of a camera — or anywhere else where he can project a visual image, rather than a verbal one. On the other hand he certainly isn't a vain man, couldn't give a toss for fashion and today looks for all the world like a Sixties provincial rocker who hasn't got it quite right.

The biker's jacket is fine — in fact it's the same one he wore to depict Rael (the New York punk around whom "The Lamb" was built) on his last tour with Genesis. And the black roll neck sweater beneath the open-necked white shirt is okay, but the jeans are on the sloppy side, not to mention the sneakers....

Gabriel has driven down from his apparently immodest home on the outskirts of Bath for this day of interviews — which means he was up at

seven this morning.

Favourite listening for Gabriel in his car of late is none other than Bowie's "Low".

"I think it's a very interesting album," he opines. "There's an edge he gets to Side One that the punks don't get near — the menace in the guitar, bass and drums."

He rarely sits down in front of his stereo to listen to music and, on the few occasions he buys a record it's usually something he and his daughter can dance to.

These days Gabriel is almost exclusively into songwriters. He lists among his favourites Bruce Springsteen, Randy Newman, Paul McCartney, Joni Mitchell, and Becker-Fagen.

Springsteen's much-maligned autumn '75 Hammersmith gigs, of which Gabriel saw the second concert, was the most exciting thing he's seen onstage in a long time. ("I didn't think I'd like it at all, but it moved me simply because he was feeling something himself.")

Gabriel's partiality to Springsteen is evident on the refrain of the first part of "Humdrum", the song which closes Side One of the solo album. And "Waiting For The Big One", the second of Side Two's quartet of songs dealing with the apocalypse (Bowie and Jackson Browne aren't the only ones who've seen the end coming down), lies somewhere between Newman's compassionate cynicism and Tom Waits's booze-drenched pathos.

But that's only half the story since Gabriel also employs a highly unpredictable arrangement for what is basically a sleazy slow blues, characterised at first by the perfectly absurd piano of Jozef Chirowski and later by the devilishly precise power chords of the great Steve Hunter, heavy-metal supremo to Lou Reed and Alice Cooper in the past. Just to keep you guessing a choir sings the final choruses.

MORE THAN ANYTHING else, Gabriel now wants to forge an identity for himself as a songwriter.

He thinks it'll be easier for him to do this in America, where he's currently touring, than in Britain where he

considers himself thought of as primarily a performer. And because Genesis seem to sound the same now as when he was in the band, he reasons it will be more difficult for him to be accepted as a songwriter here.

Says Gabriel: "When I was first with the band I got credited with writing everything. That wasn't true. Now I get credited with writing nothing, but if you ask Tony and Mike, the group's two main music writers, they'll tell you I used to end up doing all the vocal melodies."

Gabriel, of course, was also the group's major lyricist, responsible for the often impenetrable, not to mention precious, mesh of glimpses into mundane British life, cosmic buffoonery and Alice In Wonderland fantasy that made up much of the group's lyrics. Even so, it is difficult not to be moved by the combined effects of the words and music to, say, "Supper's Ready" — and Gabriel's saving grace was always the quirky sense of humour he injected into the group's material.

These days Gabriel's songs are much more down to earth lyrically and feature relatively modest arrangements.

"Solsbury Hill" is the most overtly personal song on the album. As well as dealing with how he saw his situation in Genesis, the song is a joyous celebration of the life-force.

With its simple and infectious melody and arrangement, you get the feeling Gabriel's quitting the band was like having the proverbial weight lifted from his shoulders.

Although Gabriel wanted to get away from the Genesis song-format — quasi-orchestral arrangements etc — and make a simple album (hence there's no lyric-sheet), it wasn't always easy. Originally "Solsbury Hill" had seven sections, but with the help of Canadian producer Bob Ezrin, veteran of several Alice Cooper and Lou Reed albums, Gabriel was able to prune it down to two.

Even so, there are parts of the album that do resemble Genesis musically, especially "Humdrum" and the closing epic, "Before the Flood", musically a romantic statement, high on melody and with masses of Mellotron. A sublimely well-constructed solo from Dick Wagner (Hunter's partner in crime) adds another side to it.

AS FAR AS Gabriel is concerned the only lyrical resemblance between what he's doing now and what he laid down with Genesis is his sense of humour, something which he feels is now missing from the band. With some reticence he says:

"I don't like their lyrics. I don't think they now get any actual pleasure out of seeing words down on paper. I don't think it's so important to them — but there's still some really nice melodies there."

"I don't reckon I'm a great

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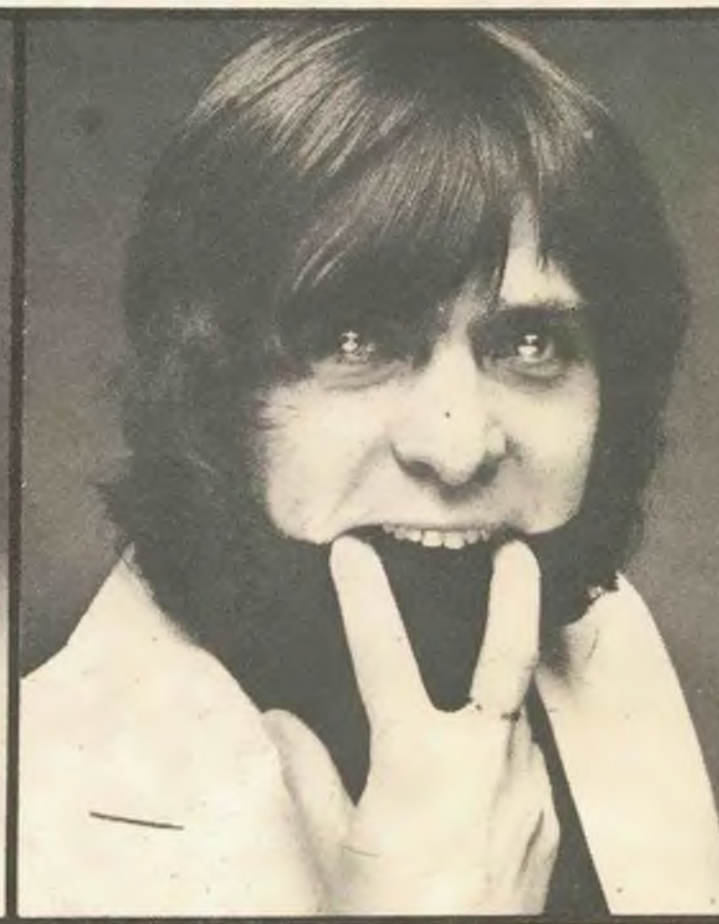
You wanna know what I think about rock stars?



Some of us are farts.



Some of us are punks.



Some of us pull faces.



Some of us have personality problems.

■ From previous page

lyricist but I think there's as much a craft involved in writing lyrics as there is in writing music. I don't think the band at the moment give it that much priority."

Since quitting the group over two years ago, he's seen them perform three times — at Hammersmith last summer (for my money one of last year's finest gigs) and twice on their recent British tour (at the Rainbow where the tour opened and at the last gig, in Bristol).

"I enjoyed the band at Hammersmith but I was disappointed at the Rainbow where Chester (Thompson — the group's new second drummer) looked like a fish out of water. The feel wasn't coming through at all. Bristol was much better."

So what does he think of Genesis these days?

"When I was with the band the emphasis was more on songs than musicianship, but now the playing and the execution has come up to match and maybe go ahead of the writing in terms of what they choose to feature. Because when I listen back to some of the other Genesis records I can hear what we were going for and how we failed on occasions to get the right feel or the right intensity or enough space."

"I remember quite often nervously filling holes which should have been left empty and I think they're better at that now."

"In some ways Phil is a better singer than I am from a technical point of view. Apart from anything else he has more control over his voice."

"Phil approaches it as a musician and gets it to sound better."

"I think the actual things written in the songs probably mean more to me and I tend to think I sang them as much as

possible with....I don't know....with emotion in the sense they mean more to me. So with 'Supper's Ready' I miss that."

Gabriel's pleased Genesis have enjoyed greater success since his splitting, however anxious he is to carve his own niche all over again and with different implements.

"If they hadn't been able to get going when I left I would have felt bad about it. At the time of my leaving they said I'd destroyed things for them and was being selfish. I was only gradually that they got back their own self confidence."

"Now there's no question of me having damaged it. I think my leaving in fact kicked some fresh air into the band. While in some ways they resented me being up front they also sheltered behind me. And they had a responsibility when I left to come up with something strong."

"There was considerable emotional resentment because I got all the press. I felt Genesis were taking less risks. Maybe my leaving changed that."

"Had I stayed, things looked very rosey. We seemed just about to break America and in my mind, as far as ego and ambition went I was always a year ahead anyway. So I thought we were as big as I wanted to go."

"And some of the fire seemed to be going out of the music."

DOES HE REGARD his former colleagues as rich old pop stars, then?

"No," he replies without any of his characteristic hesitation. "I regard them as people I spent two years with and am still friendly with."

"I think there are factors built into their situation — which are built into any situation as successful as that — which are conservative, which have to consider business inter-

(GABRIEL FABLES continued)

"Which isn't to say I don't — but just the very scale of things, the number of people involved, means that the machine is so bulky that if you punch it the punch gets absorbed in the flab, rather than actually changing its course."

"Basically I felt we'd built our house and we were renting it out. And for me the building is more interesting than the renting."

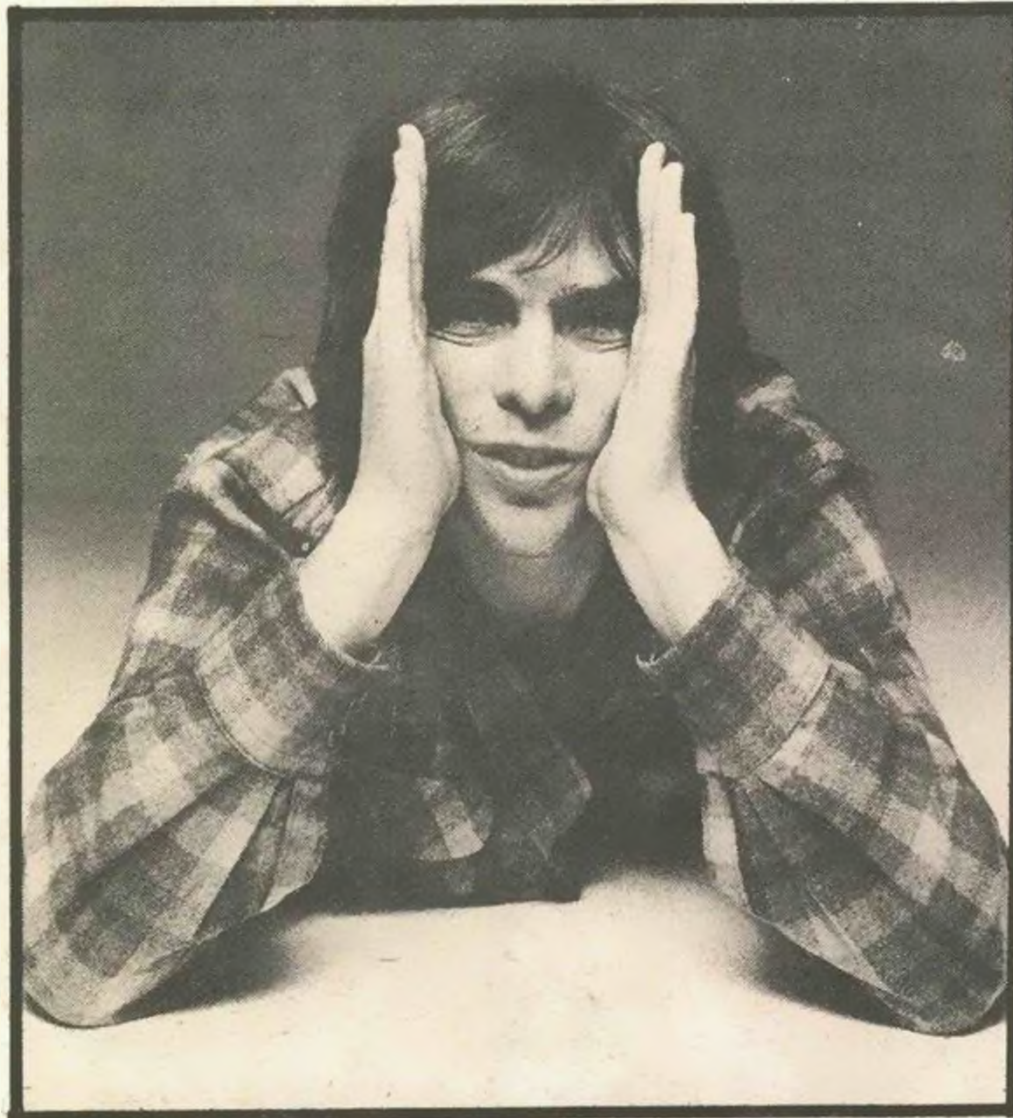
"I think there are tendencies in their situation which will encourage them to become rich old pop stars — to absorb those kind of attitudes."

"It's very hard for me 'cause

they're friends. If in three years time they're still going on I think they could well be bored with what they're doing. I think they may be bored in a year's time."

"As far as the punks' attitude to bands becoming dinosaurs there is a certain amount of hypocrisy in the way that they are being exploited and whether they can control it or not."

"I felt if I hadn't left Genesis it would have become obsolete or rather it would have become obsolete if we'd gone as we were. We could have re-hashed certain ideas and maybe produced some innova-



All of us are in big business.

tion but, within a fixed stable framework, that wouldn't have put us to the test."

Surely a lot of bands reach that point and carry on regardless?

"Yes. I think that's true," he replies — but laughing uproariously, refuses to name names.

GABRIEL'S attitude towards the punks is an ambivalent one.

On the one hand he thinks an amount of rebelliousness is just what rock needs now — what with rock stars now having the same status pre-War movie stars experienced, a situation which can certainly kill the communication link between performer and audience. Says Gabriel: "I went to see Paul Simon in New York — a real star-studded affair. George Harrison was there. It was all very smug."

"It's the same with professional footballers. Once you get into the multi-media boys it's an elite thing and you move around anywhere — but at the expense of losing some of the contact with the people who actually listen to the music. That's why I think the club scene is so important, because you really do get that intimacy."

But then again, he feels the punk phenomenon was seized on too quickly by a copy-hungry media and a record industry about to break its neck in its fear of missing the next boat — and not cleaning up on it. If the scene had been left alone to blossom untainted by such commercial pressures, the groups would have developed more as players and writers. Gabriel checked out The Sex Pistols before they were infamous.

"I didn't much like their attitude to the support band. It was very much 'We're the stars'. Genesis used to get the same kind of treatment when they were a support band."

"I didn't go for the music

much, but I enjoyed Rotten. I was interested at that point because other people who I was with (not musicians, but personal friends) hated them with a venom I hadn't seen for a long time. I thought anyone who can produce that reaction must be interesting."

Gabriel is more enamoured of the New York punk scene — which has had time to develop and where both performers and audiences are older.

In fact Gabriel is pretty enamoured by America per se — particularly New York. Not only can he avoid any prejudices from an audience in America, he can also avoid them from musicians too, one of the main reasons he chose to record his first solo album there.

"The fact that I'm an ex-public school boy and come from the school of progressive rock would have put a lot of musicians off working with me here. At the very least they'd have had to like me despite those things."

As things turned out, the American musicians who worked with Gabriel on his album, Bob Ezrin's house band, were so impressed with Gabriel and his material that they expressed a desire to work with him on the road. And so it will be.

AS YET THERE are no plans for Gabriel to work in Britain. His manager wants him to, he'd like to himself, but it all depends on how well the American tour goes.

"If I feel it's going well then I'll do it," he says.

Now if that remark came from any other rock star, I'd take it with a pinch of salt — but seeing as how Gabriel had the integrity and guts to step right out of the machine which had made him famous in the first place, I'll believe him.

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Anne Nightingale: Daily Express February 15th

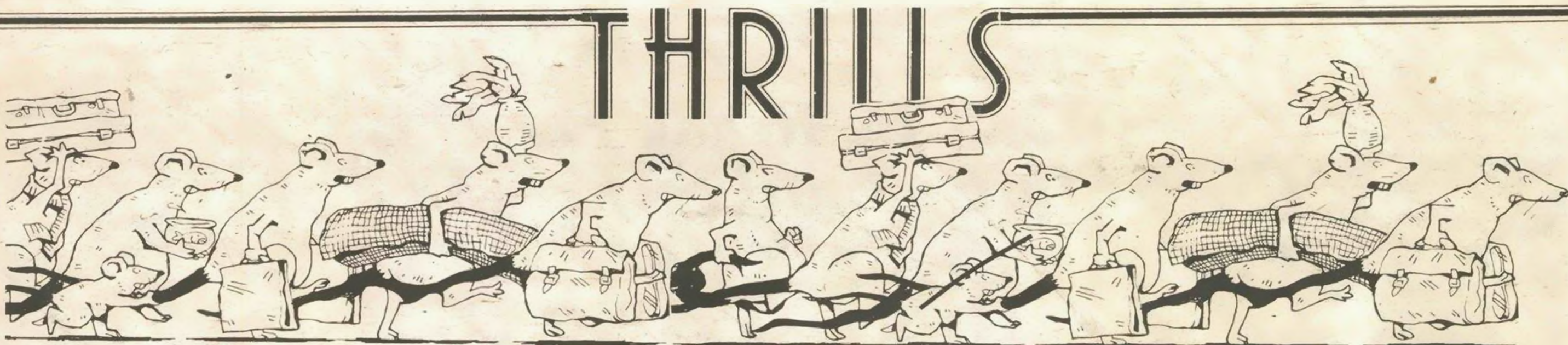


Their Debut Album



MALICE IN WONDERLAND
Album - Cassette





DYLAN'S WIFE SUES FOR DIVORCE

Alimony Blues Loom For Zim

MAYBE HIS matzelohe made crumbs in the bed. Maybe he played his guitar early in the morning. Maybe he just had too many

visions of Johanna. Whatever, last week Sarah Dylan filed suit for divorce from her husband Robert Allan Zimmerman on the grounds of

irreconcilable differences. The couple have been married for eleven years and have five children.

The formidable Mrs. Dylan has obviously acquired a taste for the good life; she is demanding not only custody of the five kids, but also half Bobby's entire possessions, including the copyrights to all his songs and their attendant royalties.

For the moment she's making do with exclusive use of the family's new Malibu home, a two million dollar house built in a highly unorthodox style that was previewed in *Thrills* some months back. Sarah was apparently largely responsible for the house being built, while Dylan himself is reputed to loathe it.

Of the five Zimmerman children, eldest is from Sarah's previous marriage. Jessie Dylan is said to be closer to his father than to Sarah, but the others are all evidently closer to their ma.

Friends of the couple have pointed to major differences in the characters of Bob and Sarah, who is a former model. On the Rolling Thunder Revue, for example, Sarah apparently liked to stay in top flight hotels, and carried a large number of trunks for her clothes. Dylan, on the other hand, seemed as happy to doss down in the trailer with a change of jeans and T-shirt.

It is also said that the two would go

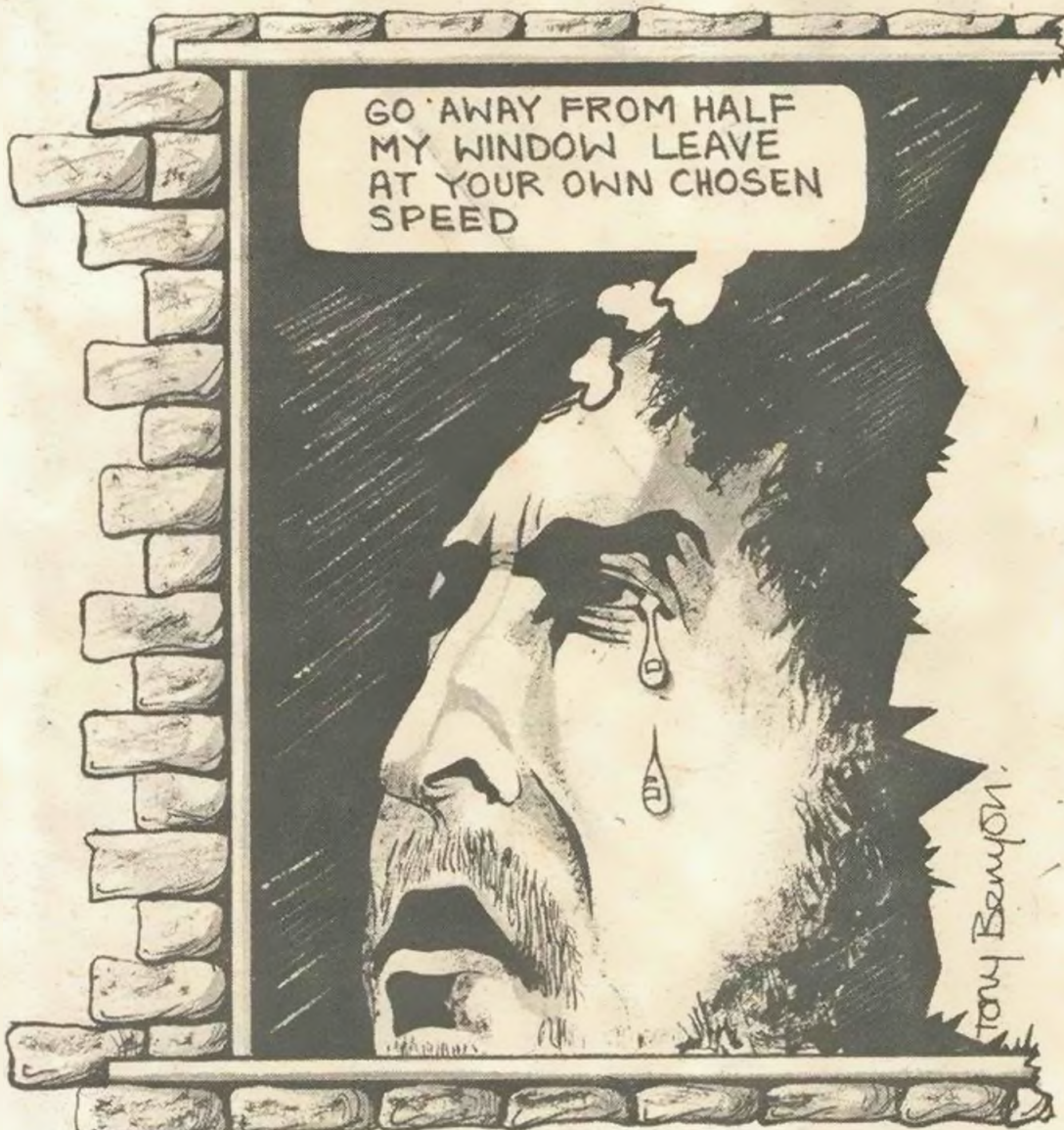


Illustration: Tony Benyon

for long periods of time without speaking to each other, not so much through hate, but because they had little to say. Others point to the strain of being married to Bob Dylan, and the strain that his public life necessarily imposes on the marriage, with attendant problems about protecting the children and so on.

According to reports from New York, Bob and Sarah are currently meeting with lawyers in an attempt to end the acrimony since she filed for the divorce this past week. Friends of the couple have said that one of her charges was that Bob "beat" her; others say that he claims she was hysterical and he merely slapped her, etc.

There were also rumours at one point that Sarah was working as a waitress in a Greenwich Village Cafe

called The Figaro, but this proved unfounded. However, it is thought that she wants to resume her career as an actress, for she has been taking workshop classes at Lee Strasberg's Actor's Studio in Los Angeles.

News that the Dylans had split asunder was greeted with malicious glee from certain of the more cynical members of Dylan's NME fan club, who recall that the last time Dylan had woman trouble and was separated from Sarah, he came up with "Blood On The Tracks", widely reckoned to be his finest work in years (and perhaps a persuasive element in Sarah and Bob re-uniting).

Whether the Zim will feel wretched enough this time to produce them another meisterwerk remains to be seen.

□ JULIE BURCHILL



Sarah and Bob in another lifetime.

New Wave NOZZ as it Happens...

Stranglers well choked

MORE AGGRAVATION for The Stranglers, the group who recently got into bover at the Rainbow in the pointedly bizarre Obscene T-Shirt Controversy.

This time it's The Disappearing Single that's causing mild paranoia in The Stranglers' camp.

On the face of it, it may seem unimportant that the group's single, "Get A Grip On Yourself", mysteriously vanished from the Top 50 chart printed in the trade paper *Music Week* the other week, but The Stranglers are dismayed because that kind of omission can damage a record's sales.

That week would have been the single's third consecutive appearance in the *MW* listings, which are studied by retailers before deciding which records they should stock in their shops.

The chart printed in *MW* is compiled by the British Market Research Bureau, who supply the same weekly listings to Radio One and *Top Of The Pops*. That particular week's BRMB chart had The Stranglers' single at No. 44, but when the listings appeared in *MW* a single by Silver Convention had mysteriously appeared at 44 — and The Stranglers

weren't mentioned at all. According to BRMB, Silver Convention were not in the chart they compiled; BRMB further stated they were "100 per cent confident" the mistake was not at their end.

For *Music Week*, editor Brian Mulligan commented, "It's a mystery." Mulligan did, however, attempt to right matters as best he could by sending a telegram admitting the mistake to United Artists giving them permission to pass his apology on to any interested parties.



Jean-Jacket Borneo expresses his feelings.

Unfortunately, feel The Stranglers, the damage has already been done. United Artists A&R manager Andrew Lauder agrees with Stranglers' manager Dai Davies that the single's sales impetus will probably now drop due to this "unfortunate accident". Davies reckons many retailers won't now order the single.

Meanwhile, The Stranglers are said to be taking badly this new blow to their career. It won't help allay fears that they are being persecuted because of their associations with punk rock, even though there's no evidence at all that the single's disappearance was anything other than accidental.

So will The Stranglers' loss be Silver Convention's gain? "We don't wish to comment on what is unfortunately a *Music Week* error," said a spokesperson for Magnet Records.

□ TONY STEWART

Ramones gummed up

COPIES OF LETTERS between Tony Morris, Managing Director of Phonogram in England, and Seymour Stein, President of Sire Records, regarding the "Carbena Not Glue"

problem (reported in News Desk last week) were made available to this reporter by Danny Fields, Ramones' manager.

Phonogram has pressed 5,000 copies of the Ramones album with "Carbena Not Glue" on the record, but future copies will apparently not contain the track.

According to Tony Morris: "I'm sorry, but I have to say we cannot promote product which extolls the virtue of 'dope'. As you know, we had correspondence with the Home Office about 'glue sniffing'. Carbena is apparently available, and more dangerous than glue."

"We now have a *fait accompli* in respect of the new album and when we re-press we will have to omit the offending track. Please insure that the



"It'll take more than that to polish us off."

Ramones record reasonable lyrics if you wish us to release in the future."

Stein's response: "You're entitled to your feelings about the use of drugs of any sort. But what you're attempting to do is set yourself up as judge and jury. This is censorship, a far greater evil than either Carbena or glue, and something that in good conscience I cannot be a party to."

Phonogram has requested an alternative track so that they will not have to release the album with only 13 songs; and under consideration is "Babysitter" — a cut not included on the original album.

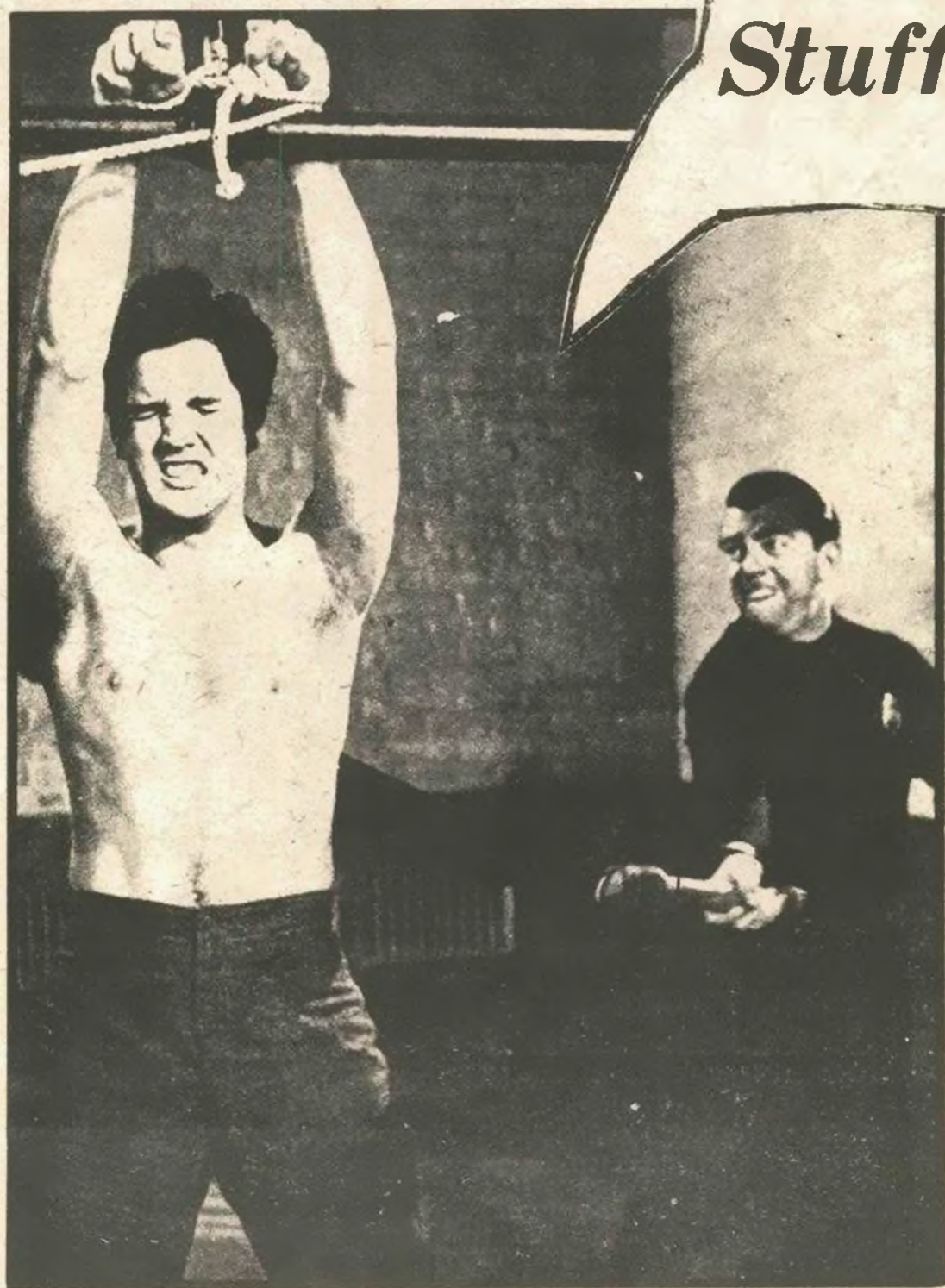
Sire Records and Fields are currently deciding whether to fulfill this request.

The Ramones, currently in the midst of a national U.S. tour, will be in Britain in late May/early June (as part of a European tour) and are scheduled for the London Roundhouse on June 5.

□ LISA ROBINSON



STOP! STOP! The Kids Won't Be Ready For This Stuff Until The Mid Seventies!



Whip them no skip them, 'Jailhouse Rock' style. El looks fashionable.

ELVIS IN BONDAGE SHOCK? NOPE, JUST MORE LEGENDARY TAPES COMING TO LIGHT . . .

ELVIS PRESLEY, do you think that the rock 'n' roll craze is dying out?

"Uh, nossir," Elvis replies politely, his voice very young, deep, and southern. "Ah don't think that it's dying out ... ah'm not saying that it *won't* die out, but ah don't think it is right now."

Elvis, we've been seeing a lot of reports where some guy seems to be getting the end of your fist; are those newspaper reports accurate?

"Yessir, ah would imagine so . . ." Elvis replies, glancing over the journalist's shoulder to where the ubiquitous Colonel Tom Parker is silently watching the proceedings, for some indication from the Colonel how he should answer this one . . .

Did you lose your temper with those guys?

"Well, it wuz jest a case of geet them or be geet, y'know?" Elvis says, trying to put across to these middle-class hacks that where he was brought up you don't take crap from *no-one*. "If one of yew guys took a swing at me, then natchurally ya jest can't stand there, ya gotta do sump'n . . ."

What's the next single gonna be called, Elvis?

"It's the theme song of ma latest movie," Elvis says, brightening now. "It's called *Jailhouse Rock*."

No, The King hasn't suddenly been zapped by a cheeseburger satori and realised that he should give *NME* an exclusive interview. All the above quotes are taken from an album called "The Elvis Tapes" which will be out on March 14. On the highly recommended Chiswick label.

The album is the entire and unabridged press conference that Elvis gave a barrage of media people in 1957 in the dressing room of a Vancouver stadium just before going on stage for a gig in front of 22,000 screaming kids.

Elvis was twenty-two years old and at the white heat peak of his greasy glory. The album works brilliantly on any level you care to name — from straight Rock Dream entertainment to a souvenir from The Age Of Brylcreem or a rock 'n' roll Dead Sea Scroll.

"One of the most interesting things on the album is when Elvis tries to explain his musical roots," Ted

Carroll, ace face at Chiswick Records told me. "When the newspaper, radio, and TV people are asking him if when he says that his influences are *coloured* he means gospel stuff like Peace In The Valley ... the album gives some amazing insights into the lifestyle, thoughts, emotions and personality of arguably the most important single influence in the history of rock 'n' roll when he was living through the halcyon days of his career, when he was pre-Army, pre-decline and when his hero was only two years in the grave (he talks about his feelings for one James Byron Dean during the course of the interview)."

The interview shows you also where El was heading. He says that his first love will always be playing live, although he possesses eight contracts to make movies in Hollywood. He talks about how he can't go out in public so he has to rent entire fairgrounds and cinemas when the public have gone home and fill them with his buddies and more than enough female company to go round.

The album will retail at £2.25 (why major record corporations can't keep album prices down if a shoe-string budget operation like Chiswick can I don't know).

"Other interview albums will be released after The Elvis Tapes," says Ted Carroll. "We have releases planned for interviews with Buddy Holly, which will be the second of the series, and then Gene Vincent, which will be the third."

"After that we'll have interview albums with Eddie Cochran, The Everly Brothers, Little Richard, Johnny Cash and more ... and on March 14th, the same day as the Elvis album is released, we'll be releasing an album entitled 'Hollywood Rock 'n' Roll', which is an all-star rockabilly compilation set ..."

How did Ted get hold of all this material?

"It originates from the collection of Red Robinson, a Canadian DJ, the link between him and us was Graham Wood of Redwood Music, who wrote *The A To Z Of Rock 'n' Roll*."

Jumping into my role of a Woodward/Bernstein of rock 'n' roll I tracked down Graham Wood ...

"Red has literally thousands of hours of incredible archive material," Graham told me.

"He was the biggest DJ in both Canada and the West Coast throughout the fifties and sixties and even today he has a three hour a night rock show on Radio CKWZ Vancouver. He was even awarded a gold record by Corral Records for breaking 'Peggy Sue' by Buddy Holly ..."

Fascinating though I found "The Elvis Tapes" I pondered most deeply on the, uh, 'commercial viability' of such a venture. I cornered Jeff Dean of Polydor and grilled him on the success of their interview vinyl, "The Beatle Tapes" compiled by David Wigg and released on Polydor last year ... "We regard it as a successful venture," Jeff said. "We made money out of it."

Meanwhile, back in the time machine the twenty-two year old Elvis of twenty years ago stares coldly at a press man who makes a crack about Elvis's gold cadillac ...

"Ah beg your pardon?" Elvis drawls. Rock 'n' roll King, good southern boy, says "Yessir" and "Yes maaaam", eats mashed peanut ketchup, banana sandwiches, and loves his folks, but is ever willing to take apart anyone who treats him like a nigger-loving faggot.

The dressing room press conference goes tense and silent. If you wanna find out what happens, you're gonna have to buy the album.

□ TONY PARSONS

ERIC DRINKS & GOES HOME

THE SAGA OF Eric Clapton, famous recluse and sometime guitar player, took another dramatic step into the pages of rock mythology last week in the wild and desolate wastelands of Shropshire.

Secluded up in the hills near the Welsh border is the little village of Bromlow whose only pub, The Drum & Monkey, provided the venue on Friday for "The Ronnie Lane Show" (Lane in fact lives in the nearby village of Hyssington). Also advertised was a mystery guest, but obviously not so mysterious to the knowledgeable local residents, for over 300 people injected themselves into the confines of the pub (which is only supposed to hold 200) in order to see old Slowhand in action.

When Eric and Ronnie took the stage with Slim Chance it was clear that Clapton is still not quite prepared to play anywhere, anytime, his inspiration tonight coming from a large amount of Black Label.

They started off well with "Kansas City", "How Come" and "Taking Your Time" (Eric taking lead vocals) but then after "Careless Love" came

a slightly boring "Willie And The Hand Jive" and versions of "Alberta" and Leroy Van Dyke's "Walk On By". The next number, "Key To The Highway", provided the high-spot of the night, along with "Lord Have Mercy", when Eric gave the crowd a few tantalising glimpses of his previous semi-divine prowess. "Little Queenie" and "Ooh La La" finished off the set, those infamous can-can kicks delivered as usual by Ronnie's old lady and a friend.

Naturally the crowd wasn't going to let them go without an encore, and the revelries were brought to a close with an instrumental "Da Doo Ron Ron" and "Goodnight Irene".

And no, they did not play "Layla".

□ BARRY JONES & DAVID HOUSHAM



"We wuz there too y'know!" — Ronnie Lane & Companion

LEAVES OF GRASS

EVENTS MOVE on apace in the wacky world of drug legislation in a way that increasingly resembles an extract from *Alice's Adventures In Wonderland*.

For instance, Kevin Goodchild was back in court last week for possessing cannabis leaves (see NME 19.2.77), this time being prosecuted under Class A of the Misuse of Drugs Act. He was found guilty and fined £25.

Judge McLellan, who presided over the case at Portsmouth Crown Court said: "This is not a slight offence. The fine reflects your own particular circumstances."

Needless to say Kevin is appealing against the conviction and could have to wait another four months before finally being free of legal entanglements.

The ramifications of his sentence are that cannabis leaves are now, seemingly, classified alongside heroin, morphine and the like as very dangerous drugs. This flies in the face of the findings of every committee who have ever looked into the problems of drug legislation.

The Canadian Le Dain Commit-

tee, for instance, wrote in 1977: "Cannabis is not a narcotic and should not be classified legally with the opiate narcotics. Such a classification is misleading and undermines respect for the rationality of the law."

Tell that to Judge McLellan or the magistrates in Dover who last week fined a Belgian lady £20 for possession of cannabis leaves under the Class A Classification.

Just to make things more ludicrous, on the same day as this sentence was handed out, one Chris Chrysostomo of Balham appeared at West London magistrates court on a similar charge. The upshot of the case was that all charges were dropped and the Epsom police were ordered by the magistrates to return the 1/4 ounce of leaves to Chris!

Some bright spark at Release has suggested that the chief inspector at Epsom now be charged with supplying a Class A drug.

Meanwhile, down in Trafalgar Square on Friday, Tony Reed was still puffing away. Release report a great deal of support for their campaign from NME readers all over the country and have a benefit concert at Sussex University on March 11th with Pink Fairies, Skywhale, Sian Daniels (ex-Kokomo), Here and Now, Nod, Mirror, Amazor Blades, the movie *Monterey Pop* plus drinks and food. Doors open at 7.30 and entrance fee is £1.30.

□ DICK TRACY

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ACCORDION PLAYING 'PUNK' EXPLAINS

... His new album, the difficulties of dancing, and the benefits of the gymnasium. **NILS LOFGREN** talks to **TONY PARSONS**.



SATORI in Washington DC's Ambassador Theatre. Jimi Hendrix came to town and a Chicago born kid of Italian/Svenska extraction scored both a destiny and a Godhead.

"Hendrix was the only idol I ever had," Nils Lofgren says in a dimly lit South Kensington hotel room. In the background his new album "I Came To Dance" is playing.

"After I saw him there was only one thing for me to do . . ."

Discovering your hero is like losing your cherry, I comment. You only do it once . . .

"Right!" Nils says and takes up the story post-satori. At seventeen I ran off to New York with the idea of being a rock 'n' roll musician . . . I'd been playing classical accordion since I was five and when I was fifteen my brother Tommy — he's the one in the band — turned me on to electric guitar. The whole music scene going down at the time convinced me rock 'n' roll was the music that I wanted to play."

The way the media has hyped you as an, uh, 'punk' has always amazed me, Nils. You seem to come out of a very solid middle-class background. There ain't too many grimy sons of the street who get ten years training of classical piano and accordion before their first electric guitar.

He smiles and nods. "I feel a little perplexed by the way they've always talked about me like that. Yeah, my family were never rich, never poor, we were pretty much American middle-class . . ."

"The Sun Hasn't Set On This Boy Yet" on the first solo album is about when you dropped out and ran away to become a rock star, right, Nils?

"Well, that song is autobiographical, but most of my work is purely fictional."

On stage Nils Lofgren may be carrying on the perennial guitar hero as gunslinger tradition in the long line that includes everyone from Eddie Cochran down through Townshend and Keef to Johnny Thunders and Paul Weller, but off stage he comes over with the kind of vulnerable toughness usually associated with the American Method school of acting back in the fifties although he's more Montgomery Clift than Brando.

Short, but with a powerful build, he's on the telephone when I enter his hotel room, wearing shades although it's dark already in here. I'd been told about Nils reticence, shyness even, when being interviewed, and I assume



"New Wave? What's New Wave?" Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES.

the shades are an added protection.

However, as soon as he's finished on the phone, he whips the shades off and shakes my hand. His grip is firm without reaching the if - I don't - break - your - fingers - will - you - think - I'm - a - fairy? point on the shakeometer.

Evidence of his shyness is not apparent as the interview gets into full swing with maximum speed.

I ASK Nils about the title track on "I Came To Dance", saying it seems to state his feelings about the business machine industry side of rock 'n' roll, that he's giving the finger to it all . . .

"I took the matter up with a few million friends of mine / The supreme court of rock 'n' roll is doing just fine / Demanding a speech they poured me a drink / I'll play guitar all night and day, just don't ask me to think . . . I came to dance."

"Well, I dig you could perceive that being an intentional statement, but in reality it was a much lighter thing," he says, and I'm a bit disappointed, which you always run the risk of when you interpret someone for your own ends.

"The last thing on my mind was 'screw all this'," he continues. "It's more just poking fun at the bad side of the music biz. Although I'm not into the machinery of the business I respect it as a vehicle for my talent. I don't think I could ever get into it, it's not my nature . . . but I've got people to take care of that side for me. I'm largely protected from it. It's not so much that I disregard it as don't acknowledge it."

"I want to exploit my talent for creative reasons, but also it would be great to have my own studio one day and every penny I get I invest back to

get better equipment and so on."

What struck me was that you sing a lyric like the one on the title track and yet you've travelled thousands of miles to England just to talk — you ain't playing any gigs. Is that an unfair attitude?

"Yes! Look, me and my band are going on the road next Monday and I broke off rehearsals for three days to make this quick trip to London, and I'm just talking in rooms, I'm not digging London, which I could do. I'm doing it because the press I've been



getting here is what made it possible for me to come here in the first place. This is the first place that accepted me as an artist, it's a special place for me. The day after I get back we're going on the road for seven months . . ."

Where?
"All over the States, then over here — at first we thought it would be autumn but now it looks like it'll be maybe June or even May — and then on to Japan . . ."

Does it burn you out, being on the road?

"I like to get in top shape before I get out there, I don't know if you're familiar with gymnastics but I've got a side-horse at home that I use all the

time and a mini-trampoline that I take out on the road. Playing is a very, very physical thing for me, it's a very heavy pulse, and if your body's messed up it's gonna be real hard to go out and sing and play."

You seem to be so into playing live — is it difficult going into a studio and recording without that audience feedback. "Not really, because live gigs benefit from studio knowledge — much more so than the other way around, but on the next album, the fourth album, we're gonna be recording live — I'd like to do some of it over here."

THIS LEADS us into the rather delicate area of Nils' new album, delicate because all I found immediately accessible was the title cut, whereas I loved the majority of "Cry Tough" the first time I heard it . . .

"A lot of people have reacted the same way — although some people haven't even got into the title song. I honestly think it's by far the best thing I've done. Al Kooper produced 'Cry Tough'. He had a twenty-four track studio and he used every track. That album was really produced. For me the contrast of this album is what makes it so good — I produced it with Andy Newmark and there's much more emphasis on the rhythmic side, the bass and drums are much louder than ever before . . . Some people have picked up on things that are not that important anyway; because, as you say, an album is an entity and should be considered as such."

Which is what made "Cry Tough" such a great album. And, honey, that ain't no hyperbole. Lofgren's voice never sounded purer, while his guitar work was so clear, fluid and fine that your forgot you hated solos.

His songwriting also bordered on the classic, and covered the spectrum so convincingly that you found it difficult to believe he was not writing out of gut level experience from the battle-cry of "Cry Tough" itself, ("I've been a cripple since they threw me in school"), to the sensuous "Share A Little" ("Ah know ah'm a strange stick to whistle"), or the Aftermath-type put down "Mud In Your Eye" the most perfect sado-rock song since the Glimmer Twins sang about the girl who once had them down in "Under Ma Thumb".

Best of all, were the two, uh, torch songs concerning lost love and being so hung up on someone you're an emotional cripple — "Can't Get Closer" and "You Lit A Fire" . . .

There's nothing as immediately powerful as those songs on the new album, Lofgren's right — it's mellower with more emphasis on rhythm; "Happy Ending Kids", "Rock Me At Home" and "Jealous Gun" all bear this out, while his version of Keef's "Happy" is given pretty much an outright funk feeling, which doesn't suit Lofgren. It would have been better if he'd treated it the same way he did the hardest straight-ahead rock 'n' roll songs on his very first solo album — the great riffing in "Back It Up" or "Keith Don't Go".

Too much of the music on "I Came To Dance" reminds me of the throwaway stuff on that first post-Grin post-Neil Young solo album (songs like "Duty" and "If I Say It, It's So") though some stuff does grow on you, like "Goin' South", which sounds like an exact meeting of Santana and The Who's "Song Is Over", or "Home Is Where The Hurt Is" which is reminiscent of past glories.

It's just that the great thing about his past work is that it sounds celebratory, joyous, whereas much of "I Came To Dance" sounds content. Happy, yeah . . .

"I honestly think it's the best thing I've ever done; the tunes are better, there's more sense of rhythm, it's mellower and the interaction between the musicians . . . it's simply the best band I've ever been in . . ."

For those people who have tried to envelop you in a 'punk' charisma, Nils — what are your thoughts about the New Wave?

"New Wave?" he repeats. "What's New Wave?"

Y'know, the new wave of bands coming through . . .

"Oh, New Wave! Sorry man," he chortles good-naturedly. "Couldn't understand your accent. Well, I don't really have too many thoughts about them, not because I don't care but, well, I'm just so completely involved in what my band's doing that I don't come into much contact with what everyone else is up to."

As I'm leaving I remember a question that I forgot to ask . . . hey, Nils Lofgren, whatcha like at dancing?

"I never dance," he says. "I feel much too self-conscious to dance around if I haven't got my guitar strapped on." He smiles and shakes his head. "I never dance . . ."

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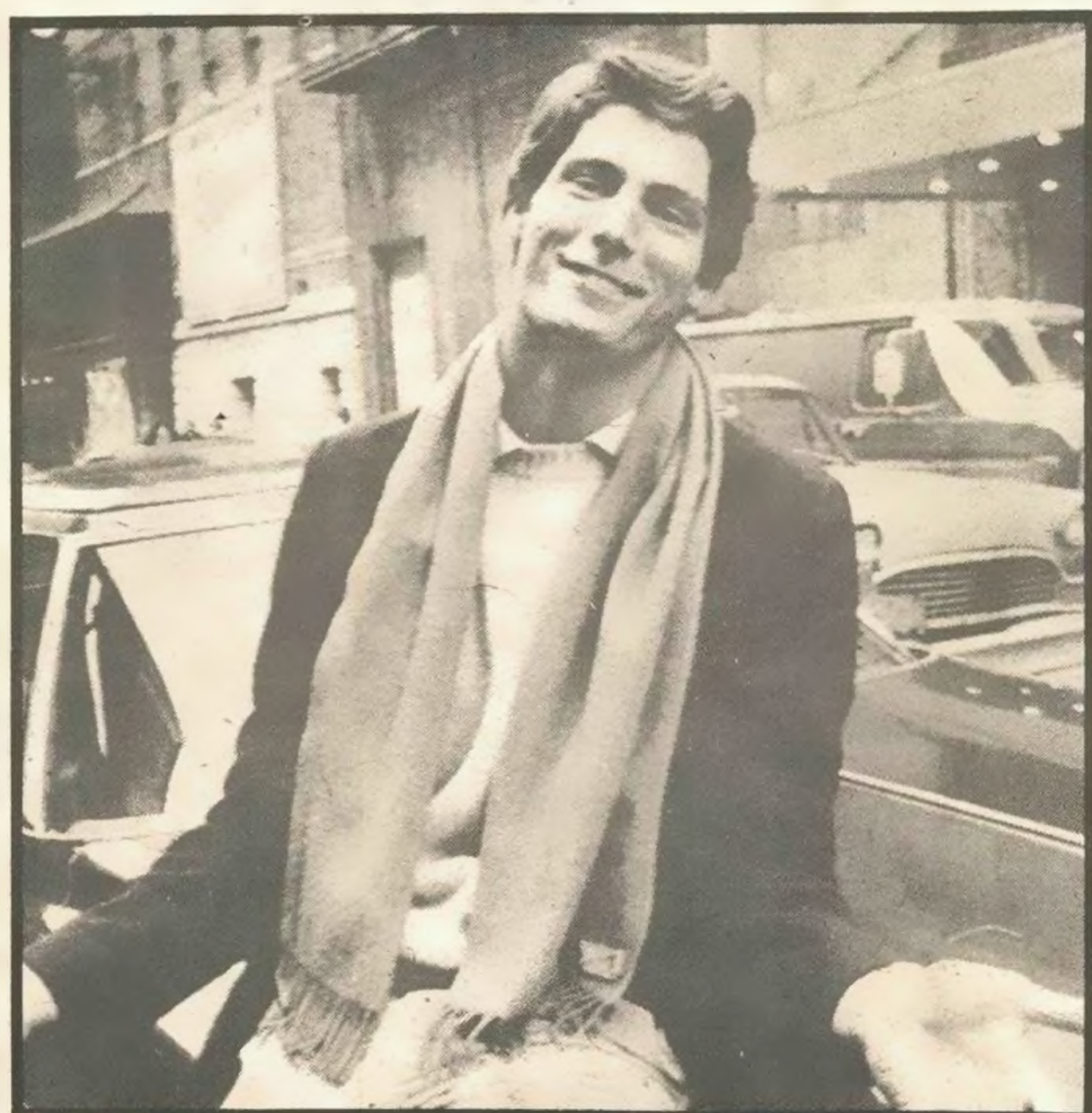


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Unlikely as it may seem, this is He — mild-mannered CHRIS REEVE

THE SUPERMAN SAGA

THREE WEEKS before shooting begins at Shepperton Studios, the movie of *Superman* is already shaping up to be one of the strangest and most expensive of the new breed of film blockbusters to emerge in recent years.

Searching for The Man of Steel was the big problem. Brando had already been firmed up as Jor-El, Superman's father, at the highest film fee ever of £2,250,000 for just 12 days' work. Stalwart Gene Hackman was in as Luthor, the arch-villain. But the question of who would portray the mild-mannered *Daily Planet* reporter turned costumed crusader took many months of hard graft.

They went through hundreds of names and faces, superstars and unknowns. Some were too short, some wanted too much money, some were too old until finally the list narrowed to Don Voyne, a practising Beverley Hills dentist, and Christopher Reeve, a struggling unknown Broadway stage actor.

The fact that Reeve was one of the first they looked at and the one to be finally chosen says a great deal about the whole ludicrous process. Now the

talent scouts are off hunting for Lois Lane.

Whatever the finished product turns out like, it's big money and puff and nonsense all the way. With a budget of £15 million, a script by Mario (Godfather) Puzo, and a director in the shape of Richard Donner of *Omen* fame, they're looking to make a big impression on the 1978 cash registers.

The box-office rhetoric is already going full-steam ahead. Special costumes, special effects and startling sets are promised. By all accounts the unbelievable saga of how a lad from Krypton was saved from a dying planet, raised in Kansas by an archetypal Middle American family and developed into a *Planet* reporter who developed an obsession with telephone kiosks is going to be played straight down the line.

How, don't ask me, but there were hints that the deeper implications of Kent's schizophrenia might be allowed to surface. One thing's for sure though. *Superman* will continue to fight for truth and justice and the American way of life. Just like always.

□ DICK TRACY

ARCHIVE FUN



Featuring Henry Fonze third from left

H-E-E-E-Y YOU Fonzie Freaks out there, recognise the kisser third from the left? Yeah, it's da Fonze, back before *Happy Days* made Henry Winkler into the coolest cookie on the TV screen since Ed "Kookie" Byrnes gave greasy class to 77 Sunset Strip.

This week's fab archive pin-up shows Henry in *Lords Of Flatbush*, a 50's nostalgia movie released (and reviewed in NME) back in 1975 (13/9/75 to be exact).

The Lords concerns itself with the activities of a street gang in a seedy New York suburb — a less glamorous mid 50's equivalent of American Graffiti. Winkler plays Butch, perhaps the least aggressive most responsible member of the street gang of which Stan is the leader and most endearing character.

The movie comes with its own ersatz 50's doowop soundtrack, and is heartily recommended for the rare occasions it show up at more adventurous cinemas.

□ NEIL SPENCER

LIFE BEYOND POGO-DANCING

"WHY AIN'T we talking about us? I don't wanna talk about the Sex Pistols and The Stranglers, let's talk about us. All these other bands have got enough press, let's talk about us!"

Vibrators drummer John Edwards yells down from a couple of desk tops away in the spacious, run-down office of Amsterdam's Paradiso Club. The conversation takes place early in January; the band are supporting the Sex Pistols, one of the peachy jobs they've landed in their unobtrusive way — the latest coup being support on last week's Iggy Pop tour, landing the gig after the Pop/Bowie entourage checked the Vibs in Berlin two weeks back.

We've been talking about The Vibrators' status as *personae non grata* with the punks who know where it's at with the in-crowd scene, but nuff's nuff: let's talk about The Vibrators.

The Vibrators are a four-piece super-fast rock group. They formed a year ago, backed Chris Spedding at the 100 Club Funk Rock Festival on September 21, were watched by Mickie Most the following week, and a week after that had cut singles both on their own and backing Spedding.

"We Vibrate" was released in November and it — and particularly its B-side, "Whips And Furs" — was well received by many of the less image-conscious rock fans who heard it.

Early in December John Rotten swore on TV and The Vibrators achieved their biggest coverage thus far by ringing the rock press with news of three British dates and a Dutch Belgian tour blown out as part of the backlash, plus a statement from bassist Pat Collier which said:

"We're suffering the worst but we're never gonna give in. There's nothing the establishment can do to stop punk coming through but punk doesn't necessarily mean smashing glasses in people's faces."

Result: instant alienation of large numbers of Pistols sympathisers who saw it as bandwagon-jumping, even though the bit about gigs being blown out, including Amsterdam's Milky Way, seems to have been true. It was a classic case of punks as self-styled martyrs, but The Vibrators were too inept to carry it off like most of the others, from McLaren on down.

When The Vibrators supported the Pistols at the Paradiso they won back one of the gigs they were to have played at the Milky Way. I saw them and gave them a rave review.

One of the unfortunate things about live reviewing is the constant possibility of catching a band on an exceptionally good or bad night. Judging by the three occasions on which I've caught The Vibrators in London, that was an exceptionally good one.

Still, it shows what they can achieve, even if they rarely do: this group have it in them to become the cartoon characters of punk, the gaudy English version of The Ramones, comical minimalist 93-second pseudo-nihilists.

David Bowie has also compared them to The Ramones.

The man behind the wheel is Knox, who plays guitar and sings. John Edwards, guitarist John Ellis and Collier are all old friends of his, and prior to the band's formation they all had jobs apart from ex-Hornsey Art School Student Ellis.

The others' previous experience is your usual thing — semi-pro bands with names like Cement Parachute and Bazooka Joe — but Knox (real name Iain Carnochan) has a pretty humorous musical pedigree stretching back through most of his 31 years. Indeed, our own Ms Emberton can recall Knox as the '60s Wildman of Watford.

As Pistols drummer Paul Cook wanders in to ask Edwards if he can borrow his snare, to a background of "The Beverley, right? Just the Beverley, you can use that," Knox gabbles into his past like a machine gun chattering gossip about someone else, the Barry Grayson campness in his voice obviously a completely unconscious permanent fixture.

"I was in a band called The Renegades when I was a little kid, right, and we all wore black shirts and sunglasses." (Sounds like The



KNOX (centre), fondly remembered by antiquarians as The Wild Man of Watford. Pic: ROBERT ELLIS



VIBRATOR John Ellis

Vibrators). "And I was in another called Knox and The Nightriders. I played guitar and did a lot of singing, doing Cliff Richard, Shadows numbers — about '61 '62 this was. When The Zombies first started I beat them on a talent contest with Knox & The Nightriders."

After this the tale becomes blurred, and Knox leaps to more recent gigs with an Irish showband and when he "Worked in a sorta gay place with an organist just over a year ago down in Hammersmith."

What were you doing then? "Playing guitar. He was a jazz organist, and I don't know any jazz. He was playing 3/4 stuff on this thing, 12-bars, but it didn't sound like a 12-bar to me because he was going so quickly... and he had a rhythm machine, and like if you've never played with a rhythm machine it's totally hopeless."

How did you get into that gig? "I put an ad in *Melody Maker*," he

gabbles. "The band I was in, Lipstick, had split up. That was a three-piece with a girl playing bass and a drummer, potentially a really good band. Then I had a band that had Charlie from the Kilburns in it (bassist Charlie Sinclair), and at one time we had Jim Twomey who used to be with Colin Blunstone on drums..."

Sorry, you've lost me. This was the band before the one before the organist in the gay club?

"Yeah. Well, the Nazi transvestite pianist guy, I worked with 'im ages ago in Edinburgh, about five years ago, then he turned up again..."

Compared to his previous existence, stumbling around in the dark in white-rimmed sunglasses and lured drainpipes with The Vibrators seems to be closer to reality. Still, they've had their bizarre moments, notably the Spedding episode. Let's take it from how you came to sign with Rak.

"It was dead simple," Collier says. "We played the 100 Club and Chris Spedding was more or less dragged into it by the scruff of his neck against his will..."

Didn't he already know about the gig?

"Oh no, no," says Collier. "We'd never met him."

"Spedding saw these adverts," Knox says, "which said he was appearing at the 100 Club..."

"The first time Pat ever met Chris Spedding was when he walked onstage to do the numbers with 'im," adds Ellis.

Somehow, it seems, Spedding had been billed to appear without his knowledge, and when The Vibrators turned up they found that not only was their PA to be used throughout the evening, but that Spedding had arrived without a band in the hope of picking one up. The Vibrators were picked.

They cut the awful "Pogo Dancing" together — lousy number — but there are no plans for more sessions. The Vibrators' contract with Rak is on a tenuous single by single basis — in other words no real contract at all — but rumours are strong of an imminent signing with a larger company. Meanwhile they seem to be a toy for Mickie Most; the second single, "Ain't Got No Heart"/"Bad Time", has yet to see the light of day.

Whoever they record for, they are sure to cut some excellent records that will have a wide enough market for them to forget the scorn of those people who are obsessed with what is and what isn't Punk.

Try "Whips And Furs" ultra-loud and make up your own mind.

□ PHIL McNEILL

LOVE LINES BY VELDA DACQUIRI



VELDA ALWAYS believed that beautiful Brian James, lead guitarist with that delightful punk band **The Damned** (they're so elemental my dears) was a bit of a hard nut.



Brian James
24-year-old Canadian girlfriend calls him by the pet-name of *Boo Boo*. Our cuddly Canuck — a rock photographer by trade — also refers to him in public as her husband (they are, of course, not married).

I can't disclose the lady's pet-name for an anonymous NME staffer who was a one-time escort.

AND TALKING of drummers (and aren't we all my angels, the way those beautiful brutes beat the skins!), I hear from an intimate acquaintance that **Roger Meadows-Taylor**, the pert peroxide blond drummer with **Queen** has been joined on the American tour by his new French girlfriend, **Dominique**.

The lady's pedigree (just in case you were wondering) is first class, for according to my source she is well acquainted with the music industry, having been personal secretary to the head man at a major record company. She is pretty, witty and, most important of all, unattached.

Only one thing blots her copybook

— I understand the lady is not a fan of Queen's music. Heaven only knows what Freddie will say.

THE MOST splendid reception of the week was undoubtedly a champagne breakfast at the Empress Club, Mayfair, to celebrate the release of **Kiki Dee's** new album.

Manager **John Reid** flew in from Australia especially to attend, and Kiki, who was a Piscean 30 on Sunday (and still not a wrinkle in sight) informed Velda that although she is "very much in love" with long time boyfriend **Davey Johnstone**, they have no immediate plans to marry. "I still feel I'm too young," said Kiki.

VELDA HAS rarely seen eye to eye with any landlady. My first had me evicted (oh the humiliation) simply because I offered refuge to a drummer (another one) one night and she objected to his paradiddles.

I digress. Poor sweet **Dee Harrington**, the leggy blonde who was once escorted by **Rod Stewart**, has been having her share of problems with the landlady of her shop **Razamataz**.

Three weeks ago, Dee arrived to discover the door and windows painted an unsightly shade of grey, and that she had been locked out.

Acting swiftly she took out an injunction, and a kindly judge ordered Ms Harrington be granted access. Once inside though, Dee found merchandise (valued at £2,000) was missing. Apparently spirited away.

Once again, Dee went to court, where the judge ordered the return of the clothes. The story has a happy ending, dears. Dee has re-opened her shop and business, once more, is booming, my dears.



"Tata for now dearies."

LOWRY



"Row like hell men. It's Moby Drape."

THE BATTLE TO BE SEEN

PETER HAYDEN is a very cautious guy right now. When I went to talk to him he said 'don't quote me' so many times that I ended up putting my notebook away.

Hayden is primarily a film maker, but in 1976 his life took a turn when he went to the Cannes Film Festival to raise money for one of his productions. There, he caught a screening of a movie called *Mean Streets* and what has amounted to almost a personal crusade began.

Mean Streets, made by the then unknown team of Martin Scorsese and Robert deNiro (later of *Taxi Driver*), was originally released in 1973. Handled by Warner Brothers it received so little corporate backing that, despite the obvious qualities of the movie and enthusiastic support from numero uno yankee film critic Pauline Kael, it disappeared from sight.

After seeing it at Cannes, Hayden was astonished to discover that no one had UK rights on the film and proceeded to blow what money he had raised for his own projects on

securing them. Then followed the long struggle.

For more than six months no exhibitor wanted to know about the movie, claiming it was just another 'thick-eared Mafia picture' and stood little chance of making out on the circuits. Hayden and his volunteer staff of two had to handle the whole business themselves, in the process discovering exactly how much the film establishment is loaded against the independent producer.

Finally, Rank agreed to give it a try

and four years after it was made, *Mean Streets* will get a short outing at The Screen On Islington Green and The Odeons in Kensington and Swiss Cottage to check public reaction.

Although Peter Hayden would not say it himself, it is only his faith in the film that has made this possible. The real point is that if it takes this long to get such a fine movie shown, how many thousands of other potential goodies are just lying in their cans gathering dust?

□ DICK TRACY



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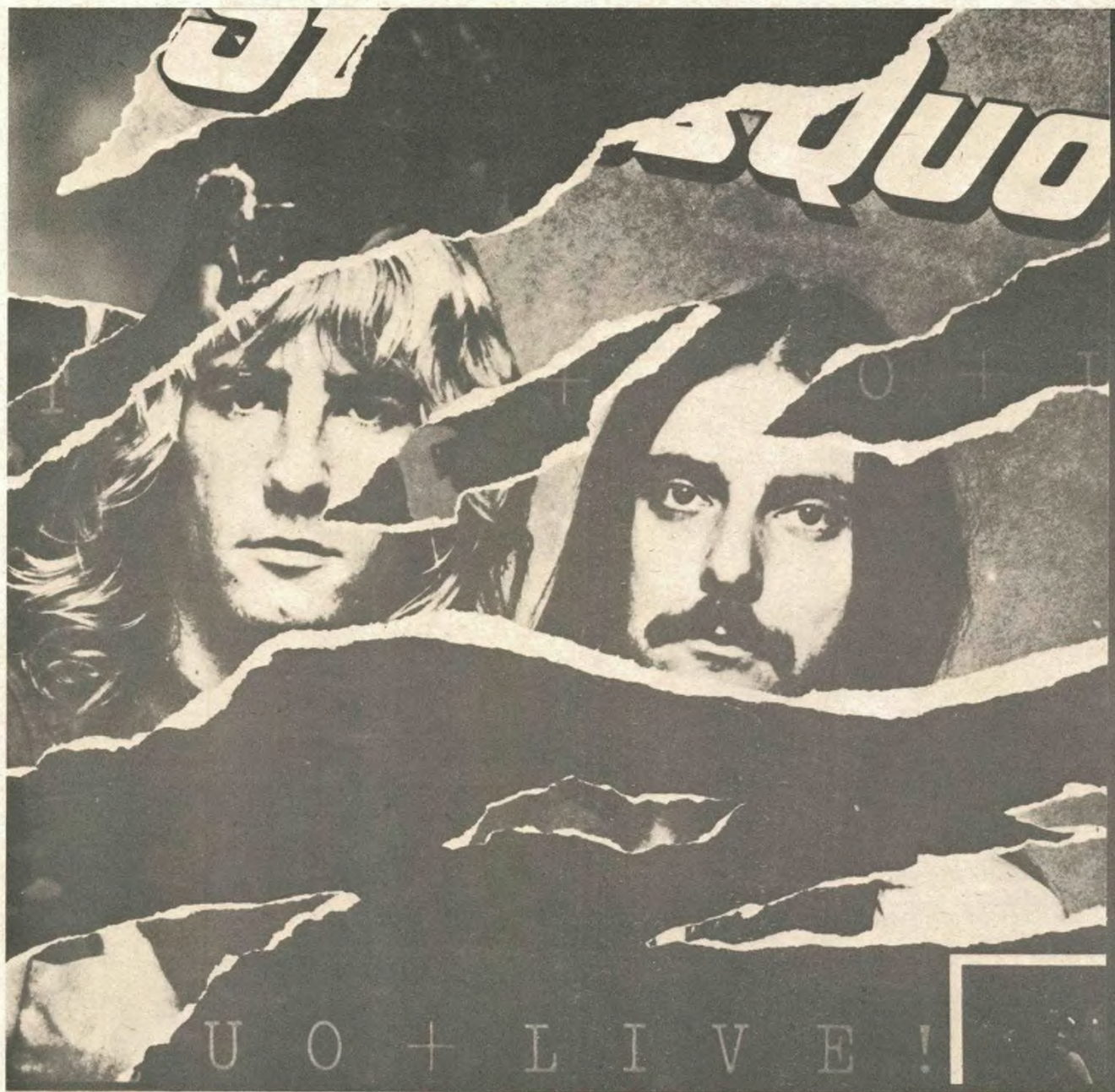
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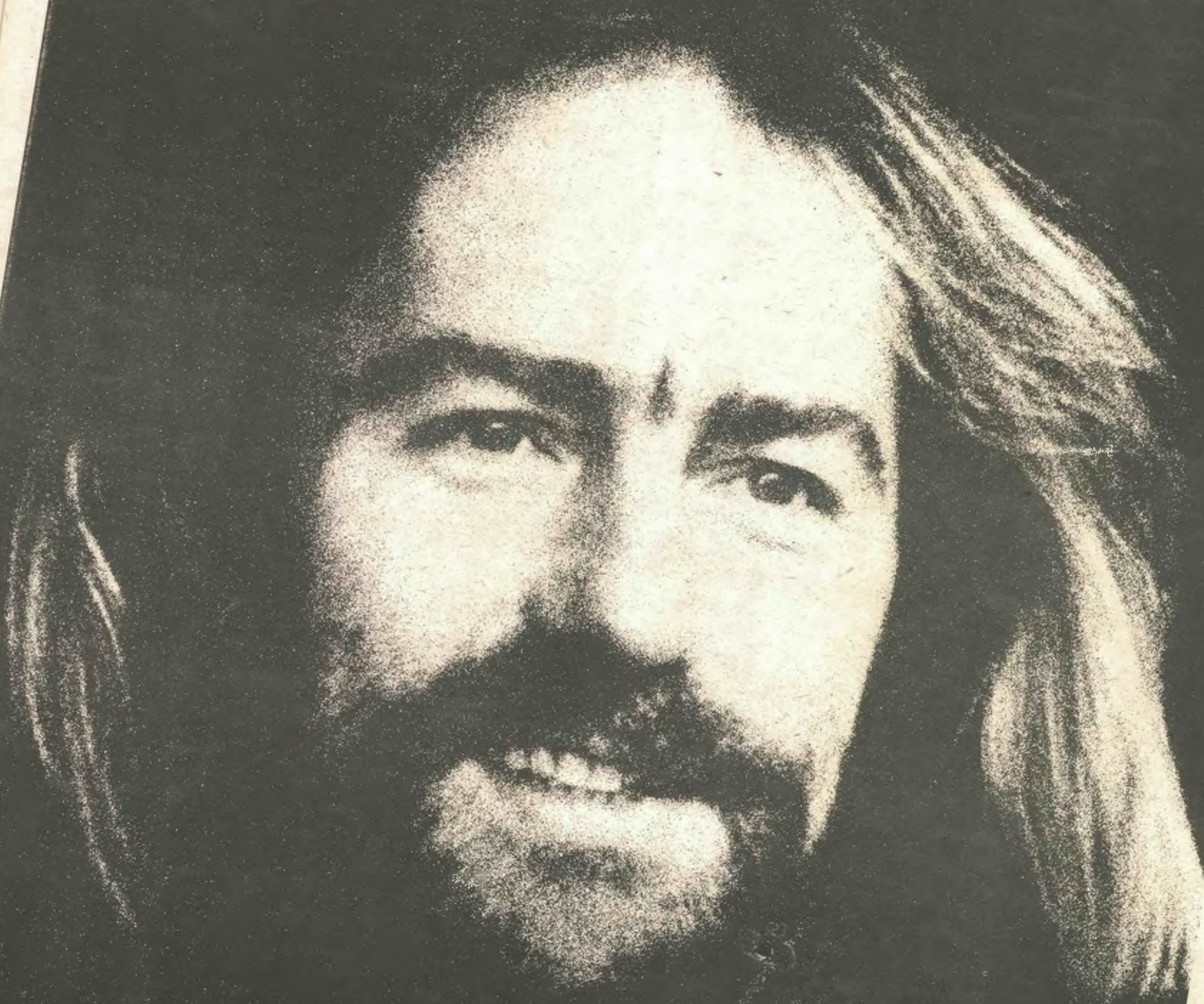
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SINGLES

STEVE CLARKE
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It's a bad week when there's no single of the week

GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR: Hold Back The Night (Vertigo). He's currently receiving more accolades than Elton John has boots, but I'm yet to be totally convinced of Graham Parker's ability as a writer of good original material, though there can be no doubts about his or his excellent band's prowess as high calibre '70s London R&B merchants. This single, pressed on truly hideous shocking pink vinyl so tasteless only Charles Murray could possibly dig it, proves Parker's strengths and weakness.

Of the record's four songs, the title cut stands head and shoulders above the rest (all his own material), even if it does bear a considerable resemblance to a song the Foundations, of all people, had a hit with back in the '60s. "Hold Back The Night" and "(Let Me Go) Sweet On You" are heavier and more brass laden than the stuff on his two albums. And Parker aficionados will be well chuffed to learn that Side Two's "White Honey" and "Soul Shoes" are from the "Live At Marble Arch" bootleg, hitherto only available to the elite. (See page 26 — Ed.)

THE RAMONES: I Remember You (Sire). No one could ever accuse the Ramones of being ponderous. Stewth, these guys are so tight they make the Damned look flabby at the gills. Actually as "I Remember You", a track from the group's second album, "Leave Home", shows only too well, even the new wave improves with experience. While the Ramones' basic strategy of doing it fast and doing it good, with the accent very much on energy, is the same as our home grown new wave groups, they do it with considerable aplomb, something absent from any of the British bands. And like Television and the Talking Heads, they can actually write songs. "I Remember You" has a great, ludicrously upfront sound and they sound glad to be on the planet.

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES: Girl So Fine (Epic). Still down in the Boho Zone, this time with Bruce Springsteen's buddy Southside, whose debut album is worth getting your ears next to. "Little Girl So Fine", written by Springsteen and Miami Steve is from Southside's as yet unreleased second album, and not a little disappointing it is too. The sound is muddy, the song lacks any kind of punch, and whereas Ry Cooder managed to exploit Tex-Mex music without debasing it, Southside's use of the music on this record doesn't do it justice. And if Bruce wrote the words they lack his usual lurid narrative power.

TALKING HEADS: Love Goes To Building On Fire (Sire). Drooled over at length by Tony Parsons when you could only buy it on import a few weeks back, "Love Goes To Building On Fire" is now released over here and is worth your attention, even if those hyper-staccato keyboards which proliferate the first part of the record sound too much like Sparks for comfort, not to mention Sailor. Gets better as it goes on, with a good chord progression, a fine hook, a thoughtful arrangement and stylish execution. Would certainly make the charts a healthier place, as Parker and the Ramones' records would too.



"Clarke isn't convinced about me"



"He thinks I'm timeless"

DARRYL HALL AND JOHN OATES: Back Together Again (RCA). A track from the last album, and what with Atlantic having a fair amount of these two's material as well, which they keep justifiably re-hashing, seems like Hall and Oates have a single out every third week. Naturally, it's faultlessly executed and produced, even if conception-wise it isn't their best. An irresistible and quite infectious joy somehow permeates the entire thing, despite the vacuous lyrics. Must be that these boys got soul. And the arrangement all but spills out of the speakers. It'll sound great on the radio.

NASHVILLE TEENS: Tobacco Road (Sky). God, they've gone and revived this masterpiece of '60s dumb pop. The resprayed version lacks the quite devastating rawness of the original.

MICHAEL NESMITH: Rio (Island). "Rio" finds the former Monkee in a quandary and glad of it. Lovely drifting melody and an ambience so relaxed J. J. Cale would need valium to get this far down. Perfect late night radio listening, it conjures up exotic images of lazy days in the South Americas.

DENEICE WILLIAMS: Free (CBS). Don't know who this person is, but if she isn't black and female I'd better get the books out again. "Free" is nigh on non-existent as a song, and Ms Williams sounds like too many other cutesy black chick singers, but the drummer is great, laying down the snare beat with all the ruthlessness of Howard Grimes. Howard who? Grimes.

QUEEN: Tie Your Mother Down (EMI). It's all right for Iggy to sing about making it with his mother,

but Queen's Oedipus complex seems to be rather a perverted one. Actually, you can't tell what they're singing about, since here they opt for the heavy metal approach rather than the big production, clever-clever stance. And my, is it horrible, Mercury indulging in his Robert Plant soundalike vocal routines and Brian May coming on with the obligatory guitar excesses. I know they're great guys and John Reid is so fantastically philanthropic he makes Robert Tressell look like Scrooge, but enough is enough. And no one will talk me into thinking Queen have contributed anything of worth to rock.

"We're nearly it"



STEVE GIBBONS BAND: Please Don't Say Goodbye (Polydor). Takes more than a guy to don black leather pants and project a macho image for anyone to get my vote, and what's more it doesn't disguise the fact that "Please Don't Say Goodbye" is mundane heavy rock with little to recommend it. At least "Mr Jones", one of the B-side's two songs, has an interesting platitude-free lyric.

NATALIE COLE: I've Got Love On My Mind (Capitol). A hit single in the States, "I've Got Love On My Mind" has the kind of insidious hook record company shareholders must delight in. Elaborate, but not over-produced, it's a fine record with a truly great performance from Ms Cole — easily the best vocal performance of the week. She has a range not quite as wide as Aretha's and she adopts a similar approach to the great lady. Deserves better material than this.

LITTLE RIVER BAND: I'll Always Call Your Name (EMI). Little River Band are (of all things) Aussie funk tinged country rockers. And this is pretty, if somewhat bland and predictable. It's not helped by a lousy arrangement.

ABIGAIL BROWNE: The Woman In Me (Private Stock). With a cover girl name like that, what else do you expect but a husky voiced filly crooning over some lame disco song? And that's precisely what "The Woman In Me" is. The arrangement's quite inventive, but the record's not likely to pick up more than a few disco plays.

DEMIS ROUSSOS: Because (Philips). Not John Lennon's paean to the cosmic beauty of it all (I dread to think what Roussos would do if let loose on that) this features all the usual dreadful devices from Demis and his kebab chewing combo. Pure dreck — the sexually underprivileged of suburbia will go a bundle on it. As they will on...

DAVID SOUL: Going In With My Eyes Wide Open (Private Stock). Another mawkish ballad from Hutch, star of blah blah blah... Pure exploitation.

Continues over page



DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
Their new single

BACK TOGETHER AGAIN

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"We don't care what reviewers say coz we're cute!"

SINGLES

From over page

though, and it's a close thing here. While I like the basic idea — a poignant song shrouded and subsequently buried by too many strings — his delivery is a little on the limp side.

GLENN MILLER & HIS ORCHESTRA: Tuxedo Junction (RCA). Seem to be no ulterior motives for RCA releasing this classic from 30 odd years ago, since the so-called swing revival disappeared with all the speed of a passing Concorde and Manhattan Transfer's vocal version of "Tuxedo Junction" was released months ago. Still, Miller's music is pretty damn timeless, though I don't see too many new wavers getting off on it.

CLIFF RICHARD: My Kinda Life (EMI). It's twelve years if it's a day since Cliff exchanged his quiff and leather jacket for All Things Wholesome, and to hear him sing a song eulogising the life of the guitar picker is about as convincing as Margaret Thatcher telling us how she'll put things right before you can say Sir Keith Joseph. The "rock'n'roll" backing is not exactly over stuffed with raunch.

GLORIA JONES: Go Now (EMI). Gloria, in tandem with her man Marc Bolan, who recently claimed to be the grandfather of punk (I thought that was James Dean), didn't do a lot to Phil Spector's "To Know Him Is To Love Him" a couple of months back. And now she's done even less for the old Moody Blues' hit "Go Now", which has in recent months won Denny Laine, ensconced in the Wings line-up, more ovations than he ever dreamed of.

It's taken slow and Gloria attempts to get soulful, but to no effect. Surely the godfather of punk can produce with a little more pizzaz than this.

WOODY WOODMANSEY'S U-BOAT: Star Machine (Bronze). Formerly the drummer in Bowie's Spiders, Woodmansey is now fronting his own band and writing his own material. This cautionary tale of how transient the star machine is (and he should know) is bereft of any distinction, and suffers from a freeze dried production. If this is what happens to Bowie's sidemen, Iggy ought to watch out.

ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION: So In To You (Polydor). All excellent players, these boys, and with their penchant for low key funk "So In To You" sounds a lot like Ace. It's melodic. You can dance to it and it could give the band a minor hit in the States, as it'll receive a fair amount of radio play there. Wish the same were true here.

EATER: You (The Label). First record from new wavers Eater, who feature one Dee Generate (no relation to Dee Based), all of 14 years old, on drums. As this frantic little cacophony demonstrates, the lad's no Al Jackson — but who wants to be Al Jackson when you've got a name like that. I hate it, so I guess Eater have succeeded. But my, have they got time to develop.

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A few words about Television which have nothing to do with the Beeb, Ena Sharples or Angela Rippon's legs.

"A work of genius" is how Nick Kent of N.M.E. described "Marquee Moon," the first album from Television, the New York-based group who are preceded to our shores by a status nothing short of legendary. Richard Williams of Melody Maker didn't take the cassette off his deck for a week. How else his life has changed we won't hazard to guess. The comparisons to the original Velvet Underground have been making their inevitable way to us from the States for almost three years. Television may well be the world's most famous band that nobody's heard. Now, with the British release of "Marquee Moon," that's about to change. Television - with presiding genius Tom Verlaine, guitarist Richard Lloyd, bassist Fred Smith and drummer Billy Ficca.



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Saw Delight

New album out soon on Virgin.



MARTIN BELMONT (right) and PARKER.
Pic: PENNIE SMITH

'I BELIEVE IN GRAHAM PARKER'

As The Rumour plan their own group LP, guitarist **MARTIN BELMONT** reaffirms his faith in Big G and the solidarity of the Parker/Rumour operation

IN PHYSIQUE and in character, Rumour guitarist Martin Belmont is the antithesis of Graham Parker.

Whereas the latter is small, shifty and self-confident, Belmont is tall, torpid and diffident. But the magnetism of opposites for these two holds true. Over the last two years they've strengthened a musical bond, and although it's not as obvious as the Jagger and Richard combination, or how Stewart and Wood once worked, it's still based on the same mutual respect and empathy.

For his part, Belmont has always championed Parker. He was quietly pleased, for instance, when the vocalist's detractors had to disregard their own original prejudice that he was an upstart for coming out of obscurity to front a moderately well known bunch of musos.

Martin says, "I've always believed in Graham totally, right from the very first time I heard a demo tape of his songs."

Ironically, it is Belmont who has contributed most songs to The Rumour's repertoire, which has enabled them now to record their own album and look forward to a future which will not necessarily figure Mr Parker.

"The Rumour album is going to be fantastic!" He proudly declares. "I think it's going to surprise people as well."

After all, The Rumour had existed before Graham appeared. Brinsley Schwarz, Bob Andrews, Stephen Goulding, Andrew Bodnar and Belmont banded together after

the demise of their various pub-rock outfits; namely the Brinsleys, Bon Temps Roulee and Ducks Deluxe. And although their similar backgrounds gave them a common interest, they had all been disillusioned on the circular tramp around the Red Barrel Run.

Not surprisingly they were reluctant to embark again on the same long road to nowhere. But then Parker appeared with his head bulging with songs, and madly possessed by the euphoric energy of an inexperienced singer who hadn't known disappointment. They were happy for Parker to take control.

"We were a bit directionless at that time," Martin recalls. "We were just rehearsing and nobody was interested in going out and doing gigs or anything. But we always had songs and music, and we felt we wanted to record it. So now we have the opportunity."

"Graham gave us a sense of direction. He had the songs, and he needed to go out and play gigs. So the pressure was off us — in the sense that we didn't have to go out and be the main focus."

"As it's gone on, everybody's grown stronger and benefitted from it. And I think this album of our own has benefitted from all the work we've done with Graham, because, as a band we're so much tighter."

Undoubtedly Parker's material and character have been the backbone of the whole operation, giving them media attention, and moderate commercial success with the two albums, "Howlin' Wind" and "Heat Treatment". They've toured Britain, the

Continent, and visited America twice. On the last occasion the New York press gave them excellent notices.

Belmont, for one, is grateful. Playing the States was, he says, an ambition which seemed unlikely to be fulfilled as a member of Ducks Deluxe. But he didn't, as other musicians so often have, wallow in the environment with his nostrils flared and trousers unzipped. Instead he studied the technical expertise of American guitarists and realised he preferred his own style.

"I'd sooner watch Keith Richard make a few blunders, but put some rock 'n' roll into it," he explains. "I would never like to be as good as the Yanks."

"And that's one of the things I like about The Rumour. Brinsley, for instance, is a far better technical guitar player than I can ever be, and he's far more consistent. But it's kinda balanced, because I can give it a rough edge to save it getting predictable."

These experiences, and the success of GP&R, are obviously a new source of excitement for Belmont; yet there are potential dangers.

Firstly, good though their collective music is, "Heat Treatment" still seems to be the second instalment of "Howlin' Wind": but without the spontaneous roughness of the debut set. And you could easily imagine that, if the demands of touring become very great, they'd be unable to prevent the material becoming stylised and a pale shadow of the previous songwriting excellence.

Belmont dismisses this suggestion. His faith, in and

knowledge of Parker, is too great for him to consider the possibility.

"The third album will be very different," he states simply. "Graham doesn't write songs to order. The more you predict what he'll do, the less likely he is to do it."

The pressure, he continues, is their creative stimulus.

"It's when the pressure starts to ease off," Belmont says, "that you start to indulge yourselves."

"Sure, everybody would like a bit more time off. But you find, when you get some time off, you start to get bored anyway. And I think it's good to work under pressure like this. It might not always be enjoyable, but the results are good."

"Heat Treatment", for instance, was recorded on a tight schedule, in two weeks flat.

"Also," he adds, "making our own album is an opportunity to get rid of any sense of frustration we might have. Bob, for example, is a very good singer, and he's done a lot of back-up vocals for Graham. But on this album he's able to do more lead singing. It's good for him because, I suppose, as a singer he feels frustrated having to always sing the second part."

"Personally I haven't felt that myself. I just enjoy playing; I really do."

"But any sense of frustration" — and he seems doubtful this even exists — "would probably come more from being a songwriter and playing somebody else's material. But I've never considered myself that much of a songwriter anyway. I happen to have more songs on this album than the rest of the band, but that's only because I've written more songs over two years. And four or five songs in two years is hardly prolific," he laughs.

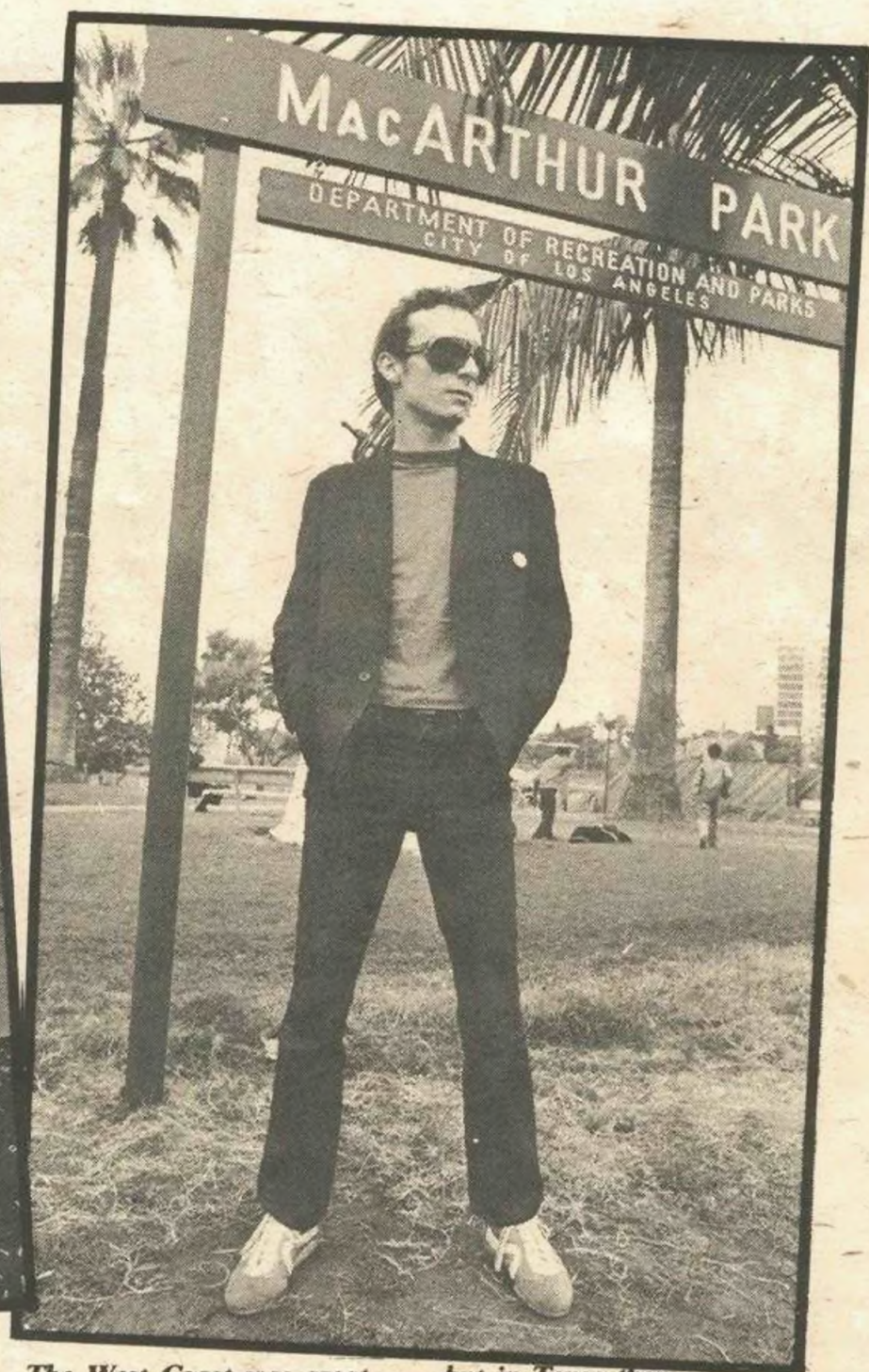
"Whereas with Graham, they're literally pouring out."

Belmont is rightly proud of their achievements, and as we sit talking in his manager's

THE RUMOUR: By TONY STEWART



"My real interest was lizards" . . . G. PARKER.
Pix 1 'n' 2 by CHALKIE DAVIES.



The West Coast was great . . . but in Texas they walked out.

'I BELIEVE IN SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS'

Mister PARKER himself talks about his past, his beliefs, his American visit, and the prospect of becoming rich and famous.

office his delight is increased by the news that their Rainbow concert on Sunday has sold out. But perhaps his years on the Red Barrel Run have taken a greater toll than he cares to readily admit, because he apparently doubts that their momentum can continue unabated.

"I worry about what we are doing," he reveals. "I don't walk about biting my nails. I'm not paranoid about it — I'm just really concerned."

"Even this relatively small level of success is more than any of us have had in the past. And you worry about getting complacent, or about people *thinking* you're becoming complacent."

"And you ask yourself: can this last? Can this get better? Can we make it better?"

"That's what I feel all the time. Then when I hear we've sold out the Rainbow I find it astonishing. *Incredible!*" He laughs.

But despite these misgivings he's still able to explain exactly why they deserve acclaim.

"There's nothing original in what we play . . . It's not without influence, obviously. But it seems to me it's like a shot in the arm; it's what I've been wanting to happen."

"You get fed up hearing the bland pop records on the one hand, and *the Art* on the other. I think what we're doing falls in the middle. The only thing that's pissed me off so far is that none of our singles have been hits, coz I think they should be hits. 'Soul Shoes' was a great rock-pop single."

"Oh sure, I get more optimistic as things get better, but at the same time I get more worried as well. I feel this has got to go somewhere. I really feel Graham is *that* good; he is *that* special; and the band are that special as well."

"The ideal thing is to keep doing both things. I can't see any reason why we can't be Graham Parker & The Rumour, and The Rumour."

"Why not?"

GRAHAM PARKER goes down the Roxy even less than I do, which must be some kind of record.

To call Graham Parker's second album, "Heat Treatment", a record, however, is a little like calling King Kong a monkey. Noisy, nasty and totally without any pretensions to Art, "Heat Treatment" is simply two sides of the best British sweat and sneakers rock and roll committed to vinyl within living memory.

Upstairs at Stiff Records, G.P. perches on the couch like a sinister shaded dormouse. He seems reticent, and at irregular intervals we stare morosely at each other, waiting for the next move.

Laid-back? G.P. makes J.J. seem like sulphate on a motorcycle.

Though he came into public acclaim at roughly the same time as new-wave bands like The Damned and the Pistols, G.P. seems to have steered mercifully clear of the "I gobbled on your granny so I'm a genius" syndrome.

Could be because he's 26, a good half a decade older than the other bands. Could be because he came up the hard way, making rubber gloves and pumping gas for a long time before he made it. Or it could be that he's just more concerned with the music he puts over than the image.

"I saw The Damned once, at Victoria, and I didn't like them. They were like something out of the psychedelic era . . . the kind of band I watched when I was eating brown rice. They had this huge rush of energy but no . . . tenderness, I guess. I love Gladys Knight and the Pips, because they move me."

A bit like Ex-Lax?

"I love The Damned's album, though, and 'Anarchy In The U.K.' — Rotten's just such a job."

G.P. smokes a lot, and at one time had a lot to do with acid — "I was a hippie, but a sneering one." He was also a Mod, spending a lot of time dancing in Camberley, a phase reflected in the immense danceability of "Heat Treatment."

"I don't dance now unless I'm onstage or I've 'ad a few, but when I was a Mod I was real stylish. There were about four discotheques you could go to, and every week the dances would change a bit . . . Rock Steady and stuff, always something new. If you could dance you were a star — it was a very egotistical thing, all the boys danced alone, like peacocks. But discotheques seem to be very middle of the road now."

Around the time he became a Mod G.P. also started shutting himself in rooms with Otis Redding records. Later he became totally enamoured of Peter Green: "I grew a beard and had long curly hair."

And got circumcized? G.P. grins in mild shock. "No!"

Ah, you couldn't have been a true fan.

"I idolized him. I said hello, once."

Did he say hello to you?

"He kind of nodded."

Did you ever idolize anyone else?

"Not really, but Bowie's great. The way he plays around with faces and takes everything so lightly I could never do that."

Ever see yourself wearing earrings?

"I did, once. Not pierced ones, though, just clip-ons."

Everyone wears make-up

nowadays.

"Not where I come from!" I ask G.P. if his parents disapprove of what he's doing and wish he was still making rubber gloves.

"No, they love it, but my mum gets annoyed when I talk about drugs or say 'fuck' in interviews."

Ah, it's back to our roots time already. G.P. says he isn't political and only voted once, for Wilson because he thought Heath was dangerous. However he admits under pressure that he would play benefits for causes such as anti-racism or squatting — "Because I know what it's like to be woken up by a copper at two in the morning."

I think I detect a note of bitterness in G.P.'s voice. This is interesting because to my mind the only thing which exceeds the fineness of G.P.'s compositions on "Heat Treatment" is their bitterness. Certain tracks, notably "That's What They All Say", drip with the kind of bile peculiar to Bob Dylan before he fell off his bike.

Are you bitter, G.P.?

"Bitter? Why do you say that?"

Well . . .

"Out in the jungle there's a war going down/You wind up eating all the friends you've found" ("Heat Treatment")

"Hey baby I ain't ashamed/Of being turned down/I hope you've got the same strength/You're gonna need it now" ("Turned Up Too Late")

"And I wish we never parted/I wish we had a choice/But now I roam these bitter lands/A face without a voice" ("Black Honey")

And that's just half of Side One . . .

"No, I'm not bitter. And the words of 'That's What They

All Say' are the way they are just because I like the sound of them."

Maybe you're bitter and you don't know it.

"I hated school . . . I wanted to work with animals when I left so they sent me to a Government research centre, breeding them too kill them. I couldn't do that. My real interest was lizards, anyhow. There's not many jobs you can get through liking lizards. I had to kind of store everything up, everything I knew I was going to be . . . yeah, maybe I am a bit bitter."

Do you believe in anything?

"What does anyone believe in?"

Well . . . sex, drugs, violence. What else do you want?

"I believe in Love," sneers G.P.

Really?

"I believe in staying alive."

Well, you are a bit old to die young.

"I don't want to die young. I want to be old and sit in front of the T.V. And write books."

You read much?

"I try to but I read so slow because I'm stoned all the time. I've read Carlos Castaneda. Have you?"

I almost did but I slept instead.

"Well, you probably learned as much. I read *Jaws*. I like the *Daily Mirror* because it makes me angry at all the trash they give space to. It's like a narcotic, picking up the *Mirror* and reading about Mrs. Williams three-legged budgie who shit on her head."

Must have missed that one. "I can't read *The Times* or anything, but I look at the supplements sometimes. I think *NME* and *Sounds* have a sense of humour."

Did you like America?

"It was great."

More important, did America like you?

"New York and San Francisco loved us but in Texas all they want to know is Z.Z. Top. They just got up and walked out. They reckon we played

old-fashioned little pop songs. The album never got any further than 150 in *Billboard*."

Do you get more boys than girls come to see you? I mean you ain't exactly Jim Morrison.

"Yeah, there's hardly any girls in our audiences. But I think most bands are boys bands nowadays — Status Quo, music to bang your head to. It's real weird, having boys come up and ask you for your autograph." G.P. brightens. "But we did get mobbed by a lot of chicks in Sweden."

Don't you like giving autographs?

"Yeah, it's great."

Will you give me one?

"On anything but a blank cheque!"

I thrust a sweaty copy of "Heat Treatment" at G.P. and he scrawls on it good-humouredly. Vaguely aware that I've breached a rule of Interview Etiquette I cast around for a smart remark.

Got a lot of money, G.P.?

G.P. does a double take "Well . . . no. A lot of the money was ploughed back into the American tour. We haven't quite cleaned up yet."

Want to?

"The thought is at the back of my mind."

Gonna leave England when you get rich?

"No. There's lots of things that could be changed about England, but it's the best place to be."

What could be changed?

This fazes him. "Well . . . I don't think constructively where politics are concerned. I just think if the media was changed, that would help a lot." G.P. squirms. "The press in Sweden, they're down our necks all the time about that — 'Are you a Communist? Are you a Fascist?' The press are obsessed with politics."

Someone shamefaced, as we leave I apologise for asking dumb questions about irrelevancies.

"Oh, that's alright", says G.P. quick as a flash. "Everyone else just asks dumb questions about music."

GRAHAM PARKER: By JULIE BURCHILL

CARTOON A



CARTOON B



CARTOON C



CARTOON D



CARTOON E



Cartoons by
EDWARD

BE A NOSEY PARKER

Name The Five Songs Depicted Here And Win
A Rare Graham Parker Legit Bootleg

YES KIDS, it's that easy to cop yourself the ultimate vinyl prestige symbol — a copy of "Live At Marble Arch" by Graham Parker & The Rumour, the album even NME Staff can't get their hands on. Luckily they can't enter the competition that could put one of these inestimable elpees into your sticky paws.

Of 1,000 copies of "Live At Marble Arch" originally minted, only 50 now remain. This last 50 are now up for grabs — courtesy of Phonogram Records who have them stashed deep in their vaults — in our easy to enter competition.

All you have to do is fill in the coupon right, saying which Graham Parker song is illustrated in the five original Edward Barker etchings above. If, for example, you think Cartoon A depicts "Soul Shoes", which is number 7 in the list of songs below, then simply mark 7 on the appropriate line. Simple huh?

Clip out the coupon and send it to our competition dept (address on entry form) and await the dealings of fate. Prizes will go to the first 50 correct entries opened after the closing date: March 21, 1977.

GRAHAM PARKER SONG LIST

1 WHITE HONEY

2 NOTHIN'S GONNA PULL US APART

3 SILLY THING

4 GYPSY BLOOD

5 BETWEEN YOU AND ME

6 BACK TO SCHOOL DAYS

7 SOUL SHOES

8 LADY DOCTOR

9 YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING

10 HOWLIN' WIND

11 NOT IF IT PLEASES ME

12 DON'T ASK ME QUESTIONS

13 HEAT TREATMENT

14 THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY

15 TURNED UP TOO LATE

16 BLACK HONEY

17 HOTEL CHAMBERMAID

18 POURIN' IT ALL OUT

19 BACK DOOR LOVE

20 SOMETHING YOU'RE GOIN' THRU

21 HELP ME SHAKE IT

22 FOOL'S GOLD

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CARTOON D.....

CARTOON E.....

Name.....

Address.....

RULES

All entries must be on an official entry form.
The competition is not open to employees of IPC Magazines or
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The closing date for the competition is 21st March, 1977.
Prizes will be awarded to the first correct entries after closing
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The Editor's decision is final.

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RESULTS

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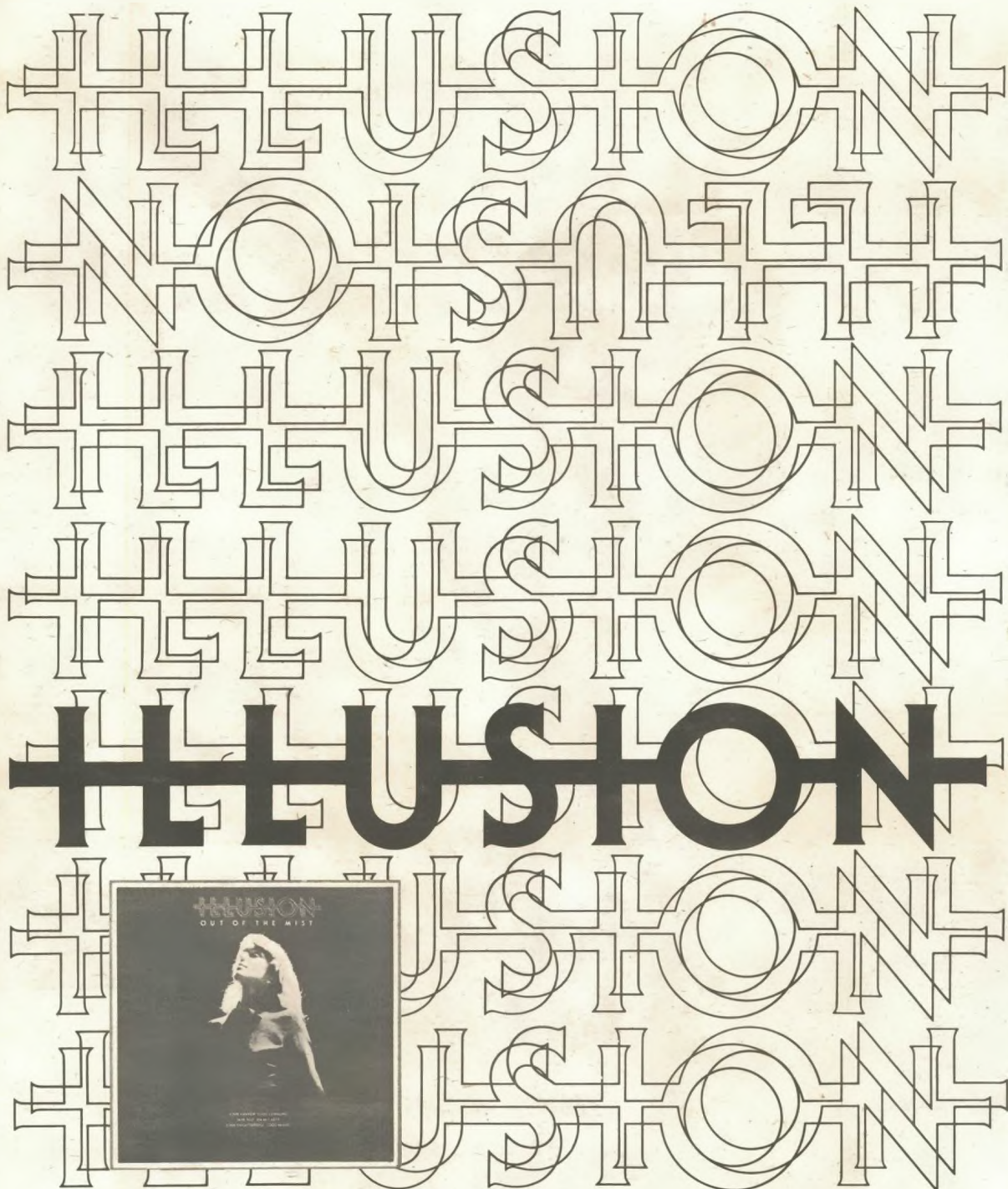
1st Prize Winners

Paul Bradshaw, Charford, Bromsgrove; A. W. Broadhurst, Witham,
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Surrey; N. Clarke, Rise Park, Nottingham; C. M. Fairest, Cambridge;
Jeremy Firth, Sanderstead, Surrey; D. A. Gill, Midsomer Norton,
Avon; Reg Hall, Park South, Swindon; Anthony Jordan, Paignton,
Devon; Rob Lamb, Cambridge; N. McCooey, Inverness; Edwin
Pouncey, London SW7; Ian Roberts, Newton Abbot, S. Devon; David
Robinson, North Shields, Tyne & Wear; Simon Shepherd,
Macclesfield, Cheshire; Jill Stewart, Thorpe Rd, Peterborough; C.
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& Wear; John Cook, Kings Norton, Birmingham; Richard Fennell,
Shirley, Croydon; Paul Fryer, Wilford, Nottingham; M. Godwin, Bath;
G. L. Kemp, Bath on Avon; Alastair Macaulay, Huntingdon; John
McDonnell, Gants Hill, Ilford; Michael Ready, London W11; Alan
Robinson, Bishop Auckland, Co. Durham; Mike Robson, Newcastle
on Tyne; D. A. Simpson, Bangor, Co. Down; Hugh Wheadon,
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Currently on tour with Bryan Ferry, Illusion are a band who believe unashamedly in great songs. John Hawken - keyboards, Jane Relf - vocals, Jim McCarty - acoustic guitar, vocals and Louis Cennamo - bass, were all members of Keith Relf's Renaissance.

Re-formed under the name Illusion late last year, they have been joined by

John Knightsbridge on lead guitar and Eddie McNeil on Drums.

The result is a rare combination of haunting melody almost classical piano and spiralling guitar work.

Take the time to listen and you'll become addicted.

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**IN CONCERT AT
 THE MARQUEE
 MARCH 17th.**

Words: NICK KENT
Pics: CHALKIE
DAVIES

*God,
 I never
 knew it
 would get
 to this*

**IGGY SAID IT,
 IGGY HAD
 THE POWER,
 IGGY HAD
 THE
 DISEASE**

THINKING BACK, IT WAS almost a year ago to this very day when I last ran into Iggy. An assignment had got me holed up in Detroit the night before the David Bowie "Station To Station" tour hit the Motor-City and the lines were buzzing with hot rumours 'bout the Pop coming in with the Thin White Duke — the two apparently being thick as thieves once more — well, you could hang five on the merest taste of a rumour of Iggy being close at hand and I'd be moving in hot to trot for a rendezvous.

I mean, the Ig is my man. Period.

Always has been, ever since at an impressionable 17 I read about this guy who smashed himself to pieces for the sheer hell of it and I believed totally that it was exactly what I wanted to do, to be — to spit all my perverse teenage frustrations out, to look straight into the eye of the hurricane, to stare down cruel mortality itself. Even though I know I'd never have the guts to carry it off.

Not like the Pop, of course.



I was hamstrung by caution, fear . . . you know, but Iggy was out there and I was in awe, man, strict molten awe.

Well, I met him first in '72 when he'd just signed with Main Man and then in . . . oh hell, it came and went y'know . . . The last time I saw him he was crawling down the stairs with some dumb-eyed rich-bitch nymphette from San Diego, a look of pure horror-mask terminal screwed-upness on his face that was frightening because it went so far beyond all that wasted elegance crap the rock vampire press (me included) love to dote over.

He looked like death — like a man utterly bereft of spirit, all burnt out. I felt very depressed and kinda knew something tragic was bound to snap down on this loser-champ's destiny.

TWO MONTHS AFTER my exit from L.A., I read the news that Iggy had been committed to some sort of mental hospital. Too many unpaid parking tickets, obstreperously sloppy behaviour at some airport — they carted him off. Just like that.

Now whether this fairly traumatic experience — from making a living walking, *oh so romantic*, on that wild side of the crazies to having the mark of Cain, of everyman straight-down-the-line lunacy, symbolically etched on your psyche — was the straightening clincher or not is a matter of speculation. It's certainly a subject that Iggy even in private refuses to talk about.

After his release, certain mutual friends would provide distressing reports about running into a depressed, resigned, above all lonely Iggy on the

street. He'd smile benignly, poignantly — but he looked sad. All strafed-out.

A further attempted comeback via a demo tape recorded that very year of eight quite brilliant Iggy Pop / James Williamson songs (the great "Beyond The Law", "Kill City", "No Sense Of Crime", "Joanna", the cataclysmic "Sell Your Love" and more) had gone awry, and things looked as impenetrably bleak as ever. Iggy skulked off to play the gigolo to some new rich bitch and word was out that he might even get married and settle down.

Then at one of David Bowie's Thin White Duke gigs in the L.A. region, Iggy reappeared, principally as spectator and, after a reunion backstage, the fuse of a new relationship was lit.

Thus Detroit, February '76, and the Ponche-train Hotel where Iggy, still blond at this point, and yours truly got together for a few hours of chat. The first noticeable change was Iggy's almost devout "straightness" — his metabolism completely free of chemical boosters, depressants — you name it — and his brain ticking over like a man just grown accustomed to living without the need for quaalude indentation or smacked-back paralysis or . . .

He moved around like a caged animal and seemed strangely depressed in a manner that manifested itself through boredom more than anything. After all, he was really a spare part in the immediate scheme of this tour — every night he'd be backstage, in the wings, watching Bowie doing exactly what he craved to be doing himself. Performing. (Apparently the diagnosis at the aforementioned clinic had noted that Iggy Pop desperately needed to perform in order to live in some modicum of self-fulfilment. It was truly a disease with him).

Anyway we talked: about old acquaintances, the previous year's events (barring the clinic affair of course) and every answer was somehow tinged with a kind of world-weary, strangely malcontented cynicism.

Bowie, however, he was full of praise for — certainly as a performer (in fact Iggy's attitude towards Bowie has always been extremely guarded — "Dave's a nice guy" is as far as he'd commit himself when queried) and it was only

cut through and connect beyond just touching pockets of the converted. As I write, WEA are finally reissuing the "Stooger 1st" and "Fun House" albums (though tragedy of tragedies, "Raw Power", the band's finest sustaining vinyl scream from the Zone remains deleted by CBS with no plans of a resurrection — criminal behaviour!); the prior week has seen the Man's new-look emblazon the cover of all three U.K. music weeklies; he's even made Page 3, dammit, of the *Evening Standard*.

"The Father of Punk" the *Standard* called him, while the awfully naive Maggie Norden, previewing next week's *soopa* "Hulabaloo" (a Capital Radio kiddies' show on Sunday afternoons), dubbed our hero the "Granddaddy of Punk". It's so hysterical, really.

Such cosy pigeon-holing for easily the most brutal exponent of rock as self-destructive exorcism, a truly evil performer, in a way that makes the whole Iggy saga one long harrowing tale of exquisite hypocrisy.

The contradictions since last week's flurry of gigs have become almost labyrinthine in their complexity? I mean, who was it on "Metallic K.O." who maliciously exhorted the audience to "Riot, kids, riot" yet who only two days back at the Rainbow, in virtually resurrected fettle, spoke only once to the clamouring and ecstatic hordes and that was to inform them that if they damaged the seating then he and the boys wouldn't be allowed back for the second Monday show. Answers on a postcard please.

As he delivered that latter resigned statement, I flashed back to the first time I'd seen Iggy live — at home in sweet suburbia on the box when an early *Old Grey Whistle Test* screened the extraordinary performance by the "Fun House" Stooges when Iggy actually walked out on the hands of the audience, I've never seen anything like it, before or since.

And while we're on that "walking - on - the - audience - stunt" (*NME* ran a shot of the actual moment with last week's Ig interview): I saw another guy try and pull off exactly the same stunt several years back. It was the first gig celebrating this skinny pretty cat's metamorphosis - to - tentative - rock superstar at some London college,

some amoral face, he compensates somewhat for the disturbing absence of ex-Stooges' guitarist James Williamson's once-ultra-malevolent presence. The guitarist, Rick Gardiner, is a visual nebisch — he's even got a beard and looks slightly cagey about his actual role here. Fortunately for him anyway he's allowed heavy anonymity throughout — visually, standing right next to the keyboards player and musically, having his guitar contributions swamped by the heavy emphasis the overall sound-mix places on that keyboard player's contributions.

The keyboards player, by the way, is David Bowie.

A suitably slight figure neither shrouded in complete darkness (as might befit the 'Howard Hughes Of Rock' image some of the rock press are tantalizingly willing on his latest supposedly low-profile whims), not particularly striking, one simply notices a pencil-thin profile seated, playing perfectly adequate keyboards — piano, organ, synthesizer.

His presence however is so totally workmanlike that, throughout the show, I honestly couldn't be bothered to check whether he still had a moustache or not. I vaguely recall he wore light blue and his manner reminded me (even though, for other reasons, this comparison might not be too pleasing) of Eno's backseat stance to John Cale when the former made a guest appearance once at Drury Lane.

Musically however, Bowie seems very much in charge here. The whole band kick off on the wrong foot with the once-cataclysmic "Raw Power", a song so totally fettered to the ultra-grievous stun-guitar braggadocio of James Williamson (whose riff it is) that this new version suffers badly.

Bowie, for example, chooses to pace the steam-roller riff with an almost tinkertoy two-note organ motif. Gardiner, possibly due to P.A. hassles is more or less lost in action and only the Sales bros. set upon this merciless masterpiece with some amount of quasi-vicious resolve.

But of course it takes a while before these deficiencies make themselves apparent because as the first bars are off and reeling a figure in jeans with this quite unique sanpaku-eyed visage and a

him calling the shots on you. Like all great art, it disturbed as profoundly as it bedazzled.

That King Cross gig was something else, mind.

Before and after that performance there were hideous Stooges shows where the singer's propensity for getting utterly ga-ga on nefarious pharmaceuticals turned proceedings into a kind of savage farce. The final-ever Stooges performance, yours for posterity courtesy the second side of Skydog's "Metallic K.O.", is on one level at least the most vicious, malicious slice of rock ephemera ever made available to the public.

Never have wounds been so open — the level of sheer numbing pain that Iggy's so obviously going through — the emotional breaking point at the end as the bottles fly and Pop, beaten bloody by a Hells Angel's spiked knuckle-duster, spits out over the opening bars of "Louie Louie" — "God I never knew it would get to this." So much of the Stooges' later music was more emotionally pleading and complex: Two quotes from "Raw Power" now seem strikingly prophetic.

In "I Need Somebody" (performed by this new Bowie-Sales crew probably more successfully than any other old Stooges number), when one now hears Iggy singing "I'm dying in a story/I have to live in to sing this song" it takes on a chilling relevance in relation to the Stooges' dive into the regions of "Metallic K.O."

And on "Your Pretty Face Is Going To Hell" — "If you want to make a buck, boy, you've got to be a geek."

IGGY WAS NO GEEK at Aylesbury, nor at the Rainbow four days later. He was just very professional, but "professionalism" isn't what I was satisfied with and nor were many of the audience as I found out later. Both gigs were grand pilgrimages for probably everyone who went. They'd heard the stories — Iggy as Mondo Superman . . . the gorgeous physique perfectly poised on the hands of the multitude . . . the man who would take up any gauntlet . . . to many he may well have been some sort of God, superhuman and amoral, a living legend not bounded even by the laws of mortality (and lest there be any doubt, I checked the audience's corporate



Eat your heart out Johnny Giles: DAVID BOWIE gave a new twist to the term 'player-manager' when he slipped into the U.K. to play keyboards on tour for his churling IGGY POP. See far left the manager as low profile player, far right the manager as low profile rock celebrity. In the centre Iggy goes through the usual contempto-destructo-mondo-bondo-expresso-bongo poses. Kid but you better believe it, the Ig's tail-feathers are never in decline!

when I made the possibly injudicious ploy of asking him, brusquely, if Bowie was paying all the Ig's bills now that tension broke.

Iggy seemed embarrassed for one dint of a second and then came straight back. "Oh, man, you've always been a fuckin' journalist."

We laughed it off immediately but the discomfort of the moment lingered on.

My feelings, however, were simply that: hey, the guy's healthy; he seems, superficially anyway, to be bored and discontented by his lack of "activity"; and dammit, if he just dragged back James Williamson and the rest and hit Europe they'd simply clean up. The time, even then, was right. His cult reputation was enormous.

Iggy looked almost painfully doe-eyed at the idea of playing live in Europe.

"Nah," he shrugged in a tone of almost terminal boredom in words that, exactly one year later, would hold a truly bizarre twist to them — "it would just be one more con-trick on my part."

IT'S 1977, O.K. ALL across the ole' U.K. — and screw me if virtually every New Wave band in the land isn't playing "No Fun", "1969" or "I Feel Alright" in their set and chanting the sacred name of Iggy and the Stooges like some crucial litany to "relevance". The Stooges — man — wow, they were hip to real-life urban boredom back when everyone else was wriggling naked and wide-eyed around in Wood-shit and thinking they were gettin back to the garden.

Eight years — eight hard, blighted years it's taken — for Iggy's style of real hell-fire rhetoric to

see, and for encore-time he had the front rows with their hands up and you could just see he was going to step out and do an Iggy.

He hoisted himself up, yup, and then . . . and then . . . well, those thick platform soles weren't the most practical footwear for the trick. Something had to give and it did. The man who fell to earth. His name was David Bowie, after all.

BUT NOW IT'S five years roughly since I saw the Ig's O.G.W.T. grandstand bash and Bowie's faux-pas (it should be noted that D.B. did fall with a certain modicum of grace) and here I am Tuesday night down genial Friar's at Aylesbury and man, I am hot because my man, the Ig, is going to hit that spotlight any second now and whip something truly dangerous and subversive on this audience.

I've become sick to the teeth of gutless impersonators — even Lou Reed has tried to copy the tamest leg-shuffle that the Ig pioneered, not to mention all those punk bands singers. I mean, I don't care whether Johnny Rotten stubs lighted cigarettes on his arms — he can't dance and that's an end to it. And the real pros: I saw Jagger last year maybe four times and he couldn't even project past the first eight stalls. I'm hungry for meat. I want to hear some rock 'n' roll that disturbs my mind. The right way.

Well, back on the stage there's already this big guy on drums with the physique of a butcher and a face full of jet black hair. He's called Hunt Sales. His brother, Tony, is the coolest-looking figure. Black leather slacks, studded cowboy boots, sweat-shirt and a keen razor cut topping a hand-

naked torso, positively rippling with perfectly formed muscles, storms on stage-left with a truly vengeful predatory look on his face, grabs that mike-stand and slams down so hard that each move I could feel like his every convulsion setting off electric shocks in my bones. The band were a barely adequate back-drop. It was purely Iggy's show from there on.

A show moreover that, content-wise, is most interesting, if at times a somewhat disturbing departure from the Pop's precedents of yore. In the summer of 1972, Iggy and the Stooges played one gig in London — at a pretty sparsely attended all-nighter at the King's Cross Cinema. For that gig, the band — Iggy, James Williamson plus Ron and Scott Asheton simply devised a completely new set of songs — pretty strange songs, they were too — which to my knowledge had never been performed or recorded before or since.

This was a total show with Iggy, above all, directly confronting the audience. It was at times as frightening as it was consistently rivetting — the slightly ramshackle appearance of the cinema giving the whole thing an all-too-oppressive Twilight Zone/Phantom Of The Opera vibe. Then Iggy moved alright, sometimes pulling off some incredible gymnastics, but there was something else in this performance — something no other performer certainly in rock has come close to pulling off successfully.

Behind what looked like overtly brutal swiftness of movement lurked the breaking down of all those barriers that have hampered the rigid segregation of the rock star and peon audience.

Attitudes and fronts were shattered. One minute you were bedazzled by the man's gravitational audacity, the next faced with the potential fear of

gaze and it was fixed firm on the Pop torso as opposed to Bowie who, though visible, had all the visual panache of a sheet metal worker suffering from malnutrition).

So what did we get then?

We got Iggy constantly flexing the chest muscles of his rather incredible physique, dancing a manic variant of the boogaloo, throwing himself around the stage with the kind of abandon that can only be attained through the natural acquiescence of excessive animal grace, gripping the mikes in a pained Jim Morrison pose and between numbers, dropping to the floor to roll around exhausted or (particularly effective, and a stock Iggy pose) crumpling his ugly-beautiful face into a look of sub-human fatigue/disgust.

His voice was strong. From a distance anyway, he looked consistently more like 18 than 30 years old, and for someone measuring a probable 5' 6" he filled out that spotlight and stage often with quite amazing stature. I never got bored watching him at either gig.

The repertoire? Oh, of course. A very neat cut-across of old Stooges faves and some new "Idiot" fodder:

"Raw Power" (the band too weak, but Iggy's footwork and contortions impeccable), "TV Eye" (a great choice this, from "Fun House" with Iggy suitably manic, though guitarist Gardiner sounds too much like he's going through the motions), "1969" (the band seem a bit too polished to pull off something as musically banal as this in the proper way, Bowie particularly uncomfortable about his keyboard part. Yeah it's nice to hear in a way, but I keep feeling for Iggy — it's "going through the motions" time), "Gimme Danger"

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Newcastle-On-Tyne December

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JIMMY REED

Big Boss Man (Memorial Album

Vol. 1) (DJM)

JOHN LEE HOOKER

Dimples (DJM)

A FEW WEEKS ago, I had the privilege — if not the pleasure — of seeing Rory Gallagher and Leon Redbone on television. Such heroic striving for authenticity: Redbone painstakingly reproducing every last quaver and mumble of the quintessential toothless and decrepit old Delta bluesman, and Gallagher pounding the flesh and fibre of the blues into guitar tooth paste, steamhammering audience and material alike with so much technique that is seemed that the *how* of the blues had completely overwhelmed the *what*.

I've no doubt that both Redbone and Gallagher are honest, sincere and generally all-purpose wonderful human beings, and it's certainly nice to know that they dig blues enough to play it, but their performances — however well-intentioned — are ultimately little more than updated *Black and White Minstrel Show* and serve only to underscore the lamentable state of disrepair in which the blues currently finds itself.

Look at it thisaway: it's saddening and disheartening to hear Sonny Boy Williamson gumming his lyrics to death because he didn't have but two sound teeth in his head in his last years. It's considerably nastier to hear a white guy with healthy chompers trying his damndest to sound like an old nigger with no teeth while making more bread than — say — Fred McDowell ever saw in his life.

These days, it seems that blues is a black cast-off; a musical rubbish tip of black leftovers which only white folks want to explore. As the liner note to Son Seal's album points out, Seals (one of the comparatively few black musicians still operating an uncompromising blues policy) still loads his own amps after 16 years on the road.

Most of the great bluesmen of the last thirty years are dead. Of the others, only a very small number have managed to cope with the demands of the modern black record buyer. Johnny "Guitar" Watson, Little Milton, Bobby Bland and Albert King — all of whom had a foot in the soul camp throughout the '60s — are about the only ones.

B.B. King's in Vegas, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee (like Big Bill Broonzy before them) slid neatly into the folk clubs and Muddy Waters went for the rock audience — both of which mean "white audience".

It also means that he has to sit still for being treated like a museum piece and get subjected to all that "these blues came up these Mississippi on these shoulders of these black man" crap from condescending white intellectuals who fancy themselves as the musical heirs of Dr. Livingstone.

Still, it's better than no audience at all, and since black American record buyers are even more fickle, trend-conscious and frightened of being



SON SEALS



MUDDY WATERS, from the sleeve of "Hard Again" (Blue Sky)

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY listens to 'em,
and provides a few thoughts on blues and the
whole black'n' white minstrel show in general.

caught listening to last year's thing than their white counterparts, it's pretty hard to keep up with them without totally losing sight of what your own music's about.

Albert King's latest seems to be a musical tug-of-war between Albert and his producer Bert de Couteaux. It opens up with "Guitar Man", a piece of such consummate disco dreck that it leaves a nasty taste in the listener's mouth even through the pleasant workmanlike renditions of Page and Plant's — sorry, Willie Dixon's — "My Babe" and "I'm Ready", and the more successful funk experiments like "Change Of Pace" and "I Don't Care What My Baby Do."

Albert plays beautifully just like he always does — or maybe that should be "beautifully and just like he always does" — 'cuz Albert does his particular thing the same way whatever his sidemen and producers put behind him, and it's a tribute to his excellence as both vocalist and guitarist that he's lasted like he has.

However, "Albert" racks up but poorly against his previous album "Truckload Of Lovin'" (also produced by de Couteaux), let alone his twin peaks "I Wanna Get Funky" (Stax) and "King Of The Blues Guitar" (Atlantic).

I can't figure de Couteaux out. He

was responsible for the superb innovative string arrangement of B.B. King's classic "The Thrill Is Gone" (1970) and a previous album that was very good indeed. He is also producing the next Feelgoods album. The mind done boggled, people!

Meanwhile, over at the white folks ranch, Muddy Waters — the last surviving titan of '50s Chicago blues — has cut a stormer of an album under the aegis of well-known white person Johnny Winter. Using Muddy's regular band, augmented only by former Muddy sidemen James Cotton (harp) and Winter himself on "guitar and miscellaneous screaming", the assembled company ram home classic Muddy Waters with a force and power unheard since the original '50s Chess sides, and recorded more solidly than Len and Phil Chess could ever have imagined.

It opens up with "Manish Boy", a derivative of Bo Diddley's "I'm A Man" and therefore credited to both men. Can you hear me, Percy? With Winter cheering him on and drummer Willie "Big Eyes" Smith laying down a backbeat you can't lose it, Muddy roars his way through a devastating assertion of humanity and self-definition without ever descending to the rather desperate macho posturing

which lesser singers always bring to the song.

See, "I'm A Man" dates from a period when black folks were habitually addressed as "boy" by whites who didn't know any better, and the resulting implications are totally absent when it's sung by Wilko or some such.

If you looking for "high energy music", you come to the right place. On a good night, Muddy can still wipe the floor with any rock and roll band you care to name.

The rest of the album doesn't come up to that staggering opener, but it still rocks like the proverbial bitch despite a certain muddiness (sorry) of texture caused by Winter's tendency to whack everything right up to the front of the mix.

Winter behaves himself admirably on guitar, by the way; none of the widescreen excessiveness that has marred his more recent work. Working with a boyhood idol has brought out a few things in him that one had presumed lost along the way; likewise, Winter's devotion and encouragement has done the same for Muddy, coaxing performances out of the old master that he no longer seemed to be capable of delivering.

"You be pickin' yo' ass off!" Muddy explodes exultantly after a

gorgeous duet version of Muddy's first-ever hit, "I Can't Be Satisfied" which launched both Muddy and Chess Records back in '49.

Gentlemen: my congratulations and thanks. Hey, there's still the album with The Band to come. Way to Go, Muddy!

"Midnight Son" is Son Seals' second album for Alligator Records, one of the only two labels left recording the remnants of Chicago's blues scene. Seals is a hyperthyroid, angry guitarist and singer of the post-Buddy Guy style, of which the leading exponent (apart from Guy himself, that is) is Luther Allison.

Though it contains nothing as haunting as the extraordinary "Your Love Is Like A Cancer" from the previous album, it's a good, solid album with flag-waving brass arrangements — dig the stomping knock-down-drag-out "Four Full Seasons Of Love" — and a beautiful funk stew on "No No Baby".

The sad truth, however, is that Son just ain't in the same class as his deceased predecessors, and if he ain't prepared to go street-funk or disco, he's probably gonna have to keep loading his own amps for a while yet.

Still, while Son can't match the recorded past, he'd undoubtedly be a stone blinder live . . . which puts him right back home in square one. Wherever you are tonight, Son Seals, get it on one time for me, brother.

The Sonny Boy/Animals album makes an interesting comparison piece to his album with The Yardbirds, recorded a few weeks earlier and currently available on Philips International. It even contains three of the same numbers: "Pontiac Blues", "Baby Don't Worry" and "I Don't Care No More". (To complete the picture, there's also "Animals In Concert From Newcastle" (DJM) and the legendary "Five Live Yardbirds".)

It's an extraordinary document of a great artist in his decline (old, toothless and drunk) and a band on the verge of extraordinary achievements: Eric Burdon, the most authoritative and effortlessly "authentic" blues singer this country ever produced, makes Sonny Boy sound feeble by comparison — which is tragic.

The poignancy is increased by the evident mutual love and respect demonstrated by Burdon and Williamson during their duet on "Nobody But You (Talkin' 'bout You)". A musical disaster area, the album is possibly the most affecting documentary piece in Giorgio Gomelski's '60s series.

The Hooker compilations are drawn from the files of Vee Jay Records, who recorded some excellent blues material in Chicago in the '50s but were overshadowed by Chess.

Jimmy Reed died last August in semi-obscure, but in his prime he was Chicago's best-selling bluesman, even topping mighty Muddy. His blues was laid back and lazy, in direct contrast to the full-tilt bull-roar of the Waters/Wolf school of transplanted Mississippians. Reed was from Mississippi too, but his sound was more Texas/West Coast: high-pitched skreetchy mouth-harp with a totally different approach to that of Little Walter and Sonny Boy Williamson, the Chicago harps most picked up on by the white rock and roll bluesmen of the '60s; tough, methodical, relaxed boogie shuffles and a sly, sneaky vocal delivery as devoid of the boisterous macho bluster of Muddy and the Wolf as his lyrics, which depicted him as the quintessential quiet loser.

■ Continues over page



JOHN LEE HOOKER

From over page

Most of Reed's classics are included: "Ain't That Lovin' You Baby", "Big Boss Man", "Honest I Do", and "Goin' To New York" (the latter currently being used by Climax as their Big Finish and the others all recorded to death by such disparate artists as Elvis Presley, Bobbie Gentry and The Pretty Things).

"Shame Shame Shame" — currently Reed's best-known number, thanks to Byron Ferret — is presumably being held over for volume two, as is "Baby What You Want Me To Do?"

If anything, Reed's languid easy-rockin' blues sounds better now than it did when I first heard it 11 or 12 years ago: the turtle outracing the Cadillac et cet. Present-day J.J. Cale freaks should go a bomb on him.

John Lee Hooker, on the other hand, has been dealing out nothin' but unalloyed — albeit heavily electrified — Mississippi Delta blues throughout his recording career, which began in Detroit nearly 30 years ago.

Most of his best — and best-known — recordings are solo performances (check Atlantic's "Detroit Special" and Checker's "Mad Man Blues" for the best examples of his dark, churning, menacing work), but Vee Jay set out to record him in a more sophisticated urban context, using leading Chicago session bluesmen — including the thrilling harp of Jimmy Reed on the first four tracks.

Attempts to record Hooker with bands have mostly been less than productive because of his irregular measures and unpredictable fusions of twelve-bar and modal forms, all of which render him extremely difficult for his accompanists to follow, with the almost inevitable result that either he loses them completely or else they simply drown him out and play what they want to.

However, the Vee Jay session crew, led by guitarist Eddie Taylor (who also makes significant contributions on the Jimmy Reed set), blended better with the idiosyncratic Hooker than any band with whom he's recorded subsequently.

The results include legendary tracks like "Boom Boom" and "Dimples": the former a staple of blues bands from The Animals (way back in the '60s) to the Feelgoods (way back in the '70s), but John Lee kicks ass on 'em all. "Dimples", recorded in 1956 and a British hit single in 1964, still has an irresistibly propulsive drive and swing that'll keep it sounding just as good as it ever did.

There's even a 1959 re-make of that first 1948 million-seller "Boogie Chillun", which says it now just the way it did then, says it for the new wave, for the old wave, blow wave, permanent wave, any damn wave you want.

Mama, there's good rockin' tonight. **Charles Shaar Murray**

Motor City monsters re-visited

MC5
Back In The U.S.A.
(Atlantic)

I HEARD the MC5 for the first time five days ago and I'm still coming down. Released by public demand (and a private plea from cuddlesome Charles Shaar Murray) "Back In The U.S.A." was the second album by these five boys out of Motor City, first released in 1970.

Originally the brainchild of White Panther leader John Sinclair, the MC5 bit the hand that fed them by hooking up with rock critic Jon Landau and rejecting radical politics in favour of sex, violence and dancing.

While not explicitly political, the songs here are as conducive to youthful dissent and rebellion as outright propaganda would be. "Back In The U.S.A." won't send you running to the library for a hot copy of Das Kapital, but it could just drive you to saluting your Army/Careers/Probation Officer with two fingers and a Bronx cheer.

Almost without exception these 11 tracks are little gems — hard fast and nasty, just one lasting longer than three minutes and most of them around the two and a half minute mark.

"Awopbopalobopalopbam-boom!" and with the best loved bit of Esperanto in the history of the universe, rock and roll once more chooses to line up with the dragon rather than St. George. They tore up seats to Little Richard's original "Tutti Frutti", but you can tear up streets to this, as Rob Tyner's gloriously dumb voice pounds out a driving confirmation that bad boys have all the fun, calling up the essential innocence of rock and roll beyond all irrelevancies of talk.

"Tonight" (best rock title ever) is a haul-ass celebration of sitting in class getting juiced up with the sheer exhilaration of bands that make your ears bleed.

With no plans beyond the next daybreak, the arrogantly acned guitars were made for each other and the pure dissenting harmonies are oblivious to all but their obsession — "Every day/Gonna hear them say/Got to get down in the U.S.A./Tonight!"

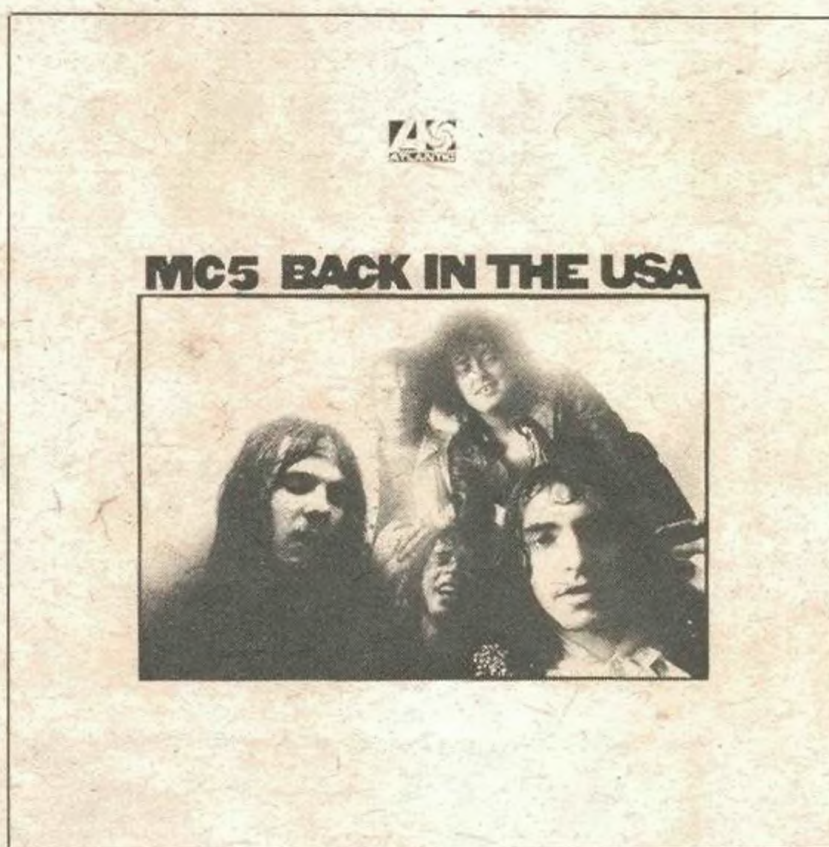
The best song ever written about the wasteland between 12 and 20, "Teenage Lust", explores the adolescent dilemma of being hot non-stop "Surrounded by bitches who just wouldn't give it in/Who thought that getting down was an unnatural sin/Baby, baby,

help me/I think I'm gonna bust/I need a healthy outlet/For my teenage lust!"

Who could hold out against Wayne Kramer's guitar, with a desperation made relentless by frustration destroying all in its path, or Dennis Thompson, attacking his drums just like he'd do to that tight-assed chick if he ever got hold of her? On your feet or on your knees? You'll be on your face when this is finished with you.

But boys are never as bad as you hope they'll be — the 4.12 "Let Me Try" is a love song in a true sense, with no phoney promises or dumb flattery but just a simple statement of intent. The drums are like heartbeats and decisively tentative guitars feel their way with painful ease around an aching piano melody.

Rubbing salt into the wounds inflicted by terminal teenage lust is "Looking At You", a screaming full-throttle "Death Race 2000" debate that couldn't have come out of anywhere but Detroit, Murder City, which holds the dubious honour of the highest homicide rate in America.



"Opened up my eyes baby/You made me realise/All I want to do/Is look at you!"

It's a teeth-clenching speed-shake mangled-Luftwaffe killer that you could tear yourself apart dancing to, Kramer's guitar is as dirty as a dog fight; it's like being out of your head and playing tag with the traffic on a warm wild night. Listening to it you can understand why they were too scared to leave Kramer free on the street.

Side Two opens with the butt-twitching "High School", a good-time number worthy of The Monkees (what higher accolade?) with insidiously innocent lyrics "They're gonna be taking over/You better get out

of the way/Cos they're going to High School/Rah! Rah! Rah!"

The guitar riffs are as irresistible as a drive-in movie, all of it as dumb and beautiful as a sunbronzed cheerleader.

"Call Me Animal" is a brash open invitation which the parents of Young America no doubt responded to with enthusiasm. Heavy handed though it is, the guitars could blast through solid concrete and they'll yell at you to turn it down, so it serves its purpose.

Much better is "The American Ruse", the essence of rock and roll meeting the dialectics of protest, propaganda to shake it down to, moving along as easy as greased lightning, Fred "Sonic" Smith's guitar

strangling the American Dream in a few bars of contempt and affection. Yet it's nevertheless gilded with harsh sweet harmony and searing optimism.

The compulsively manic "Shakin' Street" features Rob Tyner in a tireless monotone recalling the orphans of America blind to everything but rock and roll, and Michael Davis as anonymous and irreproachable as a bass should be. "Their mamas all warned them not to come to town? It got into their blood, now they gotta get down". On one level a no-nonsense rocker, it also comes across as slightly scary in its joyless determination to have a good time.

"The Human Being Lawn-mower" lacks the infectiousness of some of the other tracks and doesn't make such a deadly fine point. Hard and fast though it is, it lacks the precision of tracks like "Teenage Lust"; it misses the jugular, but it just about takes off an ear.

Meanwhile, "Back in the U.S.A." ends with its Chuck Berry namesake, the immortal celebration of America in a happier time as Kramer serenades his country with menacing affection, wringing more love out of a guitar than any orator could ever give. Unlike Presidents, guitars don't lie: while hamburgers sizzle on open grills and blacks sizzle in Watts — "I'm so glad I'm living in the U.S.A.!"

If any music sounds like suicide it's the MC5. It wouldn't be a shock to find inscribed on the label, "This record will self-destruct in five seconds". As it was, it took them five years.

Free Wayne Kramer.
Julie Burchill

IMPORTS

NO DOUBT about the top import of the week — it's **Gene Clark's** "Two Sides To Every Song" (RSO), a sometimes breathtakingly beautiful album which, or so I'm told, Clark had to hawk around various companies for several months before finding a taker.

Featuring a stellar cast — Al Perkins, Jerry McGee, Jeff Baxter, Jim Fielder, Doug Dillard, Byron Berline, with Emmylou Harris, Steve Soles, Matt Moore and John Hartford figuring among the vocal team — "Two Sides" contains many memorable moments, few of them better than on "Sister Moon" when Emmylou joins Clark to re-create the kind of magic that made Gram Parsons' "Grievous Angel" such a desirable artifact.

Another totally effective album is **Richard Torrence's** "Bareback (Capitol)" on which the ex-Eureka man employs his mildly serrated voice in a not un-Buckley-like (Tim not Lord) manner on a set of worthwhile songs that includes Randy Bishop's "So Sad", Tom Jans' "Tender Memory", Troy Seals' "Moonlight Tripin'" and Gallagher and Lyle's "Stay Young".

Fred Tackett and Torrence himself supply a plethora of clean cut, intelligent axe-work, while the rhythm section is

pure textbook, courtesy of such stalwarts as Billy Payne, Wilton Felder and Jeff Pocaro, of it has all been said.

A joy of livin' affair this one, with Torrence's own "Lovin' Good" being the rompingest chunk of sexual stompology to cross my turn-table for many an orgy, another track, "Rio De Janeiro Blue" proving positively Dan-like. The message is simple — latch on.

WEA are to import **Buck Owens'** "Buck Em" and **Doug Kershaw's** "Flip, Flop and Fly" to coincide with the advent of the Wembley C & W Festival — which means that these items will be on the market for the reasonable price of £3.29.

Also scheduled is a further supply of albums in the "That's Jazz" series from Germany, involving such titles as **Charles Lloyd's** "Dream Weaver", **Herbie Hancock's** "Fat Albert Rotunda", **Chick Corea's** "Tone For Jason's Bones" and **Milt Jackson's** "Plenty Soul".

Meanwhile, there's a plentiful supply of newbies to be going on with, including **Hydra's** "Rock The World" (Polydor), **Joe Beck's** "Watch The Time" (Polydor), **Joe Simon's** "Easy To Love" (Spring), **Free Beer's** "Nouveau Chapeau" (RCA), **Corky Laing's** "Making It On The Streets" (Elektra), **Don Everly's** "Brother Jukebox" (Hickory), **John Handy's** "Carnival"

By FRED DELLAR

(ABC), **Country Joe McDonald's** "Goodbye Blues" (Fantasy), **Hubert Laws'** "The San Francisco Concert" (CTI) and **Albert King's** "Live Blues" (Utopia), the last named featuring a lengthy jam on which King pits his plectrum against those of Lowell Fulson, Louisiana Red and Rory Gallagher.

The week's most chuckle-worthy choice of song is found on **Dolly Parton's** "New Harvest — First Gathering" (RCA). I mean, can you think of anyone less likely to render such sentiments as "(Your Love Keeps Lifting Me) Higher And Higher"?

News is that **Delbert McClinton** has now parted company with ABC. But before he finally bundled up his sleeping bag, the ex-Bruce Chamel sideman cut one more album, "Love Rustler", which has just been shuffled in. The track listing is predictably, unpredictable, the songs ranging from "Ain't No More Cane", an old Texas prison number, to Laura Lee's "Long As I Got You".

Though I just didn't have time to really check this one out properly, I did hear — and was surprisingly impressed by — "The Gap Band" (Tattoo), a better-than-the-average shake ya ass affair that has overtones of both Stevie Wonder and Johnny Watson.

THE NEWBEATS

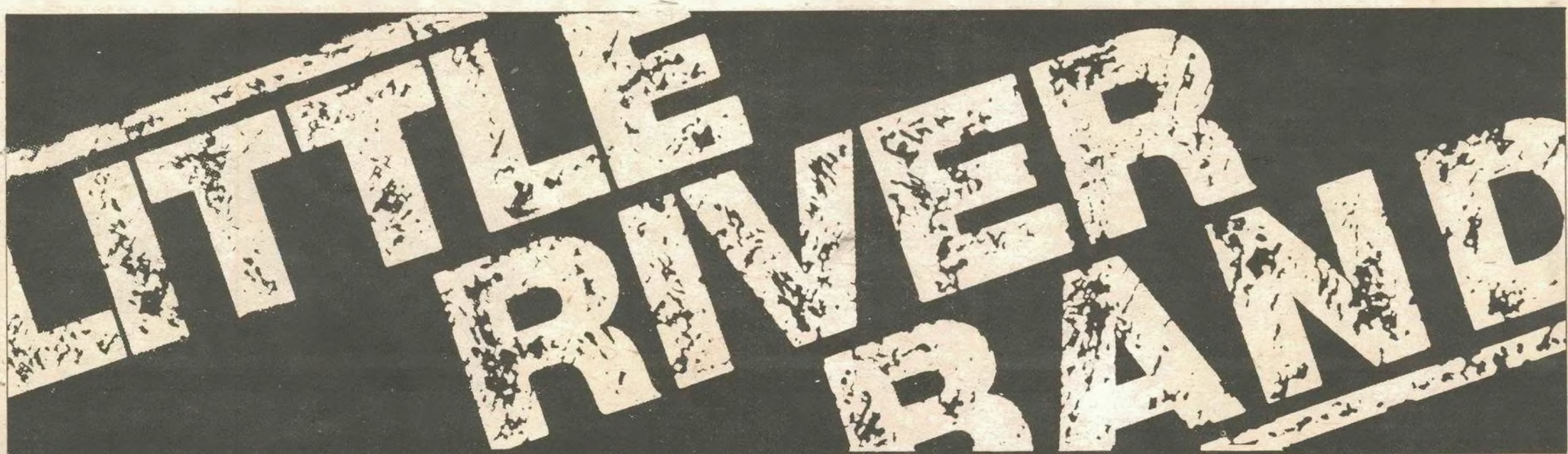
Bread And Butter (DJM)
THE 1964 British invasion of the States knocked the gimmick-ridden MOR-orientated local industry flat on its ass.

They quickly attempted to toughen up some of their local boys and one such group was The Newbeats: a combination of adenoidal falsetto shrieking from the Four Season/Frankie Valli/Lou Christie school and assimilated Liverpool beat applied to old Everly Bros, Roy Orbison, Ernie K Doe and Beach Boys material.

All but the last of their US chart entries are included here: the No. 2 "Bread & Butter" which is a classic of this particular genre, "Everything's All Right", "Break Away", "The Birds Are For The Bees", "Run Baby Run" and "Shake Hands".

If you are interested in rock history, this album's for you — the origin of every note, phrase and arrangement can be identified; the product of an industry in panic and an aequiescent buying public whose taste had been so eroded by the record companies that the arrival of Beatles' cover versions of genuine American rock'n'roll was so revolutionary that it changed the whole course of popular music.

Miles



World teeters on axis shock

DOLLY PARTON
New Harvest, First Gatherings (RCA)

WHEN YOU come across an artist using an album to prove a point, very positively, nine times out of ten it turns out to be an overbearing disaster. What we have here, however, is one of the fortunate ten percent who not only prove the point but turn out a dynamic album into the bargain.

This is probably one of the most intense statements to have been made by a woman in rock and roll for a long time. The intensity, however, isn't immediately apparent. There isn't any fist shaking, up-against-the-wall-macho-pig rhetoric. There isn't any histrionic, why-wasn't-I-born-a-boy, Patti Smith posturing.

Dolly Parton (you remember Dolly Parton, don't you, nudge, wink?) has very coolly and very precisely gone straight to basics. She has produced, arranged and sung the very best album to come out of the Nashville stocks in as long as I can remember.

On face value you may not think this is an earth shaking move. Why shouldn't a woman arrange and produce, and beat the men at their own game? Does that really have to be so amazing?

I guess the answer is both yes and no. No, there's actually no reason why a woman shouldn't be as good a producer, if not better than a man, all else being equal.

The problem that Dolly Parton must have come up against is that in Nashville all else is very far from equal. Simply overcoming the traditional conservatism that runs through country music has been an integral part of Dolly's career.

It also doesn't stop at overcoming old-fashioned male resistance. Simply by turning out an album as good as this, Dolly has, at a stroke, completely turned over her previous image of the fluffy blonde with big tits and a Daisy Mae voice.

The reaction of some women trying to get past an image like that would be walking round with no make-up, lank hair and doing their best to look flat chested. Not Dolly Parton, though. When I met her last summer in Nashville she made it very clear that she took an unashamed delight in the body that "God had given her."

In the same way, Dolly

hasn't turned away from her previous work. This album isn't an about face. It's a logical, almost organic development from her previous work. The coy squeak still turns up on the lighter, more tongue in cheek tracks like "Apple Jack". When she really tackles a solid challenge, however, there's no messing around — it's pure, straightforward, world class singing.

The strongest challenge on the whole record has to be "My Girl" (that's right, Otis Redding's "My Girl"). Tackling these incredibly hard soul ballads particularly from a country music standpoint, can be something akin to suicide for most singers. (Remember the unholy mess Jagger made of "I've Been Loving You Too Long".)

Dolly skates on thin ice throughout the whole track. It's so good that you can't believe she's going to make it through without a fall. In fact (if you want to carry on with skating metaphor) she comes out like John Curry. Her version of the song is a masterpiece. If RCA don't put it out as a single, they need their corporate head feeling.

"My Girl" just about sums up the whole album. Dolly Parton has taken on as hard a task as is possible for a singer, and come through with flying colours. There's no way that, in the future, she can be dismissed as the country singer with big tits. She has to be given full recognition as a producer, arranger, vocal stylist and song writer. All that and big tits too.

Mick Farren



DOLLY PARTON. Pic ROBERT ELLIS



THE MANHATTANS
It Feels So Good (CBS)

SOME ACTS hit the panic button with their very first effort and find themselves stars overnight; others take so long to break through that it's easy to overlook or underestimate them. Like The Manhattans, who've been recording for about 13 years and only just been noticed.

Seems to me they're one of the finest vocal groups in the business right now, but I didn't fully appreciate the fact until I

saw them live in London last month. Then I went back to examine their available records and discovered how good they really are. Now comes their latest, confirming the fact.

It's difficult to transcribe the quality of such basic, unassuming but exquisitely seductive soul music. It has to be heard. Everything is in the performance.

The songs don't look clever in print, there's nothing about the overall production/arrangements that strikes notice, the individual members of the group aren't known to be eccentric personalities and, unlike most modern albums, there's no shopping list of personnel credits for a desperate reviewer to cling to — except that the album was mainly arranged and co-produced by Philly's Bobby Martin like their last.

The Manhattans deal almost exclusively in romantic soul ballads of the 'so glad you're

mine' — 'so sad you've gone' — 'I've misused you' — 'You've hurt me' variety, generally introduced by a breathy bass rap from founder-member Wilfred Lovett that melts into the wondrous lead tenor of Gerald Alston, wailing over the sweet harmony of Lovett, Edward 'Sonny' Bivins and Kenneth 'Wally' Kelly.

You must have heard "Kiss And Say Goodbye"; well, that's the magic formula for most of their tracks.

Occasionally they'll up the tempo — and even then they sound good — but on the slow material they're becoming unbeatable.

They're also one of the most consistent groups around, in that if you like their style and buy the singles you won't be disappointed by the albums, which are so uniformly good they're almost like hit compilations.

On this one every track's a treat (and most are written by

members of the group), including their new single, "I Kinda Miss You", an answer to their "Kiss And Say Goodbye" smash, "Let's Start It All Over Again", and Teddy Randazzo's Chi-Lites style title song. Killer performance is Alston/Bivins's "We Never Danced To A Love Song".

Only trouble is, if Alston keeps on singing so well he might be tempted to go solo and things'll never be the same. Try them now while they're at their peak.

Cliff White

STUFF

Stuff (Warner Bros)

STUFF CONSISTS of Cornell Dupree and Eric Gale (guitars), Stephen Gadd and Christopher Parker (drums), Gordon Edwards (bass), and Richard Tee (keyboards).

Most of these gentlemen played on Joe Cocker's last studio album, "Stringray", and did an excellent job. Unfortunately their debut set is not a comparable accomplishment.

Oh, the musicianship is intact. Gale is an extraordinary guitarist who shuffles his shoulders to step forward from the exceptionally tight, punchy, and some times intimidating rhythms of Gadd (or Parker) and Edwards, and then lays on some simple, but thoughtful, solos constructed from sharp, brittle notes. Tee behaves like an excited kid on Christmas morning, experimenting with a grotto of keyboard instruments, including electric and acoustic pianos, organ and clavinet.

"Foots", the snappy opening cut featuring Gale, and "How Long Will It Last" along with Tee's graceful organ and piano work on "Sun Song" are the highlights of the set.

Elsewhere there seems to be a lack of motivation and enthusiasm which makes the music if not bland, then certainly uneventful. Their slouchy reading of "Dixie/Up On The Roof", and Tee's "My Sweetness" you could hear being played by any reasonable house band in a club, which is perhaps Stuff's main failing.

Really, it's night club music, funk, soul, jazz and rock, produced well in the studio but it only works on your own turntable after midnight.

Tony Stewart

IAN WHITCOMB

Blue Heaven (Warner Bros)

WHITCOMB is one of those elusive bods who has somehow managed to establish a comfortable niche for himself in the heart of the entertainment industry without ever producing any laudable references.

He's like a flightier version of Jonathan King, with the same propensity for inflicting ephemeral trivia on the world but rather more hung up on the romantic myths of Tin Pan Alley history than the cynical reality of modern day pop.

This record is part numpty-ness of a continuing supplication to the past, mainly based on the songs of Alley hacks (his own term) who earned a buck or two with "just a job".

In other words it's a celebration of music and attitudes that

most of us on this side of the fence would be likely to condemn as being completely beyond the pale.

By including Jerry Leiber & Mike Stoller in his list of pals Whitcomb reminds us that you can't automatically dismiss Alley Cats out of hand, but nevertheless he hasn't included any Leiber/Stoller songs and the 15 compositions that he has chosen to record are not a very strong defence of his argument.

"Take Your Girlie To The Movies (If You Can't Make Love At Home)" from 1919 and "Masculine Women, Feminine Men" from 1925 are about the two most interesting songs, if only because they demonstrate how little some things change, while a modern adaptation of a wartime RAF singalong, "My Girl's Pussy", has a certain nudge-nudge naughty charm.

Whatever merit is in the performance is largely due to the fact that Whitcomb seems to have gathered a bunch of sympathetic musicians around him and used "rare old arrangements" where possible. His characterless vocals enliven the whole package not a jot.

Cliff White

GEORGE BENSON

In Flight (Warner Bros.)

DESPITE THE MANY who consider Benson to be the best straight-modern jazz guitarist since Wes Montgomery I'll concur with my friend in the corner who scorns Benson's recent shrewd if not cynical production of guitar tempered formulaised mood music.

The guitar playing on this album is respectable rather than exciting; delicate, cool, very correct, but inexpressive and empty. But then surely Benson isn't pretending to be producing anything but crafted 2 am muzak, with calm self restraint and mature sophistication?

Repeating the magical formula of his astoundingly successful "Breezin'" album — which topped the US pop, jazz and soul charts and went platinum — both in content and execution, "In Flight" has six medium length pieces that waft mildly and effortlessly. One slight advancement is the introduction of more vocals. On "Breezin'" Benson sang on just one track, whilst here he treats us to his carefully unobtrusive deep brown voice on four cuts, his voice as relaxed/lethargic as the seamless, automatic and insistent rhythm backing.

The arrangements are simple, accurate, unthreatening, though the balance is oft upset with the irrelevant strings, apart from which production is clear, performance is flawless, and everything cosily repetitive.

Only on War's "The World Is A Ghetto" is there any hint of emotive excitement, with some fine scat vocal over a pure guitar part. Unfortunately the whole thing only goes so far before evaporating.

The rest is of a mellowness that triggers off a slow nod into unconsciousness.

Paul Morley

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**STREISAND/
KRISTOFFERSON**
A Star Is Born (CBS)
OWN UP time. This was an artistically abortive project from the beginning. It may well be a wizard-prang idea to update the perennial Hollywood scenario to encompass rock, but putting Barbra Streisand in charge of

A star is overblown

proceedings was to my mind rather like asking Tommy Cooper to supervise the part of the Red Sea.

I saw the trailer and thought the film *A Star Is Born* would be one to miss. After hearing this album my mind's more or to supervise the partless made up. The 40 minutes involved are as heavy-going as a crate of Guinness after half-a-dozen shepherd's pies.

Ms Streisand and her ex-hairdresser (Jon Peters) produced the film and the

album — so it's *all* their fault. Make no mistake, this is La Streisand's music. She's not mucking about.

The first song gives it all away. "Watch Closely Now" is a perversely Hollywooded concept of rock — overblown, brassy and vulgar. And you can't blame it all on composer Paul Williams because Williams proved in Brian de Palma's *Phantom Of The Paradise* that he understood rock's machinations and accordingly wrote a terrific

cod-rock score.

Here he's just one of several composers (Rupert Holmes, Kenny Loggins, Leon Russell and Streisand herself being the others) presumably being told what to do by the lady with the loudest voice.

The final vocal score is Barbra six songs, Kris three; and Barbra Strident demonstrates a rock sensibility that is very seriously underdeveloped — a fact which also reflects little credit on arrangers Tom Scott, Pat Williams and Chicago's Jim Pankow.

They can handle airport lounge/cocktail jazz stuff but can they rock'n'roll?

They sound as uncomfortable as Kristofferson, who's never sounded *this* mannered. Need I say more?

Monty Smith

STEVE TILSTON

Songs From The Dress Rehearsal (Cornucopia)

STEVE TILSTON is a perceptive, melodic songwriter with a growing West Coast reputation. Given the right creative handling, he could break into the big league.

There are snags, though. One is that Steve's west coast is the wrong west coast. The atmospheric city that inspires his music is not L.A. or Frisco, but Bristol.

Nor does he offer the remorseless melancholy (or the push-button euphoria) of the superstar strummers. Tilston is more complicated than that. At times, for example, he is happy. At others, sad. It is an interesting new sales concept.

On some love songs, like "Coming Into Love Again", his mood is exuberant, and there's no way you can avoid seconding that emotion.

With "She's The Woman", however, he's almost solemn, quietly confident of the relationship the song celebrates. Either way, his sincerity is absolute.

"Do What You Please" finds him responding to rejection with humour and no rancour, and "Liberated Ladies" manages to be both bemused and amused as ideology gets in the way of a lay.

Tilston is clearly aware that there's not much mileage in sophisticated lyrics alone. Strong tunes with aggressive hooks are his forte.

The album's stand-out, "Fairground Rock'n'roll", delivers all the goods, despite its unpromising title. The song is something more than high grade nostalgia for the performer's own youth. A sharply observed portrait, it captures the adolescent anguish as well as the bravado.

When it comes to unashamed pop, Tilston has his own prospective chart contender in "Make Time For Love", a simple sentimental anthem with a compelling chorus.

The album, on a Bristol-based specialist label, was cut at the engagingly named Cottage Studios in Dorset last summer, with distinguished guitarist John Renbourn in among the back-up.

The production has both the energy and the roughness of a live performance, but there's no mistaking the potential.

If only Dorset was California, this guy would have riches as well as integrity.

Bob Edmonds

BIG WHA-KOO (ABC)

ONCE YOU'VE waded past the ungainly name, reconciled yourself to the cover's postcard view of Mount Fuji and come to terms with the mainly in-joke but literate lyrical content, this ain't such a bad one. My initial comparison meter places it somewhere left field of Bread — David Gates particularly — and Elton John's pre-coming out of the closet days.

Steely Dan fans might pick up on the vibe if only to catch Becker and Fagen's original sugar-coated vocalist David Palmer ("Brooklyn Ows The Charmer" etc.). The remainder of the band is unknown to me, and it actually sounds like several Californian sidemen taking time out for a stab at the big one and hitting on some safe FM material.

Big Wha-Koo makes the mistake of submitting to the wild urge for mellotron melodic madness. At times the set pieces overspill as much sweet radiance as Johann Strauss's Saturday night at the waltz palais. Keyboards man Richard Kosinski is apparently unable to refrain from last gasp killer synthesiser strata to end 'em all.

Sometimes the recipe works. But opening thrusts "Whiskey Voices" and "Save Your Tears" don't work for me — they're high class muzak and contain too many archly mixed metaphors.

Still, the playing, deciphered from the heavenly zoom of angelic overdubs, is more than

good. Danny Douma keeps his guitar straight and Nick Van Maarth's lead is usually restrained enough to counteract the competition. Palmer does have a great voice although it travelled better on "Can't Buy A Thrill" on which variety was the key note.

Side one is best represented by the breezy shuffle beat of "Oh Philistine" with its string of unconnected, idiotic clichés.

The band reach their element on "Love's Been Known" when they mix the Dan with a vocal finale that is pure Grace Slick, moving mountains in a lusty overdrive of throat straining. Claude Pepper drums apace and the guitar sticks on the brain.

White boy reggae rears its occasionally ugly head for "Waiting On A Woman." The words are witty but the beat is a drag, and the back-up is hideously clean cut.

Let it pass? Well no. Unfortunately the pretty tunes quota is upped by the cringing clarity of "Amnesty." Danny Douma's formula love balled, all craft and no content.

Gee but it's a mixed bag! Gospel testifying is the tone for Big Wha-Koo's traditional flirtation with American musical heritage — something of a throwaway lick that never fulfils the promise, but with nice picking on the bridge.

And so to the title number, ya guessed, a rock'n'roll foray on which all the album's foibles meet. It didn't get me leaping across the room but the song deserves better.

Next time stomp on the mixing board and show your rough colours. You may be better than this sound.

Max Bell

OREGON/ELVIN JONES

Together (Vanguard)

A CURIOUS marriage, this, and somewhat surprisingly, a successful one. Oregon — Ralph Towner (12-string and classical guitars, piano), Glen Moore (bass), Paul McCandless (various wind instruments) and Collin Walcott (tabla and congas only on this recording, sitar forgotten for the time being) — are the prime exponents of what has been unflatteringly dubbed "chamber jazz", and it's rather strange to see them accompanied by Elvin Jones, a drummer whose sense of rhythm would appear to be far looser and more free-ranging than Oregon's.

The effect is palpable. The pieces on side one — especially the Towner-penned "Le Vin" — whilst not straying too far from the Oregon canon of discreet experimentation upon a tightly-structured (and usually hummable) theme, are definitely the looser for Jones' presence — a breath of fresh air to which Oregon appear to be only too pleased to respond.

In retrospect, the emphasis placed on the percussive side of Oregon by Jones may be merely an extension of the now-defunct Winter Consort's predilection for percussive forays. Such emphasis naturally falls on Collin Walcott's shoulders (or should I say fingertips?), and it's perhaps surprising that "Driven Omens", a Jones/Walcott duet, should be only slightly longer than three minutes. Jones here eschews the use of cymbals, concentrating on tom-toms and bassdrum to achieve a closer blend with Walcott's tabla, and producing that rarity, the interesting percussion solo.

Although not quite up to the standard of "Oregon In Concert", "Together" can be bought without qualms by Oregon aficionados, and is probably much easier for the newcomer to get to grips with than most of the group's work. Just one quibble — I'd have preferred Towner to concentrate more on guitar. Not that his piano-playing's bad, you understand; merely that his guitar work is rivetting. Check out his "Diary" solo album for proof of that.

Andy Gill

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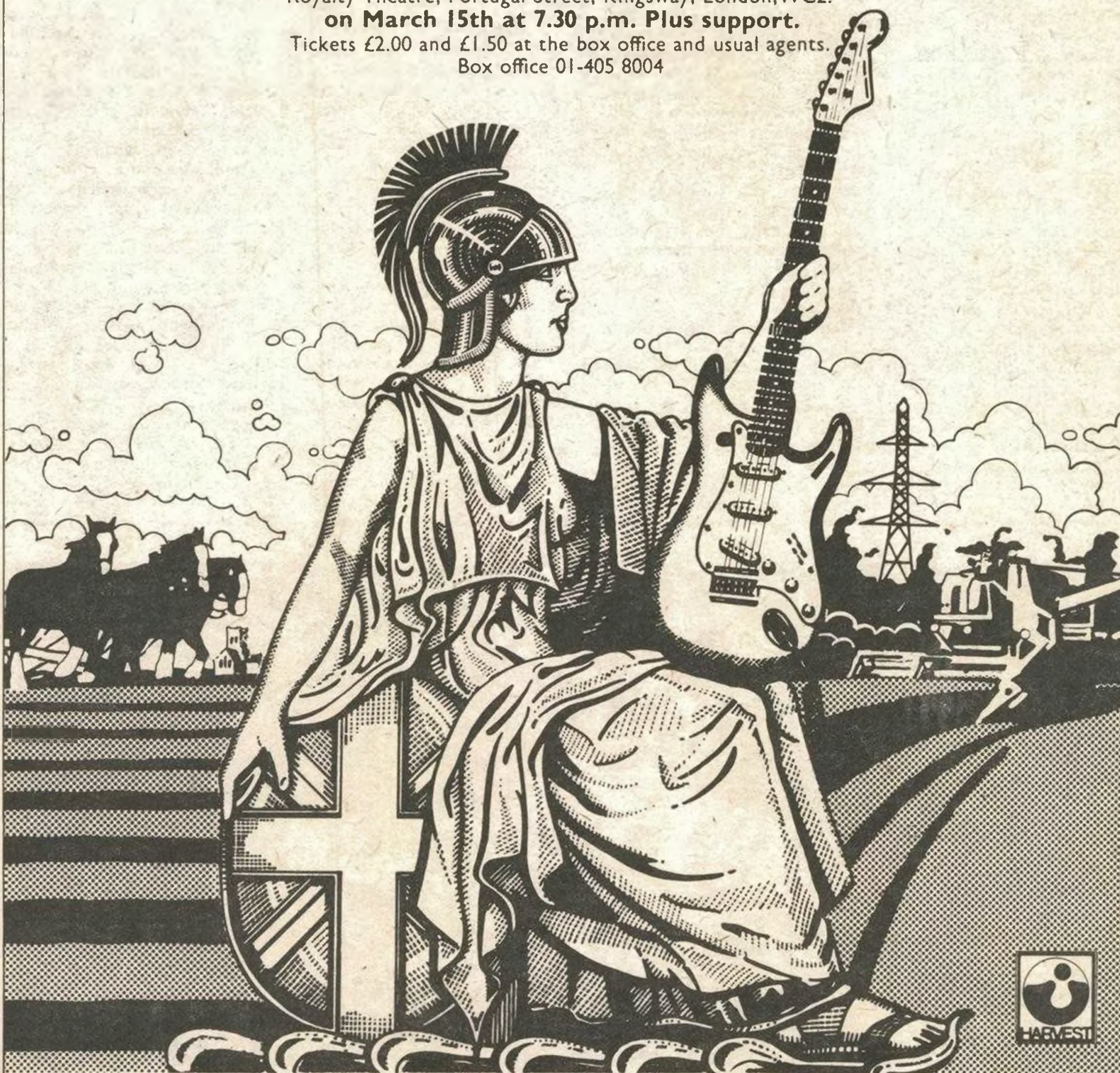
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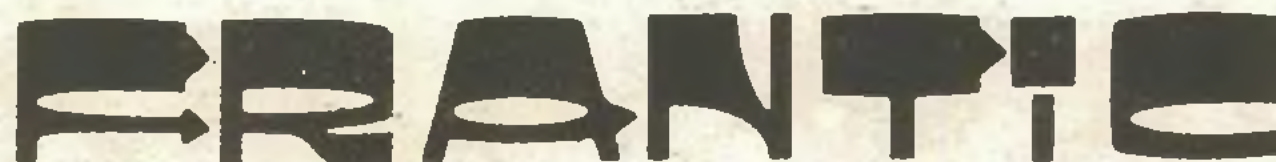
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Bromberg Band blows it

DAVID BROMBERG BAND

How Late 'll Ya Play 'Til? (Fantasy).

STRICTLY FOR afficiandos, this one. In an effort to widen the fringes of a cult audience, this new double set is part studio, part live — but none of it ever matches up to his best work, which is usually in the role of supporting musician.

Fronting a band is not Bromberg's strong point. His voice rarely cuts it, and his guitar playing, undoubtedly fine, is saddled with the problems of crowd pleasing, weak rock-'n'-roll. "Sweet Home Chicago," an ethnic blues, "Bullfrog Blues" and "Come On In My Kitchen" fail to impress.

The bottle neck, normally Bromberg's speciality, actually cramps his flowing technique, and the choice of numbers hardly reflects his better years. Certainly nothing here compares with "Wanted Dead Or Alive".

The studio record is plain dull, and the live sides should have stayed in the can. They sound as if they were recorded in there anyway.

Bromberg pulls out a couple of half-warm chestnuts, but unfortunately "Will Not Be Your Fool" — with its late night sax and Pete Ecklund's brooding trumpet — is swamped by an embarrassing ending which totally negates Bromberg's near-excellent picking in the initial stages.

Maybe the paying folks at the Great American Music Hall, San Francisco, had a ball (the title is taken from the berry demand of one punter) but the atmosphere doesn't transfer to the living rooms of the world.

Parts of the studio album gain from a certain interest in the arrangements. But "Danger Man II", and "Get Up And Go/Fiddle Tunes" merely promise and don't really deliver, and my overall conclusion is that no way should Bromberg be releasing this kind of pedestrian stuff.

If you think that's too hard, I'll say that at least "Dyin, Crapshooter's Blues" and "Such A Night" show he hasn't entirely taken leave of his critical senses.

Meanwhile fans of Bromberg will find their hard cash repays more by investing in the most recent Vassar Clements sessions, on which the reputation keeps its lustre in a far more interesting setting.

Max Bell

KIKI DEE

(Rocket)

AFTER YEARS of false starts, heartbreaks and dead-ends, it might appear to the casual observer that Kiki Dee has well and truly cracked it. Don't be fooled by appearances. Of late, she seems to be treading water.

Apart from Elton John's patronage, Kiki Dee's success has been entirely due to the quality of her singles. Her albums, I'm afraid, are quite a different matter.

This, her third set for Rocket, seems to drift quite aimlessly between homogenized Californian blue-eyed soul and whimsical acoustic coffee table balladry. It's almost an indictment in itself to state that of the 11 tracks the only real standout appears to be her current single, "First Thing In The Morning".

Even with the contributions of heavies like the Brothers

Brecker, David Sanborn, and Davey Johnstone, the album lacks direction and purpose.

It's quite obvious that Ms Dee's self-penned six-pack is of a highly personal nature, but the actual performances are often devoid of any genuine emotion or real commitment. And if Robert Palmer can't grab hits with his own material then truthfully Ms Dee is wasting time recording an inferior re-run of "How Much Fun".

If, as this album suggests, the lady can't pen the kind of stop-you-dead-in-your-tracks songs like Joni Mitchell or F. Mac's Nicks 'n' McVie can, then she should take a tip from Rodstadt and Muldaur and stop around.

There's really nothing more I can add. Sorry.

Roy Carr



HI RHYTHM

On The Loose (London)

ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION

A Rock And Roll Alternative (Polydor)

SO WHAT on earth have Hi Rhythm and the Atlanta Rhythm Section got in common? Not a lot.

But both are representatives of an endangered species — the session outfit as full-time recording band. And from opposite ends of the spectrum (Hi are black with funk pretensions, Atlanta white with rock ditto) they both demonstratively suggest a certain air of redundancy.

Hi Rhythm are the property of Willie Mitchell's Memphis studio and one can't help thinking of them as a bunch of musicians in search of an Al Green. Certainly their own vocals are woefully weak, their harmonies studiously sloppy.

Even the musicianship is suspect. The keyboard players (Charles Hodges, Archie Turner) lay down a veritable mass of clipped chords on clavinet, organ, electric piano and ARP (usually embellished by Teenie Hodges' wishy-washy wah wah), while the bass and drums remain surprisingly monolithic.

Overlay this with the Memphis Strings and an army of incongruous back-up vocalists and you have the whole kit

The Strings best enhance "I Remember Do You" which has dreadful lyrics "You Got Me Comin'" has a frenetically phoney intro that amounts to a musical premature ejaculation. And Hi Rhythm merely lend credence to dynamic-apathy as a legitimate term for disco-funk.

THE ATLANTA Rhythm Section were brought together by producer Buddy Buie at Georgia's Doraville Studio, and are a tight, accomplished group of session men from diverse backgrounds (Roy Orbison, Joe Cocker) who have been a settled outfit since their debut album in 1971. They even undertake tours.

But alas, their songs tend to be unmemorable, and Ronnie Hammond's vocals ordinary. For Southern boys, ARS (lucky they're not the Atlanta Rhythm Section Ensemble) have a distinctly British sound,



DAVID BROMBERG

exemplified by their strongest asset — Barry Bailey's clear, concise lead guitar. On the only non-original song, "Outside Woman Blues" (a dead-straight rock-blues rendition), they are heavily redolent of early Cream, Bailey is that good.

Elsewhere, it's mainly mundane rock. "Sky High", with Procol-like dependence on prominent keyboards, is a brave opener but despite admirable sentiments ("I live music, any kind of music") it's strangely directionless.

There's a road song ("Hitch-Hikers Hero") employing a harmonised guitar unheard of outside Blossom Toes, a drug-warning song ("Everybody Gotta Go"), an "It's only rock'n' roll, the words don't mean a-thing" song ("Don't

Miss The Message") and a life-on-the-road number ("Georgian Rhythm") with quirky lyrics.

"Rented cars, airport bars, dog-day afternoons/Lay down the backbeat, crank up your trusty Gibson".

A bit of a hodge-podge, then, but not downright bad. Even so, after a double helping of the Rhythm methods I'm feeling severe withdrawal symptoms.

Monty Smith

SUNNY MEMORIES

Bill Caddick (Trailer)

SINGER/songwriter Bill Caddick's effective attempt at evoking the 'Golden Age' before the First World War, when newspaper headlines boomed 'Fog In The Channel — Continent Isolated' and the Empire was more than just a cinema in Leicester Square.

It's an album based on a photographic scrapbook, and Caddick has a photographer's eye for detail as his songs touch on aspects of Edwardian society, not all through rose tinted lorgnettes, but astringent observations of the times.

"The Writing Of Tipperary" is a carefully constructed montage of the years leading up to 1914 before the world went mad, alternating with the story of the man who wrote "It's A Long Way To Tipperary", with which Caddick ends

the album as a moving epitaph for the millions who followed Kitchener's finger and never came back.

The title track is an attractive song about his father capturing the long summer of the Edwardian era and bringing to life the people in the faded photographs of the period. "Gibson Girl" is an *Upstairs Downstairs* tale of unrequited love between servant and mistress on which Caddick demonstrates a natural writer's talent for evoking atmosphere without resorting to cliché.

It's an album of vignettes pen portraits of the people who stand trapped in history, and a reminder that it's people who are the history we read.

Throughout the album Caddick's done a beautiful job, although some of the songs, especially "The Tango Bleriot" could have done with a fuller backing than just his own guitar. It's simple and lyrical — a good example of how good narrative lyrics can sustain a mood. Stands the church clock at ten to three, and is there honey still for tea?

Patrick Humphries

JOSE FELICIANO

Sweet Soul Music

(Private Stock)

A SUPER-SLICK hollow whole, but parts of "Sweet

Soul Music" do stand up as tremendous pieces of music — specifically, the four cuts graced by the presence of the Muscle Shoals Horns, who have rarely sounded better than on "I Love Making Love To You", "Every Woman", "Marguerita" and the title track.

The entire album was recorded at Muscle Shoals but unfortunately the other six tracks have all-enveloping string and horn embellishments tacked on as far afield as Miami and Hollywood, making for mushy MOR.

On numbers like Neil Sedaka's "The Hungry Years" (dangerously sentimental anyway) and Kris Kristofferson's "Loving Her Was Easy", the schmaltzometer fairly ODS on injected saccharin. This last has an unendearing Mexican flavour, all quaint vibraphones and prissy acoustic picking.

But you can't fault the superb production quality (by Jerry Wexler and Barry Beckett) or that astonishing Muscle Shoals rhythm section. Drummer Roger Hawkins is a monster, especially during an intriguing fade on "Every Woman".

Personally I find Feliciano's voice a dispirited whine, but that can not dissipate the sheer dynamic energy of these exemplary musicians.

Monty Smith



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JAZZ

BACK IN the '30s, John McLean was the guitarist with the Tiny Bradshaw Orchestra and with Teddy Hill, the guy who ran Minton's, stable 'n manger of be-bop. John begat Jackie, be-bop alto giant of the '50s, and Jackie begat Rene, the tenor-alto-soprano-flute cat with the Louis Hayes-Woody Shaw Quintet. Roots.

"I started studying music when I was about nine years old, and I played guitar first for about six months at the suggestion of my parents. I'd rather have played saxophone right away, but they said take another instrument first. I must have started on alto at about 10. My father taught me, but it was never a situation like every day at three o'clock, sit down, he'd give me a lesson. He'd just leave me alone, and when I had some questions I'd ask him. He never twisted my arm."

Rene McLean is a tall, slim, gentle cat with a Dolphyish beard and the sort of quiet inner core one associates with Islam. "I use a very hard reed and a big lay on all my mouthpieces. That's because when I started to play, my dad gave me the instrument in pieces. He gave me a mouthpiece — I just walked about the house making a noise with that till I drove them crazy. He gave me a No. 6 Meyer and a No. 4 reed, showed me how to sand them down. Then one day he gave me the neck, so I had the neck and the mouthpiece. See, if you give a kid a saxophone, he has to deal with embouchure, getting a sound, fingering — I think it's too much. Most kids don't have that much discipline — too busy being children."

The McLean household on New York's Lower East Side was always jumping with uncles. Uncle Max, Uncle Philly Joe, Uncle Lee, Uncle Mingus, Uncle Dorham, Uncle Sonny. Kid had uncles like we had mice.

"I could sit here all day naming people," Rene smiled. "Whoever dad was working with at the time would come to the house. We always listened to music and I was taught to respect it and appreciate it."

I pictured young Rene finally getting a tune together on that iron dummy of a mouthpiece, maybe doing a party piece with those august uncles laying a little rhythm.

Rene was aghast at the idea. "No! I wouldn't have the NERVE or AUDACITY to do something like that. I have too much respect. I just sat and listened at rehearsals, and then later, when dad was working, he'd let me come up and play on something that I knew. I never asked to sit in. That's an insult to the man."

For the jazz punter, there were indications that Jackie McLean was grooming up something special back home. "Let Freedom Ring", Jackie's

first New Thing Blue Note, features his composition, "Rene". An earlier album, "Capuchin Swing", has a covershot of Jackie holding Rene's Christmas present, a capuchin monkey called Mr Jones.

At High School, Rene tried out all the instruments, brought home everything from baritones to bassoons, settling eventually for the tenor as his root instrument. "I like a heavy sound. I approach the alto with a tenor saxophone concept. I've chosen tenor, alto, soprano and flute as the tools to express myself with."

"A lot of people are under the misconception that you hafta play either one or the other. I don't agree with that. I think it's been like that in the past because of economics. Artists coming up hadn't the money to have all those instruments. See, if somebody called up and needed a tenor player, sorry — I don't need an alto tonight — I could stay home and not work. I usually compromise and bring my alto AND my tenor."

The Louis Hayes-Woody Shaw band covers a wide spectrum of colours, with Woody switching between trumpet, cornet and flugelhorn, and Rene ringing the changes on his armoury. The opening night at Ronnie's provided a bonus. Long tall bonus. Dexter Gordon had stopped over and sat in. Between solos, he and Rene sat together, crouched over their axes, rapping.

"He was giving me some pointers," said Rene. "He's one of the people I look up to, admire his playing, his concept, so anything he does knocks me out. His sound — the way he places things... Rene shook his head in wonderment."

"I was always taught to be around people that could play more than I could. Keep heavy company! To stand up there with Dexter — PHEW! We'd played together a couple weeks prior to our opening night. My legs were shaking. Fortunately, the studying I've done, I've got the tools to be able to stand on the same bandstand with him, and that to me is a great feeling. To be able to, you know."

To regard Dex as an uncle was a new experience for me, but there he was, handing on the craft to his old blowing partner's boy. It lives. Rene has studied with Jaki Byard, Frank Foster, George Coleman and Barry Harris, the jazz equivalent of Oxford, Harvard and the Sorbonne, only funkier.

"I used to go by Sonny Rollins' house when I was at High School and he gave me some guidance. Just being around them, getting advice from them — not so much musical lessons but just to be in their presence was a lesson."

Like his father, he was influenced by Charlie Parker and Dexter, and also Sonny Rollins and Coltrane. And Jackie? Naturally. "That's the only thing you can do, try to do like



RENE McLEAN.

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

KEEPIN' HEAVY COMPANY

Multi-instrumentalist RENE McLEAN comes from a musical clan, and then some. Max, Mingus, Miles — he had the hippest uncles on the block and the wickedest sax in the nursery.

someone else has already done, especially when you're learning. From there, you finally try to develop your own ideas, finally come into your own.

"I mean, everybody sounds like somebody when they start out, just about. Playing with Louis Hayes, that's a great feeling. He makes you want to play, brings things out of you that you didn't know were there. He just pushes you further. I'm learning a lot."

Rene started off with HARYOU, the Harlem Youth Band supervised by his father, part of a federally sponsored anti-poverty unit aimed at the ghettos. He spent three years with the Tito Puente Orchestra, a Latin band, a period with Lionel Hampton and the Collective Black

Artists, a big band including Jimmy Owens, Reggie Workman and Frank Foster.

Jackie, who was hanging out with Bird and Bud Powell at the age of 17, and developing bad habits, sees Rene's increased opportunities as a real advance: "Kids come up today knowing a lot more... You ask Rene about Charlie Parker and he and all his friends can tell you about him. He also knows about drugs and that whole scene. He doesn't have to go around being hip."

Usually there's a generation gap in jazz families, centred on chord changes rather than haircuts and threads: ya not tracin' modes into my house. Jackie McLean was amazingly open to the New Thing, putting himself out to play with

Ornette: "The new breed has inspired me all over again. The search is on."

"Oh, we don't have any problems," said Rene. "My whole concept of playing, that's where it comes from, that's my teacher. He's not removed. He's the same generation. Be-bop, Coltrane — it's the same. I like to work with my father whenever possible."

His own plans involve an increase in rhythm, not far from his father's habit of standing next to the drummer to hit off his energy. "I want to use a lot of drums. I feel that's a very important element for black music, and it's been somewhat removed. During the be-bop period, most of the drummers, they just played at 4 or 2 or sometimes 3, when rhythmi-

By BRIAN CASE

cally there's a lot more. A lot of my tunes are 6/8, different times. I just think it's time to bring rhythm and harmony together, equally, and balance them out. Oh, people have done it before — it's nothing new, but more needs to be done."

Did he think that Herbie Hancock or Miles were trying to remedy that by putting the beat up front? Surprise. Neither of us did.

"That's what I call commercial music," said Rene. "Rhythmically, there's a lot happening, but harmonically and otherwise it leaves a lot to be desired. For me."

He didn't go much on the usual crossover line about combating elitism either. "I don't believe that. I think a lotta artists have been led to believe that themselves because of the record companies. It's just a matter of promoting and marketing the music. I think mediocrity has become the order of the day. If a record company would put the money and backing behind anybody — Charlie Parker, John Coltrane — it would reach as many people."

"Yes," I agreed, "but at the same time, back in the '60s when there was the closest possible connection between black politics and the New Music, the black population bought Soul."

"I don't know that I really agree with that. The whole period of the '60s was Malcolm and Music. You know — black people speaking out, talking about do-for-self. Now I think that whole thing has been suppressed. That's why the music that's being played on the airwaves has taken that direction, because you can control people with music. They have music in factories that makes more production. They keep everybody bumpin' and boogin' in the discos. Everybody's out to make a buck the quickest way they can."

The audience is there for jazz, he feels, and cited the positive reaction to the band. "It's as acceptable as disco-music, if not more so because it contains all elements. I think people are getting tired of funk — they've played it out. It's gonna change."

"Sonny Rollins doesn't think so," I said morosely. "He's just crossed over."

"Sonny Rollins plays so much saxophone, he can do what he wants to do," Rene, standing up for The Man. For his own sons, Rene and Sharif, the McLean tradition continues. Rene Jr. at 8 has his own saxophone; Sr. had his in instalments at 10; Grandfather Jackie copped his at 15. "It's up to the black artist to put the spirit back in — find it, and put it back into the music."

DISCOGRAPHY

Jackie McLean and The Cosmic Brotherhood, "New York Calling" (Steeplechase SCS 1023); Rene McLean, "Watch Out" (Steeplechase SCS 1037).

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A few of the months more interesting releases

DAVID BOWIE: Low (RCA). Have you noticed just how like Bowie Peter Baumann appears on the sleeve of his new album? And have you noticed how Bowie is musically metamorphosing into Peter Baumann? You haven't? Then you're obviously not au fait with 50 per cent of "Low". Pull up a synthesiser and sit down. Care for a Tangerine, anyone?

BUCKINGHAM - NICKS: Buckingham-Nicks (Polydor). A four-year-old goody from the duo who've recently reproofed

the Mac. Simple songs, played with refreshing vitality. Last one to get it on their tape-deck is a bad egg!

NEW CASSETTES

A. & M.: Quincey Jones Roots; Rick Wakeman White Rock*; Burt Bacharach Futures*; Nils Lofgren I Came To Dance*

CBS: Fleetwood Mac History of...; Minnie Riperton Stay in Love; Charlie Rich Take Me; Janis Ian Miracle Row; Marty Robbins Adios Amigo; Colin Blunstone Planes*; Neil Diamond Love At The Greek*; Manhattans It Feels So Good*; Johnny Cash The Last Gunfight Ballad*; Miracles Love Crazy; Three Degrees Standing Up For Love*; Roy Orbison Regeneration*

DECCA: John Lodge Natural Avenue; Justin

Hayward Songwriter; Z. Z. Top Tejas; Udo Lindenberg No Panic; Hi Rhythm On The Loose; Billy Fury The Billy Fury Story; Various Artists Golden Decade 1960-69 Vols 1-5.

EMI: Kiki Dee*; Leo Kottke Best Of*; Diana Ross An Evening With*; Jesse Green Nice And Slow; Denny Laine Hollidays; Caldera Caldera; Gene Vincent Greatest; Deep Purple Shades Of Deep Purple; Neil Sedaka Shades Of Sedaka*; Black Oak Arkansas 10 Year Overnight Success; SAHB Without Alex Fourplay; Suzi Quatro Aggro-phobia.

DJM: Don Everly "Brother Jukebox"; Horslips The Book

NEWS FLASHES

More blues releases from DJM

AN STILL DJM keep on pumpin' out those tape-onlys: the latest batch includes blues releases by **Elmore James**, **Memphis Slim**, **Big Bill Broonzy** and **Lightnin' Hopkins**, plus **Ike and Tina's** "Gonna Work Out Fine" — and two black music compilations, "Too Hot To Handle", a 20-tracker with items by **Johnny Watson**, **Swamp Dogg**, **O'Jays** etc., and "Black Soul", a 25-track affair containing such oldies as **Sly's** "I Can't Turn You Loose", **Billy Preston's** "My Girl", **Lee Dorsey's** "Ya Ya" and **Maxine Brown's** "All In My Mind"...

Polydor have reissued all six **Roxy Music** albums on both cassette and 8-track, plus the **Ferry** solo jobs, **801's** "Live" and the "Rock Folies" best-seller... Boots are currently plugging a new radio/cassette recorder. Known as the Boots



TOUCH

TAPES: By FRED DELLAR

THE SHADOWS: 20 Golden Greats (EMI). I was the only kid on the block (which was situated between the Heinz Souper, McVitie's Biscuit Factory, Guinness' brewery and the local power station) who really didn't dig The Shadows in their heyday. But for those who did, this one is the goods.

PINK FLOYD: Animals (Harvest). Orwellian oink-rock par excellence. The Floyd are getting tougher — and the scars of the dog fight suit 'em.

DIANA ROSS: An Evening With Diana Ross (Motown). Hear Diana fail to emulate Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday and Ethel Waters. Hear her perform Nilsson's "The Point" without the slightest trace of charm. Hear her . . . better still, doesn't hear this one at all, just get out those old Supremes tapes and remember the good times.

GONG: Gazeuse! (Virgin). Now totally unrecognisable as the band that once lent musical

support to Daavid Allen's fairy tales, Gong have become one the most explicit jazz-rock outfits around. Allan Holdsworth wields a fine axe on behalf of Britain amid an impressive display of rhythmic expertise by the Gauloise fraternity.

STATUS QUO: Quo Live (Vertigo). The Quo have never won any 'O' levels in subtlety or inventiveness and their good-time boogie-work has received more than its fair share of brick-bats. But the audience at this recorded Glasgow Apollo gig obviously enjoyed what they heard, so did I.

CHET ATKINS AND LES PAUL: Chester And Lester (RCA). Pleasant pickin' by the ageing aces, no more, no less. But when one remembers just how revolutionary Paul's playing once was (his version of "Blue Skies" was one of the first bop guitar solos to be heard in this country) one wonders just how MOR Pagey will sound in 1990.

Of Invasions; Jenny Darren City Lights.

Phonogram: Streetwalkers Vicious But Fair; Aphrodite's Child 666; Status Quo Live*; Van McCoy Hustle With The Best Of . . .

POLYDOR: Chick Corea My Spanish Heart; Bryan Ferry In Your Mind*; Nasty Pop Mistaken I.D.; Roy Ayers Vibrations; Esther Phillips Capricorn Princess; Grover Washington A Secret Place; Millie Jackson Lovingly Yours; Nicks & Buckingham Buckingham Nicks; Steve Gibbons Band Rollin' On; James Brown Bodyheat; Lalo Schifrin, Herbie Mann etc. More Latin Delights.

RCA: Chet Atkins Picks On The Beatles; John Denver The Best Of John Denver Vol. 2*;

Buster Buster; Glenn Miller Carnegie Hall Concert; Jefferson Airplane Flight Log; Elvis Presley Elvis In Demand*

PRECISION: Phillip & Lloyd Bluesbusters; Byron Lee Reggae International; Frankie Valli Valli*; Richard Hewson Love Is; Jose Feliciano Sweet Soul Music*; Lovin' Spoonful A Golden Hour Of . . . ; Melanie A Golden Hour Of . . .

WEA: Fleetwood Mac Rumours*; Frank Sinatra A Portrait Of*; Deaf School Don't Stop The World*; America Harbor; Daryl Hall and John Oates No Goodbyes; ELP Works*; Beach Boys The Beach Boys Love You*; Little Feat Time Loves A Hero; Four Seasons Helico*

An asterisk (*) indicates that this title is also available on 8 track.

CTR500, it's a mains or battery job, takes either chrome dioxide or ferric oxide tapes and has an auto-stop device. In fact everything sounds fine except the price which is a hefty £64.94. But, as usual, what you pay is what you get . . .

EMI reckon that tape-pirating is negligible in the UK — only about five per cent, they say. But in South-East Asia the figure is rated around 80 to 90 per cent — and U.S. tape companies would really like to Taiwan on those responsible . . .

Uplifting news for Dolly Parton tape fans — RCA have at last released some of the Locust Ridge lady's albums on cassette, namely "Jolene," "The Bargain Store", and "The Best Of Porter Wagoner and Dolly Parton" . . .

All Polydor's cassettes are now to be Dolby'd, the first of their releases to carry the Dolby symbol being Bryan Ferry's "In Your Mind" . . . All the major tape companies have donated towards the cost of a £10,000 promotional film showing the process of making a cassette and other aspects of tape. The completed 25-minute film, which will star several name acts, will be

available for use by various societies, youth clubs etc. . . .

A number of documentaries covering such events as the sinking of the "Lusitania" and the destruction of the airship "Hindenberg" have been released on cassette by Audio Publishing. The same company also marketed a series of famous trial reconstructions, written by Edgar Lustgarten. A full listing of all 48 titles in the range can be obtained from Fergus Davidson Associates, 22 South Audley St., London W1. (01-499-9252). By the way, all these tapes run for up to 80 minutes and are priced at £3.15, plus VAT, postage and packing.

BBC 2 AND RADIO ONE VHF SATURDAY 12th MARCH

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Continued from page 29

(one of the Pop's best-ever songs and yes, the band have something to work on. A virtuoso performance from the singer), "No Fun" (ditto "1969"), "Search And Destroy" (not as relentlessly bludgeoning as the studio track and I MISS JAMES WILLIAMSON: the world's real forgotten boy?), "I Need Somebody" (absolutely impeccable), "I Wanna Be Your Dog" (best of stuff from the first album — there's real conviction here).

From the "Idiot" album "Sister Midnight", a bruising, slurred quasi-disco riff underpinning one of Iggy's most perverse set of lyrics — an Oedipal yowl with evil, nightmare scenarios drifting in and out the ever-more bludgeoning intensity of the song's build up; "My China Girl", a very commercial pop song with insidiously perverse lyrics about swastikas and that; "Funtime", a lopsided piece of ghoulish amusement complete with strange Bobby "Boris" Pickett rip-off in the lyrics — "Last night I was down in the lab/talking to Dracula and his crew."

And two more memorable numbers — one a virtual monologue spat out in such a dramatic manner that Bowie's belief in Iggy as an actor is well-founded. And for an encore, "a song about a girlfriend of mine who died" —

"When I saw my baby turning blue/I knew her sweet young life was through/I knelt right down by her bed/And these are the words I said"

And after this fairly hoary tale of heroin O.D., Iggy and the band break into an almost vaudevilian pop song. This is the last statement for both evenings. See what I mean about hypocrisy/contradiction, call it what you will.

THE CONCLUDING paragraphs: Yeah I'm happy and I'm sad, y'know. Happy because here's this guy I love and he's fit, well and pumping iron again. He may even end up rich, which is fine by me because too many have stolen from him already. Besides, he's one of the only "real men" in rock, blah blah blah . . .

And yeah, I'm sad because it was all too damn

IGGY POP



But David don't go yet, we haven't, we haven't. . .

well-rehearsed — and a great, great performer is cutting off several dimensions of his talent and power. Iggy, to the converted, has never just been an entertainer, he's struck home on truths and energy sources that most rock bands and artistes don't even know exist. I missed those spontaneous moments when Iggy could be as funny as Lenny Bruce. I missed him shaking down the audience for being creeps (particularly those turkeys in the front at Aylesbury who thought it cool to spit at him and throw beer-cans), working the old one-to-one real heebiejeebies.

Shit, I missed Iggy when there was some equipment breakdown, say, singing "Slow Boat To China" or "The Shadows Of Your Smile" so poignantly it could raise Frank Sinatra's mother from her grave. It worries me when photographer Chalkie Davies tells me that all the gigs he saw (twice as many as me) last week were choreographed move-for-move, note-for-note. Just what the world needs: an Alice Cooper without the spider.

Oh, one final word. If you're had the gross misfortune to read this article simply to divine some hot new poop on David Bowie, then this is for you. I think Bowie is great — as a matter of fact, my respect for him has never been stronger. Without him, Iggy Pop would probably be some dormant legend destined never to fling his glistening torso against expensive amplification equipment again. Also, contrary to speculation in Melody Maker last week, Iggy is no remote-control doll for David Bowie any more than he was for, say, James Williamson.

According to bassist Tony Sales, the band, after an American tour climaxing in L.A.'s Santa Monica Civic on April 11, will return to Berlin to record another Bowie-Iggy conceived album.

Oh, and for those who wonder what happened to the old Stooges — Ron Asheton is still in L.A.'s New Order, Scott Asheton plays drums with ex-MCS Fred Smith's Rendezvous band, and James Williamson has apparently packed in the guitar altogether (a criminal waste) to concentrate on engineering/producing.

There is no concluding paragraph.

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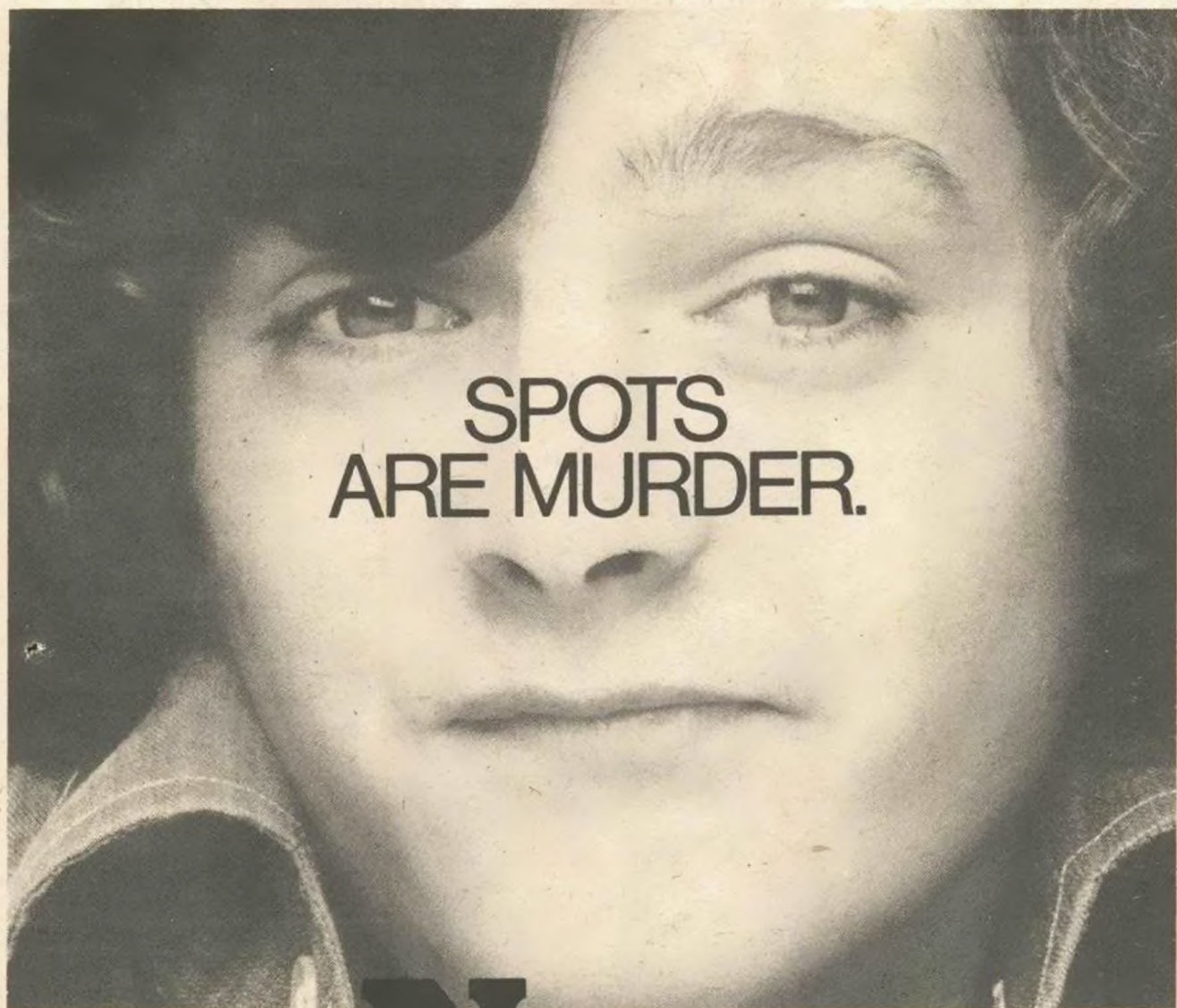
2 Such perfect pitch, it can shatter glass.



3 We played back a recording of Ella on Memorex tape



4 Memorex too shattered glass. Incredible!



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PIx (L-R): NUGENT by PAUL CANTY/BOX by MICHAEL PUTLAND/BUTLER by JOE STEVENS

Ted Nugent HAMMERSMITH ODEON

WE'VE HEARD a great deal lately about how Ted Nugent abjures drugs and alcohol. Perhaps that's his mistake. The occasional soul searching high might have produced some kind of sensitivity in him.

Sensitive this boy is not. Compared to him, Lemmy and Motorhead seem positively pre-Raphaelite.

Somewhere back along the road that Nugent has travelled during his career as a guitar mechanic, he made one great discovery. He learned how to control the feedback produced when a big, old fashioned, semi-acoustic guitar is brought into the proximity of cranked-up multiple stacks. You get the impression that this said discovery was akin to Davy Crockett learning how to wrangle down his first bear.

Where other guitarists abandoned the idea of mixing semi-acoustics and big amplifiers and went on to solid guitars, self expression and (dare I say it) music, ol' Ted stuck it out with that plain noise.

He rode those wild decibels until he was able to bend them to his will. He seems to have approached the task with the same brutish single mindedness displayed by primitive backwoodsmen taming the wilderness with axe and gun.

The problem with Ted Nugent is that he never really learned anything else.

I REMEMBER years ago, when he was stuck playing three thousand seater halls on the Midwest drive-in rock circuit. A high point of his act was supposedly shattering a wine glass with an all-consuming high note. According to uncharitable legend, the shattering was done by a

concealed roadie with an air pistol.

Ted hasn't really moved on from this kind of consciousness... Sure, the act has got a hell of a lot slicker. He's lost the wine glass schtick and replaced it with a repertoire of athletic gestures that combine a Tarzan-rules-OK macho with hammy demented ferocity that owes a lot to Lon Chaney Jr. as the Wolfman.

The music still seems much the same: thick, glutinous, sub-Quo boogie interspersed with Nugent solos that sound for all the world like a couple of dozen assorted police car sirens run at double speed.

Don't get me wrong. I don't have anything against noise. I'm not trying to judge Ted Nugent against, say, Larry Coryell or Jerry Garcia. That would be ridiculous. The real yardstick that has to be used on Nugent is Jimi Hendrix — and compared with Hendrix, Nugent falls lamentably short.

Hendrix could be wild, flamboyant and overbearingly macho when he felt like it. He was a master of super amplified noise. His use of noise, however, was in a context of both soul and taste: it appealed to other emotions than just the kind of collective masochism that would stick its ear by a road drill if it had been packaged, promoted and dressed up with enough flashing lights.

Even Nugent seems to acknowledge this to an extent. One of his regular pieces of

stage melodrama is to drop his guitar and stagger around with his hands pressed against his ears, miming “How much more of this can I stand?”

It's a good question, Ted.

Let's not get involved in any “If it's too loud, you're too old” sloganeering. In fact, contrary to all the hype, Nugent is not that loud. The Who could probably drown him out any day of the week. The only really ear bleeding segment of Saturday night's show was actually when Nugent was off stage. Between encores, he left his guitar propped against his stacks, producing uncontrolled feedback. This was the only time that the sound got anywhere near pain threshold.

TO BE FAIR to Ted Nugent, it has to be said that he is, at root, a circus act. I doubt if he'd seriously deny that. The real skill that's exhibited at a Ted Nugent show is to produce the illusion that something dangerous is going on; the death defying young men on the electric guitar.

Of course, we all know that the main danger at a rock and roll concert of this type is a headache on one side of the footlights and supertax on the other. None the less, the illusion is still created. How much it has to do with music I hesitate to guess.

If it's down to circus acts, though, I'll watch Evel Knievel. At least there's some real risk there.

Mick Farren

THE TOWN



Packing their earplugs in their greatcoat pockets, the NME suicide squad square up to the metal maelstrom. "Sabs! 'Eep! Nugent!" they cry. "Let us out!" Etcetera.

Black Sabbath GLASGOW APOLLO

HARDLY YER archetypal Heavy Metal Freak, me, I dig the Oyster Cult, but that's about as far as I go, and a Black Sabbath aficionado I surely ain't. But I'll try anything once, and so here I am, the Glasgow Apollo, opening night of the Sabs' '77 tour, ready willing to give it my best shot.

The anticipation level runs at a berserk high, a charge of

suppressed hysteria surges through the audience like an electric current, grid-like and almost visual. As the house lights dim the band file onto the stage through a low level smog of drooling, green tinted dry ice. The crowd get seriously warped, chanting and stomping and flicking crazy-irrelevant peace signs, swaying like sapling cannon fodder.

A mighty strange beast is the Sabbath crowd. The only common denominator, excluding their fanatical devotion to the band, seems to be the blue jeans and long hair. They come in all shapes and sizes, ages ranging from around fifteen upwards.

It's the first gig, and various sound problems niggle the guts out of the opening couple of numbers — but that's only to

be expected on such occasions as this. By the third or fourth play the band have lurched into their strident power lope.

The rhythm section of Bill Ward (drums) and Geezer Butler (bass) sound uninspired but purposeful. The drumming is suitably inorganic and hard edged, meshing with Butler's busy, lynch pin bass lines. Both players take solos during the show. Ward's drum solo I disliked (but there again I dislike all drum solos on general principal); he seemed to flounder, lacking direction and dynamics. I found Butler's bass solo a little more palatable, but that's probably because it didn't last so long.

Ossie Osbourne, to these eyes at least, is a bizarre quantity. He has to be the most

charisma-less front man I've ever seen, yet somehow is still able to operate total control over his audience. He's also probably the quintessential Heavy Metal Vocalist: mid to high register notes hauled out of a voice box that sounds like it's been hammered into shape by a malicious compressor.

Ossie has his mike set up stage left; there's probably a very good reason for this, but I'm bugged if I know what it is. The central turf is left to Tony Iommi, who is, without doubt, the most arresting figure present, decked out in Warlock black spangled satin two-piece and knee-length black leather boots.

The numbers are ultimately primitive, every song being nothing more than a primary or secondary derivative of the

main riff, but that's what Heavy Metal is all about, and you either dig it or you don't. The trouble is the songs are real long, and if you're about to work out on a simplistic riff for any length of time then somebody amongst you had better come up with something goddamn drastic in the way of side salads, or the whole shebang is more than likely going to degenerate into terminal boredom.

As the Sabs provide very little visual stimulation, apart from the mandatory flirtation with dry ice and stage lighting, this task falls across Mr Iommi's shoulders. Far be it from me to criticise a guitarist of his standing. I mean he obviously works very hard to garnish the main riff with

cyberlicks and much sustained soloing, but I guess that when you've been running rings around riffs for eight years or so, new ideas are pretty damn thin on the ground. Somebody told me that the band were to be bolstered by the presence of a keyboard player, but after the opening couple of numbers, when I could've sworn I heard an occasional stray note struggling for fighting room, he seemed to disappear altogether.

Y'know, I reckon that if the Sabs speeded up the slower ones, kicked out the shitty ones and honed all their numbers down to three or four minute razor backs, they'd stomp the opposition like rats in a closet.

John Hamblett

LY

!!!!!!!

Uriah Heep BRISTOL

IF YOU were to compile a list of "Good things that have happened so far in 1977," how many people would put at the top of the roll "The Re-emergence Of Uriah Heep"? Not a vast number, I should conjecture. Having lost both David Byron and John Wetton last year, and with their popularity having considerably decreased, the band had virtually been written off, with probably more than one cry of "Good riddance".

However Ken Hensley, Mick Box and Lee Kerslake have refused to play dead and with new members John Lawton (vocals) and Trevor Bolder (bass), Uriah Heep are back on the road promotion their new album "Firefly".

Admittedly I have never been what you might call a Heep devotee, but having read Ken Hensley's promises of a new, revitalised, more musical Heep, I persuaded myself to go along to the concert in a positive frame of mind.

Alas they turned out to be everything I'd hoped they wouldn't be, but stay tuned kids cos there's an interesting twist to come in our pulsating plot.

THE MAIN reason for my disappointment with the band was a sad lack of adventure in

their new music coupled with a depressing dose of deja vu, '72.

There are some changes, of course, but they are relatively unimportant in the context of the show as a whole: in an attempt to focus the audience's attention entirely on the music, they have stopped using spectacular effects like dry ice, confetti, magnesium flares, etc.

Unfortunately this throws a lot of responsibility on to the shoulders of Lawton, who, having spent the last few years as a Les Humphries singer, naturally has a lot to learn about stagecraft. The cliched poses he goes through are unintentionally hilarious, although he does redeem himself with his voice, which is powerful and well controlled.

The other main innovation is the insertion of an acoustic section into the middle of the set, which also fails largely because for the most part it consists of trying to persuade the audience to sing "Aaaaah, aaaaah" along with them, continuing with this inspired lyric for a tediously long time.

The rest of the set was Heep's Greatest Hits — "Look At Yourself", "Magician's Birthday", "Gypsy" and "Sweet Lorraine" plus new numbers which, in the light of Hensley's recent admission that Uriah Heep have been stagnating for the past four years, sounded forebodingly similar to the old stuff.

Lee Kerslake and Trevor Bolder make a good solid rhythm section, but tonight are mixed in much too loud, almost totally drowning out Box and Hensley in a harsh, reverberating slough of high voltage assault and battery. Nonetheless the group are clearly enjoying playing together, displaying plenty of energy (albeit misdirected),

and the three quarters capacity crowd like them enough to demand two encores.

Nevertheless, on the evidence of this gig, they seem to be stepping out of the end of one rut straight into the beginning of an equally bleak new one.

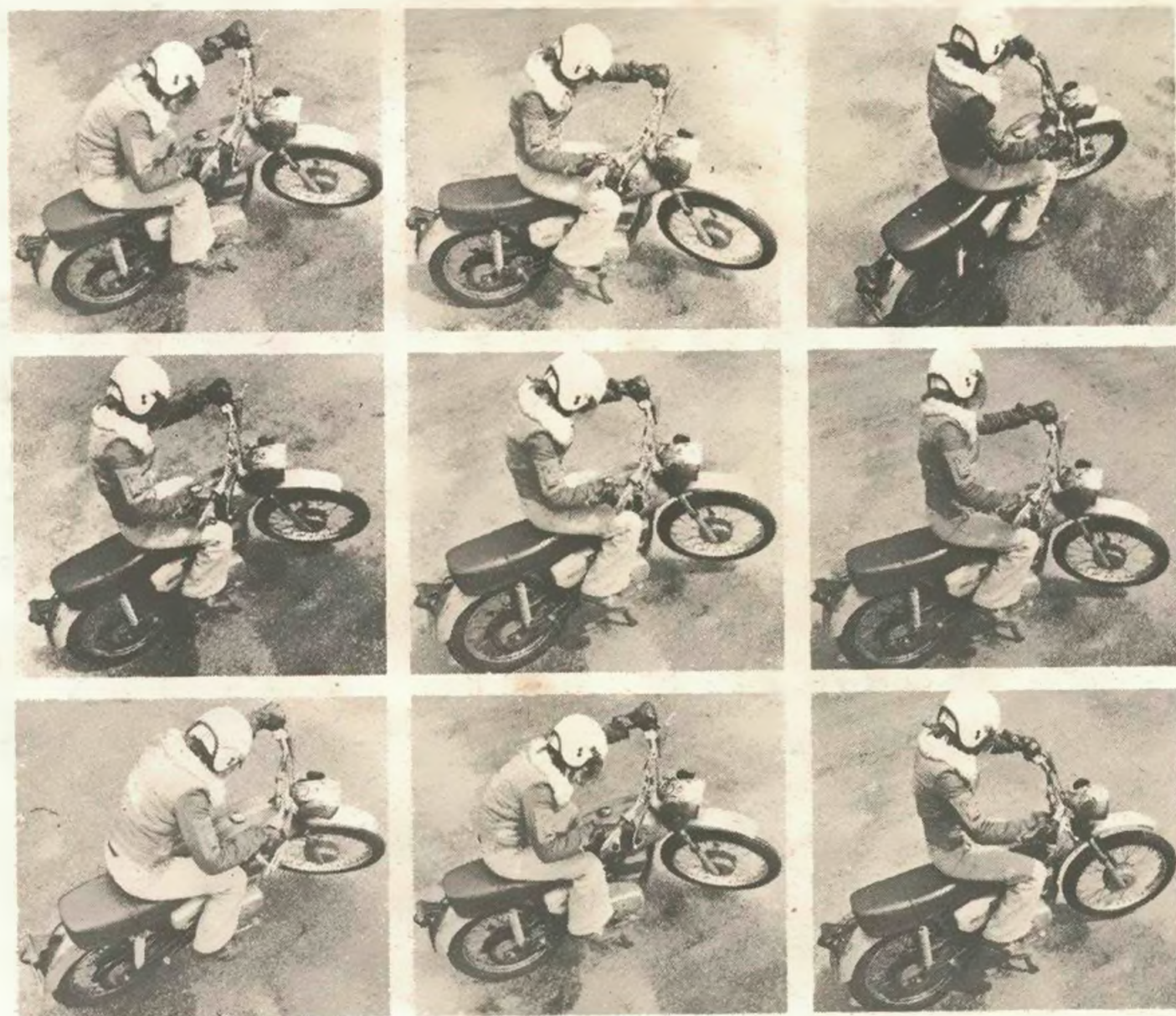
But there is a twist to the tale which contains a faint glimmer of hope.

AFTER THE gig I had a very long talk with the group during which I put forward my above-stated criticisms. Much to my surprise they displayed a disarming amount of friendly unpretentiousness in actually listening to them. Obviously they disagreed, and replied that their current concern was merely to reassure their fans that the group are still in existence and that although they intend to change their musical approach, the process would be a gradual one.

Everything in which I believe where music is concerned makes me regard this "safety first" attitude as being a large stumbling block in their path of development. On the other hand their sincerity and their desire to seize this second chance are positive signs that they might yet surprise everyone.

If they force themselves to take some decisive musical risks, and if they realise it is far more exciting to see a guitarist stretching his scope and ability rather than watch him rubbing his axe up and down a mike stand, then I think they are capable of producing rock music which has some relevance to what is happening in 1977 and which can also stomp all over the dull, vapid dross churned out by Kiss, Rush, Aerosmith, Starz etc. But they must act soon or they will find themselves stranded too far behind to catch up again.

David Housham



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Floyd concerts

WEMBLEY DATES START TUESDAY

THE PINK FLOYD bandwagon arrives in Britain this week for a string of five concerts at the giant Empire Pool, Wembley, starting on Tuesday. But don't apply for tickets at this late stage — they'll all sold. Further gigs in Stafford follow in late March.



LONDON SUNDAY OF SATURATION

IT NEVER RAINS but it pours. And in London this Sunday (13) it's almost saturation point in terms of the number of major concerts on display. It's probably the widest range of big gigs ever assembled in the capital on any one day. Look at this little lot.

Black Sabbath play the first of four successive nights at Hammersmith Odeon, the Jan Akkerman-Kaz Lux Band at the New Victoria, and the Rainbow play host to Graham Parker & the Rumour with guests Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes.

The Gordon Giltrap Band are at the new Sound Circus in Kingsway, the enterprising National Health outfit at the Victoria Palace, and George Hamilton IV's country package at Drury Lane Theatre Royal. Over at Chalk Farm Roundhouse, the "Moving Left Revue" combines the talents of Henry Cow and the Mike Westbrook Band.

Ralph McTell and John Williams star in a benefit for Chile at the New London Theatre, Peggy Lee headlines a one-off at the Palladium, and a special nostalgia concert at Wembley Empire Pool brings together many of the top recording artists of the 50's and 60's.

CIRCUS LAUNCH

LONDON's newest rock venue, the Sound Circus, opens this week — with John Miles headlining the first two concerts on Thursday and Friday, followed by the Gordon Giltrap Band on Sunday.

It's situated in Kingsway (nearest Tube station is Holborn) and was formerly known as the Royalty Theatre, well remembered as the home of "Oh! Calcutta." It has a capacity of just over 1,000, and there's an adjoining disco. Many more acts are lined up for the coming weeks, so watch this column for details!

COMMODORES & DEGREES HERE

THE COMMODORES fly in for an eight-venue tour, opening at Dunstable (Saturday), Bristol (Sunday), Manchester (Monday), Liverpool (Tuesday) and Reading (Wednesday). Although not quite so well known as some of their Tamla-Motown stablemates — as far as the British market is concerned, at any rate. They're big business in the States, where they've just completed a sellout tour.

THE THREE DEGREES are always welcome visitors to these shores, and they return this weekend for a cabaret and one-nighter tour. They open a two-week engagement in Luton on Sunday (see Residencies), with major concerts to follow later in their itinerary.

THURSDAY

AYLESBURY Britannia: SUNFLY
BARTON STACEY Bumpers Club: MUSCLES
BEDFORD Angel Hotel: ENGLISH TAPESTRY
BELFAST Polytechnic: ROOGALATOR
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: HOOKER
BIRMINGHAM Chalet Club: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRISTOL Granary: NO DICE
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: JACOB MARLEY
CARDIFF Capitol: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
CARLISLE Market Hall: SMOKIE/BREAKAWAY
CHARD Holyrood School: CHRIS BARBER BAND

COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: RACING CARS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: OSCAR PETERSON
DERBY Cleopatra's: FLYING ACES
EASTLEIGH Crown Hotel: RED SHIFT
GLASGOW Kelvin Hall: VAL DOONICAN
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre: GEORGE HAMILTON IV/MELBA MONTGOMERY/PETE SAYERS
GRIZEDALE Theatre in the Forest: YETTIES
HALE Wellgreen Hotel: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
HAVERING Royal Oak: MICHAEL MOORE
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: GENERATION X/DEATH WISH
HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING Incognito Club: CHANTS
HUDDERSFIELD Peacock Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: CAN
IMMINGHAM Civic Hall: BOOMBAYA
KIDDERMINSTER College of Further Education: ARBRE
KINGSTON Polytechnic: "KICKING MULE" TOUR with JOHN JAMES/TOM PALEY/BOB HADLEY/HAPPY TRAUAM
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: CYANIDE
LEEDS Polytechnic: JACK THE LAD
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: CHERRY VANILLA/JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
LIVERPOOL Empire: URIAH HEPP/U-BOAT
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: COCK SPARROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: MOON
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DOWNLINER SECT/TWO A.M.
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STRUTTERS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE MOTORS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: CLOVER
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: JOHN MILES
LONDON Marquee Club: NASTY POP
LONDON S.E.1 College of Printing: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
LONDON Southbank Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON Tooting The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: ALAN PRICE
MEXBOROUGH Jesters: SWEET SENSATION
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: CADO BELLE
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NANTWICH Civic Hall: CHARLIE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: MARC BOLAN & T. REX/ THE DAMNED
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: STEVE BROWN BAND
NORWICH St. Andrew's Hall: AC/DC
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
OAKENGATES Town Hotel: SPINNERS
OXFORD Polytechnic: JACK BRUCE BAND
PENZANCE The Garden: CITY BOY
PERRANPORTH Folk Cottage: JOHNNY COPPIN
PERSHORE College of Horticulture: STEVE ASHLEY
PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: JAN AKKERMAN-KAZ LUX BAND
ROYSTON Assembly Hall: BERNARD WRIGLEY
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: BLACK SABBATH
STAINES Pathfinder Club: HARVEY ANDREWS/ ANDY DESMOND
SWANSEA Circles: DIRTY TRICKS
TEWKESBURY Roses Theatre: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
TREForest Glamorgan Polytechnic: DOCTORS OF MADNESS/PAT TRAVERS BAND
WORCESTER Green Room: GUINEVERE
WORTHING Central Hotel: AMAZORBLADES
YORK University: THE STRANGLERS

FRIDAY

ABERYSTWYTH University: PETE QUIN
BANGOR University: BOB DAVENPORT
BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: JIGSAW
BASILDON Double Six: BUSTER JAMES BAND
BATH Hat & Feathers Hotel: JOHN GOODLUCK
BATH University: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
BERWICK Cesa's Palace: SMOKIE/BREAKAWAY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: SPINNERS
BIRMINGHAM University: CHERRY VANILLA/JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
BRIGHTON Sussex University: PINK FAIRIES/TIM BLAKE/HERE & NOW/MIRROR/SKY/WHALE/AMAZORBLADES
BRISTOL Colston Hall: JAN AKKERMAN — KAZ LUX BAND

BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: STORMTROOPER
BRISTOL Polytechnic: CITY BOY
BRISTOL University: TOBY
BROMLEY Stockwell College: STEVE GIBBONS BAND/GRIND
BURTON Allied Breweries: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
BURTON Barley Mow Inn: DAVE BURLAND
BURTON 76 Club: TIGER
CANTERBURY Kent University: THE JAM
CARDIFF New Theatre: ALAN PRICE
CHESHUNT Wolsey Hall: SMILER
CHIGWELL West Hatch College: MICHAEL MOORE
CREWE Masonic Arms: ANY TROUBLE
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: NASTY POP/CHARLIE
DARLINGTON College of Technology: S.A.L.T.
DERBY College of Technology: HORSLIPS
DRIFFIELD Bell Hotel: BERNARD WRIGLEY
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
DURHAM Nevilles Cross College: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
EDINBURGH Odeon: VAL DOONICAN
EDINBURGH University: CAN
EXMOUTH Pavilion: FOUNDATIONS
GAINSBOROUGH Town Hall: OLDE ENGLISH PUB BAND
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: URIAH HEPP/U-BOAT
GLOUCESTER Royal Hotel: PETE & CHRIS COE
GRANTHAM Kesteven College: RADIATOR
HAMILTON College of Education: BURLESQUE/JOE'S DINER
HARROGATE Royal Hall: YETTIES
HARROW Technical College: SCARLET & LACE/BOB GOODING/TIPPEN BROTHERS/ CALICO STRING BAND/GRASS ROOTS/SUE & DAVE
HATFIELD Polytechnic: CLOVER
HORSFORTH Trinity All Saints College: JOBE ST. DAY
HULL University: SILLY WIZARD
KINGSTON Polytechnic: COUNT BISHOPS
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: ROGER KNOWLES & JOHN ALLUM
LANCASTER St. Martin's College: FLYING ACES
LEICESTER University: GENERATION X / THE BOYS
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Hunt Hotel: ARDAZELL
LIVERPOOL Empire: DEAF SCHOOL
LIVERPOOL University: JACK THE LAD
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: LEE KOSMIN BAND/SMITH
LONDON Central Polytechnic: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DIVERSIONS
LONDON DOWNHAM Saxon Tavern: TRAPEZE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON HARLESSEN Coliseum: SUBWAY SECT/ THE CLASH/BUZZCOCKS
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON KENSINGTON Queen Elizabeth College: BLIMPS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: TYLA GANG
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: JOHN MILES
LONDON Marquee Club: NOVA
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: JOHN SPENCER'S LOOTS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: AC/DC
LONDON Royal College of Art: MOTORS/PLUM-METT AIRLINES
LONDON School of Economics: JOHN HARTFORD
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: JET HARRIS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: GEORGE EGO & THE FLAVOUR BAND
LONDON WOOLWICH Public Hall: SETTLERS
MALTON Milton Rooms: BETHNAL
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: MARC BOLAN & T. REX/ THE DAMNED
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE GORILLAS
MANCHESTER Elizabeth Gaskell College: SCREAMIN' LORD TUTCH
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: FOSTER BROTHERS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: WURZELS
MILTON KEYNES College of Education: SCRATCH
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BUSTER
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
NEWPORT Harper Adams College: CALEDONIA
NORTHAMPTON The Romany: ABBOTT
NORWICH East Anglia University: JACK BRUCE BAND
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: CISCO
NOTTINGHAM University: ARBRE

NATIONWIDE

ORMSKIRK Edgehill College: STRIDER
OXFORD New Theatre: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: GEORGE HAMILTON IV/MELBA MONTGOMERY/PETE SAYERS
RETFORD Porterhouse: DOCTORS OF MADNESS/PAT TRAVERS BAND
RHONDDA Leisure Centre: CASINO
ROCHESTER King's Head: BULLY WEE
SALINE (Fife) Village Hall: CILLA FISHER & ARTIE TREZISE
SCUNTHORPE Liberal Club: TENDER TOUCH
SHEFFIELD University: MEDICINE HEAD
SOUTHAMPTON Technical College: MAE McKENNA
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: CYDER PIE
SOUTH SHIELDS Turks Head: BILL CADDICK
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: RACING CARS
STOKE Burslem Adults Ballroom: CHRIS BARBER BAND
SUNDERLAND Incognito Club: CHANTS
SWANLEY Community Centre: BOUNCER
ULVERSTON Penny Farthing: THE STRANGLERS
WALLSEND Arts Centre: CHEAP AT THE PRICE
WESTHAUGHTON Red Lion Hotel: TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND
WEYMOUTH Technical College: BAND CALLED 'O'
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE VIBRATORS

SATURDAY

AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: PROCOL HARUM/HERON
BANGOR University: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS/ARBRE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Waterside Rock Club: GUINEVERE
BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare and Hounds: YING TONG JOHN
BIRMINGHAM Jesus Centre: AFTER THE FIRE
BIRMINGHAM Monica Club: SCREAMIN' LORD TUTCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOI-POLLOI
BIRMINGHAM University: THE REAL THING
BOGNOR College of Education: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: JAN AKKERMAN-KAZ LUX BAND
BRADFORD University: NASTY POP
BRIGHTON Alhambra: AMAZORBLADES
BRIGHTON The Vault: BUZZCOCKS
BRISTOL Granary: TIGER
BRISTOL Polytechnic: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
CANTERBURY Marlowe Theatre: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
CARDIFF College of Education: CASINO
CHESTER Quaintways: RADIATOR
COLCHESTER Essex University: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
COVENTRY College of Education: BANDIT
COVENTRY Warwick University: "KICKING MULE" TOUR with JOHN JAMES/TOM PALEY/BOB HADLEY/HAPPY TRAUAM
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: MUNGO JERRY
DERBY College of Art & Technology: PETE QUIN
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE GORILLAS
DUNDEE Caird Hall: VAL DOONICAN
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: COMMODORES
DURHAM University: DEAF SCHOOL
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: TONY CUFFE & DAVE STUART
EDINBURGH University: FINN MacCUILL
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: CHANTS
FALMOUTH Dock Railway Hotel: JOHN GOODLUCK
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: FLYING ACES
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: MARC BOLAN & T. REX/ THE DAMNED
GLASGOW St. Mary's College: BURLESQUE
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: CAN
GLASGOW University: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
GLOSOP The Centre: SHUSHA/JEREMY TAYLOR
GLOUCESTER Roundabout: TOBY
HITCHIN North Herts College: HORSLIPS
LEEDS University: AC/DC
LEICESTER University: SUZI QUATRO
LEITH Town Hall: SMOKIE/BREAKAWAY
LINCOLN North Hykeham Social Club: TENDER TOUCH
LISKEARD Calton Rooms: JIGSAW
LIVERPOOL C.F. Mott College: THE STRANGLERS
LONDON ANGEL Community Centre: BOWLES BROS. BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: HOMBRE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: MOTORS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DIVERSIONS
LONDON EALING Technical College: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON FULHAM Arts Centre: PAINTED LADY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BLACK SABBATH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RAW FUNKK
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Riverside Studios: QUINTESSANCE II
LONDON HARLESSEN Coliseum: THE CLASH/GENERATION X/FLITS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: STEVE GIBBONS BAND/RACING CARS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DOWNLINERS SECT
LONDON Marquee Club: HEARTBREAKER
LONDON National Theatre Foyer: MIRIAM BACKHOUSE
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA/CHRIS BARBER BAND
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: OSCAR PETERSON/JOE PASS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: GEORGE EGO & THE FLAVOUR BAND
LOUGHBOROUGH University: JACK THE LAD
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: CHARLIE
MANCHESTER University: WARREN HARRY / NEIL INNES
MARTLETWY Crosshairs Inn: BRANDY
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: CHERRY VANILLA/JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
NEWARK Palace Theatre: YETTIES
NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
NORTHAMPTON County Groun: DOCTORS OF MADNESS/PAT TRAVERS BAND
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: STRAY
OXFORD Polytechnic: CITY BOY
PENZANCE Pipers Folk Club: JOHNNY COPPIN
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: SPINNERS
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: COUNT BISHOPS
READING Berkshire College: THE VIBRATORS
READING University: ALVIN STARDUST

GIG GUIDE

AN EDITORIAL SELECTION

COMPILER: DEREK JOHNSON

SCUNTHORPE Baths Hall: FOUNDATIONS
SCUNTHORPE Priory Hotel: FABULOUS POODLES
SHEFFIELD University: JACK BRUCE BAND
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: WURZELS
TAUNTON Odeon: GEORGE HAMILTON IV/
MELBA MONTGOMERY/PETE SAYERS
TODMORDEN Bay Horse: BASTILLE
WEST BROMWICH Three Mile Oak: BULLETS
WIGAN Casino: DIRTY TRICKS
WOLVERHAMPTON Park Village Social Club:
MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
WORCESTER College of Education: MAE McKENNA
YORK College of Ripon and York: BOUNCER

SUNDAY

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: VAL DOONICAN
ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: CLEMEN PULL
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE Tameside: MIKE
HARDING
AYLESBURY John Hampden: PRISM
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM Repertory Theatre: YETTIES
BRIDLINGTON Royal Spa Hall: ROY ORBISON
BRISTOL Colston Hall: THE COMMODORES
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: TRUTH
BURNLEY Carlton Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: OSCAR PETERSON
CARDIFF U.W.I.S.T.: DAI THE ROCK
CORBY Nags Head: GAFFA
CORBY Rangers Supporters Club: STAGE FRIGHT
COVENTRY Bealgrade Theatre: ANNIE ROSS
CROYDON Greyhound: DEAF SCHOOL
DUNDEE Royal Centre Hotel: DIRTY TRICKS
DURHAM Crooks County: JOBE ST. DAY
EDINBURGH Police Folk Club: SILLY WIZARD
GLASGOW City Hall: SMOKE / BREAKAWAY
GWENT New Bridge Club: THE GORILLAS
HANLEY Victoria Hall: MARC BOLAN & T. REX /
THE DAMNED
HARTLEPOOL Nursery Inn: EDDIE WALKER
HITCHIN The Talisman: MICHAEL MOORE
ILFORD Kenneth Moore Theatre: PASADENA ROOF
ORCHESTRA
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: FOUNDATIONS
LEEDS Fford Green Hotel: FLYING ACES
LEEDS Polytechnic: CITY BOY
LEEDS Staging Post: HARILOW
LEICESTER Braunston Hotel: JOE PASS
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: HARVEY ANDREWS
LEICESTER University: MARTIN CARTER &
GRAHAM JONES
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR
VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: SONG-
WAINERS
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: HENRY
COW / MIKE WESTBROOK BRASS BAND /
FRANKIE ARMSTRONG
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED
LADY
LONDON DRURY LANE New London Theatre:
JOHN WILLIAMS / RALPH McTELL (charity
concert for Chile Solidarity Campaign)
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: GEORGE
HAMILTON IV / MELBA MONTGOMERY / PETE
SAYERS
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: CLOVER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BLACK
SABBATH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WOLF
LONDON HOLLOWAY Lord Nelson: WASPS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: COUNT
BISHOPS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BEES
MAKE HONEY
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: GORDON
GILTRAP BAND
LONDON LEWISHAM Concert Hall: JESS CONRAD
/ BILLY J. KRAMER & THE NEW DAKOTAS
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON Maruee Club: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: JAN AKKERMANN-
KAZ LUX BAND
LONDON Palladium: PEGGY LEE
LONDON PALMERS GREEN Intimate Theatre:
VIRGINIA KIRBY / MISTY DREAM
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: GRAHAM PARKER &
THE RUMOUR / SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE
ASBURY JUKES
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
RIO
LONDON TRAFALGAR SQ. St. Martin's Crypt:
BULLY WEE
LONDON Victoria Palace: NATIONAL HEALTH
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: RUSS CONWAY
/ LONNIE DONEGAN / FREDDIE & THE
DREAMERS / FRANK IFIELD / BILLY J.
KRAMER & THE DAKOTAS / RUBY MURRAY /
HELEN SHAPIRO / BERT WEEDON / DAVID
WHITFIELD / ACKER BILK BAND / KENNY
BALL BAND
LONDON WESTMINSTER St. Margaret's Church:
IMRAT KHAN (sitar)
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: RICHARD
DIGANCE / DOUG MORTAR
LUTON Cock Hotel: PETE QUIN
LUTON The Favourite: ABBOTT
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: HORSLIPS
MANCHESTER ARDWICK ABC Theatre: STYLIS-
TICS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: WURZELS
NEWCASTLE St. Mary's College of Education: TRUSS
& BUCKET
NORWICH Theatre Royal: SPINNERS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: TATUM
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: RAND & THE
BAND
OLDHAM Grange Arts Centre: SHUSHA / JEREMY
TAYLOR
READING Top Rank: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL
HOUSE / RADIATOR
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: CAN
REDCAR Loftus Club: BREAKER
ROMFORD Albemarle Club: TOM ROBINSON
BAND
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: DOCTORS OF MADNESS /
PAT TRAVERS BAND
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre:
SHOWADDWADDY
STOCKPORT Deanwater Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON
STROUD Railway Hotel: JOHN GOODLUCK
SWANSEA Brangwyn Hall: BUSTER
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: AC/DC
WREXHAM Fibreglass Social Club: THERAPY
YORK Theatre Royal: RACING CARS

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: VAL DOONICAN
ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: CLEMEN PULL
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE Tameside: MIKE
HARDING
AYLESBURY John Hampden: PRISM
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM Repertory Theatre: YETTIES
BRIDLINGTON Royal Spa Hall: ROY ORBISON
BRISTOL Colston Hall: THE COMMODORES
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: TRUTH
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CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: OSCAR PETERSON
CARDIFF U.W.I.S.T.: DAI THE ROCK
CORBY Nags Head: GAFFA
CORBY Rangers Supporters Club: STAGE FRIGHT
COVENTRY Bealgrade Theatre: ANNIE ROSS
CROYDON Greyhound: DEAF SCHOOL
DUNDEE Royal Centre Hotel: DIRTY TRICKS
DURHAM Crooks County: JOBE ST. DAY
EDINBURGH Police Folk Club: SILLY WIZARD
GLASGOW City Hall: SMOKE / BREAKAWAY
GWENT New Bridge Club: THE GORILLAS
HANLEY Victoria Hall: MARC BOLAN & T. REX /
THE DAMNED
HARTLEPOOL Nursery Inn: EDDIE WALKER
HITCHIN The Talisman: MICHAEL MOORE
ILFORD Kenneth Moore Theatre: PASADENA ROOF
ORCHESTRA
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: FOUNDATIONS
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LEEDS Polytechnic: CITY BOY
LEEDS Staging Post: HARILOW
LEICESTER Braunston Hotel: JOE PASS
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: HARVEY ANDREWS
LEICESTER University: MARTIN CARTER &
GRAHAM JONES
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR
VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: SONG-
WAINERS
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: HENRY
COW / MIKE WESTBROOK BRASS BAND /
FRANKIE ARMSTRONG
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED
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LONDON DRURY LANE New London Theatre:
JOHN WILLIAMS / RALPH McTELL (charity
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LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: GEORGE
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SAYERS
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: CLOVER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BLACK
SABBATH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WOLF
LONDON HOLLOWAY Lord Nelson: WASPS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: COUNT
BISHOPS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BEES
MAKE HONEY
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: GORDON
GILTRAP BAND
LONDON LEWISHAM Concert Hall: JESS CONRAD
/ BILLY J. KRAMER & THE NEW DAKOTAS
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON Maruee Club: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: JAN AKKERMANN-
KAZ LUX BAND
LONDON Palladium: PEGGY LEE
LONDON PALMERS GREEN Intimate Theatre:
VIRGINIA KIRBY / MISTY DREAM
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: GRAHAM PARKER &
THE RUMOUR / SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE
ASBURY JUKES
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
RIO
LONDON TRAFALGAR SQ. St. Martin's Crypt:
BULLY WEE
LONDON Victoria Palace: NATIONAL HEALTH
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: RUSS CONWAY
/ LONNIE DONEGAN / FREDDIE & THE
DREAMERS / FRANK IFIELD / BILLY J.
KRAMER & THE DAKOTAS / RUBY MURRAY /
HELEN SHAPIRO / BERT WEEDON / DAVID
WHITFIELD / ACKER BILK BAND / KENNY
BALL BAND
LONDON WESTMINSTER St. Margaret's Church:
IMRAT KHAN (sitar)
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: RICHARD
DIGANCE / DOUG MORTAR
LUTON Cock Hotel: PETE QUIN
LUTON The Favourite: ABBOTT
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: HORSLIPS
MANCHESTER ARDWICK ABC Theatre: STYLIS-
TICS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: WURZELS
NEWCASTLE St. Mary's College of Education: TRUSS
& BUCKET
NORWICH Theatre Royal: SPINNERS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: TATUM
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: RAND & THE
BAND
OLDHAM Grange Arts Centre: SHUSHA / JEREMY
TAYLOR
READING Top Rank: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL
HOUSE / RADIATOR
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: CAN
REDCAR Loftus Club: BREAKER
ROMFORD Albemarle Club: TOM ROBINSON
BAND
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: DOCTORS OF MADNESS /
PAT TRAVERS BAND
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre:
SHOWADDWADDY
STOCKPORT Deanwater Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON
STROUD Railway Hotel: JOHN GOODLUCK
SWANSEA Brangwyn Hall: BUSTER
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: AC/DC
WREXHAM Fibreglass Social Club: THERAPY
YORK Theatre Royal: RACING CARS

MONDAY

ABERTILLERY Six Bells: THE GORILLAS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BOSTON Pineapple Club: FOGGY
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: NASTY POP
BRISTOL Colston Hall: MARC BOLAN & T.
REX/THE DAMNED
BRISTOL Nova Scotia Hotel: BULLY WEE



MARC BOLAN goes out on the road this week with his new-look T Rex comprising Dino Dines (keyboards), Herbie Flowers (bass), Miller Anderson (guitar) and Tony Newman (drums). And The Damned get their biggest break to date as support act. Initial gigs are at Newcastle (Thursday), Manchester (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Hanley (Sunday) and Bristol (Monday).

THE STYLISTICS (below) fly in for a cabaret and concert tour, opening with a concert in Manchester (Sunday) followed by a week at Batley (see Residencies). Keep your eye on the Gig Guide for further major dates by the U.S. outfit.



BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: BUSTER
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: JAKE THACKRAY
CHELtenham Town Hall: HARVEY ANDREWS
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: GORDON
GILTRAP BAND
DONCASTER Outlook Club: DOCTORS OF
MADNESS/PAT TRAVERS BAND
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: DIRTY TRICKS
EGHAM Royal Holloway College: TOM TIDDLER'S
GROUND
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
EXETER University: JACK THE LAD
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: DAVID SOUL
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE
STOMPERS
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: THUNDERBOOTS
LONDON ACTON King's Head: JOHNNY G'S
B'ZERKO
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLOWBONE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: WAYNE COUNTY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LEE
JACKSON'S STRIPJACK
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: TOM ROBINSON
BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BLACK
SABBATH
LONDON HOLLOWAY Lord Nelson: WASPS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DAVE
EDMUNDS' ROCKPILE
LONDON Marquee Club: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO
FRONT
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: PAUL MILLNS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
NIGHT BUS
LONDON TOOTING Castle: LESSER KNOWN
TUNISIANS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: MANIACS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed "KICKING
MULE" TOUR with JOHN JAMES/TOM
PALEY/BOB HADLEY/HAPPY TRAP
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: THE COMMO-
DORES
MANCHESTER Phoenix Club: JOBE ST. DAY
NEWCASTLE City Hall: ROY ORBISON
NEWCASTLE Ford Arms: BILL CADDICK
PAR Cooking Pot Folk Club: JOHNNY COPPIN
SALFORD University: JACK BRUCE BAND
SOLI HULL The Boggery: MICHAEL MOORE
STAFFORD Top of the World: DEAF SCHOOL
ST ALBAN'S City Hall: AC/DC
SUTTON COLDFIELD The Boldmere: MARTIN
CARTER & GRAHAM JONES

TUESDAY

BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: HEATWAVE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CITY BOY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRADFORD St George's Hall: WURZELS
BRIGHTON Top Rank: CHARLIE
CARDIFF Top Rank: RACING CARS/GORILLAS
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: JAKE THACKRAY
CHEPSTOW Folk Club: JOHNNY COPPIN
CHICHESTER College of Further Education: MAE
McKENNA
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: DOCTORS OF
MADNESS/PAT TRAVERS BAND
DONCASTER The Hollybush: HARLOW
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: THE HEROES
EXETER Jolly Porter Inn: JOHN GOODLUCK
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: GEORGE MELLY &
THE FEETWARMERS
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: JACK BRUCE
BAND
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: LEFT HAND
DRIVE



BARRY WHITE plays the first of his seven British concerts at London New Victoria on Wednesday, ably supported by the ever-faithful Love Unlimited. He's bringing over a nucleus of U.S. musicians, who'll be augmented by a 35-piece British orchestra (45 for the London date). There are still a few tickets available at some venues, but they're somewhat pricey.



LAMPETER St David's University: ROCK ISLAND
LINE
LIVERPOOL Empire: THE COMMODORES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MONTANA RED
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CHERRY VANILLA
/ POLICE
LONDON CHELSEA College: MIKE ABSALOM
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden:
ANAHATA
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BLACK
SABBATH
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: FRAN-
KIE AMSTRONG
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE JAM
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BANDIT
LONDON Marquee Club: STRIFE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubadour:
"KICKING MULE" TOUR with JOHN JAMES /
BOB HADLEY / TOM PALEY / HAPPY TRAP
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club:
ROOGALATOR / NIGHT BUS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
TUSH
LONDON TOTTENHAM The Eagle: CHANTS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: PEKOE
ORANGE
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: PINK FLOYD
LONDON WI Speakeasy: JOHNNY THUNDER'S
HEARTBREAKERS
LOUGHBOROUGH University: MIKE SILVER
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: DAVID SOUL
MANCHESTER Chorlton Oaks Hotel: GEORGE
SUGDEN ELEVEN (Albertos plus roadies)
NEWCASTLE City Hall: JAN AKKERMANN-KAZ
LUX BAND
NEWCASTLE University: STEVE BROWN BAND
NOTTINGHAM Albert Hall: OSCAR PETERSON
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
OLDBURY Albion Inn: MARTIN CARTER &
GRAHAM JONES
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: JACK THE LAD
PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: CAN
ROMFORD Golden Lion Hotel: TOM TIDDLER'S
GROUND
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: AC/DC
SCUNTHORPE Tiffany's: CLOVER
SHEFFIELD City Hall: ROY ORBISON
SOUTHAMPTON University: GORDON GILTRAP
BAND
SUTTON COLDFIELD The Crown: STAGE FRIGHT
WELWYN GARDEN CITY The Fountain: LOL
COXHILL

WEDNESDAY

BIRKENHEAD Mr Digby's: CITY BOY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIRGO
BIRMINGHAM University: DEAF SCHOOL
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: CAN
BRADFORD University: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
CHICHESTER College of Further Education: S.A.L.T.
DONCASTER The Woolpack: HARLOW
GRANGEMOUTH International Hotel: DIRTY
TRICKS
HAWICK Jedburgh Town Hall: McCALMANS
HUCKNALL Miners Welfare: HEATWAVE
HULL University: EDWIN STARR
LEICESTER University: FABULOUS POODLES
ILKLEY College: ARBRE
LIVERPOOL Empire: JAN AKKERMANN-KAZ LUX
BAND

LIVERPOOL Mountford Hall: AC/DC
LLANDUDNO Arcadia Theatre: WURZELS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: GIFT HORSE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: VIOLA WILLS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden:
ROOGALATOR
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: KITES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE JAM
LONDON HAMPSHIRE Westfield College:
WARREN HARRY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: TYLA
GANG
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: BILL
CADDICK
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN
HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: MEAL TICKET
LONDON MORDEN The Rose: BRANDY
LONDON National Theatre Foyer: BOB DAVEN-
PORT / RAKES
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: BARRY WHITE /
LOVE UNLIMITED
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: DAVID SOUL
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
LEE JACKSON'S STRIPJACK
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: ORB
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: LEO
MANCHESTER University: MICHAEL CHAPMAN
BAND
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: THE GORILLAS
NEWTON ABBOTT Seale Hayne College: SHAKIN'
STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: JOBE ST DAY
PENICUIK Navaar House Hotel: THE HEROES
PETERBOROUGH Key Theatre: PASADENA ROOF
ORCHESTRA
READING Top Rank: THE COMMODORES
SHEFFIELD City Hall: GRAHAM PARKER & THE
RUMOUR / SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE
ASHBURY JUKES
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL
EAST SIDE STOMPERS
SWINDON The Affair: THE STRANGLERS
SWINDON The Grapes: MARTIN CARTER &
GRAHAM JONES
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Hall: PROCOL
HARUM / HERON
UXBRIDGE Load Of Hay: MICHAEL MOORE
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: BANDY LEGS
WORTHING Carioca Club: CHANTS
WREXHAM Cartreffe College: BETHNAL

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club: STYLISTICS
Week from Monday
BEDFORD Nite Spot: VINCE HILL
Tuesday (15) for five days
BIRMINGHAM Nite Out: GENE PITNEY
Week from Monday
CHESTER-LE-STREET Sombro Club: BREAKER
Week from Monday
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BLACK
SABBATH
Saturday for four days
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: JOE PASS/STAN
TRACEY QUARTET
Monday for two weeks
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: PINK FLOYD
Tuesday (15) for five days
LUTON Cesar's: THREE DEGREES
Sunday for two weeks
PORTRUSH Arcadia Leisure Centre: DEL SHANNON
Week from Monday
SOLI HULL New Cresta Club: FOUNDATIONS
Wednesday (16) for three days
STOKE Bailey's: SHOWADDYWADDY
Thursday for three days

RADIO TV

PROCOL HARUM, now nearing the end of their longest-ever British concert tour, are this week's attraction in "Sight and Sound In Concert". BBC-2 and Radio 1 again combine forces in a simultaneous stereo link, starting at 6.30 pm on Saturday, and it should be well worth catching. Same goes for BBC-2's "Whistle Test" on Tuesday, which is devoted entirely to a 40-minute Andrew Gold special. It was filmed in concert at London New Victoria Theatre last November, when he was special guest on the Linda Ronstadt show. For the most part, he features material from his current album "What's Wrong With This Picture".

The fifth hour-long episode in Tony Palmer's "All You Need Is Love" (ITV network, Saturday night) concerns the Blues, and is scripted by George Melly and John Hammond. It ranges from the Mississippi Delta to Chicago, and among those featured on film are Memphis Slim, Roosevelt Sykes, Willie "The Lion" Smith, Ray Charles, Victoria Spivey, Bessie Smith, Muddy Waters, Leadbelly, Billie Holiday and B.B. King.

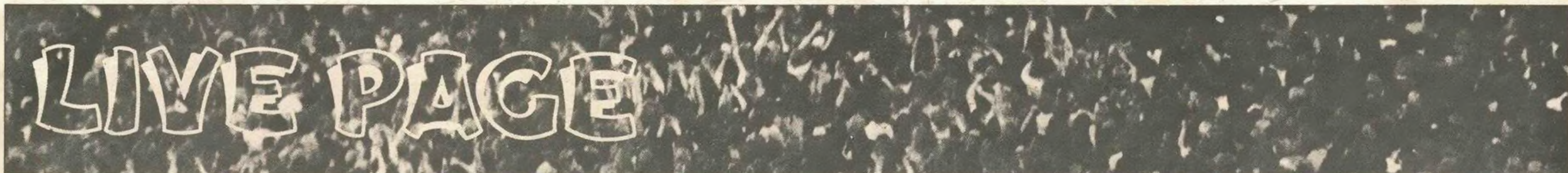
ITV'S OTHER Saturday music show (certain regions only), Mike Mansfield's "Supersonic" has a guest list comprising Kiki Dee, the Steve Gibbons Band, the Glitter Band, Patti Boulaye and Danny Ray.

On BBC-2 tonight (Thursday), there's a 140-minute show called "America Salutes Jimmy Carter", which is a film of the gala concert performed on the eve of his inauguration. Dozens of Hollywood stars and other personalities participate — and somewhere amongst the morass you'll be able to catch Aretha Franklin, Linda Ronstadt, and Paul Simon.

The Spinners are the special guests in "Max Boyce In Concert" on BBC-1 on Friday. The following day, same channel, the Wurzels, Tony Monopoly and Hinge & Brackett are in "Saturday Special" — and among those appearing in "Saturday Night At The Mill" are Spike Milligan and the Grumbleweeds.

Also on the box: Kid Jensen with "Top Of The Pops" on BBC-1, and the continuing "Rock Follies" repeat on ITV (both Thursday); Jake Thackray in "That's Life" (BBC-1 Sunday); and "Oscar Peterson Invites" (BBC-2 Tuesday). And on Wednesday, BBC-2's "Arena Cinema" looks at the new version of "A Star Is Born" with Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson.

Radio 2 on Thursday has the Jeannie Denver Band in "Country Club". It's followed by "Folk-weave", which this week includes recordings from three 1976 folk festivals, plus Harvey and Mary Kershaw.



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

Thursday 10th March (Adm 60p) NASTY POP Plus support & Ian Fleming	Mon. 14th March (Adm 65p) BACK TO FRONT (Featuring Pete Brown) AJ Webber & Jerry Floyd
Friday 11th March (Adm 70p) NOVA Plus support & Ian Fleming	Tuesday 15th March (Adm 75p) STRIFE Plus friends & Jerry Floyd
Saturday 12th March Free admission with this ad. before 8 pm HEARTBREAKER Second Avenue & Ian Fleming	Wed. 16th March (Adm 90p) Special welcome to MEAL TICKET Plus support & Jerry Floyd
Sun. 13th March (Adm 60p) Free admission with this ad. before 8 pm LEE KOSMIN BAND The Stukas & Nick Leigh	Thursday 17th March (Adm 65p) ILLUSION (Ex Renaissance) Krician Kogcan & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers and other hot & cold snacks are available

RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Friday March 11th 50p
LEW LEWIS BAND

Saturday March 12th 50p
RAW FUNK

Sunday March 13th Free
WOLF

Thursday March 10th 60p
THE STRUTTERS

Wednesday March 16th 60p
JAM

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASH VILLE ROOM

Thursday March 10th £1.00
CLOVER

Friday March 11th £1.00
TYLA GANG

Saturday March 12th £1.00
THE DOWNLINERS SECT

Sunday March 13th 50p
BEES MAKE HONEY

Monday March 14th £1.00
Dave Edmund's ROCKPILE
(Featuring Nick Lowe, Billy Bremner & Terry Williams)

Tuesday March 15th Free Night
BANDIT

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY

Enquiries to Jazz Centre Society, c/o ICA, 12 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 930-4261

At THE PHOENIX, Cavendish Square, W1 (Oxford Circus tube) 8.00 pm

Wednesday 9th March
NO GIG THIS WEEK

Wednesday 16th March
GEORGE KHAN'S MIRAGE

At SEVEN DIALS, 27 Shelton Street, WC2 (Covent Garden, Leicester Square tubes) 8.30pm

THURSDAY 10 MARCH
BRIAN LEMON QUINTET

THURSDAY 17th MARCH
DICK CAREY with Bruce Turner & Keith Ingham Trio

BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH!

Woe is ye if ye do not
advertise on ye Live Page

For details ring
Brian B on 01-261 6153

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ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1
SUNDAY 20th MARCH at 5-30
STRAIGHTMUSIC PRESENTS

DEAF SCHOOL

THE PIRATES

TYLA GANG

ADM. £1-7.00 (inc vat) IN ADVANCE R HOUSE BOX OFF 267-2564
or LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS 439-3371 or AT DOOR

SPEAKEASY
01-580 7930

SPEAK-EARLY

Wednesday March 9
THE ONLY ONES

Thursday March 10
ALFALFA

Friday March 11
KOSSAGA

Saturday March 12
RED

Monday March 14
JOHN DOE

Tuesday March 15
HEARTBREAKERS

Wednesday March 16
WINDOW

Thursday March 17
JOHN OTWAY

March 24/25/26
WORLD DEBUT OF
NOBODY'S BUSINESS
Speakeasy
50 Margaret St.
Oxford Circus, W.1.
Reservations 01-580 8810

Kingston Poly Ents
presents

Sat. March 12
8 pm

At the
Main Hall
Penrhyn Road

Special Guest Appearance

CLOVER

AND THE
TOOTING
FROOTIES

Plus Disco
and Bar

Tickets £1 in advance
£1.20 on door

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Beggars Banquet Promotions
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The World's Premier Funk Band

THE COMMODORES

+ SPECIAL GUESTS: **MUSCLES**

FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 7.30 p.m.
BIRMINGHAM ODEON, New Street
Tickets £2.50, £2.00 and £1.50. Advance Theatre Box Office,
10.30 a.m.-8 p.m. Telephone: 021-643 6101 or on night.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 7.30 p.m.
NEW VICTORIA THEATRE
WILTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1
Tickets £3.00, £2.50, £2.00 and £1.50 from Box office, 01 834 0673/4.
Premier Box Office, LTB, Manzi Records - Swiss Cottage Tel: 01-586 2614

SUNDAY, MARCH 20, 7.30 p.m.
LEEDS UNIVERSITY
Tickets £1.75 advance from Porters/Students' Union, or £2.00 on night.

TUESDAY, MARCH 22, 7.30 p.m.
SOUTHPORT THEATRE
PROMENADE, SOUTHPORT
Tickets £2.50, £2.25, £1.75, £1.25 from Box Office, Tel: 0704 40404 or on door on night.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 7.30 p.m.
MANCHESTER APOLLO
Tickets £2.50, £2.00 and £1.50. Tickets from Box Office or on night

THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 7.45 p.m.
WEST RUNTON PAVILION
WEST RUNTON, NORFOLK
Tickets £2.00 advance from Box Office. Telephone 0263 75203 or £2.50 on night.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26
DUNSTABLE CALIFORNIA BALLROOM
Tickets £2.00 from Advance Booking Office or on night.
This supersedes any previous announcements.
More dates to be announced.
SEE NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.
All Enquiries Richard Allchin 01-370 6175.

IRIARS AT THE VALE HALL AYLESBURY
SATURDAY MARCH 12th at 7.30 p.m.
Nightmare's panic swept away

PROCOL HARUM

AC LIGHTS + HERON GASP SOUNDS

Tickets 190p 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 190p at door (I.A.)
Life membership 25p
SKATING ON THIN ICE

TUNBRIDGE WELLS (THE COURT BALLROOM)
Thursday March 10th at 8 p.m.

THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS

also at THE CARLISLE, HASTINGS
on Friday March 11th at 8 p.m.

ENTS COMMITTEE
POLYTECHNIC of CENTRAL LONDON
115 NEW CAVENDISH STREET, W1. 636 6271

FRIDAY MARCH 11, 8 pm-12.30 am

GENO WASHINGTON

+ THE RAMJAM BAND
Plus H.I. DISCO and LATE BAR
Tickets 85p in advance. £1.00 on door

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON, N.1.

Thursday March 10th
THE MOTORS 50p
Featuring Mick Garvy and Andy McMasters

Friday March 11th
BEES MAKE HONEY 75p

Saturday March 12th
LEW LEWIS BAND 75p

Sunday March 13th
Honky Tonk Lunch Time with Charlie Gillett on the Airways
Evening with
COUNT BISHOPS 60p
JAM 60p
TYLA GANG 75p

Loughton College S.U.
Borders Lane, Loughton (Nr. Debdon Tube)

Friday March 11

F.B.I.

WITH DISCO — BAR — LIGHTS
Tickets £1.20 (S.U.). £1.50 Guests

STRAIGHTMUSIC PRESENTS

RACING CARS

BOWLES BROS.BAND

NEW VICTORIA
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TICKETS £2.00, £1.50, £1.00 (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

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THE LIVE PAGE
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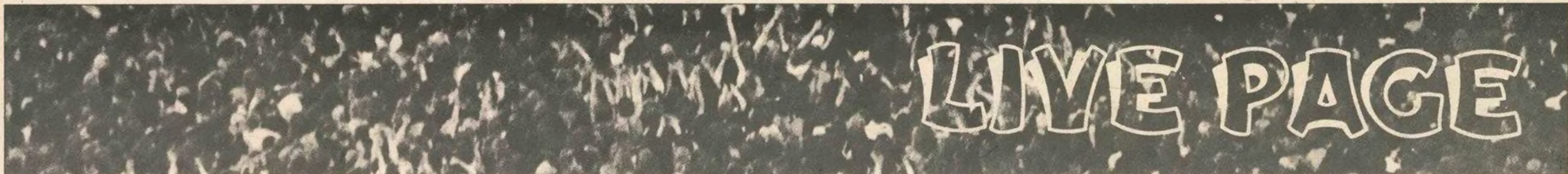
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FATS DOMINO

SUNDAY, MARCH 27th
5.00 and 8.00 p.m.
£3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £1.50
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STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

OSIBISA

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SUNDAY 27th MARCH at 7.30

Tickets: £2.50-£2.00-£1.50 available from Theatre Box Office 688 9291
London Theatre Bookings shafts av W1 439-3371, usual agents, or on night

ESSEX ENTS presents
Jazz Night Concert
with

GEORGE MELLY

AND JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS

in the L.T.B. on SATURDAY MARCH 12th at 8.30 pm

Tickets £1.00 from S.U. and Parrot Records

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MIKE KAHN BAND

Admission 80p
You've got to see 'em to believe 'em

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CLOVER

Friday 11th March at Hutton Hall
Admission 70p 9 o'clock till late
Friday 18th March Procol Harum

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY
Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex
Friday March 18 in The Kingdom Room

JACK THE LAD

+ support
Tickets £1.00 Advance, £1.20 on door
Friday March 25th
in the Kingdom Room

VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR

Tickets £1.20 advance, £1.40 on door
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Tube: Uxbridge: Buses 204, 207, 233. M4 one mile.

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with special guest JOHNNY G.
on Wednesday & Thursday 23/24th March at 7.30

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Box Office, London Theatre Bookings, Manzi Records (Swiss
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STEVE GIBBONS BAND

+ WARREN HARRY

Thursday 10th March 7.30pm
London College of Printing Hall

Opp. Elephant & Castle Tube
Tickets 70p in advance 90p (N.U.S.) on door £1 guests
Fri March 18th Stretch & The Jam
Borough Road Buildings, SE1 Opposite Elephant & Castle Tube

TICKETS . . TICKETS . . TICKETS

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OF THE FOLLOWING:

March 13	Parker & Rumour
March 13	Ralph McTell & John Williams
March 13	National Health
March 13	Jan Akkerman
March 13	Peggy Lee
March 15	Black Sabbath
March 16	Barry White
March 18	Marc Bolan
March 19	Jacques Loussier
March 19	Commodores
March 19	Pat Travers Band
March 20	Deaf School
March 23/24	Can
March 25	Golden Earring
March 25/26	Be Bop Deluxe
March 27	Horslips & Clover
March 27	Osibisa
March 27	Fats Domino
March 27	Roy Orbison
April 1	Paice Ashton Lord
April 2	Frankie Miller
April 3	Stylistics
April 3	Gary Glitter
April 3	Racing Cars
April 4/5	Glen Campbell
April 10	Fleetwood Mac
April 10/11	John Cale
April 15	Jack Bruce Band
April 17	Stranglers
April 17	Three Degrees
April 21	James Last
April 25/30	Frankie Valli
May 9-15	Johnny Mathis
May 16-22	Neil Sedaka
May 28	Dory Previn

For more information send s.a.e. to:

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Review '77
"The Occasional Orchestra
and Big Band" of

HENRY COW/

MIKE WESTBROOK

Featuring Frankie Armstrong
SUNDAY MARCH 13
at 6pm.
ROUNDHOUSE,
Chalk Farm, N.W.1.
Admission £1.50

Kingston
Poly ents
presents
Friday
March 11th
at the Canbury
Park Centre

The Count Bishops

+ Disco
8 pm. Admission 60p

BEDFORD COLLEGE
FOLK S.U.
Thurs 10th March 8pm

NOEL MURPHY

Bedford College Folk
Club
Inner Circle Regents
Park N.W.1.
Tube to Baker St
Admission 50p
Floor spots welcome

WORDS Barry Clarke Monday March 14th at 7.45 p.m. AC/DC + JENNY DARREN BAND Mary Jane Disco Bar — Food Tickets £1.25 (inc VAT) in advance from Box Office, Chequer St., St Albans, Tel. 64511 or £1.35 (inc. VAT) on door	CITY HALL ST ALBANS Saturday March 19th at 7.45 p.m. JACK THE LAD + special guests DRUID Mary Jane Disco Bar — Food Tickets £1.25 (inc. VAT) in advance from Box Office, Chequer St., St Albans 64511 or £1.35 (inc VAT) on door
Sat March 26th Gordon Giltrap & Strange Days + Red & Ardezell at Queensbury (Civic) Hall, Dunstable	

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ENTS

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+ Roy St John Band
FRIDAY 11th MARCH : 7.30 pm

Real Ale — Food — "Sounds" from Tim Oake Oasis Records, 18 Newport Court, London WC2
Tickets: £1.00 Advance from L.S.E. Union Shop or Oasis Records £1.20 on door

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DAVID PARTON
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THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE
SUNDAY MARCH 20th at 7.30 pm.

TICKETS £1.50, £2.00, £2.25, £2.50
FROM THEATRE ROYAL BOX OFFICE 836 8108
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CAPITAL RADIO 194

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24
original tracks
from one of the
sixties most exciting
and influential
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THE HISTORY OF FLEETWOOD MAC Vintage Years: a double-album CBS 88227

The very best of Fleetwood Mac at the height of their creativity and popularity. It features the complete original line-up... Peter Green, Danny Kirwan, Christine Perfect, John McVie, Jeremy Spencer, Mick Fleetwood... and all the legendary tracks as originally recorded for the Blue Horizon label — tracks like Albatross, Man Of The World, Need Your Love So Bad, Dust My Broom and Black Magic Woman — 24 cuts in all.

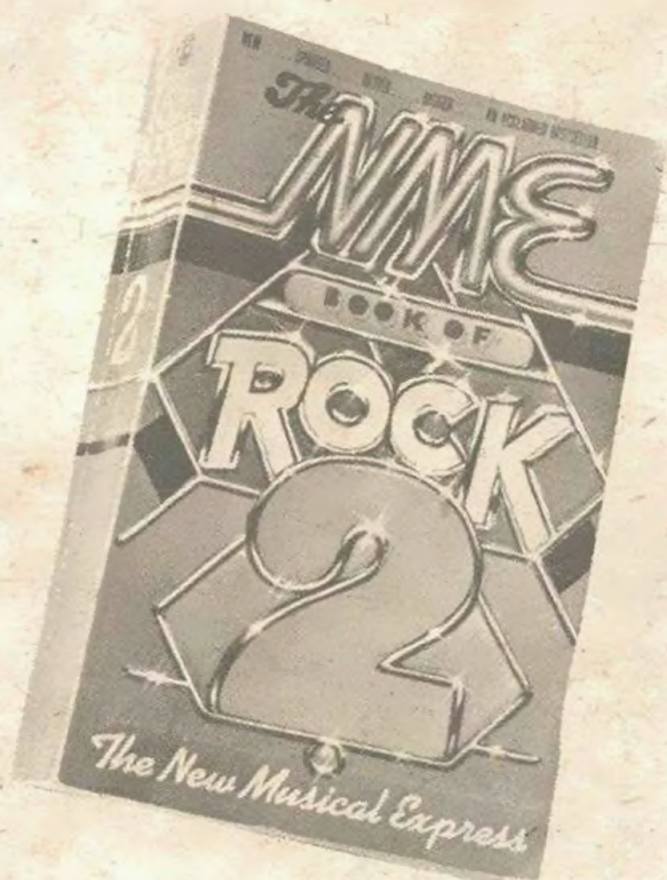
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HURRY!!!

A GOOD SCRAP (but the Yank wins)

Graham Parker,
Southside
Johnny

CROYDON
“HELLO CROYDON!
Are you ready to rock?”
Knob off. If there's
anything I hate to be called
more than Ladiesanglemen
it's Croydon. South-
side Johnny didn't call me
anything — but that's not
the only reason I preferred
him to Graham Parker.

Southside dresses better. His
ten-piece band all wore three-
piece suits, of various mono-
hues; Parker's ten-piece band
came as they were, in black
T-Shirt, grey Oxfam jacket,
skinny Levis, shades, trainers,
and bassist Andrew Bodnar in
a clever suit which looked
either gold or green depending
on which lights were on.

Southside's horns are better.
He's got five of them, and,
unlike Parker's quartet, they
don't keep traipsing on and off
whenever they're required.
The Miami Horns are a vital
part of The Asbury Jukes,
whereas The Brass Monkeys
usually get in the way of the
Rumour's clarity.

Southside's a better harp
player who doesn't play
enough, and a better singer.
Not a very distinctive voice,
but his role is as much front-
man as singer. Parker's voice I
find a positive hindrance; he's
got an extremely subtle group,
and I reckon the Parker rasp
rather does them an injustice.
Different strokes, yeah, but
Parker is not the world's most
expressive singer.

Southside may do slightly
better songs, but then he didn't
write any of them. A number
of Parker's songs are intrinsi-
cally better both lyrically and
musically, but, like his voice,
they have a tendency to bludge-
non along rather on one level,
and he tends to rewrite himself
“Heat Treatment” and
“Silly Thing”, for instance.

Southside did Springsteen's
“The Fever”, by far the best
song anyone played, and his
material ranged from the fool-
ish-grin lilt of Solomon
Burke's “Got To Get You Off
My Mind” to the blazing
power of Junior Wells' “Little
By Little” and the idiotic “It
Ain't The Meat”. His new

Drifters-style single was his
weakest song of the night.

Southside's arrangements
are cleaner, following a more
logical dynamic than Parker's.
He plays straight R & B, so it's
pretty much singing/instrumen-
tal, but the climactic force
available to five horns is used
brilliantly, and his key changes
are perfect — two of them on
Sam Cooke's “Havin' A
Party”.

Parker's arrangements, and
the whole sound texture, are
much more fluid. Their inter-
est lies in a far less obvious
dynamism, in the frills — the
guitar licks, the piano fills. The
most ambitious arrangement of
the night was “Fool's Gold”, a
long version which shimmered
before your ears, always
changing within a constant
structure.

Parker's band is better. Take
away the horns and The Jukes
are just competent, nothing
exciting. But The Rumour,
when you take away the thick
sound of their horns, are quite
superb: Bob Andrews, shaking
his pate and stamping his
rocker pumps, played some
wondrous piano, while Brins-
ley Schwarz and Martin
Belmont have one of the least
clashed double guitar relation-
ships you're ever likely to hear.

Southside's a better enter-
tainer. Parker sings looking
down his nose at his mike all
night, and the band just play.

Southside flails his little body
all over, conducting the band,
who feature a lot of smiling
faces and unison stepping feet,
ten people in perpetual motion
— as well as a crazy drummer
called Kenny Pentifallo, who
hands his seat over to guitarist
Billy Rush and steps out front
to perform an hilarious rubber-
limbed, deep-throated “It
Ain't The Meat”.

Parker did the best encore.
Mind you, his was planned, the
sea of pogopeople at the front
of the staid Fairfield Halls won
by telling them it was the last
number and they could dance.

“Hold Back The Night” was
okay, had a nice dual guitar
solo, while “Kansas City”, the
second encore, was a fierce
way to finish. No bullshit from
Southside: his encore was
genuinely demanded; it was
only “You Don't Know Like I
Know”, though, good but not
the best.

Parker is even smaller than
Southside. He does a longer
set, highlight by the irresistible
“Back To Schooldays”, possi-
bly his best song. He does
“Heat Treatment” extremely
fast and heavy, “Gypsy Blood”
very slow, and “Don't Ask Me
Questions” very vehemently.

This tour is like when the
Stones have played with Junior
Wells or The Meters. Parker's
music is actually fairly like the
Stones', dense, loose rhythm
‘n' boogie that doesn't move
me but seems to strike some
kind of chord in the rock'n'roll
heart, whereas Southside's
music, like Junior's, is flash
and beautiful with the casual
depth of inherited R & B.

Both Graham Parker & The
Rumour and Southside Johnny
& The Asbury Jukes are exte-
remely good; both are
consciously traditionalist; both
are very committed to their
music, I think, in a sort of
ecological way, the health of
the genre being more impor-
tant than their own status; both
play with a minimum of tech-
nology — two electric guitars
for Southside, three and an
organ for Parker.

Neither should be missed.

Phil McNeill



PARKER in tears: “I'll get you for this, Southside.”

PHOTO: ALAN JOHNSON

Frankie Miller

HAWICK

THIS WAS the first real
concert ever held in Hawick,
and marked the opening of a
new venue for gigs in the South
of Scotland — an area almost
totally devoid of places for
bands to play.

Miller's set was tough,
earthy and very bluesy, high-
lighted by his gravel-pit of a
voice and the tight, well-knit
and punchy backing of Full
House.

The peaks of the perform-
ance were Dylan's “It Takes A
Train To Cry”, John Lennon's
“Jealous Guy” and Miller's
own “Fool In Love”. In a voice
that lies somewhere between
Paul Rodgers and Rod
Stewart, he injected them with
an electric charge of emotion,
transforming them into some-
thing totally his own.

It's an interesting feature of
those Scottish bands who ever
make it in terms of national
and international success that
their roots are firmly planted in
black music. The Average
White Band and Cado Belle
are examples of this, and Fran-
kie Miller is a third and
perhaps better one.

Playing songs in which solo-
ing is kept to an absolute
minimum, the band received a
tremendous reception from an
audience used to little more

than MOR pop — and in this
neck of the woods that's really
something.

The support band were
Dragon, a new group who've
recently signed a recording
contract and will be playing in
London towards the end of the
month.

You can detect lots of diffe-
rent influences in their sound,
but yet it's still very original
and powerful.

Their music, tending to be
mainly instrumental, veers
from quiet passages, where a
flute comes soaring over a
rhythmic backing, to an out
and out holocaust of sound
where the guitar playing of
Justin Robertson seems to
bend through the hall like a
wave exploding through the
speakers.

Maybe they could do to
loosen up the music a bit more
and take things a little funkier,
but they're all young guys and
haven't played together that
long.

Currently the band are
hiding out in a small village
near Edinburgh, rehearsing
and writing, and when they
come down South later this
month they should be some-
thing well worth seeing.

Dave McEwan

Television

NEW YORK
TELEVISION AND
CBGB's goes back to 1974,
when Tom Verlaine, who
left his native Wilmington,
Delaware, six years earlier,
approached Hilly Kristel
the proprietor and asked
him why he didn't have
rock at his saloon. The rest
is history. Every combo in
the country has been hitting
on Hilly for a gig, and Tele-
vision got a following.

Now, almost four years since
their first date at the club,
Verlaine and company have
show biz luminaries like Paul
Simon and Linda Ronstadt
checking them out, and the
record company schlepping
champagne to the dressing
room.

CBGB audiences are gene-
rally attentive, but not your
average bang your head on the
wall and crawl into a speaker
bunch. Tonight they are
excited.

Verlaine, Lloyd, Smith and
Ficca bound onto the stage,
seemingly anxious to exit from
their dressing room, which is
so small one has to stand in the

The Drones Dirty Tricks MANCHESTER

THE RANCH, Manchester, congregation centre for the tentative holders of a new culture. A studied flaunting of peach keen contemporary costumes, no common ground as in denim as the anti-uniform elsewhere, haircuts that are nostalgia moans for every decade from the '20s to the '90s. The blank generation.

Thursday night, and the Drones are performing live. A small place, the Ranch, equipment tightly packed takes up a good quarter of available floor space. Crummy bar, ring of seats around the perimeter, the odd table, there's about thirty present. Plus band, who plug in just before midnight and go

Visually a lot more together than last year, they've also buckled down a great deal and sussed that music is the essence; no longer does the

'attitude', that crass aggression hang-up that's shackling a lotta new bands round the ankles, dominate. No spitting, no four word nursery rhyme excerpts, no intra-group fights.

The band, who play very tight, have shodden a coupla minutes off each song and thrown out mouldy-olde non-originals — 'cept for "My Generation" (as in Patti-definitive) and "Search And Destroy" (Music For Pleasure Iggy still, but getting better). Their own songs are obvious, but that obviousness is fast, ferocious, conscientious and promising.

The Drones are now Manchester's third best rock-'n'-roll band behind the Dogs and Buzzcocks. I reckon.

Friday night, the Electric Circus, Dirty Tricks. Ten times the number of people who were at The Ranch: the silent majority who speak mostly at polltime. The disco music is the same every week, but it's what everyone wants. Oh, but, jeez, how many times can any sane person listen to "Freebird" without cracking?

I wander around, coke in one hand, ego-trip in the other, slightly dazed at the collective apathy. Half eleven, the Tricks are on, the slick, hearty, intent poseurs I remember from last year's Streetwalkers tour.

The songs are totally reliant on riffs and indulgence. Roots read Cream, Free, Zep, etc., but whereas that little trio at their respective peak periods, love 'em or ignore 'em, mixed expertise with a channelled intensity of emotion and commitment, D.Tricks execute everything with dumb tastel-essness, with a vengeance that's only in accordance with their act and not to be associated with any aggression or enthusiasm.

Yup, bone-crushing bass, brittle metallic guitar, ruff-tuff chest flash vocals. aH there. Solo spots? Page-esque guitar thrash; drum thrash; bass rumble — which is what it's all about. Basically, Dirty Tricks, like their idols, Zep, produce product. Like the Rollers too. But the Rollers you can dance to — and they're fun.

Paul Morley

Frank Sinatra

ROYAL ALBERT HALL OMNIPRESENT — that's the word.

Frank Sinatra, whom I despised during my teens simply because my parents' generation liked him, is quite simply the most charismatic performer I've ever seen.

At the Royal Albert Hall on Thursday night, part of a week-long series of charity concerts, his presence penetrated every nook and cranny, taking away the rough edges of human experience and confronting the audience not with their day to day realities, but rather with a romanticised version of them in which idealised love is the predominant theme, virtually to the exclusion of all others.

He saunters onstage with little pomp or ceremony — no Muhammad Ali style build-ups for Sinatra. Naturally he is immaculately dressed, squat and muscular — surprisingly so for a man in his sixtieth year. Women rush to the front and leave bouquets on the stage for their idol.

He handles the adoration with admirable grace throughout his hour and 20 minute performance. Sinatra teases his band and audience alike with affection, never once verging on the contemptuous or arrogant.

He has a good line in smart ass one liners. And during his one lengthy onstage rap, which falls between Stephen Sondheim's masterly tear-jerker, "Send In The Clowns", fast becoming a must for every balladeer, no matter what their genre, and a perfectly snazzy rendition of "For Once In My Life", his jokes are actually funny.

He keeps his props to a minimum, lighting up a cigarette for "Send In The Clowns" which is extinguished immediately after the number. And he builds the ensuing rap around the subject of booze — holding a tumbler of scotch, from which he occasionally sips.

SINATRA: "Hey, buddy, my audience give me the bouquets! Wise up . . ."



As the Rolling Stones glorify hard drugs, Sinatra does the same thing with alcohol. There is more than a little of the badass in Frank.

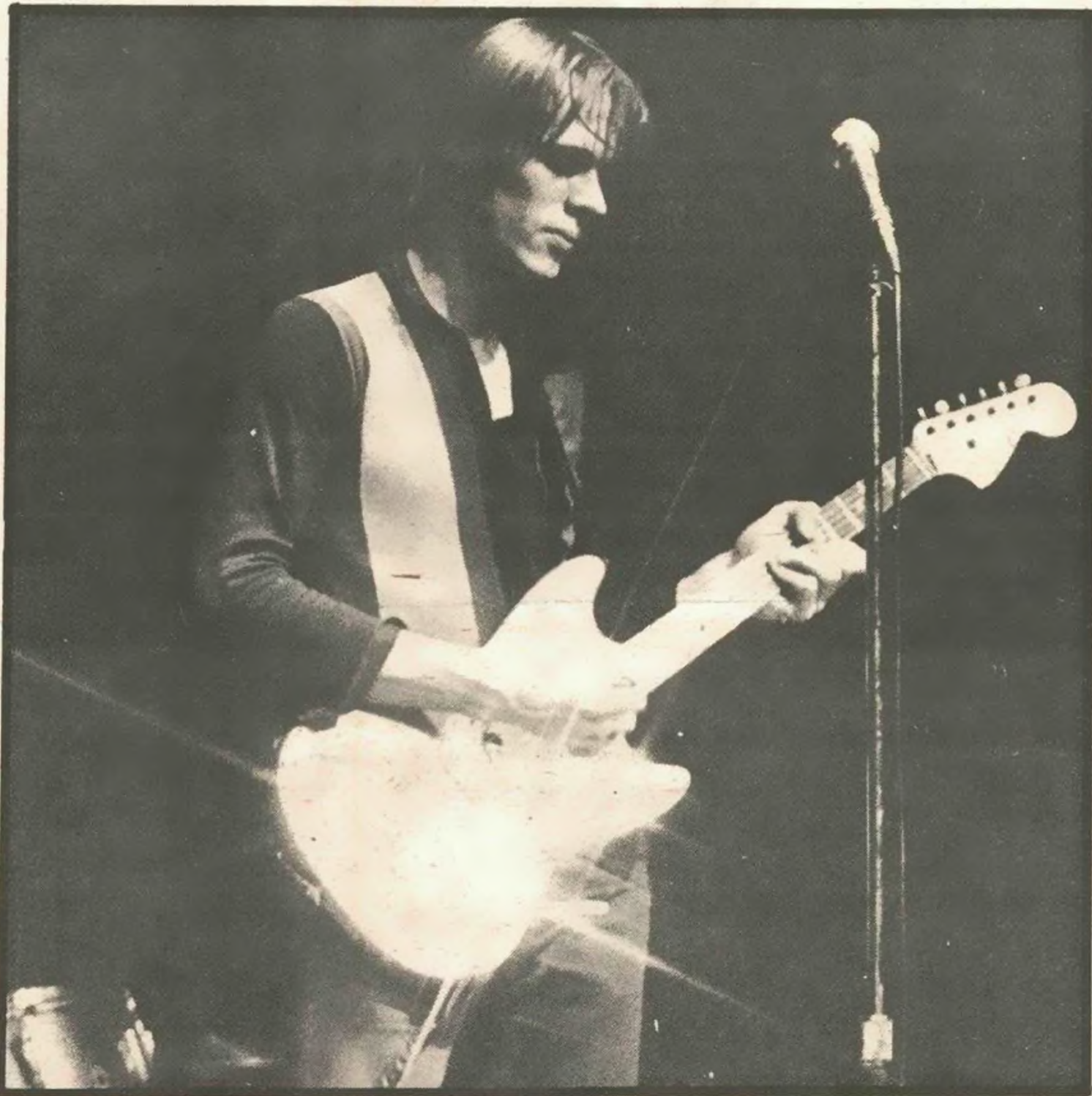
Each number is introduced by Sinatra informing the audience of the song's composer and arranger. With the exception of "My Way" and Elton John's "Sad Situation", the arrangements are nothing less than brilliant, executed with maximum finesse. And how they swing.

But it's the slow ones that really take your breath, like the perfectly dramatic and melancholy arrangement for that classic song, "A Very

Good Year". Most important of all, there's the voice. Sinatra aficionados say The Voice is back in shape after what turned out to be a temporary hiatus. To these ears it sounded as good, if not better than, any Sinatra record I've ever heard.

It's a voice, like all the finest things, you can never get enough of. At first it seemed to lack a little body, but it wasn't long before Sinatra demonstrated he was just warming up and, when he wants to, as on "For Once In My Life", he can sing with consummate power.

And it's all so easy, so very easy. Steve Clarke



VERLAÏNE tries to shake off the pre-gig champers

hallway to put on a shirt.

Without further ado they launch into "Elevation", causing two spade chics to shake their asses like it's done on *Soul Train*. Verlaïne's open wound vocals, characterised by his raw spat-all-over-the-place way of singing, enmeshed with sweet guitar melodies, never fails to get everybody off. People are snapping fingers, tapping feet and grinning that shit eating grin that tells you the local boys are making good.

Television is on tonight.

The set includes most of the album tracks, and one or two new ones. Richard Lloyd's guitar work cleans the slate, with all rank amateurs having to take positions across the street, and he can take the heat off Verlaïne in the looks department, if necessary.

"Marquee Moon", the album title track (if you don't know that by now, that curry you had over the Xmas holi-

days killed you) done live is darker in mood, and almost swimmy in delivery, than the LP version. Drummer Billy Ficca plays the skins artistically and bassist Smith, upfront and assertive, lends a special touch.

Verlaïne, whose guitar work has been described as the sound of "a thousand blue birds screaming" by Patti Smith, lets loose on "Venus De Milo" — his swan-like neck stretching out of his shirt, eyes shut and smiling. "Venus" gets a roar from the audience on its opening chord, an early work and as familiar in these parts as Lou's "Heroin".

A quick scan of the "names" sprinkled in the crowd reveals Miss Ronstadt awestruck, mouth agape and seemingly enjoying slumming in the Bowery. Paul Simon appears to be watching Lloyd's hands — maybe looking to cop some licks? Peter Gabriel is checking out everything, the audience, the lights, even the neon beer adverts hanging overhead, and

is one of the last to leave.

Later, over burgers and booze with the band, the gist of the conversation reveals that the band wants a breather from CBGB's. As Tom puts it, "There's a certain point where you think you deserve something — besides, I'm sick of playing in places where we bump into things."

The time has arrived for Television to expand its surroundings, when it's defeatist to work small clubs in light of attractive critical notices for "Marquee Moon". He wants to take the band back to England.

This last bit of news will no doubt please some of the upstarts clamouring for a gig at CBGB's. Groups like The Cramps, Tish & Snookie, The Dead Boys and Hot Rats are waiting in the wings, tired of playing those Brooklyn toilets, and, like Television, looking to expand their surroundings.

Joe Stevens

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EDINBURGH
WHEN A GROUP calls itself the 'New ...' you can bet your bottom dollar that their connection with the original is pretty damn tenuous — and with **The New Tornadoes** it's not so much faint as non-existent.

There is nobody — not one — from the original band left, and this is the fifth or sixth line-up with that dubious honour. Yes, they play "Telstar" — a particularly nasty disco version — but no "Globetrotter," no "Robot," no "Ice Cream Man" ... It's a

shameless smirch on a once valued name.

After their brief set, they come into their own as a very competent backing group for **Carl Simmons**. His might be the least known name on the bill but he towers above the rest by virtue of being a real rocker.

Carl is tastefully dressed. Blue drapes, black drainpipes which reveal six inches of pink sock, and red crepes. A pianist in the Jerry Lee Lewis mould, there's nothing dusty about the way he plays. The man is magnificent.

Sweat flies as he lives every moment of it — that piano must have been built by Krupps to withstand the pounding it's taking. The

COMEBACK!

crowd gape in admiration.

After that peak, things begin to go downhill. **Marty Wilde** is next. He's kept his looks and figure quite well and his voice still sounds good.

Marty does a medley of his own hits, then a string of other oldies. He treats the outing like the laugh that it is, never appearing to be anything more than a guy having fun with memories. The fond smile from his teenage son in the wings says it all.

The Wildcats have their go next. No originals left, needless to say. They get to do the Everlys numbers, followed by some Presleys and some Berrys. Strictly supper club stuff, not a hint of urgency.

They stay on to back the top name — wait for it — **Bert Weedon!**

Bert Weedon, for God's sake. This man not so long ago was an object of scorn, viz. the Bonzos and their immortal line, "we are normal and we dig Bert Weedon." Now thanks to a best selling album of "guitar greats", he's been resurrected and smiled upon in one of those inexplicable waves of kitsch that periodically engulf the scene.

The years have not been kind to Bert. He was no chicken when I were a lad and watched him on *Five O'Clock Club* with those other rock 'n'roll superstars Muriel Young and Ollie Beak. But

now he's adopted a hairdo and a moustache which ironically make him look older than he must actually be. His performance is one of the saddest things I've ever seen.

Now I think it's great that his album has brought him the cash and public recognition that he and his guitar tutor deserved, but this is no fairytale ending. Despite his undisputed ability to play that guitar, frankly it's gigantically embarrassing.

Bert walks about the stage, not needing to watch what he's playing, his eyes beaming and scanning the crowd, while his mouth is half open, making him look perpetually amazed (as well he might). Unfortunately, he looks like nothing so

much as Private Godfrey in *Dad's Army*. It's tragic.

The young audience treat it like a huge joke, cheering like mad, but sadly Bert thinks it's genuine — which doubles the embarrassment. "With kids like you — could I have a little quiet please — rock'n'roll will never die." Oh please God, let him cut it short.

But no, he goes on, twanging his way through the oldies, and unfortunately "Albatross" as well, all the time feigning surprise. Eventually, mercifully, it's all over and it sinks in just how cruelly spot-on the Bonzos were.

This is family entertainment at its most crass. I really hope the Beatles don't ever reform.

Ian Cranra



BERT WEEDON with his 1940 model Morris 8, purchased a mere four hours before our photographer scooped this candid shot. A motorist writes: This motor does 33 miles per gallon.

On second thoughts, don't bother



GARY GLITTER with his 1972 model vroom vroom, snapped just six hours after our photographer commenced the session. A motor cyclist writes: Get on with it, these pants are killing me!

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Gary Glitter

WATFORD BAILEYS

WHEN **GARY** Glitter released "Rock'n'Roll Parts 1 & 2" I remember catching his show at Oxford. It was pure magic — a darkened auditorium (packed), the stage black save for one bright pink spotlight strategically directed at the man's crotch.

The audience, admittedly very young and impressionable, were ecstatic. I couldn't believe my eyes, and returned for another look the following evening. No doubt about it, the man had Star Quality.

Later, sophistication crept in. Glitter got himself a string of hit singles, most of which cleverly related to his stage act: "Do You Wanna Touch" — the one he sang with his back to the audience, while they screamed for attention; "Hello Hello I'm Back Again" — an obvious encore number — and "Remember Me This Way", released prior to his retirement.

Last year he announced he was quitting the music business, but once more he is back — this time in lowlier circumstances. For no one can convince me that it's chic to do cabaret work.

Bailey's is pretty much your standard northern nightclub, except it happens to be situated in Watford. Go-go dancers, a house band who play current hit singles, scampi and chips on the menu. And last week, Gary Glitter was the "star turn".

What happened was very sad. The band (who have only been with him for 12 days, and it showed) were no way the musicians he deserved, looking bored for most of the evening and playing with a marked lack of feeling.

Anyway, stage front there was a screen; stage back, the band started the strains of "I Love You Love/Hello Hello I'm Back Again" and we were greeted by the sight of two sexy ladies in side-slit dresses. Seconds later, the star turn burst through, his famous eyebrows arched and the famous frame slimmer than usual. Yes folks, he's lost weight!

The number was "Big Spender", and it started the set off extremely well. All the old Glitter tricks — he brought a whole new meaning to that innocent line "I could show you a good time" as he leched at both the females. And before the number finished there was

a change of clothes as the ladies in question removed both his jacket and trousers to reveal Glitter dressed in a shimmering sequined silver catsuit.

So far, so good. "Famous Instigator", which followed, was sung with all the usual zest and energy (no wonder he's lost all that weight, the sweat was pouring off him) but by the third number, "Leader Of The Gang", tedium had set in and it was piteous that the man who used to ride so proudly onstage on the back of a powerful motorbike was reduced to a loud motorbike tape and two girls flashing hand-held spots at the audience.

"Do You Wanna Touch" and "Hello Hello I'm Back Again" followed — both taken at an extremely fast pace, almost as if Glitter was ashamed of his early singles and wanted to be shot of them as soon as possible.

But the saddest point was when he sat stage front on a stool, the screen arranged behind him, and apparently took a wistful look back into the past. Photographs of him in the height of his glory were flashed on screen, and Glitter sang the opening strains of "Don't Cry For Me Argentina" (altered on this occasion from Argentina to Bognor Regis) and commented "I remember when I was Number One in the charts". He then sang "Rock'n'Roll I Gave You The Best Years Of My Life", looking most dejected.

It was probably meant tongue-in-cheek, but it came over like a former superstar playing for sympathy.

Another low (and embarrassing) point was "My Heart Belongs To Daddy" where Glitter danced once more with the two sexy ladies and tried desperately to inject some kind of humour into the act.

In all fairness, the audience did seem to like the performance — although the appearance of the bouncers who surrounded the stage for the last number really wasn't necessary, since no one tried to break through the cordon.

It was very civilised and everyone clapped at the end. But it was soul destroying too. Glitter may not be the biggest draw in the country at this moment, but he is capable of putting on a fine performance, in a concert hall, to the kind of kids who want to see him.

Get the hell out of cabaret now, Gary, before it's too late and you do become what you seem to think you are now, a fading superstar.

Julie Emberton

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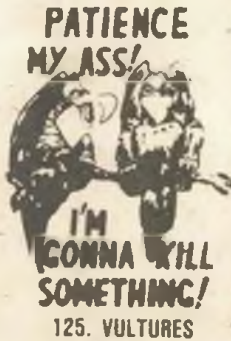


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is not what I meant.

221. UNDERSTAND



612. PATCH



528. APOLLO



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

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129. CONTENTS



682. HAWKWIND



677. SUPERSIGN



215. SING IN MORNING



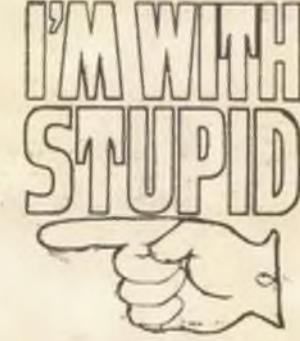
227. MILCH TRAY



220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

WHY IS MAN ON
THIS PLANET?
WHY IS SPACE
INFINITE?
WHY ARE WE
DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU
READING MY
BLOODY SLOGAN?

157. BLOODY SLOGAN



680. STUPID



667. PERNOD

REALITY IS AN ILLUSION,
CAUSED BY LACK OF ALCOHOL.



232. REALITY

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JAZZ DIARY

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY are presenting an Anglo Dutch Improvisation Weekend, 'The Tulip & the Rose' at the ICA Theatre, Nash House, The Mall, on 11th, 12th and 13th. Each band features both nationalities and includes **John Russell, Garry Todd, Phillip Wachsmann, Maarten van Regteren Altena, Derek Bailey and Han Bennink**. And JCS have settled on **Marion Brown** for Camden

The Zodiac Jazz Club, West Hampstead, continues its Saturday lunchtime gig for the punter with a predilection for a little pre-prandial stuff-strutting — 12th March, Circuit. On the 13th **John Picard-Don Weller Sextet**. A new club has opened at the Elephant & Castle, the Union Jazz Club in Rotary Street, open every Monday fortnight. **Major Surgery** are playing on 14th.

An amazing amount of jazz releases this month. From Atlantic, in their 'That's Jazz' series:

"Lee Konitz & Warne Marsh", which is a classic; "Fanfare For The Warriors" by the Art Ensemble of Chicago; "Plenty Soul" by Milt Jackson with Cannonball, Blakey and Silver; Jimmy Witherspoon & Ben Webster; Stitt Plays Bird; Paul Desmond with Jim Hall, Percy Heath & Connie Kay; "Fat Albert Rotunda" by Herbie Hancock; "Backlash" by Freddie Hubbard; "Dream Weaver" by Charles Lloyd with Jarrett, McBee and de Johnette; "Tones For Joan's Bones" by Chick Corea. If you can only afford one, make it the Konitz & Marsh; if two, add the Spoon & Webster; if three, add the Art Ensemble. From CBS, the new

STAN TRACEY's latest ventures are consistently his greatest. His octet contains Britain's top jazz musicians, touring together for the first time to play Tracey masterpieces — "The Bracknell Connection", extracts from "Spectrum", and sometimes just playing by divine arrangement.

With Art Themen (tenor, soprano and soprano saxes), Don Weller (tenor), Jeff Daly (alto), Harry Beckett (trumpet and flugelhorn), Malcolm Griffiths (trombone), Bryan Spring and his atom splitting drumming, bassist Roy Babbington standing in for Dave Green and the master himself, Stan Tracey on piano, this is the *piece de resistance* of British jazz.

At times they sound like a big band because of the power and complexity in the arrangements. What sets them apart is their fluidity, individuality and the way the musical evolutions are inspired by love, wit and freedom.

Both pieces are jam-packed with solos which naturally cascade from dynamically structured themes, creating many magic and unforgettable moments.

At Crosbie, Liverpool, Don Weller and Art Themen brought the house down by rattling their pads during a tenor sax duo in "The Bracknell Connection", which is one of the most beautiful pieces I've heard. An improvisation in a blues vein was the encore, and a perfectly balanced, completely spontaneous treat.

This year The Octet will tour Europe and also appear at the Beaulieu, Newcastle and Bracknell jazz festivals. **Helen Langley**

JAZZ DIARY

See you next week, Toots!

(Plus: a special prize for the funniest explanation of what's going on and why)

Henry Cow

NOTTINGHAM STAGED IN co-operation with the magazine *Liquorice* (music'n'all-sortz), this gig was part of a Henry Cow mini-tour. In Leeds the previous night, the band had done a benefit for the Young Communists.

They don't appear on television or radio very much; they aren't punks; they don't have hit records; and they haven't got fat pads in the country. General media opinion brands their music as inaccessible, intellectual, and h-e-a-v-y.

The truth is this: on the strength of their Nottingham performance, Henry Cow are simply one of the most compelling, adventurous and challenging bands working the rock idiom today, and their current results far outstrip all previous efforts of their nine-year history.

The Cow line-up is Dagmar (voice), Tim Hodgkinson (organ, sax, clarinet), Lindsay Cooper (bassoon, oboe, flute), Fred Frith (guitars, violin, viola, xylophone, piano), Georgie Born (bass and cello), and Chris Cutler (drums and percussion).

A Henry Cow concert lasts two hours and is split into two halves. They opened with a long, improvisatory section, the pace and tone shifting with deliberation and confidence, conjuring stark visions of figures encased in a mood of pain and desperation; moving, marching; striving frantically to reach an endless point.

A group interpretation of a Phil Ochs number next, "No More Songs." Dagmar singing; the words tumbling majestically from her small frame in a chilled torrent of emotional anguish.

The song over, it was straight into a free-form section. More contrast. This time the music revolves around Tim's sax squeals, Lindsay's frenetic woodwind twists, and Fred's guitar gyrations. It was harsh, powerful, and anarchic.

The second half of the band's set heralded the abrasive, brittle edge of their music. A shrill, neutralised grey wash of sound engulfed the cavernous hall.

Henry Cow are an ambitious and tenacious bunch of musicians. The world today is a cruel place, and in the eyes of Henry Cow, we humans have abused its potential. Their music is part of a long march into the future.

Malcolm Heyhoe



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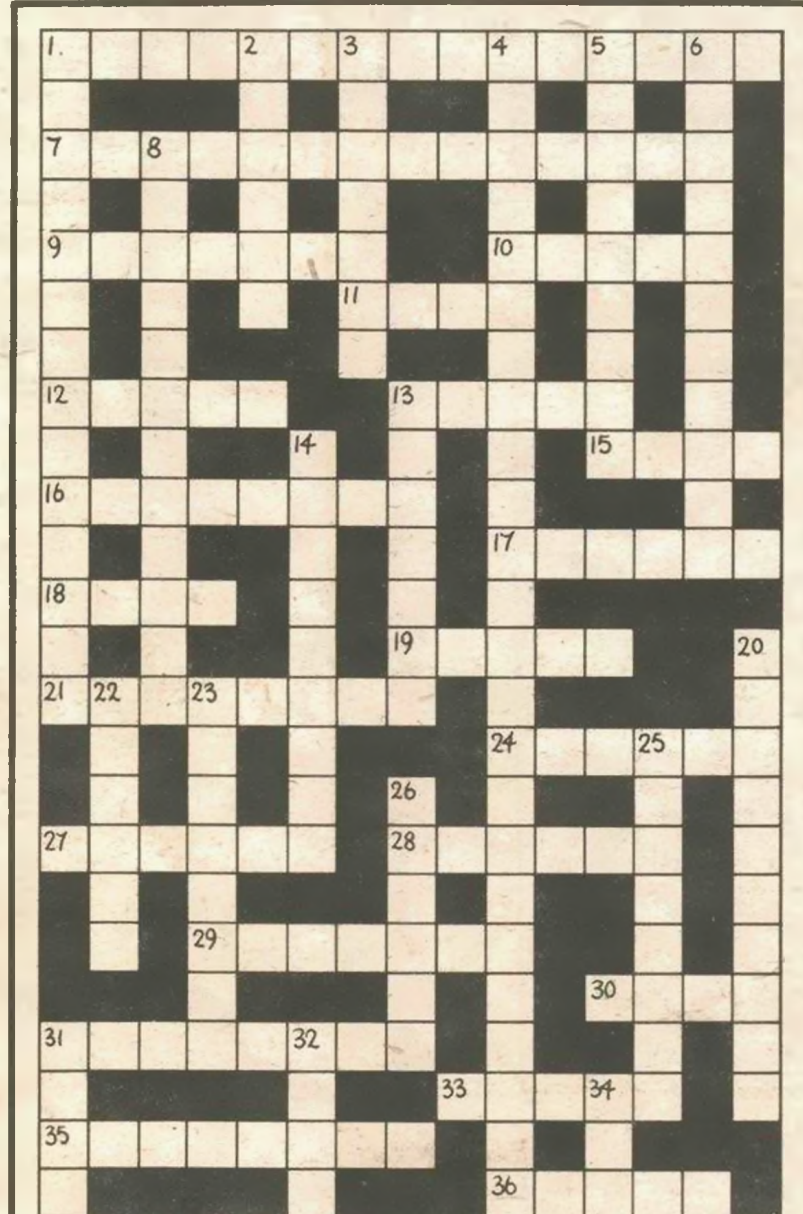
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ACROSS

- Two of them joined The Rumour, a third produced The Damned and is gigging with Dave Edmunds (8,7)
- With J. Garcia as a founder member they began as a spin-off project from G. Dead (3,6,2,3,6,4)
- Jazz-rock outfit led by Gary Boyle
- You've probably been trying to forget his "Itsy Witsy Yellow Polka Dot Bikini"
- "Polk Salad Annie" was the most successful swamp-soul of his hits (4,3,5)
- Animal trainer?
- Seventh Heaven* and *Witt* are her books of poetry
- Ms Fitzgerald
- See 34
- Title track, predictably, is a song of Gram Parsons
- One of the "Harlem Shuffle" partnership
- See 17
- Young and rich white punks on dope (3,5)
- Veteran folkie Pete, the daddy of protest
- See 12
- Familiar nomenclature for that hard-working guy in the sweaty t-shirt
- Doyen of record producers (3,4)
- Shame, but for some reason she doesn't like *NME*
- C. Rebel single (4,4)

- No relation to Felix the Cat
- See 11
- See 31 down

DOWN

- Delaney's (former) other half (6,8)
- They're so *butch* these naval types!
- He got fired by the BBC in 1970 for remarks about the Transport Minister's wife
- They became a quartet for the second album — and that's when the trouble started (6,6,4,3,5)
- V. vulgar Sawthern rockers (3,6)
- Had a '74 hit with "There's A Ghost In My House" (1,4,6)
- A formative idol of the young Dylan, he had the slogan "This Guitar Kills Fascists" inscribed on his guitar (5,7)
- No sex please, this crossword is Whitehouse-approved
- Baby's echo (anag. 5,4)
- See 7
- See 10
- Carole King album
- One third of long-dormant power trio (4,4)
- A.k.a. Mac Rubennack (2,4)
- & 36 An offshoot of Spirit, they had "Run, Run, Run" hit in '72 (2,2,5)
- 2 down's label
- & 16 A founder-member of Fairport Convention, he and his band had a No 1 in 1970 with Joni Mitchell song

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 John Prine; 4 Gerry Rafferty; 9 Curtis Mayfield; 12 Slide (guitar); 13 Nelson; 14 Alan Stivell; 15 Godley; 16 Sisters; 18 Jon (Hiseman); 19 "Hey Jude"; 22 "Coast To Coast (Overture And Beginners)"; 24 (Brian) Epstein; 26 Roberta (Flack); 27 Yoko; 28 "Hejira"; 29 (Peter) Gabriel; 31 Traffic; 32 Tanya (Tucker); 35 "Oh Boy";

36 Rafferty. **DOWN:** 1 Jack Nitzsche; 2 Horslips; 3 Phil Ochs; 4 Guess Who; 5 Redding; 6 "Yesterday"; 7 Willie (Nelson); 8 Kevin (Godley); 10 Alan Price; 11 Flack; 17 "Tutti Frutti"; 18 Jess Roden; 19 Hise-man; 20 "Jig-A-Jig"; 21 Dr Feel-good; 23 Al Stewart; 25 Pointer (Sisters); 30 Otis (Redding); 33 Ace; 34 Roy.

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MICKY BAKER — 01-485 7565

SHEER EXASPERATION HAS LED ME against my better judgment to write this letter.

Firstly, I am not an old hippy. I am an *ex-hippy*.

Things changed (as they must) and we took (or should have done) our revelations with us into the next stage of life. If you're still spending your life smoking dope in basements and exploring your sexual deviations with 10 people a night 10 years later, then God help you.

What happened to the "insights" of 1967 when you now call punks mindless, illiterate and talentless? Isn't that exactly why we took up the Stones in 1963? How can you, whose philosophy then was based on being open-minded, even *suggest* now that anyone has not the right to fight for free speech? We did what we wanted then, we must let punks do their thing now.

How can Allan Weston claim that with Patti Smith there is no room for love? Hospitalised with a broken neck she says "Don't think about me, look to yourselves and keep yourselves together." She's *full* of love — and fun. They're having *their* fun their way, right — like we did in '67, remember?

I love to see the New Wave happening. I admit I haven't been to a Pistols concert but, as one of your writers put it, one feels conspicuous in long hair and velvet!

Also at 13 I didn't give a damn about destroying braincells.

As N.S. implied, we had our own peculiar methods of violence; at 26 you get to value your body and I'm nervous about losing my eyes and ears — but I'll never be frightened of change.

JANE

First off let me say what a high it is just **BEING** here with you all in **PEACEBAG**. I hope we can share our feelings tenderly during the next ten minutes — or however long it takes you to skim through this morass — and that, by caring, we can, if only for a moment, touch each other's minds. I feel really peaceful and I hope you do too.

Okay, for starters we have this charming self-portrait from Jane who signs herself an "ex-hippy." I guess we can all identify with *that*, right? As for Patti Smith, I must say right here and now that I love her and everything she's doing for the peace movement. I really believe she cares and that, underneath that tough, no-nonsense exterior, there pulses a brain of pure '67 jello.

Oh-oh. The Editor is giving me the peace-sign which means that it's time to part company and move on down the old highway. Bye, Jane. It was a trip knowing you.

CRASSBAG STRUCK ME as a very suitable title for last week's letters page.

When is this childish punk rock/old hippy slugging match going to stop?

Personally I don't give a damn if certain members of the lower working / non-working, parasite-type classes feel the urge to inhale toxic fumes, have strange sexual relationships with farmyard animals and stick dinner-forks through their oxters: let them get on with it, so long as they don't expect me to follow suit.

Until the (unlikely) evolution of a totally middle / upper-class society, everyone must put up with the dregs, whatever mutated form they may take.

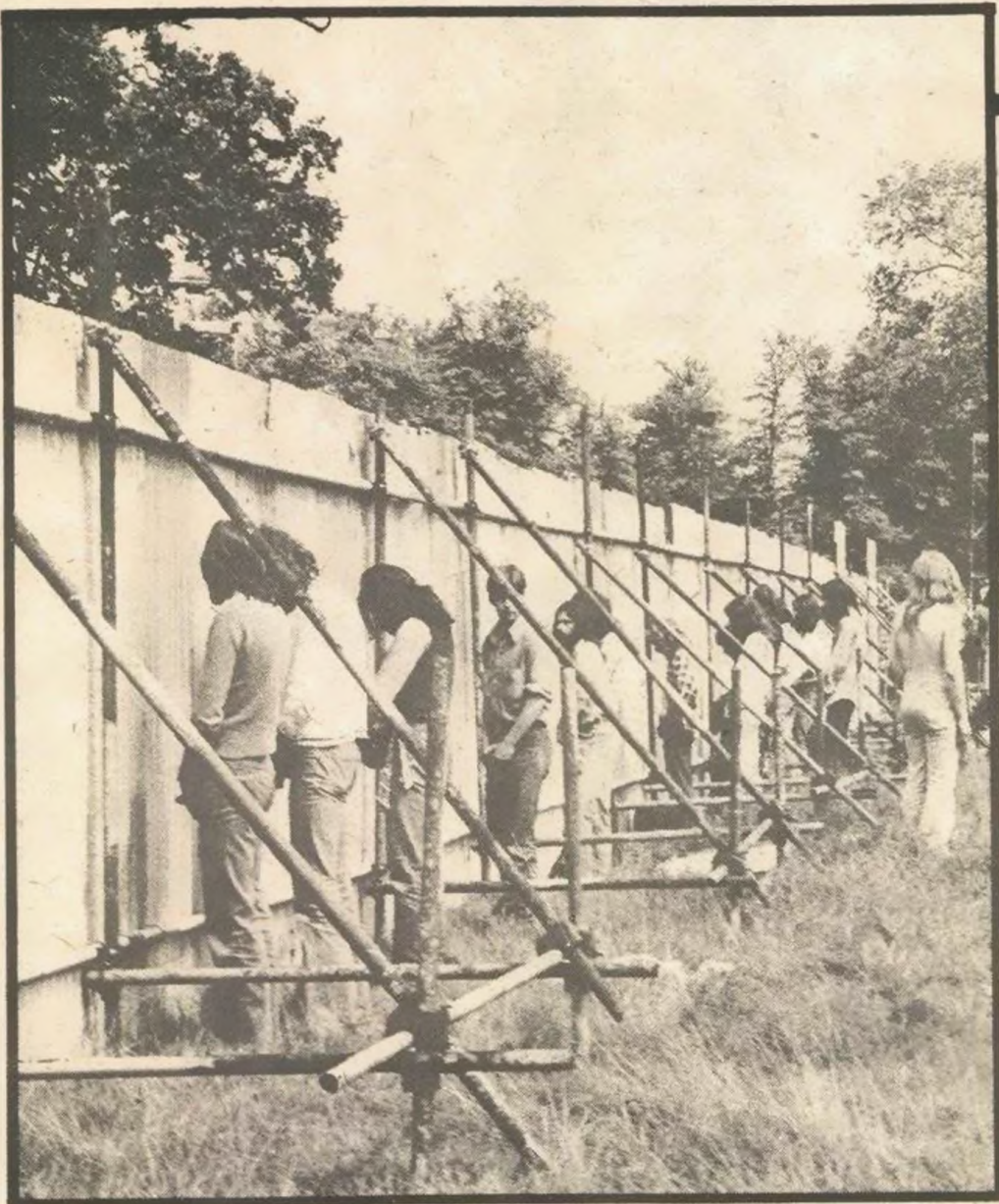
These unfortunate, afflicted people — whose only expression is to show contempt for the classes above them, illustrating their inferiority complex — should be sympathised with rather than attacked because they have always been with us and probably always will be.

There have been 'revolting' peasants at most stages in history.

W. SHAKESPEARE, Newcastle Polytechnic

You know, Bobby used to say to me: history ain't where it's at, babe. Economics, biology and liberal studies are where it's at. Be here **NOW**.

I have to agree with him. And I can't really believe you want the ruling oppressors and their bourgeois lackeys to *win*. Why, that would be an unhappy ending, wouldn't it? As a



We're sorry about last week's bag, man. Really. Like who let that crazy in anyway, y'know? Wow. Blew our minds.

Anyhow, it's all cool now. We called in the Hare Krishna Temple to clean the place out and we've got some joss-sticks burning and Seals'n'Crofts on the Bang'n'Olufsen, y'know? It's a really peaceful scene.

So, to like straighten our heads and restore the good vibes, we've invited over an old folkie friend of us all from the Non-Violent label to reply to our readers' letters, give good counsel, and generally spread the word, you dig?

Yes, you guessed it. From Just Across The Bay, S.F. . . .

Ms. DRONE ONANON

woman and a folksinger I can't go along with *that*. Try not to be so uptight. Everything will turn out dandy if we just stand in a big circle and hold hands.

SO HIDEOUS BILL says that us hippies will believe anything, huh? Pure bull! If anyone believes anything other than the truth it's the hypeable moron public — and punks who believe in fascism and hate.

What's the bloody sense in creating negative attitudes toward each other? That doesn't, and never can, make a good environment. Haight-Ashbury worked, didn't it?

Old hippies don't work for no stin-

kin' establishment either. We hate capitalism and authoritarianism as much as — or more than — anyone else.

You punks are just blinded by the attractions of hate and glue and basic music. Love and peace is at least hopeful, even if it didn't work too well.

GNOME, International Times

Haight-Ashbury is a beacon for our times. Okay, so there was a little hassle when the bikers and dealers moved in around '68 — but that didn't affect me; I was renting a mansion in

With a name like

PEACEBAG

the letters have got to be beautiful . . .

Nob Hill with the Airplane at the time. Granted there may have been a failure to organise, but that had nothing whatever to do with the fact that the peace movement at that time was fuelled entirely on acid and grass. On the contrary, it was **THE PIGS' FAULT**. (Don't forget to off one today).

I TOTALLY agree with Hideous Bill Gangrene's comment that rock 'n' roll has always existed.

An extension to this is that the electric guitar has always existed and that the earliest drums were merely an adaptation of this instrument.

I think I'll go to bed now as I've a nasty pain in my head.

LOU KNEE, St. Albans, Herts.

I think Bill was maybe exaggerating a little there, Lou. Obviously rock'n'roll hasn't existed since the dawn of time as the Blessing of electricity wasn't recognised by the folk movement until "Subterranean Homesick Blues" charted with a bullet way back in whenever-it-was. If you suffer from head-pains by the way, you're likely to be tense and nervy — Who isn't in this age of contradictions? — and I'd recommend listening to my new album "Once More Round That Same Old Unbroken Circle" for relief.

ROCK 'N ROLL has been boring for years. And if we can stop caring about it musically — which I never have and I don't honestly think any good rock 'n' roller ever has — THEN maybe!

Its only reason for being is as a means of smashing the place up a bit. And annoying as many people as possible. In the hope that they might become more interesting.

I hate Bob Dylan and The Damned.

Goodbye formula. Long live chaos. Come back Sex Pistols.

JOSEPHINE

"Smashing the place up", as you put it Jo, was never a very constructive way of responding to the challenge of your environment. As Bucky Fuller says: Think *metadimensionally*. Chicago was a rallying point for our time. Granted it was a bit violent, but that had nothing to do with the inflated rhetoric and counter-culture intrasigence of the peace movement at that point in time. It was ENTIRELY MAYOR DALEY'S FAULT. No other view of the situation can possibly be humane, let alone useful.

I WATCHED Episode 4 of T Palmer's ninety-eight-part home-movie on LWT Saturday night with some anxiety.

Entitled "Jungle Music: Jazz," it included about 30 seconds of Bird, a minute or so of savagely-mangled '56 footage of Miles and Trane, and a brief, poignant shot up the right nostril of an unsurprisingly scowling Mingus.

This is fine.

On the other hand, virtually the entirety of the remainder of the programme consisted of repetitious voiceovers by Al Rose, Leonard Feather, Hoagy Carmichael, and John Hammond seguing in and out of bloated excerpts from the works of Paul Whiteman, George Shearing, Dave Brubeck, Mike Gibbs, Ian Carr, Chick Corea, and the MJQ.

With the possible exception of the last named, all of these gentlemen are, or were, various tints of pink and have mostly never been near a jungle — let alone jazz — in their lives.

I have, therefore, two questions: (1) Does T Palmer know anything about music?

(2) If not, how come he's making so much money out of it?

ALAN PARKER, Leicester

(1) Yes and no. Mostly
(2) He is not as stupid as you think.

GREAT. Gangrene hit the nail right

on the head. What we don't need (around here) is adolescent loud-mouths of any age telling us that rock 'n' roll is this that and the other in endless lines of fetid clichés.

Rock 'n' roll gives you ear-ache. It always has and it always will. Anyway, there wasn't any before 1954 and there won't be any after 1984. The mediocracy will see to that, if the Reds don't get us first.

Up yours, anarchists everywhere.

ARTHUR KOESTLER, CBGB's, N.Y.

I TOTALLY DISAGREE. Rock'n'roll is first and foremost a weapon for definition of self — and *not* a weapon for listening to, as your typical head-phonied sedentary bourgeois so-called "rock critic" would have you believe. Furthermore, *The Roots Of Coincidence* was posey intellectual crap of the sort we in the New Wave utterly reject. — HIDEOUS BILL GANGRENE

How did he get in here? — DRONE

HOW ABOUT a "favourite politician" spot in next year's poll? Even apathetic potential fascists have to get their vote in before their leaders can come to power. Then we can see where the appeal lies.

Hope I try before I get old.

PAUL, Queen's College, Oxford
My favourite politician is Allen Ginsburg. My favourite political event was Bobby's Rolling Thunder tour, which was just so beautiful. My favourite people are people who need people. They're the luckiest people in the world.

IN VIEW OF the current chart renaissance of Bert Weedon with his "22 Golden Greats" LP and the revival of interest in the early '60s beat boom, why has the NME neglected either to interview Weedon or review his recent tour with Marty Wilde?

ROGER ARTHUR, Paignton
I may be wrong, but I think Ralph was preparing a major reassessment of Bert and the part he played in the history of the peace movement before he (Ralph, that is) slipped this mortal coil. I personally am unfamiliar with the man and his work, but when I asked the Editor what I should put he gave me the peace sign, so I guess the dude is cool (as they say up in Harlem). Maybe someday I'll welcome him and his blazing axe into my reality.

RE YOUR ARTICLE on the legendary Iggy Pop last week, "Louie Louie" on "Metallic K.O." is in *G Major* — not E Major, cloth ears.

DAVID, Belfast
Iggy Pop gives me ear-ache. He always has and he always will.

PLEASE COULD YOU tell me if there is anything wrong with me. You see, I like the Beach Boys, Bowie, Cado Belle, Damned, Deaf School, Eagles, Eddie & the Hot Rods, Faces, Marvin Gaye, Lew Lewis, Graham Parker, Roogalator, Boz Scaggs, 10CC, Rolling Stones, Stevie Wonder . . .

Sorry. Time to wind up. But don't forget to remember Nixon. He was a signpost for our times. We — that's you and me — held hands and shut our eyes and wished him away . . . and away he went. That speaks volumes for the power of love and vindicates American Democracy and the peace movement entirely in my view. Granted he should never have been elected in the first place, but that had nothing whatever to do with the vast quantities of alcohol and tranquillisers the kids were consuming in those heady times. It was, on the contrary, **ALL DOWN TO THE C.I.A.** — Just think: if every one of you offs a secret service man every day for the next twentyfive years, we may yet live to see Abbie Hoffman as Secretary of the United Nations.

It's been a trip. You were beautiful. Till we meet again. Blah blah blah.

12th, 1977

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TEAZERS

A Weekly Conscription

DAVID BOWIE WAS in London last week for the *Iggy* tour — *T-zers*, First With All The Big News. On Wednesday last **D.B.** was taken to lunch at Toscanini's in the Kings Road by cuddly **Marc Bolan**. After washing down their din-dins with a drop of nourishing wine, these two young men about town emerged into the street and decided to present an impromptu performance of sound and vision to the nearest convenient audience — an open-topped double-decker bus full of schoolkids on a sightseeing trip.

The young tourists, however, paid little attention to the ridiculous antics of the two cranks on the pavement. This provoked the Two Bs into leaping up and down and squealing pathetically "I'm Marc Bolan", or, alternatively, "I'm David Bowie". Wisely, the younger generation continued to find more interesting sights on the other side of the road.

Still on the subject of **D.B.** for two more paragraphs, was it later that same afternoon that a tired and emotional **Bowie** is said to have spent some considerable time anonymously phoning various belles in the music biz suggesting... umm... talks on Ugandan affairs and suchlike?

Contract riders for the Aylesbury *Iggy* gig apparently specified, amongst other obsessive details, that the dressing room be kept at a constant 68 degrees fahrenheit and that meals for band and road crew must not include pork...

As we told you last week, the **Rolling Stones** went ahead with

their planned gig at a 250-seater club in Toronto. We heard it was to record material for their upcoming live album, though the national press billed it as a kinda sneaky farewell concert. Either way, a snap-happy **Margaret Trudeau**, Prime Min of Canada's wife, was among backstage guests, while **Michael Jagger** reportedly *toked* on a joint and never got so much as a slap on the wrist or a "naughty boy" from the army of plain clothes (blue jeans) security police...

Meanwhile, back in Brooklyn da void is out dat we can expect an out-of-court settlement — and therefore noo moosic from da kid — of the **Bruce Springsteen** legal wranglings with manager **Mike Appel**...

And that Toastin' **Tapper Zukie** — hailed recently on London's Capital Radio as the new **Bob Marley** (ho-hum) — has flown out from England to reside with **Patti Smith** for six weeks. Patricia has scribed the liner notes for Tap Dancing's noo-ic, "Man From Bosrah", in the form of a poem entitled "Tapper The Extractor"...

But how happy will Tap Dancer find his forty-two day stay? *T-zers* understands that Patti ain't really feeling like goin' out to punk too much. The Fall has laid her up more than she maybe expected, and she is at present lying in her NY pad with a neck brace helping to heal two broken neck bones. However, though "sometimes feeling depressed", she is putting a book together on her music and, perhaps in the light of the knowledge that The Fall won't let her tour till The Fall, reconsidering her career. Keep growing, Patti...

Genuine middle-aged Scottish loony to quit stage-work? Isn't the **SAHB** (Without **Alex**) tour just the precursor to plenty more **SAHB** tours (without putting (Without **Alex**) in brackets). *T-zers* understands that **Alex** is beginning to doubt the wisdom of further live work...

All **Ted Nugent** road crew on British tour have been issued with ear-plugs...

Elektra re-release "Stooges" and "Fun House" this Friday...

S. Pistols' S. Jones claiming manager **Malcolm McClaren** has signed a new deal for the lovable spike tops, but won't even tell them who it's with...

What???? Money to burn, huh? **The Who** have ploughed a



There is no *Krackers Keith Moon T-zer* this week. Instead, here is a picture of him smashing up the barrel organ from "T*mmy". Does anybody really care? Pic: Chalkie Davies.

cool £¾ million into a London laser beams exhibition to open on March 14 at London's Royal Academy. The mastermind behind it is the band's fulltime technical expert, **John Wolff** (recently interviewed in *Thrills*). "The Who have paid out £500,000 on research and another £250,000 on equipment," says John. "I am indebted to them for allowing me to play with my trains"...

On opening date of U.S. **Peter Gabriel** tour, the triumphant ex-**Genesis** singer's support act, the critically-acclaimed **Television**, were apparently booed offstage. In addition to his own solo material, **Gabriel** performed **Ray Davies'** "All Day And All Of The Night"...

After Ten Years Of Trying and with "Night Moves" takin' off, **Bob Seger** forced to cancel out The Crucial Tour after his drummer busted both legs in an auto accident...

10cc to go cosmic MOR? **Justin Hayward** believed to be considering an offer to join up with **Graham Gouldman** and **Eric Stewart**...

Release of reputedly dynamite **Dave Edmunds'** elpee, "Get It", set for April 1, by which time



Jerry Lee offers his opinion on Mick Farren.

our very own **Edward Barker** should have completed the sleeve design...

T-zers understands a quite frightful incident occurred to one poor unfortunate member of the **Bad Co** entourage the last time the band was in Atlanta. After engaging one *delightful* Georgia peach in a rather intimate tete-a-tete after the Electric Ballroom gig, he left to return to his hotel arm-in-arm with this new amour. *T-zers* wonders what his reaction was when he discovered the *she* was a *he*...

"I think the one thing I personally regret," **Elton John** tells the March issue of *Penthouse*, "was putting out the 'Here And There' live album because I knew that deep down inside I hated it. And I only did it to get out of a contract. And it was a compromise and I've never compromised in my work before"

Galloping Golden Eagles!!! **John "I epitomise America" Denver** recently appeared before a U.S. Senate sub-committee on wilderness legislation. Suddenly, John whipped out his guitar and burst into song: "My heart turns to Alaska and freedom on the run / I can hear her spirit calling me /

To the mountains / To the rivers / To the forests / To the wild country where I belong. "The sub-committee greeted Denver's act with a large round of applause. Perhaps John's brain is suffering from the lack of oxygen in the Rockies..."

The **Andy Warhol** prints of **Mick Jagger** have not exactly created an art world sensation. After showings in eight of the world's most opulent cities, including Teheran and LA, there are still more than 60 sets left out of the original 250. Naturally these have ended up in the not exactly opulent city of London, at the off-Kings Road Pigeonhole, where you may score a set of ten studies of our Michael at the knock-down price of £3,700 — and that's 25 per cent discount to us impoverished Brits...

Carl Wayne, original singer with **The Move** and one-time Wild Man Of Pop (etc, etc), now hosting a lunchtime TV show with **Terry Wogan**. He owes it all to his wife, **Sue Hanson**, Carl claims happily. Sue Hanson plays Diane Parker in the heavyweight TV show, *Crossroads*. But what would **Ace Kefford** say, Carl?

Integrity-packed **John Cleese** has refused to allow *Fawlty*

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Towers to be trimmed by U.S. TV for the insertion of commercials, thereby losing thousands of pounds in potential export cash for the BBC...

"I'll never work with a rock band again," cried philosopher and record producer **Jack Nietzsche** after completing work on **Mink DeVille's** first album...

After lengthy delay (the first batch clean sold out before Christmas), the hardback *NME Illustrated Encyclopedia Of Rock* — described by *New York Times* critic **John Rockwell** as the "best up-to-date rock encyclopedia since Lillian Roxon's by-now antiquated *Rock Encyclopedia*" — is now reappearing in good bookshops everywhere...

And *Neural Atrocity*, the final book in the **Mick Farren** sci-fi trilogy, hit the bookstands last week at the much more reasonable price of 60p. The *NME* Critical Collective describe it as "wonderful, marvellous, miraculous, monstrous, prodigious, phenomenal, a worthy successor to James Joyce's *Ulysses*"...

Oooooops!!! At the **Andy Williams**-hosted Grammy Awards, **Stevie Wonder** was connected to the proceedings from Lagos, Nigeria, by satellite. Unfortunately malfunctioning equipment knocked out the sound. "Well, if you can't hear us," quipped the unfortunate Williams off-the-cuff, "I hope you can see us..."



Southside Johnny (left) and Graham Parker attempt to hypnotize onlookers with their phoney media-men smiles so they can rip off the Wurlitzer.

Pssst!

(A little louder this time, and with feeling)

(NME/LASKYS BASEMENT TAPES SONG CONTEST)



REGULAR READERS will recall that in this spot last week we told you about our upcoming spiffy songwriter competition — plus how, if you collect the discoloured triangles at the foot of this announcement, you could get yourself a discount on a cassette pack at Laskys stores. All we need tell you, discerning regular reader, is to note that you need two triangles per discount (there'll be another one in the next issue) and that if you come back NEXT WEEK we'll be giving you FULL, COMPLETE DETAILS of how to enter your toon in our *marvy* Song Competition with lotsa *groovy* prizes including a chance to break into the *Big Time*. Discerning regular reader, we think about you all the time, we rilly, rilly do.

IRREGULAR READERS... what is it with you jerks? Look, we're gonna give you one last chance — start taking this paper regularly or you're not only gonna miss out on all these rilly, rilly exciting competitions, but you're gonna be in real T.R.O.U.B.L.E. Shape up!!!

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Pierre Moerlen

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

Melody Maker Allan Jones

Didier Malherbe

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

Melody Maker Allan Jones

Benoit Moerlen

'Benoit Moerlen squeezed some fascinating sounds from behind the screen of gongs, cowbells, a glockenspiel, vibes and xylophone.'

National Rock Star Patrick MacLachlan

Mino Cinelou

'...featuring the phenomenal Martinique percussionist Mino Cinelou. There was a moment towards the end when the rest of the band went off and left things to these four, who almost reached the instrumental polyrhythms of a group of African master drummers.'

Melody Maker Karl Dallas

Mireille Bauer

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

Melody Maker Karl Dallas

Allan Holdsworth

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

Melody Maker Chris Welch

Francis Moze

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

Sounds

**Out now on Virgin
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