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Pages 7 & 27 in the U.K. '77



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FIRST SINGLE
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Chart Climber!

CB 301

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending April 1, 1972

Last This Week		
1	1	WITHOUT YOU.....Nilsson (RCA)
2	2	BEG, STEAL OR BORROW.....New Seekers (Polydor)
3	3	ALONE AGAIN (NATURALLY).....Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
4	4	AMERICAN PIE.....Don McLean (United Artists)
5	5	MEET ME ON THE CORNER.....Lindisfarne (Charisma)
6	6	HOLD YOUR HEAD UP.....Argent (Epic)
7	7	MOTHER AND CHILD REUNION.....Paul Simon (CBS)
8	8	FLOY JOY.....Supremes (Tamla Motown)
9	9	DESIDERATA.....Les Crane (Warner Bros)
10	10	IT'S ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS.....Partridge Family (Bell)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending April 1, 1967

Last This Week		
1	1	RELEASE ME.....Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
2	2	THIS IS MY SONG.....Harry Secombe (Philips)
3	3	PUPPET ON A STRING.....Sandie Shaw (Pye)
4	4	EDELWEISS.....Vince Hill (Columbia)
5	5	I WAS KAISER BILL'S BATMAN.....Whistling Jack Smith (Deram)
6	6	SIMON SMITH AND HIS AMAZING DANCING BEAR.....Alan Price Set (Decca)
7	7	SOMETHIN' STUPID.....Frank and Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
8	8	THIS IS MY SONG.....Petula Clark (Pye)
9	9	GEORGY GIRL.....Seekers (Columbia)
10	10	PENNY LANE/STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVER.....Beatles (Parlophone)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 30, 1962

Last This Week		
1	1	WONDERFUL LAND.....Shadows (Columbia)
2	2	TELL ME WHAT HE SAID.....Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
3	3	CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
4	4	MARCH OF THE SIAMESE CHILDREN.....Kenny Ball (Pye)
5	5	HEY! BABY.....Bruce Channel (Mercury)
6	6	DREAM BABY.....Roy Orbison (London)
7	7	LET'S TWIST AGAIN.....Chubby Checker (Columbia)
8	8	WIMOWEH.....Sam Cooke (RCA)
9	9	A HOLE IN THE GROUND.....Karl Denver (Decca)
10	10	Bernard Cribbins (Parlophone)

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

SINGLES

Week ending April 2, 1977

This Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	KNOWING ME KNOWING YOU Abba (Epic)	5	1
2	(8)	GOING IN WITH MY EYES OPEN David Soul (Private Stock)	2	2
3	(2)	CHANSON D'AMOUR Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	8	1
4	(3)	WHEN.....Showaddywaddy (Arista)	4	3
5	(4)	SOUND AND VISION David Bowie (RCA)	7	4
6	(13)	I DON'T WANT TO PUT A HOLD ON YOU Bernie Flint (EMI)	2	6
7	(7)	TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS Mary MacGregor (Ariola)	6	4
8	(5)	MOODY BLUE.....Elvis Presley (RCA)	4	5
9	(12)	SUNNY.....Boney M (Atlantic)	3	9
10	(18)	OH BOY.....Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	3	10
11	(6)	BOOGIE NIGHTS.....Heatwave (GTO)	9	2
12	(19)	RED SPELLS DANGER Billy Ocean (GTO)	2	12
13	(9)	ROCKARIA Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	6	9
14	(27)	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR Marilyn McCoo/Billy Davis (ABC)	2	14
15	(15)	LOVE HIT ME Maxine Nightingale (United Artists)	3	15
16	(24)	LAY BACK IN THE ARMS OF SOMEONE Smokie (Rak)	3	16
17	(29)	HOLD BACK THE NIGHT Graham Parker & The Rumour (Vertigo)	2	17
18	(10)	ROMEO.....Mr Big (EMI)	7	4
19	(14)	BABY I KNOW.....Rubettes (State)	6	10
20	(14)	WHEN I NEED YOU Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	9	1
21	(—)	YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING.....Real Thing (Pye)	1	21
22	(11)	MY KINDA LIFE.....Cliff Richard (EMI)	4	11
23	(—)	GIMME SOME.....Brendon (Magnet)	1	23
24	(—)	TOGETHER.....O. C. Smith (Caribou)	1	24
25	(—)	ANOTHER SUITCASE IN ANOTHER HALL.....Barbara Dickson (MCA)	3	16
26	(—)	HAVE I THE RIGHT? Dead End Kids (CBS)	1	26
27	(30)	MORE THAN A LOVER Bonnie Tyler (RCA)	2	27
28	(—)	RIO.....Michael Nesmith (Island)	1	28
29	(20)	SATURDAY NITE Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS)	6	19
30	(26)	CRAZY WATER.....Elton John (Rocket)	4	23

BUBBLING UNDER...

SINGLES: LONELY BOY — Andrew Gold (Asylum);
DOUBLE DUTCH — Fatback Band (Spring); FREE —
Deniece Williams (CBS); 7000 DOLLARS AND YOU —
Stylistics (H&L); TEAR ME APART — Suzi Quatro (RAK).

ALBUMS

Week ending April 2, 1977

This Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	THE SHADOWS 20 GOLDEN GREATS (EMI)	9	1
2	(3)	PORTRAIT OF SINATRA Frank Sinatra (Reprise)	4	2
3	(2)	ARRIVAL.....Abba (Epic)	19	1
4	(4)	ANIMALS.....Pink Floyd (Harvest)	8	2
5	(5)	ENDLESS FLIGHT Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	12	2
6	(12)	COMING OUT Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	3	6
7	(17)	HOLLIES LIVE HITS.....(Polydor)	2	7
8	(7)	STATUS QUO LIVE.....(Phonogram)	5	7
9	(8)	IN YOUR MIND.....Bryan Ferry (Polydor)	6	8
10	(6)	20 GREAT HEARTBREAKERS.....(K-Tel)	8	3
11	(9)	EVITA.....Various Artists (MCA)	12	1
12	(13)	ABBA GREATEST HITS.....(Epic)	52	1
13	(11)	RUMOURS Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	6	8
14	(10)	LOW.....David Bowie (RCA)	11	7
15	(15)	A NEW WORLD RECORD Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	17	8
16	(14)	PETER GABRIEL.....(Charisma)	3	14
17	(20)	DAVID SOUL.....(Private Stock)	17	2
18	(23)	EVERY FACE TELLS A STORY Cliff Richard (EMI)	3	18
19	(19)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA Eagles (Asylum)	14	4
20	(27)	BURNING SKY.....Bad Company (Island)	2	20
21	(26)	BEST OF LENA MARTELL.....(Pye)	5	21
22	(16)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE Stevie Wonder (Motown)	24	2
23	(30)	RED RIVER VALLEY Slim Whitman (United Artists)	12	1
24	(24)	THE BEST OF JOHN DENVER II (RCA)	3	24
25	(25)	SONGS FROM THE WOOD Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)	6	18
26	(29)	BOSTON.....(Epic)	8	12
27	(18)	VISION.....Don Williams (ABC)	4	15
28	(—)	WORKS VOL. 1 Emerson Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	1	28
29	(—)	KIKI DEE.....(Rocket)	1	29
30	(—)	MARQUEE MOON.....Television (Elektra)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER...

I CAME TO DANCE — Nils Lofgren (A&M); HEAT TREATMENT — Graham Parker & The Rumour (Vertigo); THE IDIOT — Iggy Pop (Elektra); SILK DEGREES — Boz Scaggs (CBS); ROCK ON — Various (Arcade).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending April 2, 1977

This Last Week		
1	(3)	DANCING QUEEN.....Abba
2	(1)	RICH GIRL.....Daryl Hall & John Oates
3	(4)	DON'T GIVE UP ON US.....David Soul
4	(5)	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY.....Thelma Houston
5	(6)	THE THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE.....10cc
6	(2)	LOVE THEME FROM "A STAR IS BORN" Barbra Streisand
7	(13)	I'VE GOT LOVE ON MY MIND.....Natalie Cole
8	(10)	SO IN TO YOU.....Atlanta Rhythm Section
9	(14)	SOUTHERN NIGHTS.....Glen Campbell
10	(11)	MAYBE I'M AMAZED.....Wings
11	(7)	CARRY ON WAYWARD SON.....Kansas
12	(16)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA.....Eagles
13	(8)	TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS Mary MacGregor
14	(20)	RIGHT TIME OF THE NIGHT.....Jennifer Warnes
15	(9)	I LIKE DREAMIN'.....Kenny Nolan
16	(17)	DO YA.....Electric Light Orchestra
17	(18)	THE FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST.....Rod Stewart
18	(19)	HERE COME THOSE TEARS AGAIN Jackson Browne
19	(22)	DISCO LUCY (I LOVE LUCY THEME) Wilton Place Street Band
20	(23)	TRYIN' TO LOVE TWO.....William Bell
21	(27)	LIDO SHUFFLE.....Boz Scaggs
22	(29)	WHEN I NEED YOU.....Leo Sayer
23	(21)	FREE.....Deniece Williams
24	(12)	YEAR OF THE CAT.....Al Stewart
25	(—)	I WANNA GET NEXT TO YOU.....Rose Royce
26	(—)	CHERRY BABY.....Starz
27	(15)	SAY YOU'LL STAY UNTIL TOMORROW Tom Jones
28	(28)	ALL STRUNG OUT ON YOU.....John Travolta
29	(30)	WEEKEND IN NEW ENGLAND.....Barry Manilow
30	(—)	AT MIDNIGHT (MY LOVE WILL LIFT YOU UP) Rufus featuring Chaka Khan Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending April 2, 1977

This Last Week		
1	(1)	RUMOURS.....Fleetwood Mac
2	(3)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA.....Eagles
3	(2)	A STAR IS BORN.....Streisand, Kristofferson
4	(6)	THIS ONE'S FOR YOU.....Barry Manilow
5	(4)	BOSTON.....Boston
6	(7)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE.....Stevie Wonder
7	(8)	LOVE AT THE GREEK.....Neil Diamond
8	(9)	LEFTOVERTURE.....Kansas
9	(5)	ANIMALS.....Pink Floyd
10	(10)	NIGHT MOVES.....Bob Seger
11	(12)	YEAR OF THE CAT.....Al Stewart
12	(11)	IN FLIGHT.....George Benson
13	(13)	ASK RUFUS.....Rufus featuring Chaka Khan
14	(16)	UNPREDICTABLE.....Natalie Cole
15	(17)	SONGS FROM THE WOOD.....Jethro Tull
16	(14)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE.....Steve Miller Band
17	(18)	JOHN DENVER'S GREATEST HITS VOL. 2 John Denver
18	(15)	GREATEST HITS.....Linda Ronstadt
19	(19)	A NEW WORLD RECORD Electric Light Orchestra
20	(20)	WINGS OVER AMERICA.....Wings
21	(22)	FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE.....Peter Frampton
22	(24)	ROOTS.....Quincy Jones
23	(21)	BEST OF THE DOOBIES.....Doobie Brothers
24	(25)	ROCK AND ROLL OVER.....Kiss
25	(23)	WIND & WUTHERING.....Genesis
26	(29)	THE PRETENDER.....Jackson Browne
27	(28)	A DAY AT THE RACES.....Queen
28	(—)	SLEEPWALKER.....Kinks
29	(—)	A ROCK AND ROLL ALTERNATIVE Atlanta Rhythm Section
30	(—)	HARBOR.....America Courtesy "CASH BOX"

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

BEACH BOYS NIX QUEEN'S BEANO

THE BEACH BOYS have changed their minds about appearing in the massive open-air Silver Jubilee concert at Wembley Stadium on June 11.

They announced recently that they would definitely be at Wembley — but, as reported by NME two weeks ago, they were then under the impression that Paul McCartney's Wings would be sharing the bill.

They also believed they would be backing McCartney,

at least for part of his act. But McCartney has made it clear that Wings are not planning any live work this year, mainly because of Linda's pregnancy. NME understands he phoned the Beach Boys to tell them of his decision, and their immediate

reaction was to withdraw from the Wembley gig. This has placed the Jubilee Committee (the panel of impresarios organising the official Jubilee concerts) in a difficult position, since the Beach Boys were part of their concept of "the

greatest rock show ever seen in London" which they have been promising. Among names expected to be announced for the Wembley show are JEFFERSON STARSHIP, JAMES TAYLOR, CARLY SIMON and the DOOBIE

BROTHERS. There is also a plan to close the concert with a solo set by STEVE WINWOOD, playing a grand piano. However, this line-up is still not considered strong enough for the occasion, and negotiations are proceeding with several interna-

tional acts. Attempts are also being made to persuade the Beach Boys to re-consider. The indoor Jubilee concert — at London Earls Court June 4 — has also run into problems. The organisers assumed bands would be falling over each other to take part, but it hasn't worked out that way. Queen, Thin Lizzy, the Alex Harvey Band and Wings are among names understood to have declined offers. The extensions of Led Zeppelin's U.S. tour precludes them from appearing and, for various reasons, the Who and the Rolling Stones are unavailable.

Gong call it a day

GONG have broken up — at least, for the time being. An official announcement from Virgin Records states that they have parted company as a touring band "for the time being", although several members may record together again under the group's name in the future.

For the present, all Gong members are pursuing individual careers. Drummer Pierre Moerlen starts work soon on his own album for Virgin, and Allan Holdsworth plans a second solo album for CTI to follow his recently released "Velvet Darkness".

Holdsworth will also be working on separate projects with Jean-Luc Ponty and Alphonso Johnson. Gong were formed by Daavid Allen in 1971, and have since had six albums issued by Virgin — the last "Gazeuse!" was released at the beginning of this year. Their "Camembert Electrique" set was re-issued two weeks ago.

Dory extra

DORY PREVIN has added another concert to her upcoming British tour — at Croydon Fairfield Hall on May 15, which now becomes her opening date. Support act for her 12-venue tour is Illusion. Dory's spot in BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* is now set for May 17 transmission.

Harper collapse

REVISED TOUR IS HIS LAST

ROY HARPER collapsed again last week — on the second night of his re-arranged European tour. But although ill he intends completing his re-scheduled gigs, including British dates in late April and early May. Reason is that because of his deteriorating health he thinks this may be his last tour.

After his opening night in Munich, Harper collapsed in Berlin last Thursday and had to curtail his gig. He was again feeling weak in Hamburg at the weekend but, with medical aid, managed to complete the concert. He now has another two weeks of touring in Holland and Scandinavia before returning to Britain to play:

Dublin Stadium (April 19), Belfast University (20), Middlesbrough Town Hall (21), London New Victoria (22), Guildford Surrey University (23), Bristol Colston Hall (24), Liverpool Empire (25), Sheffield City Hall (26), Glasgow Apollo (27), Leeds Polytechnic (28), Manchester Free Trade Hall (29), Aylesbury Friars (30), Canterbury Odeon (May 1) and Uxbridge Brunel University (2).

There are several changes from Harper's original itinerary, postponed earlier in the year. Ticket-holders for venues not included in the revised schedule should now apply for their money back. Elsewhere, existing tickets are still valid.

Harper's manager B. P. Fallon told NME from Cologne on Monday: "Roy is pressing on, and we hope he can get the tour finished without

further interruption. But of course if there is a serious collapse we shall have to call the dates off — and this time, that would be the end of the tour."

"But he's anxious to get the tour over and done with because he feels he has an obligation to the public—and because, unless there's a marked improvement in his health, this will be his farewell tour. He will have to concentrate on recording and session work in future."

Eagles: Glasgow tickets mix-up

HUNDREDS of fans have been disappointed by what is described as a "misunderstanding" over ticket allocation for The Eagles' concerts at Glasgow Apollo on April 30 and May 1.

In a statement issued last week by WEA Records, and approved by promoter Harvey Goldsmith, it was announced that Glasgow tickets were available by postal application only. Yet people who complied with this directive are now having their money returned because both gigs are sold out.

It appears that the Apollo box-office put tickets on sale to personal callers, claiming they were unaware of the promoter's "post only" instruction. And soon after mail orders started arriving, all tickets had been snapped up at the door.

Goldsmith was unavailable for comment, but a WEA spokesman told NME: "We made this announcement in good faith, and we regret the inconvenience and disappointment caused to those people who followed our advice."

Reed booking details

BOOKING DETAILS for Lou Reed's three London concerts at the New Victoria on April 26, 27, and 28 — exclusively revealed by NME last week — have now been confirmed.

Tickets are now available from the box-office and leading agencies, priced £4, £3, £2 and £1.50. There is no support act and the shows start at 8 pm nightly. Reed's band comprises Michael Fonfara (keyboards), Bruce Yaw (bass), Michael Suchorsky (drums) and Marty Fogel (sax). Promoter is Peter Bowyer for Cream International Artistes.



The Ramones leave home

THE RAMONES' long-delayed British tour is now confirmed. They'll be here for three weeks in late spring — supported by fellow New York band, Talking Heads — and the itinerary includes two major London gigs during the Jubilee Bank Holiday period. Promoter is Ed Bignell of the Nems Agency.

Dates so far set are: Liverpool Eric's Club (May 19), Leeds Polytechnic (20), Glasgow Strathclyde University (21), Manchester Electric Circus (22), Doncaster Outlook Club (23), Birmin-

gham Barbarella's (24), Aylesbury Friars (26), Hastings Pier Pavilion (28), Croyland Greyhound (29), Bristol Colston Hall (30), Plymouth Woods Centre (June 1), Penzance The Garden (2) and London Roundhouse (5 and 6). One or two more have still to be finalised.

The Ramones were originally due here in November to headline the ill-fated punk-rock package subsequently topped by the Sex Pistols.

Talking Heads originally a three-piece from the Rochester College of Design in New York State, have now added a fourth member — Jerry Harrison (keyboards, guitar

and vibes) from Boston, previously with the Modern Lovers. Before the tour with The Ramones, Talking Heads gig in their own right at London Covent Garden Rock Garden on May 13 and 14.

Sire Records, distributed in Britain by Phonogram, will issue new product by both bands to coincide with the tour — but titles are not yet available.

● The package's gig at Manchester Electric Circus is the fourth in a new series of Sunday New Wave shows being staged at the venue. Other bookings so far are Wayne County (May 1), Clash (8), Cherry Vanilla (15).

TALKING HEADS IN SUPPORT

Shads 20 dates set

DATES AND VENUES for the Shadow's spring tour, announced this week, include a prestige show at London's Albert Hall. As forecast by NME, the tour will be billed as "20 Golden Dates", a play on the title of their chart-topping album.

They play Bristol Colston Hall (May 2), Southampton Gaumont (3), Cardiff Capitol (4), Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre (6), Glasgow Apollo Centre (7), Preston Guildhall (8), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (9), Newcastle City Hall (10), London Royal Albert Hall (12), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (13), Birmingham Odeon (14), Liverpool Empire (15), Sheffield City Hall (16), Coventry Theatre (17), Cleethorpes Bunney's Place (19 and 20), Leicester De Montford Hall (21), Croydon Fairfield Hall (22) and Stoke Jolles (23 and 24).

There are two performances at Glasgow (6.30, 9pm), Birmingham (6.30 and 9pm) and Croydon (5.15 and 8pm). At all other venues there'll be one show only at 7.30. Cabaret dates start at 11 pm (Cleethorpes) 11.30 (Stoke).

This will be the Shadows' first tour for two years. Their 1977 line-up comprises original members Hank Marvin and Bruce Welch, drummer Brian Bennett (who joined in 1961) and two newcomers — Alan Jones (bass) and Francis Monkman (keyboards).

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News Desk

Television here soon

12-INCH SINGLE COMING

CONTRARY TO reports elsewhere, New York cult outfit Television are not appearing as special guests in Peter Gabriel's solo concerts at the end of next month. But they are coming over in late spring or early summer to headline a series of British dates.

Several promoters are bidding for the band, whose visit may be as early as May.

Cream International, who represent Television in Britain, say the band were offered the support spot in Gabriel's British tour. But reports of their acceptance were unfounded, and they've now decided to appear here on their own.

As part of a massive promotion campaign to launch the band in this country, WEA issue a single tomorrow (Friday) as a 12-inch in a limited edition of 25,000 copies.

It's the title track from their debut album "Marquee Moon" — one side in stereo, the other in mono. Subsequent pressings will be as a normal 7-inch, with the stereo track split into two.

● Cherry Vanilla is now back in action after a minor operation last week forced her to cancel European gigs. April dates include London Kensington Nashville (3), Birmingham Barbarella's (5), Plymouth Woods Centre (6), Penzance The Garden (7), Stafford Top Of The World (11), Shrewsbury Tiffany's (12), Wolverhampton Lafayette (15), Chester Rascals (18), Scarborough Penthouse (22), Swindon Affair (27) and Dudley J.B.'s (30).

● John Cale's gigs at Leeds University and Croydon Greyhound — part of his tour with the Count Bishops and They Boys — have been interchanged. The package now plays Croydon on April 24 and Leeds on May 1.



MAY TOUR BY SHAKTI

JOHN McLAUGHLIN's Shakti headline their first British tour in May, with Cream International lining up a 17-venue itinerary starting on May 5 and including dates in Scotland and Wales.

Full details are expected next week. Shakti are also set for TV and radio appearances during their visit.

The British gigs climax an extensive European tour, which started on March 20 and takes in a

dozen countries, including Poland and Yugoslavia. The band comprises McLaughlin, three Indian musicians and two lady "drones".

Shakti's only previous dates here have been three concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon last summer in a package with Weather Report and Billy Cobham. Their second album, "A Handful Of Beauty", was issued two weeks ago by CBS.

Edited: Derek Johnson

RECORD NEWS

Double-album history of Faces; Rod single

A DOUBLE ALBUM and maxi-single by The Faces, and a new Rod Stewart single, are scheduled for release by Riva Records.

The 20-track double elpee "Best Of The Faces" spans the group's history up to their split in December 1975. Issue date is April 29, for Britain only.

The maxi-single comprises four tracks from the album — "Memphis", "You Can Make Me Dance, Sing Or Anything", "Stay With Me" and "Cindy Incidentally". The first 15,000 copies will be marketed in a colour bag, reproducing the album sleeve. Release date is May 13.

Rod Stewart's single, out on April 15, is his current American hit "First Cut Is The Deepest", coupled with "I Don't Want To Talk About It" — one of the most successful stage numbers during his recent tour.

● Other tracks on the Faces album are *Flying, Around The Plynth, Nobody Knows, Three Button Hand Me Down, Sweet Lady Mary, Maybe I'm Amazed, Had Me A Real Good Time, Miss Judy's Farm, Too Bad, That's All You Need, Ooh La La, Flags And Banners, Borstal Boys, I Wish It Would Rain, Pool Hall Richard and It's All Over Now*.

Band's elpee: full details

THE BAND's studio album "Islands", originally set for May release, is now to be rushed out by Capitol within the next week or two. Tracks are: *Right As Rain, Streetwalker, Let The Night Fall, Ain't That A Lot Of Love, Christmas Must Be Tonight, Islands, The Saga, Georgia On My Mind, Knockin' Lost John and Livin' In A Dream*. Apart from Hoagy Carmichael's classic "Georgia On My Mind", all are original group compositions. "Right As Rain", penned by Robbie Robertson, is issued as a single on April 22.

UPCOMING SINGLES

ROGER DALTREY: "Written On The Wind" (Polydor). Released April 7.

TRAMMPS: "Hold Back The Night" (Buddah). Rushed out this week to compete with Graham Parker cover version currently in charts.

THE ADVERTS: "One Chord Woman"/"Quickstep" (Stiff). Debut single due later this month.

YOUNG & MOODY: "Chicago Blue" (Magnet). Out this week. Debut single by duo of Bob Young (Status Quo's writer and harmonica player) and Mick Moody (former lead guitarist with Juicy Lucy and Snafu).

RADIO STARS: "Dirty Pictures" (Chiswick). Out tomorrow, Friday. Debut of new band featuring Andy Ellison (ex-John's Children and Jet), Martin Gordon (ex-Sparks and Jet) and Ian Macleod. London gigs being arranged.

BLUE: "Gonna Capture Your Heart" (Rocket). Group's debut single for Rocket. They are currently recording an album.

ALKATRAZ: "Red Lights" (UA/Rockfield). Released April 15, this is a re-mix with new vocals of a track from their album "Doing A Moonlight".

PETER TOSH: "African" Virgin. Out April 22.



CHERRY IN RCA DEAL?

SEVERAL labels are said to be after Cherry Vanilla's signature on a recording contract, and RCA have emerged as favourites. There's speculation that her former boss David Bowie, for whom she worked as a publicist and who is also on RCA, will produce an album for her in the near future.

UPCOMING ALBUMS

HARRY CHAPIN: "Dance Band On The Titanic" (Elektra). Released April 15, following his short British tour.

DR. HOOK have completed their new album in Nashville. Title not yet decided, but Capitol plan rush-release in late April.

JOHNNY WAKELIN: "African Man" (Pye). April 7.

KISS: "Rock And Roll Over" (Casablanca). April 7.

JAMES TALLEY: "Blackjack Choir" (Capitol). April 7. Country album said by President Carter's wife to be among her most treasures possessions (sic).

DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES: "First Times Behind" (Chelsea). April 7. Compilation budget album.

ALICE COOPER: "Lace And Whiskey" (WEA). Release date now confirmed as April 15.

COUNTRY JOE: "Best Of Country Joe McDonald" (Pye Golden Hour). April 7. Compilation budget album.

DETROIT SPINNERS: "Smash Hits" (WEA). 14-track compilation, released April 15 to tie in with British tour.

BRAND X: "Moroccan Roll" (Charisma). Out April 22.

JEFF BECK: "Jeff Beck With The Jan Hammer Group" (CBS). Out April 15.

DAN FOGELBERG: "Netherlands" (CBS). Out April 22 to coincide with his British tour as support act to The Eagles.

THE CLASH: "The Clash" (CBS). Debut album confirmed for April 7 release.

PETER TOSH: "Equal Rights" (Virgin). Second solo album out April 22, with backing by group Words, Sound And Power. Features seven Tosh originals and a version of "Get Up Stand Up" co-written with Bob Marley.

DAMNED YANKEES

THE DAMNED become the first British New-Wave band to tour America when they fly to New York next Wednesday. The next day they open a four-night stint at CBGB's. Further gigs in Philadelphia, Long Island and Cleveland are awaiting confirmation.

Although the group has no record label in the States, "Damned, Damned, Damned" is among the fastest selling import albums. They return for a headlining gig at London Roundhouse April 24, then leave for a tour of France.



Richard Wagner
1813-1883

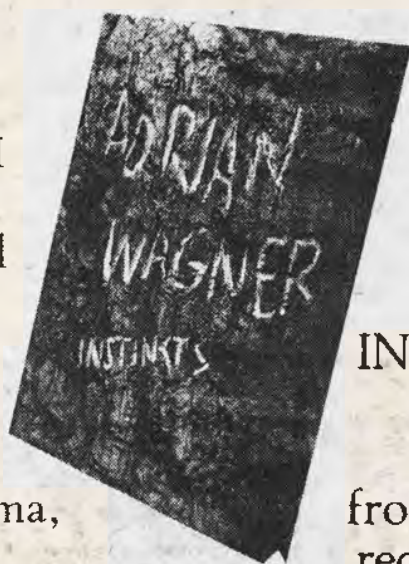
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News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

ON THE ROAD

FLEETWOOD MAC have cancelled their projected gig at Bristol Colston Hall on April 6, but other British dates remain unaffected. Singer Stevie Nicks has been suffering from a throat infection, and the day off enables her to rest before Mac's three London Rainbow concerts (8-10).

BILLY CONNOLLY has added a second date at London Rainbow to his extensive spring and summer tour. Extra show is on July 5.

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT, Ralph McTell and David Bromberg Band are understood to be among the headliners for this year's three-day Cambridge Folk Festival in July.

BRIGHTON pub The Buccaneer is to stage regular Friday night rock gigs, starting with **Shakin' Stevens & The Sunsets** (April 8) and **Krakatoa** (15). An additional Easter Monday attraction features **The Stranglers**.

TAVARES have made several changes in their British tour opening April 23. Previously reported gigs at Brighton Dome (April 27) and Southampton Gaumont (28) are cancelled. New dates are at Derby Bailey's (25) and Glasgow Apollo Centre (29). **Manchester Ardwick Apollo** is brought forward 24 hours to April 28.



RONNIE SPECTOR, former lead singer of the Ronettes and wife of Phil Spector, is special guest star in Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes' own concert at London Rainbow next Wednesday (April 6).

FLYING ACES begin a new one-nighter tour at Wigan Casino on April 9. Other confirmed dates are Barrow Maxim's (10), Doncaster Outlook (11), Middlesbrough Town Hall (23), Birmingham Bogart's (27), Chester Quaintways (May 9), Brighton Top Rank (10) and Petersfield Mercury Club (11).

THE DARTS have further bookings at Swansea Circles Club (April 28), London Royal College of Art (29) and London Regent's Park Bedford College (May 6).

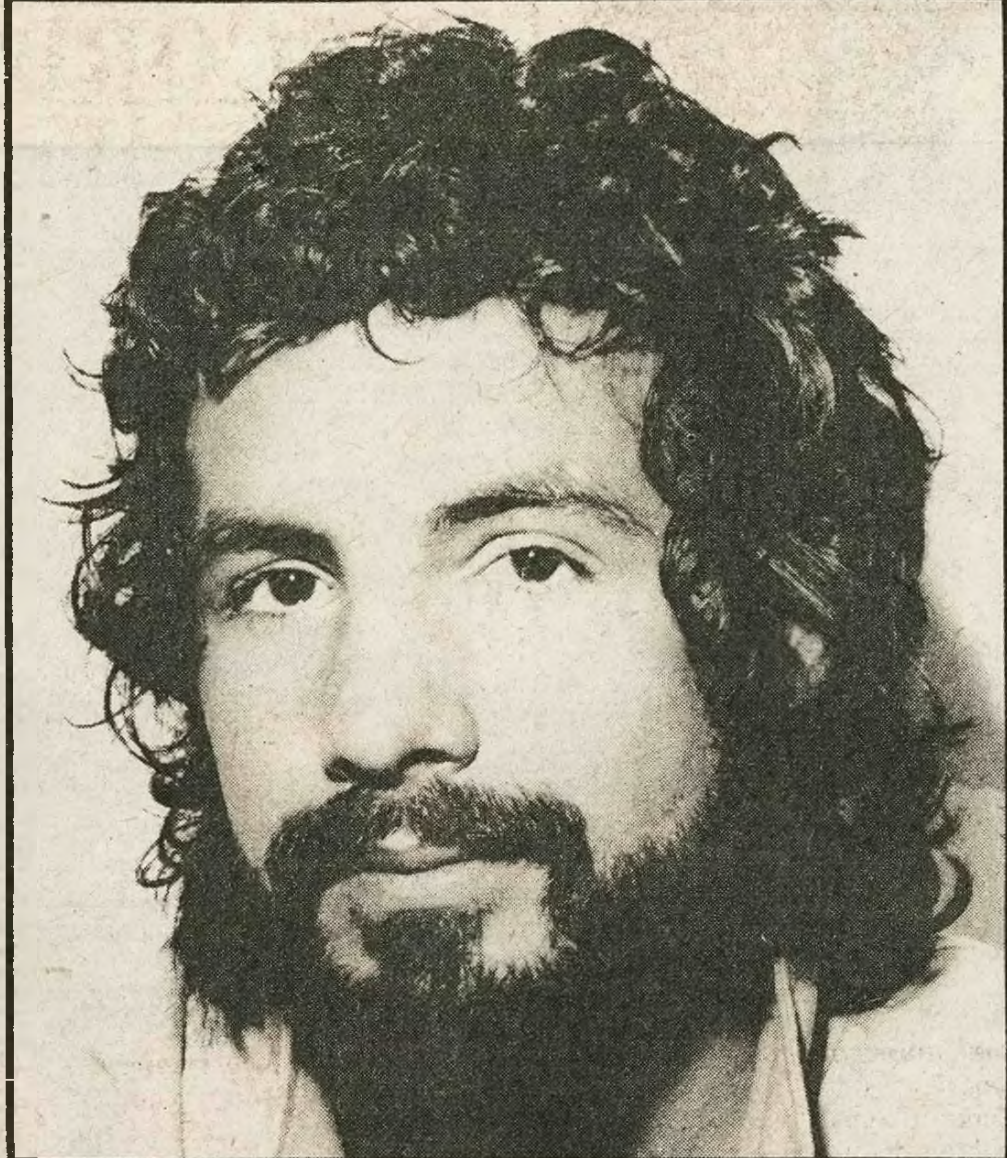
FIVE HAND REEL play their first British headlining tour from May 15 to June 22, to promote their new album "A Man's A Man", for May release by RCA. Dates to be announced shortly.

THE DUKE ELLINGTON Celebration Concert, planned for London New Victoria on April 17, has been postponed because Michel Legrand will be detained in Hollywood.

NEWPORT Roundabout Club next week begins a Wednesday-night new-wave series. So far booked are **The Stranglers** (April 6), **Lew Lewis Band** (13), **The Jam** (20) and **Johnny Thunder's Heartbreakers** (27).

MICHAEL CHAPMAN and his new slimline electric group — Keef Hartley (drums) and Rod Clements (bass) — return to London Marquee for a two-night Easter stint on Good Friday (April 8) and Saturday (9).

LIVERPOOL EXPRESS April gigs: Carlisle Cosmo Club (tomorrow, Friday), Nottingham Port House (Saturday), Leicester De Montfort Hall (Monday), Glasgow (10), Stockport Davenport Theatre (17), Withersea Grand Pavilion (23), Farnworth Blighty's (29) and Liverpool Empire (30).



Return of The Cat

CAT STEVENS, currently assembling a group for a European tour, returns to the British concert platform this summer. A spokesman said this week that Stevens hopes to play several dates in this country, among them an open-air event. Also in line are various festivals and outdoor concerts on the Continent.

Stevens' latest album "Izito", recorded in Copenhagen, is released by Island on April 15. Among backing musicians are Jean Roussel (keyboards) and Bruce Lynch (bass), both of whom are expected to be in his touring band.

10c.c. get tour band together

10 c.c. ARE AUDITIONING for a touring band to take on the road in the late spring. Agent Danny Betesh told NME: "I'm holding a string of British concert dates starting in late May. And I'm just waiting to hear if they'll be ready in time to fulfil them."

Meanwhile, a new 10 c.c. single "Good Morning Judge" is released by Phonogram tomorrow (Friday), followed at the end of the month by their album "Deceptive Bends". These were recorded by Graham Gouldman and Eric Stewart with a pick-up group of studio session men.

Jr. Walker due; Drifters extend

JR. WALKER and the All Stars start a 24-day British tour on May 6. A string of concert and one-nighter dates is being lined up, and details will be announced in a week or two. **THE DRIFTERS'** current tour has been extended through May. Latest confirmed dates are Charnock Richard Park Hall (Mat 1-3), Farnworth Blighty's (4-7), Stoke Jolles (9), Gloucester Leisure Centre (12), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (14), Cleethorpes Bunny's Place (17-18), Leicester Bailey's (19-20), Birmingham Nite Out (23-28).

BROTHERS JOHNSON play their first British tour in May, to aid promotion of their new A&M album "Right On Time", scheduled for mid-April. Their itinerary is being finalised.

Commodores curtail tour

THE COMMODORES scrapped the rest of their European tour and flew back to America at the weekend in the wake of bassist-vocalist Ronald La Praed — who was forced to return home on Friday when his wife was taken seriously ill.

The rest of the group fulfilled their gig at Dunstable California on Saturday using a replacement. They completed all but one of their British dates, the exception being their return booking at London New Victoria yesterday (Wednesday). They hope to reschedule this gig later in the year.

Bad Company summer specials

A PLAN TO present Bad Company in three summer concerts at "venues not yet used by rock bands" was announced this week by manager Peter Grant.

They open an extensive three-month U.S. tour at the end of April, but their schedule includes a two-

week break in the second half of June, which would enable them to fly back for the British gigs.

A spokesman for Grant told NME: "Peter is hoping to arrange one show in London, another in the North and a third in Scotland. Bad Company will also be doing a full British concert tour in the

early autumn, probably October."

The band begin a short German tour tomorrow (Friday), then fly to New York to prepare for their trek around America, where their current album "Burning Sky" has already sold 750,000 copies. They are being lined up for a tour of Australia and the Far East at the end of the year.

Yes include U.K. in six-month tour

YES are certain to play selected British dates later this year. A spokesperson assured NME: "Now they've at last finished their new album, they're keen to get back on the road. The present plan is for an extensive six-month tour, from July through to December, taking in Britain, Europe and America — though we don't yet know in

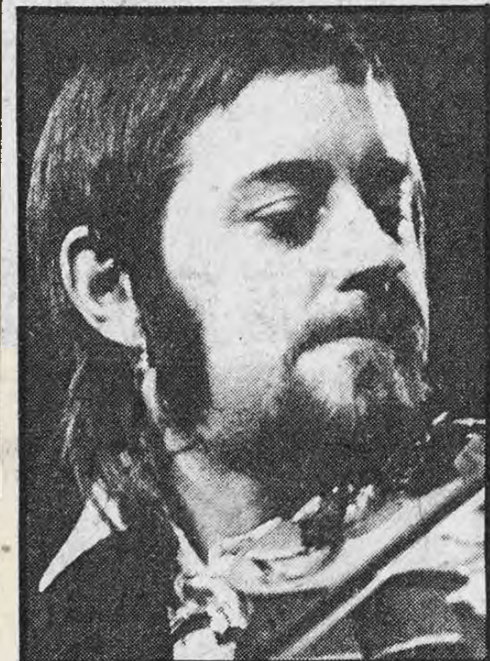
which order they'll be visiting these territories."

The new album, their first studio set for more than two years, is in the final stages of mixing in Montreux and is planned for June release. The British gigs will be their first since 1975 and the first since Rick Wakeman re-joined the band.

FAIRPORTS PLAY MONTH OF GIGS

FAIRPORT CONVENTION having re-adopted the latter part of their name begin a month-long British tour in early May. Gigs so far set are Coventry Top Rank (May 5), Bangor University (7), Brighton Top Rank (24), Canterbury Kent University (27), and Dudley Town Hall (28). The tour is interrupted for five Irish dates from May 11.

The current Fairport line up features Dave Pegg (bass, mandolin, vocals), Dave Swarbrick (fiddle, mandolin, vocals), Simon Nicol (guitars, dulcimer, vocals) and Bruce Rowland (drums). A new album "Bonny Bunch of Roses" is due out to coincide with the tour. It is their first since leaving Island, and a new label is



DAVE SWARBRICK:

now being negotiated by Evolution, who have signed Fairport to a management deal.

Fairport go back on the road in April when they tour Europe and, after their British gigs, they tour Australia and New Zealand in June.

Dave Swarbrick has completed his third straight-acting film role in "Let Your Hair Down," for summer release. But in the process, he was injured when filming a suicide leap. He was out of action for a month after an operation on a badly torn cartilage. His second solo album "Swarbrick — 2" is released by Transatlantic on April 22.

Gibbons men: burn injuries

TWO MEMBERS of the Steve Gibbons Band were injured during their set at London Hammersmith Odeon last Saturday as support act to Be-Bop Deluxe. Bob Wilson suffered

abrasions and burns after one of their special flare effects went out of control, and was taken to hospital for stitches to be inserted. Drummer Bob Lamb sustained lesser injuries.

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Leo Sayer flys again with his new single 'How Much Love'

c/w 'I hear the laughter'

CHS 2140

Taken from the album 'Endless Flight'



SOME NEWSPAPERS employ scribes whose sole function is to regularly update the unpublished obituaries of prominent personalities — so as to be in-at-the-kill on their demise. Something of a dead-end job, as it were. However, it would take scores of full-time researchers to keep abreast of the fluctuating fortunes of Fleetwood Mac — the band that continues to exist despite itself.

In the 10 years since they debuted at the National Blues & Jazz Festival at Windsor, Fleetwood Mac have transmogrified from a star-crossed guitar hero-dominated cult blues band into Warner Brothers Records' biggest-ever album selling attraction.

But it has been a career continually fraught with impending disaster. Guitarists have quit under harrowing banner headlines, bogus line-ups have laid claim to the name, and those original members who've stuck it out have enacted more melodramas than a whole slew of soap-opera scriptwriters could have concocted in a lifetime. In truth, all aspects of human emotion are to be found in Fleetwood Mac.

Bands have broken up for much less, but Mac stubbornly refuses to roll over and expire. Call it masochistic, but the band appears to thrive on one Big Hurt after another.

Until the middle of last year, F. Mac had resigned themselves to the fact that they worked to live, lived to work, and weren't in a position to rest-up for a year or more to re-think or record. Their albums always got reviewed, made a brief, if not auspicious appearance in the best-sellers and received more air-time than that usually afforded albums enjoying much more commercial success on the charts. It may not have been La Dolce Vita but it was a fairly comfortable existence.

LET'S START in 1975: After a four year residency, American guitarist Bob Welch became yet another Mac statistic, being unceremoniously replaced by the highly attractive boy/girl team of Lindsey Buckingham and Stevie Nicks.

After just 10 days of routine new material, the refurbished line-up of Mick Fleetwood, Christine and John McVie and Buckingham and Nicks were in the studio recording a bunch of originals

subsequently released under the unadventurous title, "Fleetwood Mac".

At first, nothing much happened and a six-months road tour ensued before (professionally) their fortunes were to take a turn for the better.

It was during this period that deep cracks began to appear in their personal stability, and almost on cue Fleetwood Mac went into yet an all-too-familiar emotional nosedive.

Christine and John McVie separated mid-tour, adding the cost of an extra hotel room to the band's travel budget; and after six years of being inseparable Buckingham and Nicks ceased cohabitating — and Mick Fleetwood, desperately trying to play piggy-in-the-middle, realised that his own marriage had hit the kids.

Bands have broken up for much less. But not Fleetwood Mac.

Contrary to belief, pressure of success wasn't the cause. "Fleetwood Mac" had yet take off like an epidemic, sell in excess of four million albums Stateside and hatch three hit singles, "Rhiannon", "Over My Head" and "Say You Love Me". Everyone just fell out of love with one another at precisely the same moment.

So... three broken homes for sale. John and his collection of penguin statuettes moved out of the McVie's Malibu apartment on to a 41-foot schooner, while Christine set up home overlooking the hustle and bustle of Sunset Strip.

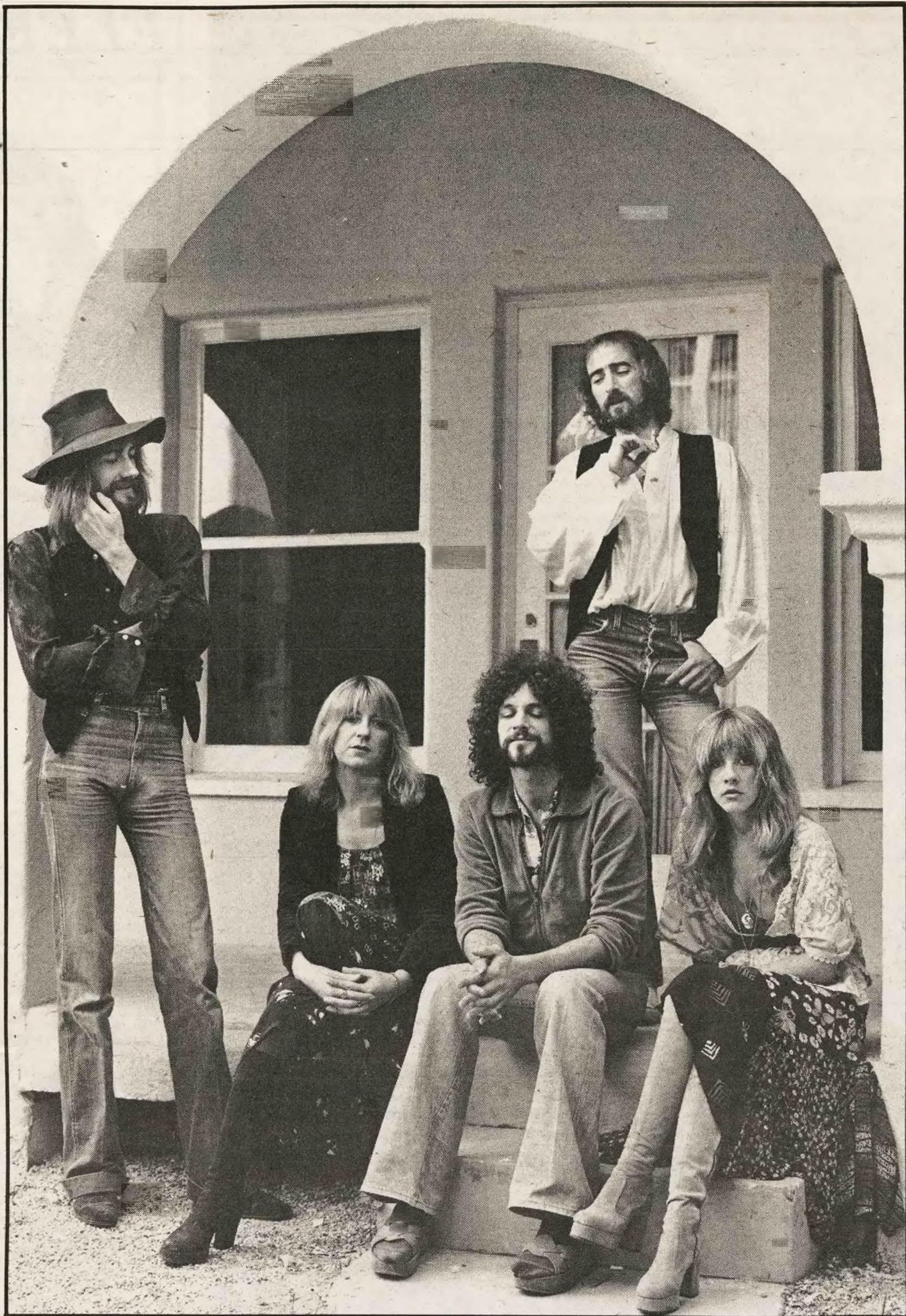
Linsey and Stevie established singles lifestyles, and Mick and Jenny Fleetwood divorced, though they were later to re-marry.

To add to their immediate problems, Mac were attempting to record tracks for what would eventually evolve into "Rumours".

"Being in Fleetwood Mac, is more like being in group therapy!" Who said that?

It was drummer and Mac manager elect Mick Fleet-

■ *Continues over page*



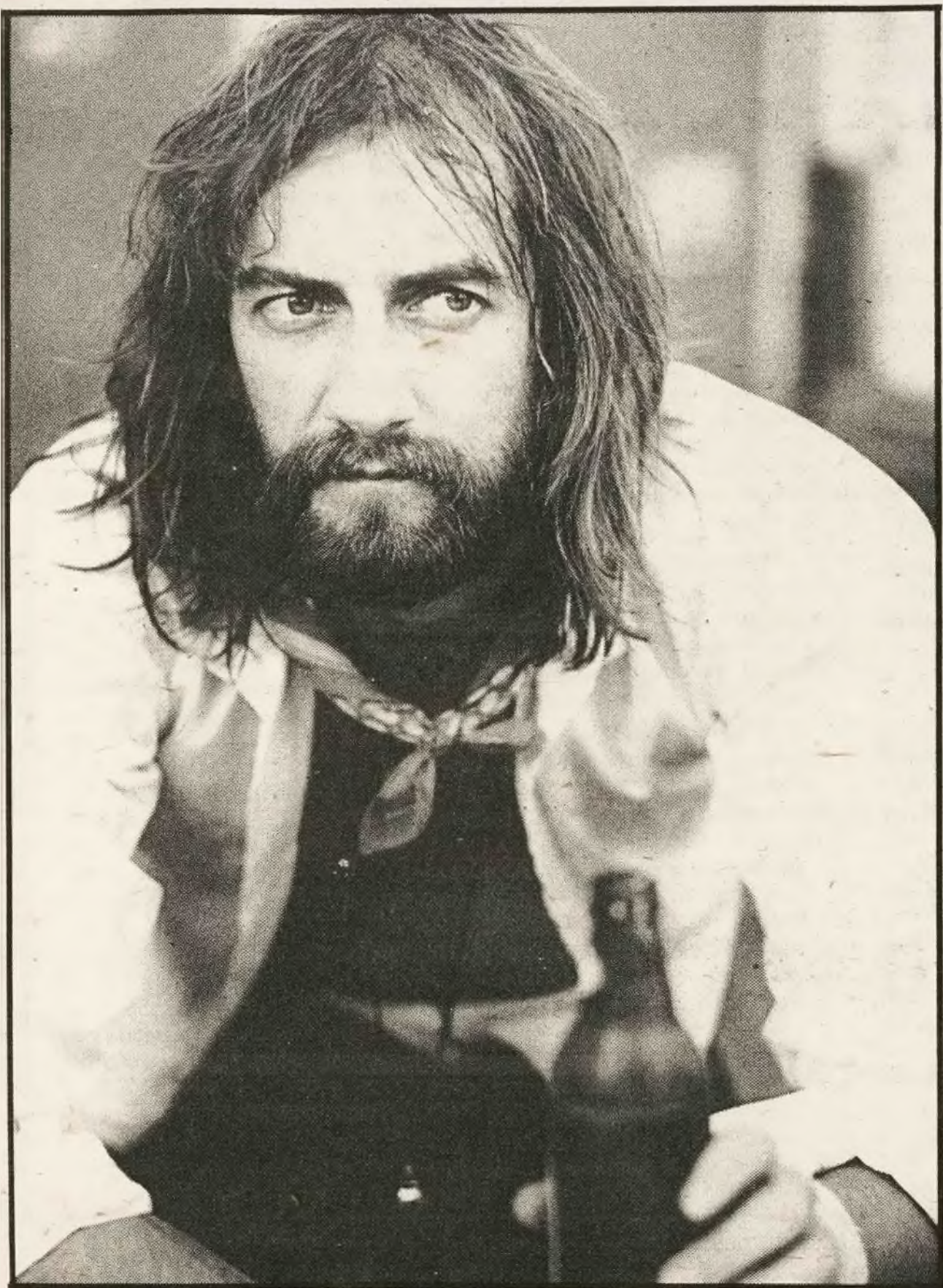
Happy together . . . (from left) Mick Fleetwood, Christine McVie, Lindsey Buckingham, John McVie, Stevie Nicks.

Rich Mac, Poor Mac,

THE STORY SO FAR:

CHRISTINE and **JOHN** have split and are sleeping in separate rooms. **STEVIE** and **LINDSEY** are also no longer cohabitating — while after suffering the agony of a divorce **MICK** and his wife alone have managed to salvage their relationship. But business is still booming and, although all is well at the moment, can the family firm continue to withstand the pressure? . . .

By **ROY CARR**



Enough to turn you to drink, eh, Mick?

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FLEETWOOD MAC



MICK FLEETWOOD (left) and LINDSAY BUCKINGHAM

■ From previous page

manager elect. He is trying to fight off a head cold as we sit jawing in the pleasant rustic atmosphere of Seedy Management, situated by the gates of the Columbia movie lot in the very heart of Hollywood Babylon.

It's a typical Californian spring morning. Warm, sunny, light to variable. Definitely not the kind of day to be feeling one degree under.

However, with typical British reserve, Mick Fleetwood has mastered the art of coping with any and every situation. And his resilience must be contagious because Lindsey Buckingham — en route to having his wisdom teeth yanked — shows no apparent signs of fear.

Over the last year Fleetwood Mac have supplied America's dirt-diggin' gossip columnists with more copy than the Burton divorce - reconciliation - divorce marriage - go-round, to the extent that Mac's marital shenanigans have been likened to everything from *Peyton Place* to *Bob, Ted, Carol and Alice*.

AS IT transpires, it took a whole year to record "Rumours", the project being near completed long before "Fleetwood Mac" began to be pressed-up in platinum — the latter album having pursued an eccentric pathway towards success. According to Mr. Fleetwood it originally reached as high as No. 9 and dropped to 40 before it regained its upward curve.

"Fleetwood Mac" — the Californian Soundtrack of '76. Even Mick Fleetwood has long since given up trying to evaluate its phenomenal success in the Americas and its apathetic reception in the Old Country.

It's happened and he's thankful, but he's not about to go into deep analysis on the subject. Obviously, the introduction of two singer-songwriters had a great deal to do with it, but, as Mick points out, Fleetwood Mac has never conformed to one specific recognisable style.

"Nobody", he suggests in between snuffles, "who has ever joined this band has been forced to structure their music to conform. You've only got to flick through our mess of albums to see that." He emphasises the word mess.

"I can remember when Danny Kerwin joined. Peter (Green) turned round to him and casually said, 'Right lad, you've got half the album' and 'Then Play On' contains a lot of new things that nobody had ever heard on a Fleetwood Mac album before."

"Lots of bands," argues Fleetwood, "wouldn't take that kind of risk. We do. And, I think it's healthy."

As to the band's resurgence of popularity, both Fleetwood and Buckingham agree with

my theory that primarily the present line-up is a singles band utilising an album formula.

"There's a lot of flexibility and versatility within the current set-up," Buckingham interjects before leaving for his dental appointment. "Even with three separate lead vocalists there's still this cohesive continuity, so it doesn't really matter if either Christine, Stevie or myself are taking the lead."

"As a contributor", he concludes, "I feel that much of Fleetwood Mac's strength is in the fact that only the very best material makes it on to an album. And, as there are three main writers, it makes competition that much keener".

Mick Fleetwood agrees "This way there's no strain on any particular writer. Nobody is constantly under extreme pressure to write all the material for the next album. So that's no problem."

Yet problems — the kind that floor you — have become an integral part of Mac's very existence.

Why have they always refused to throw in the towel?

"Over the years", says Fleetwood, "we've been so wrapped up in our destiny, that, though offers have been forthcoming, the idea of being somewhere else, playing in another band, has never really appealed to either, John, Christine or myself. It's as simple as that."

According to the drummer, nobody — with the exception of Danny Kerwin — has ever quit Fleetwood Mac due to the overall encompassing excuse of "difference of musical policy".

From his lofty vantage point as manager-performer and pillar-of-strength, he opines that being in the band may well bring out the weak points in a person's character, but by the very same token it strengthens others. He cites the recording of "Rumours" as testament.

"When the shit hit the fan everybody probably thought that this really was the end of Fleetwood Mac, and that it would be impossible to work under such intense conditions."

"Theoretically, it was a helluva bad time to try and record a new album, but in retrospect it proved to be the reverse. Because it all came out in the music."

As a result "Rumours" is an album of strong personal emotions, persistent soul-searching — and currently America's best-seller.

Still, it can't have been easy spending nine weeks incarcerated in the Record Plant's Sausalito studio with everyone falling apart at the seams and a recording desk that all but destroyed the original backing tracks?

"Things never got bitchy," says Fleetwood. Sure, the atmosphere was confused — to

say the least — but it wasn't destructive.

"It maybe difficult for someone outside of the group to understand what I'm saying, but we're a bunch of people before we're a bunch of musicians. What happened was that all five of us were going through exactly the same problem at the very same time. Only in Fleetwood Mac could that ever happen."

"So there we all were, trying to put down the basic backing tracks and all feeling so desperately unhappy with life. But somehow we created a mutual bond. We could all relate to each other's desperation. Despite ourselves, we didn't lose contact. It wasn't as though there wasn't anyone else we could turn to. Strange as it might sound, we had one another — so we went through shit to get to the point where we could still live and communicate as friends."

"I don't think anyone ever turn round and said, 'I don't need this, I'm splitting.' We all understood how we felt because we were all involved in each other's lives."

"Sure, we laugh at it now... we even makes jokes." — a recent cover of *Rolling Stone* sports an Annie Leibovitz shot of all five in one bed: Christine cuddling Lindsey, Mick with his arm around Stevie and John off in a corner reading. "But believe me, it wasn't funny at the time."

"The thing that happened between Lindsey and Stevie and Christine and John wasn't that they suddenly took a dislike to one another, it was just that they realised they could no longer live together, and so there was no malice when they separated."

"For instance, the other evening John and I went round to Christine's place to have a drink with her and her boyfriend. So, if anything, the weird circumstances in which we decided to record 'Rumours' helped to make that much stronger than before."

"From the start to finish it took one year to complete 'Rumours'. We'd recorded the backing tracks in nine anxious weeks, but the emotions that we'd originally put down on the tape in Sausalito were so strong that we didn't want to be immature and insensitive towards those feelings. That's why we took such care in the dubbing and the mixing."

"We just went through our collective traumas head-on and it was then that we all revealed our true colours. In the past, both John and I have had to handle some really weird situations... Peter Green... Jeremy Spencer, but as far as Lindsey and Stevie were concerned, they didn't go like lambs to the slaughter, they just underwent a crash-course in maturity."

I wonder what these guys do for an encore?



Individually, masters. Collectively a masterpiece.



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Side 1

Keith Emerson.

Piano Concerto No. 1.

Produced by Keith Emerson.

London Philharmonic Orchestra.

Side 2

Greg Lake

1. Lend Your Love To Me Tonight.

2. C'est La Vie.

3. Hallowed Be Thy Name.

4. Nobody Loves You Like I Do.

5. Closer To Believing.

Produced by Greg Lake

and Peter Sinfield.

Side 3

Carl Palmer

1. The Enemy God.

2. L.A. Nights.*

3. New Orleans.

4. Two Part Invention In D Minor.

5. Food For Your Soul.

6. Tank.

Produced by Carl Palmer except

Track 5 co-produced C. Palmer/G. Lake

*Featuring Joe Walsh.

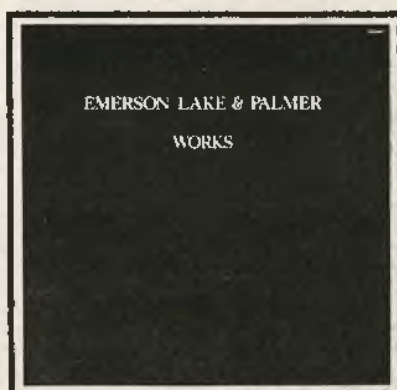
Side 4

Emerson, Lake and Palmer.

1. Fanfare For The Common Man.

2. Pirates.

Produced by Greg Lake.



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Klaus Schulze appearing at the London Planetarium April 12th & 13th at 9.00 New album "Mirage" ILPS 9461

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Now Klaus celebrates the release of his new album "MIRAGE" with a concert at the London Planetarium. Under the bronze dome of this famous London landmark audiences view the majestic beauties of the heavens with the aid of the extraordinarily complex Zeiss projector. In a perfect marriage of sound and vision, Klaus will play his battery of synthesisers against the backdrop of this magical display, to provide the ultimate sensations of space music. As the foremost exponent of solo synthesiser performance, it is fitting that Klaus Schulze should inaugurate the first concert held in this remarkable setting.





Deaf idiot journalist starts Beatle rumour

If someone told you that the Fab Four were alive, well, and recording under the name of Klaatu in Toronto, would you believe them? One hundred thousand Yanks did.

THE BEATLES HAVE ALWAYS been particularly rumour-prone, and the U.S. has always been the most likely place of accommodation for such rumours, which are invariably granted long life and a healthy degree of credence irrespective of how ridiculous they might be.

Remember the tortuous — if "naturally inventive" — self-delusion by which Americans were persuaded that Paul McCartney was dead!

The latest idiotic burlesque to flourish in the Land of the Credulous is that The Beatles are in corporate business again, and have recorded an album in Toronto under the nom-de-plume of Klaatu.

Credit / blame for this rumour goes to a reporter on the *Providence Journal*, a Rhode Island newspaper, called Steve Smith. His article entitled "Could Klaatu Be Beatles? Mystery Is A Magical Tour" started the entire rumour.

Smith wrote that the "Klaatu" album, released in the U.S. in August 1976, sounded to him "refreshingly new" and "Beatlish". Without pausing to reflect on the inherent contradictions of these descriptions, he proceeded to flesh out his theory.

No-one knew, or knows, who Klaatu are. Sleeve information was non-existent. Originally the album had been issued on a small Canadian label, Daffodil. Capitol, who released the album throughout the U.S. maintained that it had been recorded by a "mystery group".

Smith adopted the mantle of investigative journalist to dig further. Apart from the fact that Capitol were oddly disinclined to reveal the identity

of this purportedly new band (and since when have record companies been refusing to supply information about their new acts?), two potentially interesting facts emerged.

The first was that Klaatu was the name of the planet from which Michael Rennie had come to earth in the 1951 SF movie, *The Day The Earth Stood Still*. It was this film which inspired the cover art-work for Ringo Starr's solo album, "Goodnight Vienna".

Secondly, the manager of the band was Frank Davies — an Englishman who had engineered some Beatles recording sessions at EMI's Abbey Road studios in the mid-'60s.

SMITH THEN tried to support such conjecture with a few bold suppositions of his own, many of



ABOVE: the "art-work" for Klaatu's "accidental hype". Classy, eh?

which equal in outlandishness the various theories about the profound meaning of the reverse tape loop at the very end of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band".

One paragraph will suffice as an example:

"A song on the album, 'Sir Bodsworth Rugglesby III' is mis-spelled on the back album cover so that it says 'Rubblesby'. Defining bods, worth, rubbles, and by, Bodsworth Rubblesby could mean, 'persons of importance born of quarrying'.

"The Beatles were first known as the Quarrymen," concludes Smith triumphantly.

(Smith's own bug-eyed account of his spiritual odyssey from half-baked notion to full-blown obsession is worth quoting here: "Frank Davies could not tell me who was in the band. I asked him if it was The Beatles or whether they had anything to do with Klaatu. First, he gave me a flat 'No' and said that the only Beatle connection was 'inspirational'. But when asked if any of the Beatles played on the album, he hesitated, laughed quietly, hesitated again and then said that 'everything you've summarized is really pretty accurate all the way around' and that 'everything that is there can and will be identified even without perhaps them, the people, being seen'. Those who can read between lines may care to chuckle quietly as well.)

Forgetting such hypothetical drivel for the moment, there are other more sane reasons, for regarding this story with less than total scepticism.

First of all, it is not entirely without precedent. Paul McCartney wrote "Woman" for Peter & Gordon under the pseudonym of Bernard Webb, while Harrison performed on Cream's

BENYON



O.K. I'll admit he's th' most relaxed dude I've ever seen onstage, but I still say he's self-indulgent —

"Badge" single as 'L'Angelo Mysterioso'.

There have been other examples of the Fab Four trying to conceal their identities, though in nearly every case the masks were quickly uncovered. (Or, at least, there might be other examples we don't know about, simply because they haven't been unveiled.)

Then there is the consideration that should The Beatles ever actually want to reform, they might well try to avoid the multi-million dollar sensational publicity and ballyhoo that would inevitably surround their reformation and try to effect a quiet side-door entrance, just to see if they could recreate their own brand of magic irrespective of the fact that they were the reformed Beatles.

Finally, of course, a reunion record would probably need to be issued on the Capitol label.

FUELED WITH this information, a major rumour quickly blazed through the States. Various radio stations on the East Coast began programming the album, and the accompanying 'Is-This-The-Beatles?' controversy stimulated considerable listener interest.

Capitol Records, quick to point out that Smith's article was "unprompted" to ward off any accusations of "hype", were nevertheless not averse to an "accidental" hype.

Charles Webster, the UK press officer, admitted that once the rumour had started, Capitol themselves were hardly likely to be the ones to stifle it, even supposing it was completely erroneous.

The album is now selling healthily across the U.S., and the company also expect to sell 100,000 copies in Australia. Interest has been increasing in Britain (the story was reported in the *News Of The World*) and imports are available. The album itself will be issued next month, together with the single "Doctor Marvello" which does sound a lot like John Lennon.

UK Capitol had previously tried to promote the album by sending the press postcards advertising the band. "Listen to Klaatu and know there is hope," it blithely announced.

So the question remains — Is Klaatu The Beatles?

Thanks to the good offices of Mr. Webster (who asked to be mentioned specially) the NME acquired a copy of the album, which does seem full of the kinds of sounds The Beatles were creating about ten years ago.

However, there are other tracks that sound like The Beach Boys, or Yes, or even Genesis.

And Klaatu are certainly not The Beatles.

Let us never forget that The Beatles were the world's premier rock band, and, notwithstanding the nadirs that each of them have sometimes reached in their solo work, they would surely never perpetrate an album as derivative, dull and humourless as this.

Some interesting points do remain.

Firstly, whoever Klaatu are, they are obviously being paid quite well not to break cover, and also, since there are obviously a considerable number of musicians employed on the album, it's strange that the truth hasn't surfaced anyway.

SO THE Klaatu case can be considered closed.

Steve Smith has made something of an international reputation for himself, and Capitol records can be congratulated on their careful nurturing of a fascinating, but ultimately worthless, rumour

□ BOB WOFFINDEN

MALE CHAUVINIST PIGS CORNER

IT'S SURE too bad, but it looks like the days when you could treat your woman like you did your car (keep her well-serviced, kick her once in a while and keep her locked in the garage) are numbered.

The Warner record company clan have been under heavy flak from a bunch of butch killjoys known as the California branch of the National Organisation For Women and Women Against Violence Against Women. They're whining about album covers that promote music by using graphics in which chicks are depicted as objects of physical and/or sexual violence. As if they were good for anything else!

Plain Joe Smith, Electra-Asylum board chairman has agreed to the ladies' demands and promised not to feature any more evil artwork like the one used for the Stones' "Black And Blue" ads where a nubile beaten-up Sex Object is strung-up and spread-eagled.

Commented Smith lamely: "We don't want to put out a product that offends anyone. And it's not only a matter of sales; it's a question of morality and ethics as well."

Coming soon — Mick Farren on "Stars On Sunday".

□ TONY PARSONS



ABOVE: A rare and precious moment from the "literary event of the week" in New York, New York — (l/r) elderly angry young beat-poet Allen Ginsberg, youthful angry young beat-poet and rock-star Patti Smith Von Rimbaud, and ancient decrepit novel writer William S Burroughs on the occasion of "Bill" 's early and quasi-readable-novel "Junkie" ("Junky"?) receiving its first uncensored printing (by Penguin) since it was nobbled by commie-spotters in nostalgic old 1953.

The party brought Ms Smith from her sickbed for the first time since she tripped over the footlights and broke her neck six weeks ago. Accompanying her were Lenny Kaye and various liggers from *Punk* magazine and CBGBs — plus racy Terry Southern ("Candy") who has copped the job of writing the screenplay for "Junkie" (though Lou Reed, rumoured to be doing the soundtrack, didn't turn up). There now — you're right up to date.



Pat Travers, smiling wanly after surviving the slings and arrows of outrageous reporters.

Headbanger joybringer

COERCION WAS the name of the game. On that cold crisp morning in the wilds of W.1, Pat Travers and I were victims of circumstance.

In the black corner — in leather and a sullen stare — is Youth in Revolt incarnate in role of the journalist.

In the white corner — in cotton and newly-launched hair — is the friendly Canuck in role as Dynamic Young Axe Hero.

I look at Pat Travers and wonder why I'm not on the other side of the river with feet on the desk dreaming to The Doors.

Pat Travers looks at me and wonders why they haven't sent A Person Who Understands Music.

I mean, what can you say to someone who seems to bring great joy into the lives of countless headbangers, but whom to you represents everything you hate about the stagnation of rock and roll, the retrogression of so-called "progressive" heavy-metal muzak monolith?

Pat Travers was inspired by Jimi

Hendrix to play the guitar at the age of 12. He was discovered by Ronnie Hawkins and had a well-received debut album.

Alex Harvey likes him. Charles Shaar Murray likes him (sometimes). Even Alan "Fluff" Freeman likes him. Says so on the sleeve. He's a clean cut boy and he gets good reviews, too.

He makes me a neat tasse de Twinings and in a similar spirit I offer him a go on my black and silver Dunquerque switchblade. He takes it and tugs tentatively at the wrong button. Natch, nothing gives. The blade stays mute in its metal sheath.

Somewhat disconcerted, Pat hands back the knife. "I could have cut my hands to ribbons on that!"

Flash to the cover of the new album, "Makin' Magic", a further exploration of the superfluous senility of guitar solos; wide-eyed Pat in skimpy apparel; hair flowing while brandishing red-hot axe above his head.

My, what a bad boy! What a teen dream!

I began to have doubts about the

validity of this image when he opened the door wearing a towelling bathrobe in pale yellow.

So how do you feel about being presented as some kind of Canuck caveman?

"Well... I often wish I could show my other side."

Reasonable kid, huh? No mad denunciation of the mis-management... come on Pat, give us a mad denunciation!

"I do get a bit annoyed with them at times. But only rarely. I'm quite content."

"Contentment", "convenience" and "comfort" would seem to sum up Pat Travers' attitude to life.

I ask why he's playing the kind of music he does when he's the same age as the New Wave bands.

"New Wave!"

This has touched a raw nerve.

"I saw Eddie And The Hot Rods — they were lousy! I saw The Sex Pistols on T.V. — they were lousy! Nothing's new!"

But some things are less old than others...

"If I had a Ronnie Hawkins record with me I'd show you that punks have been around for centuries!"

Pshaaw!

"Well — years."

So who do you listen to?

"Oh, everyone."

Pat goes on to dismiss J. J. Cale "too laid-back", the MC5 "too fanatical" and The Clash "too political".

Having trashed my fave raves in record time, he informs me that he really loved Kiss a while back.

Feeling we're getting nowhere fast, I inquire why he quit Canada.

"Because all the audiences want to hear from unknown bands are famous bands' hits. America's the same."

You're a band for boys, aren't you?

"No, we get lots of girls come to see us!" Pat looks pleased.

I looked dubious. All the girls I know put listening to guitar solos on a par with watching paint dry.

"The music's what I believe in. I'm not the greatest lyric writer in the world..."

"... but I reckon the song I wrote for my kid brother's quite good."

LOWRY



"But who could've thought/A little love/Could go such a long way/Under-standing would rule the day/Some music/To help you know just what to say."

HMM. LET'S go a little deeper into Pat's family history. His father died when Pat was a kid, leaving his mother to raise the family in Ottawa. It seems that this early loss led him to associate with people a good deal older than him (his bands have always been nearly a decade older).

Maybe this is why to me his music sounds dated?

"I tell you I don't want to be like The Sex Pistols! If any of them want to try anything on me, I'll be ready for them!" He looks tough.

"But people only do these things because they feel inferior," he reflects finally.

Life's just an act of revenge anyhow.

"But the Pistols are putting out such bad vibes!"

You talk like a flower child.

"Well, they had the wrong idea too, didn't they?" Pat perseveres. "You've got to look after yourself first."

"Kurt Vonnegut Jnr says everything will just get worse and worse." We're going to change all that.

"Young people always want to change the world," he reassures me. Quit this young people thing!

You're not so much older and wiser than me!

"But I sometimes get the feeling I won't live long."

Why?

"I went to the doctor the other day; he told me it would be a waste of time to apply for life insurance."

This limited life-expectancy is not due to be a particularly rapacious lifestyle; Mr Travers stays away from the fast stuff — "because I learned my lesson in France when I was eating diet pills like candy just to get through the next gig."

Ask whether he's rich.

"Well, not really."

Want to be?

"I'd love to be. I've been in debt since I was 14."

Well, that's where the guitar solos get you.

"At the moment I'm playing a few sessions. It's nice to be told what to do."

Did you like school?

"Not really, but I was never a rebel. It didn't seem worth it. I just kept my head down and made the least possible noise."

It seems to be that the definitive thought on Pat Travers is contained in one of his own songs; "Rock 'n' Roll Susie" from "Makin' Magic"; "We're gonna shake/Shake our heads around."

Quite.

□ JULIE BURCHILL

KEEF AND COKE: NEW FACTS DISCOVERED

KEITH'S biography, *I Was A Teenage Coke Addict*, is to be published shortly in darkest Dartford. Keith tells how the yearning for just one more bottle came over him while sunning in Sydney and burning in Brisbane. At least Brian was listening to Bill Gates' theories on how to stay upright on a pair of water skis.



BILL GATES (right) was top Australian deejay at the time of the Stones 1965 tour of the Antipodes. The picture is taken from Fabulous magazine, issue dated August 28th 1965, and was sent to us by Kevin Tunstall of London N.19. Please accept our grateful thanks and a namecheck, Kevin, since we can't afford to send you money.

I was a teenage ballroom dancer (shock) . . .

CHOKING on my cornflakes, I read with utter disbelief a *Daily Mail* report on the strange and seamy world that lies behind the clinical facade of ballroom dancing.

The Deep Throat of the dancing world was 17-year-old Karen Spicer who in her short career waltzed her way into the ballroom charts (eighth in the world).

For six years she sweated and twirled in her £105 dresses before the pace began to tell.

She told the *Mail* reporter: "I've packed up ballroom dancing, the strain was ridiculous. Our family doctor had me on tranquilisers."

She continued: "My mother used to keep a small bottle of brandy in her

handbag. My nerves were so tight before a championship competition, I'd have a little to relax me."

The real revelations were to come though.

"But other dancers feel just as tense. They take more than brandy to relax."

"I've seen a male dancer so crashed out on marijuana his partner had to half carry him around the floor."

"Other dancers they say take speed to give themselves sparkle and energy on the floor."

"Of course, there's such a lot of scandal on the circuit."

We await further revelations with ill-concealed eagerness.

□ DICK TRACY

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Eddie & The Hot Rods

THE MOST enthusiastic audience I've ever seen.

The Hot Rods definitely gave them what they wanted. They generated an unbelievable amount of raw energy—pure, driving rock 'n' roll, which kept the audience on its feet dancing throughout the show.

Augusta Dwyer—National Rock

Around four years ago the just-turned teenage Nicol had this group along with a guitar player name of Pete Wall and a bassist whose real identity will remain forever hid beneath the mysterious cloak of the Legendary Hustler. The only missing ingredient was someone who could sing and Wall knew just the man for the job—another local lad named Barrie Masters. Barrie was reluctant at first but Wall's insistence finally won through and the first foundations for what would ultimately

"It was really madness," Barrie recalls, "just any old noise—open tuned guitars, swinging on curtains and just sort of hitting things." "That was when the visual side rather than the musical side got together," says Steve. A few changes of lead guitarist later the boys met up with Dave Higgs. Higgs was a few years their senior and had played in a Southend outfit called the Fix, a long-running

This isn't a rock revival, but an outburst of energy from the people who should be playing rock anyway, the young kids just out of school and the labour exchange, eager to pour their pent-up enthusiasm into simple, basic music.

The Rods have arrived, and once again, as with all the crucial decisions made in rock, their status has been decided by the

Eddie And The Hot Rods Too Hot to Stop!

It was a remarkable experience to be in the front stalls as the Hot Rods stormed into the now familiar opener Get Across To You. As Dave Higgs hit the first chord the front 25 rows

basic and fun to play that even Heavy Metal freak Nicol quickly began to enjoy playing them. Higgs also spent a lot of his time in the booths, getting

Finally a real live Eddie turned up in the person of Ed Hollis, another local lad who'd been to school

By the summer

THE RODS
NEW SINGLE
"I MIGHT BE LYING"
FIRST 10000
IN SPECIAL BAGS

record of their career. It was a complete success, capturing the band's manic energy at its most breathlessly locomotive. Also it finally got them into the Top Fifty and provided 'Top Of The Pops' with one of its few living groups of 1976. The Marquee residency also spawned the Rods' next release, the aptly titled 'Live At The Marquee' EP. The reasoning behind the record, including four

Wham, bang, thank you Canvey Island and they're straight on into '96 Tears'. No breathing spells here. Dave Higgs on guitar churns and burns piledriving chords and Barrie Masters spins out across the wide stage, a clean teen idol tossing a silver microphone from hand to hand and spitting out the words with coy photogenic menace.

Chas de Whalley—Sounds

of the group's most popular non-originals—'96 Tears', Bob Seger's 'Get Out Of Denver' and the 'Gloria/Satisfaction' back to backer—was to placate the fans,

European in Mont-de-Marsan in South-Western France.

The Rods' next single was the Sam the Sham classic 'Woolly Bully,' produced by and featuring Roxy Music's Andy Mackay and with Higgs/Hollis' 'Horseplay' (Weary of the Schmalitz) on the flip. It came out on June 5th and did considerably better than the first single. Still no hit though, even despite the added attraction of a great picture sleeve.

Unperturbed, the band played on, expanding their coterie of fans by being continuously on the road and scoring the particularly classy triumph of bringing London's Marquee club back to life with a series of sell-out concerts the like of which the venue hadn't seen in almost ten years.

Back on the vinyl front the Rods stormed back at the beginning of November with Dave Higgs' 'Teenage Depression', a classic Rods rock which, at the time of writing, is still cruising happily up the charts.



EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
Teenage Depression
(Island)

And the Rods, with their non-stop, bone crunching rollercoaster ride of relentless high energy rock 'n' roll, were just the thing to fill the gap. Okay, compared to what they'd later become, they were rough—but they were fast and exciting and their broad repertoire—ranging as it did from Chuck Berry classics to Creedence's 'It Came Out Of The Sky' and ? & The Mysterians great '96 Tears'—had something to please practically anybody. And, as those early fans initially attracted by the lads' sheer exuberance

the pretty here. The Rods they shared at London Rooms with 101ers. They star

cautious reviews in the —becoming, incidentally, one of the first bands to suffer the now hideously over-worked 'punk-rock' tag—and were soon being checked out by record company reps eager for the Next Big Thing.

Three or four record companies made offers and the group finally signed with Island. By now they were getting regular, mainly enthusiastic reviews and even the occasional picture in the papers. They were on their way.

On Christmas Eve 1975 the group cut their first single at Jackson's Studios, Rickmansworth, two Higgs/Hollis originals. 'Writing On The Wall' and 'Cruisin' (In My Lincoln)' were issued on the 30th

and to agree that 'Cruisin' was by far the stronger cut and should have been the 'A'-side. Whatever, it was a more than creditable debut and will no doubt become a priceless collectors' item in due course.

The same period also saw Lew and the Hotrods part company. "He was always more of a blues man than the rest of us," Barrie said at the time, "and we were going in a different direction." At the time it sounded like a crippling blow, Lew's searing harmonica work having seemed such an essential part of the Rods' sound and fury that it hardly seemed possible they could continue without him. And

and recording arrived—irrevocably and splendidly. The Rods now constantly and joyfully underline the fact that as live performers they have very few peers indeed.

When The Rods sweat so does everyone.

If that's not sufficient to convince you, any band that can attract hordes of little cuties with big tits has gotta be alright, right? Right!

Roy Carr—New Musical Express

That's only scraping the surface of what the Rods and their music are all about, I know, but all that proves is that the written word ain't got nuthin' on the real thing. I guess we may as well let the band speak for themselves.

Have fun? No way you won't. No way at all.

Giovanni Dadomo
Sounds



WIP 6388

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU TURN MOTOWN UPSIDE DOWN?

Answer: NORMAN WHITFIELD falls out and lands on his feet — and you ain't seen nothing yet!

BLACK MUSIC'S on the turn, they say: turning up again after too long in the pits. Naturally, it's an illusion. Black music can't be returning from anywhere 'cause it's never been away in the first place. Still, any fantasy that'll help straighten out folks' heads and make 'em sit up and take notice is worth supporting.

Norman Whitfield's a good case in point. Seemed like he couldn't do wrong between 1967 and the early 70's, writing and producing the outstanding Motown hits of the era for the likes of Marvin Gaye, Gladys Knight, Edwin Starr and of course The Temptations, whom he remoulded from harmony balladeers into fractured funksters, a real Sven-gali job.

He'd actually been with The Corp since 1959 but it was the New Breed generation that brought out the best in him. Then he appeared to slump. Some of the acts he'd been working with left the label, Marvin did his own thing, The Temps looked to other producers and for the next three or four years Norm hardly rated a mention in the halls of gossip. Until a few months back, that is.

Suddenly Rose Royce's single and

double album soundtrack of *Car Wash* were shooting up the American charts, shortly followed by Undisputed Truth's "You + Me = Love", both created by Whitfield to such good effect that even Roy Carr was seen to tug his beard with enthusiasm.

With the Undisputed Truth cut Norman finally launched his own Whitfield Records, (distributed by WEA), the climax of a project first mooted during his hey-day with Motown.

After the solid run of hits, he opened negotiations in 1971 for his own label within The Corporation, but they could never agree terms so the idea was eventually shelved. Though temporarily balked, he wasn't altogether discouraged and spent the next four years grooming some of the younger talent on Motown's books, including vocal group Undisputed Truth and a hot bunch of musicians who called themselves Total Concept Unlimited. TCU accompanied bigger names on sessions and on stage and provided the nucleus of the group now known as Rose Royce.

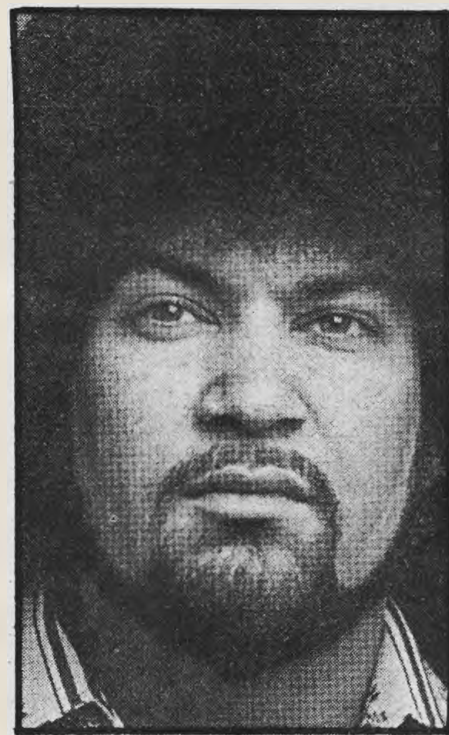
During this time Whitfield formed the label he'd been wanting, but still under contract, did nothing with it except plan for the future. The plan began unfolding when he finally



From left: Walter Ainsworth (manager, Whitfield Records), Norman Whitfield, Mo Ostin (Chairman, Warner Records)

dissolved his longtime marriage to Motown about 18 months back.

However, you can't found a successful venture and put yourself up



"We're not going to expand too quickly. We saw too many frustrated artists at Motown do just that."

as president on peanuts ("Oh No?" — J. Carter) so when MCA approached with the *Car Wash* script (which needed scoring) Whitfield decided to give it a try. The resulting soundtrack has not only won friends and influenced people on its own behalf but also for its remarkable synchronization with the action film. Unbeknown to most, that's because *Car Wash* is as much a film of the record as vice versa.

"I met with Michael Schultz, the director of the film," Whitfield told me over the phone, "and he decided he would describe to me roughly how each scene was going to be. I went away and recorded, based on that information, and 80 per cent of the music was finished before filming even got started. So then scenes were shot in time with the music. Michael called it 'The first visual look at an album'."

By the time *Car Wash* was complete Whitfield was able to sign Undisputed Truth away from Motown to head his own little roster of talent. Using Rose Royce (plus two extra keyboards and guitarist Melvin Regin) as accompanists he gave Truth a gold single with "You + Me = Love" and a best-selling album,

"Method To The Madness"; two successes in two releases for Whitfield Records. So far so good.

"If you think what you've heard so far is good," he added, "wait an' see. We think we've got some infinitely better things in the cupboard."

"No, we're not going to expand too quickly. We saw too many frustrated artists at Motown to do that. By confining ourselves to five or six acts, each one having their own style, we'll try to steer clear of similarity of sound and direction and still be able to give everyone full attention."

"Rose Royce are my pet project. They've done a lot for me, playing behind Undisputed Truth for instance, and we're now working on their next album which will be their first on Whitfield."

"Undisputed Truth have now got their own band who'll probably play on future albums — in fact we're integrating the band with the singers to make it a self-contained group."

"Nytro are new and something quite different for me. They're also a self-contained group of eight pieces but they're horn-orientated, jazz-influenced musicians who write their own material. It's the first time I've ever worked with a band on an album entirely written by themselves, which tells you how much respect I have for them."

"Their album is ready now (released in the States a couple of weeks ago), I just produced it and helped make their sound more commercial."

"We've also got Masterpiece, a group of five stand-up singers who I'm working with right now on a sort of extension of what I did with The Temptations, and a young lady called Vicki Miles who sings, writes and produces as well."

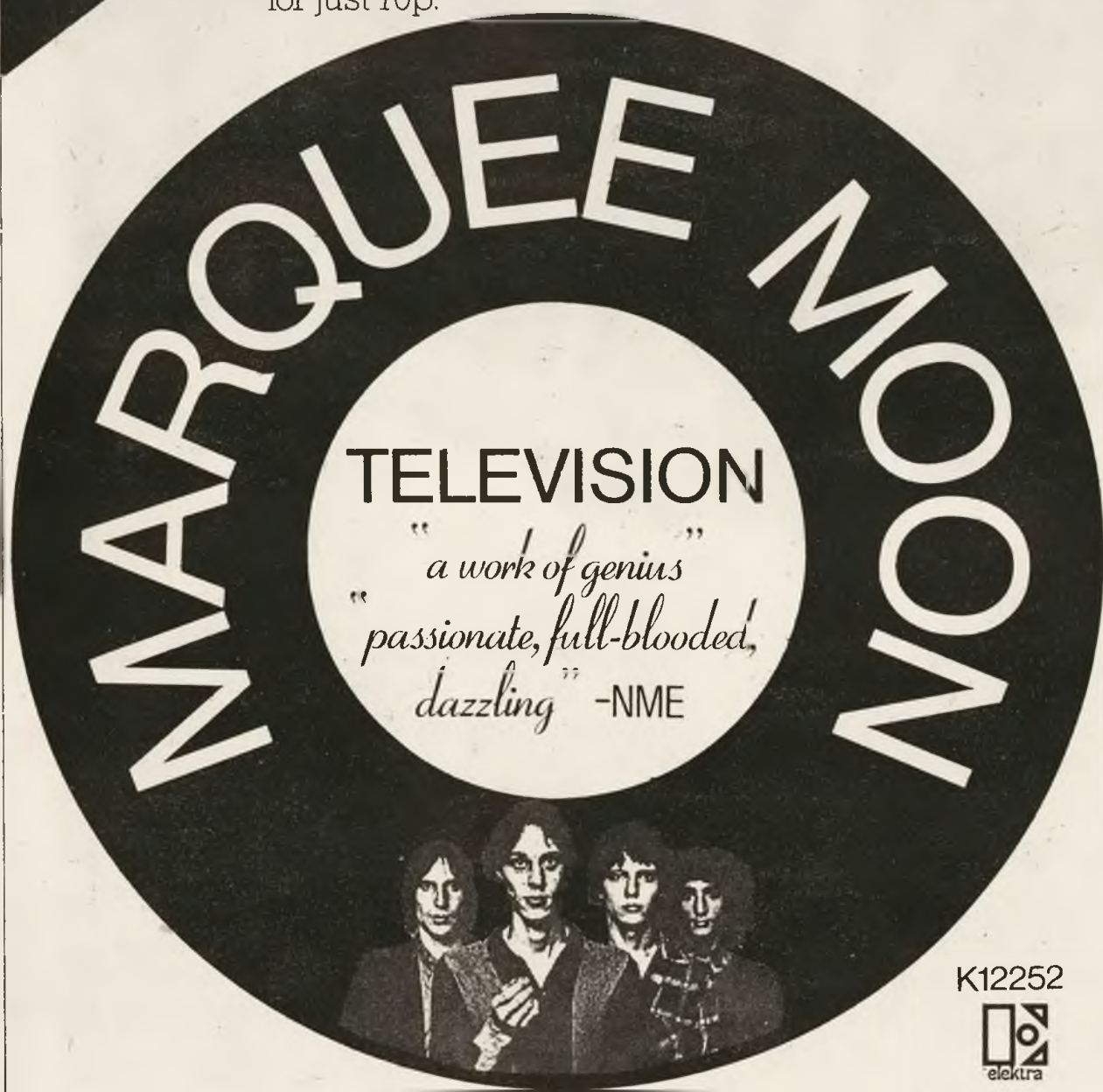
Behind the scenes, Whitfield is supported by a tight team of experienced friends, including his vice-president brother Bill and several ex-Motown staffers like general manager Walter Ainsworth, office manager Michael Ann, arranger Paul Riser and director of A&R Clay McMurray. Together they're aiming for independent success. It may not just be a matter of alphabetic coincidence that Whitfield's "W" plaque inverts the Motown "M" logo.

CLIFF WHITE

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'Stranded' was no fluke
single says Jonh Ingham

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(EMI Import) *****

...you're still recovering from the shock of '(I'm) Stranded' being beheaded the Saints kick into 'One Way Street', which rapidly proves that the group's single WAS NO FLUKE. Twice as fast as the Ramones, with Ed Kasper's

The only trouble with getting this into your home is that it may never be released here. For some reason EMI aren't requesting

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I'M A HAP... HAP... HAPPY HIPPY

IN A burned-out basement deep in London's Ladbroke Grove, Quinn alias Jimmy Red alias Glooscap is giving me the word on GLOO. Not glue as in the sticky substance that comes in tubes and turns your brain to jelly, but GLOO, which Jimmy calls "the magical, mystical substance that is in us all."

He stokes his packing-case fire and tells me about the tribe of Novia Scotian Indians called the Mikmaks who have a spiritual mainman named



Like, this is what holds the Quarks together, man.

Glooscap. Deeper and deeper he leads me into the gloo ethos, explaining the Eskimos live in igloos, that Eastern religions believe the body is the true spiritual home and temple so the word becomes pronounced i-gloo. If you're having problems grokking that one don't worry. He lost me too.

Jimmy is a Durham lad whose been around for a long time and looks that way. He admits to believing in God all the time, once tried to end it all by consuming an elephantine dose of acid and driving down the motorway.

He claims to have been inside 10 Downing Street but decided not to spike up the Cabinet and, most important, sings and plays the guitar. You'll see him at any free festival that's going, you might catch him busking around town, or you may have seen him at one of the many folk clubs whose boards he's trodden.

Now Jimmy's put out a record — but this is no corporation product. After being turned down by the companies, he made his music in various basements, taped it, took the tapes to a presser and now has 10,000 copies of "Like Gloo" by Glooscap out on the Happy Hippy record label.

All his equipment went to finance the venture. Ten per cent of the proceeds go to BIT. And if he breaks even on this one, he'll do another single or maybe even an album. Two autobiographical novels penned by him have won approval from friends he's shown them to, and so, at some stage, he intends to publish them himself.

Jimmy admits he'd like to make the money to get a five-acre farm. No fame, just some money and the opportunity to play his music for himself and others. Although I didn't ask him, I don't think he'd agree with a mutual friend's description of him as "the hippy's answer to punk rock."

Nevertheless he's remained idealistic and his followers have been buying and promoting his platter with enthusiasm. Vacant walls around London and up north are mysteriously acquiring enigmatic graffiti like IT'S GLOO THAT HOLDS THE QUARKS TOGETHER AND WITH GLOO ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE.

A friend up north has already shifted 200 discs and is asking for more. Murmurs on the grapevine have produced firm orders from remote parts, despite the fact he's had no press or advertising.

"Like Gloo" costs 50p (price includes free badge) from Happy Hippy Records, 97 Golborne Road, London W10.

□ DICK TRACY

THE DIRE EFFECTS OF BEING DUTCH

BARRY HAY'S strange visage, skin pulled tight almost as if he were born wearing a sheer 15 denier stocking over his head, crumples into laughter.

His body heaves weakly with the dazed subdued hysteria of someone who's been cooped up in a dressing room for hours, broken up by stints of miming under blazing TV lights, and who is now confronted with a channel for the monotony: a foreign journalist asking a lot of terribly serious questions.

Like: what makes Golden Earring think there's any point in playing one London gig and taping one *Supersonic* to plug "Bombay" when last year's 45 rpm masterpiece, "Sleepwalkin'", was promoted in identical fashion and didn't even get out of the starting blocks?



Me star in my country . . . BARRY HAY — Pic: JOE STEVENS.

Hay, the singer, and guitarist George Kooymans find that hilarious. "I don't think (splutter) we're very (choke) popular here," Hay explodes, giggling wildly at the understatement. "There's a lot of people who say we are . . ."

"We were," cuts in Kooymans, cradling his big Gibson three three something on his lap as he lolls back in the functional LWT chair. "But I don't know what *that* meant, because when were (popular) it didn't make sense either, you see, because we paid so much money to tour the country, the . . ."

He draws to a halt as his English gives up on him. You used to lose money?

"Yeah," he grins, nodding. "That's right! All the time. I mean it doesn't make any sense at all."

THERE ISN'T much that *does* make sense with Golden Earring. Our conversation drifts with as little co-ordination as their career, and they just seem to smile beatifically at their misfortune, laugh it off . . . and talk about their next album.

Their biggest misfortune is being Dutch. It's really not an advantage to a rock'n'roller, growing up in an alien cultural environment and then struggling to make it on foreign ground.

Another of Golden Earring's misfortunes, apparently, is that they are lazy. Having experienced badly promoted tours of this country, they would now rather sit at home and edit tapes of recent European triumphs for a projected live set than risk humiliation on the road in Britain. Hence just the one show at the Rainbow last week.

What they need is a manager. What they've got, having never really sorted anything out after Peter Rudge (who handled their affairs for a while following their "discovery" by The Who) got too busy, is one Frank Fenter, managing director of President Carter's local Capricorn Records.

They've never met.

And unless Fenter comes to them, they're unlikely to see much of each other; after lengthy tours of the USA failed to shift the excellent "To The Hilt", Earring have decided to wait for sales action on the new, and equally good, "Contraband" before revisiting the States.

When asked whether they wouldn't be better off moving there, or here, Hay and Kooymans start talking about their pets and their friends and

Well, actually they're set up in Holland, celebrities, and though their fame doesn't, they reckon, mean a thing elsewhere, they admit to living a reasonably "luxurious" life which they're reluctant to forfeit by changing their arms abroad.

They're happy enough.

A beatific hard rock band? They're one of the best in their field . . . and they made the best single of last year bar none, equal of "The Reaper" and "The Boys Are Back".

I was too ill to make their Rainbow gig, but if you did I hope you gave them some encouragement to risk a whole tour.

□ PHIL McNEILL

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"Whaddya mean, Posed?"

NICE AND CONFUSED

IT SEEMS that flamboyant Robert Palmer has already cornered Bryan Ferry's prospective American market as lounge-lizard-cum-young executive male model crooner.

In part this has been achieved by appearing on the American TV chat shows which are squeezed between interminable soap operas and big money quiz games.

The Mike Douglas Show is prime time viewing. This is how Mr Palmer fared in between plugging his latest album.

MD: Describe your music for us please.

RP: I've been doing it since I was 15. Playing in clubs up and down England; Tamla Motown and Ska music (the beginnings of Reggae music), and it's come out like this.

MD: It's unusual... it's funky to say the least. What a great word! It's wonderful.

RP: I'm pleased with it!

MD: In this country they tend to put labels on things, people. Years ago they called Sinatra 'The Voice', then they called Mel Tormé 'The Velvet Fog'. They're calling you 'The Matinee Idol of Rock'. Do you like that Bob?

RP: (embarrassed) S'All right...

MD: You look embarrassed when I say it.

RP: You get called all kinds of things. Some of 'em are nice and some of 'em are not. I might change my style tomorrow and come on in jeans and t-shirt.

MD: I think it's unusual that you wear a tie and a business suit...

RP: I like to dress up when I'm doing a show. It's nice.

MD: It's nice. I think it's beautiful. Are you overwhelmed by your acceptance in the States?

RP: Not overwhelmed. Most of the time I'm confused.

□ ROY CARR

In honour of all those 'old wavers' who struggled so valiantly etc, etc.

Sent by reader David Chambers of Derby, from The Times.

SALUTE TO 'BOMBER' HARRIS

A Bomber Command reunion dinner in honour of The Marshal of the R.A.F., Sir Arthur Harris, former C-in-C, Bomber Command, 1942-45, is to be held at Grosvenor House, London, on 10th April.

EDUCATION COMES ALIVE!

Introducing The Frampton Foundation

A BACCALAURIAT in Beam- ing? A Degree in Dishing out Dumb Dross to Dementoids?

Whatever or which way, Rich Happy Pop Star Peter Frampton has established a scholarship, to be known as the Peter Frampton Music Endowment Fund, which will enable students of exceptional contemporary musical talent at San Francisco State University to further their illustrious educations.

San Francisco was awarded the accolade because the mammoth (as in horrible and huge) hit album "Frampton Comes Alive" was recorded there.

Americans have already deluged the University with requests, pleas, and threats for the honour of becoming a Frampers protegee.

The Leering Limey is highly regarded amongst young Yanks, six million of whom own his records (without, incidentally, showing any other overt signs of mental disarray.)

Just like Johnny Appleseed, Frampers has left a trail of smiling faces in his wake, and none more merry than San Francisco State University President Dr Paul S Roberg. In fact, according to Peter's record company A & M, "Dr Roberg expressed his happiness openly."

What with Happy Frampers, Happy De Roberg and Happy Hopeful Applicants, the only petulant pouts are emitting from the direction of those nasty killjoys the taxmen, who are expected to receive the Curlytopped Cutie's act of charity with a jaundiced eye.

Julie Burchill



The way TONY BENYON sees it...

Leaves of Grass

JOVIAL LORD REVEALS HIS SMOKING HABITS

nient but erroneous link between hashish and assassination was only forged at a much later stage in history, presumably to fuel the arguments of anti-drug lobbyists.

POLICE IN Savannah, Georgia, claim an \$8,000 contract has been taken out against the star member of their Narcotics Department, a German Shepherd dog named Blitz.

This supermutt who only obeys commands given in his native German has in just 18 months sniffed out more than a ton of marijuana on trains which make a five-minute stopover at Savannah.

Lord Boothby gained a lot of laughs with his speech. "I have smoked cannabis," he said, "and I found it had absolutely no effect whatsoever, to my great disappointment." After detailing his various other excesses he continued, "There is a greater argument for prohibiting alcohol and cigarette smoking than there is for cannabis, but I shall continue to smoke heavily and to drink heavily." The House was amused.

On a more serious level, the main thrust of the Government's opposi-

tion came from Lord Harris, Minister of State for the Home Office, who raised two specific objections.

He claimed that to remove prison sentences for cannabis would have a remarkable effect. "Possession of cannabis, which was a Class B drug would not be imprisonable in any circumstances but possession of a Class C drug (Mandrax for instance) which was a less serious matter, would continue to be imprisonable."

His more fundamental objection was that the amendment proposed removing imprisonment not only for first offenders but also for subsequent convictions.

I understand that when these proposals come up for their third reading in the Lords in a week or two, they will be altered to cover first offenders only, in order to stifle this objection. At a later stage, when the amendment reaches the House of Commons, it will then be re-introduced, a move that will coincide with a mass lobby of MPs organised by Release.

Dave Dimler of Release claimed to be "very pleased with the result, although we lost." He pointed out that when amendments to the cannabis laws were last proposed in 1971 by Lord Foot, only 25 peers supported the motion. Last Thursday

the figure was 77 — just six short of the opposing forces.

RECENT MOVES in the States by the new Carter administration add weight to the general trend away from repressive cannabis legislation.

Plans are afoot to lift the severe penalties for possessing and selling small amounts of cannabis, which at present can land you five years in jail and/or \$15,000 maximum fine in some states.

Already many American states have taken this path, making possession no more serious than a parking offence, with interesting results. In

KEITH STROUP, director of NORML, the Playboy financed organisation which is the strongest voice in the American campaign to alter the marijuana laws, received an unexpected donation in the form of a suitcase stuffed with \$10,000 in \$10 and \$20 bills.

Delivered anonymously to their Washington HQ it contained a note claiming the money was a gift from 'The Confederation', an association of independent marijuana, hashish and hashish oil smugglers, ton dealers, growers, transporters and workers. "Last year we could have given 100 times this," said the note.

"But since then the molecular totalitarianism of the ruling class has seriously depleted our resources. Nevertheless, we will attempt to continue to keep America high."

California, for example, which decriminalised on January 1st 1976, it has been estimated that at least \$25 million in law enforcement resources has been saved in the first year, with no evidence to suggest a sharp increase in cannabis smoking.

Moves are now afoot to take the situation a stage further by introducing into the California Assembly a bill concerning cultivation. Its main point is to remove the illegalities from growing your own by making the maximum sentence for growing up to six marijuana plants, a fine of \$100.

□ Dick Tracey

LONE GROOVER



BENYON

Scurrilous press rumours unfounded

PERSONALLY, my dears, Velda can't stand that dreadful programme *Charlie's Angels*, but if I am to believe a story in the *National Enquirer* they don't need my patronage for **HRH Queen Elizabeth** (Ma'am to her friends) and **HRH Prince Philip** are devoted fans.

According to the *Enquirer*, *Charlie's Angels* received a letter from the royal couple saying how much they enjoyed the show and requesting an autographed photo of the three ladies.

I couldn't believe it, so I had to check with the press office of Buckingham House. "We know nothing about it," said a lady with a plum-in-mouth accent (if she hadn't been in the Antipodes, I'd have sworn it was Brenda herself on the line).

Ah, the relief my dears.

I WAS astounded, my dears, when I read a report in the *Daily Express* that **Elton John's** romance with **Melanie Greene**, 17, was growing ever more serious since EJ's mother was to visit the young lady in Switzerland.

Flabbergasted my dears, because I never truly believed that this Melanie creature existed (show me a picture of her with Elton and I might).

Surely **Cathy McGowan**, one-time compere of *Ready Steady Go!* is his only true love.

After all is it not Cathy who accompanies him to Watford FC testimonial dinners and Cathy who plays *hostess* when he throws intimate dinner parties at his mansion in the country?

I was most relieved when I checked with Elton's press officer and discovered the tale was a pack of lies.

"They phoned me up to confirm the story and I



LOVELINES by VELDA DACQUIRI

checked and found out Elton's mother was not intending to go to Switzerland, nor had he already been.

"But they printed the story just the same. What can you do?"

Get Cathy to phone them up dear.

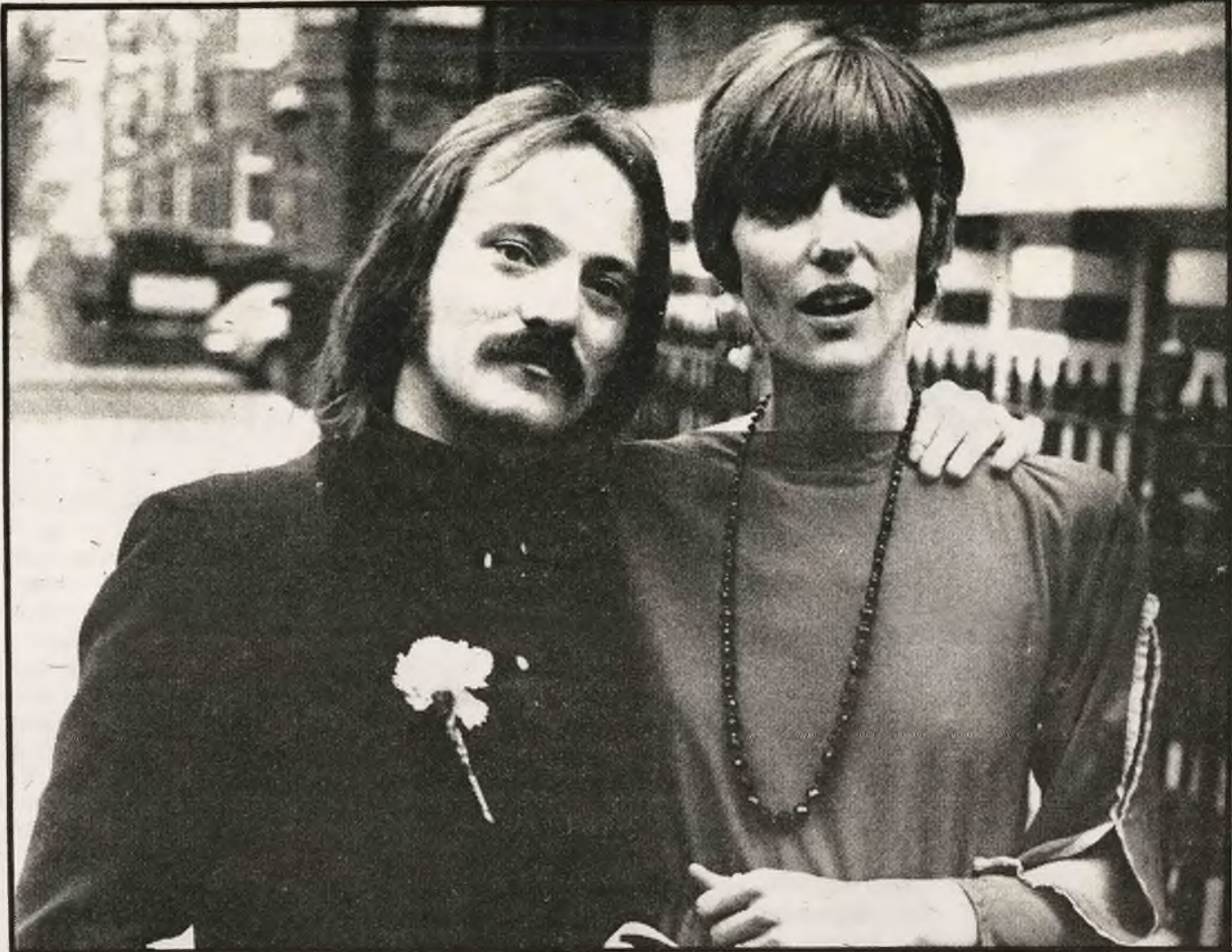
I AM TOLD **Steve Marriott's** new wife, **Pam**, turned up 15 minutes late for their wedding ceremony at Kensington registry office last week.

All because her dog got out the house and refused to come when he was called.

Maybe he was a trifle *picqued* at being passed over as a pageboy?

THE CONTINUING saga of **Cher Allman**, **Gregg Allman**, **Sonny Bono** and girlfriend **Suzie Coelho** is continuing.

Story so far: Sonny, tired of



Steve Marriott says a silent prayer that our photograph stops short of showing his absolutely awful patchwork jeans as he poses with bride, American model Pam Stevens, after their wedding last week. Pic: ELAINE BRYANT/LFI.

waiting for ex-wife to separate from Gregg Allman has at last asked his long time girlfriend Suzie to marry him.

According to *The Star* magazine the marriage will take place in the next few months. (But can you believe what you read in the papers?)

Meanwhile, lovely Cher last week announced she has finally split from Gregg (if you think you've heard it before my dears, you have, it's the third time they've split in their 20 months of marriage), and is seeking property rights and support for their seven-month-old son, **Elijah Blue**.

Will Sonny and Cher get back together again? Will Gregg and Suzie for a lonely hearts club?

Does anyone care?

I'll keep you informed, my angels.

I UNDERSTAND **Bobby Dylan** has wasted no time since the split with his wife **Sara** in seeking new female company. I won't name all the companions; suffice to say **Joni Mitchell's** name has been romantically linked with the Zee.

Meanwhile, back in their peculiar house, I can report his estranged wife **Sara** is oft seen pottering around the garden.

Talking to the plants or contemplating the alimony I wonder?

Do they need mother care?

COULD IT be true that budding British rock band **The Babys** had been kidnapped from under the nose of their manager in that wonderful West Coast City of the Angels?

Well, that was the hot story from our man on the spot.

Seems that the band's manager, **Adrian Miller**, was called away to Monterey on a business trip, leaving his babes in the tender care of a reputable hotel.

But when Miller returned several days later he learned the band were missing.

And the circumstances of their disappearance were, to say the least, mysterious.

Mr Miller was a very worried man who became even more anxious the following day, when still unable to locate his charges, persons unknown broke into his hotel room, ripped off the Babys' passports and a customs document for their equipment.

"Babysnatched!" Yelled **Adrian**.

So he made a radio appeal to their supposed captors request-

ing their release ("we promise not to make any more dreadful albums"), and then filed a missing persons report with the cops.

Even the LA office of their record company, **Chrysalis**, didn't know the whereabouts of the band.

Soon all became clear, when a Baby telephoned Miller and allegedly informed him he'd been blown out.

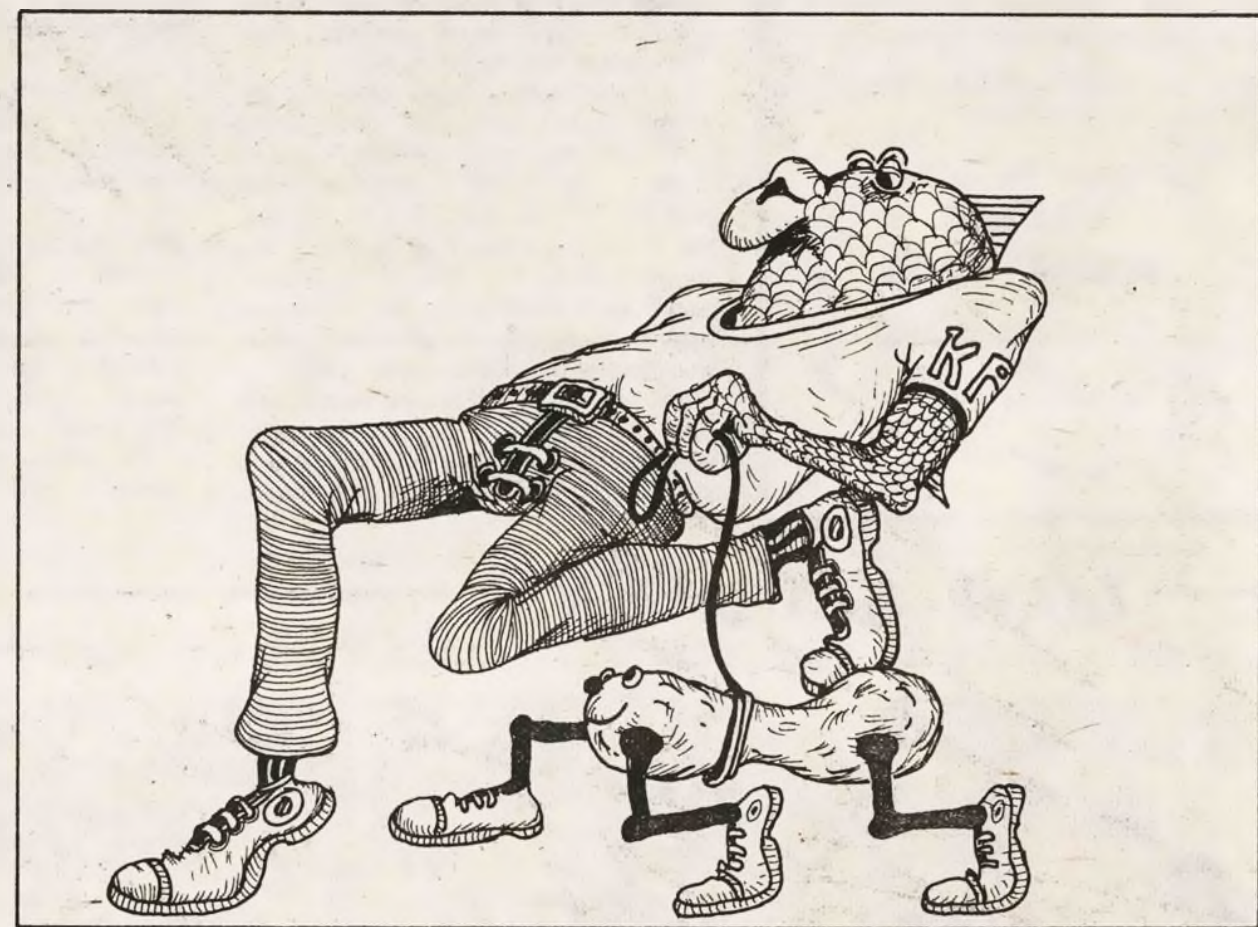
And a lady friend of the group's, **Linda Lyon**, confirmed this to *Thrills*, explaining the band had dashed off to Malibu to hide from Miller, while their lawyers unravel the contractual problems.

Far from being held against their will, in late April they'll play three nights at the Whiskey in LA.

The London office of **Chrysalis** were unable to confirm this report at press time, but a spokesman commented, "We are aware that **The Babys** and their management are in a state of disagreement."

TONY STEWART

The Peripatetic Peanut?



Cartoon: Benyon

HOT ON the heels of vivacious **Pet Rock** and the scintillating **Pet Sand Grain** comes the sparkling **Pet Peanut**.

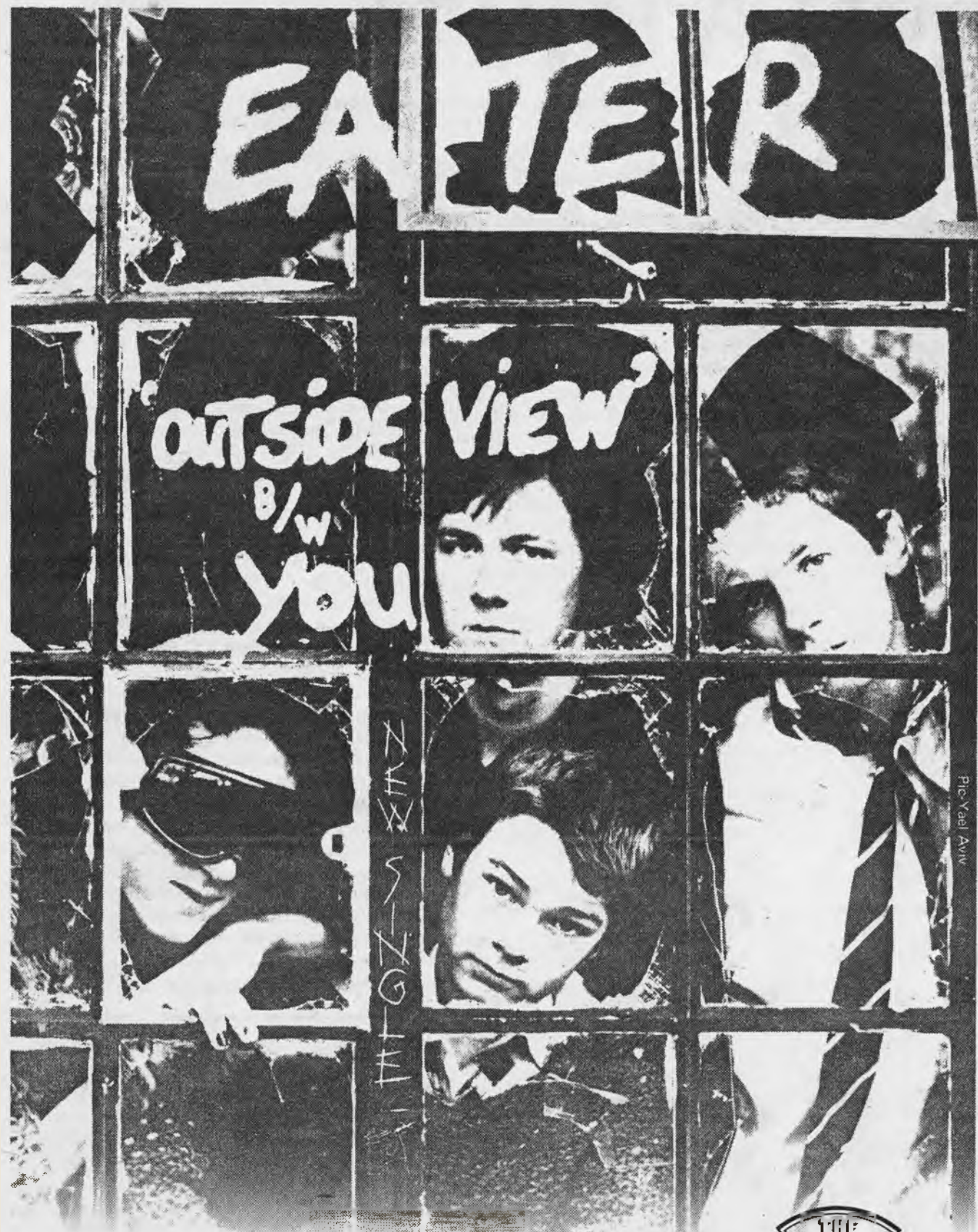
Yeah, goldfish are cuter — but you can't take a goldfish for walks.

Unlike the tasty invention of 27-year-old car salesman **Denny Armstrong**, of Overland Park, Kansas, who's looking to make a coof million from this fun pet.

The Peanut will come ready housed in a red, white and blue cardboard box — perforated, of course, to permit Peanut to respire comfortably.

Mr Armstrong hopes to sell three million **Pet Peanuts**.

JULIE BURCHILL



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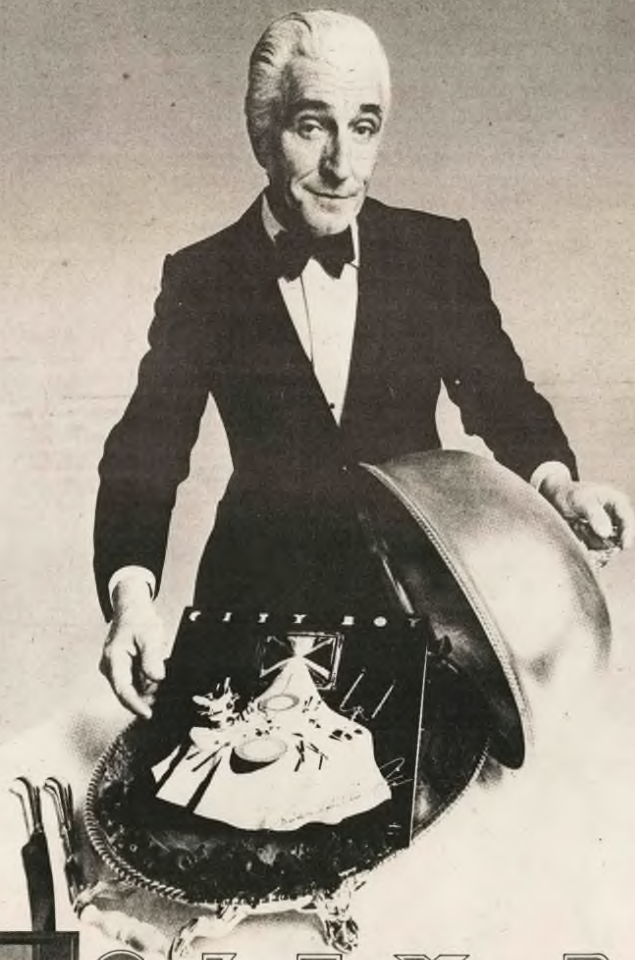


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MARCH 12	N. HERTS COLLEGE, HITCHIN
MARCH 13	SKINDLES, MAIDENHEAD
MARCH 17	LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY
MARCH 18	SALFORD UNIVERSITY
MARCH 19	QUEEN MARGARET'S COLLEGE, GLASGOW
MARCH 22	"WOODS", PLYMOUTH
MARCH 23	ABERYSTWYTH UNIVERSITY
MARCH 24	COLLEGE OF EDUCATION, WALSALL
MARCH 25	N. STAFFS POLYTECHNIC
MARCH 27	ROUNDHOUSE, LONDON
MARCH 28	EXETER UNIVERSITY



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

THE WHITE MUSIC room in Jack Bruce's baronial mansion exudes an impersonal air of rigid orderliness which reveals much about the owner's character.

Furniture and miscellaneous musical tools gleam with the efforts of houseproud elbow grease, and almost everything is neatly in place. On the highly polished floorboards stately stands an immaculate grand piano in such good condition that it discourages idle tampering.

And the only sign of untidiness is an acoustic bass casually laid to rest by the french windows — and a reel-to-reel tape machine, with wires strewn over the floor, carelessly plonked in a corner.

Over the last two years Bruce has surmounted a particularly painful personal crisis, physically pulled himself together, recorded "How's Tricks", his first album since '74, and formed, at last, another band.

He looks healthier and happier too.

There's a well-furnished podginess about his belly and face, and he seems glad to be at home with his family. His wife Janet rolls into the room with mugs of tea and a plate of biscuits, and occasionally Jack pops off to a room at the back of the house where there's a quiet birthday celebration for one of his two young sons.

The domestic tranquility of his home, without pretension or garish ornamentation, is also indicative of Bruce's wish to relinquish attention as a celebrity: the vanquished superstar.

"I've never wanted to be a household face or name," he explains modestly. "I'd avoid that kind of thing. We got a bit close with Cream, but fortunately it split up before it became too much of a drag. I like to live the kind of life I want to live, and not have a certain kind of life forced on me."

"I'd rather be faceless, as it were," he chuckles.

If, that is, people will let him.

IRONICALLY, on his last outing a little over two years ago, Jack was acclaimed as the only true saviour of rock 'n' roll by certain critics (when he formed the now-famous band featuring Carla Bley and Mick Taylor). One writer was even rash enough to declare that, with this ensemble, "rock will stop living in the past."

But journalistic optimism was so indiscriminating that few writers were able to see the delicacy of the band's personality structure. They were, as it turned out, a fantastic supergroup in theory only — the individual members having such powerful and aggressive egos that they were unable to discover a complementary musical greatness between them.

Until now these troubled days have remained an unexplained and perplexing mystery, further distorted by conflicting and scurrilous rumours.

As we sit in his white room, nibbling digestives and sipping steaming tea, Bruce is gingerly apprehensive because he doubtless expects these sensitive and unwelcome topics to be introduced into the conversation. And when one is, he's taciturn, or, at his most animated, warily non-committal.

Jack, what happened to the Bley-Taylor outfit?

"It was just . . . " He hesitates. " . . . let me see . . . I think, really, I was a bit strong for most of the band. I feel you have to put a lot of energy into something, but . . . well, not everybody, but some members of the band didn't seem to want to do it that way. So that led to personality type clashes."



I am not a musical snob.

They wanted to drag you down?

He turns sharply at the question and glares. "Well, if you want to put it that way, yes."

"It's just a different approach really," he rationalises mildly. "I feel that music is energy, and you should put as much energy as you have at the time into it."

"I don't mean play frantically fast all the time; it's emotional energy I'm talking about. Really be involved. Don't stand back and watch yourself play. Let the music carry you along."

"Which is what I've always done."

"And I think it was difficult for some members to do that."

WHATEVER EFFECT the collapse of the group had on Bruce is uncertain still. He's reticent to explain in any detail the distress he was suffering personally at that time, and he'll only refer to it obliquely when drawn on the subject.

This of course is understandable, because he clearly feels it is past, and painful, history, and he now has a new group into which to channel his hopes and enthusiasm.

Strangely, though, he also acknowledges that the music is, if not revealingly autobiographical because of his close friendship with his lyricist partner Pete Brown, then certainly reflective of his mental state. This being the case, "Out Of The Storm" must express a great deal more about him during that time than any amount of deliberately cloaked answers now.

It was a disturbing album: in part threateningly subdued, but with several tracks that had the piston hammering of harsh chords, disharmony, and chilling guitar motifs over skeletal riffs. And it all suggested considerable personal turmoil on Bruce's part.

"Well, yeah . . . actually I was in a bit of mental turmoil," he explains. "Physical turmoil as well."

Then, abashed slightly, he digresses and explains that "How's Tricks" is more joyful, similar in approach to his first album, "Songs For A Tailor". Continuing his explanation of the symbolism of his past work, he says that "Harmony

Protests sensitive, nervous, digestive-nibbling, snout nicking JACK BRUCE

Row" was an attempt to write a song cycle about growing up in Glasgow.

So, was "Out Of The Storm" symbolic as well?

"Yes, it was," he answers tersely.

Of what?

"I don't know if I'd like to go into it too much," he murmurs with a nervous chuckle. "You know, confessions. I don't think that would really be the right thing to do."

"It was certainly a time when I was into and out of certain things. But . . . err . . . I've been quite together for some time, and I think the music that I've been writing shows that."

Few people have, until the release of "Tricks", heard much of Jack's music for the past couple of years, and as he's been without a band and off the road, it would be interesting to discover what kind of stimulation he had for this new writing.

"Oh, from just being alive," he answers almost flippantly. "Having been through certain phases and learning from them and being grateful to be alive . . . err . . . it's not difficult to find stimuli."

"Also, travelling I find is good. You know, things like that. Just generally being here on the planet. Being aware."

By saying you're glad to be alive suggests you've been close to death.

"Yes, I have been near to death quite often, in different ways. But I don't want to be morbid," he snorts with that same nervous laugh, abruptly sitting erect. "Can I nick one of your cigarettes? Get me that much nearer to death."

"Sometimes," he reflects as he relaxes, drawing the fag

smoke deep into his lungs, "I can't believe I'm still here, and playing. It's great to have been through all this and still have the opportunity to do it all again."

THE CHANGE in Bruce's attitude, and the rejuvenation he's experienced, is predictably enough reflected in both the structure of his new band and in the music of their new album.

By working with Hughie Burns, Tony Hymas and Simon Phillips, who're all comparatively unknown musos, Bruce has dropped any pretensions of mixing with only rock's elite. Their "How's Tricks" album is direct, unornamented music that interestingly has its strength in simple melody, occasionally re-examining Bruce's own rock 'n' roll and blues roots. It's a safe foundation on which to develop.

Not surprisingly, the band came about almost accidentally. After the BB&T outfit disbanded, Bruce visited America twice in a fruitless attempt to find suitable accomplices for a future project, which even involved a few unproductive sessions with Nicky Hopkins.

"On my return from the States," he explains, "I decided the only thing to do to keep myself going was to make another solo album, although I didn't really want to do that again. I wanted to play with a band."

"I just felt I had done as much as I could within my own limitations as a solo artist. It's a tremendous amount of work doing a solo album, overdubbing 40 sets of voices and so

on. So I wanted to be part of a band again, because it's a lot easier, and I think the best music can be produced by the meeting of minds, rather than one single mind."

"Obviously the more heads you have together the better it's going to be. Although," he remarks pointedly, "a few people don't fit into that category."

He asked Burns to assist him, and he in turn told Jack he was thinking of forming a band with the other two, who're also busy session players. And so the four got together and agreed to record. "How's Tricks" took three weeks to make: the fastest Bruce has ever worked, apart from doing Cream albums in five days and actually recording a Graham Bond LP in three hours.

"Well, I like challenges, Bruce understates, "and it's obviously a challenge to break in a new band. But it wasn't really a question of breaking in these guys; they just seemed to pick it up right away."

"They play the songs from my solo albums, for instance, much better than they were played on the actual originals, mainly because I took too much on my own back, playing all the keyboards and, you know, trying to do everything. But that was because it was difficult to find people who'd interrupt things the way I wanted them."

"But these guys are really tremendous in that way."

DURING a career which now spans at least 17 years, Bruce has played with the finest, and now universally respected, musicians. In the 60s he was with three seminal bands: Alex Korner's Blues Incorporated, The Graham Bond Organisation and Mayall's Bluesbreakers. Similarly, in the 70s he worked with Lifetime, the Larry Coryell Band, and formed his own groups which featured, among others, Art Themen and Chris Spedding.

Particularly after Cream in the late 60s, he was consciously attempting to develop music through a series of workshop fulcrums.

"There were," he says, "a lot of avenues open to me which would have been commercially very successful, but rather than do that I

wanted to play with people I admired, and learn more."

Only occasionally would he temporarily lose sight of this purpose by choosing a comparatively absurd format: most notably West, Bruce and Laing who were (unfairly, according to him) critically clobbered as a retrograde surrogate Cream. Yet in his solo work he refused to compromise.

Unlike other contemporary bas ists like Jaco Pastorius and Stanley Clarke whose albums, superb though they are, have sometimes been introverted explorations into playing technique, each of Bruce's five sets have relentlessly exposed the multifarious aspects of his musicianship. He has experimented in his vocal and playing style, but more importantly, developed song patterns and forms with often outrageously adventurous consequences.

Now, he has deliberately made "How's Tricks" more accessible for the listener with this more direct approach.

"I was a less accessible person before," he justified, "so my music came out that way. But I'm more mature as an individual now, and I think the music is that way too. Having played this album to various people they seem to get off on a lot of the tracks immediately, whereas before they'd be nonplussed. But I think every track on this album is fairly immediate."

"Before, it was a question of trying to write things that would last. Most of the average chord sequences are so similar, for instance, that you could write hundreds of songs like that. But I've always wanted to write better things."

"And I've found that this has been successful, because people can still listen to 'Songs For A Tailor'. Whereas most albums you can play a few times and you may go back to them, but with the exception of the really classic ones, they contain a heap of things you never play."

"So that was my intention: to make worthwhile, rather than instant, music."

"Musicians who listen to my things enjoy it," he continues with a deprecatory laugh, "so that's a bad sign. But, possibly, in a way it's a bit unfair not to hone down your material so that a large number of people can enjoy it."

"Having not worked in such cloistered circumstances with this album has helped a lot, and the other three guys have also helped in keeping it simple. I don't really think you should play down to audiences, that's a big mistake. You've got a duty to try and . . . it sounds a bit presumptuous . . . but you have to try and raise standards. I've always felt that."

"In some ways they have been. I'm not saying there's a great deal in *Top Of The Pops* that I've got respect for, but in another strata people are willing to listen to a lot of different things; which is very good."

"But I'm not," he asserts defensively, "a musical snob or anything."

Has he, though, forsaken his values and copped out?

Does he still possess the pioneering spirit for the resolute pursuit of musical growth that he's had throughout his career?

"In a certain way I do still have that," he answers, "but not in such a drastic way. Those sort of things only happen; you can't plan them. The Cream thing happened because the time was right. We didn't deliberately set out to do anything except play music, and it just worked out that way."

"The same thing goes for, say, The Beatles or the Stones. I don't think they deliberately tried to change the world, but in fact they did."

"I'm not suggesting I'm going to," he adds, laughing lightly. "I'm just going to play and enjoy it."

Letting the music carry him away: TONY STEWART

"I TAIN'T PUNK, IT AIN'T NEW WAVE, it's the next step and the logical progression for groups to move in. Call it what you want — all the terms stink. Just call it rock 'n' roll . . ."

You don't know what total commitment is until you've met Mick Jones of The Clash.

He's intense, emotional, manic-depressive and plays lead guitar with the kind of suicidal energy that some musicians lose and most musicians never have. His relationship with Joe Strummer and Paul Simonon is the love/hate intensity that you only get with family.

"My parents never . . . the people involved with The Clash are my family . . ."

THE CLASH and me are sitting around a British Rail table in one of those railway station cafes where the puce-coloured paint on the wall is peeling and lethargic non-white slave labour serves you tea that tastes like cat urine.

Joe Strummer is an ex-101er and the mutant offspring of Bruce Lee's legacy — a no-bullshit sense of tough that means he can talk about a thrashing he took a while back from some giant, psychotic Teddy Boy without the slightest pretension, self-pity or sense of martyrdom.

"I was too pissed to deal with it and he got me in the toilets for a while," Joe says.

"I had a knife with me and I shoulda stuck it in him, right? But when it came to it I remember vaguely thinking that it wasn't really worth it coz although he was battering me about the floor I was too drunk for it to hurt that much and if I stuck my knife in him I'd probably have to do a few years . . ."

When The Clash put paint-splashed slogans on their family-created urban battle fatigues such as "Hate And War" it's not a cute turnaround of a flowery spiel from ten years ago — it's a brutally honest comment on the environment they're living in.

They've had aggravation with everyone from Teds to students to Anglo-rednecks, all of them frightened pigs attacking what they can't understand. But this ain't the summer of love and The Clash would rather be kicked into hospital than flash a peace sign and turn the other cheek.

"We ain't ashamed to fight," Mick says.

"We should carry spray cans about with us," Paul Simonon suggests.

He's the spike-haired bass-player with considerable pulling power. Even my kid sister fancies him. He's from a South London ex-skinhead background; white stay-press Levi strides, highly polished DM boots, button-down Ben Sherman shirt, thin braces, eighth-of-an-inch cropped hair and over the football on a Saturday running with The Shed because for the first time in your life the society that produced you was terrified of you.

And it made you feel good . . .

Sten-guns in Knights-bridge??

Paul came out of that, getting into rock 'n' roll at the start of last year and one of the first bands he ever saw was The Sex Pistols. Pure late-Seventies rock, Paul Simonon. In Patti Smith's estimation he rates alongside Keef and Rimbaud. He knew exactly what he was doing when he named the band The Clash . . .

"THE HOSTILITIES," Mick Jones calls the violent reactions they often provoke.

"Or maybe those Lemon Squeezers," Paul says, seeking the perfect weapon for protection when trouble starts and you're outnumbered ten to one.

The rodent-like features of their shaven-headed ex-jailbird roadie known, among other things, as Rodent break into a cynical smirk.

"Don't get it on their drapes otherwise they get really mad," he quips.

He went along to see The Clash soon after his release from prison. At the time he was carrying a copy of "Mein Kampf" around with him. Prison can mess up your head.

Strummer, in his usual manner of abusive honesty, straightened him out. Rodent's been with them ever since and sleeps on the floor of their studio.

The Clash demand total dedication from everyone involved with the band, a sense of responsibility that must never be betrayed no matter what internal feuds, ego-clashes or personality crisis may go down. Anyone who doesn't have that attitude will not remain with The Clash for very long and that's the reason for the band's biggest problem — they ain't got a drummer.

The emotive Mick explodes at the mention of this yawning gap in the line-up and launches into a stream-of-consciousness expletive-deleted soliloquy with talk of drummers who bottled out of broken glass confrontations, drummers whose egos outweighed their creative talent, drummers who are going to get their legs broken.

"Forget it, it's in the past now," Joe tells him quietly, with just a few words cooling out Mick's anger and replacing it with something positive. "If any

drummer thinks he can make it then we wanna know."

"We're going to the Pistols' gig tonight to find a new drummer!" Mick says excitedly. "But they gotta prove themselves," he adds passionately. "They gotta believe in what's happening. And they gotta tell the truth . . ."

THE BAND and Rodent have their passport photos taken in a booth on the station. Four black and white shots for twenty pence.

They pool their change and after one of them has had the necessary two pictures taken the next one dives in quickly to replace him before the white flash explodes.

When you're on twenty-five quid a week the stories of one quarter of a million dollars for the cocaine bill of a tax exile Rock Establishment band seem like a sick joke.

The Human Freight of the London Underground rush hour regard, The Clash with a culture-shock synthesis of hate, fear, and suspicion.

The Human Freight have escaped the offices and are pouring out to the suburbs until tomorrow. Stacked haunch to paunch in an atmosphere of stale sweat, bad breath and city air the only thing that jolts them out of their usual mood of apathetic surrender is the presence of The Clash.

Because something's happening here but The Human Freight don't know what it is . . .

"Everybody's doing just what they're told / Nobody wants to go to jail / White Riot / I wanna Riot / White Riot / A Riot of me own! / Are you taking over or are you taking orders? / Are you going backwards or are you going forwards?"

"White Riot" and The Sound Of The Westway, the giant inner city flyover and the futuristic backdrop for this country's first major race riot since 1959.

Played with the speed of The Westway, a GBH treble that is as impossible to ignore as the police siren that opens the single or the alarm bell that closes it.

Rock'n'roll for the late Nineteen Seventies updating their various influences (Jones — the New York Dolls, MC5, Stooges, vintage Stones; Simonon — Pistols, Ramones, Heartbreakers; and Strummer, totally eclectic) and then adding something of their very own. The sense of flash of beach-fighting Mods speeding through three weekend nights non-stop coupled with an ability to write songs of contemporary urban imagery that are a perfect reflection of the life of any kid who came of age in the Seventies.

The former makes The Clash live raw-nerve electric, a level of excitement generated that can only be equalled by one other band — Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers.

The latter makes The Clash, or maybe specifically Jones and Strummer (as Simonon has only recently started writing), the fulfilment of the original aim of the New Wave, Punk Rock, whatever; that is, to write songs about late Seventies British youth culture with the accuracy, honesty, perception and genuine anger that Elvis, Beatles or The Rolling Stones or any others in the Rock Establishment could never do now that they're closer to members of the Royal Family or face-lift lard-arse movie stars than they are to you or me . . .

BUT SO MANY bands coming through now are churning out clichéd platitudes and political nursery rhymes. The Blank Generation is the antithesis of what The Clash are about . . .

Strummer and Jones disagree on



the best environment for a new band to develop and keep growing.

Joe thinks it's all too easy right now and having to fight every inch of the way when the band was formed a year ago is the healthiest situation — whereas Mick believes in giving every help and encouragement possible while being totally honest with bands who are just not delivering the goods.

"I'm as honest as I can be," he shouts over the roar of the tube train. "All the new groups sound like drones and I ain't seen a good new group for six months. Their sound just ain't exciting, they need two years . . ."

The sound of The Clash has evolved, with their experience this year in the recording studio first with Polydor when they were dangling a contract, and more recently recording their first album after CBS snapped them up at the eleventh hour.

The change in the sound first struck me as a regulation of energy, exerting a razor-sharp adrenalin control over their primal amphetamine rush. It created a new air of tension added to the ever-present manic drive that has always existed in their music, The Sound Of The Westway . . .

And, of course, the subtle-yet-indefinite shift in emphasis is perfect for the feeling that's in the air in the United Kingdom, one quarter of 1977 already gone:

"In 1977 you're on the never-never / You think it can't go on forever / But the papers say it's better / I don't care / Coz I'm not all there / No Elvis, Beatles or the Rolling Stones / In 1977."

"1977", the other side of the single.

The CLASH napalm Cheltenham.

ends with the three-pronged attack shouting in harmonies derived from football terraces: "1984!"

THE PRESSURE. That's what they call the heavy atmosphere in Jamaica, the feeling in the air that very soon, something has got to change . . .

The Jamaican culture is highly-revered by The Clash. They hang out in black clubs, pick up reggae import singles in shops where it ain't really wise for them to tread and express their disgust at the undeniable fact that in the poor working-class areas of London where they grew up and still live the blacks are treated even worse than the whites.

But, ultimately, they know that White Youth needs its own sense of identity, culture and heritage if they're going to fight for change.

A riot of their own . . . But can the masses take to the incisive reality of what The Clash are about the way they lap up the straight-ahead rock bands who push nothing more than having a good time?

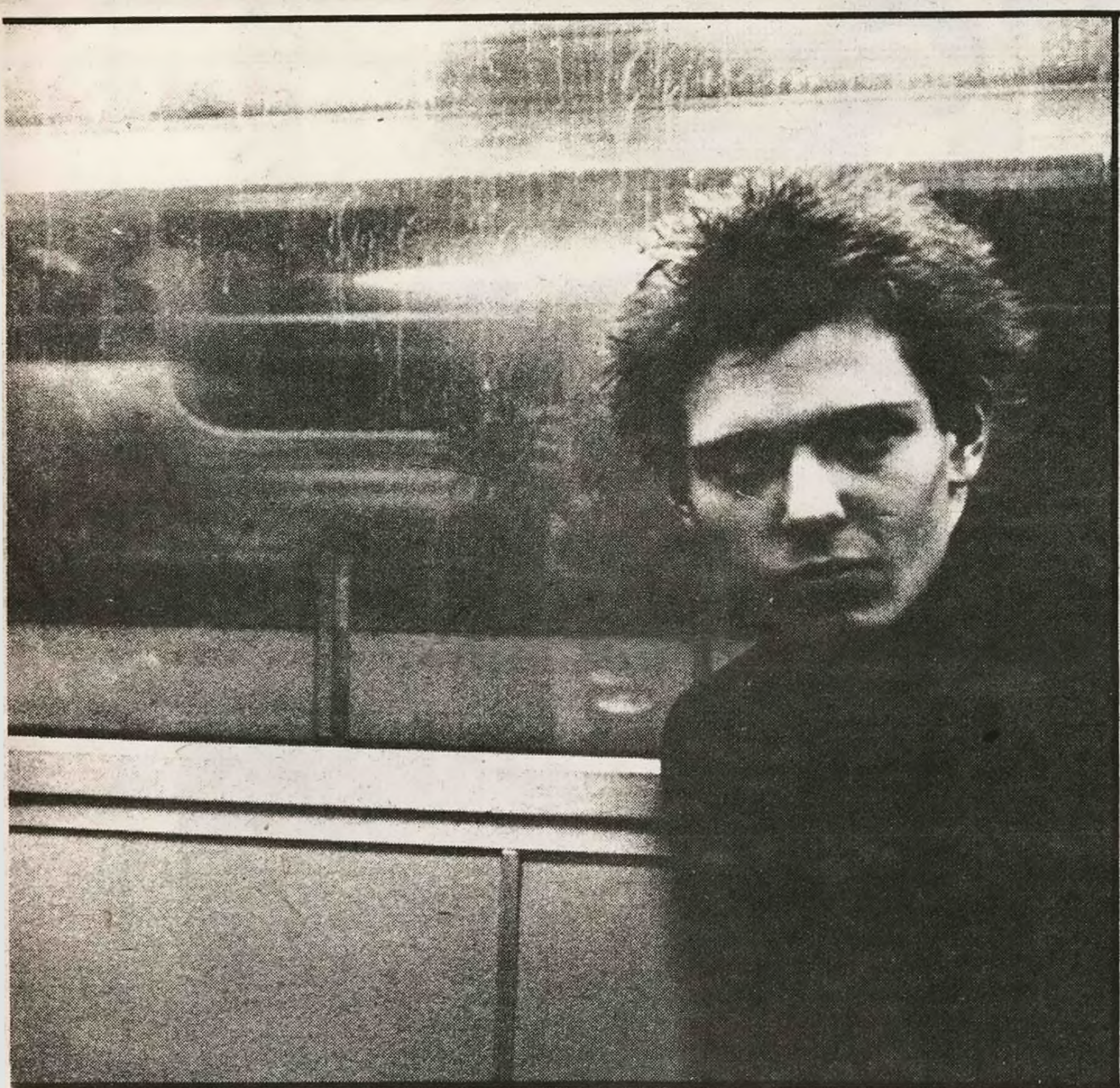
"Maybe the reason those bands are so big is because they don't say anything," Mick says. "But we ain't



JOE STRUMMER



MICK JONES



TONY PARSONS was there.

gonna preach and sound like some evangelist."

I mention to Joe what happened when he walked on stage at Leeds Poly for the first gig that actually happened on the Pistols' Anarchy tour.

He said a few words before the band went into the set that they'd been burning to play for weeks about how the gutter press hysteria, local council butchery and Mary Whitehouse mentality of The Great British people was preventing certain young rock bands getting on stage and playing for the people who wanted to see them.

I remember him saying that 1984 seemed to have arrived early as the Leeds Poly students bawled abuse at him.

With the minds and manners of barnyard pigs the over-grown school-children conveyed the message that they didn't give a shit.

"I think they'll take to us, but it'll take time," Joe says. "But I don't want to go towards them at all, I don't wanna start getting soft around the edges."

"I don't want to compromise... I think they'll come round in time but if they don't it's too bad."

"We ain't never gonna get commercial respectability," Mick says, both anger and despair in his voice.

Paul Simonon takes it all in and then ponders the nearest station that has a bar on the platform.

THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE between their attitudes to, how you say, Making It.

Strummer is confident, determined, arrogant and sometimes violent in the face of ignorant opposition (a couple of months back in a club car park he faced an American redneck-rock band with just his blade for support).

Mick Jones is a rock equivalent to a Kamikaze pilot. All or nothing.

The Clash gives him both the chance to pour out his emotional turmoil and offer an escape route from the life the assembly-line education the country gave him had primed him for.

When a careers officer at school spends five minutes with you and tells you what you're gonna do with your life for the next fifty years. More fodder for the big corporations and the dole.

Mick is beating them at their own game by ignoring all the rules.

"Someone locked me out so I kicked me way back in," he declares in "Hate And War".

His uncanny resemblance to a young Keef Richard allowed him to relieve an early identity problem by adopting the lookalike con-trick which fools no-one but yourself. Then he met Strummer who told him he was wearing a Keith Richard identikit

as though he had bought it in a shop.

"I got my self-respect in this group," Mick says. "I don't believe in guitar heros. If I walk out to the front of the stage it's because I wanna reach the audience, I want to communicate with them. I don't want them to suck my guitar off..."

And Paul Simonon: total hedonist.

His fondest memories of the Anarchy tour are hotel room parties and broken chairs, things trod into the carpet and girls who got you worried because you thought they were gonna die like Jimi Hendrix if they didn't wake up. He's a member of The Clash because they're the best band in the country and it gets him laid a lot.

So what did they learn from the Anarchy tour, so effectively butchered by the self-righteous Tin Gods who pull the strings?

"I learned that there's no romance in being on the road," Mick says.

"I learned that there's lots," Joe smiles.

"I learned that if they don't want you to play they can stop you," Joe says seriously. "And no-one's gonna raise any fuss..."

"For the first four days we were confined to our rooms because the *News Of The World* was next door," Mick continues.

"We thought — shall we go out there with syringes stuck in our arms just to get 'em going? Yeah, and furniture seemed to have labels saying, 'Please smash me' or 'Out The Window, Please'."

And when they finally got to play, the minds in the Institutes Of Further Education were as narrow as those in Fleet Street. So Strummer gave them

something — even though they were too blind to see it...

"This one's for all you students," he sneered before The Clash tore into the song that they wrote about Joe being on the dole for so long that The Department Of Employment (sic) wanted to send him to rehabilitation to give him back the confidence that they assumed the dole must have destroyed, together with Mick's experience working for the Social Security office in West London, and, as the most junior employee, being told to open all the mail during the time of the IRA letter-bombs.

The song is called "Career Opportunities":

"Career Opportunities / The ones that never knock / Every job they offer you / Is to keep ya out the dock / Career Opportunities. / They offered me the office / They offered me the shop / They said I'd better take ANYTHING THEY GOT. / 'Do you wanna make tea for the BBC? / Do you wanna be, do you wanna be a cop?' / I hate the army and I hate the RAF / You won't get me fighting in the tropical heat / I hate the Civil Service rules / And I ain't gonna open letter bombs for you!"

"MOST BANDS and writers who talk about the dole DUNNO WHAT THE DOLE IS!" Mick shouts.

"They've never been on the dole in their life. But the dole is only hard if you've been conditioned to think you've gotta have a job... then it's sheer degradation."

"The Social Security made me open the letters during the letter bomb time because I looked subversive. Most of the letters the Social Security get are from the people who live next door saying their neighbours don't need the money. The whole thing works on spite."

"One day an Irish guy that they had treated like shit and kept waiting for three hours picked up a wooden bench and put it through the window into Praed Street."

Mick shakes his head in disgust at the memory of the way our great Welfare State treats its subjects.

"Every time I didn't have a job I was down there — waiting. And they degrade the black youth even more. They have to wait even longer. No-one can tell me there ain't any prejudice..."

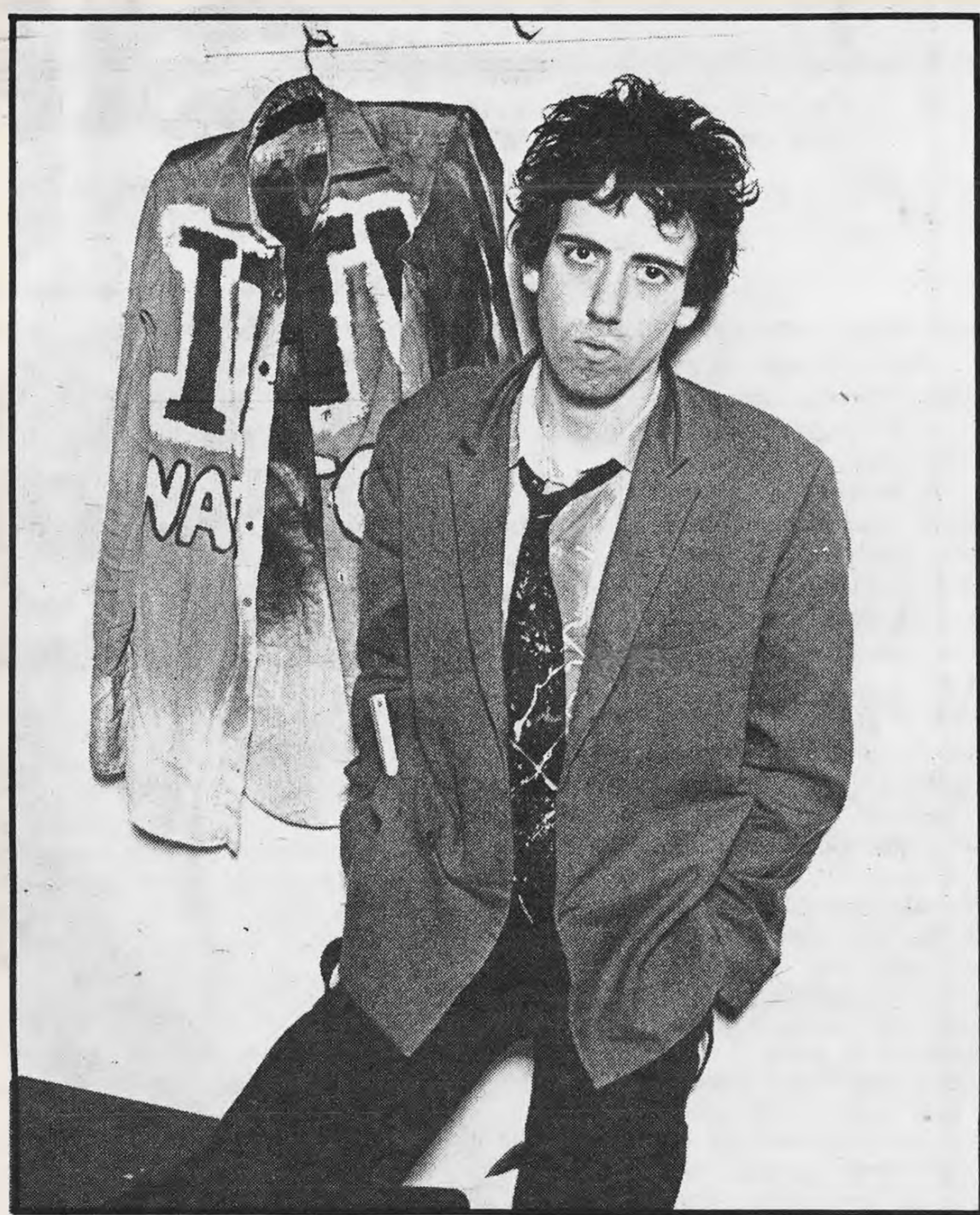
WE MAKE FOR "Rehearsal Rehearsals", the North London studio of The Clash. An enormous building once used by the British Rail for a warehouse. Only part of it is in use at the moment, a large expanse of property ruled by no lighting, rats and water.

Upstairs Joe, Mick and Paul look glad to have guitars in their hands again. The walls are covered with posters of Bruce Lee, Patti Smith, the Pistols and The Clash themselves.

A large map of the United Kingdom faces the old TV set where Hughie Green is being sincere with the speech turned down. Biro graffiti stains the screen. The television is not treated like the Holy Grail in this place...



PAUL SIMENON



I watch Joe playing a battered old guitar with all but two of its strings missing and think about his comments when I wanted to know how he would cope with financial success when/if it came...

"I ain't gonna fuck myself up like I seen all those other guys fuck themselves up," he said. "Keeping all their money for themselves and getting into their head and thinking they're the greatest."

"I've planned what I'm gonna do with my money if it happens. Secret plans..."

I could be wrong, but at guess the development of Rehearsal Rehearsals into anything from a recording studio to a rock venue to a radio/TV station seem like possible Strummer visions for when The Clash get the mass acceptance they deserve.

As we talk about how The Clash have reacted to putting their music down on vinyl I tell them that the major criticism people not cognisant with their songs have expressed is that the unique Strummer vocal makes understanding their brilliant lyrics almost impossible for the uninitiated.

"The first time we went into a studio with a famous producer he said, 'You better pronounce the words, right?'" Joe remembers with his amused sneer.

"So I did it and it sounded like Matt Monroe. So I thought I'm never doing that again... to me our music is like Jamaican stuff — if they can't hear it, they're not supposed to hear it. It's not for them if they can't understand it."

THE CLASH SAY that being signed with CBS has had no interference with the preservation of their integrity and, even with the band's attitude of No Compromise, a termination of contract in the manner of the Pistols seems most unlikely.

They believe the sound on the album to be infinitely superior to that of the single because the latter was cut during one of their first sessions in the studio after the decision to let their sound man Micky Foote produce the band even though he had no previous experience in production.

"We tried the famous ones," Joe grins. "They were all too pissed to work."

"Outside, there ain't no young producers in tune with what's going on," Mick says. "The only way to do it is to learn how to do it yourself."

"You do it yourself because nobody else cares that much," Micky Foote, Boy Wonder Producer tells me, his sentiments totally in keeping with the clan spirit in The Clash camp.

The band talk of their respect for their manager Bernard Rhodes, who has been a major influence on all of them, and who has made enemies because of his obsessive commitment to The Clash. But Joe, Mick and Paul are free spirits, unlike a lot of bands with heavy personality management.

"He really pushes us," Paul says.

"We do respect him," Mick adds.

"He was always helping and giving constructive criticism long before he was our manager," Mick then points at the other members of the band and himself. "But the heart is there."

I ask them about their political

"Can you understand how much we hate this place?"

leanings. Do they believe in left and right or is there just up and down?

They reply by telling me about a leftist workshop they used to frequent because they enjoyed the atmosphere — and also because it gave them an opportunity to nick the paints they needed for their artwork.

"It was really exhilarating there," Mick says. "They used to play Chinese revolutionary records and then one day the National Front threw bricks through the window."

"The place didn't shut, though. So one day they burned the whole joint down and they had to close down..."

"In 1977 there's knives in West Eleven / Ain't so lucky to be rich / Sten guns in Knightsbridge / Danger stranger / You better paint your face / No Elvis, Beatles or the Rolling Stones / In 1977 / Sod the Jubilee!"

"I always thought in terms of survival," Mick says.

"And these people are the opposition of free speech and personal liberty. And they're trying to manipulate the rock medium."

Then he repeats something he said earlier, reiterating the importance of The Clash: "And I ain't ashamed to fight..."

IT HAS BEEN over a year since Mick Jones, Paul Simonon and their friend Glenn Matlock first met Joe Strummer down the Portobello Road and told him that he was great but his band was shit.

Later Joe talked to Bernard Rhodes and twenty-four hours after he showed up on the doorstep of the squat where Mick and Paul were living and told them he wanted in on the band that would be known as The Clash.

And from the top of the monolith tower block where they wrote their celebration of the Westway you can gaze down through the window of — as Mick Jones puts it — one of the cages and see that London is still burning...

"All across the town / All across the night / Everybody's driving with four headlights / Black or white, turn it on, face the new religion / Everybody's drowning in a sea of television. / Up and down the Westway / In and out the lights / What a great traffic system / It's so bright / I can't think of a better way to spend the night / Than speeding around underneath the yellow lights. / But now I'm in the subway looking for the flat / This one leads to this block and this one leads to that / The wind howls through the empty blocks looking for a home / But I run through the empty stone because I'm all alone / London's burning, baby..."

Each of these high-rise estates has got those places where kids wear soldiers' uniforms and get army drill," Mick says quietly.

"Indoctrination to keep them off the streets... and they got an artist to paint pictures of happy workers on the side of the Westway. Labour liberates and don't forget your place."

He looks down at the fire hundreds of feet below.

"Can you understand how much I hate this place?" he asks me.

1977 is the year of The Clash.

SINGLES

SINGLE OF THE WEEK
PAULETTE WALKER: Let The World Unite (Trojan). And after the riot, the quiet. Paulette Walker sounds incredibly sexy in a sinister kind of way as she manages to make even peace and love sound exciting. Slow, slinky and really dirty to dance to if you can ignore the fact that it's a song about dead babies, amongst other things. On second thoughts, maybe it would be wiser to listen than to dance, just this once.

ROSE ROYCE: I Wanna Get Next To You (MCA). And once more the ubiquitous "Carwash" makes its presence felt with this Norman Whitfield composition so close to "Just My Imagination" that it makes you look twice at the label. Nevertheless it's beautiful, full of understated strings, still waters run deep orchestration and evil, sincere, killer lyrics that only a polar bear could fail to melt to. "Spending my dimes, wasting my time, talking till I'm black and blue / Cantcha see? I wanna get next to you." If this don't make you shiver a little, you're a corpse.

CRYSTAL GAYLE: You Never Miss A Real Good Thing (Till He Says Goodbye) (United Artists). I normally need country music like I need a vasectomy, but the sentiments expressed herein left not a dry eye in the face. I don't know who Crystal Gayle is but she sounds cute and nicely dissolute as she regrettably recalls a redundant relationship. I could have done without the fiddles but the chunky funky guitar is cute and Crystal's voice is living proof that not every larynx in Nashville is sprayed daily with insecticide. A good one to get drunk and maudlin to, if such is your inclination. Till then pass the Kleenex and close the door.

MAX ROMEO: Mr Fixit (Trojan). I know as much about reggae as Sid Vicious knows about bass guitar, but I know what I like. Unassuming amiable arrogance from young Max as he advertises his expertise in putting up shelves or some other delicate talk. Silky sensual but you can't help thinking he's faking it. Maybe you'd be better off to Do-It-Yourself.

SHAKIN' STEVENS: Never (Track). Eddie Cochran is the real Forgotten Boy. Here's a neat interpretation from Shakin' Stevens late of the Sunsets guaranteed to make the Teds quit beating up punks for at least two seconds. The spoken passage of the B side "You Always Hurt The One You Love" made me cry but then I'm a sucker for the correct degree of inner-city tender toughness *a la* Arthur Fonzarelli.

THE THREE DEGREES: We're All Alone (Epic). Whatever became of the lip-licking lasciviousness of "Dirty Old Man"? The teasing trio now ooh and aah like randy geriatrics on this pretty Boz Scaggs song, Valerie Ferguson not waving but drowning in a swamp of saccharine strings. Dire on first hearing, appealing on second, appalling on third. Musak to grope your favourite Boz Scaggs fan to.

FLASH CADILLAC AND THE CONTINENTAL KIDS: See Baby Jive (Private Stock). Great song, great name, but it's tinny and hollow and the lead singer's real wimp. I'd rather see a re-issue of the original Wizzard version, or better still a new Wizzard



SHAKIN' STEVENS: neat interpretation of the Forgotten Boy.

Special 'out of left field' pictures edition

single. Roy Wood is the Frank Zappa of the 70s only cuter.

10cc: Good Morning Judge (Mercury). Like the monarchy, 5cc are dead but they won't lie down. They pipe away relentlessly at this smartass little disaster area while sounding as though they know exactly what a mess they're making. The B side is a hor-

Reviewed this week by JULIE BURCHILL

ible country-style debacle which rejoices in the charming title of "Don't Squeeze Me Like Toothpaste", which will appeal to those of us proud to include ourselves in the 99.9 of the population with a warped sense of humour.

BOSTON: Long Time (Epic). Boston are very big in America and I dislike them intensely because of the ambience which hangs over them with all the allure of a mushroom cloud. Their last single, "More Than A Feeling," was a hit so doubtless this will be too. Horrible. Even as I write this my toes are wiggling to the rhythm with a will of their own. Nasty insidious pop dressed up as rock. The emperor has no clothes, but everyone is too smart to see it.

JOHNNY MATHIS: Sweet Love Of Mine (CBS). This will probably go down a treat among all those snivelling drivellers who have the nerve to call themselves women. Trash, but not even rank trash — it's totally antiseptic. There's nothing worse than clean garbage, and Johnny Mathis sings like a euthanasia guinea pig. This was arranged by Tony Bell, produced by Thom Bell and the B side was written by L. Bell and T. Bell. It certainly left a ringing in my ears.

WENDY WALDMAN: The Main Refrain (Warner Brothers). Wendy Walman is, Gevalt help us, a Sensitive Girl, in the tradition of Baez and Mitchell. You know — the type of girl you have to discuss the Meaning of Life with for three and half hours before she'll come across. You know — a nice girl. They're a dying breed. Still, I must admit I got to like this song once I was in the swing of the delicate piano melody. I reverted back to animosity when I made out the words: "Living and dying's all that can be done." Poppycock. Nihilism was last year's thing.

KEVIN COYNE: Marlene (Virgin). A nice picture sleeve; that's what I like to see. Kevin looks drunk on the cover and sounds drunk on the vinyl. If you too are drunk you'll enjoy making a right klutz of yourself prancing around to this. Alcoholic music, essentially English. The B side, "England Is Dying," is maudlin and merciless: "England is dying, but I want to be there / England is dying / Please tell her I care."

Be drunken always, like Baudelaire said. Thoroughly depressing.

WARM: The Demo Tapes (Warm). For 99p you get two singles in a double sleeve with a photograph of the young Mae West on the front. Great cover. Lousy, chicken-chested records from a gaggle of old men trying to fling themselves on the bangwagon of Puke Rock. Tracks are "The Kooler", "Teenage Space Queen", "Crazy Dazy Lady" and "Gonna Luv You". I think the titles just about sum them up.

CURIO CORNER in which the honours are shared by JOY SARNEY with "Naughty Naughty Naughty" (Alaska), DORA BRYAN "There's A Great Deal Of Difference" (EMI) and ROY ST. JOHN "The Roy St. John EP" (Virgin). Roy St John sings Holland / Dozier / Holland's "Where Did Our Love Go?" and three of his own songs in such a limp-wristed fashion that I can only conclude we are having our legs pulled. Nice picture sleeve, though.

EMI blow all credibility by churning out a Dora Bryan debacle which takes over where Hughie Green's "Stand Up And Be Counted" and the legendary and unheard Enoch Powell disc leave off. Dora tells us that we're all singing a love song, no matter what colour or creed, because Jesus died for our sins. Not for mine or Patti Smith he didn't.

Meanwhile I was moved to shriek with uncontrollable hysteria at the Joy Sarney record, which progresses from being a fairly awful reggae rip-off to a fevered exchange between a reticent young lady and a sex-crazed little monster last heard on Bowie's "The Laughing Gnome." Hilarious.

PAY UP AND GET DOWN . . . with superior drivel such as "Hold Back The Night" (Buddah) in which TRAMMPS illustrate that while the original is not always the best (G.P.'s current version tramples all over Trammips) it always sounds better in retrospect. Why, I remember Pan's People dancing to this back in '75!

In a similar vein is "Phoenix" (Buddah) by AQUARIAN DREAM, a pleasant piece of nothing with an edgy beat that makes it neat to move your feet to, its appallingly banal lyrics sung with considerable aplomb by the anonymous chick singers.

And if you can rid yourself of the horrific associations which CHARLIE MCCOY'S "Stone Fox Chase" (Moment) holds, (theme tune of "The Old Grey Bomber") you can shake a mean tailfeather to it. Likewise to a lesser degree with the bitter and pretty "Where Are All My Friends?" (Philadelphia International) in which HAROLD MELVIN AND THE BLUENOTES husk the cautionary tale of flash Cadillacs and Hollywood bungalows being bled dry by a gaggle of liggers. Style over content, but that's life.

Lastly, there's the chillingly authentic "Jumpin' At The Woodside" (RSO) by the admirable LADY FLASH who succeed where The Pointer Sisters failed as they extol the virtues of a certain roadhouse in a song containing the classic line "All day, all night/There's certain to be someone who has a horn." Great to Cakewalk to — who wants to Watusi when you can Cakewalk?

PAY UP AND THROW UP . . . as disco reaches its nadir with "Join The Party"



CRYSTAL GAYLE: wet eye specialist out of Nashville, Tenn.

(Creole) by HONKY, a song which is as distasteful and unimaginative as their name. Sounds like a B Side nixed by K.C and the Sunshine Band. Too dumb to be anything but white boys.

Similarly imbecilic is "Telegram" (Magnet) by SILVER CONVENTION, which has none of the heavy-handed Teutonic charm of their previous "Save Me" or "Fly Robin Fly". Silver Convention are supremely dirty-looking ladies, but this is as tinny as an empty Coke can, and not half as interesting.

The same could be said of "My Head's In The Stars" (20th Century) which features Linda Lewis facsimile EVELYN THOMAS, as does "I Found My Heaven" (RAK) by RUBY JAMES, in which only the names have been changed.

Meanwhile LOVE UNLIMITED on "I Did It For Love" (20th Century) sing the old old story sounding like Barry White is sitting on them.

BLACK MAN GOTTA LOTTA PROBLEMS . . .

. . . and here's five of them. Flamenco trumpets hurry us into a tired re-run of "Take A Letter Maria" (Trojan) in which DANDY LIVINGSTONE sounds like he's aiming to be out of that goddam studio and home for his tea pronto. The Grand National got nothing on the race that's going on here. "Speak Softly Love" (Trojan) makes us recall those halcyon days of horses heads in Sicilian beds, but unfortunately KEN BOOTHE doesn't have the necessary Cosa Nostra

charisma to transform this hand-job into a knee-trembler and sings the words as though they choke him. Again trumpets.

What's with trumpets already? They infest FLOYD LLOYD'S "Soulful Lover Baby" (Trojan) like a plague of locusts. The B Side is nice, maybe because Floyd Lloyd is conspicuous in his absence. "Mr Bojangles" (Trojan) is ideal fag-bar fodder as sung by JOHN HOLT; quite ridiculous. Strangle those strings, someone. And dispose quietly of BARRY BIGGS "You're My Life" (Dynamic). I've seen dead mackerel who were more dynamic than this.

DUMB DAMES DEPARTMENT . . .

. . . inhabited by several broads who take the balls out of ballads in a big way. First up is a ghastly epic schmaltz special from way back, a.k.a. "Just Loving You" (CBS) by ANITA HARRIS. And while Anita's on her knees, ANNIE NOEL is most definitely on her feet with "Pebble On The Beach" (Tabitha) which is unrequited love from the shot-caller's angle as Miss Noel alternatively vies with violins and instructs her besotted cupcake to look elsewhere for his fun.

I liked the pussycat logo of the Tabitha label. What more can I say?

As an ex-Orlon, ROSETTA HIGHTOWER should do better than "Starman" (Polydor), not Bowie's little gem but a lacklustre piece of bad management which moves in ever-decreasing circles and never attempts to elevate.

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PETER HAMMILL an open letter...



Peter Hammill
Over (Charisma)
The new album CAS 1125

... and an open heart. By now you may have read reviews of the new Peter Hammill album 'OVER', a collection of eight love songs. As ever, this latest offering from

Van Der Graaf Generator's guiding light has been followed by an enormous amount of critical controversy

NME's Nick Kent writes: "... well away from the identikit terrain of good ole rock and roll or plushy veleveteen singer-songwriter introspection"

Tim Lott of SOUNDS: "Angst and introspection, always on the borders of Hammill's previous work, reach conclusion with 'OVER'. What marks Hammill out as different is that the music is just as anguished, cracked, anarchic and effective as the words"

In NATIONAL ROCK STAR Stephen Lavers says: "... different from anything he's ever done before ... effective because Hammill

seems to be experiencing the emotions he's written about, while singing the song."

Inevitably, it seems, Peter Hammill's work attracts diverse and fiercely conflicting reaction — not least from his own firm following.

For what it's worth we believe that 'OVER' represents something of a milestone. On it Peter Hammill has managed to write down and interpret musically a description of love from a *man's* viewpoint — at least as effective in its way as Joni Mitchell's most eloquently feminist pieces. If at times the resulting songs are a little raw or uncomfortably direct it is because he's discarded the metaphor or machismo imagery behind which male songwriters have previously hidden. As the critics have hinted, Peter has lived through all that he expresses in this album.

Whatever your own reaction, you cannot fail to respond. Listen — and we think you'll agree that, by any standard, this is a courageous and, ultimately, uplifting album.

You can hear an excerpt from Peter Hammill's 'OVER' by dialling **01-499 9441** anytime.

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AN OVERSIZE centipede of gunmetal streamlining, the Amtrax train skates cautiously south from New York, bound for Philadelphia.

The industrial wastelands of New Jersey lie fallow, grim and glib in the weak afternoon sunlight. Eastern America is still reeling uncertainly from the recent onslaught of sub-Arctic weather — Mother Nature's inclement white carpet welcome for Jimmy Carter's new Washington administration.

Suburbs and countryside remain snow-smothered, waterways solid with ice or sluggish between the packed flocks.

But today it's much warmer, a mild freezing point outside.

Steve Hillage, one-time Gong guitarist and now leader of his own, eponymous band, relaxes gratefully into an aircraft-type seat, standard trim on most American landships of the line.

His cream white woollen hat, red and yellow scarf printed with symbols from the Egypt of the Pharaohs, matching orange/ochre smock, sash and baggy pants all strike a happily incongruous note with our compartment's drearily futuristic decor.

Hillage is the first Virgin Records person to tour the USA. Must admit I found the prospect (never mind the actuality) a little hard to handle; somehow it all seemed about as much in the natural order of things as unearthing ammonite fossils from blueberry cheesecake.

Steve Hillage, modest purveyor of soft-swirl sounds confronts boogie-crazed hordes as support act to Stateside veterans (and it shows) Electric Light Orchestra???

But my apprehension was misplaced. Hillage's "L" album has

HILLAGE without beard, but with guitar.

clambered into the lower reaches of the US Top 200 and the man's interest in "esoteric studies" has attracted favourable attention, especially Out West, California and thereabouts being as much an epicentre of Aquarian enthusiasms as of earthquake fault lines.

"HOW DOES one speak of a search that chooses so many diverse vehicles to carry it forward? We have no word in our language to name it; we would have to concoct some impossible linguistic hybrid: 'psycho - mystico - parascientific - spiritual - therapeutic'...

"Having no better term to corral so wide and wild a range of pursuits, let us borrow an allusion from the popular mythology of the day and call the scene as a whole, with all its paths both straight and twisted, the 'Aquarian Frontier', the subtle landscape and open field of contemporary spiritual adventure". — Theodore Roszak: *Unfinished Animal*.

"THE THING is," Hillage explains quietly, "by the end of the tour we'll have played to about a quarter of a million people."

**Like New Age, man.
Aquarius. Dig?
Also: Chakras,
Awareness,
Constructo-rock,
E.L.O.
(E.L.O??), and
How To Be
Ignored By New
York.
Really.**

"The only reason I mention that figure's because, by my own standards anyway, it's a lot and it's made me think very carefully about the function of live rock and roll music. All the whys and wherefores, all the aesthetics..."

A SLIGHT, elvish figure, Christian Boule sits at the counter of a New York coffee shop.

"I tell you why I'm here," Boule announces in hesitant English, "first, beside David Allen and Steve, I'm about the only glissando guitar player, I think, and then I have an auto back in Paris. *Tu comprends?*"

Not entirely, Christian. "I am owing thousands of francs in *billets*, parking fines — wherever I drive they give me tickets. I cannot afford to pay, so I tour America and keep this record of all my expenses."

"I also like to play glissando guitar."

Boule offers up crumpled notebook for inspection. Detailed sketches of various *fungi* grace the pages opposite his calculations.

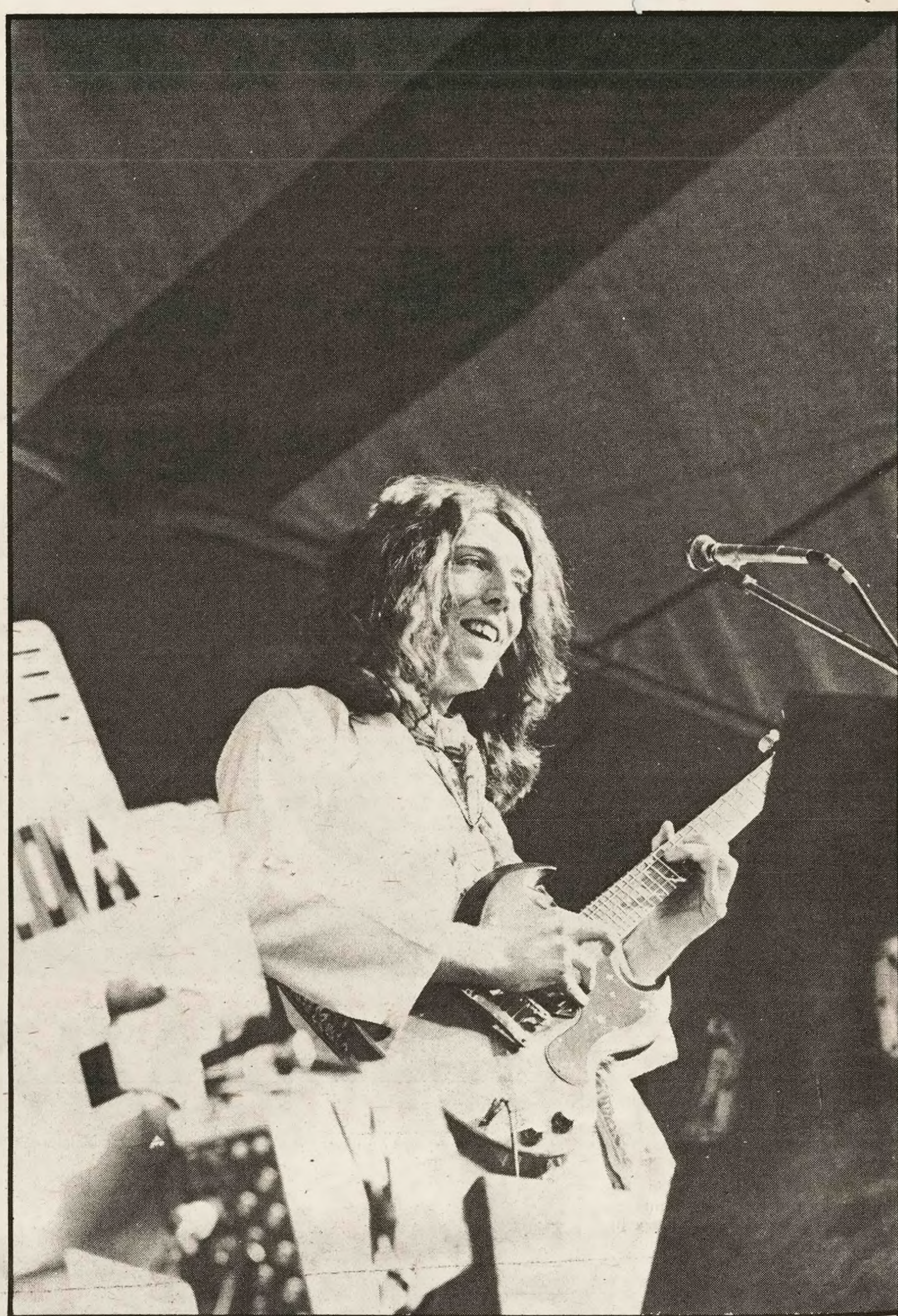
Edible types, I wonder?

"Ah yes, very so. But I like to draw them. It helps, you know," Boule grins broadly from ear to ear, "and now I have to go shopping to get my guitar lead repaired —"

"IT'S A thing of trying somehow to raise the music," Hillage continues on board train, "to transmute it up from the lower *chakras* of groin rock" —

(A *chakra* being a nodal point of energy in the human body, often exercised in meditational disciplines. There's one in the genitals, others in the solar plexus, breast, neck and head. The higher up the *chakra* in the body, the more potentially transcendental its energies.)

"I'm not very interested in that lower aspect of the music. If it really *has* to be played that way, then there are plenty of people who can do so far better than me."



"Although the idea of raising levels is, I suppose, rather a glamorous concept. It's a little sticky too. You've got to be very careful not to allow the ego too much of a hold."

"The way I see it I'm redirecting something, some vibrations from somewhere up there. If all goes well they should pass through me and on to the audience. I'm a channel, which means that basically I'm no big deal. My significance is strictly limited to the fact that I just happen to be there in a position to redirect those energies."

"That's all."

Like a receiver/booster aerial?

"Yes, or FM radio — a carrier wave down which you can modulate sounds. I really try and prepare myself as best I can before each concert, thinking about the concept of the music and the playing, letting myself go a bit and immersing myself in it all."

"But it's been very hard at times. The audiences over here have been very distant, unfathomable sometimes. America seems a very psychically disturbed sort of place. The kids... well..."

Hillage lapses into puzzled silence.

"I FEEL that there's a very important part for young people in America to play in destroying the illegal, racist regime (in South Africa)." — Tsietshi Mashinini.

At 19 Mashinini is, by most standards, old and wise far beyond his years. A student leader from Soweto, he was involved in the riots of June '76.

Coldly articulate and highly emotional at the same time, he's being interviewed for American TV on *The Black Experience*.

The panel of prominent, well-respected black American leaders seem almost bemused by Mashinini's extremism and his resolve to overthrow Vorster's regime by armed force, if necessary. They listen to his eye-witness accounts of police brutality with oddly detached equanimity.

AND THE young people of America, are they alright? Cut, take two. Madison Square Gardens, New York City.

20,000 kids sprawl across the rings of garishly colour-coded seating. They munch popcorn, chew gum, bite on God-only-knows-what burgers, slurp cola, do their very best to support the American junk-food industry.

Spot survey.

Acne endemic. Few freaks or longhairs. Average age mid to late teens. The guys in jeans, gymshoes, parkas, aspiring to some goal of American macho-hood. The gals in jeans, boots, parkas, bubble and squeak, budding Miss (White) Americas.

The air sagging with dope smoke.

The Hillage band take to the stage to disinterested applause. Little reduction in general hubbub. Hillage, in white for the occasion, leads straight into the main riff of "Salmon Song" from "Fish Rising".

Did I say "riff"?

The effect's more cerebral than physical. Not so much rock and roll as shine and shimmer. Not so much dance or frump as float.

The band certainly aren't infringing any decibel regulations; they're really very quiet indeed. Despite this, their calm, serene, carefully orchestrated sound projects across the vast auditorium with remarkable clarity.

The kids babble on, largely indifferent.

"Hey, is that a glass she's playing?" — in reference to Miquette Giraudy's Tibetan bells.

"Who cares, spunk face? How was that chick last night?"

"Great, man, great."

The band are confident and cohesive.

Hillage sings with newfound



assertion, plays typically dexterous guitar (a lot of notes, but it doesn't seem so); the precise, unobtrusively forceful rhythm section of drummer Clive Bunker and bassist Colin Bass negotiate the hoops of his material with deferent warmth.

No problems reproducing studio details. Two synthesizers (Giraudy and Basil Brooks), electric piano and mini-moog (Phil Hodge), gliss guitar (Boule): all the necessary components.

After "Hurdy Gurdy Man" Hillage attempts an unaccompanied guitar solo. A brave move considering (as indeed is the whole set), it's his main chance to make full use of his guitar synthesizers. But neither his unorthodox phrasing (Indian Blue) or dramatic split-phase echo effects elicit much response. Out West, I'm told, they lapped it up.

"It's All Too Much" closes. No ovation, but applause now almost appreciative.

INTERVAL. "Welcome To The Machine" (from the Floyd's "Wish You Were Here") drones from the PA.

ELO's performance soon explains Hillage's restrained reception. It's what the kids want; it's got ELOverkill. Jeff Lynne may write quality songs, but on stage his creations are

HILLAGE without guitar, but with beard.

reduced to bare bonemeal, thunked out with glumly near-derthral intent.

ELO have a laser system, one of the most sophisticated on the market. The kids go apeshit every time it's fired up. ELO have backscreen projections. The kids freak at the slide graphics. Graphics? Subliminal advertising more like, since the cover logo of ELO's "World Record" is somehow incorporated into almost every display.

ELO play very loud, play their hits, use a lot of prepared tapes, are consummate showmen.

When cellist Roddie McDowell takes his solo, laser light shivers off his bow and instrument. Later Bev Bevan leaves his drum kit, lays down this rap about how good it is to be back in New York (Philadelphia / Denver / Patagonia — delete where applic.), where ELO first broke in the US.

"Now," Bevan bawls, "let's see how much noise you can make!"

YEEEEAAHHH!!! Oh insolent, vitriolic Albie of Supercharge fame, where art thou?

In all fairness, ELO are probably no more condescending towards their audiences than countless other bands

dragging their carcasses around America.

Thunk... dollars... thunk... more dollars... thunk.

Let me out of here.

Although at least Hillage and band had the good grace to sound as if they cared. What was it Todd Rundgren mumbled about constructo-rock? Well, on the evidence of his recent London washouts, Rundgren's abandoned that line.

Hillage, it seems, hasn't; he might not be entirely successful in his aims but — well, it's not, doesn't have to be only rock and roll, you know.

"IT'S ALL rather difficult," Hillage reflects later, "there are real dangers inherent in adopting this sort of spiritual approach. You have to cover a tremendous amount of ground before getting any perspectives on what you're doing. I'm trying to put some of my more philosophical ideas into the music whilst still in the process of sorting those ideas out, that's all."

"I'm only a beginner and couldn't possibly be an adept; I'm far too young for that."

"But when you first enter these realms, it's like cruising

into a psychic Las Vegas, all bright lights and glitter, a lot of surface attractions and opportunities to abuse power and energies. You have to tread very carefully or else."

CUT. Take five.

A plump, middle-aged American doctor is putting the case for his recent involvement in, er, alternative mysticism.

"Ever since I joined the sect," he claims, "I've experienced a feeling of parapsychological regeneration. Liberation in mind, you understand?"

"I've been astral travelling — did you know that Atlantis really existed? I've got concrete proof of it. But it's very hard to communicate on a person-to-person level how we in the sect emotionalise and evaluate our findings."

"The knowledge I've gained has been very useful to me, personally. I can help myself now."

The Catholic priest compering the Sunday morning TV slot listens aghast.

"IDEALLY," and Hillage laughs at his choice of phrase, "I'd like to get things to the stage where I could channel these good — positive? — vibrations very strongly. Not for my own benefit, though almost inevitably that has to be a part of it until I learn to discipline myself more, but simply because it might be of some use. In its small way."

"But I don't want to rule the world — honest..." (chortles).

"I definitely need to take a 'long, cool look' at my musical world. I haven't had a break since September last. Looking back on it, I suppose 'Fish Rising' was more mystical inward going, profound even than 'L' which in turn was more magical, made more waves, was more dynamic."

As for the next album, there are various options, though it

seems unlikely that Hillage will record with the current band. He liked Los Angeles — "the boulevards and the surfing, not the coke culture side of it, which I kept well clear of" — and wouldn't be averse to recording there.

That old New Age buzzzz, you see.

CUT. Dressing room scenes before the gig in Philadelphia.

Basil Brooks flips through the pages of *Synapses*, a West Coast publication written by and for synthesiser / electronic obsessives like himself, adjusts the tilt of his metallic blue cap, shines the flying saucer hovering on his lapel badge.

Hillage squats cross-legged on the floor, thinking his own thoughts, quite unconcerned by the bustling activity around him. Earlier a fan had pleaded his way backstage to present Hillage with what was obviously the result of hours of painstaking work, a sweat shirt with the cover design of Gong's "You" album reproduced thereon in glowing colours.

Meanwhile the enigmatic Boule tentatively levers open his guitar case, as if anticipating some bizarre ectoplasm to writhe from within. But no, he winks surreptitiously, indicates a colour postcard pinned to the felt lining. More mushrooms...

"THIS AGE we're entering," Hillage muses, "I'm tempted to feel that it heralds some sort of marriage — I believe the correct term is 'interface' — between science and religion. There've been plenty of precedents for antagonism between the two: St Peter against the Gnostics; the early Christian church against the Druids, and so on."

"But this time, I hope we can get it right, strike the correct, healing balance: synthesise the two elements, but not synthetically."

"Sound values must be important and I'm not just saying that because I'm a musician. Why else do we talk of people being 'sound' in mind and body or of buildings that are 'sound' in construction?"

"It's all to do with tuning up the celestial instrument — the soul... oh dear, oh dear, I do go on a bit, don't I?"

Hillage plucks at his beard, laughs again...

AND THE STORY so far? Awho'd have thought of Hillage, Gong person, leaving the group of which he was then leader after David Allen's departure, making as many (in his words) waves as he has with "L"?

Perhaps I'm being unduly credulous, but I'd prefer to think that Hillage hasn't so much "created a market" for himself as responded to a stimulus latent in many of his generation.

Disillusioned and perturbed by the failure of the late 60's non-violence ethic, but untouched by resultant cynicism, refusing to accept it as a panacea of helpless hopelessness — some old hippies die, others (like Hillage) wise up, search for new, more practicable, means of outlining Future Perfect Prognoses.

The momentum of such positivism was gathering. All it needed was someone personable like Hillage to crest its flow.

I doubt very much he'll disappoint his followers by warping out into just another rock and roll untouchable.

"THE CHOICES may be banal, the efforts flawed, but the intention is clear. We see bursts and flashes of visionary energy at work here... Of course, the need has always been there." (Theodore Roszak).

ANGUS MacKINNON

Steve Hillage. Far out on head-phones.

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SILVER



SCREEN



Car in
"Carquake"
(top): Mayhem
in Jabberwocky
(above) and
Yvette Mimieux
strips in
"Jackson County
Jail."

Jackson County Jail (X)

Directed by Michael Miller
Starring Yvette Mimieux and
Tommy Lee Jones
Distributed by United Artists

ESCHEWING surface gloss,
Jackson County Jail is raw,
urgent and compelling, raising
various pertinent points about
law and order in bicentennial
America.

The heroine, Dinah Hunter
(Yvette Mimieux, never
better), is obviously meant to
be taken as a WASP Joan
Little, and the fact that she is a
well-set-up career woman
makes her plight all the more
harrowing — what she experi-
ences, the film implies, could
happen to anyone.



Her troubles start when she quits her ad agency in LA (a sanitary towel ad is dismissed as "too feminine" by her client — "What did you have in mind," she retorts — "a testimonial from Joe Namath?") to drive back to New York and start afresh. En route she is robbed of her car and her purse, leaving her without even ID.

The complicit hypocrisy of small Southern towns is neatly caught in these opening scenes, especially in a roadside bar in which Dinah seeks aid. The owner, slightly drunk, leeringly offers the use of his phone in the back room which is cluttered with distasteful artifacts (stuffed animals and birds in various stages of completion, tatty religious icons, porno mags idly left open, half-full beakers of hooch everywhere), and his lustful advances are only halted by the intervention of a police officer.

However, the cop prefers to believe the drunk's statement (he implies Dinah is a whore plying her trade) since Dinah, in frustration at her predicament, keeps saying "Goddammit".

"Now I won't tell you again," draws the cop, in righteous indignation, "you shut that tramp yap of yours."

In considerable distress, she soon finds herself in the Jackson County Jail whilst the local sheriff attempts to verify her story. It is here that she meets the laconic Coley Blake (Tommy Lee Jones), a convicted murderer with a cynically fatalistic outlook on life, later to be Dinah's partner in fugitive flight ("There's nothing wrong in being a crook," he says. "This whole country's a rip-off")

The ensemble playing by a basically unknown cast is tremendous, right down to the smaller parts, and Donald Stewart's tersely effective script provides several powerful insights into contemporary rural America (the hypocrisy already alluded to, the seeming omnipotence of a corrupt police force, the revolutionary group holed-up in a shack watching *Roadrunner* cartoons on TV).

Miller paces the film well with a mixture of quick cuts and judicious close-ups sustaining tension, but he also knows how to use pauses (highlighting Coley's natural awkwardness and fear of being misunderstood in an extraordinarily tender bed scene with the weeping Dinah), and how to develop a sequence; as a prelude to the genuinely disturbing rape scene, he casts the pathetic Hobie (Frederic Cook) in an ingeniously sympathetic light, sprucing

himself up in the deserted jailhouse, absent-mindedly singing a cat-food jingle.

Only the contrived climax strikes a discordant note, appearing to be just a shade heavy-handed for its ironic intent. Still, as the final image fades to monochrome, one is reminded of the film's overall immediacy.

Monty Smith

The Little Girl Who Lives Down The Lane

Directed by Nicolas Gessner
Starring Jodie Foster
and Martin Sheen

A CAUTIONARY tale for pedophiliacs, *The Little Girl Who Lives Down The Lane* is an unexpectedly compelling balance between the sensational and the sensitive.

This is largely thanks to Hollywood's hottest nymphet property, 13-year-old Jodie Foster of *Taxi Driver* and *Bugsy Malone* fame, who is both powerful and thoughtful as the intellectual early-developer Rynn, a reclusive Lolita who laces tea with more than lemon.

Co-star Martin Sheen, the arresting "successor to James Dean" of *Badlands*, is chilling as a sadistic molester, and teenager Scott Jacoby, too, as Rynn's enchanting, crippled lover, is excellent. But this trio and the two supporting characters — a bigoted bitch of a landlady and a paternalistic cop — make for too many improbable, if interesting, participants in an inexorably far-fetched and insoluble plot.

It's a case of too many kooks spoiling the broth, a shame since the potentially mawkish and grotesque elements of a child killer, young love, and terror by night are juggled with reasonable finesse by the sympathetic hand of director Gessner.

Angie Errigo

Carquake (X)

Directed by Paul Bartel.
Starring David Carradine.
Distributed by Hemdale.

I SUPPOSE it was *Bullitt* that started it. Americans seem to have this fatal fascination for watching cars being tortured.

Although this purports to be the sequel to Roger Corman's divinely gross *Death Race 2000*, it falls short of the original by so far that it's hard to make the connection. About all the two films have in common is David Carradine doing his minimalist, grasshopper, non-acting.

Where *Death Race* was set 25 years hence in a ludicrously impossible future, *Carquake* takes place in a slightly

implausible present. *Death Race* had the tongue-in-cheek wanton murder of hapless pedestrians, *Carquake* relies solely on the protagonists hammering each other's bodywork and suspension.

The story, such as it is, concerns an illegal road race across the USA (although the backgrounds seem to remain solidly in Southern California). The idea of a diverse bunch of free-form hot rodders going hell-bent across the US would seem to present chances for all manner of outrage, mayhem and even humour. Director Paul Bartel, however, lets them all go and concentrates on cars, cars and more cars smashing into each other at high speed.

I suppose, in essence, that this film is a new kind of pornography — fulfilment for commuters stuck in jams.

Mick Farren

Jabberwocky (AA)

Distributed by
Columbia/Warner

TERRY GILLIAM'S *Jabberwocky* takes the disquieting humour of his Monty Python graphics to Central Casting, and the result is a nightmarish landscape of gargoyle and gryphon in which chortle has moved to charnel house.

A medieval fairytale about the slaying of a monster and the winning of the princess's hand by a simple peasant, the film's main achievement lies in the creation of a visually convincing world of wimple and wart. Many of the striking tableaux are based on paintings (e.g. the death scene of the cooper) and the final appearance of the Jabberwocky is hair-raisingly spectacular.

What scuttles such stature is the humour. Leaving aside the inanities of the script, it is precisely Gilliam's eye for painstaking set-dressing which sabotages the gags.

Heads that open and the limbs that come off in cartoons elicit a different response in the real world. A beggar presiding over his own purpling, severed feet in the market place, or a concealed lover squashed flat under the bed in a puddle of gore, miss the funny bone by miles. The royal party with the ringside seat at the jousting are progressively spattered by the remains of the losers, a good idea but ghastly in the execution.

Still, it's a fascinating debut, and Gilliam has enormous potential. If he could get away from Python expectations, he could outdo Ken Russell, facile surrealist in residence, with one stump tied behind him.

Brian Case

... Meanwhile, on the live stage, weirdness rules



"Illuminatus": Paranoia strikes deep

Illuminatus!

Presented by The Science
Fiction Theatre of Liverpool
Cottesloe Theatre, London
SE1.

OKAY, REMEMBER you read it here first. Everything evil and wicked that's happened in the last umpteen centuries is all part of a carefully controlled campaign for world domination. Wars, political intrigues, assassinations and probably Altamont and The Sex Pistols are merely the thin end of a very big wedge, and all we can do about it is try and roll with the punches.

If you're familiar with the cult Sci-Fi novels of Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson (a duo, it is alleged, not totally unfamiliar with powerful chemicals, who write in unrelated shifts), then you may have heard of the Illuminati, a super-secret band of power-mongers who control whole governments, the Mafia, CIA and anyone else who has a finger in destiny pie. This they do by the simple expedient of keeping their hands on as much of the world's gold as they can and using it to buy off whoever or whatever suits their purpose.

Sounds a little whacked out,

huh? Stoned hippie paranoia and the stuff that underground newspapers used to be made of, right? Well currently playing Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays at the NT's newly opened Cottesloe Theatre is the most extraordinary concoction of tongue-in-cheek dramatic bullshit, rock 'n' roll and histrionics that's ever compounded a whole slew of clandestine-plot myths whilst simultaneously blowing them apart.

Illuminatus! is about eight hours long, but there's lots of intervals and the bar never closes.

The actual plot is far too complex for me to remember fully, let alone record here, but it begins with the bombing of the offices of Noo Yawk underground rag, *Confrontation Magazine*, then moves rapidly to Mad Dog county jail where *Confrontation* hack George Dorn — played with savage accuracy by surprise, ex-Time Out contributor Chris Langham — is incarcerated for trafficking in killer weed (one roach) and about to be unwillingly sodomised by professional assassin Harry Coin.

He is rescued in time by ravishing blonde guerilla-ette Mavis (Prunella Gee) toting a sten. Shortly afterwards Mavis rips off her trenchcoat to reveal G-string and pasties and

gets down to blowing George on rather than off-stage. Libertarian woman make the best fucks," she proclaims when George's political inhibitions deter him from rising to the occasion.

Naturally Mavis is merely a henchwoman to the maniacal Hagbard Celine, a cosmic pirate who roams the world in a vast but well-appointed submarine on a mission to overthrow the diabolical Illuminati.

Celine communicates with a very well schooled (ouch) bunch of dolphins by means of a walking - talking - glowing - throbbing computer known as First Universal Cybernetic Kinetic Ultramicro Programmer — or FUCK UP for short. Together they plan to liberate all the gold from the lost city of Atlantis — which of course Celine has located — before the Illuminati get there.

And that's only the first hour or so.

The characters who weave in and out of this gripping but not totally implausible parody include Markoff Chaney, a midget whose diminutive stature has earned him the reputation of The Random Factor in his efforts to bamboozle the Illuminati, played with jovial self-effacement by David Rappaport (who also doubles as drummer in the house ork); the presidents of the USA, USSR and China; Sherri Brandi (a Las Vegas hooker); Billy Graham; H.P. Lovecraft and his aunt); Herman Hesse; and the American Medical Association.

Illuminatus! only flags when its authors, the aforementioned Langham and veteran fringe theatric Ken Campbell, find it necessary to embroider the story with lengthy plot justifications. It was during one of these — an explanation of the Satanic Forces involvement with the Mafia and the troubled Karma of the head of the US Crime Syndicate — that most of the die-hard National Press corps crept off to their Hampstead supper parties and my lady companion started to snore.

But generally the performance was tight, energetic and an object lesson in the successful integration of mixed media that has rarely if ever been bettered.

Illuminatus! by the Science Fiction Theatre of Liverpool is for anyone who's ever taken acid, indulged in stoned raps on the vagaries of mankind, or simply has a penchant for endless smart-ass one-liners. The Cottesloe Theatre is within the National Theatre complex on the South Bank. Tickets hit you for £2.50 and the whole deal starts rolling at 2.00 p.m.

Mark Williams

PERSONAL

JOHNNY, DEE DEE, JOEY AND TOMMY Come back, all is forgiven. If you can record an album Sounds calls "crass, simple, funny, catchy and brilliant" you can surely spare a thought for your dear MOTHER.

RAMONES LEAVE HOME

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RAMONES
ON TOUR
DURING MAY/JUNE
with special guests
TALKING HEADS

Their new album featuring "I REMEMBER YOU"

6078 603

CAN YOU provide any info on an album I've just purchased? Titled "The Masked Marauders" and by a band of that name, the disc was released around the second half of 1969 on the Deity label (No. 6378). The sleeve notes do not list who is performing but an insert, written for *Rolling Stone* by T. M. Christian, states that it contains Dylan, Jagger, Lennon, McCartney, Harrison and an unnamed drummer.

This insert also claims that the album is a double — though I've only got a single elpee. So — is the record available as a double? And who is the mysterious drummer? — **WINNIE THE POOH**

● I don't know who was on the record but it certainly wasn't Bobby the Zee and the other names that you mention (whoever they may be). The disc came about as a result of a gag pulled by *Rolling Stone* who printed a mock review of a non-existent album. Subsequently, those who didn't realise the whole thing was a gag kept leaping into record stores and asking for copies of the disc. At which stage a group musical japers decided to provide what was obviously in demand and set about recording a facsimile of the review (except that they cut a single elpee while the review claimed it was a double). A single by the Marauders, "I Can't Get No Nookie"/"Cow Pie", was also released, on Deity 0870. And so another legend goes down the pan.

WHO WROTE "Fanfare For The Common Man"? Do you know who plays the version used by the Stones? Is this version available on record? — **D. O'DONNELL**, Petts Wood, Orpington, Kent.

● There are only two versions of "Fanfare" available in this country, one being a mid-priced but excellent recording by Johannes and the Dallas

Symphony Orchestra on Turnabout TUS34169, the other being by the work's composer, Aaron Copland, who puts the London Symphony Orchestra through their paces on CBS 72872. Though I don't know which rendition the Stones are using, my guess is that they had a whip-round to obtain the £3.49 for the Copland shot, which also includes his "Lincoln Portrait" and "Appalachian Spring". But if you want to invest your loot in the Johannes, you receive the "Rodeo" and "Billy The Kid" suites as inclusive extras. The choice is yours.

I WOULD like to know if there is any truly comprehensive list of records available in the U.K. (including imports). If so, how often does it come out? And if not, can you recommend any other lists — bearing in mind my preference for jazz, ethnic and avant garde/experimental music as well as more mainstream stuff? — **TIM LAKE**, Northwood, Middlesex.

● I remember answering a similar question to this around a year ago, but as it's a constantly recurring query, I'll repeat that the only British publication that lists all available popular albums, including many imports, is *Music Master* a somewhat massive tome published by John Humphries, Music House, 25 Exmouth Market, London EC1R 4QL. The book now comes as part of a service offered to dealers (though there's nothing to stop anyone else from ordering) that includes 12 monthly supplements, listing every single and album released during that month, plus a similar number of supplements dealing with record prices. The service currently costs £30 per annum.

NICE TO see someone giving Paul Brett a live review at long last — but could you tell us long-suffering fans when he's going to make another album?

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Mystery of The Masked Marauders



DYLAN: not on album shock horror...

I haven't seen a release by him since his contract with Bradley's terminated. Has he recorded his "Earth Birth" suite? — **MICK THOMPSON**, London NW6.

● The rumour that guitarist Brett went into hibernation

after his split with Bradley's has been wildly exaggerated. Truth is, he formed a co-operative designed to record, promote and sell records of his own and other people's, one result of the venture being a Brett album titled "Phoenix

Future", which can be obtained from the co-operative at 81A Dawes Road, Fulham, London SW6, for the price of just £2.00 (inclusive of postage and packing).

More recently, Brett signed a contract for RCA and the ex-Velvet Opera and Sageman will have "Earth Birth", his suite for 12-string guitar, released by that label in May. He'll be promoting the album via a major university tour this summer.

SOME considerable time ago, NME printed an article concerning releases by King Tubby on the Grounation label. Having heard tracks from a couple of his albums on the radio, I have tried, in vain, to obtain them from dealers in this Northern backwater — but none of them has heard of the Grounation label, let alone King Tubby. Could you supply me with the name and address of a stockist who would be prepared to accept mail order for records by King Tubby and also dub records by other artists. — **RICHARD W. S. SPIERS**, Carlisle, Cumbria.

● Daddy Kool, of 44 Hanway Street, London W.1., is considered to be one of the leading reggae specialist shops in the country — and if you send 'em a large SAE, you'll receive a mail order list by return. Also worth contacting is a firm known as Greensleeves Mail Order, 57 The Broadway, West Ealing, London W13.

I WOULD like to purchase some *Old Grey Whistle Test* badges and wondered if you could give me details of where to write? — **R. ARBER**, Norfolk Park, Sheffield, Yorks.

● Sorry, but the Beeb state that these badges are only awarded to artists or personalities who appear on the programme. "They're highly prized — I haven't even been able to get one myself," claimed the chick in the OGW Press Office, as the band softly played "Hearts And Flowers" in the background.

I'D LIKE to start a local, low-power, radio station playing taped programmes made by a disc-jockey friend. I realise this is illegal but I don't know what action can be taken against me. Also, my friend is worried that his very expensive disco equipment could be confiscated. Could you illuminate upon these points and put me in touch with anyone who may be able to help? — **PROTAG**, Scunthorpe, South Humber-side.

● I checked this one out with the Post Office, who supplied the info that anyone attempting to broadcast without a licence could be imprisoned for three months, pay a fine of up to £400 and have his or her equipment confiscated if the court so decided. Meanwhile, the Performing Rights Society reckon they'd also sue for non-payment of royalties. But apart from that, everything's cool!

IN A recent edition of NME I noticed a mention of a "Best Of Savoy Brown" album. The band's two previous albums, "Wire Fire" and "Skin'n' Bone" also received some coverage in NME and I have not seen them mentioned anywhere else except in the *Book Of Rock*. Anyway, it struck me that as your paper has been the only one to express any interest in the group during the last couple of years, you might possibly know if they actually still exist, 'cause it's been around a year since "Skin'n' Bone" appeared. — **SAVOY FREAK**, Stockwell, London SW8.

● Okay, you can still sleep nights — the news is that Savoy Brown are alive and gigging, albeit in a somewhat reduced form. Seems that Kim Simmonds is currently leading a trio version of the outfit, the line-up being Simmonds (guitar), Alan Farnell (drums) and Ian Ellis (bass). Now touring in Germany, Savoy Brown will probably visit the States later this year — but no plans regarding a British tour or future recordings are yet being considered.

"Look out for hot solo album by fine keyboard man Duncan Mackay"

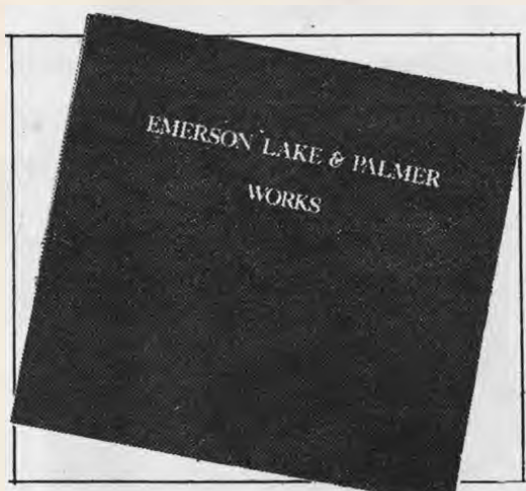
The Raver Melody Maker 12th February 1977

Duncan Mackay
SCORE



EMC 3168

PLATTERS



EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER

Works (Atlantic)
ELP? THREE musical geni? Slammed together through some mutually agreed, unevolving, originality/excitement avoidance principle.

"Careful," they often say to each other, "careful, or we may compose music that thrills, that stimulates, that's relevant."

THE THREE musicians concerned have a side apiece to indulge themselves, and as a band smooch through a fourth. A double album. Seven quid. Glug.

Keith Emerson is side one. Piano Concerto Number One with The London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by John Mayer. Very 19th century, scattered with passages of contemporary cool. Traditional, ten-a-penny.

Emerson is a modern musician, his musical movements are antiquated nostalgia, it's pointless and depressing. There are far better, enjoyable examples of straight piano playing on selected Classics For Pleasure albums.

For absorbing, threatening, relevant modern piano music check Aloys Konstsky workings on Stockhausen pieces, also the work of David Burge (flick through Vox and Nonesuch catalogues).

For speculative, more traditional playing try Chick Corea's E.C.M. Improvisation albums, where he's equally as 19th century rooted as Emerson, but with an obvious modern pedigree and all the romance that Emerson ain't got.

Maybe Emerson is a good pianist — there is a passage that's a little more expressive than plain — and it would be really interesting to hear him attempt more demanding works. Not his own.

His compositional talents are dubious. A continual spoiler is the weak orchestral score; melodramatic-soundtrack stuff, that doesn't prompt or prop but smother. It's all a little trying and obvious and it's no help changing playing speeds.

Greg Lake is side two. Five love songs with words by Pete Sinfield. Is that enough by way of dismissal?

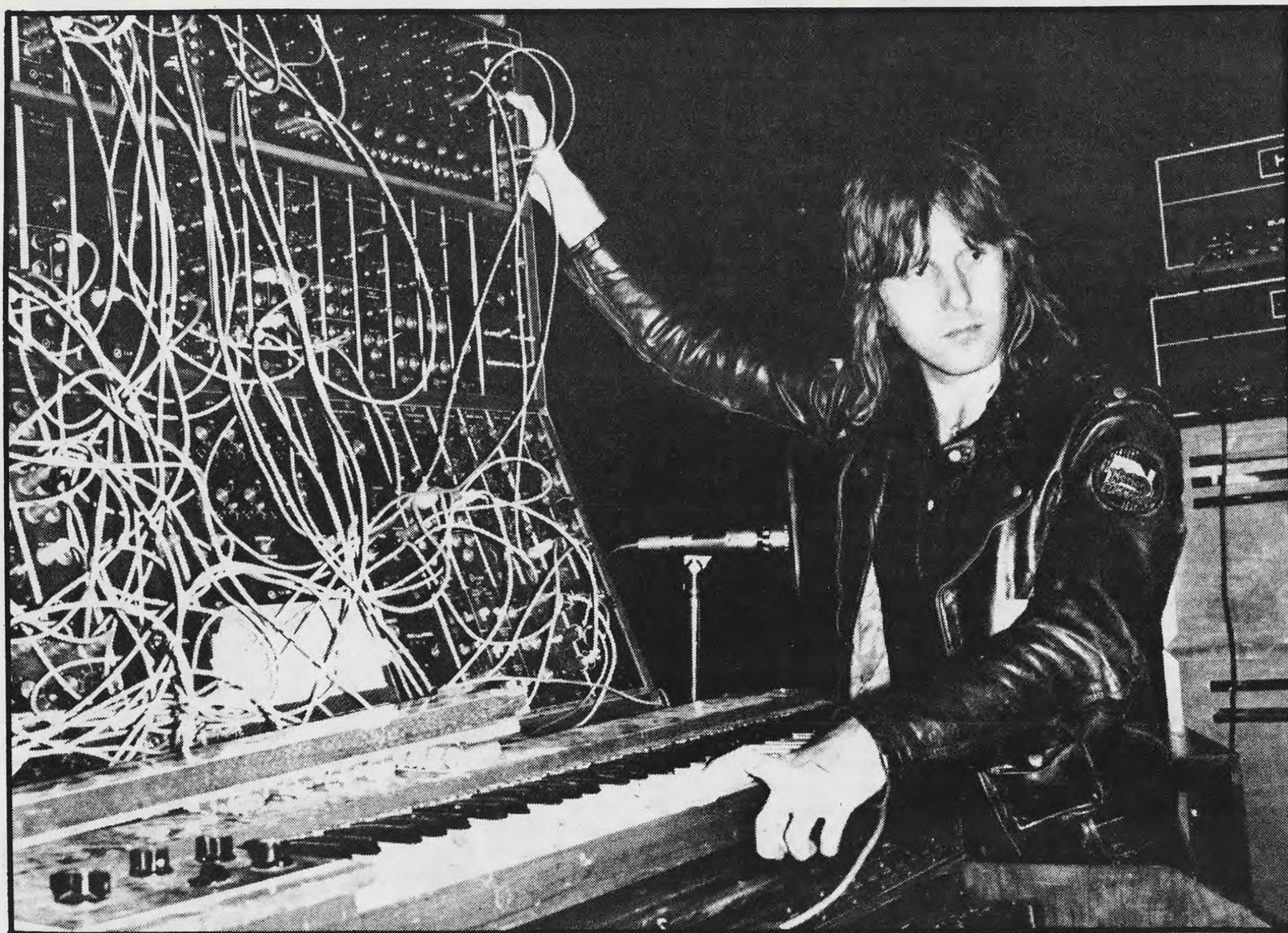
Lake sings very English, y'know — Harper, Michael Chapman, Gabriel, that way, although he also resembles Richard Harris. At least, I can well imagine Harris attempting any one of these faintly ridiculous songs.

Nothing to say about them, really, there's so little substance. Lake has stumbling talent when it comes to constructing a Popular Song.

Even when there's some slightly redeeming factor like the almost intriguing arrangement on "Hallowed Be Thy Name", it's impossible to keep the face straight with words like: "We live in an age of cages/The time of an ape escaping/In search for some truth he can use/But many a drunk got drunker/And mostly a thinker, thinker."

At the end of the song Greg sings "Give me variation, Give me inspiration". That's a pretty perceptive voicing of his failings.

Carl Palmer is side three. It's the best of the four sides, not that that's saying much.



Keith Emerson: "Won't They Ever Learn?"

Palmer's outings are good, old, genuine kitsch, something the other sides are too serious to be considered as.

The first piece is "The Enemy God Dances With The Black Spirits", an excerpt from Prokofiev's "Scythian Suite", Second Movement. It's close to the legendary ELP bombast and tastelessness that bowled Lester Bangs over a few years back.

It tries hard to be necessarily alienating and anti-romantic, but turns out affectionately tame and unimpressible. It's played with dash and confidence, with Palmer steadily propulsive and mixed up high.

Elsewhere on the side Joe Walsh guests, delivering mightily prettily his one guitar solo, there's sheepish tenderness on some Bach gossamer, also a slashing ditty called "Food For Your Soul" that's almost as good as those *Iron-side* soundtracks.

"Tank" has some slippery sax and boastful brass, and almost swings.

Side four has the three identity strands — Emerson virtuosity, the Lake song-heritage, the Palmer pomposity — combined with hopeful cultural and linear intellectual respectability.

First off is Aaron Copeland's "Fanfare For The Common Man". It's a capable, powerful run-through, very logical and formal.

Easy listening, no less. Where's the abstraction, dissonance or rigorous development of ideas at the expense of their prettiness? This undemanding tripe with its careful elaborations is an embarrassment.

Next up is "Pirates", an 'original', diluted opera thingy, the ultimate in laughably earnest pretensions. Remember those really rank fills-in that Pete Townshend had to hurriedly come up with to pad out the *Tommy* film? Well, same again here, with lots of trickery, finery and stretching.

The words, by Sinfield and Lake, are packed with plenty of extravagant imagery and inane philosophising which blends perfectly with the background of intricate gibberish. The story I can't relate 'cos I can't read past the first two verses. It's just too silly. People actually like this stuff? At least Gilbert and Sullivan were witty. I like Hinge and Brackett.

Y'know, the most ominous aspect of this horrible package is the scholarly cover. There, up in the top right hand corner,

SCHMELP!!!

Yes, It's The Entire Musical History Of The Western World as our old chums ELP continue their awesome mission to bring culture to the masses. And, ulp, It's Only Part One.

in neat, white italics were informed that this is only Volume One. God help us.

Paul Morley



ROGER MCGUINN

Thunderbyrd (CBS Import)
THE OLD one-two: the king ex-Byrd, still trailing clouds of glory from the Rolling Thunder Revue, proudly resurfaces with a new album and a new band entitled "Thunderbyrd".

Geddit? Geddit? Twelve years since "Mr Tambourine Man" and McGuinn's weary-but-ecstatic voice is still capable of generating when surrounded by an appropriate energy field, a fact proven with ample force by last year's excellent produced-by-and-featuring-Mick-Ronson album "Cardiff Rose".

Ronson having stumbled dreamily into the sunset in search of new jamming partners and further instalments of his own individual brand of funfunfun, we find McGuinn surrounded by a group of unexciting musicians (Rick Vito on guitar, dobro and harp, Greg Thomas on drums and Charlie Harrison on bass, to be precise) singing a bunch of mostly fairly unexciting songs (including compositions by Peter Frampton, Bob Dylan and Tom Petty — the latter comes off best), all framed in a fairly boring setting by producer Don DeVito.

Thrilled to bits? Thought you might be.

Four of the album's nine tracks were composed by McGuinn and the infamous Jacques Levy. Exactly what Jacques Levy does is uncertain, but he shares a lot of heavy duty credits brackets and the results are not impressive.

Nowhere are they less impressive than on "Russian Hill" wherein McGuinn intones drearily about mescaline and Ferlinghetti. The Dylan song is a raging turkey entitled "Golden Looms"; I don't know who comes off worst: Dylan for writing it or McGuinn for being fool enough to record it.

The album's sole bright spot is an unambitious piece of basic yee-haw entitled "Why Baby Why", which'd make someone a fine B-side.

File under *PRODUCT*.
Charles Shaar Murray



CLIFF RICHARD

Every Face Tells A Story (EMI)
BESIDES BEING a neat riposte to America's apparent indifference, the "I'm Nearly Famous" album had an entirely deserved regenerative effect on Cliff's career.

He was hardly at a make-or-break point but, give the lad credit, he could easily have gone the way of most main-

stream performers at that stage — to the Great Cabaret Club in the West End.

This sequel in the Cliff-returns-to-rock'n'roll story is already in the album charts and its opening cut ("My Kinda Life") is a very tight hit single, so he *must* be doing something right.

Every face does indeed tell a story (it never tells a lie, as the song goes) but it's difficult to glean much more from Cliff's impassively boyish visage than that, at age 36, he still manages to resemble an angelic choirboy.

But, as Derek and Clive might say, let's not knock Cliff Richard. With old chum Bruce Welch again supplying crisp, clean, immaculate production and accompaniment by a dynamic group of musicians, this album is damn snappy.

Besides the single, Cliff has a ready-made follow-up in "It'll Be Me Babe" (with Cliff occasionally foraging into falsetto and exceedingly fine percussion by Brian Bennett).

And there are other genuinely emphatic rock songs: "Give Me Love Your Way" (positively dirty intro with its accentuated bass line, developing into a novel vocal arrangement), "Must Be Love" (return of the echo), "Don't Turn The Light Out" (Bennett's given a break), "Spider Man" (guitarist Terry Britten stretches out) and the title track — all first rate.

Even the two songs with string arrangements ("When Two Worlds Drift Apart", "Up In The World") are handled sensitively by Richard Hewson, whose scoring is dramatic without ever being melo-

A further decided plus factor is that, apart from "Hey Mr Dream Maker", Cliff eschews the use of his alienating throat vibrato.

The album closes with the

words of the immortal Alfred E. Neuman: "What, me worry?"

Cliff Richard certainly needn't. This isn't bad at all. I'm not saying go out and buy it. Just don't snigger at the name so much, that's all.

Monty Smith

MILTON NASCIMENTO

Milton (A&M)

IN VIEW of the continued rise of interest in Latin American-influenced music, evidenced particularly on the borders of the burgeoning "fusion" field by such as Deodato, Airtto, Barbieri and "Light As A Feather" period Corea, the emergence of Milton Nascimento seems all but inevitable.

Nascimento is a young Brazilian singer / songwriter with a sizeable reputation in his own country, who first received wide exposure outside Brazil when he sang on Wayne Shorter's "Native Dancer" album.

His songs either gnaw relentlessly away at largely similar themes (the alienation of the city, the plight of a dividend people, the benefits of rural life, etc.) or, occasionally, indulge in bouts of rather treacly tropical image-mongering.

Their cumulative effect prompts one to consider whether Nascimento, in the face of the unpleasant political picture in Brazil, is merely indulging in a bit of the ol' "back to the land" pantheistic escapism.

It seems unlikely, however, that his appeal to North American and European audiences will be determined, to any great extent, by his songs, as they are usually overshadowed by his often astonishing vocals.

Presented as "wordless vocals" (and what's the big deal about *that*, David?) on a couple of tracks, "Francisco" and "The Call" — the latter supposedly the chant of a "mermaid of the forests" — his voice swoops and soars in a manner suggestive of a latin Tim Buckley, but lacking Buckley's inspired experimentalism.

More generally, it loops appealingly around evocative Spanish phrases with an almost subliminally refreshing charm, aided by sympathetically buoyant acoustic support from his musicians, among them Shorter, Hancock and Airtto. Occasionally, as on "Race", the performances achieve a joy and verve lacking in almost all present-day rock music.

Shorter's work throughout the album is always tasteful, sometimes sacrificing inventiveness for empathy, but it would be a mistake to overestimate his importance in the overall texture. He provides the album with some of its more stimulating moments; at the end of "Exits And Flags", he sends concise, gently searching phrases flying over a rolling rhythm punctuated by the deep burrs of Raul de Souza's trombone. Sheer magic, for a few seconds at least.

Personally, I found that, despite the initial interest engendered by Nascimento's unique voice and the presence of a few famous names, the album ultimately treads too close to the easy-listening vein plucked to no great avail by Flora Purim. The stylistic restrictions of the Latin American rhythms which have been partly responsible for the current widening of his audience may one day, I fear, stifle the undoubted talent he has.

Andy Gill

Travers — Walking The Funky Doggerel



PAT TRAVERS

Makin' Magic (Polydor)
POOR OL' Pat Travers. The promo ads and posters for his new album — not to mention the packaging of The Artifact Itself — depict him in a hideous series of see-me-feel-me poses on a hilltop, just a lonely boy and his Telecaster braving the wrath of God amidst the lightning, silhouetted against a rather bilious sunset.

It's the kind of embarrassing posturing that elicits a sympathetic wince rather than

the kind of mystery and awe that Travers and designer Jo Mirowski were apparently aiming for.

If I didn't know Pat I'd think he was a real asshole.

Travers is a deft, hardworking guitarist strongly reminiscent of Johnny Winter in his 1970-71 Hendrix phase, and live he delivers a flash, ballsy jamdown spit-on-the-floor-and-turn-the-mutha-up bluesy rock and roll show that carries a considerable amount of genuine excitement and exhilaration.

His first album of last year was a judicious mixture of standards and originals marred by a weak and unsympathetic production, whereas "Makin' Magic" repairs the production damage but is in turn seriously flawed by the almost unvaryingly wretched standard of Travers' compositions.

He's unquestionably an exceptionally fine guitarist and a more than acceptable singer, but the lyrics rarely transcend the level of mere funky doggerel, and he hasn't yet passed the stage of wringing at

least twice as much mileage out of each riff as it'll stand on record.

There's a difference between what'll work on stage and what'll work in a studio, and all the overdubs in the world can't prop up an overextended riff or solo — much less a whole album's worth of same.

Best bits: a ballsy, rocking "Statesboro Blues" and a stately, wistful, instrumental "What You Mean To Me." "Need Love" could be a dynamite single if fairly ruthlessly edited, and "Rock And Roll Susie" 'd've been fine if the lyrics hadn't sucked quite so eloquently.

Travers — has practically everything that he needs to make it in the way he wants to, but he needs a little more judgement and the ability to demand far more of himself and to judge his own work more dispassionately. If he'd trimmed the excess guitar tightrope-walking and hauled in someone who could write a decent lyric he'd've had himself an excellent album.

Charles Shaar Murray

but GG was the nearest a lot of us ever got to JJ Osterburg; that bug-eyed mutancy, that larger-than-life persona, that total oblivion to anything but the immediate beat.

GG's hits from the golden days of '72 to the twilight of last year are included here; "Rock And Roll Part One", "Baby Please Don't Go", "The Wanderer", "I Love You Love Me Love", "Lonely Boy", "Oh Yes! You're Beautiful", "Rock On" and "Remember Me This Way" are strictly for your baby sister.

The six remaining tracks, however, should not be approached lightly. This is Music For Marching To, make no mistake, had the Empty Eyed Generation (before they blossomed to Blank) ever got their act together. Music for Mental Retards on Amphetamine. Enough to make your eyes bleed.

Like "Always Yours"; a frantic, throbbing rock and roll love letter, music to go crazy to, the Glitter Band chanting like fascinated morons in the background. "Hello Hello I'm Back Again", which anyone who has ever experienced a reunion with a loved one will shiver at as GG emotes his delicate sentiments — "Hello! Hello! I'm back again! I'm back! I'm back! I'm on the right track!"

And "I'm the Leader of The Gang (I Am!)" is great music to get beat up to in a distant corner of the playground by the local ratpack.

"I Didn't Know I Loved You (Till I Saw You Rock And Roll)" said it all, and "Do You Wanna Touch Me (Oh Yeah!)" answered its own question with startling brutality even to a child of concrete.

Gary Glitter made communication as empty and meaningless as silence. "GGGG" would have made a great soundtrack for "Metropolis". After all, even automatons have to have their fun.

Julie Burchill

KINKY FRIEDMAN

Lasso From El Paso (Epic)
THERE'S A rumour that this album was originally going to be a parody entitled "Asshole From El Paso", but Merle Haggard's people leaned on Epic. Apparently they thought it brought the original "Okie From Muskogee" into disrepute. By way of a consolation prize, Dylan gave Friedman a brand new song called "Catfish" to use on the now retitled album.

There's no disputing that Kinky Friedman is well connected. Appearing as guests on the album are the Rolling Thunder Revue, most of The Band; Roger McGuinn, Eric Clapton, Ronnie Hawkins, Dr. John and Ringo Starr (as the voice of the god). Obviously everyone had one hell of a time playing along with Friedman's Jewish gross-out country parodies.

The real question is what's the value of a record like this in the long run? Sure it raises a grin on the first playing, who can resist songs about nose picking, waitresses, American materialism or wiping your backside on a picture of Jesus?

In a lot of ways it's very like the kind of tunes Neil Innes was doing on Rutland Weekend Television, transposed to an American context. I fear they might well meet the same fate, i.e. a laugh at the time, but after that, a fast consignment to some out of the way shelf to gather dust.

Even the Dylan song doesn't really save the record. It's an odd, rather lightweight tune in the "Hurricane" vein, all about the tribulations of a baseball pitcher. It's fine if you know about baseball but otherwise nada. I mean, can you imagine Lennon cutting "The Ballad Of Stanley Bowles"?

A song like "Dear Abby", a lament for Hoffman the outlaw sung to the tune of Bobby Goldsboro's "Honey", tends to underline the fact that Friedman is working very close to the pattern set by the late

Phil Ochs. It's a tradition in which one's music becomes as quickly redundant as yesterday's newspaper.

This tradition eventually pushed Ochs to depression and suicide by its ultimate rootlessness. I wonder if Friedman can avoid the same trap?

Mick Farren



BILLY SWAN

Four (Monument)

THE FOURTH Billy Swan album in little more than two years. Nobody could blame you for passing it by altogether.

But unless they release the song as a single, it's the only way you'll get to hear one of his best ever tracks, a number as convincing and disarming as "I Can Help" or "Don't Be Cruel".

It opens side one and it's called "Swept Away", co-written with the estimable Dennis Linde, coming out of a point somewhere to the country side of Dobie Gray's "Drift Away" on a marvellously swinging arrangement with a softly rising chorus just designed for closing time singing along. A true Georgia peach.

But it's as if the effort and thought so obviously put into "Swept Away" is directly responsible for the lack of inspiration elsewhere; the tired and tested tunes' desultory riffing and obligatory good-time atmosphere are by now showing signs of fraying at their edges.

David Hepworth



GARY GLITTER

Gary Glitter's Golden Greats (GTO)

NEVER MIND that alliteration was last week's thing;

beneath that ignominious title lies some of the most potentially puzzling music of the Seventies.

I mean, what was Gary Glitter? To some he was only a podgy loser with a penchant for aluminium foil. But to a whole lot of Us Kids... Gary was God.

O halcyon days! When I was a nubile 12 year old (yes, it was that long ago!) working out in grim torment at school discos to "Rock And Roll Part 2" (and if you seriously believe that a better dance track has ever been cut, then you've never been 12 years old and

out of your head on three Babychams), somehow sensing that I was a willing victim of the greatest con-trick of all time... a record called "Rock And Roll" with no words!

Esperanto au go-go; maybe GG had some understanding of the essence of rock and roll — a basic instinct beyond all articulation.

I used to look up from my homework sometimes and get mesmerised totally by the image on the screen... this loony with a bearskin rug on his chest rampaging around like Taurus in a tea cup.

I'd never heard of Iggy Pop,

SAHB

(without Alex)

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MILLIE JACKSON

Lovingly Yours, Millie (Spring)

IN THE heart of the city. Lipstick kisses on a window. Transparent emotion and opaque agony. Even after all this time, still caught up.

Millie Jackson has the problem of being almost *too* fine for the cool majority of you to understand, or want to. Her raw emotion grates against your superfine nerves. Maybe that means you're sadly lacking in nerve. On her feet or on her knees, she leaves the opposition sitting on their collective hands.

A juicy Georgia peach, dumped on her grandparents as a child, her grandfather a preacher. Suffocating in church six days a week until at 14 she ran away, coagulating into a New York City mannequin.

From Harlem to New Jersey and finally to Spring Records, where her single "A Child Of God" was proclaimed a blasphemous blemish on the pure face of L'Amerika's airways.

"Millie Jackson", "Millie", "Caught Up" and "Still Caught Up" all found her writhing like a butterfly on a poisoned pin, crucified by her own inability to hold back. Straight in at the deep end, every time. No padding.

Still, torture has its dividends. And while not as searing as when she was exploring alternate sides of the eternal triangle, Millie Jackson is still dazed and great.

Casually anguished cascades of piano clear the way through our inhibitions to make way for Miss Jackson's upfront declaration "You Can't Turn Me Off (In The Middle Of Turning Me On)".

It's the kind of late nightclub torch song that could melt the icy facade sophistication of spectators with one glow as it slides into an exploration of the impossibility of throwing the cold water of logic on the flames of adoration.

Girl group Brandy breathe

entically in the background and the strings which come over so asinine on assorted Sool Rools products are used to advantage, along with lushly uptight horns in a shoulder-shaking rhythm.

A languidly desperate discofunk orchestration serves as an admirable backdrop for "Somethin' Bout Cha", a devotion that can't be bought with money.

"Just as long as I got you, I don't need no one else/If the Lord made anything better than you, he must have kept it to himself." Amen! Delicate scales of bells and a snakily pulsating beat move along in an endless repetition of what can't be said enough yet can't be said at all, an unexplainable essence beyond words.

On "I'll Continue To Love You", Millie displays an earthiness so sadly lacking in more decorative girl singers.

"I Can't Say Goodbye" is reminiscent of the Manahattans, telling of a possible escape into emptiness which she is not prepared to risk. "You give me just enough happiness to keep me holding on", while The Moments take the edge off the agony.

A slow rap leads into "A Love Of Your Own", which might be funny if it wasn't so heart-rending. This oozes effortlessly into a melody so subtle if you blink you miss it, while the blindly echoing backing vocals make subjugation sound sweet.

"I'll Live My Love For You" shows that Millie knows the Meaning of Life; and

"Body Movements" stands no chance of getting played on Radio One as it exudes the good-natured honest sensuality conspicuous in its absence amongst the greater part of the schmaltz considered fit for human ears. A kind of shifting samba which makes it a real cute dance track, the lush strings never overstep the mark though the horns are a little too headstrong.

"From Her Arms To Mine"

is slightly nasty, finding Millie reflective in her triumph after getting her man away from that no-good bitch who was allegedly messing him around.

"Help Me Finish My Song" is rather mediocre emoting to a lacklustre background of assorted larynxes and brass muzak, but it's back up for the last track, "I'll Be Rolling (With The Punches)", and yet another tear-jerking rap.

Reels along like a lazy roller coaster to who knows what, realism gilded with wishful thinking, the outline etched finely with a piano and ending in a few bars of a melancholy yet somehow optimistic saxophone.

Desire is contagious, after all.

Julie Burchill



THE ORLONS

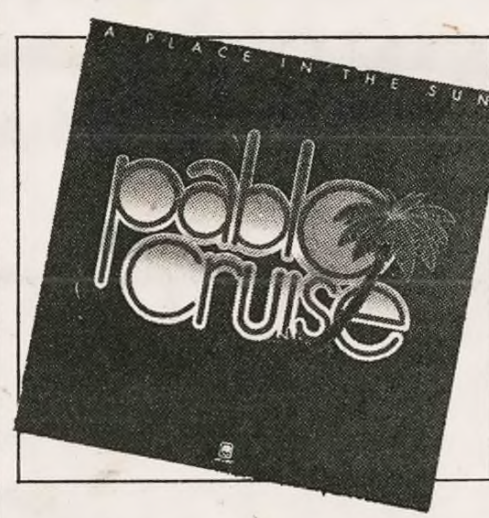
The Best Of The Orlons (London)

BACK IN 1962, four naive young things from Philadelphia ran around every night after school wide-eyed and eager for a spot on "Bandstand".

In 1964, they'd got their gig, plus five top twenty hits. Now it was time to pay off. Passed around like a well-wrapped party parcel, their supposed royalties long gone in the hands of advisers, they called it a day.

Shirley Brickley, Marlene Davis, Rosetta Hightower and Steve Caldwell were The Orlons, innocent and vain and not rated by anyone of importance.

But who needs credibility when you've got off-key, tinny,



PABLO CRUISE

A Place In The Sun (A&M)

FASCINATED, AS they appear to be, by high melodrama and fancy trimmings, Pablo Cruise come over like the Ross Hunters of rock.

"A Place In The Sun" is their third album and it's no better or worse than its

knee-trembling trivia to keep you warm?

Included here are their hits: "Wah-Watusi!", the stiletto-heeled, hand-clapping gospel ambience of "Don't Hang Up", the badass tackiness of "Not Me", "Crossfire" and "South Street".

The rest is even better: the true-blue dancehall romance of "The Conservative"; the Detroit-stomp sugar-sweet mercilessness of "I Ain't Coming Back"; the insidiously insistent "Come On Down Baby"; the Vandella-like "No Love But Your Love"; the menacingly obsessional "Don't You Want My Lovin'"; the optimistically suicidal "Envy"; and the beautiful "Don't Throw Your Love Away".

A gorgeous record, total unashamed trashy glory. Still, you can't help but wonder; if this is their best, what does their worst sound like?

Julie Burchill

COLIN BLUNSTONE

Planes (Epic)

THERE'S LITTLE of the "Ennismore" preciousness here, but even so Colin Blunstone and his producer, Gus

predecessors. It's just the same peculiar mix of pleasing melody, staunch rhythm work and backup vocals that verge on Sandpipers-soundalikes.

A shame that bassist Bud Cockrell has taken on the major share of lead vocal work as his supper-club voice is eminently unsuitable for rock.

But then Pablo Cruise's schtick is founded on inappropriate juxtapositions, not the least of which is Cory Lerios' fussy keyboard playing at odds with Dave Jenkins' straight-ahead rock guitar.

There's a neo-Gospel chorus on "I Just Wanna Believe", and archetypal 'pop' construction to "Atlanta June", a po-faced ballad ("Tonight My Love") which wouldn't be out of place in the Eurovision Song Contest, and a couple of

Dudgeon, tend to favour fulsome arrangements that do little to disguise the basically lightweight nature of the material at hand.

There are also a few grave errors in judgment on a more fundamental level, particularly in the choice of songs. Blunstone may be part of the John Reid stable now, but does that really mean he has to cover Kiki Dee's "Loving And Free"? Pete Wingfield's melodica helps transform a pretty song into a cloying one and Blunstone's breathy delivery begs questions that cynics had best not ponder.

Big Elt and Little Bernie contribute the title number, which is one of Reg's more derivative melodies and has strikingly fey Taupin lyrics.

The other cover versions include a rather feckless rendition of the lovely Dennis Wilson-Mike Love song, "Only With You", and Tim Moore's "I Can Almost See the Light" which rapidly palls after a deceptively spry opening. And it's all very well resurrecting "Care Of Cell 44" (composer Rod Argent plays keyboards and harmon-

Eagle-rip offs that would do Irv Azoff's boys proud ("Raging Fire" and "Can't You Hear The Music?"), that irksome lead voice notwithstanding.

By the album's close one ceases to be surprised by any bizarre change in direction, but even so "El Verano" arrives like a slap in the face from a wet fish.

Usually instrumentals are token fillers on albums like these, but this vaguely evil, sublime slice of Californian kitsch encompasses most of the excesses of rock whilst remaining a forceful piece in its own right, with Leios' piano finally rolling and Jenkins once again really rocking.

A bit of an oddity, then? You bet. But do I like it? Search me.

Monty Smith

ises throughout the album, by the way) if you're going to improve on what is not only a great Zombies number, but a great late-'60s number period. Alas, the over-elaborate concoction offered here revives few fond memories.

In fact, Blunstone comes dangerously close to sounding like the Mike Yarwood of pop on several cuts. On "Tell Me How" he's Buddy Holly, on "Dancing In The Dark" he's Andy Fairweather Low and on "Planes" he imitates Elton's inflections.

His own compositions find the singer on more solid ground, and two of them are real peaches. On side one it's "Since I've Been Loving You", subtly powered by twin acoustic guitars (Blunstone and Paul Keogh) whilst the incomparable Dave Mattacks attacks the drums.

But even these have to be played v. loud to stop them merging into the amorphous whole. Dudgeon's production may appear to be superficially benign, but the overall effect is very Sanderson, very wallpaper.

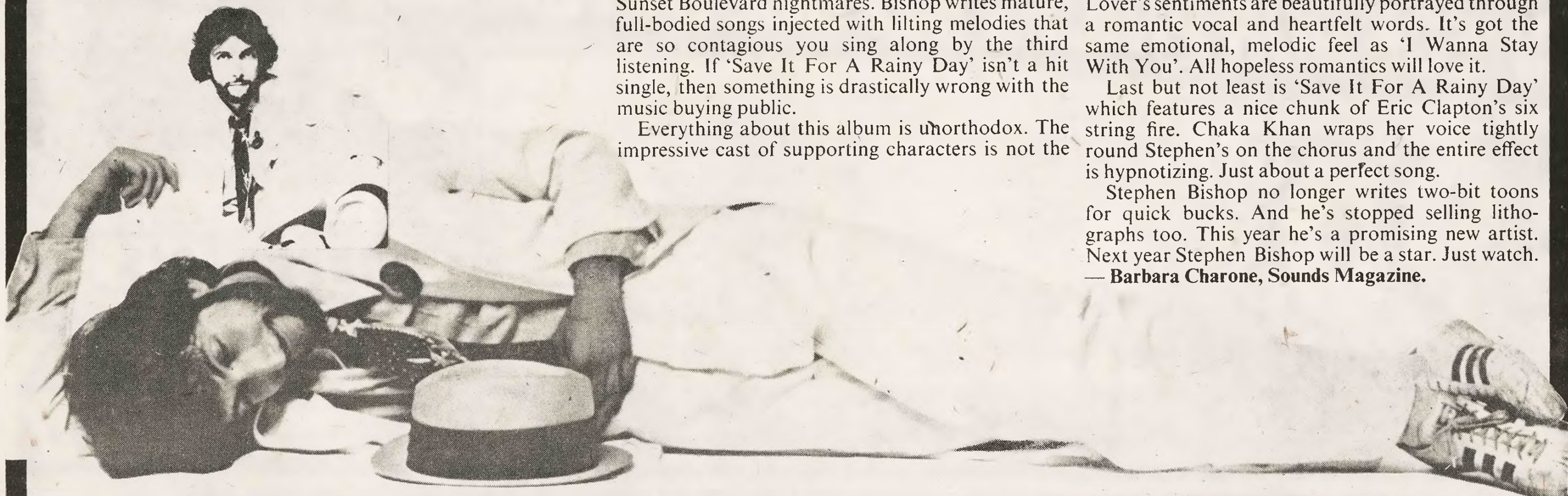
Monty Smith



NEW SINGLE 'SAVE IT FOR A RAINY DAY' ABC 4159

STEPHEN BISHOP

CARELESS



THE WORD'S OUT!

STEPHEN BISHOP: 'Careless' (ABC Records ABCL 5201)*****

SIX YEARS ago, Stephen Bishop was writing songs like 'I Feel So Miserable Without You, It's Almost Like Having You Here'. Four years ago he was a door to door lithograph salesman. Two years ago Art Garfunkel recorded two Stephen Bishop songs for his best selling 'Breakaway' album. This year Stephen Bishop recorded his first album 'Careless'. Undoubtedly, it is one of the year's best albums.

On first listening the music will remind you of Paul Simon, Gallagher And Lyle, Paul McCartney and a host of other slick, sophisticated, melodic songwriters. But after several listenings you stop thinking about Simon and Garfunkel similarities and start focusing on Stephen Bishop. Quite simply, the kid is great. He may have been a miserable lithograph salesman, but as a songwriter he's an astounding success.

This is not your standard mediocre LA album, stuffed full of cowboy references and tales of Sunset Boulevard nightmares. Bishop writes mature, full-bodied songs injected with lilting melodies that are so contagious you sing along by the third listening. If 'Save It For A Rainy Day' isn't a hit single, then something is drastically wrong with the music buying public.

Everything about this album is unorthodox. The impressive cast of supporting characters is not the

standard session-by-rote set of players. This album was made with love, affection, empathy and a batch of some of the best tunes you're likely to hear. If intelligent lyrics verging towards the romantic and uplifting melodies are your musical passion, 'Careless' will caress your every need.

Produced by Bishop and Joni Mitchell's producer Henry Lewy, the album sound is the most immaculate since Gallagher & Lyle's breathtaking 'Breakaway' album. Garfunkel and Chaka Khan lend harmonic support, Eric Clapton and Andrew Gold contribute dazzling solos while John Jarvis plays sensitive piano. But the star of the show is lithograph salesman Stephen Bishop. It's the most impressive debut album from an unknown songwriter since Jackson Browne's 'Saturate Before Using'. Honest, this is awful good.

Although the entire album is excellent from start to finish, through repeated listenings, two particular tracks shine like the most polished diamonds. Big as the Ritz too. 'One More Night' is one of the sexiest, most sensual songs anyone's ever recorded. Lover's sentiments are beautifully portrayed through a romantic vocal and heartfelt words. It's got the same emotional, melodic feel as 'I Wanna Stay With You'. All hopeless romantics will love it.

Last but not least is 'Save It For A Rainy Day' which features a nice chunk of Eric Clapton's six string fire. Chaka Khan wraps her voice tightly round Stephen's on the chorus and the entire effect is hypnotizing. Just about a perfect song.

Stephen Bishop no longer writes two-bit toons for quick bucks. And he's stopped selling lithographs too. This year he's a promising new artist. Next year Stephen Bishop will be a star. Just watch.

— Barbara Charone, Sounds Magazine.

STEPHEN BISHOP'S NEW ALBUM 'CARELESS' IS EVEN BETTER TO LISTEN TO

ALSO AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE

SOUL AND SORTS ROUND-UP

Hey, caballero, a leetle more synthesiser . . .

THESE CHAPS DRESS CASUAL, PLAY SMART CALDERA

Caldera (Capitol)
SIX CABALLEROS from Brazil, Argentina, Costa Rica, Cuba, Florida and California (who've paid diverse dues, from classical training to gigging with The Stones) join forces under the benevolent supervision of ex-Crusader Wayne Henderson. Result is as you'd expect; a Latin-American inspired adaptation of The Crusaders' sound with synthesizer overlay — and also a touch of the Earth, Wind and Fire's and Santana.

The half-dozen extended instrumentals are all their own work; their strength in the tight juxtaposition of inventive solos rather than immediately catchy melodies or thumping danceability. One for those of you who are thrilled and not numbed by the fluid dexterity of L.A.-based jazz/rock. N.B. This album is not afflicted with strings. This is a public service announcement.

THESE CHAPS SING AND PLAY, DRESS OPTIONAL

FAT LARRY'S BAND
Feel It (WMOT)
BUNCH of Philly musicians who got their break as Blue Magic's backing group. Subtle they are not. Most of the album is swishing high-hat

discobop, egged on by extraordinary gargling vocalist — presumably corpulent Larry himself. Overall effect is too much like the insistent jollifications of a hearty life-of-the-party type but at least the music has a brashness that's absent in similar recordings (and there are many similar recordings). Boosted by brass too; no strings.

By CLIFF WHITE

MASS PRODUCTION

Welcome To Our World (Cotillion)
UNFORTUNATE but not entirely misleading name for a 10-piece assembly of brass and rhythm who betray numerous influences and still come up with a solid disco debut. Their musicianship is considerably better than functional, and the couple of ballads demonstrate that they've at least one good singer in their midst. Passes the can-you-sit-and-listen-to-it? test. No strings.

THESE CHAPS DO IT ON THE HOME FRONT

MUSCLES
Muscles (Big Bear)
OLYMPIC RUNNERS
Hot To Trot (Chipping Norton)
TWO BRITISH counterparts

to the above. Four-man Muscles and the quintet of top session men who masquerade as The Olympic Runners are keyboard-orientated rhythm machines. Both sometimes compensate by overdubbing strings, curse them. But both also enjoy the superior sound of Chipping Norton Studio; the first produced by Jim Simpson, the latter by Mike Vernon. Muscles have the most evenly balanced album (which also means they're short on surprises); the Runners are far more erratic but generally entertaining and occasionally ace, helped along by vocalist George Chandler.

IMMIGRANT SUCCESS STORY

BIDDU & ORCHESTRA
Eastern Man (Epic)
NOTHING Eastern about his music. This man has more strings to his bow than Mantovani. Happily he keeps them well away from most of the tracks on this dial-a-style pot-pourri, then ruptures the relief by singing. Opening cut is Neil Diamond's "Girl You'll Be A Woman Soon" sensually crooned over a simulation of the backing track to George McCrae's "Rock Your Baby", and from thereon things deteriorate. No doubt destined to be the best seller of the page, but probably not to discerning NME readers.



SYREETA: working with Leon Ware and Curtis Robertson

THESE CHAPS STAND UP, DRESS UP AND SING IN FRONT OF LARGE ORCHESTRAS

DOUBLE EXPOSURE
Ten Percent (Salsoul)
ANONYMOUS quartet, Sigma Sound production, you've heard it all before. Best tracks are a revival of The Four

Tops' "Baby I Need Your loving" and a fast disco spin, "My Love Is Free". They'd do very nicely as a double-sided single. Why an album?

DYNAMIC SUPERIORS
You Name It (Motown)
THIS TIME it's a quintet performing indifferent material from a variety of Corpora-

tion writers and once again it all sounds uncomfortably familiar. Not unpleasant you understand, just routine.

HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES

Reaching For The World (ABC)
THEIR FIRST release with the new lead singer and considering his diabolical performance in London last month, much better than expected. Doesn't have the depth of the best of their previous work but Sigma Sound and Melvin's production stick to the proven formula. My money's on Teddy Pendergrass though.

THE MIRACLES

Love Crazy (CBS)
ABOUT TIME this group switched labels. It was disconcerting seeing them still on Motown long after they'd debased the famous name. Considerable improvement over their last couple of dogs but still caught in the cogs of the love machine. Their writing isn't exactly improving by leaps and bounds.

THE TAMLINS

Black Beauty (State)
JAMAICAN TRIO who dress like The Drifters and mix a deceptive cocktail of commercial reggae and gossamer soul. Rastas they ain't. Most of the album is pleasant enough in a vapid sort of way although their version of The Ohio Players' "Skin Tight" is the absolute pits. A Neville Hinds/Byron Lee JA production that sounds more like a Camden Town quickie.

THESE CHAPS STAND ALONE (JUST IN FRONT OF A VAST SUPPORTING CAST)

JOHNNY BRISTOL
Bristol's Creme (Polydor)
IF THERE is any direct connection between Marvin

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Gaye and Barry White (unlikely but plausible), Bristol rents half-way house. He has musical affinity with latter and some of the vocal charm of the former. It's his singing that lifts this self-written and produced package of romantic disco-soul above the mean average level. Nothing here to send you cross-eyed with excitement though.

NORMAN CONNORS

You Are My Starship (Buddah)

FOR A man who just plays drums behind 25 sessioneers, including singers Michael Henderson & Phyllis Hyman, Connors has scooped up a disproportionate amount of credit. He only wrote one track, arranged two and didn't produce the album. It's not even rhythmic music for chris-sake. On the contrary, it's mainly gently floating moods of romance. Real soporific soul.

JESSE GREEN

Nice And Slow (EMI)

FROM THE title you'd think this'd be as dreamy and dreary as "Starship". In fact it's a sprightly bunch of attractive pop tunes that set Green up as a sort of urban (and urbane) George McCrae. Commendable but expendable.

WALTER JACKSON

Feeling Good (UA)

A MAJOR disappointment. Jackson cut some fine tormented soul sides in the mid-60s, including a killer version of "My Ship Is Coming In". Unfortunately he also had a penchant for schmaltz, a vice that's obviously tightened its stranglehold over the year. This sophisticated selection was recorded in his hometown of Chicago and supervised, by his originalfamed buddies, arranger Riley Hampton and producer Carl Davis. Only the revival of his first hit



THELMA HOUSTON: stronger material needed.

"Welcome Home" does any of them justice.

LEON WARE

Musical Message (Motown)

THE WRITER/producer of Marvin Gaye's "I Want You" album (among others) steps to the mike for a sequel that sounds as if it might originally have been intended for Marvin himself. Gaye even makes a guest appearance on one track, as does Minnie Ripperton and Bobby Womack. Ware turns out to be equally adept at telling sensual bedtime stories, so if Marv turned you on Leon'll pick up your pieces.

THESE CHAPS WEAR FROCKS

THELMA HOUSTON

Any Way You Like It (Motown)

TALENTED lady who's currently got her head and shoulders above the flood or

Corporation product. One side is disco (including the hit "Don't Leave Me This Way") and one side ballads, the whole proving that she's a capable singer but not really establishing whether she'll sink or swim. Stronger material needed for longer support.

SYREETA

One To One (Motown)

ANOTHER graduate from the Stevie Wonder/Marvin Gaye school of applied seduction. Syreeta's now working with Leon Ware and Curtis Robertson, using a nucleus of familiar West Coast soul sessioneers. Deceptive music this. On first meeting it seems shallow and complacent; longer acquaintance reveals many subtle delights. Come to think of it, that's probably true of the Norman Connors album too. Syreeta co-writes her own material. Easy to resist but I'm weakening.

RIGHT, NOW let's hear it for ABC, the first American company to make all their current catalogue available in Britain.

The griff is that Anchor are setting up a distribution scheme which will initially supply specialist shops in the London and Manchester areas and then expand as stocks of albums are imported from the States.

In case you haven't grasped the full implications of this tasty little news item, it means that, within the next few weeks, you'll be able to order (and obtain) such goodies as **B B King's** "Live At The Regal", **Jerry Riopelle's** "Take A Chance", **Delbert McClinton's** "Victim Of Life's Circumstances" and **Rusty Weir's** "Stoned, Slow And Rugged", plus other previously hard-to-get items by the **James Gang**, **Denise La Salle**, **Cold Blood**, **Duke And The Drivers**, etc., plus such still extant Blue Thumb releases as **Dan Hicks' "Where's The Money"**, **"Last Train To Hicksville"** and **"Striking It Rich"**, **Mark-Almond's** "Best Of . . .", **"Mark-Almond"** and **"Mark-Almond II"**, **Ben Sidran's** "Putting In Time On Planet Earth" and **Phil Upchurch's** "Darkness, Darkness".

But that's not all . . . for the deal also includes all the Dot country albums; **Dunhill** titles by the **Mamas And The Papas**, **Steppenwolf**, **Grass Roots** and **Three Dog Night**; the **Duke** albums of **Bobby Bland**; around 300 **Impulse** jazz titles; and the great wealth of gospel fare by such as the **Dixie Hummingbirds**, **Mighty Clouds Of Joy** and **Original Blind Boys**, that can be found on Peacock and Songbird.

Add the 15 albums that comprise all that's left of the Paramount catalogue, plus the Backbeat sides by **O V Wright**, **Big Mama Thornton**, etc. Then cap it all with the

IMPORTS

Command Quadrophonic series — with its four-channel versions of releases by **Steely Dan**, **Four Tops** and **B B King** — and you have some idea of the scope of the whole operation. Impressive, huh?

THOUGH I'D BEEN looking forward to the first major label release by the **Dusty Chaps**, the contemporary Western-Swing outfit who'd previously had an album out on **Bandolero**, I must admit that their "Honky Tonk Music" (Capitol) is hardly impressive. Though their music's easy to take and, at times, swings impressively, over-all they sound like **Asleep At The Wheel** on a dud day, their vocals being decidedly on the limp side.

Though I love the gormless look of lead guitarist **Rick Neilson**, whose phiz reminds me of **Huntz Hall**, the long-faced dumbell of the **Bowery Boys** and **Dead End Kinds** (all Saturday morning cinema stuff this weeks, punters!) **Cheap Tricks**, who have an album of that name out on **Epic** are unfortunately just another wham-bam-thank-you - Ma'am quartet who seem unlikely to do much more than help fill the deletion racks in the foreseeable future.

Much better — though you might find it harder to obtain — is **"Rosslyn Mountain Boys"** (Adelphi) by a countrified five piece who are propelled by ex-**Grin** drummer **Bob Berberich**.

I haven't heard the elpee, but **"Sometimes"** (Kayvette) by **Facts Of Life**, looks interesting enough. The **Facts** are a three-piece black vocal group led by **Jean Davis**, little sister to "Change" hit-maker **Tyrone**

Davis. Originally known as the **Gospel Truth**, the **Facts**, who hail from New York and Chicago, are now being produced by **Millie Jackson**, which can't be bad.

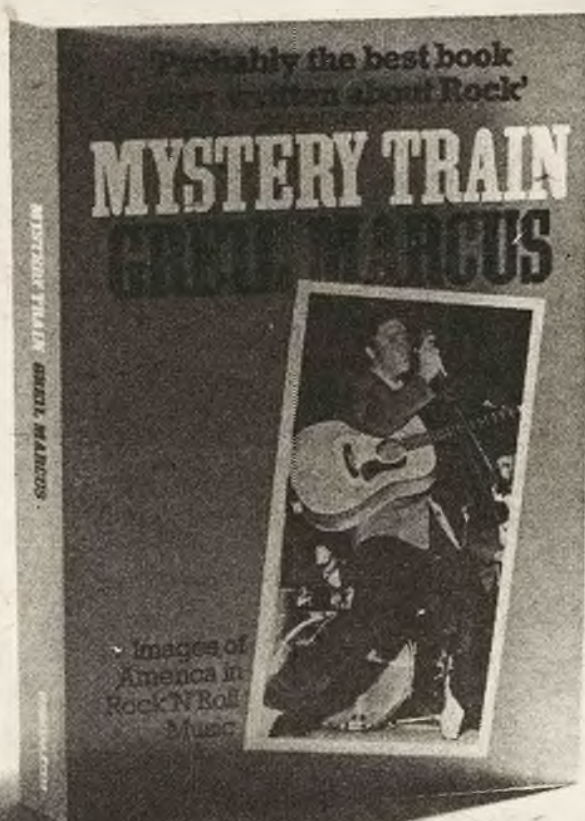
Flyover Records have just received another kamikaze delivery that includes **Freddie Hubbard's** "Glean" and **Herbie Hancock's** "Flood", both "live in Japan" shots on **CBS-Sony**, while those who dig better-class jazz vocalism could well be pointed in the direction of **Carmen McRae's** "At The Great American Music Hall" (Blue Note), a double that includes such one-time soundtrack scintillators as "On Green Dolphin Street" and "Don't Misunderstand".

JAZZ, rock, country and soul — what comes next? Oh yeah, I remember — **Folk!** Which means a mention for **John** and **James Kelly's** "The Best Of Traditional Irish Music" (Tara). The **Kellys** are a couple of young, Dublin fiddle-players who when assisted by **Michael Crehan** (uilleann pipes) and **Michael Gavin** (flute) produce sounds that are not a crock'o'gold away from those emanating from the **Chieftains**. And the fact that **Paddy Maloney's** **Claddagh** company is distributing the album must say something about the **Kellys'** ability.

Also around . . . **John Mayall's** live from the **L A Roxy** "Lots Of People" (ABC), **The Band's** "Islands" (Capitol), **The Commodores'** "Zoom" (Motown), **REO Speedwagon's** "You Get What You Play For" live double (Epic), **Return To Forever's** "Music Magic" (Columbia), the **Spinners'** **Thom Bell**-produced "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow" (Atlantic) and "Lavender Hill Mob" (UA) from yet another of those currently myriad Canadian outfits.

Fred Dellar

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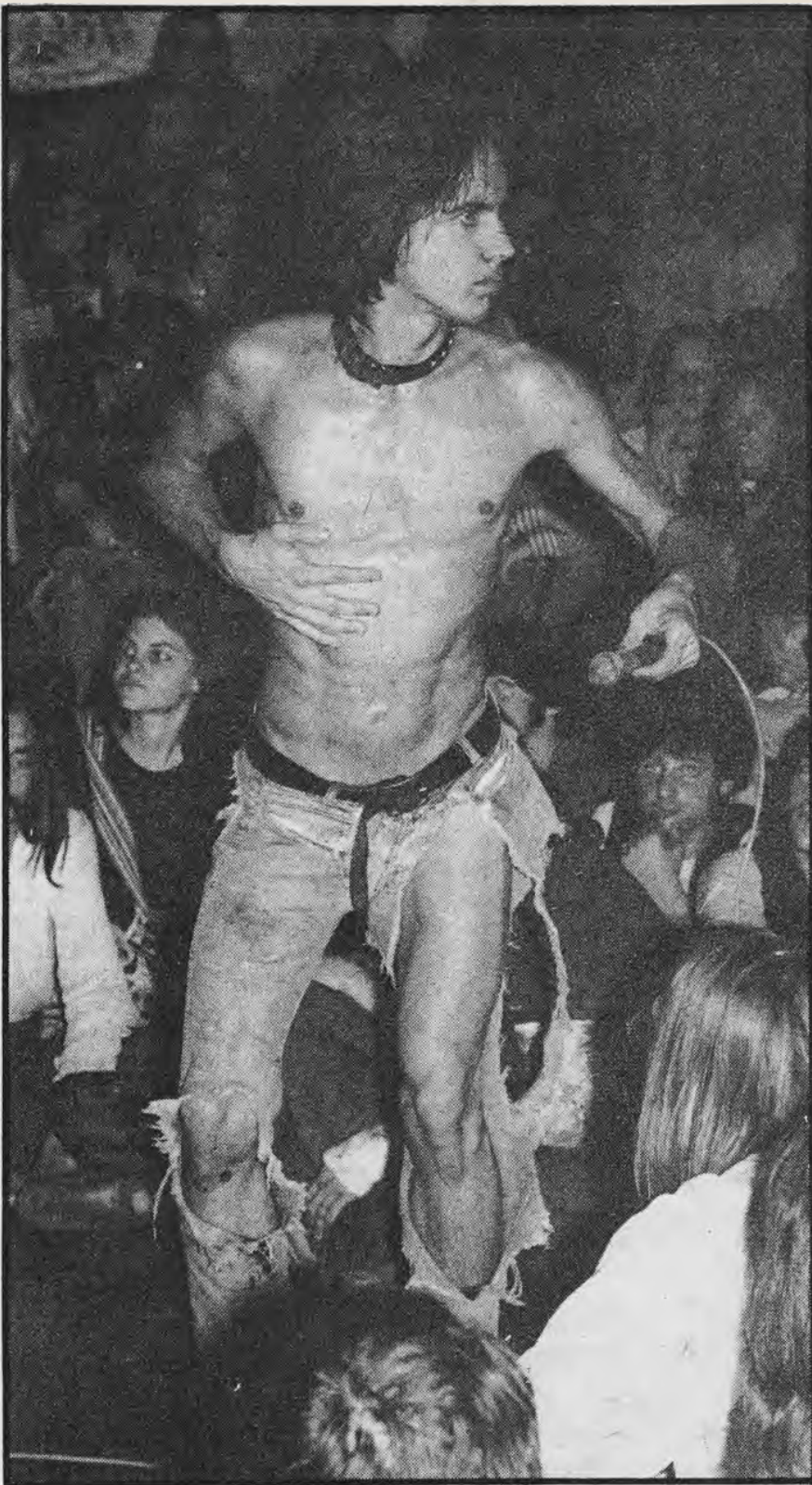
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This little Iggy went to pieces . . .



Pic: JOE STEVENS

IGGY POP

The Idiot (RCA)

"I'm not a punk anymore, I'm a damned man" — Iggy Pop.

A LOT of rubbish has already been written about this album so to keep things neat and close to knuckle, let's just kick off with the facts so far.

1) "The Idiot" is totally an Iggy Pop-conceived and dominated statement of intent.

2) "The Idiot" is the logical attitude-successor to "Raw Power" and everything else that came before.

3) Instead of obsessively genuflecting on the "Bowie element", first think about The Doors and especially if Jim Morrison's cold visions of the "endless night", transmuted from the cool acid nerve ends of the late '60's to the zombie-time dangerous days of the late '70's. "The Idiot" would be the perfect statement for a young 'Jimbo' weaned on a purely '70's collation of stress and hyper-pain-awareness.

Just for the record, most of us left Iggy Pop behind some years back wriggling on a bed of carefully sharpened nails, broken glass and all-purpose debris screaming the odds and glorifying his own descent into the abyss.

Death trip time. The sick boy going down-down but yes, yes, yes the trip was worth it if only because — "I'm with you, you with me / We're going down in history".

Iggy and the boys, you see,

never believed in very much — The bare fabric of life was just all toil and boredom and the only reprieve from such anguish — the never-ending search for "fun" — could only end in damnation through hedonistic excess.

Still, when you looked dead into the eye of the hurricane, which was really better? The endless sleepwalk of quiet desperation or a short life-line shot through with the perverse glory of having done it all and done it to death, but with style. The choice was yours and aren't you glad of that?

Only Iggy didn't die after "Raw Power". He tried very hard for a long, long time but somehow old father mortality kept putting him back on the line — again and again. One by one his old buddies — the Dum Dum Boys — shuffled off to O.D. or go crazy or go straight and finally he was left with himself all alone to make out as best he could with his battered psyche, a three day Quaalude hangover and a brain that still perceived everything as coldly and severely as ever.

Enter David Bowie. To all intents and purposes, a strange bedfellow for all those brutal realities that Iggy had always represented, Bowie the chameleon had throughout his career been shedding masks like a lizard sheds dead skin and now shorn of yet another disguise and too bored to find a new one, he'd decided to expose his own swarthy pallor to the world.

Trouble is, "Low", the first

IG AND SUPER IG

Igs past and present collide in sonic fury as NICK KENT & MAX BELL once more grasp for the identity of the enIGma, quest for the infinite etc. etc.

full flowering of said ploy while "very" interesting" and occasionally shot through with a certain alien beauty, lacked any real tension, not to mention the fact that behind the doomy stance taken in the lyrics there really appeared a man rather bereft of anything very passionate to say. Thus the confusion of some that Bowie's latest bag was "Catatonia-rock". The alliance with the Mighty Pop seems utterly feasible now. Iggy has the experience, the muscle, the cancer to force Bowie's ghoulish 'new music' into something truly, harrowingly impressive. From the first track you can actually taste the 'tension' these two are cooking on.

"Sister Midnight", a night-marish disco 'motorik' structure, twists and convulses like some musical Frankenstein while a gravel-throated Iggy dictates the real colour of his dreams — "Calling Sister Midnight / You know I had a dream last night / Mother was in my bed / And I made love to her / Father he gunned for me / Hunted me with his six-gun / Calling Sister Midnight / What can I do about my dreams?"

The scene is set right from the very start. This music is totally rivetted and fettered to a thoroughly unhealthy aroma of evil and twilight zone zombie-time unease.

And the spirit of the Doors? It's living and breathing alright through the Pop's cold utterances which sound exactly like Jim Morrison's unexhumed 'ghost' restlessly tripping through all the Oedipal fantasies that exactly ten years ago provided that back-bone of real menace to "The End".

"Nightclubbing" is just the next step. You wake up suddenly and realise that the nightmare you're living in is even worse than the one you just slept through.

"Nightclubbing we're night-clubbing / We're what's happen-

ing . . . We walk like a ghost / We learn dances, brand new dances / Like the nuclear bomb / When we're nightclubbing / Oh isn't it wild". A cold, numbing look at all the walking ghouls down at the Discotheque, or the Roxy, or . . . dancing to computerized muzak — the real beat of the living dead.

It's a harrowing, perversely vivid social documentary of burnt-out pleasures. Bowie's accompanying sound-track sounds like it was recorded inside a Tuinol.

"Funtime" is familiar in its continued style of tonal disorientation — appropriately ghoulish as ever — but subjectively it's something of a shot of 'light relief'.

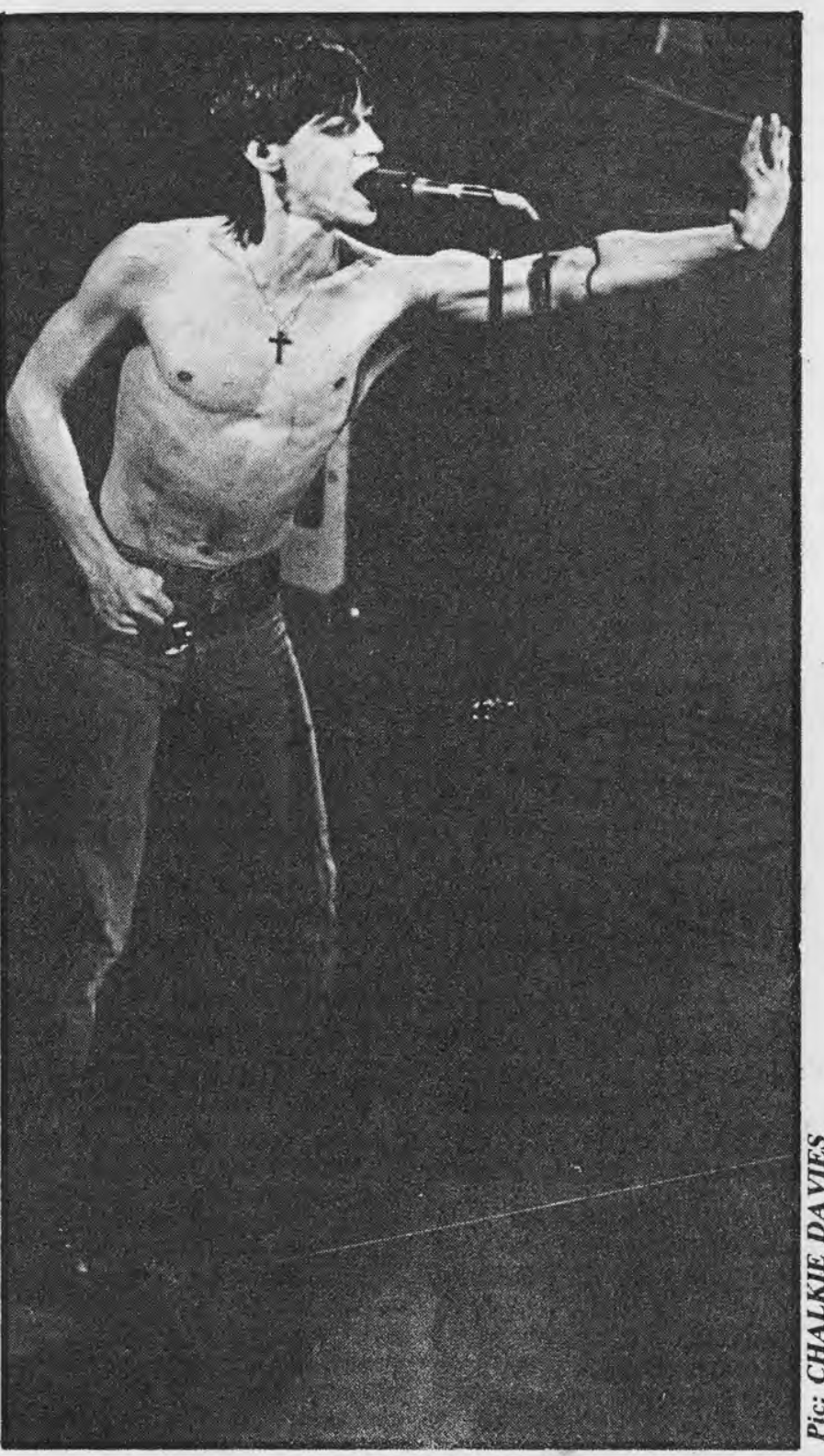
Iggy and Bowie's very own homage to Bobby "Boris" Pickett and "Monster Mash" is as close as I can nail it, though the ghoulish innocuousness of the latter is replaced by this perverse "hedonistic" intent making Iggy sound like and he and his cohorts are all set for necrophiliac gang-bang.

"Baby" is where J. Morrison really steps out of his tomb and slips into the Ig persona — "We're walking down the street of chance / Where the chance is always slim or none / And the intentions unjust".

That voice — it's so like Morrison it's as scary as the strange sub-human beauty of Bowie's frigid anti-melody for this song. The message is pretty simple: Life is a constant gamble played against forces who always play with loaded dice. Cold comfort-time but chillingly touching in its way.

"China Girl" ends the first side on a grand note. Starting off as a tender bouncing paean to the presumed joys of being head over heels in love (Bowie even gets in a quasi-cheap and Oriental sound for the main refrain), two highly 'commercial' verses later, Iggy leaps off into a bizarre harangue about "coming into town just like a

. . . This little Iggy struck rich . . .



Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

sacred cow/Visions of swastikas in my head . . . before aggressively threatening the object of his desire — "My Little China Girl / You shouldn't mess about with me / I'll ruin everything you are / I'll give you television . . . I'll give you men who want to rule the world".

And at the end, when anger has been assuaged, the listener is left wondering whether the 'China Girl' is really the Vietnamese lady Iggy told us all about on "Hullabaloo" last Sunday, or some devious 'slang' term for Chinese heroin. The choice, as ever, is yours.

There are two sides to this record — an obvious but important point to make, seeing as the grim, ghoulish, subterranean style of side one ain't nothing compared to the harrowing sense of doom osmosed from virtually every groove of side two.

It's logical, really — What comes together falls apart and all that — though the collapse here does make for one of the most harrowing pieces of rock ever recorded.

Bowie and Iggy use three tracks to cause this disintegration. "Dum Dum Boys" is actually a very poignant homage to the once-mighty spirit of the Stooges. Iggy first reciting a list of real-life Stooze casualties before bemoaning their fate in front of Bowie's choice of three brain-numbing chords which more or less anaesthetize the cries for help — "Now I'm looking for the Dum Dum Boys / The walls close in and I need some noise."

But there's no James Williamson stun-guitar to provide the noise this time — only Bowie's grinding, relentless orchestra of doom.

"Tiny Girls" is a short, rather beautiful vignette mainly courtesy of Iggy's melancholy lyrics and Bowie's saxophone wafting sadly through the mix but it's easy to miss because of the grand finale — "Mass Production" — which really is pretty damn grim.

"Though I try to die / You put me back on the line / Oh damn it to hell / Back on the line (Again and again)". The piece grunts and shifts relentlessly with Bowie's tapestry of all-purpose industrial noise.

"I like to drive along the freeways / see the smokestacks belching . . ." — it ends with an apocalyptic electronic scream, so wincingly high-pitched it sounds at first like the sound of rats eating out dead skulls speeded up to 78 r.p.m. The whole of the second side of the "Idiot" is one thoroughly unsavoury scream after another from the full snot-stench of urban damnation.

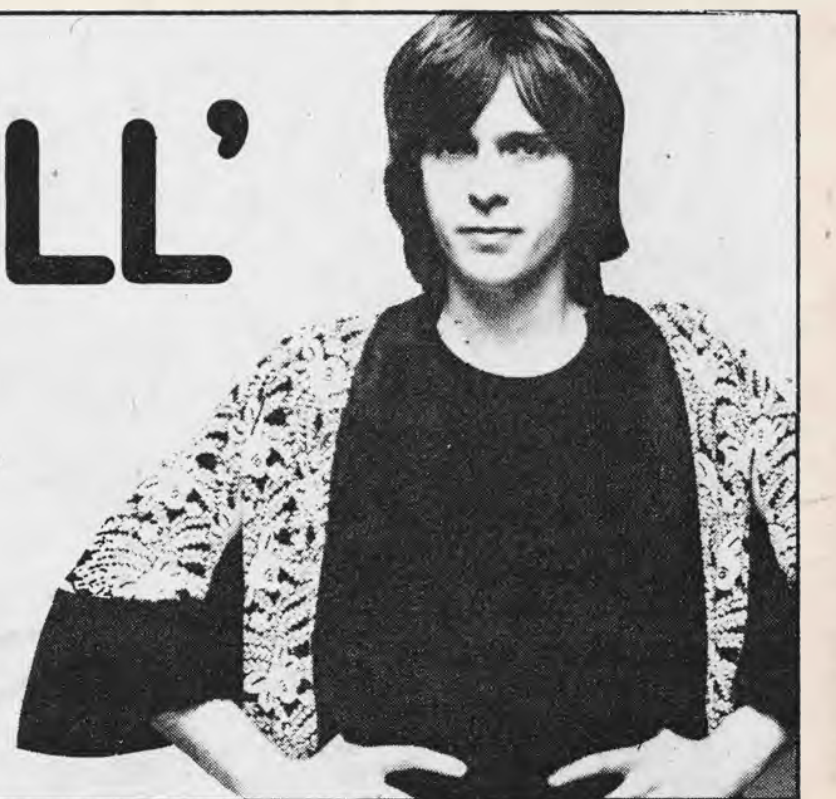
So that's it. No longer decadent punk, but the full-blooded scream of damnation itself. As such, it's damn unhealthy, depressing, perverse, harrowing and . . . and strangely addictive. I love side one with a vengeance — and would recommend it to anyone, barring those going through heavy narcotic withdrawals at the time of playing (as they could quite easily end up committing suicide).

'SOLSBURY HILL'

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Certain, so-called Iggy fans will mutter morosely about the lack of heavy metal rock action here, but that's only because they can't see that "The Idiot" is really only the next logical step from the hell-fire tinglings of "Raw Power" in order to keep the Pop's demon-in-residence biting back on vinyl.

David Bowie fans should hear it too, though they must be warned beforehand that the music and pain quotient here is very much for real and as such could be immediately disturbing.

Sleep well.

Nick Kent

THE STOOGES
The Stooges
(Elektra);
Fun House (Elektra).

"I believe in giving people what they deserve ... let's face it, life is hard and records don't hurt anybody."

Brian Wilson (*Rolling Stone* — No. 234).

FIRST THINGS first. It seems as if the new wave is here to stay for quite some time, if only fuelling itself upon a series of farcical non-events whereby one band, at least, are well on the way to becoming millionaires without releasing an album.

Someone, sometime is going to have to evaluate the merits of the movement as it stands. Currently the rock press attitude to yer punk has been patronising to the extent that if said groups are out to crush the establishment then they won't be needing the opinions of a bunch of scribes locked away in servitude to free records and their names on the door at the Roxy.

Maybe the new wave will spawn some decent, lasting voice that assimilates the present mess of screaming dissatisfaction and distill it into a form that can be understood. It's early days but the dangers of the music press working on the assumption that if it spits give it a double page spread are pretty damn obvious.

The critical laxity predominant has tended to result in an abrogation of responsibility, a false democracy of talent and a share in the spoils for whoever gets there first.

When you're confronted with spokesmen for the new anarchy in the *Evening Standard*, the *Sunday Times*, late afternoon T.V. chat shows et al, then inevitably much of the stuffing is being knocked out of a set of inverted ideals. Ironically the people lionising the anarchy kids are the ones who stand to lose most if they get their way.

And now one granddaddy of punk is undergoing a huge revival of popularity, paid homage to by the devotees of today who didn't have the opportunity eight years back when he started out.

The Stooges led by James Jewel Osterburg (a.k.a. Iggy Pop nee Stoooge) are set fair for a revival (sic) comparable to that of ole Lou Reed himself.

Remember when Bowie came on stage with Lucifer at the Festival Hall, sang his songs, called him his own sweet Chuck Berry and thereby gave Reed the credi-

bility he needed with English kids to stop not filling the Sundowns and pack 'em in at the Rainbow?

Well Bowie has done the trick with Ig: production for "The Idiot" too, just like his timely contribution to "Trans-former". Sure Bowie had the good taste to oversee "Raw Power" in '73 but that got lost in the CBS wash.

The main Stoooge lay low, except for "Metallic K.O." which was a statement of existence rather than a record. He didn't reap the benefit deserved for one of rock and roll's greatest ever assaults on the mondo scale of ten.

This time he will. Sensing a feeling underfoot WEA have seen fit to make the initial forays available once more, an act of munificence equatable with Atlantic's re-releasing "Back In The USA".

What it all meant, what Iggy is about has been detailed at length not least, in this paper, by Nick Kent; the legend, the broken glass impaling, the self-immolation, the line in body abuse that made Marlon Brando's celluloid escapades of masochism in *One Eyed Jacks*, *On The Waterfront* etc., seem like cutting your finger nails.

The debut, "The Stooges"—well, what a debut. Surprisingly mellow and classy, clean John Cale production, him on the run from the Velvet Underground with a few ideas too. A basis of Ron and Scott Asheton on guitar and drums, Dave Alexander on bass.

Controlled, not at all banal, it doesn't even herald a revolution in studio technique because the rough end of American punk always understood the possibilities of recording to advantage.

The cliched attitude that old fart American bands with their ten minute guitar solos are redundant gets the shove also. The Stooges may have come from Ann Arbor and Detroit Michigan but the principal influences at work were West Coast, the Doors, Quicksilver, the Airplane. You can hear it buster, it aint peace and love but neither were they, so if you think it only has efficacy if it's one and a half minutes long then get off here.

'1969' all across the USA, another year of nothing to do. That simple. Stooges material hurts, nothing is delivered or promised.

Even the sex songs don't get it up. "Real Cool Time" is an open invitation to come over tonight, the sort of offer you wouldn't want to take up really.

Underneath the menace Ron Asheton belies the notion that they couldn't play, manic sub-Hendrix and he's thought about every note. You have to read between the lines, it isn't what they say more the way they say it.

Superficially "Ann" could be a love song; again you wouldn't want to be the recipient of Iggy's "Little Doll." He's "Not Right".

"We Will Fall" is a very bad trip, a chant that borrows from Jim's "My Wild Love" but makes you look over your shoulder, shivering with psychedelic reaction, the tab, that took you too far and you can't get back. Cale added ethereal viola to Iggy Stoooge's sullen grunting, a master

stroke. Ten minutes long too, heh, heh.

"Fun House" was the Stooges at their best. "I Feel Alright" (1970) showed that things hadn't changed, gotten worse maybe. Anyhow this is precision-tooled insanity, every guitar lick grabs you round the neck with the grip of a boa and bites like a rattle snake whip lashing from behind a rock.

The rhythm is one long pulse, a severed vein and a juggernaut coming through the roof. Iggy sings "Down On The Street" with a sneer that places him well to the forefront of great Jewish vocalists from Eric Bloom to Richard Blum.

Dripping with all the essential ingredients that have made the finest American metal and scrambled brains music the only valid youth culture art form. Iggy is "Loose", he's on the lamb but he is nobody's pigeon.

Don Galluci had replaced Cale and let the boys run riot to the extent that "Fun House" sounds as if they left the tapes running and did the whole performance straight off, one take.

"T.V. Eye" predates Bowie's big bro' looking at you kid and it comes off the rails with a grinding skid of intensity that says it all, "Dirt".

Side two has the inspired inclusion of Steven Mackay's cosmic tenor sax blowing up against Ig's attempt to get off, put me down scat. It's a running battle all the way, if you can live through "L.A. Blues" you know you made it.

As a testament of new decade bedrock nastiness this is classic. To me only "Morrison Hotel" and Stalk Forrest Group surpassed it for molten dictation of terms that year.

So raw and alive is it that "The Idiot", despite the progression, the near perfection of a surrogate Doors atmosphere and "Gimme Danger" Morrison voice done to a tee is not the Ig in top shape, doing what he does best.

But these albums are an affirmation of what can be done with the rules. When the new wave puts "Fun House" in the shade come back and tell me.

Max Bell

LEO KOTTKÉ
Best of Leo Kottke
1971-1976 (Capitol)

THE FIRST time I ever heard Leo Kottke was on Canadian FM radio some seven years ago; it was his idiosyncratic version of "Eight Miles High", his fluid 12-string guitar work providing frenetic accompaniment to his languidly studied vocals (a sort of cross between Fred Neil and Tom Rush).

When I discovered that the co-producer was John Fahey, further investigation was mandatory. Ever since that album ("Mudlark") neither Leo nor myself have ever looked back.

Put simply, Kottke is a supremely gifted, constantly rewarding artist and it is high time there was a decent retrospective available of his not inconsiderable output (nine solo albums, six of those for Capitol).

Capitol have gone some way towards accomplishing this with "Best Of Leo Kottke

Andy Dandy's coming to play ...

T. REX
Dandy In The Underworld
(EMI/Bolan).

I SAW T. Rex for the first time in eight years last year without The Damned, up credibility gulch without a paddle, and they were fantastic.

On record my acquaintance is also patchy. In 1972 I came to acquire a copy of "The Slider" and I was amazed to discover that T. Rex played like nobody has ever played either before or since, a weird wonderful fantasy that was quite unique.

The childlike innocence; the androgynous sensuality; the machine fetish; the nymph (ette) leer; the poetic pretensions (and skill); the nursery rhyming; the Bolan out-of-Presley camp butch vocals blending magically with Flo & Eddie's bleating cartoon falsettos; the cosmic wisdom and the hot triviality; the toybox R&B lifted into dimension five by bizarre minor chord choruses; the metallic, uniform, soulless sound ...

It was like a message from space; the flawless alien who was seducing our children; inhuman but irresistible.

I caught up with T. Rex again on "Futuristic Dragon", last year's messy, Bolan-produced comeback album. What had once been appealingly simplistic was now trite; the sound, and unconventional mix of synthetic rock plus touches of disco and rampaging JCB orchestrations, was a quagmire. Above all Bolan missed those space voices to work off.

Still, it was ambitious, and parts of it succeeded.

Ambitions "Dandy In The Underworld" is not ... but it does succeed.

He's ditched Gloria Jones as token clavinet person, all keyboards are now handled by Dino Dines; Steve Currie and Davey Lutton hung around on bass and drums for "I Love To Boogie" (a mid-'76 single

Tra-la-la-la-la-la, Get It On, Boogie Awhile, etc.



"I suppose you think you can find some old publicity picture to make me look foolish."

included here though the more recent, less successful "Laser Love" is omitted), "Universe" and "Visions Of Domino", but mostly it's Herbie Flowers and Tony Newman, the session vets now in the stage band.

That's the basic line-up with contributions from the excellent Chris Mercer (sax), a shot of squeaky vocalising by Alfa Alpha on "Crimson Moon", and a few others including one track which features none of the above musicians.

It's a very consistent album, very listenable well arranged, immaculately played, but it lacks the weirdness and inspiration of "The Slider", of which it sometimes sounds like a more sensible, professional copy.

That it's so is a tribute to Bolan's control, both in getting back this far on course and in keeping an overall sound throughout an album that uses so many combinations of players.

As his must-hit single, "The Soul Of My Suit", shows, Marc's voice is as good as ever — and his guitar playing, while missing the strangled sparkle of yore, is more assured then ever.

You can have fun trying to guess who the Dandy is — Dylan or Bowie? Bolan presumably — and you can squirm with irritation at the repetition of lines like "Hey there sister, let's face the universe and dance" or smile with pleasure at lines like "You pulled my love out by the roots".

As usual, there's the odd Bolan mixture of obscurantist philosophising and onomatopoeic gobbledegook offset by those melodic, often even more irrelevant choruses.

But something is missing. The pseudo-innocence seems to have been replaced by pseudo-seriousness in places, the fay by the flippant.

Nevertheless, it's a return to form. And it's got twelve tracks.

Phil McNeill

1971-1976" (released in the States under the more ironically appropriate title of "Did You Hear Me?") and at £2.20 it really does deserve to belong in every record collection.

Unfortunately, "Eight Miles High" isn't included (nor is anything from the "Greenhouse" set), but this is nonetheless a fair representation of a unique performer.

Whether he's playing traditional tunes ("Cripple Creek", "All Through The Night"), his own complex compositions (the eerie "When Shrimps Learn To Whistle", the startlingly chamber-like "Room 8"), or interpreting other works (the sardonic Tom T. Hall song "Pamela Brown", his riveting version of Procol Harum's "Power Failure"), Kottke's astonishing dexterity is never merely a showcase for his technique.

Rather, he infuses all his

work with natural warmth and uplifting good humour, his blithe spirit tangibly communicating an overt love of music.

He is equally accomplished playing — contemplatively ("Why Ask Why?") or dynamically ("June Bug"), his deployment of supporting musicians (mainly bass and drums) never extraneous, always an integral.

Two numbers are particularly striking: although the entire vocal section from "Morning Is The Long Way Home" has been excised, it remains one of his finest moments, immensely powerful and daemonically driven; and "Grim To The Brim" neatly encapsulates his diverse influences — basically a blues, Kottke (a self-confessed Science Fiction addict) imbues the piece with classical and non-terrestrial embellish-

ments, turning it into a sort of Mekon / Delta blues.

The album closes with "The Scarlatti Rip-Off" and it so satisfyingly rounds off this display of consummate artistry that I'm sure neither Alessandro nor Domenico would bear any grudges.

Another reason for procuring this record is the fact that four cuts are taken from "Ice Water", which was never released in this country. And if there are to be any quibbles about the selection, then the blame must lay in Leo's prodigious hands for he obviously supervised the project; six of the 14 tracks have been re-edited or re-recorded "according to the way they feel to me today. The rest felt OK the first time."

Eight out of 14 isn't bad, Leo, and anyway, they'll feel OK for a long time to come.

Monty Smith

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ON THE TOWN

Eagles NEW YORK

THE NEXT time The Eagles descend from their penthouse eyrie, they can hardly expect more compliant prey.

Maybe New Yorkers need their brand of escapism more than most. Much of the city's appeal lies in its uglier aspects, and after a while that appeal could easily pall.

Whatever the reason, the reception the band got when they walked onstage at Madison Square Garden was close to rabid. The gig had all the makings of a major triumph.

At any rate, that's how it seemed for a start.

To blow it on a grand scale is an opportunity granted only to an elite few. To blow it at Madison Square Garden demands a rare, perverse genius.

The Eagles blew it. Undeniably, irretrievably. Bombed out worse than a rockandroll Dresden.

There was a horrible, compelling fascination about the way they did it. After all, to headline there you need to be a guaranteed smash. To turn yourself from a guaranteed smash into a whopper flopper in two hours is some feat.

So how did it happen?

If you hear rumours that Rick Wakeman, John McLaughlin, Larry Adler, Sooty and his xylophone, or Sparky and his magic piano are about to join The Eagles, don't discount them. The band are demonstrably willing to add the least likely soloist to their line-up.

At present, the least likely soloist is called Joe Walsh.

There was a certain amount of surprise expressed when Walsh joined The Eagles. His music was hardly like theirs.

A heavy metal axeman, leading his own band and specialising in ponderous riffs and frenzied solos. Highly regarded by Pete Townsend.

All very splendid, no doubt, but not quite the credentials for a California soft-rock harmony group.

Well, if you were wondering how Walsh would fit, the answer is that he's done more than just fit, he's practically taken over.

Forget The Eagles. These are Joe Walsh and his Turgid Turkeys.

The audience never got over their surprise — a surprise made all the more potent by its delay. For the first hour, all was predictable, familiar, and blissful.

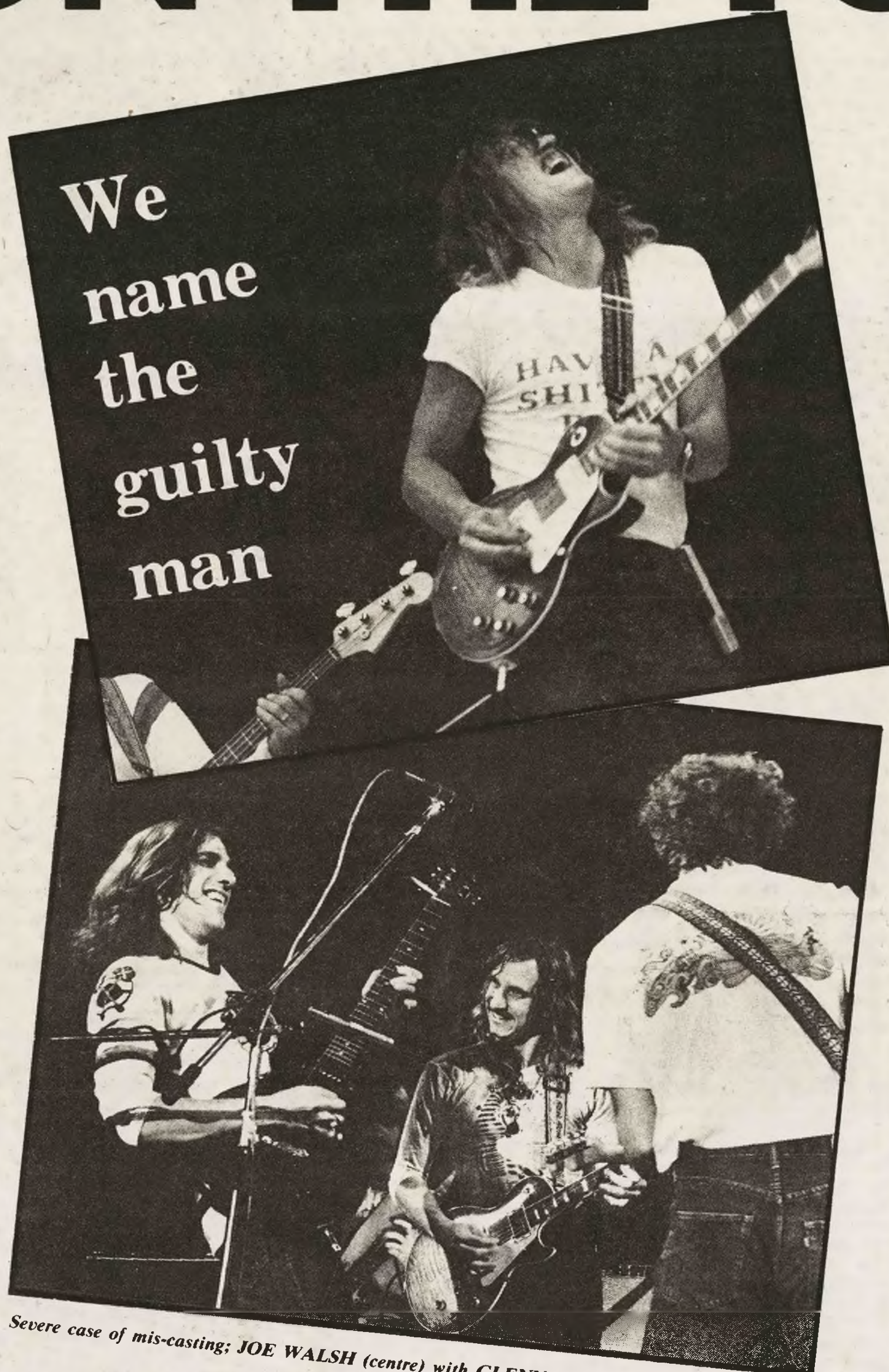
The kids sat with a great deal of patience through a limp set by a bunch of good ole boys who were trying to weld their own Eagles retreat to random performances by a raunchy blues harpist.

You could tell the harpist was raunchy. He wore a wide-brimmed trilby with his obligatory lumberjack outfit as a gesture to them old blues guys, and kept dropping to his knees as though weighed down by the sheer immensity of his music.

The harpist also did the MC bit. He said he was proud to introduce the "hottest new band in showbiz — from Key West, Florida: Jimmy Bluuuuuugh and his Wuuuuuughs."

Subsequent enquiries among the audience suggested that Jimmy's surname was actually Buffet and his back-up were the Little River Band. But the kids weren't too sure, or too interested.

At one stage, someone at the back threw a mangled album, with bits chopped out of it. This lump of criticism landed a few rows from the stage, nearly decapitating one unfortunate kid who probably shared the opinion of the



Severe case of mis-casting; JOE WALSH (centre) with GLENN FREY and BERNIE LEADON

Eagles deliver a turkey

From BOB EDMANDS at
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

thrower. Maybe the album was Jimmy's debut.

After a dignified pause the house lights again dimmed, and up high near the top of black velvet draper, two neon signs flashed on. "Hotel California" they said, and the kids went rampant.

With scant ceremony, The Eagles came on, stumbling a little in the darkness, tuned up a bit, and launched into the song of the same name. Ecstasy from all quarters went into overdrive as the velvet drapes rose behind them to reveal a huge replica of the album sleeve, lit by a startling red sunrise. The kids were overcome with awe. Like Christ shown all the cities of the world by the Devil, and

accepting.

As for the band themselves, they had that identikit California cool that seems to be handed from one generation of rock musicians to the next. They could have been posing with Jim McGuinn for a Byrds album sleeve.

Glenn Frey wore a pair of shades on top of his head, as though he'd just walked in from the poolside. Don Felder had blue jeans expensively patched. Randy Meisner, looking oddly like Cliff Richard, had opted for a John Fogerty costume — loud check working shirt and denims.

Only Joe Walsh looked out of place, enveloped in a huge, ill-fitting yellow tee-shirt, and crouched awkwardly over his

guitar — the Son of Paleface trying to cut it among immaculate singing cowboys. A strange, slightly comic image.

The big mystery was who was doing the singing. "Hotel California" was pining forth, note perfect, with a little tasteful urgency added to the album version — but no one was moving his lips. It was a bit like a novelty ventriloquists' act. Four ventriloquists — no dummies. (Well, no dummies in that sense).

Suddenly, you noticed that the drummer was doing the singing. Shades of The Tremeloes, The Honeycombs, and The Dave Clark Five. America's biggest soft-rock band, and they haven't employed a second drummer

to take the load off their lead vocalist.

Don Henley is an inspired vocalist and a good solid drummer, but watching him do both at the same time was somewhat strange, like seeing Gerald Ford walk and chew gum.

Walsh and Felder play stunning twin leads on the opener — a hint of the instrumental strength that Walsh has added to the band. And a further indication of Walsh's new stature came in the second song, an unidentified rocker, with Walsh on lead vocals, blasting out his trademark power chords.

But that's no more than an aside at this stage of the proceedings.

Frey tells the crowd that, "It's nice to see so many old friends and so many new friends here tonight," though he doesn't say how he can recognise anyone outside the circle of lights.

Then the hits just keep on coming. The kids don't just join in on the chorus to "Lyn" Eyes", they know the verses too.

For "Wasted Time", the backdrop lifts to reveal a full-blown orchestra, neatly tailored and slumming with dignity.

On "Take It To The Limit" Meisner reveals himself to have a high, powerful voice that can break into falsetto with the ease of Frankie Valli.

The orchestra shuts down after two numbers — a case of Californian conspicuous consumption that's highly appreciated.

Instead, on comes John David Souther — "A good friend of ours who helped write a song from our new album". John David harmonises and plays yet another acoustic guitar as the band do "New Kid In Town". The crowd goes suitably bananas. His three minutes of fame over, John David prepares to pack his bags.

There are more raptures as the orchestra comes back for one more song — the inevitable "Desperado", beautifully rendered by Henley. No way does he sound as though it's the millionth performance.

"One Of These Nights" comes next, a suitable high on which the band can make their farewells, having satisfied their audience to the full.

But it's not to be. Those accusations of MOR music seem to have hurt. The Eagles are determined to show they're a rock band. No matter that they've written some of the strongest pop melodies since Paul McCartney. The aim is to cut it as rock and rollers.

It's time for Joe Walsh to do his stuff. And when he does it, he does it good, and interminably. He looks like the guitarist Joe Cocker mimics — all ungainly postures and anguished expressions.

From then on, he leads the band through a series of instrumental bashes that has the audience bewildered and ultimately bored. It's a bit like getting a stripper at a Sunday School outing.

"I'm Already Gone" and "Victim Of Love" are dragged in to leaven the mixture, but mainly it's songs more familiar to Joe Walsh's small circle of devotees than to The Eagles' millions.

Certainly Walsh is inventive and dramatic in his playing, but the context is hopelessly wrong. Jimmy Page joins the Rollers, Ritchie Blackmore meets The Osmonds. The gulf is almost as wide as that.

The enthusiasm the band generated with their greatest hits is rapidly dissipated.

The closer is "Witchy Woman", one of The Eagles' best known songs, off an album that's sold millions.

Everybody should have been dancing on their seats by that

stage. Instead, barely a foot was tapped. Lethargic indifference was the prevailing mood. When it was clear that the band were leaving the stage, sections of the crowd got to their feet, for the very first time.

The applause would have pleased an up-and-coming support act, but for headliners of this stature, it was a disaster.

Why did it happen? If they'd tried the set out at a smaller gig, with less prestige riding on it, they'd have got the message double quick.

Amazingly, the performance had the feel of a first night. A bad case of a band believing their own hype, instead of trusting their experience. Maybe that's the inevitable fate of superstars who withdraw too far from reality.

The atmosphere in The Eagles' eyrie must be so rarefied that they've forgotten how to fly. When they came down to earth, it was with a bump.

Bob Edmands

Smokie

EDINBURGH

SMOKIE ARE semi-respectable, right? A chart band with a pleasingly non-manufactured image, due mainly to Chris Norman's soulful, gravelly voice and a neat line in harmonies.

But there's the question of the story so far coming solely from the tailor-written chart successes. I went along expecting to discover some kind of alter ego — but was surprised and a little disappointed to find no kind of ego at all.

Smokie were at pains to point out that it was the worst night of the tour. I believe them. It was a pretty poor show by any standards, a set that lasted barely an hour and an attitude of non-recognition towards the small audience that bordered on disdain.

I doubt if they won many friends.

Their set was based on their hit singles, which they reproduce very well, and their "Midnight Cafe" album. Songs of weariness and disillusion from the twenties wasteland.

Their non-chart material's carefully worked, certainly well played, but insubstantial. It's like the chart stuff but with the element of tunelessness removed. With the exception of "Going Home", it's also aimless and desperately uninteresting.

They come across as a band who have found a distinctive sound but, having found it, are not sure what to do with it.

Yet they can sell out nine thousand seats in Germany. Intrigued, I look to the band for enlightenment.

They're not happy with these criticisms, and are visibly upset by the one about their attitude to the audience. But all they can offer in return are the usual lines about being natural and entertaining, which ring rather hollow on tonight's performance, and the desire for respect. Nothing in fact that you wouldn't expect from any other band.

They say that "Wild Wild Angels" is the single closest to what they really are. It is also, significantly, the least successful. If that's a taste of what's to come then I can't help thinking that their abilities and their expectations are sadly mismatched.

I can't, of course, answer for our German friends.

Meanwhile, they have another two years with the Chapman and Chinn hit machine. Two more years to come up with some positive ideas and strong material, otherwise on this showing they're just going to fade away at the end of their chart run, however sincere they are.

Ian Cranna

Rainbow colours of your mind, etc:

A Cosmic Anachronism

Steve Hillage

RAINBOW

STEVE HILLAGE is very much an anachronism. To begin with, he's a guitar hero. His voice is too frail to carry or project much conviction, and his lyrics are usually too abstruse to decipher. The main focus on stage is his guitar playing, and I counted at least a dozen people fingering imaginary guitars while the man himself was off on one of his flighty solos.

Secondly, his songs are unevenly constructed, just a series of themes and a few riffs with little or no thread, and moods strung together.

Finally, his wide-eyed, boyish optimism and his curious mysticism (which seems to draw on many diverse sources) are about as out of step with the times, especially the rock world, as can be.

"It's All Too Much", nine years after its acid tinged first appearance in *Yellow Submarine*, is still a joyful, positive assertion of the much maligned 'hippy' outlook.

You could say the same of Steve Hillage, when he chose it as his set closer for the 70th and possibly final gig of his current band.

He's undecided about whether to use this band for his next album or to record in the States with different musicians, his rolling, anthemic version seemed to sum up what

his music and he himself are all about. However unfashionable, and even eccentric, he isn't embarrassed by his convictions.

Which, amongst other things, meant that all of the songs he played last Saturday were lengthened (and sometimes developed) by meandering improvisation. The six-piece band included one keyboard player (Phil Hodge) and two synthesiser players (Basis Brooks and Miquette Giraudy), who, along with the rhythm guitarist Christian Boule, created dense, flowing layers of sound. A base for Hillage's stellar guitar playing to work from.

"Hurdy Gurdy Man" took off on an airy, shimmering coda and "Lunar Musick Suite" wound its way to a solo spot where he demonstrated that he was adequately in control of the technology he surrounds himself with. Using phase shifters, digital delay (I think) and echo to build a rich sound carpet, he played rippl-

ing, echo-laden guitar figures to create an ethereal, spacious feeling. Its appeal, as well as its drawback, is that it's very unstructured. What he lacks in coherent melodic style he makes up for with free flowing profusion.

Clive Bunker and Colin Bass, on drums and bass respectively, were too stiff to really complement what Hillage plays, and a more jazz disciplined rhythm section would have worked better. The aggressive drumming only succeeded on a few songs, most notably on the funky, marching version of "Electric Gypsies", part of the rambling encore.

The encore also took in a powerful version of "The Salmon Song" and (I didn't believe this either) the oddest version I've ever heard of "Not Fade Away", slowed down and punctuated with drifting guitar breaks. Steve Hillage is about the last person you could call a rock'n'roll singer — that isn't necessarily derogatory, just very strange.

If Hillage is an anachronism he certainly isn't worried about it, not with his second solo album making the Top Twenty and a devoted audience cheering for more. Rose tinted idealism lives on.

Paul Rambali

"Sliding, Farren?!! Is that another of you goddam sexist pig wisecracks?" (E HARRIS by M PUTLAND).



Emmylou Harris/ Asleep At The Wheel NIJMEGEN

IF YOU WANT to talk about jazz rock fusion just imagine, if you will, a band who've taken a generous portion of the late '30s Kansas City kind of big band jazz, mixed it with straight, hundred proof, down home country music, added a touch of rockabilly and stirred with a great deal of energy. (Down, Igor, we'll fix your hump later). This is what you have with Asleep At The Wheel.

It's a formula that can knock the top of your head off.

Asleep At The Wheel are an impossible eleven-piece band straight from the heart of Texas. I say impossible because who in their right minds could dream up an outfit that includes two guitars, pedal steel, bass, drums, accordion, two horns, two violins and a lady singer?

This seemingly non-viable unit has struggled on the road for seven years. It was a hard road at that. Being one of the first bunch of longhairs to play the southern honky tonk circuit can't have been easy. It has made them ultimately professional, and so tight you couldn't slide a Zig Zag cigarette paper between the gaps in their arrangements.

Any band who can get up on a stage and blast the audience with a Count Basie number, a Bob Wills song, a cajun stomp and Louis Jordan's "Choo Choo Ch'Boogie" has got to be seen to be believed. I recommend you get good and drunk and go do it.

But enough of Asleep At The Wheel until a future issue. Let's get down to Emmylou. (And who wouldn't like to get down to Emmylou?)

Maybe it was a slow night, or an all too reverent college kid audience, or maybe I just kind of expected too much in the first place. It's hard to tell. All I know is that after the encore I was feeling more than a little disappointed.

Okay, so the lady was in good voice, and she looked real nice in her blue jeans and flowing chiffon top, but looking neat and singing sweet doesn't make for a good night out, not where I was born and raised.

It could be that we got a mite spoiled on the last tour. Last time, we had the great James Burton fronting the hot band. Now Burton has gone back to Elvis, and it's Albert Lee out there. I know Lee's a near legend in his own time, but it isn't quite the same.

Not that I've got any bitch against brother Lee. When he got the chance to cook, oh boy, did he cook. The trouble was, he didn't get the chance half often enough. On tunes like "Feel'n' Single — Seein' Double" and "Ooh Las Vegas" everything got going, but just as I started to stomp my feet and enjoy myself it would all grind to a halt and out would come "Coat Of Many Colours" and I'd just get bored.

When these lulls occurred the reverent vibe from the audience got so thick you'd almost expect altar boys to come out bearing candles and swinging incense. Each time a familiar intro started, the applause would ripple out like a Van Gogh cornfield in a wind storm. For stomach lurching moments I felt we were all in danger of sliding into Melaniedland.

For my money, Emmylou Harris is a great (repeat great) up tempo country singer, but on this night's showing she seems to be sliding, on the slow songs, into sounding like a de-kitsched Tammy Wynette, and without kitsch Tammy Wynette ain't all that much.

Mick Farren

Fats Domino NEW VICTORIA

WHAT A WEIRD show. Ten years before, almost to the day, the legendary Fatman first appeared in Britain for a week's residency at Brian Epstein's Savile Theatre. He was damn near faultless, living up to all the expectations created by his incredible string of hits over the preceding 18 years.

That was about the time his driving wheel dropped off.

Since then he's had no hits, hardly cut any records even, but — largely thanks to the Vegas circuit — he's maintained his roadshow, making him just about the only '50s rock'n'roller that's still performing like he was during his heyday. A living testament to what rock was really like, especially as he's still accompanied by the key members of his original band, including Dave Bartholomew (band-leader / trumpet) and Lee Allen (sax). Although drummer Smokey Johnson wasn't originally with Fats he too is a New Orleans stalwart, and a helluva musician to boot. "An octopus on drums", Art Neville once called him.

In the early '70s Fats made his second trip to Britain without his essential back-up men and was disappointing, but last year they were back in the band and he was right back on form. So this concert should have been equally great.

And here's the weird twist. Half of the audience seemed to think it was; the others were less than impressed. Me, I'm still turning mental flips trying to figure out whether I had a good time or not.

The band were great, no problem. Solid'n'raunchy, featuring some of the most booting sax solos I've creamed my jeans to in a dog's age. Fats was singing and playing well too; he's got the kind of talent that'll never change.

But the sound system was unbelievably erratic (like plugs kept dropping out all over the place), the pacing of the show was bizarre (songs that started out so solidly gradually disintegrated into confused jams, and he encored with "Sentimental Journey" for chrissake) and too many of the paying customers were more interested in posing or watching each other than getting off on the music. In short, the evening was a bloody shambles.

If the young gits in King's Road drapes and £3 DAs are representative of new wave rockers, then it must be about time for '50s rock'n'roll to be laid to rest once and for all. They don't appreciate it, that's for sure. I don't think I've ever seen so many people parading back and forth across the front stalls at any one concert before; Fats was almost irrelevant for them half of the time.

Good points: Fats performed 21 numbers, including most of his British successes like "Hello Josephine", "Let The Four Winds Blow", "Blue Monday", "I'm Ready", "Blueberry Hill", "Walking To New Orleans", "Ain't That A Shame" ... Well I could go on, but you know the classics. He also worked a treat with "Shake, Rattle And Roll" and "Stagger Lee", two '50s favourites associated with other artists, and turned the clock way back to the previous decade for his very first recording, "The Fat Man" — an unexpected bonus.

Cliff White

JAZZ DIARY

THE LONDON Musicians Collective continues its series of concerts at the Action Space Drill Hall with Garry Todd, Nigel Coombes, Paul Burwell, Nestor Figuera and David Troop on April 1 at 8pm. Most of them have recorded for the Incas label, that fearless buster of sonic barriers.

Still time to catch that masterly guitarist Joe Pass at Ronnie Scott's, bald, seated, brilliant. The Rock Garden in Covent Garden continues its policy of jazz jam sessions on Sunday evenings from 8pm.

At the Plough, Stockwell on Thursday March 31, the Frank Charlton Quintet including the phenomenal Ron Rubin on bass. There's jazz every Friday night too at the Plough, despite failure to advertise — more often than not, John Stevens or Lol Coxhill. At the Star & Garter, Putney, Matt Hutchinsons' Windows are playing on April 2. South Hill Park, Bracknell,

site of the JCS summer tear-up, is featuring Peter Iemer's Trio and the Scottish band Head on April 5.

Ogun has just released the first album by Voice, an all-vocal quartet of Maggie Nichols, Julie Tippetts, Phil Minton and Brian Eley. Forget about the Hi-Lo's Under Glass, this set of pipes are plumbing deeper, darker tribal territory. The variety of approach keeps the interest riveted on this lean enterprise, which encompasses the rhythmic Red Indian chanting of "Louis Kappa", the antiphonal Gregorian "Yif Kofla" with its explosive ending, and the Dadaist Sprechstimme of "Ego Worry".

Maggie Nichols' voice is unbelievably liberated, hurdling octaves and rocketing like a flare through the muttered undergrowth, but the music has more to do with interaction than anything else. Jazz? Gawd knows — but check it out. More arresting than Jack Warner.

Good news from Capitol who have access to the US Capitol Classics of Jazz catalogue. They're planning to release Miles Davis' classic "Birth Of The Cool" album this year, and possibly others.

BBC's Omnibus devotes itself to Stan Tracey on March 31 10.15-11.10.

Brian Case

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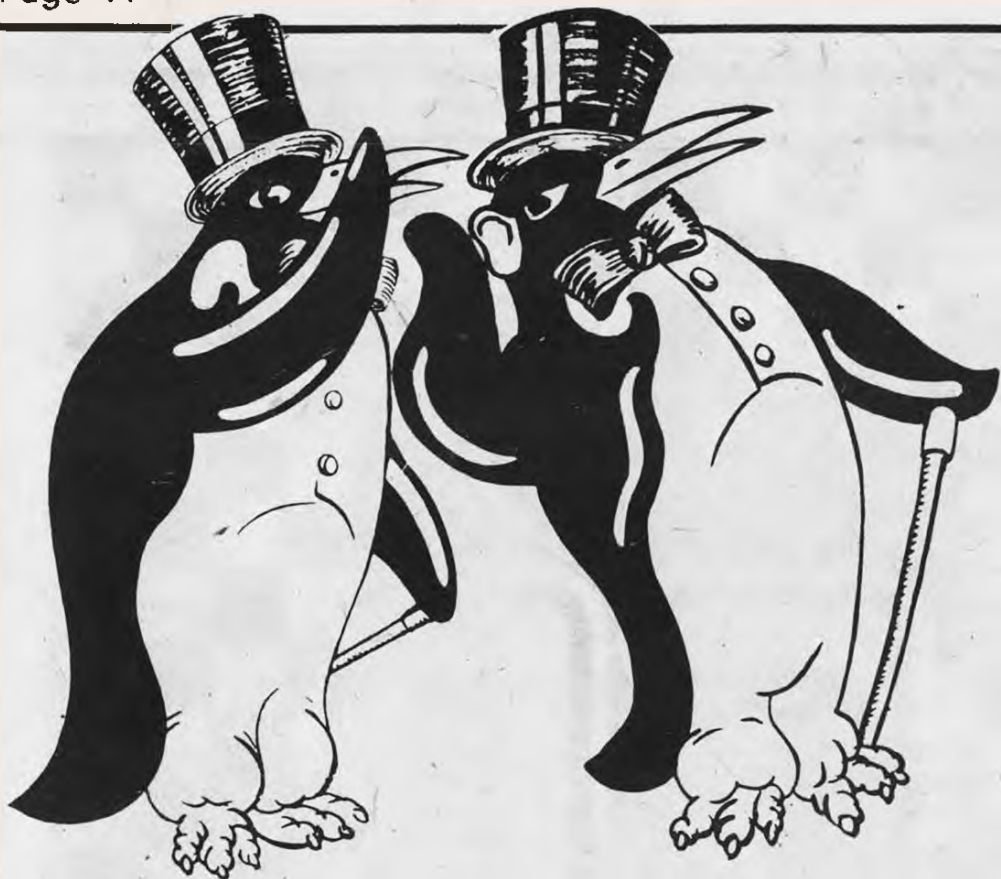
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NATIONWIDE GIG



HARRY CHAPIN

This week's main events

NOT SO MANY gigs this week while the colleges are on Easter vacation, but still a fairly wide selection, including the opening of four new tours.

● **FLEETWOOD MAC** are featured extensively below, but are represented above by the penguins' logo from their "Rumours" album.

● **HARRY CHAPIN** plays a handful of gigs with his backing band — brother Stephen Chapin (keyboards), Big John Wallace (bass), Doug Walker (guitars), Howard Fields (drums) and Kim Scholes (cello). He'll be featuring tracks from his current album "On The Road To Kingdom Come" and his upcoming Elektra set "Dance Band On The Titanic". First dates are in Belfast (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday).

● **GLEN CAMPBELL** kicks off his concert tour in style with a special at London Royal Festival Hall, on Saturday, surveying his career from the outset to the present day. A show in Eastbourne follows on Sunday, then come two more London gigs — this time at the Albert — on Monday and Tuesday.

● **WIDOWMAKER** have been straining at the leash for some time, in an attempt to gain widespread recognition. Maybe their latest tour will do the trick for them. They kick off at Cromer (Friday) and Northampton (Saturday).

There are several major London concerts of note this week, from which we've singled out the following for your attention:

● **SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY** and the Asbury Jukes, fresh from their triumphs on the Graham Parker tour, aspire to the dizzy heights of their own Rainbow show on Wednesday.

● **ALAN PRICE** tops a big charity show at the Albert Hall on Friday. Others appearing include Barbara Dickson, the Alberos, Scaffold, Grimms and several of the Monty Python team.

● Sunday is traditionally the day when many tours on nationwide jaunts reach the capital. This week you can see **DIRTY TRICKS** at the Roundhouse, **RACING CARS** at the New Victoria and the **STYLISTICS** at the Palladium. There's also a **GARY GLITTER** comeback concert at Drury Lane Theatre Royal.

BROMLEY Saxon Tavern: A.F.T.
BURTON 76 Club: ULTRAVOX
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: RACING CARS
CARLISLE Cosmo Club: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: WIDOWMAKER/
 QUARTZ
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: NASTY POP
DUNDEE College: STRIDER
FIFE R.A.F. Leuchars: ROKOTTO
GIRVAN Folk Club: IOLAIR
GLOUCESTER Roundabout: JESSE GREEN
HANLEY The Woodman: ANY TROUBLE
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: THE ADVERTS
KILMARNOCK Civic Centre: CASPIAN
KNUTSFORD La Belle Epoque: GEORGE MELLY &
 THE FEETWARMERS
LANCASTER St. Martin's College: HARRY STRUT-
 TERS
LEEDS Polytechnic: THE JAM
LEIGHTON BUZZARD The Swan: ODD FOX
LIMPEY Stoke Viaduct: BIGGLES
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: GENERATION X
LONDON CAMBERWELL School of Art:
 SHANGHAI
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RINGS/BLIMPS
LONDON CHELSEA College of Art: WARREN
 HARRY
LONDON CHISWICK Polytechnic: MEAL TICKET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: KICKS
LONDON EPPING Centre Point: SOMETHIN' ELSE
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: TOOTING
 FROOTIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: CLAYSON &
 THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: LEW LEWIS
 BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE
 PIRATES
LONDON Marquee Club: AMAZORBLADES/
 MOTORHEAD
LONDON N.17 White Hart: FLIGHT 56
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: THE SUNDAY
 BAND
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: SPIP
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: PAICE, ASHTON &
 LORD/BANDIT
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: ALAN PRICE/BAR-
 BARA DICKSON/NEIL INNES & FATSO/SCAF-
 FOLD/JOHN CLEESE/TERRY JONES/MICHAEL
 PALIN/ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANAIAS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: MIKE
 BERRY & THE ORIGINAL OUTLAWS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
 AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: CRAZY
 CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: THE ONLY ONES
LOUGHTON College: THE SPLITZ KIDS
MAIDENHEAD Silver Skillet: JESS CONRAD
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: RAY PHILLIPS'
 WOMAN
MATLOCK Red Lion Hotel: MARTIN CARTER &
 GRAHAM JONES
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: RADIATOR
MILFORD HAVEN Further Education Centre:
 KRAKATOA
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: THE REAL THING
NORTHAMPTON College of Education: LEFT HAND
 DRIVE
NORWICH Freethorpe Club: BUSTER JAMES BAND
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: CISCO
OXFORD New Theatre: HOT CHOCOLATE
PETERBOROUGH Technical College: BOUNCER
RETFORD Porterhouse: JENNY HAAN'S LION
SALISBURY College: FABULOUS POODLES
SLOUGH Fulcrum Theatre: MAX BOYCE/THERAPY
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: MAGIC LANTERN
STAFFORD College of Further Education: DESMOND
 DEKKER
THATCHAM Hamilton Club: JIMMY HELMS
WAKEFIELD Newton House Club: SUN SESSION
WAREHAM The Antelope: PETE QUIN
WAVENDON The Stables: SCRATCH
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: BROWNSFIELD
 BANNED

HERTFORD New Civic Hall: TIM BLAKE &
 FRIENDS
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LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: ULTRAVOX
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: KICKSTOM
 ROBINSON BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden:
 FUMBLE
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: SUN SESSION
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RAW FUNKK
LONDON HERNE HILL Half Moon: ELAINE DAVIS
 BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BEES
 MAKE HONEY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE
 PIRATES
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: FRANKIE
 MILLER'S FULL HOUSE/GEORGE HATCHER
 BAND
LONDON N.11 Orange Tree: FLIGHT 56
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: JIMMY HELMS
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: GLEN CAMPBELL
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
 SCREAMER
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: JOHN DOE
MAIDENHEAD Silver Skillet: JESS CONRAD
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: RADIATOR
MANCHESTER Midland Hotel: CRAZY CAVAN 'N'
 THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: FOSTER
 BROTHERS
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: WIDOWMAKER
NORTHAMPTON Silver Cornet: ABBOTT
NORWICH Y.M.C.A.: FLY-BY-NIGHT REMOVALS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: NUTZ
OXFORD New Theatre: RACING CARS
PENZANCE Pipers Club: MIKE SILVER
RETFORD Porterhouse: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
SCUNTHORPE Priory Hotel: STRIDER
SHEFFIELD Highcliffe Hotel: CHRISTY MOORE
SLOUGH College: S.A.L.T.
SOUTHEND Kursaal Ballroom: HOT CHOCOLATE
ST AGNES Talk of the West: SETTLERS
ST ALBAN'S City Hall: CLOVER/BANDIT
TODMORDEN Bay Horse: SON OF A BITCH
TONYPANDY Naval Club: XTC
TONYREFAIL Meadowvale Country Club: VINCE
 EAGER & THE CLOCKWORK TOYS
WELLINGBOROUGH The George: WILD THING
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: ROCK ISLAND LINE/FRED-
 DIE 'FINGERS' LEE

SUNDAY

AYLESBURY King's Head: BOSS RADIO
AYR Folk Club: IOLAIR
BARROW Maxim's Disco: STRANGLERS
BEDFORD Nite Spot: HEATWAVE/ABBOTT
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BRISTOL Hippodrome: PAM AYRES
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: DETONATORS
CROYDON Greyhound: DEAF SCHOOL
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: GLEN
 CAMPBELL
EDINBURGH Glenburn Hotel: THE HEROES
HANLEY Victoria Hall: JAKE THACKRAY
HARTLEPOOL Nursery Inn: MALCOLM & MAXIE
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: FLYING
 SAUCERS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: OSIBISA
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: HOT CHOCOLATE
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: LEON
 ROSSERSON
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: DIRTY
 TRICKS/KICKS
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED
 LADY
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: GARY
 GLITTER
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: BEES MAKE
 HONEY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARREN
 HARRY
LONDON HOUNSLOW Sneakies Club: THE
 SUNDAY BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: CHERRY
 VANILLA
LONDON KENSINGTON Old Swan: AMAZORBLA-
 LADES
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: FABULOUS
 POODLES/WINDJAMMER and Guests
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: SUN SESSION
LONDON Marquee Club: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: RACING CARS
LONDON Palladium: THE STYLISTICS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
 CONSORTIUM
MAESTEG Four Sevens Club: DRIFTERS
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: STRAY/EVIL WEASEL
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: GRAHAM PARKER
 & THE RUMOUR/SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE
 ASBURY JUKES
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: HARVEY
 ANDREWS/HARRY BOARDMAN/MARIE
 LITTLE/PENNINE FOLK
NEWBRIDGE Newbridge Club: KRAKATOA
READING Target Club: RAINSTORM
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT PINTS
ROMFORD Albemarle Club: CLEMEN PULL
SCUNTHORPE Berkeley Hotel: CHRISTY MOORE

SATURDAY

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: CLODAGH
 RODGERS/REFLECTIONS
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: HARLEMS
BIRMINGHAM Harlequin Club: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: FLEETWOOD MAC
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOT-POLLOI
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: JESSE GREEN
BRACKNELL Arts Centre: PETE BROWN'S BACK
 TO THE FRONT
BRISTOL Granary: BETHNAL
COLCHESTER Windmill Club: MARMALADE
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: OSIBISA
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: MOTORHEAD
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: J.A.L.N. BAND
DUNSTABLE College of Education: TIGER
DYFED R.A.F. Brawdy: KRAKATOA
EARL SOHAM Koinia Club: AFTER THE FIRE
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: IOLAIR
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: STRANGLERS
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: DARTS
GLASGOW Burns Howie: CASPIAN
GLOUCESTER Jamaican Sports Club: MUSCLES
HEREFORD Crystal Room: WILMA READING

FRIDAY

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: CLODAGH RODGERS/
 REFLECTIONS
BELFAST ABC Theatre: ROY ORBISON
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BOLSOVER Bluebell Inn: WILD THING
BRADFORD Star Hotel: DEREK & DOROTHY
 ELLIOTT
BRAINTREE College of Further Education: S.A.L.T.
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: TOO COMFORTABLE
 BY FAR

THE MAC GALLERY

FLEETWOOD MAC play their first British concerts for several years, following their enormous success in the States. They feature tracks from their Platinum Album "Fleetwood Mac" and their current set "Rumours" at Birmingham (Saturday), Glasgow (Monday) and Manchester (Tuesday). They have three London Rainbow gigs at Easter.



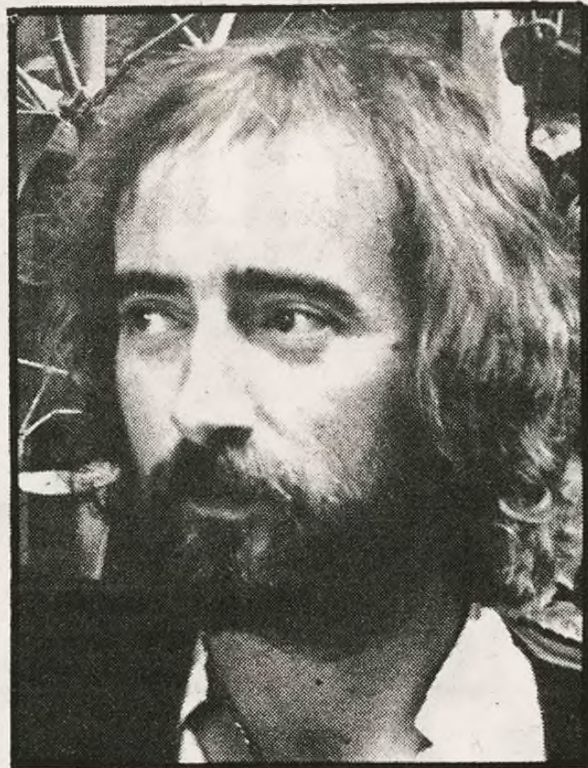
CHRISTINE McVIE



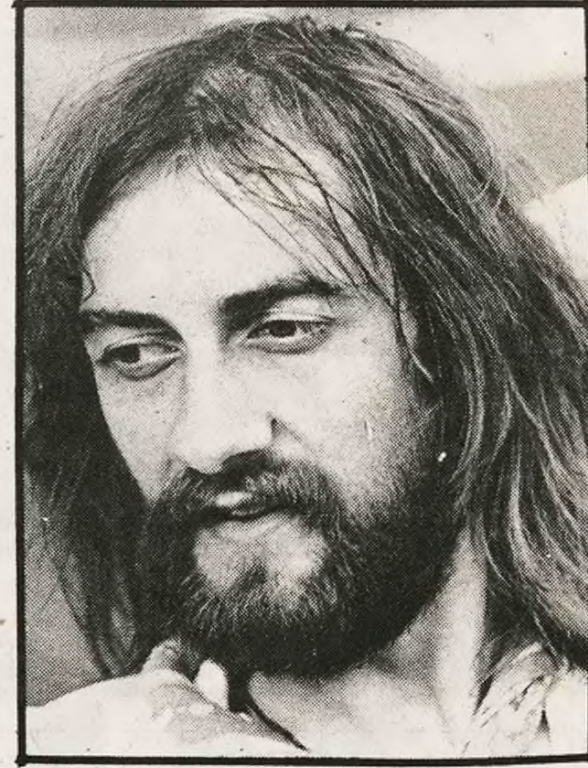
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STEVIE NICKS

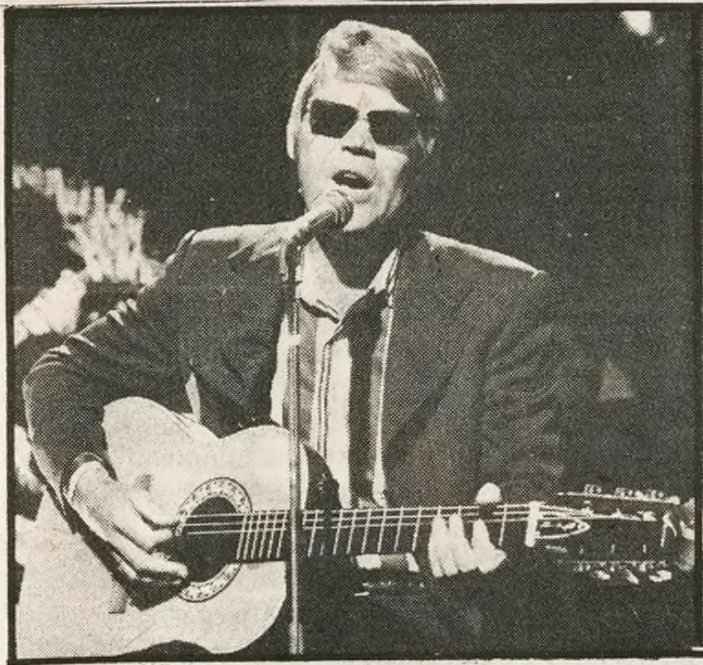


JOHN McVIE



MICK FLEETWOOD

GUIDE



GLEN CAMPBELL

SHEFFIELD Top Rank: ULTRAVOX
SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion: NEW SEEKERS THERAPY
THAME Swan Hotel: PACKIE BYRNE

MONDAY

ABERTILLERY Rose Hayworth Club: PLUMMET AIRLINES
BIRMINGHAM Opposite Lock: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BOSTON Pineapple Club: MARTIN CARTHY
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: WARREN HARRY
BRISTOL Colston Hall: HOT CHOCOLATE
BROCKENHURST College: S.A.L.T.
CHESTER Quaintways: STRIFE/WILDFIRE
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: BLUEBERRY BUCKLE
COLCHESTER Windmill Club: SWEET SENSATION
DUNDEE Caird Hall: FLINTLOCK
EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre: CLODAGH RODGERS/REFLECTIONS
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: ULTRAVOX
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: FLEETWOOD MAC
GODALMING Stag Folk Club: CHRISTY MOORE
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEICESTER De Montford Hall: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS/J.A.L.N. BAND
LINLITHGOW Folk Club: IOLAIR
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: COUNT BISHOPS
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: KRAKATOA
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON National Theatre Foyer: ROGER NICHOLSON & JAKE WALTON
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: JENNY BEECHING/TONY CLIFF
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: JO-ANN KELLY BLUES BAND
LONDON Royal Alber Hall: GLEN CAMPBELL
LONDON SOUTHALL The Seagull: AMAZOR-BLADES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: MENACE
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
PORTLAND HMS Osprey: JIMMY HELMS
SOUTHAMPTON Blacksmiths Arms: HOT VULTURES
SOUTHAMPTON Guildhall: JAKE THACKRAY
TOLWORTH Toby Jug: FABULOUS POODLES
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: MAX BOYCE/THERAPY

TUESDAY

BATTLE Black Horse: CHRISTY MOORE
BELFAST Ulster Hall: HARRY CHAPIN
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: ROOGALATOR
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: JAKE THACKRAY
BRIGHTON Top Rank: WARREN HARRY
DONCASTER Outlook Club: JESSE GREEN
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: CASPIAN

TV RADIO

IT'S BEEN a long time since we last had any news of Roy Wood's activities, and it has even been rumoured that Wizzard had disintegrated. But he's poised for a spectacular comeback this week with his re-jigged band, because **Roy Wood & Wizzo** are the featured act in Saturday's "Sight And Sound In Concert" — transmitted in its usual simultaneous stereo link between BBC-2 and Radio 1.

The other hot spot of the week on BBC-2 is, as you might expect, Tuesday's "Old Grey Whistle Test". It's devoted to **Southside Johnny** & the **Asbury Jukes**, who've been creating such a favourable impression on the Graham Parker tour. This promises to be something rather special, so catch it if you possibly can.

BBC-1 is repeating the U.S. special "John Denver and Friend" on Thursday. The friend in question is **Frank Sinatra**, no less — and backing is provided by the **Count Basie**, **Harry James** and **Tommy Dorsey** bands.

A few months ago, a big gospel concert was staged before a 3,000 audience in Aberavon, starring **Pat Boone** and **Andrae Crouch & the Disciples**. BBC-1 cameras were there, and you can see the result in "Gospel Rock" on Sunday.

BBC-1 had set aside two hours of its peak Saturday-night schedules for the Eurovision Song Contest which, owing to the cameramen's dispute, won't now be taking place. At presstime, they still hadn't decided how they are going to fill this slot at such short notice. Who knows, you may be pleasantly surprised!

Jazz enthusiasts will welcome BBC-1's "Omnibus" on Thursday, which showcases pianist **Stan Tracey** — as a soloist and with his quartet and octet. And over on BBC-2, there's another in the "Oscar Peterson Invites" series on Tuesday.

GLASGOW City Hall: FLINTLOCK
GLASGOW Royal Theatre: CLODAGH RODGERS / REFLECTIONS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: BLEAK HOUSE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE ADVERTS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: SIDEWINDER
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: EARL OF CANVEY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: KRAKATOA
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE JAM
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: BLIMPS
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: GLEN CAMPBELL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TENDERFOOT
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: FOUR CARD EXPRESS
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: FLEETWOOD MAC
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
SCUNTHORPE Tiffany's: PLUMMET AIRLINES
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / RADIATOR
SIDCUP Marlow Rooms: TOOTING FROOTIES
TARDEBIGGE Engine House: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: MAX BOYCE / THERAPY

WEDNESDAY

BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: NASTY POP
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: STYLISTICS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
CHALFONT ST. GILES Merlins Cave: VACUOUS DISCHARGE & SCABS
DARLINGTON Incognito: RADIATOR
GLASGOW Royal Theatre: CLODAGH RODGERS/REFLECTIONS
GRANGEMOUTH International Hotel: REZILLOS
GUILDFORD Kings Head: HOT VULTURES
HUCKNALL Miners Welfare: J.A.L.N. BAND
HUCKNALL The Geddings: SOUL DIRECTION
IRVINE Eglinton Folk Club: IOLAIR
LEEDS New Star & Garter: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LEICESTER Prohibition Club: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MEDICINE HEAD
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: DUST ON THE NEEDLE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE JAM
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
LONDON SOUTHALL White Hart: CADILLAC
LONDON St. Martin's College of Art: BLIMPS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE SUNDAY BAND
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: HARRY CHAPIN
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: XTC
NEWCASTLE City Hall: FLINTLOCK
NEWPORT Roundabout: STRANGLERS
PENICUIK Navaar House Hotel: THE HEROES
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: JOHNNY THUNDER'S HEARTBREAKERS/CHERRY VANILLA & THE POLICE
QUEENSFERRY Deeside Leisure Centre: MAX BOYCE/THERAPY
SALISBURY City Hall: JAKE THACKRAY
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS

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SHEFFIELD Bailey's: THE CHIMES
Thursday for three days



SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY

ITV's "Supersonic" certain regions, Saturday midday, this week features **Alvin Stardust**, **Marc Bolan**, **Elkie Brooks**, the **Kinks** and **Dave Edmunds' Rockpile**.

Same channel later that day, and it's another "All You Need Is Love". This week's episode is not very NME-slanted, as it deals with the Musical, but we shall at least catch a glimpse of the work of **Lionel Bart** and **Ken Russell**.

Saturday on ITV also sees the last **Muppets** show of the current series, although it is about to be repeated in the same slot.

On Radio 1, Saturday marks the end of "The Elton John Story" repeat, but a brand new final episode has been prepared to bring the story up to date.

Tonight (Thursday) on Radio 2 there's **Mountain Line** and **High On The Hog** in "Country Club", followed by "Folkweave" with **Mike & Jacquey Gabriel**, **Rosemary Upton** and **Na Fili**. Same wavelength on Tuesday at 10.05 pm has a portrait of the late **Duke Ellington**, titled simply "Duke".

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The Kinks RAINBOW

YEAH, DON'T TELL me — they're a *bona fide* British institution, so don't knock The Kinks. Except this time, no-go amigo, because last Thursday they stunk up a storm, gave me a poison headache, and generally put me in a foul mood for the rest of the whole wretched evening.

Every year or so, it's an ordained British rock ritual of the first order. Ray Davies and his old hands do one London show and this weird breed of Kinks fan — the publicity ads always chirpily refer to them as "Kinkultists" — comes out of the suburban woodwork to soak up Unca Ray's camp superciliousness and receive the dubious honour of having to sit through a taxingly long excerpt from the latest concept work. Having dutifully been

KATASTROPHE, KALAMITY, ETK: Kinks on the skids

soaked in beer during the godawfully predictable "Demon Alcohol" segment, they get their shot of "You Really Got Me", "Lola" and a couple more of the old "inspired" chestnuts before the curtain falls once again, allowing "the Empire's finest" to drive straight back to the United States and draw in the bucks, selling the R. Davies patented "bulldog breed" grand conceit to all the simpering Yanks. Bah!

Things started off promisingly, mind you. After one of those minor league Kinks RCA era songs kicked things off, the omnipotent Ray Davies directed the band down the darker precincts of Memory Lane, immediately

producing a couple of golden moments. One, "Dedicated Follower Of Fashion", was OK; the other, "Tired Of Waiting For You", was a pure delight, faithful to the original but with an edge cutting even its vinyl antecedent to delicate shreds.

An exquisite moment, that, to be treasured — 'cause from here on in it was one long, harsh dive down to the pits of mediocrity, with absolute minimal relief through the entire hour and a half.

Davies performed coitus interruptus on the audience's pleasure centre straight after "Tired Of Waiting" by leaping into a segment of the awful "Soap Opera", narration *et al*, while two tiresome females looking like out-of-work barmaids appeared stage right to aid and abet a monstrosity called "Rush Hour Blues", which was neither witty nor musically appealing — just indescribably boring.

Another dreadful musical extract from the same was

City Boy BRISTOL

A GROUP whose second album goes straight into the lower regions of the American charts after only a few weeks' release without them once setting foot on the God-given soil of the land of the free, are by anybody's reckoning a little out of the ordinary.

Favoured by FM Radio DJs there and with a large cult following, it's true to say that in the U.S. A. City Boy are probably bigger than Status Quo — all of which makes tonight's sight even more sad and pathetic.

For tonight's performance by City Boy at Bristol Polytechnic, at the back of a hall which easily holds 600 people, are self-consciously gathered a seething mass of about 80 persons... well maybe 100 including the roadies. The reasons for the size of this motley crew (crowd hardly seems appropriate) are many: an inefficient Ents Committee, insufficient promotion, but mainly a vast lack of communication between the band and their potential audience — for example, last year, after almost having a hit single and appearing on *TOTP*, the band was mysteriously without live work for three months.

The size of the audience is truly pathetic, because City Boy put on such a good show; a show in every sense, with excellent lighting, back screens, tapes, costumes and props. The music is immediately recognisable as mid-'70s rock

in the vein of Queen, 10cc and Be Bop Deluxe, but with a definite identity of its own. Onstage it has the force of the Lizzy, due in no small part to the robust rhythm section of Chris Dunn (bass) and Roger Kent (drums).

Although they feature songs from the first album like "Sunset Boulevard" and "Hap Ki Do", it's the numbers from their latest LP, "Dinner At The Ritz", that provide the best moments of the evening.

"Narcissus" and "Mamma's Boy" are rough, tough'n'puncky rockers, with some incisive solos from guitarist Mike Slamer, who has a tone and style similar to Brian May.

He blends and bounces off the staccato keyboard canvases of Max Thomas, upon which the band paint their humorous scenarios.

For my money the most impressive part of the show comes in the middle, when with a well handled change of mood they play "The Violin", a beautiful, widescreen ballad from the new album. To attempt this song live is adventurous, involving a lot of moving around to line up playing acoustic guitars, accompanied by an orchestra on tape, but the complete effect is stunning.

By the time you read this some of the band will be in America promoting "Dinner", and I'm sure that once they start playing there, they will be inordinately successful. Britain seems destined to lose one of its best (relatively) new bands — but after the disgraceful way in which they've been ignored here, I for one would not blame them for going.

David Housham



R. DAVIES: "Kurses!"

dragged before the crowd, who by this time were getting most decidedly pissed off with the crass nonsense, and who ultimately curtailed this torment only by virtue of several members of the crowd bellowing at Davies during one of his between-tunes patters.

Thank God for that, one thought, but this only caused The Kinks to direct their attentions to performing "a snatch" (Davies' term) from the latest uninspired venture, the "Sleepwalker" album.

Three boring songs later and I was getting most aggravated at Davies' — oafishly self-satisfied clowning, the band's corporate facelessness, their utterly facile professionalism, and above all the dire choice of material.

The Kinks' musical heritage is not exactly that of a pauper — Davies has, when the muse was in the ascendant, penned several albums' worth of original witty/observant/mellifluous/moving songs, yet with only a handful of exceptions, he chose to utilise his most inept creations. And even this precious handful of good songs — "Lola", "Sunny Afternoon", "Waterloo Sunset" — were performed so damn preciously that versions went well beyond mere irreverence to embrace the tackily, stupidly clumsy.

The pit was finally scoured not merely with a dire, drawn-out version of "Demon Alcohol" and a segment from Davies' last conceptual *faux pas*, "Schoolboys In Disgrace", but also the long expected work-out of "You Really Got Me", which was played so damn lackadaisical and workmanlike that it represented some foul impotent parody of the primal explosiveness of its vinylised archetype.

When a band who've been around for ten years or more fail to present their audience with new inspired material, then that's one problem. But when said band is seemingly incapable of handling even their old established master-works with any dint of respect or authority, then that's just too much to take.

Happy days, Ray. Nick Kent

Eberhard Weber

LSE VIEWED FROM any angle other than that of the completely eclectic jazz-freak, the billing of Elton Dean's Ninesense with Eberhard Weber's Colours is, to put it mildly, curious. A pity that a more congruent pairing couldn't have been achieved with, say, Weber's ECM stablemate Barre Phillips' band replacing Ninesense.

Although Eberhard Weber's few concerts here were presumably to promote the recently released "The Following Morning", it transpires that nearly all the material is taken from the previous "Yellow Fields", an album made by pretty much the same line-up as is at the LSE tonight — Rainer Bruninghaus on keyboards, Charlie Mariano on soprano, alto and Nagaswaram (an Indian instrument with an oboe reed, sounding rather like a less stately, more interesting oboe), Weber himself on electric upright bass, and John Marshall replacing Jon Christensen on drums.

Surprisingly, Marshall copes extremely well with the situation, and it is actually veteran reed-man Mariano who appears to have some difficulties (traceable, I believe, to a discerning amplifier buzz), during the opener, "Touch", and who makes a bit of a hash of his soprano solo as a result.

Rainer Bruninghaus, academic-looking in an offbeat sort of way, vacates his electric piano during "Left Lane" to take a lengthy, engrossing solo on the grand piano which lurks innocently behind him, and in so doing, begs questions about solo albums... for instance,

why hasn't he done one yet?

"Sand-glass", yet another track from the indispensable "Yellow Fields", features Mariano on soprano sax and nagaswaram, swooping across the gently hypnotic riff with a bird-like grace. This eventually leads into The Eberhard Weber Bass Solo, which is quite unlike any other bass solo you're ever likely to hear; Weber's upright bass is a five-stringed, solid-bodied electric job, and can produce sounds you wouldn't believe existed unless you heard 'em.

It can be bowed, plucked, or — as in the case here — slapped. Now, slap an ordinary electric bass, and you'll get an unpleasant, muffled thud; do it to a double bass, and like as not you'll not hear much at all. On Weber's instrument, it emerges as a sharply-defined percussive symbol, which, combined with the increasing interspersal of plucked notes, builds to an intense and dazzling climax; a similar process to that used by John Martyn on guitar, but without all the reverberation.

The concert was a beaut — the diamond that shows up most of the cut-glass mediocrity around today.

Andy Gill

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Gentle Giant

NEW YORK CITY
AVERY FISHER HALL

GENTLE GIANT are at Avery Fisher Hall — a great slab of the new Brutalism, dedicated to the preservation of the name of the man who made all that money from selling amplifiers to the punters. Each seat has a small plaque on the back saying who paid for it. It's like sitting in a money cemetery — the American Way.

Well, the punters are not that comfortable. As Derek Shulman says, rock'n'rollers prefer a bit of dirt on the floor so that they can relax into the music and jump about a bit in their space. Not so here, and it takes a few numbers to get the atmosphere relaxed — though the people are responsive enough, greeting each number with a loud "Hurray!"

What might sound like a cold time-change on record is conducted with humour and fancy signalling on stage, making the framework of the music different. Derek Shulman, in an absurd white satin Sgt Pepper tail coat, MCs the proceedings like an Italian cop.

Gentle Giant aren't actually gentle at all. That was the first thing I noticed. Gary Green's guitar is sometimes bone crunching and so loud that people near me clap hands to earholes.

The news that they're going to perform some new material causes the crowd to cheer and jump about. I am amazed. Their following is unexpec-

tedly large over here — and that following is very knowledgeable about their material.

GG tentatively try "On Reflection", an electric chamber music number which turns into an increasingly complex vocal round involving all the members, with some wonderful harmonies. It works well. Another new one: "As Old As You Are Young" for those of us who are over 21, telling us not to despair. It's an answer to the currently fashionable cult of extreme youth and will be on their new album.

Their stage act is a lot more funky than I was expecting. Guitarist Gary Green paws at the stage like a rutting bull in a field of heifers, attempting lift-off on the off-beat in his red jump suit.

Kerry Minnear works out upright and straight as a church organist at the keyboards. John Weathers tries to prove all the clichés about drummers at the same time . . .

They do the long rambling introduction to "Just The Same" . . . Derek plays chords on the bass while brother Ray and Gary Green do a Spanish acoustic duet. Then another new song: "For Nobody".

Derek berates the crowd like a Biblical huckster with clenched fists, roaring and pointing at them, screaming his vocals.

Cleanhead John Weathers shambles about making rude gestures, delivering highly sexist remarks to the audience, mumbling something about having several women in bed with him last night.

These in-between numbers raps are a strange contrast.

The remarks are rambling, sloppy and sometimes disruptive — whereas the playing is very cogent, tight and well rehearsed.

It's such a pleasure so see the high standard of musicianship. Kerry Minnear demonstrates his Lionel Hampton licks on vibraphone, Ray Shulman leaves his bass to play trumpet — they are all multi-instrumentalists.

Despite the changes the beat count is always there, like a metronome. All you need to do is to tap your feet (the group don't necessarily play every beat — you don't need everything done for you do you?).

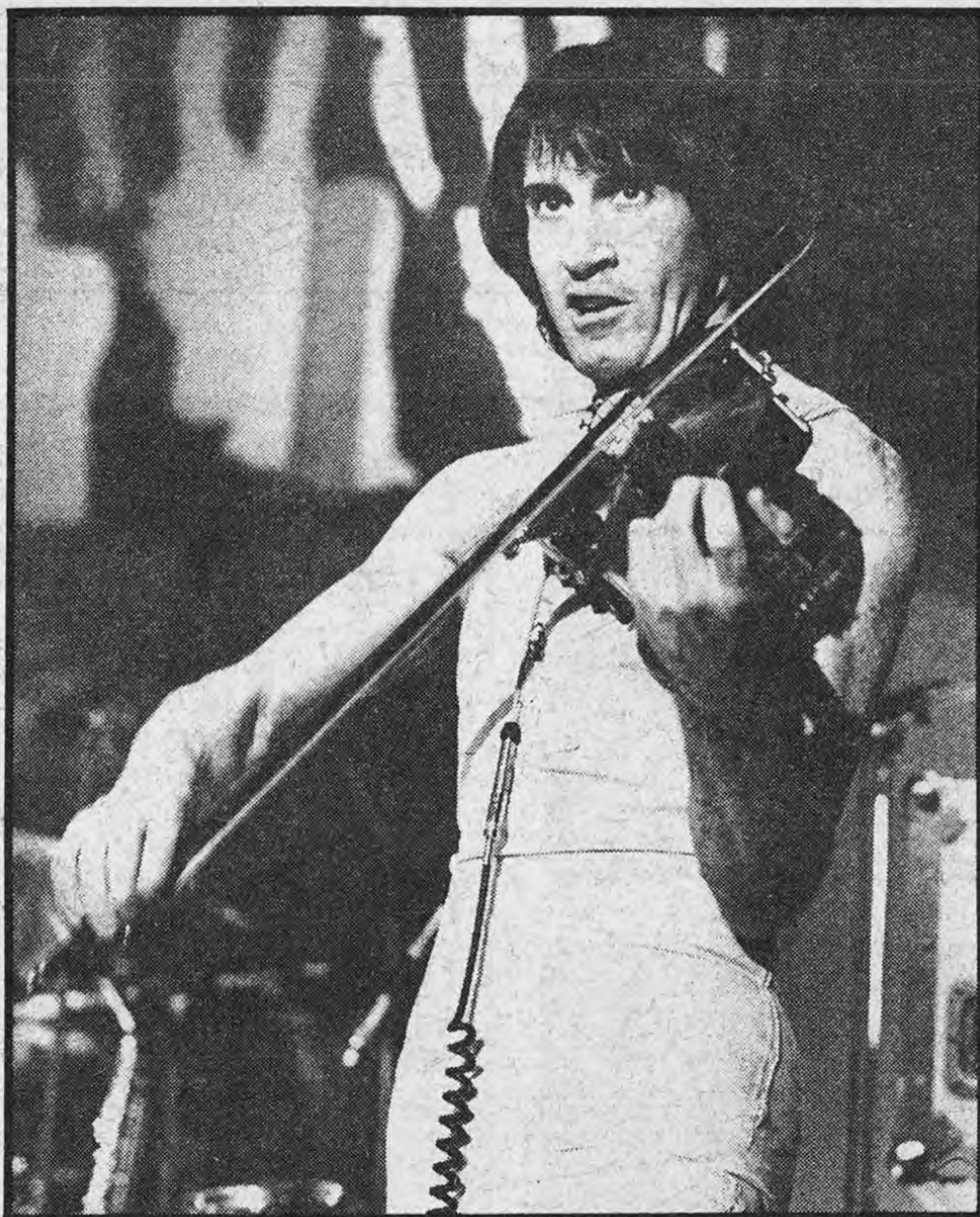
At one point all five play a highly-structured drum solo with a xylophone solo in the middle of it, and such changes in dynamics are very effective.

Kerry Minnear, normally quiet and reserved, becomes a maniac on stage — kicking at the floor in his green harlequin suit and wagging his ass. He is from Gloucester — a real mad genius . . . the kind of guy who invents radar in his potting shed before getting dragged protesting out into the open.

All in all, I was surprised. GG's albums had led me to expect a much more cut-up, nervous sound — the way they used to be. But in the last nine months they've changed direction and opted for a more high-powered rock format.

The brilliant musicianship is still there, but the music is more accessible. They rock out. Judging from the audience response it's been a move in the right direction. **Miles**

Bassist RAY SHULMAN fiddles about with the Giant men



Pic: BRIAN COOKE

Flying Hearts

OTHER END

WHEN JONATHAN Richman went acoustic, the other members of The Modern Lovers tried really hard to play with him but it just didn't work out. The line-up that played on the album have all dispersed and been replaced by a completely new band.

The old Modern Lovers joined groups — Jerry Harrison joining Talking Heads on keyboards and guitar and Ernie Brooks getting together with Arthur Russell to form Flying Hearts.

Arthur plays cello and keyboards and is also the lead vocalist. He's a very New York character, with waist length

hair in a pony-tail down his back and an almost off-hand approach to the things which he cares most about. He is an ex-avant garde musician, sometime member of Allen Ginsberg's band, and now interested only in pop music. He doesn't think rock should have any ideas in it, and questioned me closely about The Rubettes, who he thinks are really the greatest.

Ernie Brooks is the tall one with curly hair and the teen appeal. His bass playing is reduced to a very economic and minimal style leaving lots of space.

The guitarist has a love for old Beatles' licks, particularly the "Drive My Car" riff, and the drummer — well, the drummer's just there. In all fairness, I must say that the

MILES takes his drinking habit to New York

gigs I saw were the first, second and third times that they'd appeared in public and that they improved 100% at each set.

The songs are really laid back — not in the country music sense but with long silences between numbers where they stare blankly at the audience, perhaps thinking of communicating with them by saying something. Arthur begins to say something:

"Uh, there's a great sign over there and . . . uh . . . Oh well, I guess you'll see it if you go over there." He leaves everyone hanging. It's a punk device really.

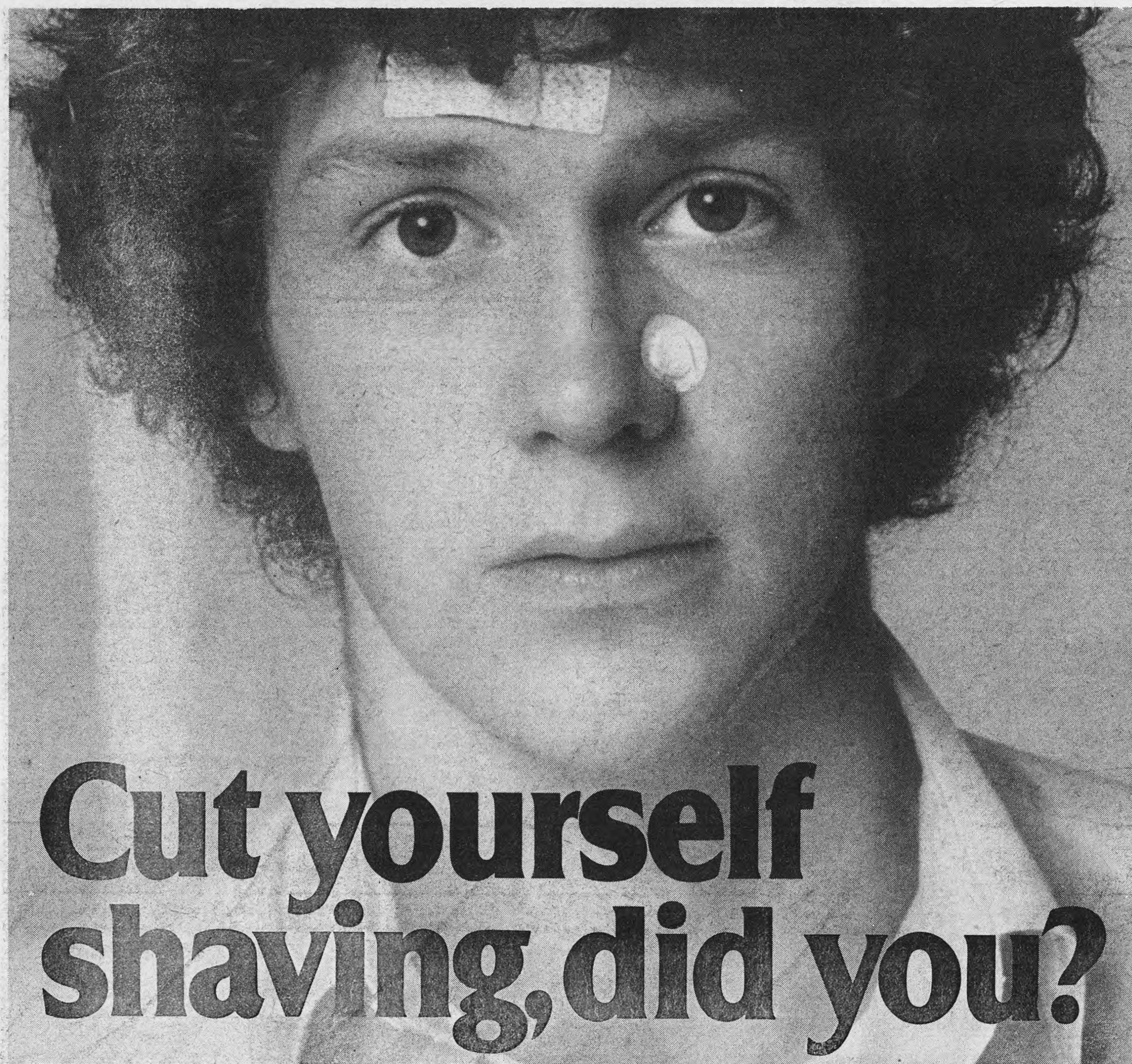
The songs are all very basic, presented in a flat New York delivery as if saying "This is what's happening on stage — you don't have to like it". Some of the numbers are really neat. "I Wish You Were A Girl" is one of my favourites. Arthur looks quite animated when he sings this.

The musical style is one where the initial enthusiasm for an idea is rapidly overtaken by uncertainty and then resolved, either by a fresh injection of energy or by being allowed to die through boredom or a change of mind.

On one performance Arthur lost interest right at the end of a song: "I would give my life, just to sleep with you one — last time." The last two words delivered with a throwaway shrug, indicating he wasn't happy with them or they were no longer the right words and he was maybe thinking of some new words to replace them with. The effect was magical.

They haven't yet gelled as a group but are worth catching if you visit New York this year (Ha ha — Ed.) There are moments — still quite rare — when they really make it.

Miles



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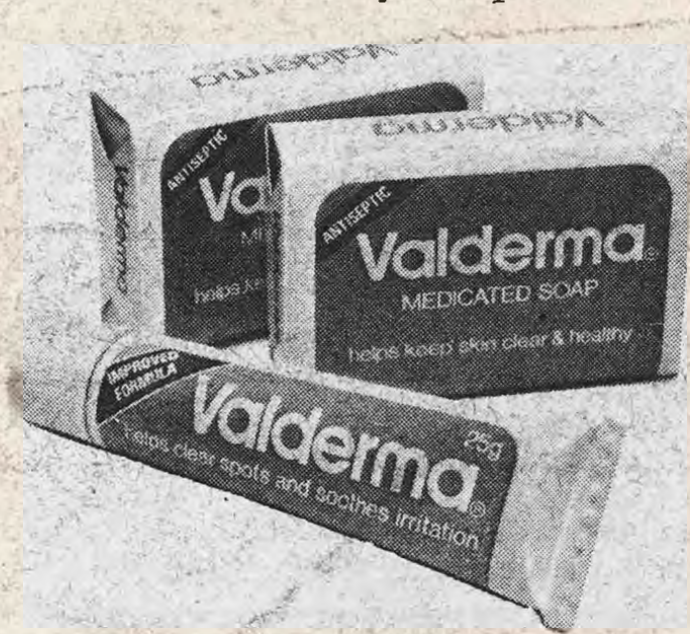
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Talking Heads

CBGBs

BY NOW YOU must be well acquainted with the calculated sleaze which is CBGBs in New York. There is not even a backdrop behind the stage — the groups appear before a pile of old boxes and junk stored back there. Somewhere even further behind are the toilets, so customers have to fight their way through the crowds at the front and side of the stage in a constant jostling line. When they get there, ladies find to their dismay that someone has stolen the door to their section, presumably as a souvenir — I'm told the graffiti on it was particularly good.

It was curious, therefore, to see Talking Heads emerge from all this punk ambience in their neat casual-wear and short hair. Lead singer and guitarist David Byrne sort of twitchy and nervous at the warm reception, drummer Chris Frantz smirking like a pussycat, and bass player Tina Weymouth trying to ignore it as she plugged in. Jerry Harrison, ex of the Modern Lovers, has now joined them on keyboards.

They look so neat and clean — Tina has short blonde hair and black jeans and looks sexy like a girl on a tennis court. David wears the kind of sports T-shirt that might have a swimmer embroidered on the pocket. Yet they don't look too out of place, for the overall effect has a crazy logic to it. It was described by *Punk* magazine as "post electric shock." This is proven the moment they begin to play.

Byrne plays a very bare guitar, strumming his Gibson in short jerky strokes then catching all the notes in his fist before slowly letting them escape — little jewel-like clus-

Heads not on straight: BYRNE and WEYMOUTH



Pic: JOE STEVENS

ters of notes springing free. When he plays a full chord the effect is usually more muted and the notes lose their ruby depth and fall flatter like the bubbles in a Babycham.

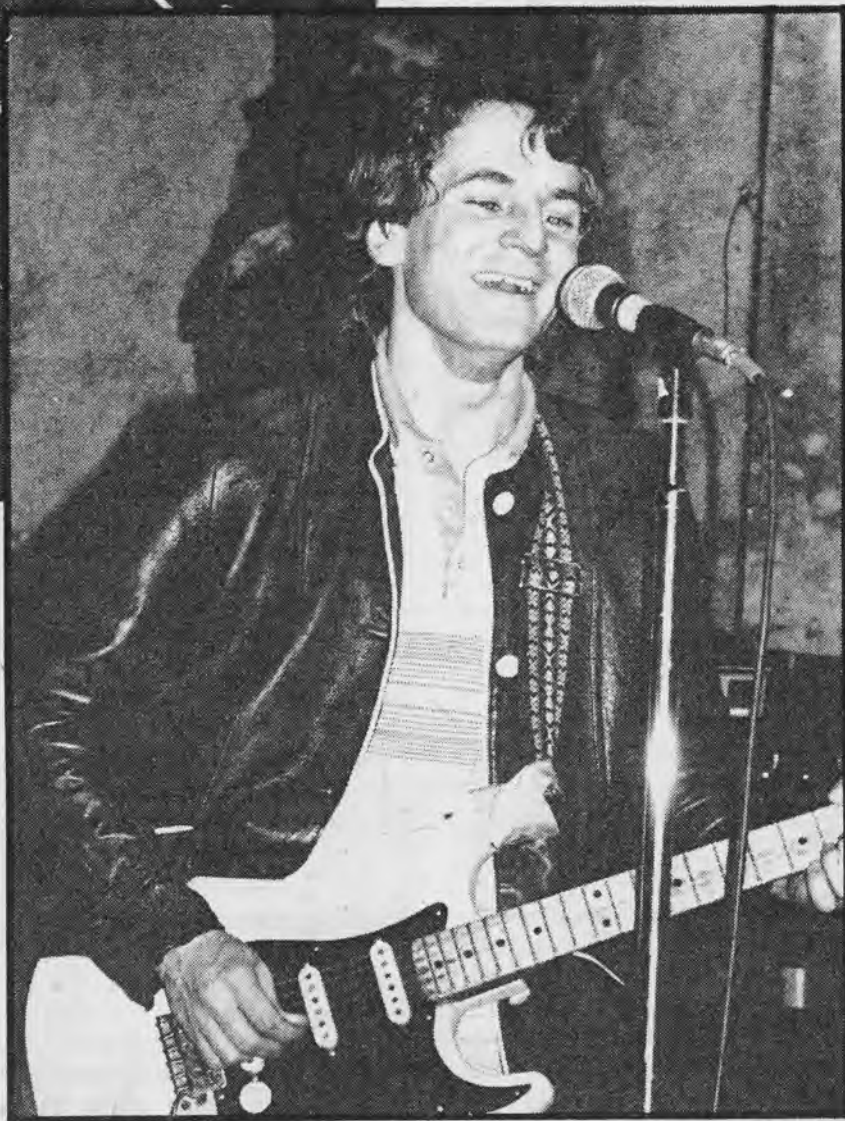
He accompanies this with an extraordinary, haunting, reedy voice which you will never forget.

Frantz plays very sparse and economical drums, and it's only Tina who fills out the sound with her strong bass line. She has a nice new red and white bass and jerks her head with every beat, worriedly checking first her fingering and then making sure she is playing the correct string. Sometimes she glances anxiously over to

Yes, but who nicked the bog door?

David to see if everything's okay. In between the notes there are wonderful spaces — it's modern rock'n'roll with room to get into.

In the gloom of CBGBs, lit only by neon beer ads and the flicker of candles, the spots light up Tina like an androgynous mirage — she flickers in and out of focus — it is 2.15 am.



The charismatic A. CHILTON

Pic: JOE STEVENS

David announces each song in a loud monotone — "The name of this sing is . . ." — and closes each one with the words "Thank yew very much" in the same flat shout. He writes the songs, and as they progress he gets more and animated, jerking about like a marionette in the hands of a terminal amphetamine head. "Psycho Killer" is delivered with neurosthetic uptight screams, his voice strangled and bloated as he bounces and jerks about on the spot, strumming furiously at the guitar. He gives the audience a Syd Barrett eye-gleam, sweat popping out over his forehead.

"Living In The Future", "New Feeling", the songs are all very commercial and modern. "Two Strangers" involves some dramatic voice changes for David, going from one extreme of his range to the other in one note. It's cut up like a piece of music by Berg. The minimal guitar solo develops into a sort of "Batman" theme which they can all ride on. It's very effective.

I actually found myself standing on a bench with a row of girls, known collectively as the Tenth Street Harem, and being forced to frug as the whole of CBGBs swayed and bopped to Talking Heads.

Ever since the gig, certain musical lines have refused to leave my head. The band is beginning to haunt me. They really are fine and deliver a high energy set. When Tina left the stage, her blouse was sticking to her back — a sign of something.

Miles

Alex Chilton

CBGBs

ALEX CHILTON is known for two things: "The Letter", which he did when he was with The Box Tops, and his work with the legendary group Big Star. Now, as a refugee from the '60s, he is looking for salvation in '70s punk.

Well, first of all he will have to get a band that can play in tune. At the end of "My Rifle" the guitarist muffed a riff, muttered "shit!", tried again and failed.

It was pleasant '60s pop really — he can write a nice tune when he wants — on "My Little Fishie" (I'm a sucker for comedy numbers) they all burbled like drowning ducks, which was okay.

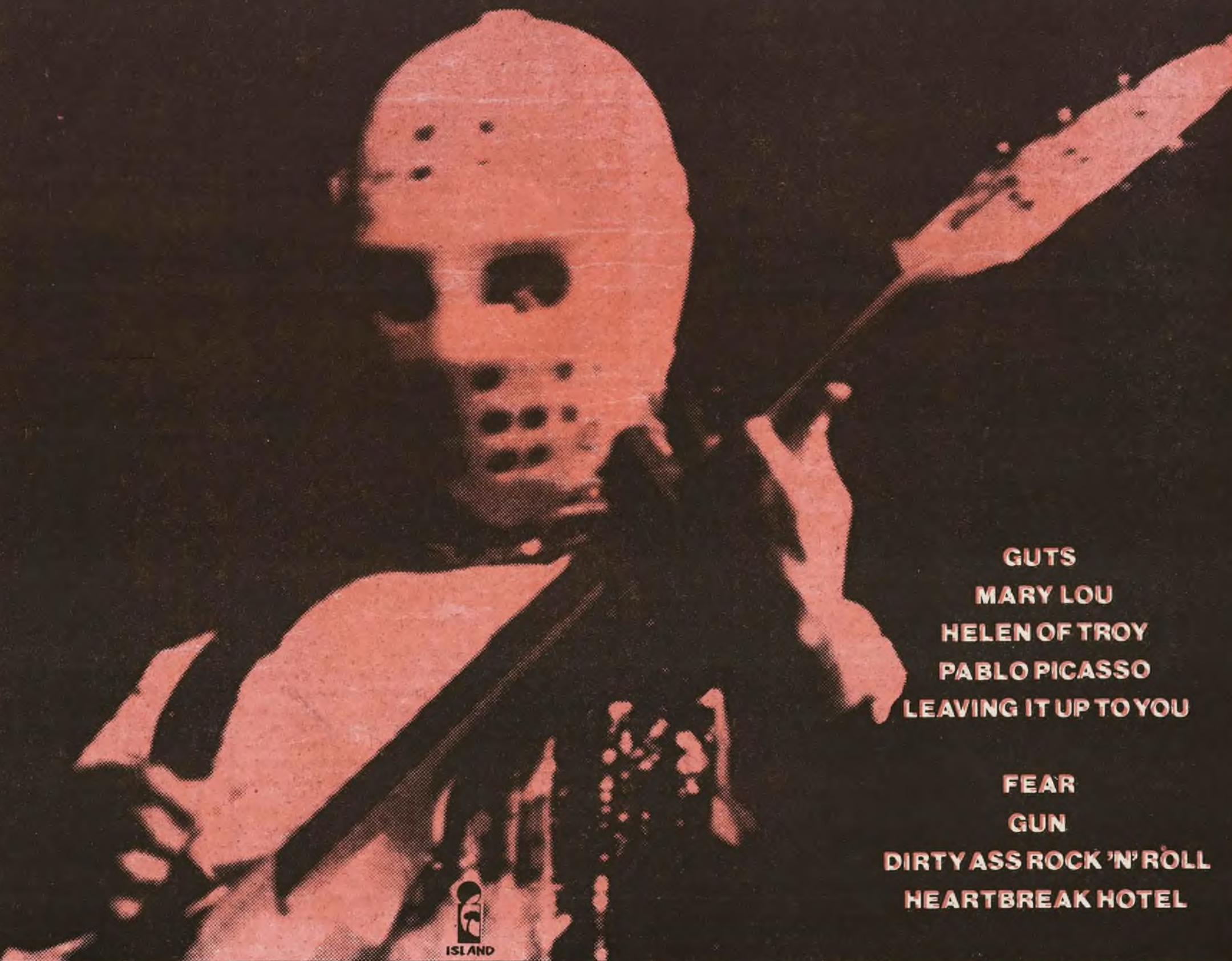
They do mostly slow rhythm and blues style numbers, "Memphis Tennessee", that kind of thing. The Rolling Stones' early stuff they like real good. Viewed at a distance, past the neon "Rheingold", "Lowenbrau" and "Pils" signs which illuminate the gloom in this place, they looked rather like the Merseybeats or any other memory-fogged Mersey group.

Then at last it was time for Alex to do "The Letter." He performs it in a hotcha, uptempo, neo-punk version — the fame and grandeur of the number requiring him to hold his bass 10" lower than before and causing him to wave it in a couple of Baroque flourishes to signify the end. He sings in a falsetto, brain damaged, teenage wail which is well suited to this sort of thing.

It must be his legendary status which enables him to headline here, since the group isn't really ready for it — but then, considering the state of most of us in the club, there might just as well be a performing dog act up on stage half the time.

Miles

JOHN CALE GUTS



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BRIGHTON

I GUESS I was looking for the Psychedelic Revival — a private obsession of late. The time and place seemed right: an all-nighter at Brighton, the long-time head holdout, featuring the best of the new wave psychedelic bands, plus lightshow, and full FX... a prospect as redundant as the Release "Legalise It" lobby for which this was the latest in a series of successful benefits.

The cerebral sounds and the (sorry about this one kids) laid-back but *aware* lifestyle would be an essential refuge from the festering corpse of "punk rock", where togetherness is jumping higher than the guy in front so you can get a better glimpse of the carefully choreographed hypocrisy on stage.

However, everybody ain't on this same trip; indeed a lotta people tonight aren't even tripping.

No matter. Welcome to the future. Sussex University is the ideal environment for interstellar overdrive; a fevered flight of Basil Spence's imagination — arrogant 21st Century towers scarring an otherwise stockbroker suburban landscape. The headquarters for the gig, a giant neon dome, hovers like a UFO over concrete pools.

Inside it's truly the Hippie Church in all its lurid flashback glory, which includes, among the more subversive ranks, terminally obstreperous winos who get dangerously maudlin when the bar closes, scabby armed vampires from the speedfreak community, and a few spoilt rich bitch nymphets out to lay a dirty, smelly hippy. What's a hippy anyway?

Tim Blake is wandering around the dressing room wearing a large cloak and a death mask. That's one response, I suppose, although surely a somewhat pessimistic one.

Shake your head and we're off with Nod, who play standards (like "Can't Get Enough Of Your Love", Jesus wept) in a standard manner. If this is a Trip Festival then this is a bad trip already.

Sian Daniels, ex-Kokomo, restored things to an improved perspective with a restful solo spot, although it was still firmly anchored to the mundane: "This song's for all the squatters... I'm squatting."

The first real rush of the evening comes with Brighton's own *Amazorblades* — cheerfully eccentric cajun / bebop / dixieland goodtime this, provided for us by silly men in stripey T-shirts and berets.

Despite the fact that people are bopping and it's looking good, your reporter is still worried about the *untogetherness* here. Maybe it's just the chronic overcrowding, but this is hardly Woodstock, and to his horror the only spots he feels at ease in are backstage and in the lighting gallery, where — yeah — the atmosphere is cooler and more relaxed. But this is an elite, already undermining the lofty goal of cosmic oneness to which we all pay lip service. The Beautiful People — the acts and their ludicrously long guest list — are hiding here from Reality.

Tim Blake's gone mad, so Virgin, his ex-record company, tell me, and I sympathise. The erstwhile Hi T Moonweek of Gong hunches like the Phantom Of The Fillmore over the banks and consoles of his *Crystal Machine*. Musical paradoxes bounce across the Hall of Mirrors of its electronic psyche, while elusive themes chase each other up and down corridors of white noise. Seriously, forget T. Dream and that ilk, this was how the synthesiser should be played, and this was just *one* guy recreating the music of his spheres for our edification.

Tim's commitment to the cause brought him over from

Eyes down for the Psychedelic Revival:

PEACE AND LOVE IS HERE TO STAY

Paris for expenses only to play the gig. If this guy is mad, then madness isn't what it's cracked up to be.

Simultaneously John Andrews' ineffably wonderful *Acidica Lightshow* left this earth far behind it — forever forging forward, a live trip through 2001's Star Gate, complementary red and blue mandalas filling the whole auditorium and earning ecstatic applause of its own.

Tim is touring with *Acidica* in a couple of months time. Watch out for the gigs.

Next... *The Pink Fairies*. The Fairies were the Fairies. Real Punk, in other words, if that label yet has any credibility. There was confusion over their even attending. It was the first gig with a new drummer (Russ Hunter's original replacement Steve Broughton having decided he didn't want to join).

Urban camp and couldn't-care-less, they bitched with each other throughout the set. And they played all the classics: "Waiting For The Man", "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl", "Little Queenie", "Let's Spend The Night Together" etc. What a bunch of sweeties, but they were great and got the androgynous young things up front jiving at three in the morning.

Only the sight of these hardly *fresh* rock and roll anarchists playing "Day Tripper" while a blue movie, showing a guy failing to get a full

erection and consequently having some difficulty getting it in, flickered overhead, and Hells Angels massed on the right wing, and wax started dripping from the candelabra... it all seemed strangely symbolic of this uncertain intersection between the random and the real. If we were looking for something we have not found it here — have we?

Afterwards *Hamish* came on and read one of his poems, "The First Toke" — y'know: "My head was torn apart by the three skinned atom bomb / I was gone." And nobody even laughed.

Gwyo de Pix appeared with his new band *Skywhale*. They came on and stood around visibly sweating for twenty minutes before finally launching into their "second number" — a blistering psychic jazz jam that sent convulsions down your spine as they salvaged order out of chaos.

The drummer kept the whole thing spectacularly together. And Gwyo is another man who understands the potential of the synthesiser. Made Keith Emerson look like Howard Hughes.

Finally, after a self-confessedly "tired" set from the acoustic duo *Mirrors*, came the apocalyptic *Here And Now*.

"We were going to have a chorus of angels but you've frightened them away", observed Keith, their drum-

mer; then, getting a grip, "We're not here to celebrate the End of the World."

We were here to celebrate Here and Now — sound to sabotage your cortex. There were four of five pieces somewhere in their epic set, but mostly it was all of the moment. The bassist was pinnioned against the speakers rifling away for dear dear life. Stephan Sharpstrings threw out licks and jagged melodies from the depths of his soul. And Keith, battling away, a hero against all odds, drummed like a man possessed. At one point during the stream of sub-conscious singing he screamed "MONEY" — the whole band stopped, and started again off somewhere else. Keith apparently never plays gigs for bread.

They even got people dancing. Here And Now confronted the Brink and came back with a soundtrack of weird and savage beauty, seeing the funny side too; the encore, "Here Comes The Gas Man", was like Viv Stanshall meets Otis Redding meets Syd Barrett (very definitely).

If I was looking for a revival, what I found was Here And Now. The answer was there all the time. The sounds and lights when they peaked were nothing short of inspired. It was a trip to remember... the future is ours to do with it what we want. And it's going to be a good summer.

Jonathan Barnett



Herr HERON back in the days when a good hippie was too busy pluckin' that old sitar to chuck bottles at punk rock singers. Well, kids, them days are coming back!

Heron

MANCHESTER/LEEDS

HERON IS not to be confused with a band that had gentle releases on the Dawn label some while ago. No, this is ex-Incredible String Band person Mike Heron's Reputation, renamed — short and snappier and apt enough. For Mike Heron's songs and personality are still the hub, even though Malcolm Le Maistre is as much a spokesman, and all is set in the frame of a healthy group identity.

The wheel runs straighter and closer to accessibility, the change since early Reputation best shown by comparison: old songs, new interpretations. "Are You Gonna Hear The Music?", "Residential Boy" and "Warm Heart Pastry" now sound tighter and heavier, much more in the commercial rock vein, working around a harsher guitar sound — Frank Usher having obtained the confidence to match his

impressive technique — and with synthesiser taking out more lines than piano.

Keyboard man Dave Sams is classically trained and adds choral fullness and melodic interludes in place of the looser, rhythmic feel of Dave Barker. Add the constant factor — three out of the String Band (Heron himself on vocals and guitars; Le Maistre on vocals and visuals; and John Gilston on drums) plus Mike Tomich on bass — and the nett result in feel is far removed from ISB, and (stretching comparisons a little) closer to a Zeppelin/Yes mix.

Live, their energy level is high, and the interpretative Le Maistre dance sequences provide vivid colour. But I feel there is more room for integration, and also a lot more potential than has yet been realised. For now, Malcolm's dancing is mainly restricted to his own song "Nijinsky", full of typical Le Maistre imagery.

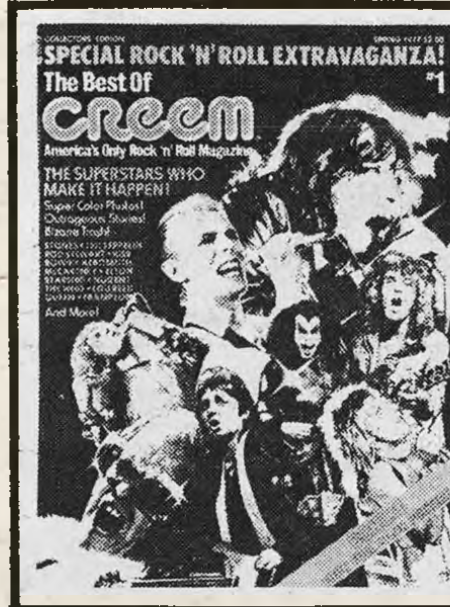
The other new song was Mike Heron's "Florence" —

again in different moods and sections fast and slow. Beginning with a touch of Italian to set the context, it tells of the romance of a city and its music: "Sadly, but with tenderness/It moved us/Lifting us, as in a fantasy" (translation). One passage, both in feel and sentiment, cast me back to the beautiful "Antoine" — in another part had an almost operatic vocal.

In all, the expected well-crafted songs, played harmoniously. Unfortunately, I chose two bum nights: requisite feedback energy noticeably missing. The large Apollo was almost empty as a result of minimal advertising; and Leeds Uni, though full, was cold and reservedly polite in its welcome (I understand, not unusually). The van broke down on the way home, too.

I hear they went down a storm in Exeter, Guildford, Warwick, Southend and Liverpool, and I can believe it.

Paul Hunter



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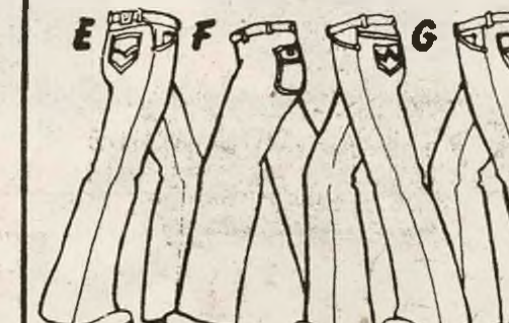
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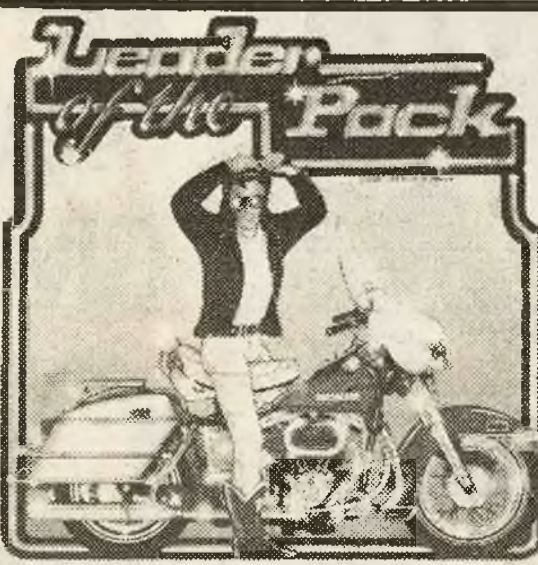
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538. SOUTHERN
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125. VULTURES



167. JOIN THE ARMY



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168. WORK



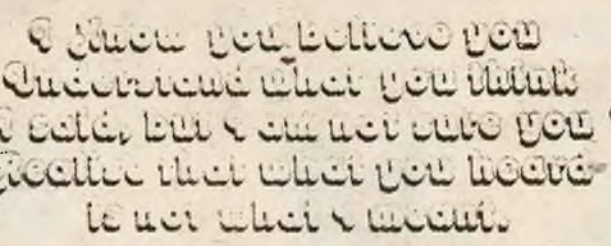
517. TRUCKIN'



663. COOL
(FONZIE)



214. BIONIC
COCK



221. UNDERSTAND



612. PATCH



528. APOLLO



506. STATUS QUO



650. CHOKED

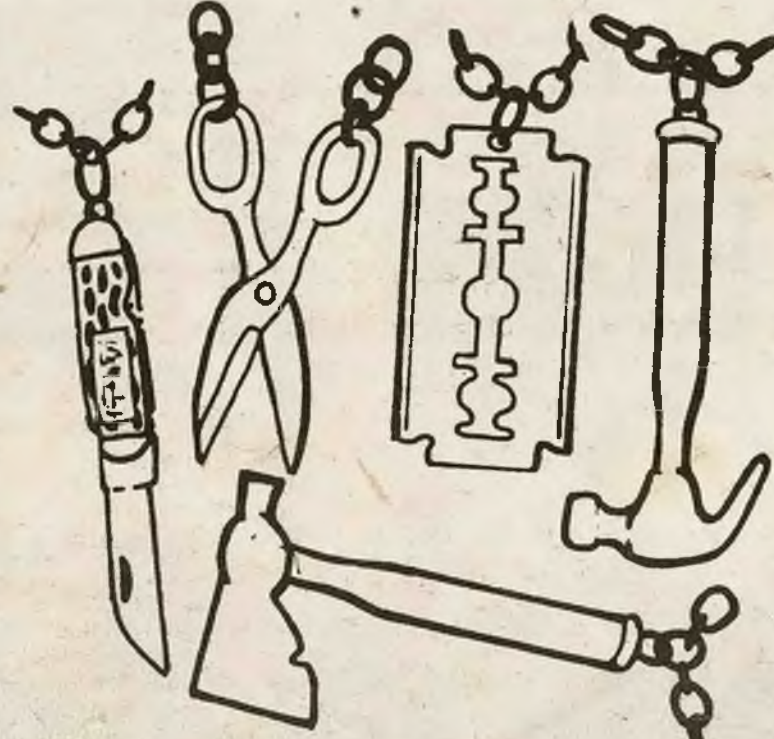


229. SERENE BOOZER



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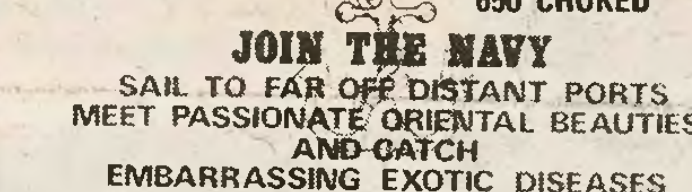
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129. CONTENTS



224. WINGS



222. JOIN THE NAVY



150. PINK FLOYD (2)



159. BEETHOVEN



175. UNION JACK



135. STATUS QUO



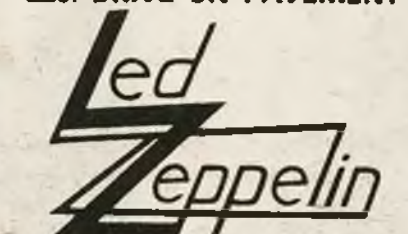
682. HAWKWIND



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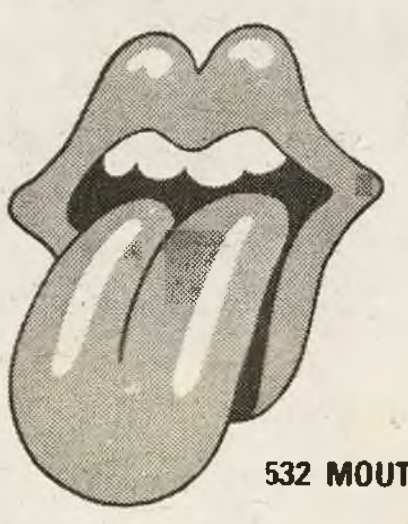
200. NAZARETH



148. LED ZEP



689. IT'S FOR YOU

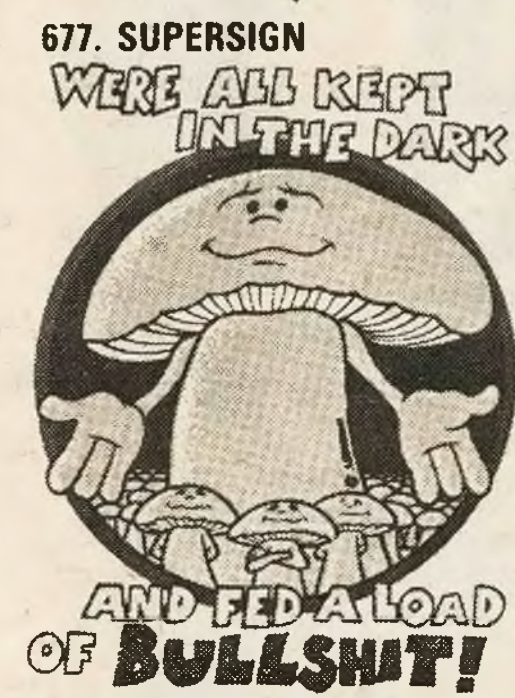


532. MOUTH

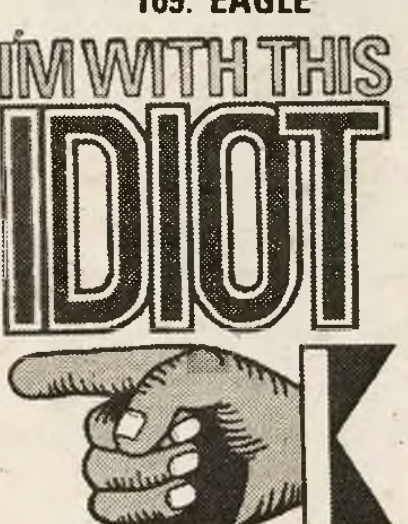
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232. REALITY



677. SUPERSIGN
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679. IDIOT



507. FLOYD



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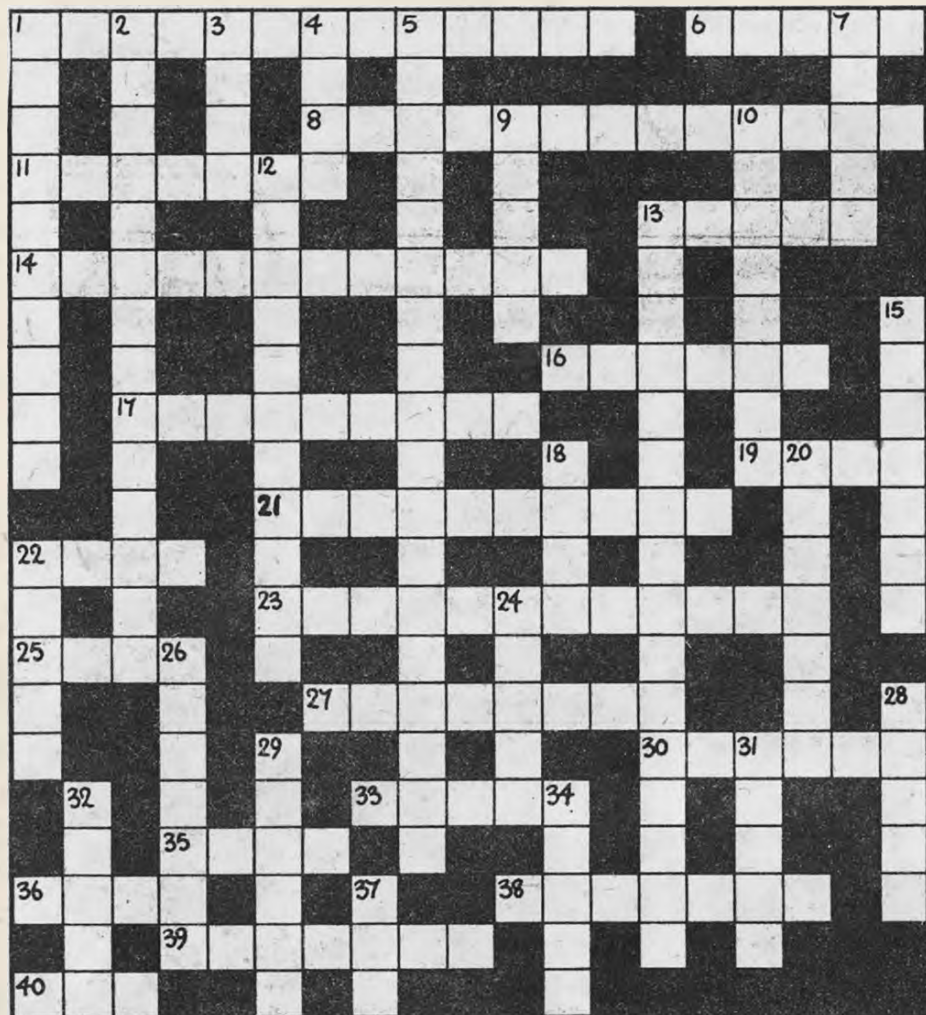
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EXPRESS WORD



ACROSS

- 1 Silly love song, from France via The Big apple (7, 6)
- 6 Pre-Runaways, boasted of being the first all-chick rock group
- 8 The kind that has *Reptile* printed through it? Nope. OK, early E.J. rocker and his first U.S. No. 1 (9, 4)
- 11 Cover model for "Get Your Ya-Ya's Out"
- 13 & 33 Former Delaney & Bonnie Friend, saxist to "Sticky Fingers" — period Rolling Stones
- 14 On which 1 down met the MCs (4, 2, 3, 3)
- 16 The Rubber Band Man
- 17 Buck-toothed singing sibling (5, 4)
- 19 & 39 Of whom it has been said, one man's beautiful noise is another's preening cacophony
- 21 i.e. fish can't (anag.)
- 22 Meanwhile, down on Roger's farm ...
- 23 Witching time for The Wicked Pickett (8, 4)
- 25 Irish pronoun (and R&B band)
- 27 Stones' darkest hour, sometimes termed the Nemesis of the Woodstock Generation
- 30 & 34 Gives his name (why not — he owns it!) to one of London's best-known clubs
- 33 See 13 across
- 35 How much longer at the races? (1, 3)
- 36 Remember when *this* was supposed to be in the vanguard of theatrical permissiveness? Eeek, let the sunshine in ...
- 38 See 7
- 39 See 19
- 40 See 37

DOWN

- 1 Mean old daddy of rockanroll (5, 5)
- 2 One half N. American folkie siblings aggregation (4, 10)
- 3 The legacy of Otis as it lives (sic!) in Hutch!
- 4 28 down's old outfit
- 5 & 32 OK Bryan, how about Mustique at noon Friday? No. Calais at six? Your pad in five minutes? ... (7, 4, 7, 5)
- 7 & 38 Session pianist for Stones, Airplane, and ex-Quicksilver Messenger
- 9 David ..., ex of 4 down and briefly of Roxy Music
- 10 The former Miracle worker
- 12 Writer/composer singer, he scripted the *All You Need Is Love* episode on Tin Pan Alley (3, 8)
- 13 Last time the Zimmermans encountered marital problems, this was the result (5, 2, 3, 6)
- 15 See 24
- 18 See 29
- 20 See 28
- 22 & 31 A.k.a. Herman the Hermit, Superwimp
- 24 & 15 Opening cut from "Let It Bleed", also provided title of the harrowing documentary from 27 across
- 26 Why a duck? Why not the Magic Band? 'Cause The Captain said so, that's why not?
- 28 & 20 Smoke here, nit (anag. 5, 7)
- 29 & 18 From Carrie Anne and carousels to Joni Mitchell and two cats in the fire (or something)!
- 31 See 22 down
- 32 See 5
- 34 See 30
- 37 & 40 The Hot Rods do a version of his "Show Me" oldie

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Scarlet Rivera; 6 "Endless Flight"; 8 Mary (Hopkin); 9 George; 11 Nick Lowe; 13 Dada; 14 Clarence Carter; 15 "Sunny"; 16 "When"; 17 Alex (Harvey); 19 Four Pennies; 20 "Help"; 21 (Roy) Orbison; 23 (Mike) Patto; 24 Tango; 26 Jan (Akkerman); 27 Lowell

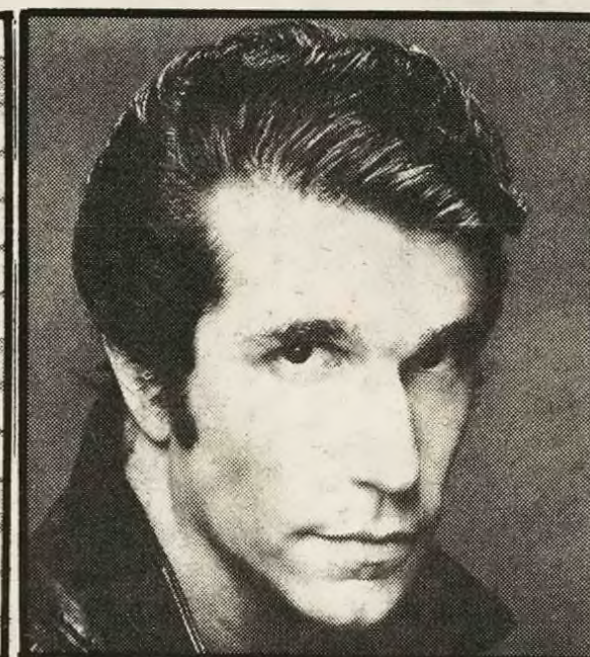
(George); 28 Winter. **DOWN:** 1 Stevie Nicks; 2 Andy Mackay; 3 Lee Brilleaux; 4 Refugee; 5 Edgar (Winter); 7 "Teenage Depression"; 10 Oldham; 12 "We Can Work It Out"; 15 "Self Portrait"; 16 Wayne; 17 Akkerman; 18 Joe South; 22 Andrew (Oldham); 25 "Low".

Once again, GASBAG (the letters page that *cares*) brings you . . .

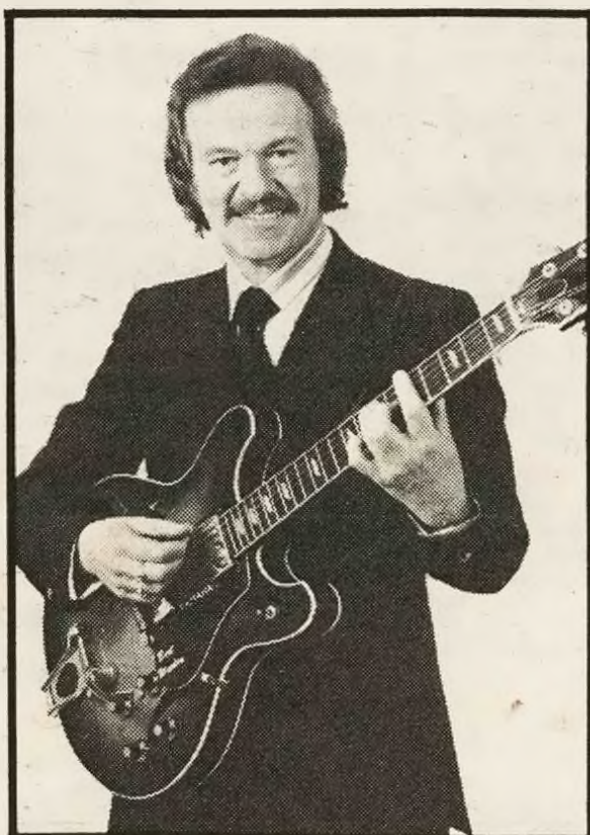
THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE!!!



YVES SAINT-JOANOVARC (known to his friends as "Dry Yves"), KARL DEWDROP, COMPLACENT PETE and ACME HANDSOME-CUTIE, all of Islington, want to know why we don't say nice things about Chick Corea. BELA HANDSOME-CUTIE of Elizabeth, New Jersey, tells us what the two main human species really are. BERT WEEDON of Beaconsfield is well uptight with Ian Cranna of Edinburgh. . . . and these are four of THE RUNAWAYS. They haven't written to us yet and we demand an explanation.



Ordinary people — just like you'n' me — who've chosen to speak out against the madness and make their views known . . .



This next letter's rilly heav-vee . . . — CSM.

I HAVE just read Mick Farren's write-up on the Pink Floyd concert at Wembley. May I say that I am just an ordinary person who is unable to go to a Pink Floyd concert because of travelling distance and I was really looking forward to this week's "On The Town" write up of them. Well, Mick Farren, I was terribly disappointed with your write-up. I didn't want to know all about spheres rotating, sunbursts, colours, in such great detail. One paragraph would have been sufficient to say all that you said about that. I also did not want to read what you thought of Pink Floyd in the past, or if they were technicians or rock stars.

I wanted a record-by-record account of sound, words, lights, audience appreciation, the songs they actually sang etc. Surely that is why NME asked you to go there, to give a review of music!

I am terribly sorry that you were not impressed by Pink Floyd, but next time either concentrate on the music



and sound or stay at home and watch TV.

SUSAN GLEDHILL
Bacup, Lancs.

Yassum, yassum, missy. Us nigras will do better in d'future, lawd, lawd. — M. F. (Good nigger)
Did I ever tell you how much I hate the term "write-up"? — CSM
Did I ever tell you how much I hate the Pink Floyd? — MF
Did I ever tell you how much I hate "ordinary persons"? — HIDEOUS

BILL GANGRENE
HEY MAN, I have just seen Messrs Paice, Ashton and Lord on the telly (Sight and Sound 19th March) and simply couldn't keep pen from paper. This is the kind of band we need these days. I'm sure many people, myself included, are fed up with the kind of silly meaningless lyrics that so-called artists like Randy Newman and Paul Simon keep churning out. Who can understand them anyway? PAL really came over with the goods — and such good tunes too! Ashton sang so simply and "from the hip" that one could almost believe he was making

the words up, right there on the stage.

The whole band seemed to have such refreshingly straightforward personalities — so frank and unaffected. I had a friend at school who used to write songs very similar to the "classics-to-be" I heard tonight. He was very good too. Of course it was obvious PAL were going to be good right from the start — they're all so famous aren't they? I especially liked the title track from their album "Malice In Wonderland" — it's such a clever pun. Right on, fellas. Lets hope we see them singing again soon, especially those girls — not bad, eh? I mean WOW!

ALLAN J. M. STEVENSON
Edinburgh

P.S. Boogie!
What biting satire! — CSM
What biting satire? — JON LORD
LET ALL this controversy between the "punks" and the "old wave" end. As the "Fonz" said, there are only two types of people in this world; the "cool" and the "nurds".

JBR
Workington, Cumbria.

That's the first rational statement on this page so far. — A COOL PERSON.

What about Chick Corea and objectivity? — A NURD.

I WAS sorry to see in your issue of 12/3/77 that Ian Cranna felt it necessary to be so personal in his review of my recent show at Edinburgh.

I realise his duty as a critic is to give his honest views on my performance, however he should not let his dislike of my playing influence his reporting of facts. He states the young audience were "cheering like mad" as a joke, and I did not realise this. In fact the audience were cheering very much for me, and I had to perform no less than ten encore numbers for them.

I do not know how long Mr. Cranna has been a professional critic, or even whether he is a professional, but I do feel that the thirty years in which I have maintained my position in show business as a musician, and the 25 years I have spent writing in musical journals, give me as much right to judge whether an audience is with me or not, and this audience were very much with me. After the show scores of them came round to the dressing room to congratulate me and were most enthusiastic.

He also states that he feels I was an object of scorn before my recent number one album success, and he quotes as his source a record made by Bonzo. May I respectfully point out to him that prior to my recent album success, I have sold many hundreds of thousands of LP's and singles, and have worked continuously at all the top theatres, clubs and halls in Great Britain and the Continent, always with return bookings; and I have had the great honour to have topped many popularity polls. Mr. Cranna may personally feel I was an object of scorn, but I feel that the facts prove otherwise.

He also seems to have a strong dislike for my appearance in stating that I looked like "Private Godfrey in Dad's Army". I fully realise that I am no handsome young virile idol — I've always let my music speak for me — but perhaps you would be kind enough to print this recent photo of myself, so that your good readers can judge for themselves whether Mr. Cranna's reporting should be considered as honest or biased.

BERT WEEDON
Beaconsfield, Bucks.

Well, kids? Cast your eyes upon the pic Bert sent us and judge for yourselves. — CSM

ALL HIPPIES are hypocrites. You say you weren't violent like Johnny Rotten and Sid Vicious, yet I can remember being on the end of a few bottles thrown by Hell's Angels at concerts. We ain't all into violence, but some of us are realists.

THE WILD ONE

I'M SICK and tired about reading of the latest unknown unrecorded unheard-of punk band in London. If a bunch of kids up here in Scotland got together, played 3-second licks and wore odd garb, would it be talked about ad nauseum in the London-based pop papers? No, of course it's gotta be about London 'ninit mite, as us provincials need educated about the latest "things". I've never been to the Roxy (as it's 400 miles away) but if I read much more about it, it'll seem like a home from home. Just let any punks glob (is that the word) on audiences here and you'll have the first punk casualty.

JOHN MCCANN
Airdrie

MY SON is only two years old and already he can say "Iggy Pop".

ANDY WILSON
Coventry

Great! As soon as you teach him to say, "Ted Nugent" he can start sending his own letters.

Edited by
**CHARLES
SHAAR
MURRAY**

ON THE assumption that you belong to the real world, and knowing that you are part of the IPC Group, I must conclude that it is in your interests commercially to make a profit on your publication. Since Nick Logan became Editor I did notice that your policy has been towards writing the truth in common with other newspapers, and on taking into account all the external pressures to increase your circulation, you have been lucky; because since that time sales of L.P. records have increased and the interest in music now carried from the Beatles and Woodstock generations has ensured that the details which you have been willing to give have been acceptable to the majority of your readers.

It now seems that you are preparing to give up that stance on progressive music as an "art-form" in preference to blanket coverage of "new wave" groups who musically are as adept or "inept" as The Monkees, Love Affair or Vanity Fare, who were groups properly castigated by you over the realms of time. You promote juvenile, adolescent behaviour under the pretext that it is new. You have an obligation to Society to promote the best of its culture and not to make money by appealing to the lowest common denominator, both in the basic simple structure of the music and the terrible lyrics which are written in the belief that they have no meaning other than the words singularly emphasised.

You must lose total credibility for being an objective musical authority, the proof being your disregard for constructive musical progression e.g. your treatment of the Pink Floyd Wembley performance and the reviews of progressive albums by Chick Corea, and Jeff Beck whilst promoting the "new wave".

E. F. C. FRENCH
London SE12

P.S. A copy of this letter has been sent to the Ministry of Fair Trading as I feel you should be prosecuted under the Trades Description Act, as your latest edition implies that you have constructive thoughts on what is happening to music.

WE ARE all bored with your self-indulgent obsession with "Punk". The March 19th issue for example contains three articles (lengthy) plus the letters page, all devoted to punk. The other lengthy article about ageing super-bore Marc Bolan would have been better sent to "Melody Maker". Where, we ask are the articles, reviews, stories, on all the rest that is happening? Jazz-rock, has hardly received a mention; Stanley Clarke, Chick Corea, (sic—Ed) are conspicuous by their absence.

Your editorial staff seem to believe the world is divided into two camps, old wave and new. Those of us who were weaned on Hendrix and the Stones have progressed and changed (musically, that is) and so has the rock scene. Tyneside has many fine bands your paper just does not seem interested in. We know for example that offers of reviews, and/or stories, have been refused unseen by you.

The task of the NME is to reflect all that is happening in the rock world. If you fail to do this you will become redundant. By all means let's hear about punk, but not to the exclusion of all else. If you don't accept your role in the music business, someone else will, and NME will be no more, lost, and if your present standards are anything to go by, not missed either.

JEFF PRICE
Newcastle, NE4 9AJ

HI THERE, fusion fans — but why should Corea, Clarke et al warrant any special coverage? All they (and countless others) are doing is trivialise and consistently under achieve. "Progressive"? Ha bloody ha. If anything, their output's as "inept" (vacuous?) in its way as that of Love Affair, Vanity Fare, etc.

As for "objectivity", come on. Nobody around here makes any pretensions of being "objective". We're simply expressing (often fallible) opinions, and if you haven't wised up to that before now . . . —

ANGUS MacKINNON . . .
. . . then stay tuned for more petulant pleadings for objective reporting.

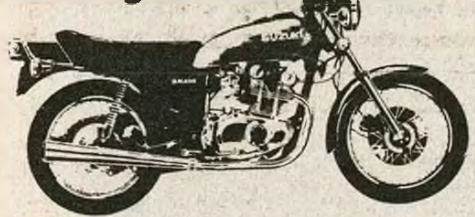
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MANHATTAN MORSEL!!! Dazzling Debbie Harry is one charming chicklet who knows which part of her head her shades are on!!! "They're on top of my head, stoopid," she murmurs enchantingly. "I know where they are 'cuz I put them there myself, ya turkey!" No dumb Blondie is Debbie, that's for sure!!!! And we're sure that you're bound to be hearing a whole lot more of this Bowery beauty and her Bacchanalian band!!!! We're certain that we will!!!!
(Pic by KATE SIMON)

TEAZERS

THOUGH ALL concerned have been at great pains to conceal his presence, *T-Zers* can reveal that **Bob Marley** has been lying low in London for several weeks. Officially he's not here at all, but no one told The Law that — and the world's best-known dreadhead had his cover unceremoniously blown last Monday week when Notting Hill police picked him up on suspicion of drugs possession.

Island Records are sticking to a "no comment" line, but *T-Zers* understands that Marley and several friends were removed to Notting Hill nick, where certain substances were taken for police analysis. Bob wasn't charged, however, and there won't be any further action until lab results are in.

Marley's been in London to complete a new album, titled "Exodus", to prepare for a British tour in the spring, and generally to lie low since the shooting incident at his Kingston, Jamaica, home last December which left him and three others with gunshot wounds.

Also being given the "no comment/non-ongoing situation at present" treatment is the rumour that Virgin Records will distribute the **Sex Pistols** "God Save The Queen" single in a one-off deal. For once Virgin pressman **Al Clark** has had to bite his tongue. "The prospect is interesting, but I'm afraid it's a no comment situation" is the official party line.

It just has to be Open Season on **Keef Richard**. Press reports on the big weekend nationwide LSD busts (that's put the psychedelic revival back a year or so!) included a line or two about police raiding a West London flat used up until Christmas by the **Stones'** guitarist. Nothing was found, however, and no suspicion remains against Keef (as if he didn't have enough aggro already).

Release at last for **Tom Robinson** from his contract with

Ray Davies and The Kinks' Konk Records. Robinson and band will be recording in April, and are now free to negotiate a new label deal. Go to it Tom: England expects, etc.

Tricky **Dicky** in line for an Oscar? Favourite item on the programme of an underground movie establishment in California is the TV film of **Nixon's** famous "love me love my dog" speech from the '50s

Is this wise fellas? **Thin Lizzy**



Iggy Pop bites the hand that feeds him.

to record next album in Toronto

Sympathies and condolences to **The Commodores** in general and bassist **Ronald LaPraed** in particular whose wife **Kathy Faye** died of cancer last Saturday. Ronald dropped out of a U.K. tour to return home the previous day, while the group fulfilled their Dunstable gig with guitarist **Darryl Jones** standing in on bass. As soon as they heard about the tragedy, they cancelled the rest of their European tour to be with Ronald.

Must We Fling This Filth At Our Pop Kids? — No 97. TV producer person **Muriel Young** in a tizzy over smutty lyrics which, she says, render many current Pop Singles unsuitable for her new Teen Pop TV series, *Get It Together*. Auntie Mu cites **Bonnie Tyler's** "More Than A Lover" and **Mr Big's** "Romeo" as two current releases which she would not play on her show. Of the Bonnie Tyler single she says: "It's full of sexual innuendo. Like so many pop records today

it can be construed as absolutely filthy. . . . We have a duty to young viewers' parents and what they might read into the lyrics of some of the songs." All very well, but has Mu failed to appreciate that the term Get It Together is in itself a sexual innuendo suggesting petting leading to fornication, usually outside of marriage? And what of the titles of Muriel Young's previous TV progs? *Lift Off!* Ho hum, we all know what that means! *Shangalang?*!!!! Really! Closer to home, what about Muriel itself, as used in the phrase currently popular among the Teen Set, "I've got the Muriel if you've got the notion". . . .

Blame it on **Peter Frampton?** Of 18 double album sets flooding or about to flood record racks, 11 of these are live in-concert recordings. Statistics courtesy *Music Week*. . . .

Hold The Presses: Make that 12 out of 19 since we hear **Genesis** have plans for a "specially-priced" live double set for summer release. **Phil Collins** is insisting, mind, that the band cooked up their idea before the release of "Frampton Comes Expensive". Additional Genesis info is that fans can expect the group to headline a British festival sometime this summer. . . .

Former **King Crimson** axeman and sexual athlete **Robert Fripp** sometimes using the alias **Dusty Roads** during his current guesting stint on **Peter Gabriel's** American tour. . . .

That other well-known alias, **Dr. Winston O'Boogie**, has also apparently been off a-travelling.

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As we hear it, Dr. Winston a.k.a. **John Lennon** wanted to test the validity of his hard-won Green Card, which allows him to leave and re-enter the U.S. unhassled, and so booked a round-trip to either Hong Kong, Singapore or Clacton (sources vary). Postcards were dispatched to close friends, souvenirs were purchased, and the return to New York was uneventful. . . .

A new **Modern Lovers** album ready for release. . . .

Here's a puzzler: Is **Clive Davis** preparing for one of the biggest-ever record deals in the history of rock and are two Americans and one Canadian involved, plus a legendary rock producer? Answer on page 57. . . .

The Dictators' (Handsome Dick Manitoba!!!) new Elektra-Asylum album includes titles "Sleeping With A TV On", "How Does A Brain So Small Move Fingers So Fast" and "Science Gone Too Far". **Sandy Pearlman** and **Murray Krugman** producing. . . .

Flamin' Groovies still label shopping. . . .

Definitely not for **Muriel Young's** playlist is **Peter Frampton's** newie "I'm In You" (tch, tch) which is finished and

scheduled for early May release. During recording at New York's Electric Ladyland Studios, five security guards were posted outside to protect the golden boy from over-zealous fans. . . .

Another Puzzler: Which famous rock bass player with a fondness for black, when instructed by his accountant to spend £10,000 like. . . erh. . . yesterday, man, for tax purposes, managed it by ordering a gold-plated Cadillac from the USA? . . .

Just for the record, **Andrew Gold's** father **Ernest** is a composer of a number of film scores and his mother **Marni Nixon** has been the film singing voice of many actresses, including **Audrey Hepburn** in *My Fair Lady*. . . .

Pat Travers thought he'd escaped with a singed jacket when flash powder exploded unsheduled during his band's Rainbow soundcheck. Travers, however, later discovered a piece of shrapnel embedded in his elbow. . . .

More hazards of rock'n'roll: during **Stranglers** encore at Croydon Greyhound, three over-enthusiastic pogo dancers vanished through the stage!!!

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