

Tom Petty • The Clash • Beatles

(ho hum)

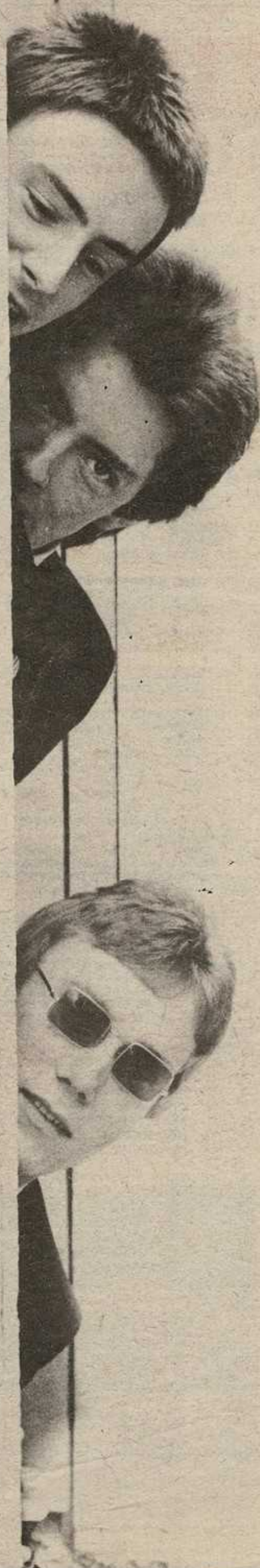
new MUSICAL EXPRESS

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THE JAM



P28

Pics: PENNIE SMITH



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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending May 6 1972

This Last Week		
1	1	AMAZING GRACE.....Royal Scots Dragoon Guards (RCA)
2	2	COME WHAT MAY.....Vicky Leandros (Philips)
3	3	SWEET TALKIN' GUY.....Chiffons (London)
4	4	BACK OFF BOOGALOO.....Ringo Starr (Apple)
5	5	RUN RUN RUN.....Jo Jo Gunne (Asylum)
6	6	A THING CALLED LOVE.....Johnny Cash (CBS)
7	7	DEBORAH.....Tyrannosaurus Rex (Magnet Fly)
8	8	COULD IT BE FOREVER.....David Cassidy (Bell)
9	9	WITHOUT YOU.....Nilsson (RCA)
10	10	STIR IT UP.....Johnny Nash (CBS)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending May 6 1967

This Last Week		
1	1	PUPPET ON A STRING.....Sandie Shaw (Pye)
2	2	SOMETHIN' STUPID.....Frank & Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
3	3	A LITTLE BIT ME, A LITTLE BIT YOU.....Monkees (RCA)
4	4	DEDICATED TO THE ONE I LOVE.....Mama & Papa's (RCA)
5	5	PURPLE HAZE.....Jimi Hendrix (Track)
6	6	HA! HA! SAID THE CLOWN.....Manfred Mann (Fontana)
7	7	I CAN HEAR THE GRASS GROW.....Move (Deram)
8	8	FUNNY FAMILIAR FORGOTTEN FEELINGS.....Tom Jones (Decca)
9	9	SEVEN DRUNKEN NIGHTS.....Dubliners (Major Minor)
10	10	THE BOAT THAT I ROW.....Lulu (Columbia)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending May 4 1962

This Last Week		
1	1	WONDERFUL LAND.....Shadows (Columbia)
2	2	NUT ROCKER.....B Bumble (Top Rank)
3	3	HEY! BABY.....Bruce Channel (Mercury)
4	4	SPEAK TO ME PRETTY.....Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
5	5	WHEN MY LITTLE GIRL IS SMILING.....Jimmy Justice (Pye)
6	6	HEY LITTLE GIRL.....Del Shannon (London)
7	7	DREAM BABY.....Roy Orbison (London)
8	8	LOVE LETTERS.....Ketty Lester (London)
9	9	TWISTIN' THE NIGHT AWAY.....Sam Cooke (RCA)
10	10	WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE YOUNG.....Danny Williams (HMV)

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

SINGLES

This Last Week			Week ending May 7, 1977		Highest position in chart
1	(2)	FREE.....Deniece Williams (CBS)	5	1	
2	(6)	SIR DUKE.....Stevie Wonder (Motown)	4	2	
3	(1)	KNOWING ME KNOWING YOU.....Abba (Epic)	10	1	
4	(4)	HAVE I THE RIGHT.....Dead End Kids (CBS)	5	4	
5	(3)	RED SPELLS DANGER.....Billy Ocean (GTO)	7	3	
6	(20)	I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT / FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST.....Rod Stewart (Riva)	2	6	
7	(7)	PEARL'S A SINGER.....Elkie Brooks (A&M)	5	7	
8	(10)	WHODUNIT.....Tavares (Capitol)	4	8	
9	(19)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA.....Eagles (Asylum)	3	9	
10	(16)	AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE.....Joe Tex (Epic)	2	10	
11	(—)	I WANNA GET NEXT TO YOU.....Rose Royce (MCA)	4	11	
12	(21)	THE SHUFFLE.....Van McCoy (H & L)	4	12	
13	(18)	SOLSBURY HILL.....Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	4	13	
14	(13)	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR.....Marilyn McCoo/Billy Davis Jr. (ABC)	7	8	
15	(25)	A STAR IS BORN (EVERGREEN).....Barbra Streisand (CBS)	4	15	
16	(5)	I DON'T WANT TO PUT A HOLD ON YOU.....Berni Flint (EMI)	7	4	
17	(14)	LONELY BOY.....Andrew Gold (Asylum)	4	14	
18	(12)	SUNNY.....Boney M (Atlantic)	8	3	
19	(28)	GOOD MORNING JUDGE.....10cc (Philips)	2	19	
20	(26)	SMOKE ON THE WATER.....Deep Purple (Purple)	3	20	
21	(9)	GOING IN WITH MY EYES OPEN.....David Soul (Private Stock)	7	2	
22	(15)	OH BOY.....Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	8	9	
23	(11)	HOW MUCH LOVE.....Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	5	11	
24	(—)	LUCILLE.....Kenny Rogers (U.A.)	1	24	
25	(—)	GONNA CAPTURE YOUR HEART.....Blue (Rocket)	1	25	
26	(17)	LAY BACK IN THE ARMS OF SOMEONE.....Smokie (Rak)	8	12	
27	(8)	WHEN.....Showaddywaddy (Arista)	9	3	
28	(—)	MAH NA MAH NA.....Piero Umiliani (EMI Int)	1	28	
29	(—)	LET 'EM IN.....Billy Paul (Philadelphia)	1	29	
30	(—)	DON'T STOP.....Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	1	30	

BUBBLING UNDER...
IT'S A GAME — Bay City Rollers (Arista); YOU'RE MY LIFE — Barry Biggs (Dynamic); WHERE IS THE LOVE — Delegation (State); YOU'RE THROWING A GOOD LOVE AWAY — Detroit Spinners (Atlantic).

ALBUMS

This Last Week			Week ending May 7, 1977		Highest position in chart
1	(1)	ARRIVAL.....Abba (Epic)	24	1	
2	(6)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA.....Eagles (Asylum)	19	2	
3	(3)	PORTRAIT OF SINATRA.....Frank Sinatra (Reprise)	9	1	
4	(2)	ENDLESS FLIGHT.....Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	17	2	
5	(5)	ABBA GREATEST HITS.....(Epic)	57	1	
6	(12)	RUMOURS.....Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	11	6	
7	(4)	THE SHADOWS 20 GOLDEN GREATS.....(EMI)	14	1	
8	(9)	HOLLIES LIVE HITS.....(Polydor)	7	5	
9	(20)	SMOKIE GREATEST HITS.....Smokie (Rak)	3	9	
10	(7)	ANIMALS.....Pink Floyd (Harvest)	13	2	
11	(11)	A STAR IS BORN.....Sound Track (CBS)	4	11	
12	(8)	THE UNFORGETTABLE GLENN MILLER.....(RCA)	5	8	
13	(10)	WORKS VOL. 1.....Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	6	7	
14	(25)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS.....Supertramp (A&M)	2	14	
15	(21)	LIVING LEGENDS.....Everly Brothers (Warwick)	4	15	
16	(15)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE.....Stevie Wonder (Motown)	29	1	
17	(13)	PETER GABRIEL.....(Charisma)	8	11	
18	(14)	STATUS QUO LIVE.....(Phonogram)	10	5	
19	(17)	A NEW WORLD RECORD.....Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	22	8	
20	(28)	THE CLASH.....Clash (CBS)	3	20	
21	(—)	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS.....The Stranglers (United Artists)	1	21	
22	(18)	EVERY FACE TELLS A STORY.....Cliff Richard (EMI)	8	11	
23	(—)	DECEPTIVE BENDS.....10 c.c. (Philips)	1	23	
24	(22)	BARRY WHITE GREATEST HITS (2).....(20th Century)	4	22	
25	(19)	MAGIC OF DEMIS ROUSSOS.....(Philips)	3	19	
26	(23)	THE BEST OF JOHN DENVER II.....(RCA)	8	13	
27	(—)	THEIR GREATEST HITS 1971-1975.....Eagles (Asylum)	39	1	
28	(16)	EVITA.....Various Artists (MCA)	17	1	
29	(29)	DAVID SOUL.....(Private Stock)	22	2	
30	(26)	COMING OUT.....Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	8	6	

BUBBLING UNDER...
THIS IS NIECY — Deniece Williams (CBS); LIVE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM — Marvin Gaye (Motown); SOUTHERN NIGHTS — Glen Campbell (Capitol); DETROIT SPINNERS — Smash Hits (Atlantic).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending May 7, 1977

This Last Week		
1	(4)	WHEN I NEED YOU.....Leo Sayer
2	(1)	SOUTHERN NIGHTS.....Glen Campbell
3	(2)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA.....Eagles
4	(3)	I'VE GOT LOVE ON MY MIND.....Natalie Cole
5	(6)	RIGHT TIME OF THE NIGHT.....Jennifer Warnes
6	(7)	LIDO SHUFFLE.....Boyz Scaggs
7	(10)	I'M YOUR BOOGIE MAN.....K.C. & The Sunshine Band
8	(9)	TRYIN' TO LOVE TWO.....William Bell
9	(14)	SIR DUKE.....Stevie Wonder
10	(11)	I WANNA GET NEXT TO YOU.....Rose Royce
11	(12)	COULDN'T GET IT RIGHT.....Climax Blues Band
12	(13)	ANGEL IN YOUR ARMS.....Hot
13	(23)	GOT TO GIVE IT UP (PART 1).....Marvin Gaye
14	(16)	CALLING DR. LOVE.....Kiss
15	(24)	DREAMS.....Fleetwood Mac
16	(18)	YOUR LOVE.....McCoo & Davis
17	(17)	CAN'T STOP DANCIN'.....Captain & Tennille
18	(21)	HELLO STRANGER.....Yvonne Elliman
19	(5)	SO IN TO YOU.....Atlanta Rhythm Section
20	(22)	DANCING MAN.....Q
21	(25)	LUCILLE.....Kenny Rogers
22	(26)	FEELS LIKE THE FIRST TIME.....Foreigner
23	(8)	DON'T GIVE UP ON US.....David Soul
24	(27)	AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE (WITH NO BIG FAT WOMAN).....Joe Tex
25	(30)	LONELY BOY.....Andrew Gold
26	(—)	HEARD IT IN A LOVE SONG.....The Marshall Tucker Band
27	(29)	CHERRY BABY.....Starz
28	(15)	RICH GIRL.....Daryl Hall and John Oates
29	(—)	WHODUNNIT.....Tavares
30	(—)	THEME FROM 'ROCKY' (GONNA FLY NOW).....Bill Conti

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending May 7, 1977

This Last Week		
1	(1)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA.....Eagles
2	(2)	RUMOURS.....Fleetwood Mac
3	(3)	A STAR IS BORN.....Sound Track
4	(4)	BOSTON.....Boston
5	(5)	LEFTOVERTURE.....Kansas
6	(6)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE.....Stevie Wonder
7	(11)	MARVIN GAYE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM.....Marvin Gaye
8	(7)	THIS ONE'S FOR YOU.....Barry Manilow
9	(8)	NIGHT MOVES.....Bob Seger
10	(16)	GO FOR YOUR GUNS.....Isley Brothers
11	(12)	A ROCK AND ROLL ALTERNATIVE.....Atlanta Rhythm Section
12	(13)	WORKS VOLUME 1.....Emerson Lake & Palmer
13	(21)	ROCKY.....Sound Track
14	(9)	UNPREDICTABLE.....Natalie Cole
15	(10)	SONGS FROM THE WOOD.....Jethro Tull
16	(15)	BURNIN' SKY.....Bad Company
17	(24)	COMMODORES.....Commodes
18	(20)	SILK DEGREES.....Boyz Scaggs
19	(17)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE.....Steve Miller Band
20	(14)	ANIMALS.....Pink Floyd
21	(19)	A NEW WORLD RECORD.....Electric Light Orchestra
22	(23)	YEAR OF THE CAT.....Al Stewart
23	(22)	JEFF BECK WITH THE JAN HAMMER GROUP LIVE.....Jeff Beck
24	(18)	LOVE AT THE GREEK.....Neil Diamond
25	(26)	CAROLINA DREAMS.....Marshall Tucker Band
26	(27)	BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US.....Hall & Oates
27	(29)	GREATEST HITS.....Linda Ronstadt
28	(28)	ASK RUFUS.....featuring Chaka Khan
29	(25)	IN FLIGHT.....George Benson
30	(30)	WINGS OVER AMERICA.....Wings

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson



Muddy hits town

MUDDY WATERS — the veteran blues king who was the subject of a special NME feature last week — comes to Britain in the early summer to headline a one-off concert at London New Victoria on Friday, July 8.

Tickets are available now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. He will be backed by his regular blues band comprising Luther Johnson (guitar), Calvin W. Jones (bass), Bob Margolin (guitar), Pinetop Perkins (piano), Jerry Portnoy (harmonica) and Willie Smith (drums).

JULIE FOR CHARITY

JULIE COVINGTON, Neil Innes, Pete Atkin and the Bowles Bros. Band are among acts appearing in the Amnesty International 1977 Gala Performance at London Mermaid Theatre this Sunday (8) at 8 pm.

Others taking part include John Cleese and Connie Booth, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, Peter Ustinov, Jonathan Miller and John Williams.

All artists are giving their services free and, because it is a benefit, tickets are priced at £20, £10 and £5. The show is being recorded for subsequent release by Transatlantic, and TV cameras are taping it.

Big events at stately homes

DIAMOND AT WOBURN?

TWO MORE OF Britain's most distinguished stately homes are planning to stage major open-air concerts in their grounds this summer, following the lead established so effectively by Knebworth Park. They are Woburn Abbey, ancestral home of the Duke of Bedford — and Longleat, seat of the Marquis of Bath and famous for its lion park.

Depending upon the availability of headlining acts, there could be several concerts at Woburn this summer. NME reported as long ago as December 18 that Neil Diamond was being negotiated for an appearance there. And with his five concerts at the London Palladium in late June already sold out and over-subscribed, it now seems likely that he will play Woburn after his London season — it is understood that Saturday and Sunday, July 2 and 3, are probable dates.

Longleat is expected to be the site of a lavish one-day rock event in the late summer, to be staged on a Saturday in September. One of Britain's top promoters has been looking at stately homes around England, in order to find a suitable venue, and has apparently settled on Longleat. A major international act is expected to top the bill.

Details of this year's Knebworth event are still being finalised, but the most likely date is Saturday, August 20.

FOUR NEW RUSH GIGS

CANADIAN heavy metal trio Rush are set for another four concert appearances next month, during their debut visit to this country. They were originally scheduled for just three gigs — at Manchester (June 2), Birmingham (3) and London Hammersmith (4). But rather surprisingly, since the band is little known over here, these are all close to selling out.

"It shows that Rush must have an unsuspected cult following over here," said a spokesman for promoters Straight Music. "So we have decided to add another four gigs." These are at Sheffield City Hall (June 1), Newcastle City Hall (11), Glasgow Apollo (12) and Liverpool Empire (13). Tickets are on sale now priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50, with additional £1 seats at Glasgow.

Feelgoods: two more

DR. FEELGOOD have added two dates to their British tour opening in Exeter on May 12, their first since new guitarist John Mayo replaced Wilko Johnson in the line-up. The extra gigs are at Dunstable Civic Hall on May 24 and Grays (Essex) State Cinema the next day in a concert specially organised by the local council. Their new U-A single released on May 13 is "Sneaking Suspicion", the title track from their latest album, out the same day.

REAL THING CONCERTS

THE REAL THING begin a headlining British tour early next month, to tie in with the June 1 release of their second Pye album "Four From Eight". Confirmed dates are Bradford Alhambra (June 2), Chelmsford Chancery Hall (3), Ipswich Corn Exchange (4), Breckland Sports Centre (7), Cromer West Runtun Pavilion (11), Portsmouth Guildhall (14), Andover Country Bumpkin (17), Oxford Jesus College (18), Leicester De Montfort Hall (19), Douglas L.O.M. Palace Lido (26) and Stroud Leisure Centre (July 2).

Zappa sues previous licensees of Rainbow

FRANK ZAPPA and two U.S. companies are claiming damages of about £250,000 from the former licensees of London's Rainbow Theatre. But even if successful, it is unlikely that they would recoup that amount — because the company concerned, Sundancer, has gone into voluntary liquidation.

The action stems from an incident in 1971 when Zappa was dragged from the stage and broke his left leg, also suffering head, rib and hand injuries. His attacker was later jailed for a year, but Zappa was in hospital for six weeks and did not work for ten months. Zappa and the two companies with exclusive rights to his services are now claiming for loss of earnings during that period. No date has yet been set for the hearing.

In 1975, Zappa made an unsuccessful damages claim against London's Albert Hall, because the management cancelled one of his concerts at relatively short notice. He has entered an appeal against that decision, which is due to be heard shortly.

Irrespective of these two actions, Zappa plans a return visit to Britain towards the end of the year. Although he had been apprehensive about playing here again, his last tour proved very successful — and as it had to be curtailed slightly he now wants to play further dates as soon as his commitments allow.



NEIL YOUNG VISIT, THEN . . .



Crosby, Stills & Nash coming

CROSBY STILLS & NASH are coming to Britain later this year to headline a string of selected concerts. The official word is that they are expected here in the early autumn, but NME understands October is the most likely month for their visit.

At presstime attempts were being made to persuade them to come over a little earlier, with their arrival timed to coincide with the Reading Festival at the end

of August, but it seems unlikely they will succeed.

The trio have just finished work on their new self-produced album, which they have been recording in Miami. They start an extensive coast-to-coast tour of America on June 9, coinciding with the U.S. release of the LP. But Atlantic will probably not issue it here until closer to the opening of their British tour.

This will be the group's first visit since their summer '75 Wembley Stadium concert, though on that occasion they

were augmented by Neil Young. There is, apparently, no possibility of Young joining them this time.

However, our U.S. correspondent reports that Young is coming to Britain in his own right in June or July. His latest solo album, tentatively titled "American Stars and Bars" is scheduled by WEA for early June release, and he is expected to play a few concerts to promote it — though the possibility of an appearance in a major open-air event cannot be ruled out.

CAT OPTS OUT — JUBILEE GIG OFF

ONE OF THE big rock concerts planned for Silver Jubilee Saturday (June 4) has been called off. It was to have been staged at the 30,000-seater Parkhill Leisure Centre at Charnock Richard, near Chorley in Lancashire. But after a weekend of rehearsals with his new band, proposed headliner Cat Stevens decided that he would not be ready in time for this date. Other artists provisionally lined up included Graham Parker & the Rumour, Dory Previn, Leo Kottke and Heatwave.

The concert was being organised by the promoters of the July Wakes Festival and they have just announced their amalgamation with the National Jazz Federation — who, among other activities, stage the annual Reading Festival. The joint committee will in future handle all events at Charnock Richard, including this year's Wakes Festival (July 15-17) and various one-day concerts now being lined up. And they say the Jubilee gig has not been cancelled, but merely postponed until later in the year.

Meanwhile, a member of the committee flew to America last week to sign three major U.S. acts for the Wakes event. Among British acts booked so far are Five Hand Reel, Rab Noakes, Bushwackers, Drew McCulloch and Spriguns, with many more to come.

Prior to this, Five Hand Reel begin their own headlining tour later this month, to promote their first RCA album "For A That". Confirmed dates are:

Hull University (May 20), Charnock Richard Park Hall (22), Aylesbury Civic Centre (27), Colchester Essex University (28), Plymouth Woods Centre (June 2), Birmingham Jubilee Arts Festival (4), Portsmouth Centre Hotel (5), London Marquee (8), Staines Pathfinder Club (9), Manchester University (11), Aberystwyth University (17), Liverpool Eric's (18), Amberside Lakes Club (21) and South Shields Folk Festival (22).

Also off is the open-air concert planned for later this month at Swansea City F.C.'s ground, Vetch Field. The promoter was unable to find a headline act in time for the event, but still hopes to stage it later in the summer.

Details are still awaited of the official Jubilee concerts at London Earls Court (June 4) and Wembley Stadium (11). An announcement is expected next week.

Platters tour

HERB REED and his Platters arrive in Britain on May 19, and spend the first week of their visit in the recording studios. Their opening gig is in a special Royal Gala Performance at London Kingsway Sound Circus on May 28, and the following night they play an orthodox concert at the same venue.

Other dates for the group are Weston-super-Mare Webbington Country Club (June 2), Bournemouth The Village (3), Burnley Martholme Grange Club (4), Rhyl Tito's (5-7), Cleethorpes Bunnies Club (8 and 11) and Luton Cesar's (9 and 10). Further gigs are being set.

Thunder adds

JOHNNY THUNDER and the Heartbreakers have added four more dates to their tour itinerary, reported three weeks ago. These include the first appearance by a new-wave band at the newly-opened London Camden Music Machine on May 19. Other new gigs are at Wigan Casino (May 14), Retford Porterhouse June 22) and Llandrindod Grand Pavilion (25). Their double-A single "Chinese Rock" / "Born Too Loose" is now set for May 20 release by Track.

NEW BRAND X

BRAND X have replaced Phil Collins, now heavily committed with Genesis, in their line-up by bringing in Los Angeles drummer Joe Blocker — who has worked with Bobby Womack, Jean-Luc Ponty and Arthur Lee, among others. He joined the band in time for their U.S. tour, which opened last week.

The new Yellow Dog jumps over the well-loved Fox

Steve Mann is a **Liar**

News Desk

David Soul, Dolly for Royal Show

DAVID SOUL and DOLLY PARTON are among newly-confirmed names for the Royal Variety Show at Glasgow King's Theatre on May 17, which Scottish TV are filming for screening on the full ITV network on Sunday, May 22 (8-9.35 pm). Soul returns to Britain specially for this event, and it is Dolly's first date in her European tour.

The bill for the gala show has changed considerably since it was first announced, with only the Jacksons remaining from the original line-up. Headlining act is now Petula Clark with her full

Las Vegas company. Also appearing are Scottish artists Sydney Devine, Elaine Simmons and Lena Zavaroni.

Following European gigs, Dolly Parton is now confirmed for provincial dates at Birmingham Odeon (May 26) and Liverpool Empire (27). As previously reported, she appears at London Rainbow on May 28, and a second date may be added at this venue. She will also guest in BBC-TV's "Top Of The Pops" or "Whistle Test", or possibly both.

BELLAMY BROS. BRITISH DEBUT

BELLAMY BROTHERS make their first live British appearance on Sunday, May 22, when they headline at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal. Tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. The concert is promoted by John Martin for Capital Radio, who are recording it for subsequent broadcast.

Howard and David Bellamy are probably best known for their hit single last year, "Let Your Love Flow", the title track from their album issued at the same time. Their latest album and single, recently released by Warner Brothers, are "Plain And Fancy" and "Crossfire" respectively.



RANDY CALIFORNIA of Spirit

Spirit due

SPIRIT are being lined up for a British concert, club and college tour in the late spring or early summer, reports our U.S. correspondent.

Several attempts have been made during the past two years to bring the Epic Records band over, but all have failed — mainly because of the group's constantly changing line-up.

They are apparently currently operating as a three-piece, still fronted by Randy California, with Mark Anders and Ed Cassidy as the other members. A spokesman for their British promoter confirmed that dates are being pencilled in for Spirit, but no contracts are signed yet.

TWINK'S BAND

TWINK, formerly of the Pretty Things and the Pink Fairies, has formed a new four-piece band named Rings. They make their official live debut at London Camden Music Machine on Thursday, May 19, and other gigs — both in London and the provinces — are at present being lined up. The outfit's debut single "I Wanna Be Free", produced by Martin Gordon, is released by Chiswick Records on May 20.

Edited: Derek Johnson

Mayall dates plus live LP

BLUESBREAKER John Mayall returns to Britain later this month for three major concert appearances, his first here for almost two years — they are at Leeds University (May 18), Guildford Surrey University (19) and London Rainbow (20). There is a possibility of one or two more gigs being added.

Maintaining his policy of ringing the changes in his backing band, Mayall is accompanied on this visit by a three-piece outfit comprising drummer Soko Richardson (ex-Ike and Tina Turner), bassist Edmund Lee (who has worked with Mayall before) and lead guitarist James 'Smitty' Smith (ex-Three Dog Night and Dr. John).

In the past many musicians, who are now highly rated, have played in Mayall's band — including Eric Clapton, John McVie, Peter Green, Mick Taylor, Jon Hiseman, Jack Bruce and Andy Fraser.

Mayall's live album "Lots Of People", recorded last year at the Roxy, is being released by Anchor to coincide with his visit. A single will probably be extracted from it.



Full House's date changes

FRANKIE MILLER's Full House have cancelled four gigs at the end of this month's tour itinerary, to allow them to prepare for their U.S. visit in June and July. Gigs off are Folkestone Leas Cliff Pavilion (May 24), Swansea Brangwyn Hall (26), Guildford Civic Hall (27) and Cromer West Runton Pavilion (28). Their gig on May 18 is now at Chatham Central Hall instead of Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall, Ipswich Corn Exchange (19) is cancelled, and a new booking is at Nottingham Trent Polytechnic on May 21.

REUNION GIG

A MINI Lindisfarne reunion takes place at Newcastle City Hall on Tuesday, May 31. Topping the bill is the band's former co-leader Alan Hull in his first-ever solo concert, previewing his upcoming Rocket Records album. And he is supported by Harcourt's Heroes, the new band featuring two more ex-Lindisfarne members, Charlie Harcourt and the other co-leader Ray Jackson. Tickets are £2, £1.75 and £1.50.

A NEW MOON

MOON have undergone a personnel change with the departure of drummer John Shearer. He is replaced in the line-up by 24-year-old Nick Trevisick from Devon, who previously played with Kites and Cafe Society. The band are currently rehearsing with their new member, in preparation for a full British tour next month, coinciding with the June release of their second CBS album "Turning The Tides".

SEDAKA EXTRA

NEIL SEDAKA plays a one-off concert at Glasgow Apollo Centre on Monday, May 23, following his previously-reported week at the London Palladium starting May 16.

Sedaka has just paid two million dollars to buy 116 of his own compositions! He had an exclusive songwriting deal with the Kirshner Entertainment Corporation who, under the agreement, owned everything he wrote. Now he wants to set up his own music company, and the two million was spent in freeing himself from the contract and acquiring sole rights to the songs he composed under the deal.

A Neil Sedaka convention, attended by the singer, is being held in a London hotel on Saturday afternoon, May 21. It is free, but write to 3 Hawksley Road, Sunderland for tickets and details (s.a.e. please).

FAIRPORTS IN LONDON CONCERT

FAIRPORT CONVENTION headline a major London concert at Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Sunday, May 29, as the highlight of their British tour opening in Coventry tonight (Thursday). The London gig is part of the series being recorded by Capital Radio for subsequent broadcast.

Other additional tour dates for Fairport are at Colchester Essex University (May 21) and Oxford Polytechnic (June 4). They also appear at Paris Olympia on May 31 and June 1, and begin a month-long Australian tour on June 15.

PARK SERIES

HARLOW Town Council in Essex are to stage another series of free open-air rock concerts this summer, for the fourth successive year. They will again be held in the local Spurs Park with (as reported last week) the Glitter Band opening the season on Saturday, June 4. The shows continue until August, and among other bookings so far as AC/DC (June 25), Climax Blues Band (July 9) and The Real Thing (30).

QUINTESSENCE

QUINTESSENCE have reformed with three of their original members — Raja (flute), Jake (drums) and Sambhu, (bass) — plus newcomer Sita Devi on keyboards. They will be known as Quintessence II, and they resume touring by way of a string of legalisation gigs for Release. First confirmed is at London City University on May 21, and others are being arranged.

ODDS'N'SODS

BERT JANSCH supports J.J. Cale in his three re-scheduled concerts at London New Victoria on May 12, 13 and 14.

CHERRY VANILLA has extra gigs at Newcastle Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Cambridge Howard Mallet Club (Saturday), Hastings Pier Pavilion (May 21) and London Marquee (23).

LIAR — the new Decca band comprising Dave Burton, Paul Travis, Steve Mann, David Taylor and Clive Brooks — are supporting Slade on their British tour which opened this week.

HORSLIPS have extra gigs at Dundee University (May 12) and Birmingham Barbarella's (13), in addition to their London New Victoria concert (15) reported last week.

MUD have scrapped plans to play a string of concerts in mid-May due to the pressure of recording commitments. But they are still doing their previously-reported gig at Southport Floral Hall this Sunday, (8).



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News Desk

STOP PRESS

Ian Hunter dates

IAN HUNTER and his new band make their British debut with concerts at Birmingham Town Hall (June 7), Manchester Free Trade Hall (8), Leicester De Montfort Hall (9), Uxbridge Brunel University (10), Aylesbury Friars (11) and London New Victoria (12). More details next week, when other gigs may be added.



Left to right: STEWART, BURGESS, TOSH, O'MALLEY, FEN and GOULDMAN

10c.c. new line-up

10 c.c., who last week announced details of their first British tour since Lol Creme and Kevin Godley left the line-up last year, have now revealed the names of the four new permanent members of the band.

Joining co-leaders Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman are... drummer Paul Burgess, who has been a regular member of the 10 c.c. touring band since 1973, and appears on their current album "Deceptive Bends"; keyboard player Tony O'Malley, who left Kokomo in January; guitarist Rick Fen; and drummer Stuart Tosh, who left Pilot last summer and has since worked on Roger Daltrey's latest album.

The line-up means that 10c.c. revert to their two-drummer policy, which has proved so effective in the past, although Tosh will also be handling some vocals. The new-look band open their tour at Glasgow Apollo on May 27 and 28.

ACE ONE-OFF

ACE will, after all, headline at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse this Sunday (8). As reported last week, the band have scrapped their British tour planned for this month — which would have been their first since late 1975. But they have agreed to play the London date as a one-off gig, supported by Sassafaras and Bees Make Honey. A spokesman for Anchor Records denied that the company had refused to subsidise the Ace tour, claiming the band had cancelled for economic reasons of their own.

PENTANGLE II

PENTANGLE II — the band fronted by John Renbourn and Jacqui McShee, two members of the original group — top the bill in an eight-hour open-air folk festival being staged at Burton-on-Trent (Horniglow Road site) on Saturday, June 25. Other acts confirmed include Prelude, Harvey Andrews, Derek Brimstone, Miriam Backhouse and Leonard & Squire. Tickets are £2.50 from Midland Folk Promotions, 5 West Avenue, Derby.

SUPERCHARGE

SUPERCHARGE are undergoing a personnel re-shuffle. Only the nucleus of Albie Donnelly (tenor sax and vocals) and Les Karski (guitar and vocals) remain from the old line-up, and these two are at present rehearsing with new members, whose names will be announced as soon as contractual problems are overcome. The new-look band will be gigging later this month, followed in June by their debut U.S. tour. Their new single "Limbo Love" is released by Virgin this weekend.

Hillage plays Oldfield hits

STEVE HILLAGE appears with the Scottish National Orchestra at Glasgow Kelvin Hall on May 23 and 24, playing the guitar parts in David Bedford's orchestrations of Mike Oldfield's "Tubular Bells" and "Hergest Ridge." This is a repeat of a concert at the same venue in September 1975, when Hillage was still with Gong. He flies to Los Angeles in June to record the follow-up to his hit "L" album.

RECORDING NEWS

ELO head Jet drive

E.L.O.'s new single "Telephone Line", out this weekend on Jet, is taken from their million-selling album "A New World Record". The B-side features two tracks from previous albums, "Poor Boy" and "King Of The Universe".

From next month, all past Jet product will be available through United Artists Records — this includes the E.L.O. albums "On The Third Day", "Eldorado" and "Face The Music", as well as Roy Wood's "Mustard".

QUEEN'S FIRST EP DUE

QUEEN release their first-ever EP on May 20 to coincide with their upcoming British tour. Featured track is "Good Old Fashioned Loverboy", from the album "A Day At The Races". Other titles are "Death On Two Legs" (from "A Night At The Opera"), "Tenement Funster" (from "Sheer Heart Attack") and "White Queen" (from "Queen II"). Titled "Queen's First EP", it retails at the normal single price.

● The Strawbs' first 1977 single "Back In The Old Routine" is issued by Oyster on May 20. It is taken from their album "Burning For You", due out in mid-June. The band are planning several summer shows to tie in with the LP release.

Hooker's LP capers spark sales boom

SALES OF an album described as "the most explicit sex record ever issued in Britain" are booming... despite being banned by several multiple stores and 1,000 individual record shops, causing a stoppage at the factory where it was being pressed, prompting the Automobile Association to issue a warning against listening to it, and being forwarded to the Director of Public Prosecutions.

The album is "Xaviera!", a sequence of intimate chats and suggestive sounds by former prostitute Xaviera Hollander, who achieved notoriety for her best-selling book "The Happy Hooker" — which was subsequently made into a film with Lynn Redgrave starring.

Released on the Belmont label, it was originally being pressed by CBS, until a lady factory worker complained to the management. Subsequently virtually all the staff stopped work — but only, insists Philip Lincoln of Belmont, because they were queuing up to listen to the album! CBS then refused to manufacture any more copies, but it is now being pressed for Belmont by Island, who ran into similar problems of their own with the "Derek and Clive Live" album.

"Boots have refused to sell it, Timothy White and Selfridges are stocking it, but W. H. Smith are still undecided," said Lincoln. "In the first instance, just over 1,000 smaller record shops refused to touch it, but

Jet also announce June album releases by new Birmingham band Quartz, whose debut LP was produced by Tony Iommi; and U.S. outfit Kingfish, whose live album includes a guest appearance by the Grateful Dead's Bob Weir. And Jet have signed Canadian group Lavender Hill Mob, whose first LP is issued this weekend through U.A.

E.L.O. will not be performing here until the end of the year, when they plan British dates as part of a Eurotour.

● Out next week on RSO is "I Just Want To Be Your Everything", a self-penned debut single by Andy Gibb — who is the younger brother of Bee Gees members Barry, Robin and Maurice Gibb.

● Coinciding with the news of their upcoming British tour with Television, reported last week, Blondie have a single rushed out by Private Stock this weekend. Titled "X-Offender", it is taken from their "Blondie" album.

● GTO release a new Fox single "My Old Man's Away" tomorrow (Friday), a year since the group's last hit "S-S-S-Single Bed". Out the same day is their latest album "Blue Hotel".



● The title track from Marc Bolan's current album "Dandy In The Underworld", now completely re-edited, is his new single for May 30 release. The B-side comprises two songs, "Groove A Little" and a brand new number called "Tame My Tiger".

● The Hollies have a new self-penned single titled "Hello To Romance" released by Polydor tomorrow (Friday). And this week they began recording a new studio album.

● "Racing Cars" follow-up to their hit single "They Shoot Horses Don't They" is rushed out by Chrysalis this weekend, titled "Ladee-Lo". The band are currently rehearsing and recording a new album.

● "Stevie Winwood" is the title of his new Island album, issued on June 17. It features six tracks, all written or co-composed by Winwood. Among musicians on the set are Willie Weeks, Andy Newmark, Brother James, Jim Capaldi, Rebop and Alan Spenser.

● Hawkwind have a new album released on May 20, their first since their extensive personnel changes and their switch to the Charisma label. Title is "Quark, Strangeness And Charm".

● Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow have a live double album issued by Oyster / Polydor next month. Recorded in Japan last November, "Rainbow Live" consists of just five lengthy tracks.

● Sandy Denny's solo album "Rendezvous", issued by Island on May 13, has an impressive line-up of guest singers and musicians. They include Gallagher and Lyle, Jess Roden, Steve Winwood, Pat Donaldson, Jerry Donahue and Dave Mattacks.

● Motorhead's new single is a 12-inch release because, say Chiswick Records "it is very powerful and loud and much of its effect would be lost on an ordinary seven-inch". Aptly titled "Motorhead", it is also packaged in an album-type sleeve, and comes out on May 13.

● The new Sandpipers single "Life Is A Song Worth Singing", out this weekend on the Satril label, is a specially-recorded disco version of a track from their current album "Overdue".

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"I don't understand."

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Forget what we told you last week.

(We have.)

TOM PETTY and THE HEARTBREAKERS are the Real Thing — the absolute clincher in the outlaw braggadoccio sweepstakes. Daddy, they're straight from the fridge. And ROY CARR is here to kick ass on any dude that digs different, got it?*

TOM PETTY heard The Byrds long before he ever became aware of the existence of Bob Dylan.

Similarly, he first became acquainted with Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry and Slim Harpo through the auspices of The Rolling Stones.

The Beatles filled in the remaining gaps.

As a direct result, much of the rock culture that Petty absorbed was second-hand — or rather, a synthesis of some of the better things in life.

Of all the music that filled his head, it was hearing Roger McGuinn's distinct strangled nasal whine being sieved through a heavily-textured jingle-jangle of 12-string Rickenbacker guitars which was to exert the most profound influence upon the impressionable young Petty.

Without losing anything in the transformation, it has been Tom Petty's ability, together with that of his band The Heartbreakers, to take the finer aspects of late Sixties American West Coast Rock and painstakingly personalize them to comply with late Seventies specifications.

If, according to Petty, writing melodic, well-structured rock 'n' roll songs — which, apart from clocking in well under four minutes, could drastically improve the distressing state of Top 40 format radio — qualifies The Heartbreakers as a fourth generation rock band, then a fourth generation rock band is most definitely what they are.

Blank they're not. Neither are they hypocrites.

SINCE "Sgt. Pepper" revolutionised the entire concept of the album industry, bands have publicly refuted any suggestions that their acts are geared towards titillating the female of the species. However, it is these very same bands who are the first to complain at the lack of readily available female flesh both front and back-stage.

The Heartbreakers positively relish the thought of being torn from limb-from-

limb by adoring teen queens.

"I've always played for chicks," Petty is adamant on that score, a crooked smile framing his row of perfect teeth. "And I don't care if it's not supposed to be real cool to admit that, but instead push the I-Am-A-Musician attitude ... I'm an outlaw, a gunfighter or whatever."

"As great as that can sometimes be, I believe that it's an attitude that screwed up a lotta fine bands."

"F'instance", he continues. "British bands have some of the best lead guitarists in the world and also some of the worst songwriters working together. Except for straight 12-bar workouts, they forget about chords and get too involved in riffs and fast licks."

"Now it's my belief that just because you cater to teenagers doesn't have to mean that, like so many bands, you have to unload some mindless shit on them. I get annoyed that some bands take this ridiculous stance that, if they're compelled to play to anyone under 18, they've got no option but to sell-out. Bullshit."

"When I was 15, I was into The Beatles, The Stones and especially The Byrds and they weren't laying any shit on me — no way, brother. That's what prompted me to get a guitar in the first place."

Tom Petty's mainman is Roger McGuinn and the fact that McGuinn has just covered Petty's Byrds-tribute "American Girl" has rendered the composer practically speechless. The situation hasn't in any way been alleviated by the fact that The Heartbreakers have been opening for McGuinn's Thunderbyrd on a short tour of America's Eastern Seaboard.

But Petty's beginning to cope.

TOM PETTY and The Heartbreakers have just celebrated their 24th

** An annotated translation of this blurb by Professor George Steiner will be published by Weidenfeld and Nicholson in the autumn, price 12 gns.*

one-nighter, and though they're not wet behind the ears, in their current manifestation, they cannot claim to be seasoned road veterans.

Their equipment is sent on ahead but limos are still a luxury they can ill-afford. The Heartbreakers' transportation being restricted to piling into the back of rented vans and desperately trying not to throw up before reaching the gig.

For the moment, dressing room privileges don't extend beyond soap and water, beer and 'burgers. This evening, Tom and The 'Breakers have struck lucky at Adelphi University out on Long Island. The menu stretches to pizzas, a TV, and a case of wine that fell off the back of a lorry.

Oh, the glamour and the tinsel of it all!

As we explore the class room that has been transformed into a make-shift dressing room, local cub reporters and their photographers frantically scurry in all directions, quizzing the individual members of the band and ignoring the friendly abuse of Mike North — the band's legendary British roadie.

Affable in every conceivable way, Petty, like the rest of the band, is still amused that reporters not only want to converse with him but also print his mug-shot and comments in the pages of their journals.

"Hey!" Petty quietly asks behind the back of his hand, "what do most people usually say when you interview them?"

A load of old cabbles, I reply casually.

"No ... really, what does someone like Jagger or Plant tell you?"

I fumble momentarily with my memory bank, trying to think of a smart-ass one-liner. Oh, just say that you like to get laid whenever possible, I quip. "But I do!"

Fine, well say that the next time you're asked. This, Petty does, when the conversation with a local reporter gets around to the question of sport!

The interviewer is suitably impressed and quite obviously

envious of Petty's Power Over Women.

"I'll have to remember that one during future interviews," Petty chortles a little later.

LIKE THE REST of The Heartbreakers, Tom Petty converses in a slow friendly Southern drawl but conducts himself in a manner not usually associated with guitar-slingin' Confederates. Sons Of The South they may well be but, having chosen to transplant themselves to the West Coast, they prove to be the antithesis of all that's wrong with Redneck Rock.

For one thing, they're all dangerously good-looking and there's not a blackeye or a beer-gut insight.

Petty doesn't try to hide the truth that, apart from insufficient take-home pay, it was his abhorrence of Rebel Yell Riff Rock that motivated him to vacate the orange groves of Florida for the orange groves of Southern California.

"I was livin' in Gainesville," he begins at a slow gait while blow-drying his lank sun-bleached hair, "and the whole place was right into that whole Allman Brothers, Lynyrd Skynyrd boogie. Just everyone seemed to be wearing shabby overalls, stetsons, gettin' barbecued outta their skulls ... while wherever you turned there were dozens of slide guitars jammin' for what seemed like days on end."

"Things really got quite outta hand and degenerated into tuneless triple live boogie albums. Now speaking personally," he continues with a sly grin, "I was never really waitin' on the next Canned Heat album, if you know what I mean!"

SO THE YEAR was 1973 and Tom Petty was just out of his teens and one of three songwriters in Mudcrutch — a local bar band whose itinerary seemed to be an

■ Continues over

■ From previous page

endless round of five sets each night, seven nights a week to the rhythmic accompaniment of jiggling topless go-go-girls.

Enough quickly became enough and, as there were no half-decent recording facilities in the district, Mudcrutch raised 100 dollars for gas and incidentals, pointed the nose of their car towards Los Angeles and tore along almost the entire length of Interstate Highway No. 10.

Now the streets of L.A. may not be paved with gold, but at least there's a phone-booth on almost every corner that works and doesn't also serve as a urinal! So armed with a fistful of dimes, Petty began at letter "A" in the local directory and proceeded to ring up various record companies and fix appointments.

The first day, both London and MGM offered them studio time on the strength of their home-made tape. By the end of the week, the number had risen to seven.

With so much in the offering, Mudcrutch immediately returned home to Gainesville and began selling off their personal effects, before turning tail and once again heading West.

One afternoon while rehearsing, the phone rang, and the roadie who answered the phone misconstrued it to be yet another enquiry about a

THE DOPE ON THE LATEST RAVE AND SO ON

car they were trying to sell for spot cash. Seemingly, the name Denny Cordell didn't register with said roadie and the conversation went off at cross-purposes.

Then, just as both parties were about to hang up on one another, Petty grabbed the receiver and breathed some sanity into the proceedings.

If Mudcrutch were motoring West, said Cordell, who had heard their tape, then why not stop-over in Tulsa and spend some time in the studio? The band took Cordell up on his word and spent 20 hours straight in the studio, trying to adjust to their new-found surroundings and the likes of Leon Russell, Carl Radle and Glyn Johns dropping by to catch an earful.

It was spring when Mudcrutch rolled into L.A. and August when they signed a pact with Shelter Records. That's when their troubles began.

In a paragraph, Mudcrutch blew it.

Their inability to acclimatize themselves to working in a recording studio resulted in "unnecessary tensions" within the group. These soon esca-

lated into disputes over what they should record and finally erupted into a fight which prompted both Petty and another member of the band to hand in their resignations. Mudcrutch folded soon after.

AT THE TIME, Petty was living in a cheap Hollywood motel room on a publishing retainer when Leon Russell, who had already recorded one of Petty's songs, phoned and suggested they collaborate on a new album. What turned out to be an aborted project involved Russell utilising the services of a different producer on every track.

For the next few weeks, Petty sat in awe in the control booth as the likes of Brian Wilson, Terry Melcher, Bobby Womack, George Harrison, Ringo Starr made up the Parade Of Stars that drifted in and out of the sessions.

Then came Tom Petty's moment of glory. Russell left L.A. to tour and gave his collaborator full run of both his mansion and private studio and, with Denny Cordell

cracking the whip, he set about laying down tracks.

To expedite matters, Cordell invited along some of L.A.'s finest and in next to no time Petty found himself shaking hands with Al Kooper and Jim Gordon one minute and playing with them the next. It proved too much for the kid to assimilate.

"Shh'eet", he remarks, "I couldn't relate to nuthin' that was goin' on around me and believe me, I do mean nuthin'."

Without any trace of self-consciousness, he recalls his dilemma. "If it hadn't been for Al (Kooper), it would have been a total disaster."

"I now know that this is the way it's done, but nonetheless, I found it very weird to try and make anything like a good record with four or five guys I've never met in my life, who've just strolled through the door and picked up their instruments."

Faced with this predicament, Petty attempted to rationalise the set of unfamiliar circumstances he now found himself 'thrown in, while at the same time trying to come to terms with the fact that, after

the Mudcrutch debacle, the very last thing he wanted was to become permanently involved with another band. Problems, problems.

MEANWHILE, way cross town, Benmont Tench (keyboards), Mike Campbell (guitar), Ron Blair (bass) and Stan Lynch (drums) — who were all soon to unite under the nifty Heartbreakers logo — had converged on L.A. from Florida in search of the crock of royalties at the end of the vinyl rainbow.

Friends from way back, a chance meeting had them discussing that perhaps together they could make sweet music. It took just two days for them to find out. Forty-eight hours in a rehearsal studio getting re-acquainted on such songs as The Yardbirds' "Train Kept A-Rollin'", Bo Diddley's "You Can't Judge A Book By Looking At The Cover", Slim Harpo's "Baby, Scratch My Back", Bobby Fuller's "I Fought The Law" and Led Zeppelin's "Communication Breakdown" — a slew of standards which they occasionally dust-off if encores are forthcoming.

This is precisely what transpired over the next couple of weeks. With only "Hometown Blues" and "Stranger In The Night" in his hip-pocket, Tom Petty would arrive at the Shelter Studios around six in the evening, get mellow and write a song. Three hours later, Denny Cordell and the remaining Heartbreakers would ankle in, spend the rest of the night recording, and call it a day when breakfast was served.

They stuck to this routine for 15 nights in a row and, almost three years after taking up residency on the West Coast, Tom Petty had completed his debut album of impressive car radio songs.

"CRUISIN'", suggests Petty as he suspiciously examines the contents of his 'burger, "is where it's at. I mean, the first time we ever heard our album over the air, we all jumped in the car and rode around town until it had finished."

He takes his life in his right hand and chomps down on his 'burger.

"Yer know", says bassist Ron Blair, "if it doesn't sound right over a car radio, then it ain't ever gonna sound the way it's supposed to and that's a fact."

Petty takes another bite of bun 'n' beef and concurs.

"We've had all these real crazy ideas like getting a car, installing a radio that can be linked up to the control desk and mixing the tapes through the car radio right there in the middle of the studio."

He laughs aloud at the thought.

"Cause that's the only way you're ever gonna find out if it sounds right before it's pressed up."

"Wouldn't that really be somethin'?" I mean to say, not too many kids have got a 700 dollar hi-fi. Most kids that I know still own some shitty little record player or a cheap cassette machine."

Reaching out for another 'burger, Petty reflects upon the dictates of The Dancette Generation and that, during The Golden Age Of Groups, most people heard all the new singles in glorious monaural

either over the radio, on a drug store juke box or through the small speaker of a five-and-dime portable record player.

"I remember stereo as some real Big Event," he mumbles. "Used to be three bucks for a mono album and four bucks for stereo."

MAKING an album is one thing. Touring another.

Having completed work on their first album, Tom and The Heartbreakers moved back to Gainesville for a couple of weeks of extensive rehearsals and played local bars in Tampa and West Palm Beach to gauge audience reaction and then decide if it was worth haulin' ass along the Endless Highway.

So when Al Kooper invited them on what they look back at being a "boot-camp" small club tour, they accepted.

Their fifth date was on December 12, 1976 in what Petty claims to be an upholstered sewer in Boston. There was a four-track mobile studio parked out back that evening, and five tracks from The Heartbreakers' set have been preserved on a one-sided official live bootleg album pressed up by Shelter for promotion.

Just five days out from port and one can hear that the band has hit its stride. Apart from opening with Chuck Berry's seldom covered "Jaguar And Thunderbird" and closing with an unreleased TP original "Dog On The Run", the remaining three cuts — the truly menacing "Fooled Again (I Don't Like It)", the neo-psychedelic "Luna" and "The Wild One Forever" — surpass the original studio cuts. Only wish they'd included a live version of "American Girl".

THOUGH Tom Petty is The Heartbreakers' singer-songwriter and main focal point, no one is required to subjugate his individuality. There's more than sufficient freedom within this band's structure for everyone to get completely involved and express their own personalities. As nobody sets out to upstage one another, the band works on any level you care to mention.

"If you gotta dance," theorises the blonde Heartbreak Kid, "you can't outdance yourself. Dance the natural dog and don't fuck around."

It's an unwritten rule they adhere to offstage. They may well have transplanted themselves in Hollywood Babylon, but Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers aren't regarded as being an archetypal Sunset Strip brat band whose entire social life is confined to hanging out on the narrow parking lot that separates the Roxy Theatre from the Rainbow Bar And Grill.

"That's simply because we don't run around with Kim Fowley."

TOM PETTY and The Heartbreakers arrive in Britain in a few days and will be supporting Nils Lofgren on his tour. If you've got tickets, arrive early and don't hang out in the bar posing because this is the best opening act you'll see this year. Next time around they'll be bill-toppers.

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TRUTH IS STRANGLER THAN FICTION...

"YOU COULD SAY", said Michael Gray, phlegmatic press officer of United Artists records, "that we were all pleasantly surprised."

Surely an understatement of considerable proportions? They've probably been holding champagne celebrations at UA's Mortimer Street offices all week. Last Tuesday the news was leaked that The Stranglers' debut album, "IV Rattus Norvegicus", was at No. 4 in the next week's BMRB charts.

At one stroke, the news made sense of all those inflated advances paid to punk rock bands in recent months.

The only albums between "IV Rattus" and the No. 1 spot are Abba's "Arrival", The Shadows' "20 Golden Greats" and The Eagles' "Hotel California" — all by now well-established commercial propositions, and The Eagles' current rating can be explained by their U.K. tour.

That The Stranglers should be keeping such company is nothing less than phenomenal. Since apparently extraordinary feats are actually a

commonplace in chart statistics, it needs emphasising that this is literally an unprecedented achievement.

The album was only issued on April 15th, and major artists like Elton John, Rod Stewart or Led Zeppelin would be elated if their releases achieved that much that soon.

WEA considered that their promotion and marketing of Television (in these respects a comparable act) had been on the nail, and yet "Marquee Moon" climbed only to the lower reaches of the Top 30. Patti Smith — whom The Stranglers actually supported at Hammersmith Odeon last November — has not yet had a Top 20 album in Britain.

The Clash album also made a high entry in the BMRB chart — at No. 12 — but this week it drops to No. 14.

It is often possible for singles — given intensive radio-play — to break quickly, but it had previously been thought impossible to achieve the same in the albums market, where the public is noticeably more cautious.

In any case, The Stranglers have not been monopolising the air-waves of late. Far from it; they've had to

make do with occasional spins from the likes of John Peel (Radio 1) and Roger Scott (Capital Radio). Neither have they benefitted from television exposure (just the one appearance, in fact: *The Old Grey Whistle Test* on April 5).

Their only previous record release, the single "Grip", made an undramatic No. 44 in the BMRB charts, and to date they have played only one major headlining gig — the Roundhouse on April 17th.

BMRB themselves refused to throw any light on the matter. "I'm sorry I can't discuss this with you; I can't even confirm or deny its position in the charts", said the lady who compiles the charts.

To what then do we ascribe such astonishing success? The first 10,000 copies did offer a free single, a marketing device which obviously stimulated early sales, but this cannot alone explain the success of the album, since by the middle of last week over 30,000 had been sold.

It might be heartening for us to attribute the band's success to the power of the press (The Stranglers have enjoyed consistent support from the rock weeklies), but in this case it would be self-delusory. Reviews of the album have so far been less than ecstatic. *Melody Maker's* review was wholly uncomplimentary, *Sounds* offered a coolly favourable appraisal under the headline "Hot Rattus!", and *NME's* Phil McNeill, while applauding the musical strengths of the album, castigated its lyrical content. (In any case, our review wasn't published until after the chart positions were known.)

HOWEVER, AS far as United Artists are concerned, "IV Rattus" is no isolated success. In the last 12 months, the company have had three No. 1 albums, none of which could have been predicted with certainty — Dr Feelgood's "Stupidity", and two Slim Whitman albums — "The Very Best Of..." and "Red River Valley".

I therefore put it to Dennis Knowles, the company's marketing director, that perhaps United Artists knew something about marketing that other companies didn't.

"I've worked no magic", replied Knowles. "We've done an adequate marketing job, yes; but the simple explanation is that the cream has floated to the top."

This sounds suspiciously ingenuous. After all, in most intensely competitive commercial areas, cream only floats to the top if it's injected with a huge promotional budget.

Knowles, however, maintained that you could only market a saleable product.

"The public are not gullible, and for this market, The Stranglers are a sophisticated band."

The company's head of A&R, Andrew Lauder, added that the band had been consistently underestimated, and had reaped success through their own industriousness.

"They played 250 gigs last year, all over the country. They've been working consistently, headlining small clubs and really packing them in. They were there at the beginning of the new wave (The Sex Pistols supported them at the Nashville last year) and got caught up in the overall excitement."

LAUDER SIGNED The Stranglers last October after watching the band half-a-dozen times. At the beginning of December they recorded a gig at the Nashville — just to find out for themselves how they sounded — and after that put down their debut single, which was released on January 28. In January they started work on



A member of the United Artists Appreciation Society (a.k.a. STRANGLER Hugh Cornell). Pic: ELAINE BRYANT

their album, recording in a backstreet studio in Fulham. "They did it in a low-key way, in an atmosphere where they felt at home, and it wasn't costing anyone a fortune," said Lauder, adding that the band had put down enough material for two albums at the sessions and were still composing an average of a song per day.

As well as Patti Smith, they had supported Climax Blues Band at the Rainbow, where Hugh Cornell's "Fuck" T-shirt had caused a furore with GLC inspectors in the audience. Their "Grip" single seemed to be jinxed when it was omitted from the BMRB charts at a crucial stage of its commercial life. United Artists subsequently obtained a front-page apology in *Music Week*, the trade magazine that publishes the BMRB charts, but by then the single's sales had been



critically handicapped. (Though last week, Knowles averred that the single, with very little air-play, was probably not destined for the Top 30 anyway.)

"IV Rattus Norvegicus" was released the week after Easter on Friday, April 15, and so its initial chart placing of No. 46 was based on virtually one day's sales (since the charts are based on a Monday-Saturday sales period.) That was even more remarkable than it sounds, since a bomb scare at EMI's distribution centre (all U.A. records are distributed through EMI) had delayed shipping. (To use record biz parlance: the album had actually gone out by road and rail.)

Therefore its new placing of No. 4 represents its first full week's sales. When pressed to offer further explanation for such remarkable movement, Knowles reaffirms that success is simply the culmination of a lot of people with professional know-how working expertly towards the same end, and lists everyone from Dai Davies and Derek Savage, the band's managers, to Alan Edwards, the

band's independent PR, to Lauder and the UA sales force.

Nevertheless, one keeps returning to UA's marketing expertise (and EMI's distribution, obviously also first-class).

The technique of offering a free single had earlier been used with overwhelming success in the "Stupidity" campaign, and the momentum generated by the offer helped to carry the album to the No. 1 spot — though by then the Feelgoods were something of an established act who enjoyed solid fanatical support, and who had previously teased such support by twice declining to release the live album that was so evidently their *raison d'être*.

Both the Whitman albums had been backed by substantial TV advertising, but even so strategy and timing were obviously important. Knowles said that the marketing campaign to accompany the release of "The Very Best Of..." had been planned seven or eight months in advance, so that Whitman would be able to begin a British tour at the exact moment his album took over the No. 1 spot.

Similarly, the release of "Red River Valley" was deliberately orchestrated. In a reversal of standard marketing policy, the album was issued immediately after Christmas — a period which has traditionally been ignored as a time to promote new product, even though it's then that the British public is itching to exchange £8 million worth of record tokens.

It is worth noting that the sales of "Stupidity" declined rapidly after its initial success, but both Knowles and Lauder are confident that the sales of "IV Rattus" will remain buoyant after the momentum engendered by its heady start.

In any case, sales should be stimulated by the release of a single on May 6, and also the band's upcoming nationwide tour.

Meanwhile, Lauder offers a final reason for UA's success. They are a small company, operating with a small roster of acts, to each of which they can accordingly devote sufficient attention. While they now have a quasi-new act on their books — since Wilko's Feelgoods exit — the 'breaking' of The Stranglers means that the company can now begin to think in terms of signing another new act to promote in the autumn.

With UA's present track record, it's a contract that most new acts would give their eye-teeth for.

□ BOB WOFFINDEN



Yes, we're afraid so — it's coming back...

SCHLOCK JOLLIES OF '77

"IS IT too early to say that I hate the new series of *Rock Follies*?" asked one of those bright, witty young people whose tireless correspondence rescues our staff from the tedious and depressing task of sifting letters for *Gasbag*, and with commendable timing Thames Television unveil the first episode of the second onslaught of *Rock Follies* under the title of *Rock Follies Of '77*.

In this one, our three vapid innocents — still portrayed by Julie Covington, Rula Lenska and Charlotte Cornwell (in order of popularity) — are still plugging away trying to get their group The Little Ladies into the big time. (Their backing musicians never seem to complain about lack of work or lack of pay, or — for that matter — lack of lines.)

Through the good auspices of Harry Moon (Derek Thompson), a TV jinglemaker whom they meet while doing a commercial, they get the support on a nationwide tour by Stephen Streeter (Tim Curry).

Curry's performance as the sub-Springsteen street punk — all "Yeh! Ma main man! Gimme"

fahve!" and paeans to violence and squalor — is easily the best thing in the show, and the stage act that directors Bill Hays and Brian Farnham set up for him is an exquisitely excruciating parody of what hustling agent Kitty Schreiber (Beth Porter) describes as "that Jethro Tull concept bullshit (that) went out five years ago."

Oh yeah. There's also a character called Charlie Chime who's "covering the tour for *New Musical Express*." This guy is really a jerk. He ostentatiously turns his back on the support act, kisses ass on the wonderfully obnoxious Streeter and puts the Little Ladies down for being "bland and middle class." On second thoughts, he seems pretty smart after all.

Composer Andy ("uh... did you see any of Bryan's concerts?") Mackay promises that there will be not one but — you ready for this? — two — count 'em — two albums of songs from the new series... and he also promises that there will be no — repeat no — *Rock Follies Of '78*.

More you ask for?

□ CHARLIE CHIME

DON'T MESS WITH THE CELESTIAL HITMAN...

"I'VE HAD a lot of nuts approach me out here on the road and they've been taken care of; they've been taken right out of my life. 'Cause you don't mess with God's children. Everybody that's ever messed with me for no reason at all or come to me with some bad shit, excuse my English, they've been taken care of."

"I've never wished bad on anyone but... it's karma. What goes around comes around. You don't do bad to people and don't think it don't come back on you. That's the reason why everything I put out I try for it to be from my heart, which is goodwilled. I'm not about hate or evil, my whole message is universal love and making people feel that love."

"What you put out is what you get back, you better believe it. You think I'm lying, just watch it come around. It may not happen tomorrow 'cause God has all the time in the world but it'll eventually come back. I'm a firm believer."

I'm not being lectured, nor is June Deniece 'Niece' Williams as heavy as it seems in print.

"They've been taken care of". Blimey, sounds as if she travels with an entourage of swarthy gents clutching violin cases.

But no, the only shadow lurking in this lady's background is Him up there. And the reason the subject cropped up at all is that I'd suggested that she may get more than she bargained for when she starts her phone advisory service.

See, that's her aim, to set up a nationwide hot line for confused teenagers, a sort of Dear Abby/Samaritan/Careers Office rolled into one. On a toll-free number. And highly laudable too, except that I surmised it would cost her a small fortune and attract every heavy breather and looney in the United States. Which is where we came in.

"I know it'll work 'cause my heart is right and God knows it. They have a hot line for drug addicts, for the alcoholics, for the child beaters... but there isn't one that you can call and ask any question, particularly concerning school, careers or all the other problems that bug you when you're young."

"We'll find the answers for 'I wanna be a lawyer, what's the best school?' 'What kind of laws protect my music?' 'Who's the best dancing teacher?' 'What's the best acting school?', plus anything else they want to know from A to Z. I'm not saying that we'll be able to give the answer to every problem but at least we'll be there to try to help."

"A lot of students, 14 and 15 years old, have questions about the future but they don't know where to get the answers from. Many times they can't go to their parents or their teachers but they can talk to a dummy on the telephone that has no face. And that's my ultimate goal. And the singing, the fame and the finances will afford me to do that."

It's an attitude that's increasingly prevalent among black American artists; to reap as much reward as possible from their musical talent —

and not be ashamed of collecting those burgeoning rewards either 'cause they've been a long time coming — and then ploughing them back, in a lot of cases in community projects, at the very least in helping other artists up the ladder.

That's exactly how Niece got started — initially by the fraternal patronage of Stevie Wonder, and currently with the backing of those platinum superstars Earth, Wind & Fire.

Relaxing in her dressing room at the Latin Casino, Cherry Hill, New Jersey — a supper club along the lines of the Talk Of The Town or the Copacabana, where she was sharing a week's residency with Al Green — this scrumptious miss who admits to 25 years of good living emphasised the help that she received by going back to square one, when she was still a student in the late '60s.

"I was working in a record shop at home in Gary, Indiana, when the owner heard me sing and said, 'Oh, I think this chick's got some kinda talent here, let me exploit it.' So he went to Chicago and brought some scouts from a small label over there (Toddlin' Town).

"We cut two records. Nothing became of them so I went away to college to study nursing and didn't think about it too much. But fortunately for me the demos fell into the hands of Stevie Wonder, which immediately put me on a different level of the business. At that time he was planning on forming Wonderlove so I went to Detroit, auditioned and was offered the job."

Coming straight from school, it was an amazing situation to step into, was it not?

"You're telling me! A job with Stevie and immediately a tour with The Rolling Stones. How did I cope? Well, I prayed a lot, cried a lot, and I observed, listened and learned."



DENIECE "Everybody that's ever messed with me has been taken care of..." WILLIAMS

DENIECE WILLIAMS, whose amazing rise to fame began when she was removed from a nursing college to work with Stevie Wonder and tour with the Rolling Stones, tells CLIFF WHITE exactly how it happened.

Her association with Stevie has been maintained right through to session work on "Songs In The Key Of Life" and included a trip to Britain in 1973 when they played the Rainbow with The Pointer Sisters and The Staple Singers. But it's been an erratic liaison, partly of course because of Stevie's own unpredictability but also

because Deniece has an ambivalent attitude towards performing anyway. When she's psyched up to do it she's fine but deep down she'd sooner be on the sidelines.

"I've always wanted to be in the music industry, no doubt about it — but not so much as a performer. Even now my first career choice would be

as a writer. Writer, producer and singer, in that order."

Which is what she was working on when this latest stage in her career developed. While working a variety of sessions, from soul acts to The Tubes, she'd been getting her songs recorded by Frankie Valli, The Soul Train Gang, Merry Clayton and The Emotions before submitting some material to Earth, Wind & Fire.

"A friend of mine knew Maurice (White, leader of EW&F) so I said, 'Please, whatever you do, get this tape to him.' It was just a four-track recording that I'd made at home with a pianist and a rhythm box. I was sure he'd find something he'd like but I didn't realise that that something would be my voice; I was just trying to sell some songs."

"Maurice turned them over to Columbia and at first I was very shocked and angry that they'd listened to my home-made tapes. But anyway... great... who am I to argue with the big wheel?"

Signed to EW&F's Kalimba Productions she went into Wally Heider's LA studio with her songs plus three or four of the group and a bunch of other respected session men, emerging with the album "This Is Niece" which has already been a smash in the States and has finally been issued here, thanks to the success of "Free".

It's an exceptionally fine debut, showcasing Niece's considerable vocal range and the musicianship of her distinguished accompanists, but at the same time not so annoyingly cute that it's sterile. There's a lot of warmth in the grooves, perhaps because they all recorded together instead of preparing the tracks in layers like a lot of modern sessions.

"I sang with the musicians because Maurice and I felt that we could give them some kind of feeling about where we were coming from with the songs. It helped. Those fine solos came down because I was right there and we all experienced it at one time."

"The first reaction is the best reaction. Most of all the vocals on the album were the first takes. With me that's generally the best take because then I'm creative and just letting it all hang loose, whereas the second time, if I find something I did good the first time, I'm trying to imitate myself. The first time it's fresh, there's no basis, it's just going from what you know."

"It was such a happy session; can't you feel it? For instance we got finished one day and everybody just started playing, having a jam session. I said, 'Hey, you guys are not gonna leave me out of this, I'm gonna sing too' and that's how 'Watching Over' came about. We just put it together at the session and it ended up replacing another song that was supposed to be on the album."

"And like 'If You Don't Believe', which is nearly eight minutes long. It got that way because we had fantastic musicians like George Bohanon on trombone and Oscar Brashear on trumpet, and once we were running down the song in the studio and they got to playing those beautiful solos... well, neither Maurice or I could say, 'Cut, it's getting too long', we were all just grooving on the music."

Just before the interview I'd witnessed her perform five of her songs with her own group and was even more impressed than when I first heard the album. In person Deniece is far more down home than it seemed on record, creating the same beautiful sounds but enriching everything with a vibrant personality and a whole heap of soul — and blues, particularly on "If You Don't Believe" and the one song in her repertoire that wasn't from the album, a moving interpretation of "God Bless The Child".

A real surprise that. Do you always perform it? I asked after the show.

"Now I often do. I've always loved the song and one night it just came upon me that I had to sing it. The band didn't even know it so I sang it accapella and the people went crazy."

Keep on like that, Niece, and you'll soon have the funds for your problem hot-line. The shadow knows.

'EXHAUSTED' ERIC HALTS SHOW

AN UNFORTUNATE interruption to Eric Clapton's final concert on his British tour, at London's Rainbow on Friday night, could lead to mistaken conjecture about the man's personal habits.

Halfway through his set, when vocalists Yvonne Elliman and Marcy Levy took their solo spots, Eric disappeared from stage. Shortly afterwards the band retired too and the houselights were brought up.

Promoter Harvey Goldsmith apologised for the unscheduled intermission and claimed there were certain "technical" difficulties to overcome before the show could continue.

Ten minutes later Eric reappeared and told fans he was in a condition usually described as "tired and emotional".

Of course, this phrase has often been a journalistic euphemism for anyone blitzed on drugs or booze — and no doubt a lot of people immediately suspected that Eric, who had reportedly cleaned up his act, was back to his old tricks.

Indeed, a change did appear to have overcome him.



Whereas earlier he had been smart, alert and confident, he was now shaky and vague, although he still performed magnificently.

Even when Pete Townshend joined him onstage for "Layla" and "Crossroads", he watched Pete's energetic antics with, seemingly, detached weariness. Finally, he looked glad to be able to retreat to the dressing room at the end of what had still been an excellent concert.

Was Eric drunk, or generally just out of his skull?

Apparently neither. Quite simply, the man was knackered.

Paul Loasby, from Goldsmith's office, explained that Eric usually went to the side of the stage for a

smoke or drink during the songs by Yvonne and Marcy, but on Friday complained of feeling ill. Because of exhaustion he was on the point of fainting and had to be taken out of the theatre to recover in the cold night air.

Loasby added: "His condition was definitely not due to alcohol, because he hadn't been drinking that much."

This was confirmed by Clapton's personal manager Roger Forrester, who blamed himself for the artist's state of exhaustion. The series of dates was hectic, he explained, and he had put too much of a load on Eric by adding extra concerts in Stoke-on-Trent and the Rainbow, and slotting in an OGWTT recording.

Even his only day off during the eight concert tour was spent travelling down to London from Newcastle.

To make matters worse Clapton is recording for the next month then tours in Europe until the end of June. Forrester was confident Eric will bear up well. Clapton's doctor might not be so certain.

In the meantime, we wish him well.

□ TONY STEWART

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Part One

IT SEEMS that an appearance on *Top Of The Pops* is such a prize accolade in the music biz that a record company will, at only a few hours notice, drag a guitarist half way across the world just to get him to the studio on time.

Remember, it was this music paper that first exposed the lengths to which former underground band Jethro Tull went to appear in the kiddies' pop programme.

But that has nothing on how Uriah Heep came to feature on the show last week.

The band had been touring extensively in Europe and, before continuing their concert schedule in America, found themselves with a spare week. Guitarist Mick Box decided this was a welcome opportunity to visit his future in-laws, who live 100 miles outside El Paso, New Mexico, and so hurriedly jetted-off there last Monday.

Meanwhile back in England Robin Nash, producer of *TOTP*, contacted Bronze Records and invited Heep to appear on his programme that week. Naturally the company were delighted, until they realised Box would be on route for his holiday home.

Fortunately Lilian Bron, managing director of Bronze, had a contact number for the boy and on Tuesday morning she tried to locate him with the suggestion he should fly straight back to the UK.

According to Lilian there isn't a phone at the ranch of Box's in-laws and so she had to call their neighbours half-a-mile away... they'd bang a gong... and somebody would gallop over on horseback to take the call.

This procedure observed, Mrs Bron then encountered a problem: Box hadn't arrived. His future mother-in-law had gone to El Paso airport to pick him up, but their pick-up truck had burst into flames on the

plus, of course, enthusiasm.

Issue number one included pieces on The Maytals, Tapper Zukie, Rastafarianism, and, in Penny Reel's 'Better Must Come', an epic personalised overview of the impact of Jamaican Culture on Britain, and this country's reaction to it. Well dread!

Issue number two has pieces on Clement Dodd, Glen Brown, and Big Youth, with more space devoted to discographies.

Now I've never been a fan of discographies, which always reek to me of fat sticky kids in the second form poring over train spotting books (and not digging the locos), but Chris Lane's ultra-detailed breakdown on Big Youth is, together with his seven page critical exposition on the man's work, awe-inspiring stuff. Definitive city. Well worth the price of admission alone.

I can't get so worked up about the curiously tortuous ten-year-old article on "the influence of Ska on British dancing" — an ironic inclusion considering the Editorial claim that the issue "leaves the sociology to those better qualified". The editorial also complains about "inaccurate romantic identification of reggae as rebel/Rasta music" and "superficial" reggae coverage in the music press. O wonder who they can be talking about? *Pressure Drop* is also the world's most infrequent reggae read; this second issue follows a mere twelve months after the first, which despite selling out, apparently produced a disappointing response to their plea for contributions. Prospective scribes take note. *Pressure Drop* costs 40 pence and is available (large s.a.e. please) from *Pressure Drop Publications*, 240 Camden High Street, London NW1. Trade applications are also welcome.

□ NEIL SPENCER



THE COST OF GETTING ON TOTP...

journey back, and they stopped in at a small village called Anthony for repairs.

But Lil is a resourceful lady, and as soon as she received that information she was on the blower to the El Paso police. They in turn put her in touch with the Anthony police department and from there she located Box. Time, however, was running out.

In England it was 4.45pm on a Tuesday evening and the recording for *TOTP* had to be made the very next morning. But a seven hours time difference meant that it was still morning in the States, and if they hurried, there was time to get Mick on a transatlantic flight which would arrive at London's Heathrow early Wednesday morning.

The schedule was still tight and at first Box was reluctant to return. He thought it was all

a hoax and finally complained he hadn't even started his well-deserved holiday. Lilian was insistent and enlisted the help of the Anthony police force who supplied an eight-car escort to get Mick to the airport in time.

"An absolutely flabbergasted" Box returned to England, did the show, and the very next morning (Thursday) returned to El Paso bearing a box of albums and a donation of 250 dollars for the cops.

Said Lilian Bron: "An opportunity to appear before seven million people on *TOTP* you do not take lightly. I think it was worth doing."

An exhausted Mick Box promised his future in-laws that he would marry their daughter in England, just in case he has to do a *TOTP* that day.

□ TONY STEWART

Part Two

THOSE PEOPLE who saw the manic, inventive promotional clip for 10CC's "Good Morning Judge" on *Top Of The Pops* will not be surprised to learn that it cost around £5,000.

A far cry from the boring old



GRAHAM GOULDMAN

days when an act would spend no more than £700 on what the industry calls "pop-shoots", and come up with something resembling an inferior cigarette ad.

Apart from the sheer quality of imagination evident on the 10CC clip, the other main ingredients were TV technology that's among the most advanced available, and at least three days intense work.

An independent firm of television producers and directors, John Roseman Associates, were responsible. They also did the pioneering work on Queen's "Bohemian Rhapsody", which indelibly associated those visual images with the music.

"The idea is that every time you hear the music on the radio, you recall the pictures

that went with it", says Roseman.

The director of the 10CC clip was a young freelance called Bruce Gowers, who's previously worked on the *Stanley Baxter Show*, which won widespread praise for its technical wizardry. The Scottish comedian played several parts at the same time thanks to the facility of colour separation overlay — a video-tape trick that's in increasing use.

This allowed Graham Gouldman and Eric Stewart to play the parts of the entire jury in the courtroom scene.

The entire shooting took a day, but, says Roseman, then follows the hardest part — the editing, which took two to three days.

"For every minute you see on the screen", he says, "you can reckon to spend 10 hours in the studios."

Roseman had particularly strong material to work with in the case of 10CC. Eric and Graham had a story line already and knew very much what they wanted.

The company has done some work in the States, including clips for several Rod Stewart songs. The cost of some photo-shoots can be much higher if the artists fail to co-operate.

Roseman says that one performer, whom he's not prepared to name, arrived six hours late for shooting — and the cost was 35,000 dollars, because they had to keep the studio all that while. That's by no means typical, though.

Roseman also says that he and Gowers are planning a rock series for London Weekend TV. He won't reveal any more details, but if the visuals are anywhere near as good throughout an entire series, it should prove to be a rare treat.

□ JOHN BELL

A LEGEND COMES TO LIFE- IN THE CHARTS.



The Book of Invasions A CELTIC SYMPHONY by HORSLIPS.

Tuatha De Dannan, the legendary Warrior King of Celtic pre-history, lives again on Horslips' strangely mystical rock album "The Book of Invasions. A Celtic Symphony." This powerful album is now moving up the charts. So Tuatha's mysterious influence lives on, as more and more people are drawn to the album by the haunting melodies and the potent rhythms which trace, in music, his adventures and his triumphs.

"The Book of Invasions. A Celtic Symphony" by Horslips. The sound of magic in the air.

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Cepton Cepton is a Trade Mark



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SLADE entering a room thronged with fans. Pic: PAUL CANTY

'AR THE KIDZ OWT'VE SITE? SHOCK PROBE

BANDS DON'T readily admit to being yesterday's heroes... so Slade, not long ago one of Britain's most celebrated bands, will only acknowledge that they've been through a bad patch.

After two unsuccessful years in America they're unable to return as triumphant conquerors, but they're putting on an optimistic face and hoping to regain lost popularity with their new album and current British tour.

And Polydor, who once boasted Slade as one of the best sellers on their roster, are not yet cutting their losses either. That's why they've invested more than £2,000 flying seven journalists to Copenhagen for a Slade concert and interviews.

Unfortunately, however, the facts can't be suppressed. Noddy and Co's commercial decline started at the end of 75 when the single "In For A Penny" failed to enter the Top Ten. Two subsequent records followed a similar course—and then earlier this year "Gypsy Roadhog" only just scraped into the 40s.

In 1975 Slade could play the massive Earls Court stadium, yet now they'll be lucky to fill London's Rainbow.

In a situation like this, the Copenhagen press-relations gig is obviously very important. Meaning, it's up to Slade to perform well.

Sadly they don't.

They play a mixture of their hits and album tracks, but the sound is appalling and it's rare to hear either Jim Lea's bass lines or Don Powell's drumming over Dave Hill's exuberant guitar chopping. Essentially, the fun of their special clumping brand of unpretentious rock is missing.

Noddy Holder sings well, but his usual onstage ribaldry is seldom evident, and no amount of gooning by Hill, the familiar glitter clown, can disguise a basic lack of enthusiasm.

Copenhagen's Falkoner Teatret (capacity 2,000) is only half full. We are, however, assured that this is because the Danish papers

are on strike and it's difficult to advertise. (The night before Black Sabbath suffered a similar fate, attracting only 1,100 people.)

But even so, Slade's third gig in eight months is a disaster, and at the splendid meal afterwards we all avoid having to speak to the band about it. Their disappointment shows, and the next day they're unexpectedly on our flight back to London, having cancelled three remaining Danish dates.

Holder says the papers will be on strike a little longer, and he's reluctant to admit the circumstances of their withdrawal are within their control.

Slade's strongest characteristic, in fact, is their refusal to submit to the decline—although you might have assumed otherwise when they named the last album "Whatever Happened To Slade?"

Jim Lea just chuckles good humouredly over the title. He says it was tongue in cheek. According to him Slade's misfortunes are by no means as great as they might seem. With the sleeve featuring photos from their skinhead days as Ambrose Slade, Lea suggests that title merely alludes to the misconception people had that they were finished then, just as it's wrongly thought they're finished now.

I suggest that when Slade decided to quit Britain two years ago, presumably to concentrate on the American market, they were already slowly losing their commercial impetus. Perhaps that was a miscalculation on their part.

Lea doesn't agree and instead argues that they had to leave the homeland because they had achieved as much as they could. Albums and singles went silver and gold, concerts sold out, they'd made the movie *Flame*, and then found themselves "getting stale going over the same ground".

In fact, references to the group becoming "stale" are frequent.

Going to America gave an opportunity to reflect on their musical prospects, away from pressure, and to escape from the inhibiting cocoon of superstardom and experience some hard graft as a support act.

"It was somewhere where nobody was putting the finger on us," he says. "You guys were all putting the finger on us and we ourselves felt we were getting a bit lost."

"It was more than just leaving England before we went over the hill. I don't think we even thought about that—because the records always went into the charts on the first day of release."

Perhaps that's true, but the entry positions were getting lower and lower.

Anyway, in America Slade spent ten months on the road without having a hit or becoming a major attraction (which seems like a protracted and ignominious way to consider their future).

Breaking America was unimportant, Lea declares rashly, adding that they didn't have any hits because their record company were not doing their job correctly.

"You could say the material wasn't strong enough," he defends, "but it was a hit everywhere else. You could say it wasn't to the American taste, but we've made a lot of different records."



From left: Lea, Hill: Diamond-patterned Trousers In The UK. Pic: DAVID STEEN



A topless Canadian girl reveals all.
Pic: DAVID STEEN

'MORE BARE BREASTS' PLAN

COULD IT be that the Canadians, taking their lead from Maggie Trudeau's reportedly scandalous association with the Rolling Stones, are slowly heading towards complete decadence?

The latest story to slither out of Canada is that a chain of motel plans to attract bigger business by persuading female employees to go topless.

According to a report in *Campaign*, Melvin Deutsch, spokesman for a group of Montreal businessmen planning the venture, there'll be no problem engaging young ladies prepared to flash their squeekers.

"There are," he confidently reveals, "7,000 to 8,000 females in Montreal alone who are ready to work topless."

He is also hopeful this enterprising attraction will spread to motels in the States, but it is thought unlikely to catch on in the UK.

And if it did catch on — can you imagine the implications for *Crossroads*?

□ T. H. FORTE

MYSTERY RUNAWAY POSES FOR VOYEURS

SO YOU thought there were only five Runaways, huh?

So you were having trouble choosing between Joan Jett and Cherie Curry as your favourite? Well, gasp long and loud, rock and roll voyeurs — you hadn't reckoned with RUNAWAY NUMBER SIX!

Yup, pictured above Thrills presents sultry, intense sixteen year old Karie Krome, *The Runaways'* lyricist and eminence grise. Karie, said to be a prime mover in the establishment and style of the group, is seen here reading poetry at Kim Fowley night at the Starwood, Los Angeles.

Pic: BRAD ELTERMAN



MIKE DAYTON, the reigning Mr America, reckons he can drop from a six-foot gallows and still resuscitate!

"Your neck is really fragile," says Mike (a lucky 27). "But I've strengthened my neck muscles gradually, first by hanging from a rope, then bouncing up and down, then by jumping off things. I've already done it from four feet

AMERICAN SWINGER

and I'm pretty sure I can go six.

"You have to keep those neck muscles taut. If you let up at all, the noose tightens down, and it'll never slip back."

Tough stuff, eh kids? But when generous Mike offered to hang himself on NBC's *Tonight Show* — à la the DJ who hung himself on (in?) the air while spinning "Softly As I Leave You" — the spoilsport sponsors drew back in horror, and when he attempted to do the same at a local exhibition he was ejected at break-neck speed.

□ JULIE BURCHILL

"You can't really say we haven't cracked it — because it's such a big country. We've worked a lot there now and we're probably doing ourselves harm by being away. We should be there still, because we have a reputation as a working band. And that's at least better than we had before."

It is? I just keep thinking of the 400 gigs they've played there over four years without graduating to headlining status!

Lea blames that on America's economic recession — and in any case insists they were content to remain underdogs.

"As things were tough economically," he continues, "it was viable for us to go on somebody else's bill as special guests. We were a name on their bill."

Even if that name didn't mean a lot to the American public?

"It means more than you think it does," he parries with a grin. "We wouldn't have worked if it didn't. We would have been out on our ear."

"Perhaps we could have headlined, but it wouldn't have really done us any good because we just wanted to play around the country. We would have been in that situation again where

you're headlining and you're not really seeing much: you're locked in your own little cocoon."

Although Lea says they financed themselves from the American gigs, eventually they had to subsidize the rent for their New York apartments from their nest egg of past royalties. But for this Lea vaguely blames some accountancy "cock up".

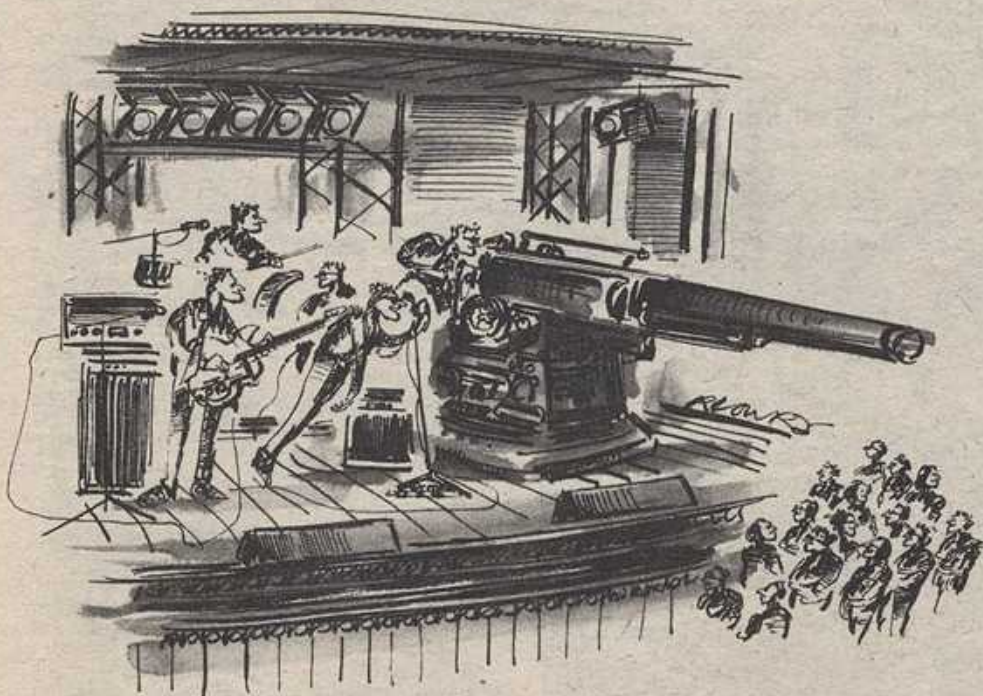
Then: "Obviously it's a disappointment we've never made it in the States, but we're still playing. All we want to do is play."

Their position back home in the U.K. is now highly tenuous, and since their initial departure there have also been radical changes in musical tastes. Of these Lea is aware. He cites the strength of disco-funk in the charts, and also acknowledges the commercial impact of the new wave bands. But Slade are still confident of regaining lost ground, he says, because people once said the Rollers would depose them, but they never did.

"The main thing is, we're playing," he adds. "Things happen and there's nothing you can do about it. Like Ozzie Osbourne (Black Sabbath) was saying last night, it's all one big circle. People come back all the time."

□ TONY STEWART

LOWRY



"Thank you, I'd like you to give a big hand for Rupert on drums, Oswald on lead guitar, and Neville on fixed, forward-firing seventy-five millimetre anti-aircraft gun."

Who Are Those Guys?



NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE



The new album from
NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE
MCF 2793

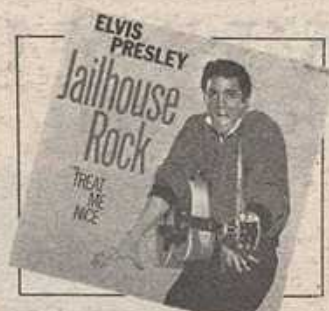
MCA RECORDS

IN SUBSEQUENT years it was often said about The Beatles, and I've lately heard the comment resuscitated in reference to Abba, but there is no doubt about its original application. It was Hank Marvin who said it, and Elvis Presley of whom it was said: that the British singles charts should start at No. 2 since Presley had taken up the freehold on the No. 1 position.

Tomorrow, all of Presley's 16 chart-topping singles are re-issued, both separately and as part of a specially boxed package. The 45s emerge from the mists of time resplendent in their original U.S. picture sleeves, which lend the set a period charm, if only through the poor quality colour printing.

I believe the idea was conceived some time ago, and given a firm go-ahead after the success of EMI's relaunch last year of the Beatles' singles, which at one time took up almost 25 per cent of the Top 100. RCA expect at least 10 of these 16 to chart once again. Certainly, the package is especially apposite now, coming immediately after the release of the 100th Presley single, "Moody Blue".

There are, of course, disputations



about how many No. 1 hits there have been, (and the Arcade compilation "Elvis — 40 Greatest Hits" boasted that it contained 18) but a brief examination of *Rock File IV* will prove that RCA have cheated not one jot, and that these 16 actually are all the British No. 1s.

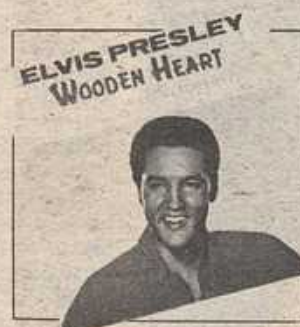
They span the period from "All Shook Up" (June 1957) to "The Wonder Of You" (June 1970), though the majority are from the pre-Beatle years. Indeed, Elvis' tenancy of the No. 1 position was wrested from him at almost the exact moment of The Beatles take-over in the early months of 1963 — the time they drove old Dixie down.

If that time was a watershed for contemporary rock music, Elvis' own watershed is widely considered to

have coincided with his conscription into the U.S. Army in 1958. Though he had ensured before his enlistment that the wagon was loaded with potential 45s for the duration of his military service, the material recorded after his return to civilian life was felt to lack the pulsating excitement of earlier records. During his time as a G.I., he obviously lost more than his sideburns.

Only four of these singles were recorded before he'd completed his service — "All Shook Up"/"Heartbreak Hotel" (this a UK-only coupling), "Jailhouse Rock"/"Treat Me Nice", "I Got Stung"/"One Night", "A Fool Such As I"/"I Need Your Love Tonight" — all double A-sides, all of them recordings of the rarest vintage.

Unfortunately, many of Presley's mesmeric early recordings never received the commercial acclaim they deserved — none of his Sun singles



made No. 1, and others, though much more successful, were likewise foiled — "Don't Be Cruel", "Teddy Bear", "King Creole", "A Big Hunk Of Love" and "Girl Of My Best Friend"/"A Mess Of Blues" (cries off, 'Shame, Shame') — though RCA did cover themselves by re-issuing

that last year.

The majority of this collection is thus culled from the era of total dominance from July 1960 — July 1963, during which time the only singles which were failures (i.e. No. 2s) were "Wild In The Country" (though the *NME* chart of the day thought differently, and thus gave Presley an unbroken run of ten No. 1 hits) and the thoroughly ordinary and disgracefully brief (1.38 seconds, if I remember correctly) "One Broken Heart For Sale".

It was ironic — though by no means unusual — that what was apparently most fecund period should actually commence once his earthy individual talent had become somewhat emasculated. The hits of these years included jaunty ballads ("Good Luck Charm", "She's Not You") and Latin melodrama ("It's Now Or Never", "Surrender"). Nevertheless, one has only to consider the minimal instrumentation used on songs like "Are You Lonesome Tonight?" to appreciate the unique force of the vocals.

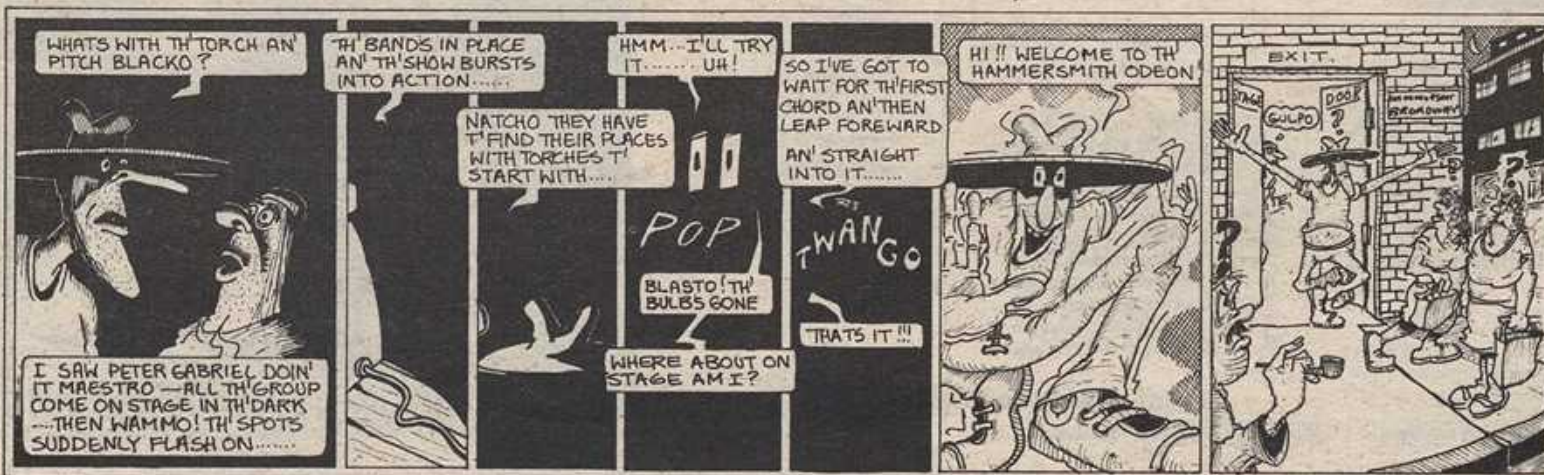
At that time, I used to have ambivalent feelings about Presley.

I did queue up to buy his records on the day of release, in defiance of (or perhaps because of) opposition from my parents for whom Presley — as for others of their generation — remained the embodiment of the supposed decline in the cultural standards of youths in the late '50s.

But by the end of 1962, Presley was still saying No to Britain. While he employed a manager to do his thinking for him, his own personality became ever more remote. He sometimes seemed personally contemptuous of his public. His records were beginning to seem just a little bit formulaised, and certainly unadventurous, evidently tailored to meet the undemanding demands of a vast commercial market. Perhaps most insidiously, the standard of the B-sides had declined precipitously —

BENYON:

The Lone Groover



PHILIP GLASS NORTH STAR

"The voices chant with primitive gusto..... alternately soothing and demonic, the music..... as uncanny as a music box gone berserk."

North Star. A new album from Philip Glass.

"These ten pieces go beyond the aural wallpaper that so often passes for innovation in the new electronic music."

Jim Miller *The New Times* (N.Y.)

North Star. Modular, repetitive, eerily overdubbed music in Philip Glass's starkly minimalist style.

"It carries the fascination of those time lapse films of unfurling roses."

Steve Lake *M.M.*

North Star. The new album from one of America's most original avant-garde electric composers.



Out now on Virgin Records. V2085



Take aim at the Star Club — those Beatle guys are dangerous . . .

further evidence of disdain for his audience.

By the end of 1962, Presley was a

reclusive multi-millionaire and no longer much of a hero. Everyone was ready to welcome The Beatles.

Since that time, Presley has scored only two No. 1s, both with non-originals — the beguiling gospel song "Crying In The Chapel", and the 1959 Ray Peterson hit, "The Wonder Of You". During the period, he had made only two really excellent singles, that will be immediately associated with him — "Suspicious Minds" and "Burning Love", neither of which reached No. 1.

This set of singles is an intelligent and exciting re-issue. Unfortunately in toto it happens to chronicle the ineluctable decline of the most unique voice rock'n'roll ever gave birth to.

□ BOB WOFFINDEN



TOP ELVIS IMPORTS

TWENTY YEARS after he first became a legendary figure, Presley continues to be virtually a one-man record industry, even despite the fact that RCA in the U.K. have always tried to avoid flooding the market with Presley product.

British fans have merely turned to the multifarious imports that are available — they seem keen to buy his recordings in any combination.

Below we present a list of the most currently popular Presley imports — singles, EPs and LPs — supplied for us by: Elvis Country, 8 St. Gregory's Alley, Norwich. Research was by Roy Carr.

SINGLES

- 1 Fun In Acapulco/Marguerita (Country of origin, Japan)
- 2 Jailhouse Rock/Treat Me Nice (France)
- 3 It's Only Love/The Sound Of Your Cry (USA)
- 4 American Trilogy/The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face (France)
- 5 Swing Low Sweet Chariot/Milky White Way (France)
- 6 Love Me Tender/Any Way You Want Me (Japan)
- 7 It's Now Or Never/Heartbreak Hotel (France)
- 8 One Night/I Got Stung (France)
- 9 I Want You, I Need You, I Love You/My Baby Left Me (France)
- 10 Green Green Grass Of Home/Thinkin' About You (France)
- 11 Lonely Man/Surrender (France)
- 12 It's Now Or Never/Mess Of Blues (France)
- 13 Loving You/Teddy Bear (France)
- 14 Joshua Fit The Battle/Known Only To Him (France)
- 15 If You Talk In Your Sleep/Help Me (USA)
- 16 Rock-A-Hula-Baby/Can't Help Falling In Love (Japan)
- 17 Bringing It Back/Pieces Of My Life (France)
- 18 The Wonder Of You/Mama Liked The Roses (Japan)
- 19 Polk Salad Annie/C.C. Rider (France)
- 20 Promised Land/It's Midnight (France)

EPs

- 1 Elvis By Request (Australia)
- 2 Love Me Tender (Australia)
- 3 Live At Madison Square Garden (Japan)
- 4 Can't Help Falling In Love (Japan)
- 5 Suspicious Minds (Australia)
- 6 California Holiday (Australia)
- 7 Blue Hawaii (Australia)
- 8 On Stage (Japan)
- 9 Are You Lonesome Tonight (Australia)
- 10 Jailhouse Rock (Japan)

LPs

- 1 Pot Luck (Germany)
- 2 On Stage (Quad) (Japan)
- 3 Kissin' Cousins (France)
- 4 Jailhouse Rock (South Africa)
- 5 Elvis In The '70s (double) (Australia)
- 6 California Holiday (France)
- 7 Blue Hawaii (Japan)
- 8 The Sun Sessions (USA)
- 9 Girl Happy (France)
- 10 The Wonderful World Of Christmas (Germany)

Charts supplied by: Elvis Country, 8 St. Gregory's Alley, Norwich, Norfolk.

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11th Leicester Polytechnic
12th Bishop Grosseteste College, Lincoln
13th Sound Circus, London
14th City Hall, St. Albans

*B.B. & the Quartz

QUARTZ
forthcoming album produced by
TONY IOMMI

JAZZ

By BRIAN CASE

VALERIE WILMER photographs (clockwise from top): DIONNE WARWICKE, B.B. KING, self-portrait with friends, Sunday night party in Bentonla, Mississippi . . .



"Art is a luxury. Music is a functional thing."

Photographer-writer
VALERIE WILMER
opts for unlearning and
the sovereignty of the heart . . .



THE SONG AND THE PEOPLE IS THE SAME. Nowhere does LeRoi Jones' dictum come to leaping life so vividly as in Valerie Wilmer's book, *The Face of Black Music*. Like Archie Shepp says in his Introduction, she has paid her dues

When we got together to talk about her 18 years as a photographer and writer in the field of black music, she could have talked about those dues in terms of personal achievement — the tracing of the tradition over two continents, living always with the people, Africans, Afro-Americans, the poor and their music in its environment, and not merely glimpsed through a Hilton window on some record company's Costa Del Sol excursion for its service industry.

She could have trumpeted about the solitary white woman in the ghetto, about books like *Jazz People*, the John Jeremy film, *Jazz Is Our Religion* made from her photographs, about her one-woman exhibition of jazz photos at the Victoria and Albert Museum which shook its butt and strutted down the cloisters.

She could have, but she didn't.

Jazz, for Valerie, is a people's music. Black faces look down from the walls of her flat — a Bobby Bland poster, Don and Albert Ayler in a park, Little Milton, Billy Higgins grinning as he snicks down on the snare, a dusty road in Africa aswarm with children. Beside the record player Ornette and Aretha, busting the bar lines of the classifiers.

"I learned about the music from people when I was like 11 or 12, and simultaneously from MM and NME. The first book was *Jazz* by Rex Harris, that Pelican book where he says jazz ended in 1930-whatever-it-was. Years later I met him and

told him I'd grown up on his book and what a drag it was that he'd been so pedantic.

"He was quite an affable bloke and he said he wished to hell he'd never written the bloody book. He was embarrassed by it.

"See, that was the position of white people dealing with black creations, putting their categories on the music. Unfortunately, because black Americans are creating within Western capitalist society, they therefore have to go along with it to an extent — and those that don't find it hard."

FOR VALERIE, understanding was a process of unlearning, by passing the commentators and colonisers and going to source.

"Basically, most writers don't have any idea of what being a musician is about. They're just pundits, they don't understand what they're talking about beyond the superficiality of it.

"When I had to make my own living out of doing something which was a craft, writing and photography, and became mature enough to put things in perspective, then I understood what the musicians had been telling me.

"Like, last week I was reading through an interview I'd done with Ornette's bass player, David Izenzon, for *Downbeat* in 1966. At the time I'd thought, Oh, what a pompous, arrogant person — but reading it through now, I understood everything he was saying.

"When LeRoi Jones wrote *Black Music* in the late '60s, reviewers said that the later parts were partisan. They couldn't understand it when he talked about Martha and The Vandellas and The Temptations in the same breath as John Coltrane.

"Originally, I couldn't understand it either because I'd started as a jazz purist, and it was only through being exposed to the thinking of black Americans that I realised what he was talking about.

"He was saying DON'T let's go along with the white way of saying that certain aspects of our music are OK and others are not — we should appreciate our own. For the musician, the music is one — R&B or jazz art music. Who's to say that Wardell Gray was any better than Arnett Cobb or Louis Jordan?

"LeRoi Jones was talking about something political, that it is the white man's world which defines where these artists are manipulating the music, saying how it should be."

Mono-dimensional language being used to distort and evaluate a multi-dimensional music . . . the whole idea of words to validate or justify creativity . . . a uniquely Western disease — Anthony Braxton's verdict went straight to the heart of the hype: a music manipulated to sustain the basic physical universe-position of the businessman.

"A jazz friend of mine came round here one night," said Valerie, "and he said, Oh — I

don't care for Aretha Franklin too much — she's too obvious. How dare people say she's too obvious!"

Duke Ellington, Aretha, Louis Armstrong, irrepressible, life itself, taking the listener and wiping the floor with him. Obvious as an orgasm.

"In 1971, I woke up one day and I said, Right — I'm going back to America again, and this time I'm going to do all the things I've always wanted to do. I'm going to the South and Chicago to hear the blues, to New Orleans, and I'm going to a really heavy black church.

"So I did, and I was in a church in Atlanta, Georgia, where they were having their anniversary celebrations. They had about 14 or 15 choirs coming in and doing their bit and going out — a choir shuttle service that went on for 4 hours. The music was mainly piano and organ, some tambourine but no guitars or drums.

"I remember this vividly — a choir stood up all dressed in mauve and lilac, and suddenly a very unprepossessing woman sang. Her voice hit a spot, went through the air and hit me right in the solar plexus, that part where it hurts — WHITTTT! — right across the church like a knife!

"And Oh God, I felt myself caught up, really physically removed from the immediate feet-on-the-ground, the unremitting hand-clapping so loud that my head started spinning.

"The church was full of sound — it became one big drum. Lots of screaming and wailing and sweating and people passing out in the church, and my insides went to jelly, tears running down my face."

A people's music that can't be domesticated, marked out of ten, sanitized.

In Niamey, Niger, the instrument used like a weapon, a threat, the wild music played at her to drive her away — "The idea of music as an art is kind of a luxury, you know. I think music is a functional thing and it can be threatening."

DIFFERENT cultures, different names for the spirit. In Spain it is called *duende*.

The poet Lorca writes: "To help us seek the *duende* there is neither map nor disciples. All one knows is that it burns the blood like powdered glass, that it exhausts, that it rejects all the sweet geometry one has learned, that it breaks with all styles, that it compels Goya, master of greys, silvers, and of those pinks in the best English paintings, to paint with his knees and with his fists horrible bitumen blacks."

"Oh, I wish I could explain about the learning process that goes on between Rex Harris' book on jazz and being in that church in Atlanta," said Valerie.

Well, the photos cut through the lies and glamourising and tell it like it is. The shabby, insulting backstage cubbyholes for the artists, the numbing boredom of the band bus, the note leaving the fingers like a falcon, the exultant face below.

"Basically, the difference between the photographer who knows and the one who doesn't is the feeling," said Valerie. "I like the words and the photograph to be together. Edward Steichen, a very famous photographer, said, 'A picture is worth a thousand words, provided it's accompanied by 10 words.' That sums it up."

Her favourite photo?

"Well, although it's a very straight photograph in many ways, I love this one of Dionne Warwick.

"See all those shadows here? They're the other photographers taking pictures, all rushing up to shoot up her nose and get that dramatic thing.

"I sat back and isolated her with the shadows of their heads, used them to hold back the lights on stage and get the feeling of HER."

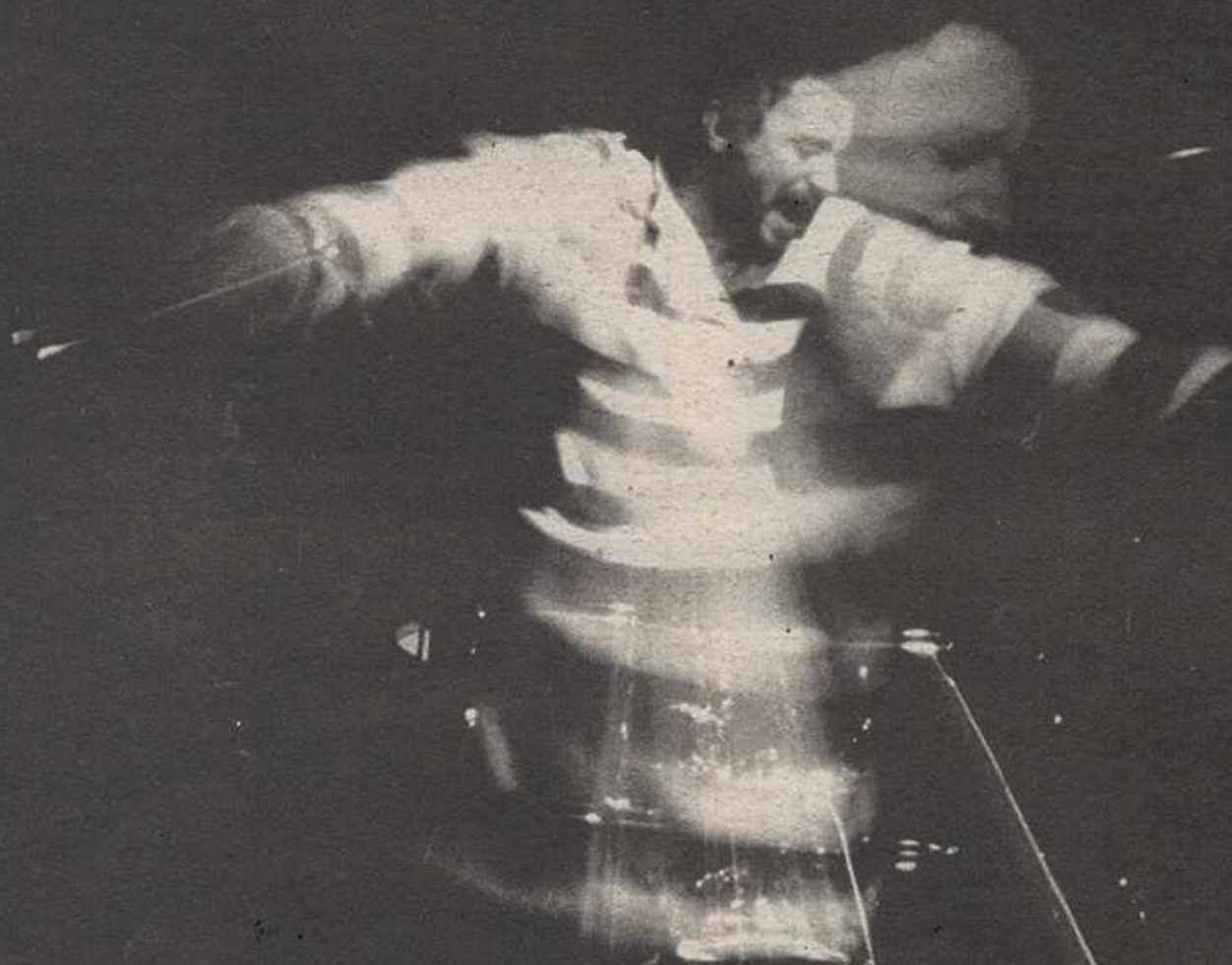
Hip. Can you dig it?

RECOMMENDED BOOKS:

The Face of Black Music. Da Capo Press: £9.95 (hard-back). Robert Hale: £5.95 (paper-back).

**"John Stevens' Away
qualifies as the proverbial irresistible force,
against which few objects
remain immovable for long."**

Melody Maker



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SIDESWIPE

'I believe Clint Eastwood's remote alienated style is a goddamned metaphor for our time.'

Bruce Jay Friedman

'A very self-sufficient human being is almost becoming a mythical character in our day and age.'

Clint Eastwood

IN THE cost-dominated Hollywood of the 1970's, there is a golden elite of movie stars who possess a magical quality that's called simply 'bankability'. That means they supply a guaranteed return on any movie mogul's investment.

Right now Clint Eastwood has more 'bankability' than any other cinema star in Hollywood, and therefore the world. A lean, tall and handsome one-man multi-million sensation, he now has total control over all his output, and a minimum fee per picture of a million dollars — plus percentage of course. His movies, full of violent action, translate easily into any culture, making him a box office success on an international scale.

Unlike almost any other actor in his peer group, Eastwood's success has not come at the expense of his personal identity. A loner on screen and in life, he has steadily improved the quality of his pictures as an actor, has moved successfully into direction, and now heads his own production company which centres around a whole new style of moviemaking.

For years he remained exiled in a critical and social wasteland, ignoring hostile critics who claimed he couldn't act, and steadfastly refusing to involve himself in the tacky Hollywood starmill. He has now won the respect of both.

The history of Eastwood's screen career reads like a primer for struggling actors. Born into the Californian depression of the 1930's, he had a moderately tough, introverted childhood.

During his teenage years he went drag racing, worked as a lumberjack and a fire fighter, and in the early fifties got drafted during the Korean War. His whole outfit was shipped to the front line, except Eastwood, whose swimming ability landed him a cushy number teaching rookies how to avoid drowning. His muscle also got him the job of bouncer at the NCO club on the army base.

Acting wasn't a burning ambition in the early days, but when a couple of army buddies suggested he take a screen test at Universal in 1954 he went for the idea. College was getting to be a bore, besides which he was married and needed money. His test landed him a six month contract with Universal worth \$75 a week, and Eastwood began to learn his trade the hard way.

Compulsory sessions at the studio's acting school taught him skills which he soon put to work in a wide variety of bit-parts. He recalls 'I'd always play the young lieutenant or the lab technician who came in and said, 'He went that way,' ... or 'Doctor, here are the X-rays'; and he'd say 'Get lost, kid' — and that would be the end of it.'

He appeared briefly in two early Jack Arnold sci-fi classics, *Revenge Of The Creature* and the effective *Tarantula* which saw a heavily masked Eastwood playing the fighter pilot who guns down the monstrous spider. He played 'the first Saxon' in *Lady Godiva*, and a sailor named Jonesey in a movie about a talking mule. It was good experience, but the



Below, Clint's Final Solution.



"An anti-hero, a kind of Bogart in the saddle."

elusive 'big break' didn't arrive. For two years Eastwood stuck with it, digging swimming pools to stay alive, doing the phone routine every day, occasionally landing a TV cameo like his appearance as a motorcycle cop in *Highway Patrol*, always hopeful, usually broke.

His break came by chance. Eastwood was visiting an old friend, Sonia Chernus, who was scripting a new CBS western series. A sharp-eyed executive spotted him in the works canteen and a few days later Eastwood had landed the part of Rowdy Yates in TV's *Rawhide*.

Soon Eastwood was out on location with a bunch of rodeo cowboys getting saddle sores and learning how to hold a gun. After sixteen weeks ten episodes were in the can when bad news came down from the boys upstairs: no money, no show. Deeply depressed, Eastwood almost quit, but as luck would have it another show fell victim to the ratings and *Rawhide* was recruited as a replacement.

Rawhide's endless cattle drive began in January 1959, and lasted for seven years. "One thing a series affords is great security," Eastwood told *Show* magazine. "In a series you know you are going to work every week ... so you can try anything you want and file all the things that work for you in your brain and discard what doesn't work. It's a great training ground."

For an ambitious Eastwood all experience became grist to his personal mill. He not only learnt about acting, he also used his time to gain insight

Even good guys sometimes get wounded. Clint tastes blood in (left) 'Thunderbolt and Lightfoot', and below, in 'Outlaw Josey Wales'.

into the production and direction of films. His fascination with the whole medium became total and, as his experience and expertise grew, he began looking for work to stretch his talents.

ENTER SERGIO Leone, an Italian director of epics about ancient Rome who had become obsessed with the legends of the American West.

He travelled to America, studied at the Smithsonian Institute, and took a library of books back to Italy with him. Later Leone took to wearing toy pistols in holsters when he was directing.

Leone saw the potential of Eastwood, and offered him \$15,000 to make 'a new kind of Western' on location in the Spanish plains. Eastwood liked the script even more than the money. For years he'd been playing the cowpoke with a ready smile, an easy way with women, and a well developed sense of American morality; here was something exactly opposite.

Eastwood talked to *Variety* about Leone's concept: "A bearded, lone-hand stranger, slightly grubby, mysterious, quick on the trigger and completely unpredictable. I'm the kind of anti-hero who does what everybody would secretly like to do ... a kind of Bogart in the saddle — who is not afraid to be himself, good or bad."

Leone spoke no English, Eastwood no Italian, but it didn't seem to matter. They both reworked the script, the story line "borrowed" from a

Don't come round here
muttering about phallic
symbolism stranger...
Eastwood (right) in 'The
Outlaw Josey Wales', (below
right and bottom) in 'Dirty
Harry', (below left) in 'The
Enforcer'.

CLINT EASTWOOD

The Image Of Total Control . . .

*In which the master of 'Yup',
'Nope', and silent but expressive
clouds of cigar smoke has his
career raked over by DICK
TRACY, world's greatest
detective.
What a Clint he turns out to be.*

FOR A few years Eastwood seemed willing to star in just about anything. He co-starred with Richard Burton in the epic war turkey *Where Eagles Dare*, and with Donald Sutherland in the hip *Kelly's Heroes*. He even got to sing in *Paint Your Wagon*, the last echo of his attempt at a career in the music business which began when he signed a record contract in 1961 and ended after four records, including a near miss entitled *Get Yourself Another Fool*.

Philosophically Eastwood later commented on this period: "You have to wade through a lot of stuff to get the plums."

One of those plums was *Coogan's Bluff*. Not so much for the movie itself — a neat actioner of an Arizona lawman tracking down his prey in the New York urban wasteland (a plot which provided the bedrock for the *McCloud* TV series) — but for the start of the firm friendship between director Don Siegel and Eastwood. Siegel, unrecognised power of the low budget jungle, and Eastwood discovered a common bond in their whole approach to moviemaking.

The million-spinning series which began with *Dirty Harry* was one direct result. The script came from Warners who'd had Frank Sinatra lined up for the role until he injured his hand. Eastwood dominates this tight, brutal thriller as Detective Harry Callaghan, who stands alone between inefficient stuffy bureaucracy and police corruption on the one hand and an increasing army of psychotics, loonies, and killers on the other.

Callaghan's method of dealing with the kind of end-of-the-scale assignments that get passed his way in *Harry*, and the subsequent *Magnum Force* and *The Enforcer* is brutal and direct. Equipped with a giant Magnum .45, the world's most powerful handgun, he acts with an authority that any confused urbanite can relate to. Callaghan is dealing on a level far more basic than the one laid down in the legal handbooks. He stands for a primitive set of moral values, the old eye-for-an-eye syndrome, which bypasses all latterday legislation.

That his character is likely to appeal to right wing vigilantes in the audience is an unfortunate fall-out.

In interviews Eastwood is always asked about his attitude to violence. He is a moderate man politically with a well-developed moral code. Regarding the violence in his films he comments: "In conventional movies a guy can get his teeth knocked in but in a few seconds you see him striding around without so much as a torn fingernail."

In real life he plays around

with guns, believes violence is part of our in-built biological makeup, and supports the idea of registering all guns in the United States held in private hands.

Siegel and Eastwood are also two atoms of the nucleus of Malpaso, Eastwood's production company, the other two being Bob Daley, producer, and Sonia Chernus, story editor, both old friends. Malpaso and all it represents is very important to Eastwood and provides important evidence about the man's character.

Everything about the operation is low-key, disciplined and on a small scale. Eastwood favours what he describes as a "lean, creative, hand-picked crew", all of whom are dedicated to a new streamlined method of making pictures. Malpaso has been involved in some way or other with every picture Eastwood has made since 1968, and represents not only a new direction for Eastwood but also greater control over what he was creating.

Once Malpaso was founded, Eastwood moved into direction, revealing again, to those who weren't aware of it already, that he was far from being the archetype the critics portrayed of a one-dimensional meatbag. *Play Misty For Me*, a compact thriller centring on the

relationship between a talkshow disc jockey and the mysterious woman caller *Misty*; *High Plains Drifter*, a tough western using brilliant location work; and *Breezy*, a love affair between young hippy girl and middle-aged divorcee, confirmed that Eastwood knew the ropes.

WHEN ASKED to analyse Eastwood's screen appeal, Bob Daley said: "We feel we know what the Eastwood fans want and expect. His character is a man in control of his environment... he represents the freedoms that are being lost in the age of big governments... He plays the man who is going to win out."

In the last twenty five years Eastwood has certainly done that and, if *The Outlaw Josey Wales* is any indication, looks as if he intends to keep on winning. His simple, direct and emotional approach to film and his strong screen presence are now recognised. What remains to be seen is the effect the Eastwood phenomenon has had on the professional traditions and mores of the Hollywood universe.

Eastwood will always be the man who escaped from Central Casting and formed his own mould. If he won an Oscar I'd like to think that he'd refuse it — not for any political reasons — but merely because he thought it irrelevant.



"He stands for a primitive set of moral values that bypasses latterday legislation."

Japanese movie called *Yojimbo*, with Eastwood cutting out most of the dialogue to add mystery to 'The Man With No Name'. With a cheroot clenched firmly between thin lips, a frayed blanket slung over his shoulders, Eastwood demonstrated what few people had recognised before — that he had a fierce on-screen presence.

A *Fistful Of Dollars* stormed the European box office, giving Italian youth in particular a new macho image to mimic. Leone's strange new mix of blood and irony was fresh and exciting, and the director was quick to sign Eastwood for a sequel, *For A Few Dollars More*. Clint took the film's title to heart by asking for \$50,000 plus percentage. The same formula, with the addition of Lee Van Cleef to add further notches to the macho meter... and by the time the trilogy was completed with *The Good, The Bad And The Ugly* (fee

\$250,000) Clint Eastwood was a cult figure and a rich man.

Due to legal hassles over their Japanese based scripts, the movies did not get screened in America until three years after they appeared in Europe. Their effect then was shattering. All three were released within a few months of each other, and so great was their drawing power that cinemas took to showing two or three at a time.

The critics weren't so enthusiastic. In fact a few were downright abusive about the 'spaghetti westerns'. After all, of all film genres, the Western had always been closest to America's heart and to see some unknown Italian director stamping all over the carefully constructed codes and ethics of the celluloid frontier was painful, if not downright anti-American.

The *New York Times*, for example, accused Leone and Eastwood of violating the "happy, romantic myth that has kept this type of picture

popular through the years". Perhaps that hadn't noticed that at the time the Western had been reduced to a fireworn crop of cinematic clichés. The 'dollar' movies were accused of campiness, of reducing the Western to the level of a comic strip, and, above all, of glamourising and indulging violence.

Eastwood, who, one critic claimed, shot 50 people a film (an average of one every two minutes) pointed out in an interview in *Focus On Film* that in Hollywood it was a rule under the Hays Code that you could show a gun being fired and a man being hit but you couldn't tie-up the two shots. This hypocrisy was blown away by Leone's stark, realistic portrayal of death.

Having condemned the European western, Hollywood immediately filched the idea, using Eastwood in *Hang 'Em High* which went into profit just three weeks after release, at that time the fastest payoff in United Artists history.



**Dave
Burton
is a
LIAR**

PAT TRAVERS

"On Makin' Magic, not only does Travers play his hard rock with commitment, but he introduces more sides to his talent than were previously apparent"

Melody Maker—Harry Doherty

"Headbanger, joybringer"

NME — Julie Burchill





Horslips stride on in search of new vistas in aural perception (etc)

OUR MAN weighs in on the skeletal side. The wind tugs sullenly at his jacket and scarf, making ragged raven wings of them.

Eamon Carr, sometime poet and for the past six years drummer and main lyric writer for Horslips, stands on a desolate stretch of moorland outside Dublin.

This is *Zardoz* country, where director John Boorman filmed his abstrusely pagan and aesthetically disastrous follow-up to *Deliverance*.

Huddled against the driving rain, we're a captive audience for Carr and his japeries. He suddenly convulses into a blurred heap, furiously pumps a leg into the air, yelling incoherently. "It was the transistors, you see," he gasps, gathering himself from the sodden ground.

The what, Eamon?
"The little transistors our photographer had in his artificial leg. They'd go rogue as it were; tip him from the vertical to the horizontal in next to no time. We subsequently availed ourselves of a selection of screwdrivers with which to effect repairs..."

STRANGE ARE the ways of men, smice and, come to that, advertising agencies.

To wit, I wouldn't be surprised to learn that some of those unfamiliar with Horslips had glanced at the spreads for their recently released "Book Of Invasions" and concluded hastily that this (quote) "deeply mystical... hauntingly powerful tone poem" was — gulp — not for them.

Now nobody needs that kind of verbal bromide and as for the ersatz Roger Dean dark riders gallumphing across the printed page, they should by rights have been dragged from the saddle at the stable door.

More's the pity they weren't since Charles O'Connor, a graphic artist as well as Horslips' fiddle and mandolin player, had conceived a more striking and appropriate visual based on his own double-eye closeup motif for the album's cover.

"The Book Of Invasions" is the band's seventh album. Its subtitle of "A Celtic Symphony" simply describes the general musical shape of the undertaking. "Invasions" itself isn't some ponderously mismanaged attempt to revamp the classics but rather a round of richly melodic rock.

"We'd determined from the outset there was no sense in our being a straightforward rock band," explains Jim Lockhart, Horslips' keyboards and pipes man, "certainly not in terms of what we were intending to write ourselves. For one thing we wouldn't

have done it particularly well and for another it wouldn't have had any relevance to us."

Horslips happened more by chance than design.

In 1971 Carr, O'Connor and bassist-to-be Barry Devlin were all working for an (other) ad agency in Dublin. Carr was running a poetry workshop and Tara Telephone, a words and music group vaguely similar to Liverpool Scene; O'Connor spent much of his spare time playing in folk groups.

One of the agency's contracts required a band of sorts to mime through an ad, so Carr and Devlin decided to try their hand. O'Connor was promptly recruited from the office above but they still lacked an organist.

Devlin had known Lockhart at college and, after a frantic search, found him hard by St. Stephen's Green. Lockhart protested he couldn't play the organ, only piano, but all the same scrapped the tutorial he was preparing for first year students and took up Devlin's offer.

The foursome emerged from the mime unscathed and accordingly planned a one-off gig with friends. But O'Connor's pre-Stones sensuous lips logo for (sic) Horslip's Funky Ceilidh Plus The Afro-Diziac Lightshow attracted the unfavourable attention of a local priest and the gig was cancelled. The non-event nonetheless gained some press coverage.

At this stage the band's repertoire consisted mainly of old Who and r'n'b numbers. However a television producer asked them to record some traditional scores for a six-part series, *Fonn* (tune). The first three were made with acoustic instruments, the second three with both acoustic and electric.

"So our first gig was on television," Lockhart recalls, "and it seems we won ourselves something of a place in the hearts of the populace. The things we'd done out of necessity had suddenly become very interesting."

THE BAND played some gigs, settled with guitarist John Fearn and released two singles on their own label, both "rocked up ceilidh stuff — not to be taken too seriously".

The singles sold well, Horslips became professional and set about making an album, a moderately ambitious project since they had precious little in the way of financial securities. But the TV series had evidently aroused sufficient interest as "Happy To Meet, Sorry To Part" also sold extremely healthily.

"We had, I suppose, capitalised on the revival of interest in traditional

music," Lockhart continues, "itself a spill over into Ireland — at least in part — from the civil rights and folk thing in America. Sean O'Riada had also been experimenting with his folk orchestras, the like of which were eventually to lead to groups such as The Chieftains."

"All the same, we'd approached the whole thing very differently from say, Fairport or Steeleye. To be honest, we weren't even very aware of what they were doing. Our live act was still about two-thirds non-original rock material until we made the album, which was really just a couple of our own songs and more rocked up ceilidhs, and so forth."

But Horslips' second album was significantly seminal for initiating the

... and **ANGUS MACKINNON** watches them go
"Sure they're good lads all," quoth he.
(This piece also includes a nifty run-down on all their albums. Quick — preserve it in whiskey).
(etc.)

directions that have at long last flowered in "Invasions". "The Tain" was a cycle of songs and instrumentals, centring around the exploits of Cu Chulainn, an especially heroic warrior hero of Irish myth. The idea had been suggested some time previously by a friend of the band who wanted music for a stage production of the tale.

"We did 'The Tain' and broke out of even the elementary moulds we'd set ourselves, things became a good deal more complex; we were listening to a lot of Zappa at the time."

"Oddly enough 'The Tain' alienated a large number of people, even though we thought it the proverbial giant step forward. We had to look around for a whole new audience who were primarily interested in rock as opposed to traditional music. There was, I feel, a basic misunderstanding on the part of those who didn't like the second album."

"The Tain" wasn't traditional music enhanced as on the first album, but used to very different ends. For us it marked a fundamental swing away from the tight limitations of simply

electrifying old songs and tunes towards what we hoped was a more organic whole. This whole embraced both rock and tradition, with the emphasis on rock.

"What was most essential was the kind of discipline that using the old music imposed on our writing and the ways we could place instruments like the fiddle, mandolin and pipes — all usually associated with pure traditional music — in a new framework."

"We were — and we said so at the time — concealing the old airs about the per... cks that were as much rock as they were anything at all, as well as writing or own words. We wanted to be a rock band, but one that was emphatically Irish. To that end we introduced some of our musical heritage into the songs and playing."

"DANCEHALL Sweethearts" began life as another song cycle, but the band thought the better of it so soon after "The Tain". Nevertheless when recorded the songs were still linked by a common theme. The intention was to draw a series of parallels between O'Carolan, the blind harper, his life on the road as a musician in the seventeenth century and Horslips' own.

An uneven album, "Sweethearts" pointed to new developments.

One piece, "The Blind Can't Lead The Blind", featured a song sung in Gaelic alongside another sung in English, with both lyrics and music counterpointing each other. As far as Lockhart's aware, "this hadn't been attempted since medieval times."

Horslips' most Americanised (?) album, "The Unfortunate Cup Of Tea", followed, its substance largely determined by their touring Canada and the USA. It suffered from what Lockhart deems "a lack of gestation time."

"Drive The Cold Winter Away" was an acoustic set of traditional material.

It represented "a side of the band that only happened in hotel rooms and that we nevertheless wanted to display although we'd be repeating ourselves if we did it again". Its intrinsic merits aside, the album showed with poignant clarity that Horslips were not mere dabblers in traditional music.

"Horslips Live", a double set, hinted vaguely at the headstrong vigour of the band's stage act, but was hamstrung by weak production. Neither it nor "Drive The Cold Winter Away" were released in this country, but are fairly widely available on import on Horslips' own Oats/Horslips label.

"The initial idea with 'Invasions'," Lockhart suggests, "was to do a form

of Celtic symphony, something that would simply make the case, and the only thing that fitted the bill was nothing less than the history of the race."

HORSLIPS' research led them to discover that *The Book Of Invasions* was in fact an enormous work, comprising several volumes and reading like Genesis with long lists of genealogies.

The Book was probably a compilation made by the Irish monks between 500 and 700 AD. The various strands of fact and legend that had survived were strung together to give them legitimacy and to make a pseudo-history in much the same way as the twelfth century historian Geoffrey of Monmouth collected the corpus of (King) Arthurian material. These strands were in turn copied and modified.

"The Tuatha De Danaan were, we thought, the most interesting people among the successive waves of invasions into Ireland. They were the mystics and we concentrated on them because they provided so many springboards for the imagination."

"There are so many loose ends and extremely weird things about the Tuatha. If anyone was seriously interested in pinpointing a time at which Earth might have been 'seeded' from space, then the Tuatha are definitely worth considering."

"In addition the three basic divisions of Irish music as handed down seemed a nice enough way of Celticising the symphonic form in three movements, these being basically slow, fast and faster."

"They also suggested a musical format that resolved itself to an extent and so coincided quite neatly with the ways in which the Tuatha themselves seem to have disappeared or passed underground into folk mythology."

THE NEXT Horslips album will be a musical development of "Invasions", but should it have some sort of underlying concept this won't have anything to do the mythology. The band stress that the latter's an area they'd like to move away from as "in most respects it's been more of a consolidation of our musical roots than anything else."

"There again", Lockhart concludes, "I'd prefer to think that whilst it coexists on some levels with the main corpus of rock music our material has a number of layers within it, each of which will be seen to be valid in its separate way."

"Ideally it should be like a poem with symbols intimated by key words. The more you read it, the more you can discern and enjoy."

DR. FEELGOOD

**SNEAKIN'
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UA
UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

SINGLES

Reed: posthumous flatulence award

SINGLE OF THE WEEK: AIN'T HAVING ONE, AM I, SUNSHINE?

LOU REED: Walk On The Wild Side (RCA) and Rock And Roll Heart (Arista). Loopy Lou revealed at the London New Vic that deep down inside he's a rock 'n' roll Old Fart who shows little respect for either his audience or even the vintage Velvet Underground catalogue.

Ironically, this re-released single, his most successful ever, is lifted from "Transformer", the album that saw his initial descending movement towards the level that he's reached now. "Transformer" saw Reed adopting a policy of mindless fashion worship and mincing off down the path to the grotesque self-parody of right now. But "Walk On The Wild Side" was still a good single, and if any displaced spirit out there is on a 1972 Decadence Nostalgia trip then Candy Darling, Thrifty Little Joe, Sugar Plum Fairy and other assorted freaks are available — again — and wondering if radio airwaves (in tune with nothing) will be totally oblivious to the subject matter of the song second time around. Five years on and switching labels, "Rock And Roll Heart" comes across as a joke that falls flat, a statement of almost apology for the artist he has become and, ultimately, a pathetic gesture by someone who just doesn't cut it right now.

BRYAN FERRY: Tokyo Joe (Polydor). Very amusing. Quasi-disco fodder by an ageing Geordie who couldn't dance his way off a Mecca dancefloor. Due to the added mock-oriental takeaway flavour of the music — designed to reflect the slant-eyed, capped teeth lyrics — the entity is repulsive in the extreme the second after you've stopped laughing. Check out the B side where Ferry's mawkish treatment of The Fab Four's syrupy "She's Leaving Home" will force you to hang up your white on white dinner tuxedo.

ALICE COOPER: (No More) Love At Your Convenience (Warners). Remember the days when Alice was more than happy with good clean fun... stuff like burning schools, dead babies and ritual executions all backed up with instant, no-deposit rock trash? Well, I guess that earning millions in Las Vegas and playing 18 holes of golf with Bing Crosby must put you through some changes because this resembles nothing more than

gutless Philly soul (sic) that has been washed behind the ears for Hollywood contracts and mass WASP lucrative acceptance. It's taken from his "Lace And Whisky" — ohmakrist — concept album that features Ol' Beer Gut himself as a Chandler/Bogart detective. What can I say, Alice? Apart from, who needs it?

THE ADVERTS: One Chord Wonders (Stiff). Mundane rock music by New Wave flotsam and jetsam. It doesn't matter that they haven't any great songs, that they don't play very well, that they've got the majority of the interest that they've generated in the press on the strength of their bass player having superb squeakers. What does matter is that here they are almost unbelievably BORING.



REVIEWED THIS WEEK By TONY PARSONS

HELLO: Shine On Silver Light (Arista). A few years back four long blow-dry hair cuts with toothpaste gleaming smiles and denim threads knocked out some highly commercial pop songs that made the charts and were meant to pave their ascent to Roller status, and those singles were nothing like this simpering acoustic love song with a pseudo Colin Blunstone vocal. Whatever happened to Hello?

THE ISLEY BROTHERS: The Pride (Parts I & II) (Epic). The Isleys can create music the equal of anything in contemporary soul and therefore this clean, sharp but unremarkable funky stuff is very disappointing. All it did was remind me how much I loved "Summer Breeze" on their "3 + 3" album. Must try harder next term.

DETROIT SPINNERS: Could It Be I'm Falling In Love; You're Throwing A Good Love Away; Games People Play; Lazy Susan (Atlantic). Seventy pence for

four hit Detroit Spinners songs. Great value and a mandatory purchase for all admirers of Thom Bell's sven-galied R & B hit machine. "Sod ya," says Thom to the rest of you.

RONNIE SPECTOR AND THE E STREET BAND: Say Goodbye To Hollywood/Baby Please Don't Go (Epic).

Lenny Bruce said every man wants his woman to be both whore and kindergarten teacher and when you see/hear the tarnished innocence of Ronnie Spector you know what he was saying. Here the unique beauty of her voice fronts two fine performances by the E Street Band — in particular on the "Baby Please Don't Go" B side, where producer Miami Steve Van Zandt blends contemporary soul and rock influences for his arrangement of a Billy Joel song that approaches the standards of Spector himself. Also deserving a mention is "Born To Run" sax player Clarence Clemons. He drives the music harder and fiercer on the A side, and on the flip his function is to mellow out the rest of the band — as he did so brilliantly on Springsteen's "Jungleland".

JACK JONES: With One More Look At You (RCA). Jack's bow tie quivers with dollar-wrenching emotion as he croons the emotional, turmoil focal point number from *A Star Is Born*. Susan, angel, even Rod Stewart has to be an improvement on this cardboard cut out. No, wait a minute...

ANSEL AND THE MEDITATIONS: Tricked (Bambam). Although largely a reggae-retard I and I already heard some Ansel records back in the days when I was a skinhead and he was with his brother Dave Collins. This record though, even as I try to remember the dance steps to "The Hippy Bashing", leaves me untouched. But then I'm not gonna get burned when Kingston's in flames. (That's what you think — Ed).

WISHBONE ASH: Blowin' Free; Phoenix; Jailbait (MCA). Old tracks culled from the tedious blooze-based idiot dancing music catalogue of these grim old hippies. Self-indulgent in the extreme.

JUSTIN HAYWARD: Country Girl (Deram). Coy string arrangement to lightweight pop music with insipid lyrical content from the ex-Moody Blue. Suitable for background music for TV slimming commercials.

MR BIG: Feel Like Going Home (EMI). Paul Simon-derived "Homeward Bound"-feel song glossed over with a David Cassidy teen dream vocal. A second hit on their hands.

DONNIE ELBERT: Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow? (All Platinum). Shrieking veteran plagiarist of classic old songs sounds quite ludicrous as he gets coy about surrendering his cherry to some randy OAP.

KEVIN AYERS: Star (Harvest). Benign hippie reveals he has never had to



This is not Lou Reed



This is not Ronnie Spector

endure much of the pressures of stardom by his banal lyrical treatment of said subject matter. Producer Muff Winwood could have been expected to inject more life into the depressing heavy sheet metal guitar riffs that mercifully grate on the eardrums.

THE HOLLIES: Hello To Romance (Pye). And let's also say hi there to the collective menopause of a sixties hit machine as they get their Crosby, Nash, Stills and

Young harmonies wrapped around an MOR hybrid of Elton John/Isaac Hayes styles that I personally would recommend for wallpapering supermarkets and nightclubs.

JAH-D: We're Going To Zion (Roots). Reggae repatriation music for bored Trenchtown teenagers. Jah-D don't sound too overstruck on the idea. It's unlikely he would be more downed if he was being shipped down river to be an extra in *Mandingo*.

RULA LENSKA: In A Movie With You (B & C). Tasty well-bred wench of the extremely moving *Rock Follies* masterpiece of audio-visual experience croons like a cut-price Eartha Kitt over barrages of sugary strings as she brazenly takes the role of predator-on-heat to get her man. "Say, ees zat a gun in yaw pocket or are yew jest glad to see me?" she drools in Abbaranto as the record fades and she has presumably had her ardour doused with a bucket of cold water. Total garbage and a definite number one record.

CLOVER: Love Love (Vertigo). MOR from USA West Coast for people who bemuse you with questions like, "Who's got the skins, man?" Reminds me of the terminal boredom I suffered at the hands of those wild young cowpokes The Eagles at Wembley last week, albeit without the special added ingredient of Joe "Eat Yaw Heart Out, Jimmy Page" Walsh bulldozing across the musical landscape with the sensitive finesse of a Panzer Tank in a synagogue. Negative vibes, man.

KLAATU: Sub Rosa Subway (Capitol). The "mystery" combo who "unwittingly" benefitted from the profusion of "rumours" that they were, in "reality", The Beatles creating under a cloak of secrecy. The glib section of the Yankee public with more money than sense lapped it up with their usual unthinking obedience to the message from Media to Consumer. Actually, the obvious attempt to sound like The Fab Four — with "Walrus" brass and piano, similar melodic structure to post-"Revolver" Beatles AND the chant of "We're underground" — would seem to indicate that the instigators should be tracked down and made to listen to George Harrison records until they repent their sins.

PERCY "THRILLS" THRILLINGTON: Uncle Albert/Admiral Halsey (Regal). While on the subject of The Fab Mop Top Scouse Four, this record is ample proof that we need The Beatles — collectively and/or individually — as much as we need Tony Blackburn, Fleet Street and the National Front. It's two sides of home audio-movie colour slides of the McCartney family courtesy of the Husband and Wife themselves. Olde English whimsy, Uncle Tom's good nigra reggae, trite but precision produced pop muzak, all the perennial hallmarks of Paul's trade are featured here as Percy "Thrills" Thrillington himself takes care of orchestral production. I'm just thankful that Lennon has his atrophying ass in New York with wife and offspring. A Beatles reunion? Do you really wanna go through all that again?

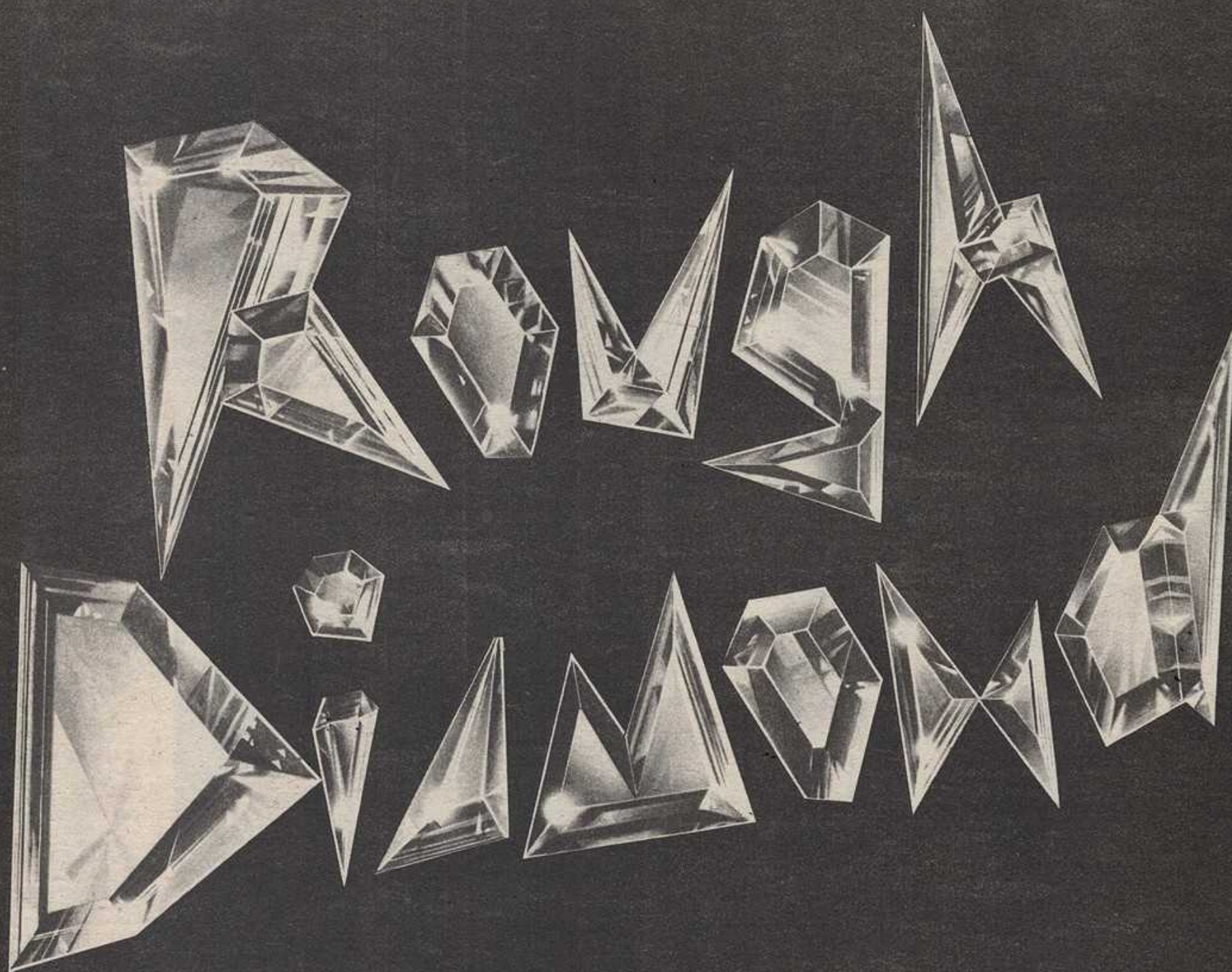
MOTORHEAD: White Line Fever (Skydog). Getting bored with these nudge-nudge, wink-wink, geddit-geddit drug reference songs. It's straight ahead Lemmy-rock but they shouldn't be allowed to get away with it. We know what they're really up to. Now back to Frank in the studio.

THE RADIATORS FROM SPACE: Television Screen (Chiswick). Their name is so bad I flinch every time I hear it. However, past that initial turn-off there's a sound like a rough-cut Eddie and the Hot Rods that will never make political statements but will always get kids dancing. You have to ask yourself if that is enough.

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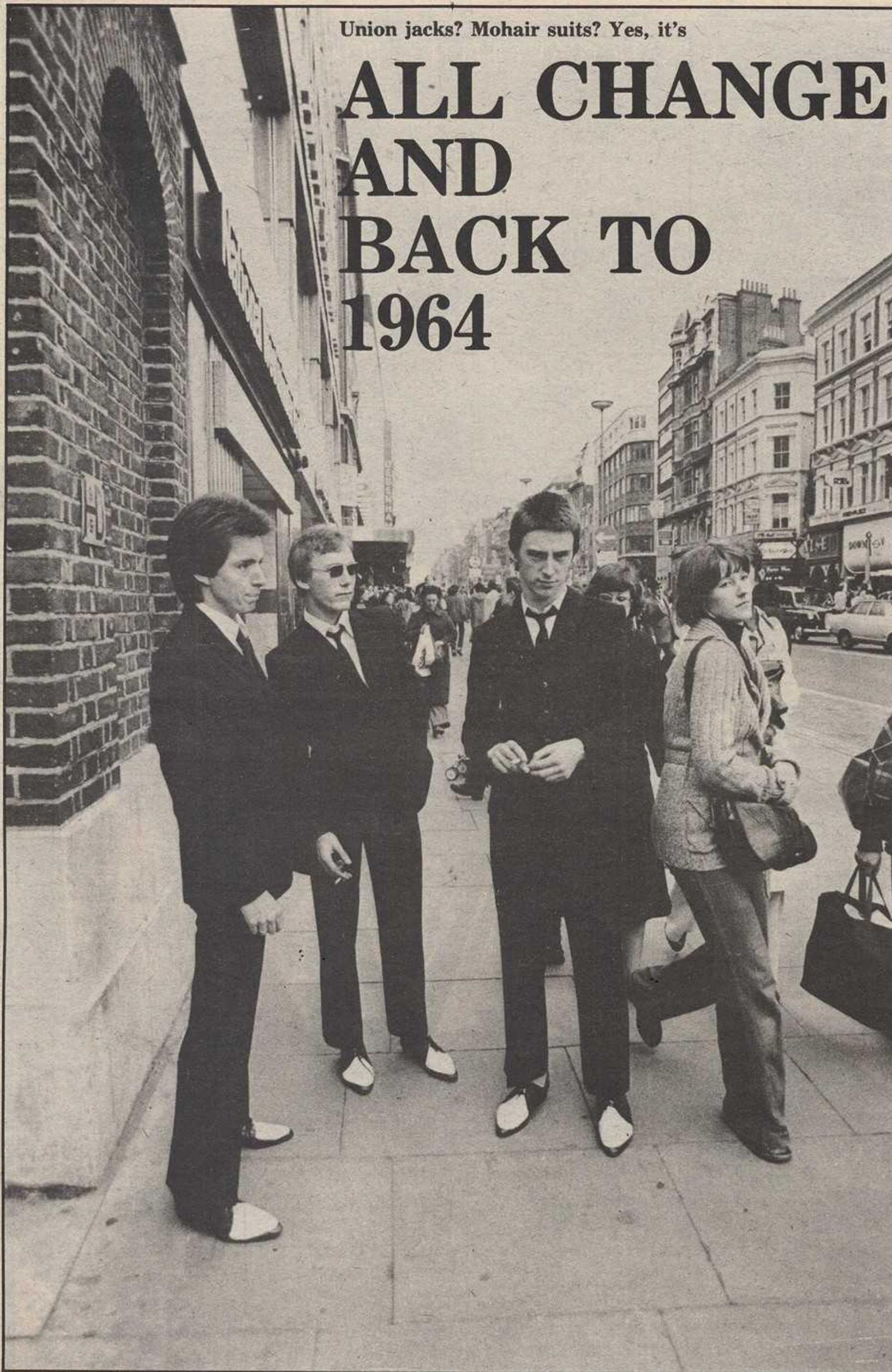
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ALL CHANGE AND BACK TO 1964



The Next Big Deal is:

~~The PISTOLS~~
~~The DAMNED~~
~~The CLASH~~

...THE JAM

BY NOW ONLY THE STAUNCHEST REACTIONARIES amongst the nation's rockpeople can be of the opinion that the much-touted New Wave, despite its several less than endearing facets, isn't a good thing. But, just in case you still had any doubts, get a load of The Jam.

You'll doubt no more.

For The Jam, while eulogising the nation's youth — and, come to that, the nation itself — with total commitment, remain the scene's renegades.

"We're the black sheep of the New Wave," says lynchpin Paul Weller.

The Jam most certainly do not toe the Punk Party Line.

Why, they've even been known to commit such sacrilegious acts as burning onstage the Blank Generation's mouthpiece *Sniffin' Glue* after said journal had complained of The Jam's being "laid back" and "lacking direction" — not to mention "spending too much time tuning up onstage".

Aggro!

WITH AN IMAGE straight out of the Scene Club 1964 or some similar Mod Mecca, The Jam wouldn't know one end of a safety-pin from another.

Unlike the New Wave Elite (Damned, Stranglers, Clash, Pistols), they are, sartorially speaking, three very sharp young men — the proud owners (and I mean *proud*) of customised Mohair suits of the kind (say) The Yardbirds wore when they were an R&B band.

And, unlike adherents of the New Wave Dogma, The Jam don't go for wholesale rejection of their predecessors.

One Otis Redding is Paul Weller's favourite singer. He even attempted to sing like him at one point. Bassist Bruce Foxton admits to copping the odd earful of Bad Company and Thin Lizzy once in a while. And, to top it all, drummer Rick Buckler has owned up to possessing a couple of Genesis albums and liking the band when he saw them at Guilford in 1973.

Such views demonstrate the group's open mindedness and individuality — something which Weller is keen to emphasise — and also their *honesty*. (It hasn't been unknown for The Damned's whirlwind drummer Rat Scabies to blag a Joni Mitchell album from her record company — but imagine him laying that on an interviewer. Or, come to that, an interviewer printing it . . .)

Moreover, The Jam have no time for playing the blank moron. Instead of the amphetamine-blitzed expression of vacant aggression copyrighted by New Wavers, The Jam come on as sharp as their creases.

Wasted, they are not — though I can't believe they're quite as clean living as they make out.

But perhaps most important of all, they are the best rock'n'roll band I've seen in many a year.

So sweeping a statement begs for qualifications and not least among these is Paul Weller's flawless rock star credential. Each of The Jam has an individual onstage persona strong enough to attain stardom in the not-too-distant future, but Weller stands out like a king among princes.

THESE PAST YEARS British rock has failed to come up with any truly high-calibre working-class rock stars, the likes of which were typified in the Sixties by Pete Townshend, Steve Marriott and John Lennon. This decade only folk like Lee Brilleaux, Wilco Johnson, Phil Lynott and (I suppose) Noddy Holder have come anywhere near to continuing that tradition, but none of these has even aspired to, let alone been taken seriously, as spokesman for their generation.

What's more there's nothing intrinsically teenage about either The Feelgoods, Thin Lizzy or Slade — which is not true of The Jam whose Paul Weller will in years to come, if not sooner, be regarded in the same light as those previously mentioned Sixties figures.

Weller has Rock Star written all over him — and it's not just the fact that his razor cut and clothes bring back memories of the Mod era.

Onstage and off, Weller, unlike some of his New Wave peers, is taut with positive vibrations — almost as if he's about to explode. Only occasionally does he slow down with the intensity . . . and then you realise that Weller is after all a guy on the tip of his 19th birthday from Woking in Surrey, on the far reaches of London's hinterland.

THE JAM (left to right:) BRUCE FOXTON, RICK BUCKLER, and superstar-to-be PAUL WELLER

Words:
STEVE CLARKE

Remarkably unconfused, his age doesn't strike you, despite the total absence of lines on his face. In one publicity shot of The Jam, Weller, perhaps not coincidentally, looks as if he's trying his damndest to come on like Pete Townshend, eyebrows arched to emphasise his determinedly mean stare.

Weller, in his own way, is doing what Townshend did over a decade ago — writing songs for and about kids and performing them with the exhilaration only a few can muster. And that's where age is an important, if not crucial, factor.

Live, The Who still have more energy than any other band in rock, but it's a calculated, polished energy. When The Jam hit the stage the commitment is all but tangible, Weller putting his all, and more besides, into it.

IFIRST stumbled across the band at Islington's Hope And Anchor where, incredibly enough, The Jam managed to come over visually despite the severe limitations imposed by the venue's tiny stage.

The area between band and audience was alive with electric energy, the pogoing kids and The Jam's frontline of Weller and Foxtton (another good looking guy, less tough-looking than Weller, though still possessing a youthful tightness) in total empathy with one another — Weller thrusting himself up and down with youthful abandon, occasionally pushing himself towards Foxtton who simultaneously launched himself backwards in Weller's direction so that the two collided momentarily, a double act with all the markings of a classic Rod-and-Ronnie or Bowie-and-Ronson routine.

Given more room, Weller gets into a few Townshendesque, thighs-tucked-beneath-the-abdomen leaps, the sense of commitment transcending mere plagiarism. Rick Buckler, complete with shades, looks good behind the drums, exuding nonchalant cool.

Musically, The Jam reflect Weller's tightness.

There is nothing remotely sloppy about them, and they execute their material with a taut knife-edged intensity — whilst losing nothing in the way of warmth. As Chris Parry, the Polydor A&R man who signed them, says, their music is brutal, but it is not without compassion.

Individually they play great too, especially Weller and Foxtton.

These two have plumped for Rickenbacker guitars which goes some way to explaining why The Jam's sound is comparable to early Who and on occasions to The Beatles themselves; those with ears will have noticed the similarity between Weller's lead runs on the flip side of the group's "In The City" single, "Takin' My Love", and the way John Lennon used to embellish a rock'n'roll song like "Bad Boy" or "Dizzy Miss Lizzy".

But like Lennon or Townshend — at least early Townshend — Weller is essentially a rhythm guitarist and quite a remarkable one at that,

perfectly capable of playing fast, clipped rhythm chords like Wilko Johnson, or coming on with triumphantly ruthless power chords, just like Townshend. You should hear the way Weller plays on Larry Williams' late Fifties rock'n'roll classic "Slow Down". Go, Paul, go.

THE JAM'S version of "Slow Down", live and on their soon to be released first album, is almost as good as The Beatles', though, as befits the genre, played faster and with more urgency.

It's their overall pace which they have in common with our other New Wave bands, but their music is not just about playing fast. Their songs (all of 'em Weller's) are, with the exception of The Stranglers' (hardly a teenage band anyway), easily the best, musically and lyrically, to come out of all this punk hooplah.

True, there are more than a few resemblances between the chord progressions Weller uses and those Townshend laid down in the past, but there is no denying Weller's ability to write a song which rings true. And one which has melody and passion behind it.

Of the ten originals which grace their album, it's the lengthy (over three minutes) reflective dolefulness of "Away From The Numbers" (great title, eh? conjuring up all kinds of images) which impresses me most.

But every song is memorable, whether it's the pure adrenalin rush of "Art School", the reckless abandon of "I've Changed My Address" or Weller's paean to the fact that for the first time in ages young bands are playing to young audiences, "Sounds From The Street."

Apart from their own songs (and, of late, Foxtton has started to write), The Jam include in their set blistering versions of those two mid-Sixties soul classics Wilson Pickett's "Midnight Hour" and Arthur Conley's "Sweet Soul Music" — as well as a version of The Who's "So Sad About Us".

In a nutshell The Jam have taken what they want from the past and fused it with a Seventies' street consciousness while totally eschewing the blind negativity which has, until now, been de rigueur amongst their fellow rebels.

As Weller once told *Sniffin' Glue*:

"I don't dig hippies, but they achieved something in the Sixties. They brought about a little more liberal thinking."

"We're all standing and saying how bored we are and all this shit. But why don't we go and start an action group, help the community? How many people can you see getting off their arses? Not fucking many."

WHEN PAUL WELLER was a kid in Woking, the son of a labourer (who incidentally and ironically enough gave up his job six months ago to manage The Jam), he was absolutely besotted by the Fab Four. He had one of those Beatles' souvenir guitars, the red and white

plastic ones replete with mini-portraits and 'autographs' of The Fabs.

Paul used to mime to "She Loves You" in front of the TV. Later on he got himself a Hofner violin bass just like McCartney's.

"I've got a Rickenbacker now, so I'm Pete Townshend," he mocks defensively — for there have been those who contend that The Jam are just pale shadows of the early Who.

At the local comprehensive school he grew his hair long and smoked dope, just like all the other kids did, to rebel. Rick and Bruce were at the same school but, because of the age difference (they're both 21), the three of them didn't know one another that well.

From the age of 14, Weller was convinced he was going to be a rock star, thereby gaining exemption from the humdrum.

"I didn't want to work," he says. "I didn't want to become Mr Normal." He has no doubt he'll succeed either.

Weller left school when he was 16. For a time he worked as a window cleaner and worked "on the building" with his dad, who'd always encouraged him in his musical pursuits. Most of the time, though, he didn't work, finally falling in with Buckler (who'd stayed on at school in the sixth form with the idea of becoming an architect, but quit before A-levels came round and worked for a time as an electrical inspector) and Foxtton who had got himself an apprenticeship in the printing trade.

Weller might have been a Beatle freak, but the thing which changed his life was hearing The Who's "My Generation" on the "Stardust" album a couple of years ago.

He fell in love with the Mod' image. And, while he's unwilling to admit it, Townshend's influence on Weller can't be dismissed. It's apparent when he voices off about what he thinks of The Who these days — over-reacting to the point of scoffing at Roger Daltrey's beer-gut.

"You can't play rock 'n' roll when you've got a beer-gut."

Weller is adamant that The Who haven't produced a worthwhile lick since "Tommy" and expresses no interest in seeing them, despite the fact that he's never seen them onstage. Opines Weller, "The songs Townshend writes now are so self-indulgent. He comes on with all this martyr shit. He can't rest on his laurels for the rest of his life."

"Why doesn't he give way to some of the younger bands? He's got a lot of money and so have the Stones, so why doesn't he put it into some clubs or build a . . . I don't know . . . Anything. Just do something with it. Some rehearsal studios or a record company."

"I think they owe it to the business, if anything. They've got enough out of the music business so they should put some back."

"Instead of Keith Moon going round smashing up cars, use that

"This change-the-world thing is becoming a bit too trendy. We'll be voting Conservative at the next election."

money instead of wasting it. That's what really pisses me off. This is the old order and they're all wasting their bread. Paul McCartney brings his cats up on a plane and all this sort of shit."

"Lennon is the only one who hasn't sold out. He's the only bloke I've got confidence in still. He's quietened down. He's not so outspoken but I like him still."

"It's like us doing 'In The City' when we're 27. Maybe we'll be expected to sing like The Who are expected to sing 'My Generation' but I don't think we'd do it."

Unsurprisingly he has little sympathy for tax exiles.

"There's people that work in factories that pay a lot of tax and they can't split to the South of France," he says rather naively.

"Why don't these rich rock stars open up some clothes shops. There's no personalised clothes these days which is one minor thing, but . . ."

Buckler butts in:

"You walk up this road here and you look in the clothes shops (Oxford Street) and they're all the same. All the clothes shops are exactly the same."

Weller points out that such mass production is a sign of the times.

"Really," Buckler continues, "people are forced into buying that kind of thing because they say this is the thing to wear."

SURPRISINGLY enough all the band, particularly Weller, are fiercely patriotic. When The Jam perform, they drape a union jack behind them and it's unusual if one or more garment of Weller's isn't decorated with the odd union jack or two. They even went to the trouble of having some badges made with union jacks on them.

Weller believes in the monarchy (and this is the same scene which sired The Pistols) and defends the queen so:

"She's the best diplomat we've got. She works harder than what you or I do or the rest of the country."

Buckler echoes him:

"They're an example to the country."

So much for "Anarchy In The UK".

Moreover, Weller says he'll vote Conservative at the next election and he and Buckler reckon it's the unions who run the country.

But even if fundamentally Weller supports such pillars of the establishment as the monarchy and the Tory party, his songs do have strong reformist attitudes. "Bricks And Mortar" numbers councils for getting their priorities wrong. ("Woking's like a fucking bomb site," he says.)

One of his newer songs describes his fear that Britain is heading towards a police state. And throughout his songs the predominant theme is Youth Consciousness.

"We don't love parliament. We're not in love with Jimmy Callaghan."

Pics:
PENNIE SMITH

But I don't see any point in going against your own country. If there's such a thing in the world as democracy then we've got it.

"We're not totally brainwashed — yet."

"We will be in two years time if we don't do something about it."

"Everybody goes on about new orders, but no one seems really clear what they are. Chaos is not really a positive thought, is it? You can't run a country on chaos. Maybe a coalition or something with younger party members."

"All this change-the-world thing is becoming a bit too trendy. I realise that we're not going to change anything unless it's on a nationwide scale."

QUITE RIGHTLY The Jam think they're a cut above the other New Wave Bands, surmising that their songs are better-structured and more subtle lyrically.

They have kind words for The Pistols, though.

"They spurred the whole thing off. Not that we're very much associated with them, but they still did a lot for the music. They bought about a lot of change. They frightened some of the older musicians which is a good thing."

So did they influence you at all musically?

"It wasn't that I saw The Pistols," says Weller. "It was that for the first time in years I realised there was a younger audience there, young bands playing to young people which was something we'd been looking for in a long time."

Most of the New Wave bands are very much into speed . . .

"We're not into drugs," Weller replies very quickly. "We don't need it. We don't need that to go onstage with. We don't need it to get in the mood of playing. We might when we're 30 or something. We might have to. In that case we'll give up."

THE JAM have been together for two years. Originally they were a four-piece. They started off playing the usual stuff — Chuck Berry, Elvis Presley — before going through a phase of playing Mersey Beat ("Beatles' songs were too difficult"), for a time wearing satin suits and adopting a teenybop image. And before hitting the London circuit last year they'd worked in working men's clubs and cabaret around the Woking area.

Three months ago they signed to Polydor, Chris Parry, (the A&R man who'd "almost" signed The Pistols, The Clash and The Damned), offering them a contract as fast as he could so as to ensure a rival company didn't step in with a larger advance.

Already there's action on their first single "In The City", a genuine Seventies teen anthem, and when their album of the same name comes out later this month don't be surprised if that follows The Clash and The Damned's albums up the charts, for The Jam alone justify the emergence of the New Wave.

LIAR



Yes Dave Burton, Paul Travis, Steve Mann, David Taylor and Clive Brooks are all 'LIAR!'

A new and very special band called 'LIAR' with a new and very excellent debut album, "Straight From The Hip Kid" it's sensational... honest!

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2nd Bournemouth Winter Gardens
3th Sheffield City Hall
4th Liverpool Empire
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6th Wolverhampton Civic Hall
7th Manchester Free Trade Hall
8th Newcastle City Hall
9th Glasgow Apollo
11th Ipswich Gaumont
12th London Rainbow
12-20th Tour of Germany
21st Bolton Institute Technical
28th Croydon Technical College

DECCA



THE BEATLES

The Beatles Live At The Star Club Hamburg Germany 1962 (Bellaphon double); The Beatles At The Cleveland Juvenile Bureau on lead vocals, and (right) at Shea Stadium...

IT ALL SEEMS sublimely appropriate: a kind of summit meeting between the tangential forces of coincidence and marketing.

In this year of our Lord 1977 — and let's have a moratorium on that in-the-UK crap right here, y'hear? — which seems to have been designated as a boom year for both Beatle Nostalgia and Interest In Rougher, Simpler And More Direct rock and roll (that's "the punk rock craze" if you happen to work for or place credence in one of our more simplistically-minded Fleet Street newspapers, we suddenly find ourselves with three elpee's worth of pre-'66 live Beatles.

That's pre-"Pepper", pre-"Revolver", pre-acid, pre-sitars, pre-hippy Beatles. Three albums of the Rock And Roll That Ate The World —

(Above) the boys disturbing the peace in America way back in the Nineteen Sixties — (left) with Inspector Can Be a of the Cleveland Juvenile Bureau on lead vocals, and (right) at Shea Stadium...

live.

You even have a choice of modes.

You can get Those Four Wonderful Boys in either their famous or pre-famous states; you can get 'em wearing either black leather or matching suits; you can get 'em soaring through their hits or playing erratic and manic versions of rock standards; you can get 'em — let's be *really cutting* now — extremely well recorded or extremely badly.

You can choose — in fact — between pill-crazed, boozed-up, greasy young leather boys or lovable mop-tops, between a kick-ass rock and roll band and the most sensational pop act of all time.

Mind you, you'd be crazy if you did.

THE FIRST incarnation is on the Hamburg '62 album, where we find a Beatles line-up that theoretically still features Pete Best on drums, but owing to

our afore-mentioned tangential force of coincidence, Ringo Starr just happened to be sitting in for an absent Best that particular night. So it's Fab Four all the way. Okay?

At this time, the Beatles were at that particular stage in their career that we ethnomusicologists refer to as their "pissing-on-nuns" period.

This event, as described in a book by the same guy who finally blagged these tapes onto record, was but one of many utterly noisome things that the Beatles — led on by John Lennon, who was into that sort of thing — got up to at the time. This puts them well ahead of the Rolling Stones, who never pissed against anything of more religious significance than a garage wall, in the rock outrage league.

They were poor as rats, lived on alcohol and pharmaceuticals and assaulted the hapless Germans with loud rock and roll, viciously random bad taste and anything else they could get their hands on.

Standard New Wave stuff, in fact.

A cleaned-up but still walking-on-the-rough-side tape of one of their German gigs, recorded on a home tape

IMPORTS

BY FRED DELLAR

DUE SOON is the new album by Mink De Ville (Capitol), one of the better bands to grace Atlantic's "Live At CBGB's" double-package. Though lead singer Willy De Ville emerged on that set as little more than a Lou Reed rip-off, the Capitol release proves him to be something of a rock chameleon, capable of snarling out such full-blooded rockers as his own "One Way Street" or simmering down to become almost Drifter-like for Barry, Greenwich and Spector's "Little Girl".

Produced by the often masterly Jack Nitzsche, "Mink De Ville" makes a welcome addition to the number of releases illustrating America's attempt to keep pace in the great "New Wave" race. However, I hear that the disc is not destined to be long in the import racks as British Capitol are said to be attempting a speedy home release.

Following the issue of "Lord Of The Ages" in 1973, Magna Carta seemingly disappeared off the face of the earth for over three years. Until now. For suddenly — from almost out of nowhere, a missing album, "Martin's Cafe" (recorded in the Spring of '74) has turned up on Dutch Vertigo.

Don't pass up "Guitar Player" (MCA) a collection of tracks by Lee Ritenour, Joe Pass, Herb Ellis, B. B. King, Larry Coryell and other prime plectrumists. For — unlike most compilations of this type, which normally only act as samplers — "Guitar Player" (which is released in association with the magazine of the same name) contains all previously unissued material emanating from such labels as ABC, Dobie, Epic, Pablo and Prestige.

Mike, who runs an establishment known as the Country Music Room, informs me that he'll soon be able to supply "The History Of West Coast Rock", a new series of albums released on Briar.

Meanwhile, he's already stocked up on "Mandoline Fantasy" (Flying Fish) which features Mike Melford in the company of the Dillards and John Hartford; plus the White Brother's (New Kentucky Colonels) "Live In Sweden" (Rouder) and Hoyt Ming's "Pep Steppers" "New Hot Timed" (Homestead), the last outfit recently being heard on the soundtrack of the "Ode To Billy Joe" movie.

Those interested in Mike's wares can obtain a free catalogue, listing some 900 albums, merely by despatching a large S.A.E. to The Country

Music Room, 18 Hilton Avenue, Aberdeen, Scotland.

Meanwhile, another figure back on the scene is Jeff Collins, the original bootleg king — "I once had unissued Elton album masters and some amazing stuff by Simon and Garfunkel but...". Nowadays he's strictly legit and running an import biz that's bringing in such twosomes as Abba's "Golden Double" (Vogue); Beach Boys' "40 Hits" (Dutch Capitol); "Jerry Lee Lewis" (Impact), a 24-track collection that includes "Sexy Ways", "The Hole That He Said He'd Dig For Me", "Herman The Hermit" and "Don't Let Go"; also "Chuck Berry" (Impact) another 24-tracker of Chess parentage.

If your local dealer hasn't got them in stock, just tell him to contact Scarlet Records, which is Collins' wholesale company.

The newie scene has been pretty duff this week due to the recent airport strike really getting a hold on things. But among those that have arrived are Kingfish's "Live 'N' Kickin'" (Jet), "Peaches And Herb" (MCA), "Golden Earrings" "Mad/Love" (MCA), "Billion Dollar Babies" "Battle Axe" (Polydor), "Ronnie Laws" "Friends And Strangers" (Blue Note) and Lucy Simon's "Stolen Time" (RCA).



A NEW LO IN FI

... and an old hi in fo. Um. No, that doesn't work. Never mind — here are The BEATLES being fab onstage over fifteen years ago. Yeay Yeah Yeah . . . remember?

machine in glorious head widening mono by Ted "King-Size" Taylor, a fellow Liverpoolian musician working in Hamburg, forms the basis of the unwieldily-titled "Bellaphon" double-album.

Saddled with a monstrosity of the sleeve-designer's art that fits the title like a leaky bucket fits Tony Blackburn's head, the Hamburg album presents diamonds-in-the-rough in such a way that it's more the power of hindsight and a large amount of faith than any inherent cosmic magnificence that testifies to their jewelloid nature.

Since the advent of bootlegging, the discerned rock and roll eardrum has had to train itself to appreciate excellence of performance despite even the loudest of recording quality. This album represents a new lo in fi.

Dig it: there isn't a single wholly discernable vocal on the entire four-sided package.

That doesn't just mean that you can't hear the words — the hell with that — but that the vocals are so totally swamped that it's a strain to ever identify the vocalist in places.

It ain't Ted Taylor's fault — he certainly wasn't expecting his tape to be listened to fifteen years later by hundreds of thousands of people all over the world — but the fact remains that the poor quality of reproduction is a heaving drag and a real hindrance to enjoyment of the record.

Erratic sound balance and quality not withstanding, it becomes apparent that the Beatles were really kicking ass on stage.

They weren't exactly playing like gods — check out the hilariously screwed-up "Roll Over Beethoven" — but McCartney's pumping bass and Lennon's angry, insistent rhythm guitar certainly generated a fair amount of heat. George Harrison's lead guitar veers from the sublime to the ridiculous and Ringo's drums are neither here nor there (more's the pity).

The material is a mix of rock standards like Chuck Berry's "Little Queenie," "Roll Over Beethoven" and "Sweet Little Sixteen," Carl Perkins' "Matchbox," and "Everybody's Trying To Be My Baby," Little Richard's "Kansas City" and "Long Tall Sally," plus assorted pop of the time and sundry weirdnesses like "Red Sails In The Sunset," Frank Ifield's "I Remember You" and Marlene Dietrich's "Falling In Love Again."

There are also songs of their own such as "I Saw Her Standing There" and "Ask Me

Why." Other numbers included, like "Twist And Shout," "Mr. Moonlight" and "A Taste Of Honey" later cropped up on "official" Beatle albums.

Basically, the Hamburg album presents an execrable recording of an exceptionally rowdy and powerful rock and roll band engaging in the twin activities of working out the groundrules of '60s and '70s white hard rock while simultaneously getting wrecked and laid as much as possible.

If the recording quality had been even as good as a below-average modern-day bootleg, this would be one of the most important rock albums of the decade, as it is, the physical sound of the record is so abysmal that you are actually deprived of much of the performance.

Still, you can't expect an amateur tape of early electrical music to match even the professional live recording of the time, let alone what we've become accustomed to in these 24-track-mobile years.

Ultimately, this is more a piece of fascinating rock *verite* documentary recording than any kind of pleasurable listening experience. I'm delighted to have the opportunity of hearing it, but I doubt that I could listen to it very often. If only George Martin had been around to record it . . .

TWO OR three years later — or, to be precise, two and three years later, since the Hollywood album combines recordings from '64 and '65 — the greasy leather jacket rock band had become the biggest, most magical and most prototypical pop group that evah wuz.

At the height of Beatlemania, they were captured on three-track tape playing to hordes of berserk jellybeans at the Hollywood Bowl. Just in time for kids born at the time to buy the record as they enter their teens, the tapes have been extensively edited and cleaned up to emerge as an "official" live album.

Despite the superior ethnicity and rock relevance of the Hamburg album, Hollywood wins hands down.

For a start, it sounds just fine and every spoken or sung word and every lick on every instrument is clear as a bell.

For seconds, five out of the thirteen tracks are rock and

roll standards, and they sound to be played just as hard and just as powerfully as they were in Hamburg.

The versions of "Long Tall Sally," "Twist And Shout" and "Roll Over Beethoven" are available for direct comparison and prove, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that The Beatles lost none of their rock and roll balls when they got Epsteinised and went pop. Plus the eight Beatle original sooperdooper smash hits all boast a propulsive verve that exceeds that of the studio versions.

You get "She's A Woman," "Ticket To Ride," "Can't Buy Me Love," "Things We Said Today," "A Hard Day's Night," "Help!," "All My Loving" and "She Loves You", not to mention "Dizzy

Miss Lizzy" and "Boys."

It's all beautiful, equally good for singing along and rocking out, gorgeous pop songs performed with exemplary rock and roll muscle. It all goes to emphasise two things.

Thing one: the Beatles have meant so much to so many and symbolised so many aspects of our development over the last decade and a half that it comes as almost a shock to find oneself listening to unfamiliar renditions of graven-into-our-subconscious familiar songs; listening to them anew and thinking, "Jesus, these guys were bleedin' magnificent!"

On the face of it the whole thing sounds a trifle disingenuous since everyone knows the Beatles were magnificent, but it's a gas and a groove to hear it

proved all over again.

Thing two: the rock-pop-plus spectrum has gained a lot and lost a lot since the first phase of The Beatles. There's been very little pop which contained so many of the rock virtues of energy, honesty and raunch, and there's also been very little rock and roll which has manifested the pop virtues of innocence, freshness and *joie de vivre*.

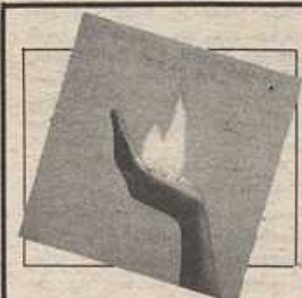
"The Beatles At The Hollywood Bowl" is an album that contains great pop music alongside great rock and roll, history and nostalgia alongside freshness and timelessness, the familiar combined with a fistful of lovely moments and nice surprises (principally between songs, but I ain't gonna spoil it for you), and charm plus guts.

Even though the individual Beatles have gone on to demonstrate with appalling clarity that none of them and none of it and none of us were perfect, it's hard to believe it while listening to "The Beatles At The Hollywood Bowl". For nearly twenty-eight minutes, the Beatles are perfect again.

This album is a delight and a treasure for just about anyone who was ever touched or moved by rock and roll during The Beatle years. If you ever got off on the Beatles, then be prepared to get off on them again, and be prepared to be feeling a lot better after you hear this album than you were before.

Even if you always preferred the Stones.

Charles Shaar Murray



THE MIGHTY DIAMONDS Ice On Fire (Virgin)

ALRIGHT, who's the culprit? Exactly whose idea was it to despatch The Mighty Diamonds to record their second album with bayou funk svengali Allen Toussaint?

And precisely what scheme did they have in mind when they paired one of Jamaica's finest vocal combos with Toussaint's crew of wizened session veterans?

Did anyone seriously expect the resultant album to match or surpass the Diamonds' superlative "Right Time" debut set?

Or were they maybe just hoping that this predictably barren attempt at cross-fertilisation would provide reggae suitably diluted for up-market tastes?

Huh? Whatever, from the moment the mawkish drums clatter in like hoofbeats from a three-legged horse (i.e. strikingly 'not right') and the guitar starts

into the simplistic *changa changa* offbeat that it will maintain with depressing persistence damn near all the way through the album's twelve songs, you know with stomach-sagging certainty that "Ice On Fire" is going to turn out a puddle of tepid water.

It could hardly have been otherwise, as the flimsiest acquaintance with past attempts at 'reggae' by American studios and musicians should have told all concerned. Such attempts have evidently been based on the mistaken notion that 'reggae' simply means playing everything to the off-beat, a banality that results in an almost complete absence of the rhythmic and melodic dynamics that permeate good reggae and produce the kind of stilted ill-conceived playing on display here.

When you've had titans like Robbie Shakespeare and Horsemouth Wallace at the rhythm reins on your successful first album, why swap for musicians who don't know a dub from a pub?

Musicians who, despite their undeniable mastery in their own field, lack the fundamental 'feel' for a beat that experience suggests is more alien to black US soul musicians (and fans) than to white rock bands (and fans); musicians who you can practically hear count off the timing as they wonder how the hell they can play a change or a solo and get back into step on cue.

Not that I've ever been

particularly in favour of the record company habit of despatching artists to the deep south to receive a suitably commercial blessing from Toussaint's funky wand, a process of de-identification that only the strongest (like Frankie Miller and his stalwart "High Life" set) survive. It's just that when the artists concerned are a blossoming reggae trio, the work is doubly dirty.

The Diamonds themselves can hardly be blamed for their efforts here. They sing well enough, even though the gauche playing and Toussaint's own production — which buries the two supportive voices in the mix like they were some schlock soul girlie chorus instead of an integral part of a vocal trio — constantly work against their own easy free-flowing style.

The group struggle manfully through several Toussaint-associated songs — Lee Dorsey's "Get Out Of My Life Woman," Frankie Miller's "Little Angel," Toussaint's "Sneaking Through Sally Through The Alley" as sung by Robert Palmer, and (gulp) Smokey Robinson's "Tracks Of My Tears," a monstrosity which it would have been kinder to omit altogether.

It's difficult to gauge the true worth of the Diamonds, own contributions like "Coming Through" and "Cat O Nine" when they're so completely sabotaged by unsympathetic backing, but there's nothing

here with the immediate power and involvement of "Shame And Pride," "Have Mercy" or "Them Never Love Poor Marcus" from the first album, while the re-working of their old hit "Back Weh Mafia" demonstrates only too clearly how disastrous this expedition has been.

We come back to why this album was made.

Who the hell wants to hear The Mighty Diamonds sing "Get Out Of My Life Woman"?

Definitely not the audience back home at the Jamaican roots which spawned the Diamonds themselves. Definitely not the UK black audience, and definitely not the UK rock audience, who hunger far too much for ethnicity (and have heard enough of it) to be taken by this concoction. I await the album's performance in America with interest.

Apart from the purely artistic compromises involved, I also find the album's de-personalising — up-market orientated — packaging objectionable. What the hell has a wash-day-free satin smooth woman's hand — albeit a black woman's hand — holding up a heap of flaming cut glass (lit with a dollop of lighter fuel, I'd guess) got to do with The Mighty Diamonds or their songs?

The Front Line? Bah. As ye sow, so shall ye reap. I urge prospective purchasers to buy the top five reggae singles instead.

Neil Spencer



10CC Deceptive Bends (Mercury)

THEY ALWAYS did seem rather like two bands, 10cc.

On the one hand, the ex-Hotlegs Lol Creme-Kevin Godley axis; on the other, the two '60s veterans, ex-Mindbender Eric Stewart and beat group hit writer Graham Gouldman.

Together they combined the former's pretension with the latter's melodic flair to produce a gratingly intelligent, clinically commercial, emotionless whole.

Not having studied their work closely before, this hypothesis has previously rested purely on the evidence to be seen in their faces.

Happily, a closer study of 10cc artefacts bears me out. If you don't need convincing, and just want to know whether "Deceptive Bends" gets a tick or a cross, skip the next few paragraphs. But if you want the inviolate proof of hindsight, stick around.

Checking the credits of the quartet's last two albums on Mercury shows the division quite sharply. "The Original Soundtrack" (1975) took the band into ambitiously filmic territory — but a second look shows it was really only Godley and Creme who were moving on from the singles sharpness of their UK work.

It was their two long tracks, the operatic "Une Nuit A Paris" and the schmaltzy "The Film Of My Love", which opened and closed the set. Those tracks also gave rise to the cinematic concept of the album's packaging and title.

Eric and Graham, on the other hand, scored The Big Hit. While paying a certain lyrical respect to the band's pervasive cynical image, "I'm Not In Love" was musically unashamedly beautiful — thus achieving the effect of the romantic effusiveness it mimicked. Its spectacular success was well deserved.

Stewart and Gouldman also contributed "Blackmail", a reasonably witty sting-in-the-tale set to unambitious music, and the weirdly attractive drugs put-down, "Flying Junk".

In retrospect they have the air of straightforwardly clever craftsmen sneering with slight desperation to keep up with their cynical colleagues — the simplest form of psychological oneupmanship invariably being cynicism, more's the pity.

The follow-up, "How Dare You!" (1975/6), highlight the split on its second side, with two songs from each partnership.

Stewart and Gouldman bland it somewhat with "Art For Art's Sake" (hit, nevertheless) and "Rock 'n' Roll Lullaby", another straightforward number with a mild lyrical twist. Godley and Creme, however, got good and weird with a couple of precariously extended pieces, "Head Room" and "Don't Hang Up".

Although both albums boasted tracks written by other combinations of the four, I think the tracks I've cited demonstrate the essential nature of the impending division in 10cc; two of 'em were secretly into pop, and two of 'em hankered for grander things.

So here are the pop men, Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman, the men responsible for such hits as "I'm Not In Love", "Art For Art's Sake" and (assisted by Lol Creme)

the brilliantly constructed "I'm Mandy Fly Me".

Surely high class commercial rock is guaranteed? The question is, to what extent has the departure of their arty chums tipped them towards triviality?

The answer is, of course, too much.

To say that their ambitions are more limited than the four-piece group is quite an understatement. Only one track makes the least pretence of transcending the level of simple pop — pleasant melodies, straightforward arrangements and undemanding words abound.

With just the addition of a pianist on two tracks, an orchestra on another two and an oboist elsewhere, the entire album is played by Messrs Stewart and Gouldman with new member Paul Burgess (their longtime onstage addition, I believe) on drums.

Although Eric and Graham are credited with no less than 96 performing functions between them on the album, if I count aright, it's interesting to note that the dreaded Moog only makes one appearance throughout.

It's a tribute to their production finesse that such a lucidly textured record as this can be made with combinations of just organ, piano, guitar, bass, drums and vocals. And unlike Queen's "no Moogs" rider, the objective for 10cc is always the end product, not a display of clever cleverness in its achievement.

Of course, Eric Stewart is a meticulous, coherent guitarist and an even better singer, but I just can't shake off this feeling that there wasn't actually any reason for making "Deceptive Bends". You know, it's what they do, isn't it, make albums? Time for another. Even though it's about sixteen months since "How Dare You!", they've got nothing very stimulating to play and even less to say.

"Good Morning Judge" is an opening nothing about a guy who digs being in prison (but, by virtue of them doing an Abba and delivering a video package to *TOIP* including clever film and superb master, a guaranteed hit single).

"The Things We Do For Love" is crafted, attractive, more nothing; "Marriage Bureau Rendezvous" is nicely whimsical; "People In Love" is an immaculately crafted moon in June ballad; "Modern Man Blues" is a rather dreary "blues" with a jokey twist; and that's one side gone.

"Honeymoon With 'B' Troop" is more interesting, more like 10cc in its tricky arrangement and veiled tastelessness, its smugness and its soaring guitar break.

"I Bought A Flat Guitar Tutor" is a very clever pun song — "I bought a flat/Diminished responsibility/You're de ninth person to see..." as they go through A flat diminished, D ninth and C (as far as I can tell, anyway) and so on.

"You've Got A Cold" is a tedious song about having a cold; and "Feel The Benefit" is the biggie, in three parts.

First off there's an emotive, sad piece called "Reminiscence And Speculate" whose meaning beyond, possibly, a kind of unco-ordinated flashback, escapes me.

Next, "A Latin Break" is just that, a superb pseudo-samba with some terrible puns and a plot possibly referring to Hollywood's image of glamorous, swashbuckling South America as rich adventurer's paradise.

And finally "Feel The Benefit" itself returns to the first tune — some kind of sad affirmation of the predestined status of the person who dreamed about Rio in the second part?



10CC's Graham Gouldman and Eric Stewart.

Pic: JOE STEVENS

Look, I don't know what the bloody thing's about — but at least there is the possibility it's slightly more than the slick vacancy of the rest.

It all sounds very pretty. It's all fantastically performed and produced — it really is. But I think they did it for money. It's empty.

Phil McNeill



GLEN GLENN, DON DEAL, BEN JOE ZEPPA, DICK BUSCH, DORSEY BURNETTE and ALIS LESLEY.
Hollywood Rock 'n' Roll (Chiswick)

IN MUCH the same way as Hollywood once acted as an invisible magnet for wide-eyed innocents trying to break into movies, almost as many were drawn to tinsel town in the hope of cutting a rock 'n' roll record.

At first Hollywood didn't have the charismatic roots of such cities as New York, Nashville, Memphis and Chicago. It wasn't until the movie lots began to fold and rock's *nouveau riche* started moving into Beverly Hills that great emphasis was placed on Hollywood's status as a major rock 'n' roll centre.

However, during the 50s and well into the 60s, Hollywood and its surrounding districts nurtured literally dozens of small domestically-operated labels which more or less confined their activities to one-shot bandwagon jumping.

So, when R&B handed over to R&R, people like Johnny Burnette, Eddie Cochran and Gene Vincent drifted into town determined to repeat

Elvis Presley's phenomenal success.

Herb Newman's Era label was such a company that encouraged young white Southern rockabillys to try their luck, and this collection originates from around that period.

Apart from Dorsey Burnette (Johnny's elder brother), the names of the various artists featured on this excellent compilation will mean nothing to anyone but the confirmed purist, but that's not to infer that its interest is minimal.

Far from it. Many of the tracks are as good if not superior to those recordings by which Rockabilly standards are fanatically judged. Half of the dozen cuts are given over to Glen Glenn.

A smooth-voiced rocker, Glen simmers effectively over some uninhibited slap-bass, tub-thump drumming and an anonymous guitar-picker who is obviously attempting to emulate both Scotty Moore's Sun sound and precisely what Johnny Burnette was laying down during his "Tear It Up" days. All good stuff.

Don Deal ("Don't Push") and Ben Joe Zepp ("Topsy Turvy") lean more towards R&B whilst Alis Lesley, who

used to bill herself as "The Female Elvis Presley", is somewhat less than convincing in her portrayal, being upstaged by what's perhaps the best guitar break on the entire album.

Dick Busch is outrageous, typifying those young bucks with more enthusiasm than talent, with the result that he emerges as a surreal parody of the genuine item.

"Hollywood Party" is a re-write of "Let's Have A Party" while "Exactly" is built on Larry Williams' "Bony Maronie" motif. Just the same, it's all good fun.

"Hollywood Rock 'n' Roll" vividly captures a period of innocence which may never be repeated.

Roy Carr

CHIP HAWKES
Nashville Album (RCA)
BRIAN POOLE AND THE TREMELOES
Remembering (Decca)
UNIT 4 + 2
Remembering (Decca)

A BLUEGRASS version of "Eleanor Rigby" sounds like one of Jonathan King's little jokes, but it turns up in all seriousness on Chip Hawkes'

solo debut. Complete with duelling banjos and yodelling.

It should come as no surprise that Hawkes can perpetrate such a mutant. He was lead singer with The Tremeloes, the legendary Sixties' teenybop band, most of whom looked old enough to be the Bay City Rollers' grandads.

RCA are clearly expecting great things from Chip. They sent him all the way to Nashville to cut this set — which makes it all the more surprising that he should come up with a reggae version of one of The Tremeloes' hits, "Here Comes My Baby".

Correction. Not quite a reggae version. More a calypso version. Complete with steel drum. Where the hell did they find a steel drum in Nashville?

Such oddities apart, the idea is presumably to turn Hawkes into an English John Denver. The album is full of creaking country melodies designed to moisten the eye of the maudlin listener.

Hawkes performs such songs quite nicely, but how do you wallow in sentiment when you're too busy being amused by the daft novelty songs elsewhere on the album?

Would you believe a disco version of "Ghost Riders in the Sky"? Chip Hawkes would. It's on his album.

Still, The Tremeloes have a long history of incongruous covers. Fifteen years ago, before Hawkes joined them, they scored with a cover of The Beatles' cover of the Isley Brothers' "Twist And Shout".

In those days, the Trems (as they were affectionately known by the music press) were led by one Brian Poole, who later quit for the obscurity of a solo career.

If you care to remember Brian Poole and The Tremeloes, you can now do so, courtesy of the Decca archaeology department.

It's a little hard to see much worth in the relics uncovered in this particular dig. The Trems' rendition of "Twist And Shout" copies the Beatles' arrangement almost note for note. Alas, though, Poole was no raucous screamer of the Lennon ilk.

The set also offers the follow-up, "Do You Love Me", originally from the pen of Berry Gordy, but betraying scant signs of its origins.

It's a useful reminder of the general standard of the music created during the English beat boom. The likes of The Beatles, the Stones, The Kinks, and Who were so far ahead of their contemporaries that their legacies distort the real picture.

Further evidence of tarnish in a golden age is Unit 4 + 2. One-hit wonders with an annoyingly catchy tune called "Concrete And Clay". Number One in 1965. Then nothing. Deservedly.

Bob Edmonds

...even in
the quietest moments...
Supertramp



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LINDA RONSTADT:
Different Drum (Capitol)

THE PICTURE on the front of this compilation made me think for the zillionth time how much the lovely Linda resembles a very beautiful pink piglet, with her smooth skin and huge, helpless eyes.

The sleeve notes argue weakly that we should appreciate the half-Mexicano Rose for her voice as opposed to her visage, but pleasant as her dulcet tones are, anyone who prefers to listen to rather than ogle her is a blind man.

The songs herein range from 1967's hit title track to 1972's "Rock Me On The Water" and "In My Reply," all recorded before she hitched up with Peter Asher, commercial success and Asylum. They're not half good, though one observes that when Linda's voice is stretched a fraction too far it takes on an irritating "look at me — ain't I soulful?" vibe.

The tracks are Forgotten Boy Michael Nesmith's quaint and completely captivating "Different Drum" and "Some Of Shelly's Blues", Jackson Browne's rippling "Rock Me On The Water", in which Linda has the integrity not to mess around the lyrics as befits her gender. Dylan's drunkenly comforting "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight", Gary White's dazed and bleeding "Long Long Time" and the indiffe-

LINDA 'Mexicano Rose' RONSTADT

Pic: JOE STEVENS



It's The Blimp!

rent "Up To My Neck In High Muddy Water" (will Muddy now return the compliment and record "Up To My Neck In High Linda Ronstadt"?).

"Stoney End" is also toyed with, though Linda Ronstadt attempting a Laura Nyro song is a little akin to the PG Tips commercial chimpanzee attempting to scale the Empire State Building.

Tracks such as Tim Buckley's "Hobo" and Goffin-King's meisterwerk "Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow?" are also mistakes. Linda sings in a tremulous uptight quaver and comes over like a Southern girl peering hopefully under the bed for a big black man, an image at odds with the gummy heartbreaker persona of "Different Drum" and "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight".

However, until she starts singing her own thoughts as opposed to pre-packaged ones, it's doubtful that for all her

sell-out shows and *Rolling Stone* spreads Linda Ronstadt will be more than the Jane Russell of the Cocaine and Waterbed Set. **Julie Burchill**

IRMA THOMAS:

Live (Island)

RECORDED at the 1976 New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival, from which a live double-album of various acts was recently reviewed by Roy Carr, this budget-priced beauty only duplicates a couple of tracks from that sampler.

It also offers a front row seat for most of the rest of Irma's portion of the show. And what a performance it is, providing the kind of souvenir that makes you wish you'd been there in the first place.

Ms. Thomas is a superb singer, and it's a mystery to me why she hasn't fared better over the years. Although she's a graduate of the 50s R&B



school of delivery (Ruth Brown, Lavern Baker, etc), she came to the fore in the 60s and it's not as if her style necessarily excludes her from today's changes.

Admittedly she's considerably more gutsy than most of the present delicate belles and still likes to belt a blues occasionally but she's well able to satisfy modern demands. She could give Millie Jackson a few lessons in technique any day of the week, and I speak as one who dotes on Millie.

Surprisingly, but delightfully, most of Irma's act is built around her early days; side one of the album featuring songs that she cut between 1960 and '63 for Ron and Minit, two New Orleans labels that rarely achieved national success (there are famous exceptions but we won't go into that now).

Opening with a spirited version of "You Can Have My Husband But Please Don't Mess With My Man" (originally recorded in 1960 when she was 17 and had been married for three years), she settles down into a selection of Minit soul sides, mainly written by Allen Toussaint under the pseudonym Naomi Neville, including the poignant "It's Raining" and "Ruler Of My Heart", which was adapted by Otis as "Pain In My Heart".

Following local success, in 1964 Minit was absorbed by Imperial records, for whom Irma recorded her first really

big hit, the self-composed, tormented ballad "Wish Someone Would Care".

It's an extended version of this classic cut, complete with scrotum-shrinking feminist rap, that brings her act and side two of the album to a memorable climax.

Does she precede the finale with more of her Imperial hits? No, unaccountably she doesn't. But no matter, instead there's a fine blues, "Hip Shakin' Mama", surrounded by her versions of two comparatively recent soul favourites, Shirley & Co's "Shame, Shame, Shame" and Labelle's "Lady Marmalade".

On first hearing they're disappointing, mainly because they're treated differently to the originals. Repeated listening reveals all; they're great, particularly "Shame", which is converted from disco dimensions to become a high-powered slug of charging R&B. Tommy Ridgley's band to the rostrum for a bow please.

Memo to Island — I believe that the Ace label catalogue is up for grabs. Check your properties and see if you can't afford to bring us some original New Orleans recordings to go with these excellent new ones you keep releasing.

Cliff White

RITA COOLIDGE

Anytime Anywhere

(A & M)

IF EVER there was a case of mistaken identity, this is the lulu of all time. Get that face — Cleopatra meets Minnie-haha, those eyes like thick pools of poison, bones with the strength and support of the finest iron girders which hold up the Eiffel Tower, lustrous hip-hugging Cherokee hair as black as Charles Manson's psyche.

Hear that voice, as it castrates several great songs of the past decade. It's the sound of vanilla ice cream. Bland,



blonde, sliding down your throat and ears as easily as children on a helter skelter.

And dig this message on the sleeve: "Thank You Jerry Moss. Your concern for what is right causes us to do our best/your knowledge of what is best inspires us to do what is right."

If ice cream could talk, that's the kind of line it would come out with, right?

What a line-up. It includes T. Jones, the lovely Kim Carnes, Carole King's talented acolyte Bobby Hall, pianist Mike Utley, guitarist Jerry McGee, bassist Lee Sklar, all beyond reproach.

Why, we got dirtier Delta Ladies than this back in Avon County. Since 1971, Rita has obligingly churned out an album a year for A & M. The non-appearance of one in '76 made one wonder hopefully if everyone concerned had simply given up. Not so!

There are some great songs here; Smokey Robinson's "The Way You Do The Things You Do", Danny Whitten's "I Don't Want To Talk About It", Boz Scaggs' "We're All Alone". And of course there's the obligatory Mrs. Kris Kristofferson debacle.

There's ten songs here and eight of those are love songs — Government - approved Radio One love songs, so clean you can taste the insecticide on them.

This record is an immaculate conception. About as much fun, too. **Julie Burchill**



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JOHN CALE

Guts (Island)
RELEASED PRESUM-
ABLY to coincide with his
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purports to be a compila-
tion of representative
tracks from the latter stages
of John Cale's career.

As such, it fulfils its aims
admirably. How unfortunate,
though, that the impression
thus gained of Cale is rather
like a monochrome snapshot,
where only a full-colour print
could suffice.

Cale's first three solo
albums, "Vintage Violence",
"Academy In Peril" and the
indispensable "Paris 1919",
revealed an artist of depth and
imagination, with perhaps as
wide a breadth of musical
vision and range of possibilities
as the late Tim Buckley.

Simple pop songs, sombre
orchestral vignettes, full-blown
panoramic epics — all these
and more were handled with
the subtlety and sharpness of a
surgeon's scalpel.

The later (Island) albums,
from which "Guts" is
compiled, served only to
demonstrate Cale's ability to
plough the same furrow again
and again, successive sets
merely elaborating on the
ideas contained in "Fear", a
watershed in his career.

Sadly, they coincided with
his commercial resurgence and
acceptance as a music biz
personality/looney, a situation
Cale abetted with his increas-
ingly bizarre stage behaviour.

Standing for election to
Seventies Success on an ex-
Velvets platform, his main
issue seemed to be discovering
which side his bread was
battered.

Consequently, the first side
of "Guts", dealing with the
"Slow Dazzle"/"Helen of
Troy" period, consists mainly
of tracks which feature the
calculatedly manic vocal
mannerisms first displayed at
the end of "Fear Is A Man's

JOHN 'Blood From A Leak' CALE

Pic: KATE SIMON



Oh Not Again!

Best Friend", the lunatic
Welshman's own paean to
paranoia.

Such is the way to the hearts
of the people, it appears.

The second side is an
improvement, featuring the
apocalyptic "Heartbreak
Hotel" and the strident
"Gun".

The sleeve information — an
important adjunct to any
compilation — will probably
confuse more people than it
enlightens. After all, what's
the point of knowing that five
drummers appear on the
album, when there's no indica-
tion of who plays what?

"Guts" will probably be
bought in moderate quantities
by Art School students in
search of the Godfather of the
Yankee New Wave. What a
pity.

Andy Gill

JOHN STEVENS AWAY Mazin Ennit (Vertigo)

THIS IS the clincher, the state
of the art defined.

John Stevens Away offer up
for inspection a merger
method that embraces jazz,
rock and more besides with
purposeful equanimity that
makes most illustrious Ameri-
can fusioners seem like the
perfunctory pranksters they
probably are.

A whole clutch of jazzers —
the majority of them ex-Miles
Davis — have simply run out
of room as they've rocked up
in an attempt to widen the
appeal of their music.

Whilst rock players have
been tempted to let none too
fascinating improvisational
ambitions career riotously
through their ventures into
more jazz-inclined territory,

jazzers themselves have prefer-
red to coerce and cramp exper-
tise into banal structures that
rarely merited such misplaced
attentions.

Neither approach has been
spectacularly successful.
Several seasons of frantic
fusioning have produced
unprecedented highs in sales
figures and unprecedented
lows in significant musical
achievement.

Which isn't to suggest that
fundamentals are at fault. By
all means fuse — barriers were
built to be broken down — but
for God's sake do it with some
grace and some real under-
standing of what's involved.

John Stevens has long been
associated with British free
music as leader of the often
cataclysmically innovative
Spontaneous Music Ensemble.

More recently Stevens
drummed with John Martyn
before, laid up out of action for
some months, he began to
consider the possibilities
presented by his work with
Martyn. He also examined the
output of Curtis Mayfield,
Stevie Wonder and other not
strictly jazz black musicians.

The title of Away's second
album, "Somewhere In
Between", was intentionally
apt. It'd be supremely point-
less to try and hustle Away into
any conveniently prefabricated
bracket.

Is "Mazin Ennit" jazzweird
rock or rocksteady jazz? It
doesn't matter much either
way. Far more crucial to
Away's conception is their
sympathetic grasp of the jazz
and rock components needed
to maximise the efficacy of any
mergers going down. Away's
elusive in-between-ness is
precisely what gives them their
dynamism.

From the general to the
particular then — Stevens
doesn't hesitate to use
straightforward 4/4 (or there-
abouts) signatures. But instead
of slicking them out
metronomically, he deftly

JOHN STEVENS

So What?

shuffles the accent, metamor-
phosing a potentially dead-
weight count into mesmeric
fluency.

De drums can be soulful too,
and even if elsewhere here
Stevens' work is more openly
complex, it's so with good
reason and remains satisfyingly
pivotal.

And again there's a constant
source of fascination to be
found in the prehensile interac-
tion of the bassettes of Ron
Herman (acoustic) and Nick
Stephens (electric).

"Away" itself has them
chopping swathes across a
propulsive three-notes-to-the-
phrase figure (you can rock to
it), almost firing the chords at
each other. "Touch Of The
Old" limbers up on their loose,
gagling elasticity and ends
with their splaying out an unac-
companied duet.

The contrast in emphasis
and resonance between the
two types of bass might be self
evident, but that's only a tenth
of the tale told here.

The first side presents six
short pieces in snapshot succe-
ssion. "Sunshine!! Sunshine!!"
carves itself an evocatively
Spanish groove and "Still
Here" lets guitarist David Cole
wangle a delicately fractured
vignette on 12 string.

But it's "Whoops A Daisy"
that sets the seal on Away's
achievement. The cut's snap-
ped into gear by Stevens' clip-
ped march tempo and Cole's
tautly brusque electric
chords. The results are funkier
than any funk I've heard in
aeons.

Flip over to find the lengthy
"God Bless" slotted between
another brace of suitably short
pieces. Part folk song, part
lullabye, "God Bless" rides on
Stevens' effervescent cymbals.

Saxist Robert (not the same)
Calvert huffs a metrical theme,
then streams into a balmy solo
before aggressively dismem-
bering it. Cole emerges from
the unsettling cocoon of his
pulsed chords to splutter
inquisitively into a shamelessly
controlled break.

Who needs pyrotechnics
when the guitar can suggest so
much more played like this,
without recourse to speedwrit-
ing or multifarious treatments?

Both the airy "Light Relief"
and the Balinese-ish "Temple
Music" rely on intense
exchange of rhythmic and
melodic counterpoint (dat's
jazz) between Calvert and
Cole.

In short, there's so much
music here. None of it is
awkward or pretentiously clut-
tered; Stevens is something of
a specialist in the finer arts of
musical spaciousness.

Away music may be a shade
demanding at times but since
when has effort ever spoilt
enjoyment? As Miles Davis
would say, just get up with it.

Angus MacKinnon

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AMAZING RHYTHM ACES

Toucan Do It Too (ABC)
THEIR THIRD record in as many years has produced more aces up this quality band's collective sleeve.

Although staying close to proven Memphis roots the A.R.A. don't conform to any of your standard raunch expectations. Like the criminally ignored Barefoot Jerry this crew could zap as many minds north of Mason-Dixon as they do south of the same.

This is a more adventurous effort than "Too Stuffed To Jump". Barry "Byrd" Burton's boys have eschewed lightening the material for possible adoption by Jesse Winchester and concentrated on developing the style of their "Stacked Deck" debut.

So, Russell Smith, augmented by James H. Brown, Jr., has turned in a gaggle of class material, utilis-

Why A Parrot?

(Well, a toucan anyway.)

ing his custom brand of sardonic humour and sophisticated backwoods ennui; even Bryan Ferry fanatics could dig The Aces without infringing too much on their aplomb.

"Never Been To The Islands", a blues for Howard Hughes, is true to form. A statuesque ballad eulogising the merits of the impossible ideal, kept from being trite by Smith's superbly unhurried drawl and the legit simpatico of the backing.

Burton is something of a revelation this time round, having added to his already considerable electric string abilities.

James Hooker and Billy Earheart meanwhile are developing away from fried up boogie rhythms to something a deal looser. Where they occasionally sounded formal before, The Aces now have instant togetherness in the vein of Los Feat. The more you listen, the more you get.

Russell Smith's favourite trick is to construct a song along conventional lyrical lines and graft a sting, normally witty, but always interesting, to his punch lines.

"Just Between You And Me And The Wall You're A Fool" gets well treated in the manner of J. J. Cale; dry, no holds barred male chauvinism with Burton picking the pacific back-drop to Smith's gruff crack on the cracker barrel.

A tack on swing, "I'm Setting You Free", coasts easy, enough licks to drench your needle. Keeping that country feel is no sweat for Knox Phillips' proteges; coming up with a different angle is also part of the deal.

The low pitched "Geneva's Lullaby" and "Never Been Hurt" are open vehicles for their mood. In fact, a lot of Creole, bourbon and Orleans jazz filters through the Amazing Rhythm Aces' blood, enough to prevent them ever risking that Billy the Kid, geographical truck stop tour of the Southern states syndrome.

Best cut are "Everybody's Talked Too Much" and the title work out with a Toussaint back beat, nice and slow but plenty of cajun soul. At their peak this group can reproduce their country's finest folk ambience and deal it out of a prismatic contemporary sass that does them proud. Bike freaks love them too.

Max Bell



JOHNNIE TAYLOR Rated Extraordinaire (CBS)

YOU MIGHT remember this son of a preacher (Crawfordsville, Arkansas division) from old Stax tracks such as "Who's Making Love" and "Hijackin' Love", after a strictly platonic flirtation with Sam Cooke.

Not much of his original "if-you-leave-me-I'll-break-your-arms-and-cut-your-liver-out-and-then-I'll-kill-you" rasping vibe left, but this is ideal, superior, smooth, slippery wallpaper to be played in the late hours.

The flute-infested, meandering slipstream opening bars of "Your Love Is Rated X" proceed through the bassline which bends sinuously backward into "Stormy".

"Here I Go" finds JT sounding like an adenoid-less Theodore Prendergrass and leads through to the immaculate

discofunk of "Stop Giving People Hard Luck Stories".

This record is sheer, ecstatic relief for anyone who had come to the sad but justified conclusion that the only stuff blacks in suits are putting out nowadays was unrelieved plastic pap.

"Rated X" will irritate purists who recall the Stax days, but corrupted art always sounds more interesting to me. It's interesting for the fact that music has not been sacrificed for production, as seems to be the unhappy fate of most smooth soul.

There's no arm to arm combat between the performer and the backing track; instead the orchestration is kept tight with the use of beautifully disciplined girl singers, a gorgeously menacing re-tread bassline, soaring shoulder-shaking strings and trumpets muted as befits a vinyl harem.

Tracks like "It Ain't What You Do" and "Not Just Another Booty Song" should be blaring out from discotheques across the nation in place of Billy Ocean, Boney M and whatever other corrosive trash our pop-kids are contaminating themselves with nowadays.

Slower nuggets like "And I Panicked" and "Did He Make Love To You?" should become standard friendly persuasion to use on that sweet young thing who's trying to be true to his girlfriend.

"Your Love Is Rated X" and the bitterly beautiful "I'm Just A Shoulder To Cry On" should be acknowledged as contemporary classics.

Julie Burchill

"It's 3.00a.m. and I'm still listening to this album."



Damn you Bert Jansch!

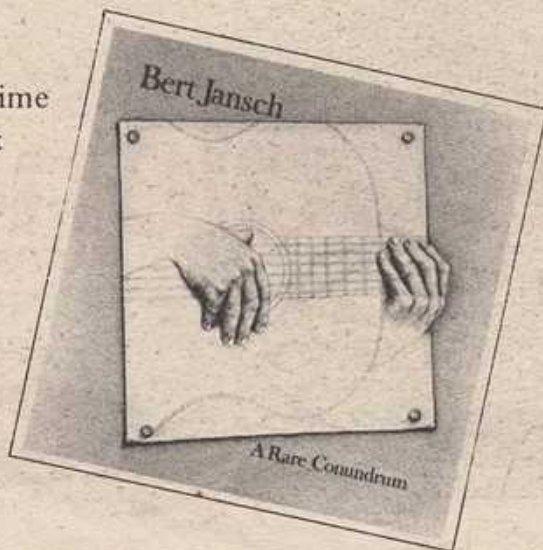
I had you safely filed under Folk — and I don't LIKE Folk. But here I am marvelling at this new album of yours and scrabbling for words to describe it. I suppose what I can't work out is how something so, well — so relaxed — can keep me on the edge of my seat every time I hear it again. But what really keeps me pushing that old repeat button is a growing feeling that I'm listening to an album that's some kind of *definitive best*.

For those, unlike me, who know Bert Jansch and his music, I'm told that this album (as you'll see the title suggests) is something of a conundrum. In one way it represents a break — a step from his recent experimental albums with Charisma — and in another it's a reunion with his earlier, simpler roots.

Anyway, to my ears, it's a *classic* and if you haven't given Bert Jansch a fair hearing, it's time you did. I think you'll be astounded by what you've been missing.

Bert Jansch
'A RARE CONUNDRUM'
IS HIS FINEST

CAS 1127



JERRY LEE LEWIS Nuggets (Charly)

NOT CONTENT with unearthing far more previously unsued recordings from the Sun vaults than those that were released during the label's prime time, and recycling the hits as a matter of course, Charly now begin to gather up the loose ends — those odd flip sides and tracks from long deleted albums that are normally overlooked by less fastidious companies.

It's a noble move, for while there's usually a market for previously unavailable material and always an audience for hits, who buys the odds 'n' sods? Perhaps only a handful of those ardent collectors who have to have everything by their artist, even if it means buying an album just for one or two tracks.

Unless of course the artist in question was consistent enough that it doesn't matter whether the tracks were originally placed on A sides, EPs, LPs or back on the shelf.

Such a character is Jerry Lee. At least, he was when he recorded for Sun in the late 50s/early 60s. If he didn't exactly cut a classic every time he walked into a studio, at least he was always brazenly idiosyncratic enough to ensure that something extraordinary was captured on tape, if only a boozy belch.

Needless to say, this particular compilation, subtitled "16 Rare Tracks", is a fair treat, comprising five A and eight B sides of singles (four of them not released in Britain; only six of them later put on albums; all long deleted) and three tracks drawn from his first two LPs (also long deleted). Handy sleeve notes detail the whys and wherefores.

The variety showcases all of The Killer's extreme moods,

from the vintage rebel rock ("Ubangi Stomp", "It'll Be Me", "Put Me Down") and country ("I'm Feeling Sorry") of the earliest cuts, recorded during his untamed years of initial stardom, to less spontaneous but equally nasty sides like Berry's "Sweet Little Sixteen", Domino's "Hello Josephine" and Jr Parker's "Feelin' Good", reworked by Lewis as "I've Been Twistin'" in 1962, after his fall from grace.

This later period is not often applauded by diehard Lewis fans but other inclusions here show that he was still master of his talent, particularly a sideswipe at other stars of the era, "It Won't Happen With Me".

Celebrating, or rather disguising, that moment in 1958 when he was rejected by uptight Britons for wedding his pubescent cousin, there's the much sought-after "Return Of Jerry Lee", a montage of different tracks with commentary, purporting to capture his arrival home after a triumphant tour of Europe, which was understandably never released here.

Equally rare and in demand is a piano destruction of "In The Mood", for some reason only released in The States and then, mysteriously, as by The Hawk. The flip of this obscurity is also included.

A truckload of little gems then; the only slight downer being that Charly's pressings still leave a lot to be desired.

Cliff White

AL DI MEOLA Elegant Gypsy (Columbia Import)

AL DI MEOLA was bundled out of Return To Forever last autumn. The experience seems to have had a largely beneficial effect; "Elegant Gypsy" is a considerable improvement on "In The Land Of The Midnight Sun", Di Meola's first and somewhat premature solo outing.

A precociously talented guitarist barely into his twenties, Di Meola hasn't yet formulated a wholly idiosyncratic style, even if the fire and fierce intent of his playing are often absorbing.

"Gypsy" has a predominantly Spanish/Latin American feel. This is perhaps best captured on "Mediterranean Sundance", a duet for acoustic guitars. Di Meola and noted flamenco exponent Paco De Lucia swap proudly florid arabesques. The exercise is refreshingly complementary rather than competitive.

Yet Di Meola's still struggling to exorcise the Carlos Santana in him, evidently a formative influence. The sultry "Flight Over Rio", composed by percussionist Mingo Lewis, could be mistaken for a cut off Santana's "Borboletta".

Nonetheless bassist Anthony Jackson, drummer Steve Gadd and Lewis himself swagger insistently under Di Meola's sharp soloing; only Jan Hammer's niggling mini-moog and some inappropriate phasing threaten to bring everything off the boil.

"Race With The Devil On Spanish Highway" hinges on a frantic sparring match between Di Meola's flecked pizzicato spirals and Lenny White's drums; it's one of very few intentionally breathless takes I've heard that doesn't grate.

In contrast the lilting "Lady Of Rome, Sister Of Brazil" features Di Meola alone on acoustic guitars and "Midnight Tango", another group performance, swoons in calmly mentholated fashion.

"Elegant Gypsy Suite" is the longest ensemble piece and inclines slightly towards the self-important. Several of its more intricate themes are left oddly unresolved in the otherwise expansively cosmopolitan drift.

Still, those are small complaints. Di Meola's third offering should see him hit full stride.

Angus MacKinnon

the stranglers

NEW SINGLE

PEACHES

(This is NOT
the B side)

GO BUDDY GO

(This is
NOT the B side either)



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 BE CAREFUL, BABY, BE CAREFUL

Dory Previn
 One A.M. phonecalls



ONE A.M. PHONECALLS

Album UAS 30070, Cassette TCK 30070





Eagles

EMPIRE POOL
WEMBLEY

THE EMPIRE POOL is the hypermarket of rock and roll.

The Eagles were touted shamelessly and without affection in the shape of boring T-shirts and dire 70p programmes; one almost expected to see the clean young consumers pushing wire trolleys through the aisles.

I tried to look like I thought an Eagles aficionado ought to; two Polish coke spoons (one round my neck, one through my ear) and a great deal of rouge in a vain effort to look wholesome. In fact the audience comprised a wide selection of mortals, from young marrieds with blow dried hair to benign long haired. The kind of collection F. Scott might call "not so much lost as unfound".

A full house is conspicuous by its absence, but those disciples present gaze with wonder at the Hotel California backdrop, whose delicate shade of deep puce proves to complement The Eagles' dress sense admirably. The scene resembles nothing so much as a Nuremberg rally equipped with technicolor video and quadrophonic sound.

Last time I graced this unworthy emporium was a couple of weeks ago for the Ninth Wembley Country Festival, where the same indiscriminate anticipatory adoration swamped older faces for older gods. The deification of Loretta Lynn and Conway Twitty can perhaps be blamed on imminent senility, but there's no way those here tonight can be excused.

You thought the Blank Generation hung out at Pistols gigs? Honey, you ain't never seen The Eagles.

And what a sight for sore eyes they are! Glenn Frey, Bernie Leadon, Randy Meisner, Don Henley and the late Joe Walsh, each one of them the stuff of which teen dreams are made!

Hi, England. We're the uh

Eagles from Los Angeles."

Hot stuff, eh kids? Even this is enough to send the audience into paroxysms of appreciation.

"Shucks," says an awed Eagle. Modest boys, eh?

Then out of the blue a plush Palm Court type orchestra appeared with all the calculated shock horror of Lazarus rising from the dead. Gasps. Always ready to be converted, my consort and I grinned and appreciated The Eagles' sense of humour.

Quelle shock; they mean it most sincerely.

Once again, it seems that what were once parodies are now the norm.

But what a norm; "Hotel California", "Victim Of Love", "New Kid In Town", "Best Of My Love", "Take It To The Limit", "Witchy Woman", "Lyn' Eyes", "Desperado", "Already Gone"; all of them beautiful songs, quite chilling in the ivory tower inviolability of their silkscreened sunshine scenario. But by the nature of their near-perfection they're essentially soulless (emotions are, after all, only complications that mess you up and

bring you down). Their fabled heartaches never even penetrate their epidermis.

I stared bleakly at the stage, actually nodding out once or twice during the extended duelling (and gruelling) guitars, which reminded one of the axe debacles which infested Patti Smith's Hammersmith gigs when she and Lenny Kaye battled it out on "Radio Ethiopia". It didn't coagulate with the sterile West Coast elegance of their songs; it was idiot dancing music for idiots who don't dance, and it gave me one huge heavy metal headache. It was like The Blue Oyster Cult at 78 rpm.

They were technically immaculate — apart from the backing vocals on "Witchy Woman", which found them sounding like four score voles had been planted down their collective Levis.

Someone once said that being natural is the biggest pose of all, and this seemed rather regrettably true of The Eagles, who in their denims, ratty long hair and lack of mascara were sadly and studiously crummy looking. In fact, to my mind The Eagles blew it the first time they ever

appeared live; they should have taken a leaf from the Archies' copybook and invented a quartet of beautiful young golden beachboys, as befits the lyrics of the great "Take It Easy" — "Standing on a corner in Winslow Arizona / Such a fine sight to see / It's a girl my lord in a Flatbed Ford / Slowing down to take a look at me" — and the bronzed heartbreaker Davis Cassidy image they push on "Best Of My love".

Remodelled images might also make them worthy of the belles they invariably serenade — "Such a lovely place, such a lovely face", "Beautiful faces and loud empty places", "Raven hair, ruby lips, sparks fly from her fingertips" — irresistible, callous California girls with skins of gold and hearts of stone. Looking as they do, The Eagles aren't believable in their efforts to fulfil our collective fantasies.

I remember Iggy Pop at Aylesbury . . . I was so near the stage that I couldn't hear a word he was saying, but what a thrill to have your face approximately three feet away from the Big Ig's groin. I could hear every word the Eagles emit

ted, but I found it more thrilling to look at my fingernails.

They sing disenchanted hymns to hedonism, sitting on the fence centre stage, neither wishing (as more righteous men might) to burn down the crumbling hacienda, nor wishing (as other types might) to sink or swim with their beloved Babylon.

And the audience seemed to sense this. While wildly appreciative, the fans seemed distinctly unmoved, both physically (no attempts to rush the stage, though that could have been thanks to the security staff, who came on like rejects from King Kong) and emotionally — songs of suicidal love and betrayal were greeted with the same foot-tapping abandon as were celebrations of the warm Californian sun.

For an encore they parted the Red Sea — at least, judging from the applause. As a matter of fact, The Eagles' parting shot as we edged our way warily past the hardcore was "James Dean", which seemed particularly ironic.

The most charitable thing which can be said of The Eagles and their audience is that they deserve each other.

The
Eagles'
prairie
light
fantasia

Jaundiced
journalism:
Julie
Burchill

Pretty
pictures:
Michael
Putland



Pic: PENNIE SMITH



LOU'S A LOSER

(and another fan
bites the dust)

Lou Reed
NEW VICTORIA

IT'S FOUR HOURS since I saw Lou Reed, and I feel like tearing down walls. I wanted brilliance, something to be proud of. I wanted to be able to say, "Eat shit, you suckers (Kent and Murray and every time-warped detractor), Lou Reed had genius. Lou Reed has the power to create emotion."

A sword to wield, to cut up

those ill-considered and reactionary album reviews: "This is for 'Berlin' — savage eloquence — and this is for 'Coney Island Baby' — sparse and biographical — and that's for 'Rock'n'Roll Heart' — creative tension . . ."

I would have given almost anything in the world to be able to say that. There's simply no way I can make you or anybody else understand what Lou Reed means to me. If I said he was my idol I'd still be selling him short.

So why, Lou, when I needed



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

FOR THOSE who like to know what, not how: Lou did "Waiting For My Man," "Sweet Jane," "Rock And Roll Heart," "Run Run Run," "Pale Blue Eyes," "Sally Can't Dance," "Vicious," "Walk On The Wild Side," "Heroin," "Rock'n'Roll," "Satellite Of Love," "Banging On My Drum," "New York Telephone Conversation" and others.

The band, as on the LP, was Michael Fonfara (kbds), Bruce Yaw (bass), Michale Suchorsky (drums), and Marty Fogel (sax) — plus a guitarist called Jeff.

conviction and your depth of vision, did I get lukewarm apathy? I still can't comprehend that lack of effort and faith, that betrayal . . . It was like a nine-to-five rock show.

"Sweet Jane" and "Waiting For My Man," two of the finest songs the guy ever wrote, and all he could do was recite 'em like two-bit nursery rhymes. Old and new, new and old, they all got dragged into the same pit. A contemporary dance classic, "Walk On The Wild Side" — vocal delivery pathetic, Reed just stringing

lines together like a daisy chain. No emphasis, no humour, nothing.

Not that those specific numbers were any worse (or better, than the rest of the set. The whole show was a piece of shit. Sure, sure, his band was very competent. So what? Competence I can live without, inspiration I need.

As far as I'm concerned, Mr. Reed, somewhere along the line you dropped your guts. And that's the bottom line. You can see better gigs in pubs.

John Hamblett

Chi-Lites

THEATRE ROYAL

THE HOUSE LIGHTS dimmed and the musicians took their places. There was a buzz of activity on the darkened stage for a minute or so and then, with a suddenness that shook the audience, the lights went on and a voice came over the PA announcing The Chi-Lites.

The music began simultaneously, perfectly played with no surprises . . . except for one — the drummer had the biggest bass drum I've ever seen, with commensurate sound, a deep thud that you could feel against your ribs rather than hear.

Fronting the band was a lanky fellow with a very average voice and a fondness for "testifyin'" in the great James Brown/Otis Redding manner. He was aided by a bass player and went through little dance steps they obviously lost interest in long ago.

Never having seen The Chi-Lites before, I was under the impression that this was them. I should have known better. When The Chi-Lites eventually came onstage nobody was in any doubt about who they were. The backing band, as they turned out to be, retreated and the offstage voice said Chi-Lites at least five times, as well as telling us that they come from Chicago, Illinois, and what hits they've had and so on. In a flash of white suits, pearly smiles and rhinestone collars they emerged, all five swaying gently in time and singing warm and sweet.

They reminded me of film of The Temptations during the late '60s, hardly surprising because they base their visual style firmly on that group. Their music, though, comes from a much older tradition that The Temps were only a part of. Black vocal groups have been around for years, beginning with gospel and acappella and on through doo-wop, Tamla and even disco (The Ohio Players use five-part singing).

The Chi-Lites came in around the early '70s, riding on the cheap sloganeering of "For God's Sake Give More Power To The People" (which they thankfully didn't play). They went on to produce a handful of classy and classically styled soul ballads, while most around them were busy trying to assimilate Sly and Marvin Gaye.

No great credentials, and I was prepared for a certain amount of schmaltz — but I had hoped to see a bit more dignity. As the show progressed it became painfully obvious that they were struggling: losing Eugene Record (who was responsible for most of those hits, now has a solo contract with Warners and is slated to produce The Staples) last year, seems to have left a creative gap. They made up for it with too much crowd-baiting, too many attempts to work up atmosphere, too much cabaret gloss, and sadly empty music. Although they sang well enough together, none of the three lead vocalists had a distinctive voice and the band was no more than perfunctory.

The lengths they went to were sometimes acutely embarrassing; like when they invited some girls from the audience to stand around on stage and look cute while they sang "Homely Girl" — more cloying than touching.

It had its moments, though; whenever the bassman, Doc Robinson, sang a line in his deep husky voice, the female contingent of the audience started giggling and screaming like schoolgirls (which a lot of them were). He also scored the most applause when it came to introductions time, along with delighted gasps when he did his bit (and I thought being a rock star was a good way to get laid).

If the show was basically a limp soul cabaret (definitely cabaret — most of the dates they're playing are residencies at clubs in the north) then it ought to be said that it still showed a lot more spirit than any white counterpart. But if I wanted to see a soul group make it gracefully into the '70s I wouldn't choose The Chi-Lites.

Paul Rambali



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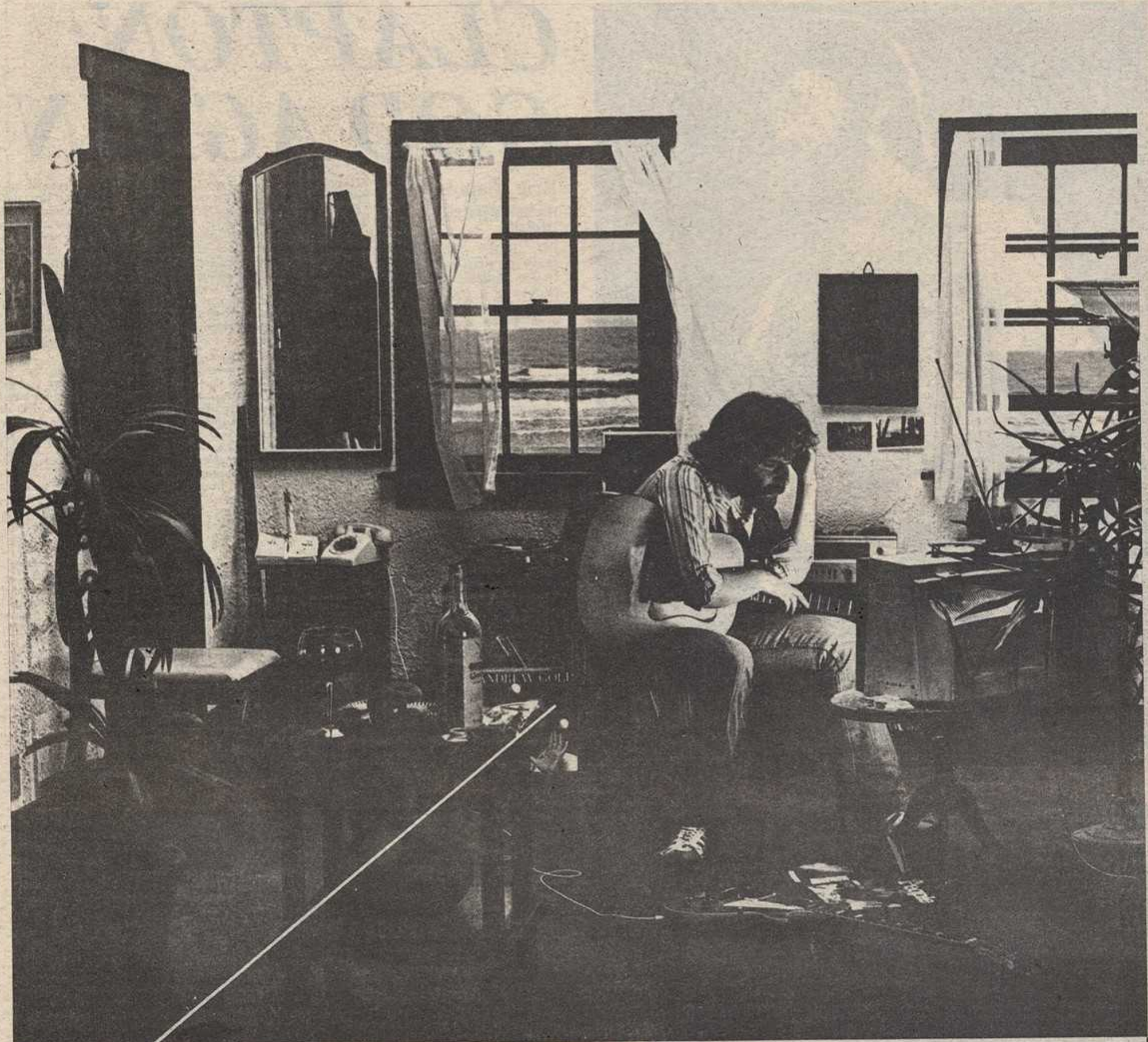
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ERIC CLAPTON at Hammersmith

Pic: STEVE EMBERTON

CLAPTON: GOD AGAIN

Eric Clapton HAMMERSMITH ODEON

I'D BEEN FEELING peaky all week long, see, restless, listless, unable to partake of a good night's kip, nervy and all — I'd even stolen a bunch of Mogadons from the old girl who lived down the hall — but they'd done buggar-all. I was dang near to taking desperate measures . . . when one day, bleary-eyed in the office, the reviews editor innocently informed me about two concerts up-and-coming that immediately sounded like a potential balm to my frazzled nerve-ends.

One was ol' Lou Reed — better known to you all as the most boring man on the face of this blighted earth — whose turgid Mondo Pervo routines would doubtless provide my wretched condition with the reprieve of at least a good three or four hour snooze down in the stalls. Only problem was — apparently Lou hated my guts to the point where he'd ordered all powers-that-be to block my entry into any of his wretched shows. Naturally actually paying to see the old gizzard was right out of the question, so I turned my sights to going down to

Hammersmith to get a shot of shut-eye at the expense of Eric Clapton. It was strictly for reviewing purposes, mark you, but I reckoned I could drag together a decent slither of cheap chortle fodder to keep you peons out there chuckling away merrily enough to distract you from the review's complete lack of on-the-spot blow-by-blow action and hardy critical perceptions.

I mean, Eric Clapton! Everytime I'd bothered to read through a review of him since his narcotic-free resurrection he'd come out sounding like some old lush ploughing through music that zipped giddily from the laid-back to the laid-out with only an able-bodied faceless back-drop combo keeping him from making a total ass of himself.

Relief for my condition, I remarked, was close at hand. 'Course, before the gig I took the precaution of bumming a handful of Valium 5's from a friend to put me in the right frame of mind, knocking 'em all back in the bog before entering the theatre to be treated to the tail-end of Ronnie Lane's Slim Chance set. Rumour had it that Ron himself was not averse to draining a fair few bevvies of an evening, so it came as some surprise to see his slight frame perfectly co-ordinating itself, and commanding what can only be described as yer archetypal good time band.

Sheesh, he even put the capo on the right fret first time round for his rendition of the old Faces chestnut "Ooh La La", his final song of the evening. I also noted that former band's "Debris" performed, as well as Lane's solo mini-hit "How Come". Anyway, they sounded most melodious to these ears, and I wished I'd arrived earlier to hear more of Mr. Lane's pleasingly undemanding toons.

Oh, and by the way — wasn't that rather bovine figure seated behind the grand piano directly to the right of Lane throughout the set none other than Ian Stewart, the proverbial "sixth Rolling Stone" himself? Checking out new frontiers and options while your old crew are fighting tooth-and-nail to stay united, Mr Stewart? Probably not, but that sort of crap proposition always make for good hack copy.

Lane's beaming cohorts exited without the benefit of an encore, even though the crowd reaction reasonably warranted one. Meantime I settled into a vaguely comfortable position in order to contemplate my imminent journey into the Land of Nod, and the house lights dimmed again, causing all the hyper-trendies in the audience (and there were more sveltely dressed folks in this audience than at any other I can recently recall) to race back to their seats.

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The first geezer to walk out into the stage-gloom was actually Eric Clapton — I could tell that beard and haircut anywhere — though his style of dress and general gait were quite the opposite of what I'd come to expect. No staggering around, vacantly looking for an input for his guitar-lead — he casually strolled on, dressed in a slightly garish dark velvet suit, extravagant speckled waist coat, white trousers, natty cravat — hardly the old Andy Capp plastic mac drag he used to turn up in.

With the minimum of fuss, the band launched into "Hello Old Friend" — totally inconsequential "mellow" pop pap on record but performed live with enough vim to warrant attention. Clapton played acoustic throughout, leaving lead embellishment to an almost bashfully reticent George Terry, while girl singers Yvonne Elliman and Marcia Levy wailed in stereotyped "soulful" wails to punctuate the chorus. It sounded... uh, pleasant.

Clapton held onto his acoustic guitar for three more numbers, pacing the set gradually with songs like the old traditional "Alberta" (a first for our Eric?) and the baleful (i.e. boring) "All Our Past Times" (like "Friend", from the inconsequential "No Reason To Cry") where Terry took over the Rick Danko call-and-response vocal.

I was just about to slump off at this point, when there was this huge communal yowl of joy which quite shook me. I looked up in time to witness the first *piece de resistance* — our El, as Ronnie Lane called him, taking off his jacket and slinging on a nifty-looking black and white Telecaster — a gesture that at this point seemed to rival Jesus Christ's feeding of the 5,000.

The guitar hero, he lives and

breathes still — and doesn't have to play a note for an immediate standing ovation, so it appears. Cynicism was taking the place of potential somnambulism over at Row N Stall 49... until Clapton actually started playing. And suddenly, after the first flurry of notes had been ushered forth, one realised that Clapton still had the magic.

The rest of Clapton's set was stirring enough, in fact, to destroy all smirking cynicism regarding the geezer's supposedly dormant talent. I forget the actual sequence, but he drove the band through "Stormy Monday Blues", "Farther On Up The Road", and a sudden thrilling burst of "Crossroads" (performed strictly after the style of the pre-Cream Powerhouse) with Clapton's guitar-work bearing none of that over-amped Marshall tempestuousness, but a far more austere, elegantly raunchy approach which in fact typified just about all his playing that night.

No Freddie/Albert King rip-offs, but a far more personalised, thoughtfully rough approach, each note making its mark. Watershed points were strictly when the two girl singers were given their rein. Yvonne Elliman over-emoted on the ultra-poignant "Can't Find My Way Home", while Marcia Levy has yet to differentiate between the archetypal gospel yell and real blues/soul-singing when she performs "Nobody Loves You When You're Down And Out".

Otherwise it was strictly Clapton's show. "I Shot The Sheriff" gave real guts to the comparatively tepid "Ocean Boulevard" version and a pleasant first encore of "Willie & The Hand Jive" (featuring Patti Harrison and Ronnie Lane's Missus as the Harlots — very fetching) which suddenly

Bad Co. burn through USA

Bad Company

DENVER, COLORADO

WHEN AN AMERICAN band tours England they come under close scrutiny, due to the condensed geographic area and media coverage. But in the sprawling States there are pockets of listeners throughout the Midwest who never recovered from the initial English Invasion, and they'll gobble up product by anyone with an accent these 13 years later.

That's why groups like Bad Company just love to tour over here. They were guaranteed celebrity status from the moment their first Swansong press release was printed up.

The current plan is simple: play a lot of dates in a lot of

segued into a wonderful "Layla".

Yeah, it was all jolly good fun and if I ever run into ole' Eric I'll be proud to let him buy me a drink.

Oh, I forgot to tell you, those valiums just turned out to be leapers. I've been up for days since.

Christ, I guess I'll have to wait for the new Cat Stevens album to put me out of my misery.

Nick Kent

large halls and push the new material from the latest elpee, "Burnin' Sky", which seems to mark a crossroads of sorts in their career. Their appealing brand of suave, aggressive thud carried them through three successful albums/tours, but on "Burnin' Sky" there's a hint of the "striking out in new directions" muse.

At the opening date of the tour in Denver, though, some ominous signs loomed. The crowd was as rabid as the Midwest can offer, but McNichols Arena (capacity around 14-16,000) was only two-thirds full, hardly reminiscent of past triumphantly packed houses.

The new material was also greeted with less enthusiasm than the band's classics. Admittedly, lack of familiarity by the audience contributed to the letdown, but when it reaches a point where the crowd yells "Bring out the goddam piano" in the middle of a slow piece, there's an extreme gap to be bridged.

When the goddam piano was brought out, Paul Rodgers sat down and "Bad Company" returned the crowd to a fever pitch. No doubt about it, these guys have quite a repertoire; they're just having problems expanding it.

Rodgers presented a fine sartorial image with his leather pants and cropped hair, and he sang even better. Mick Ralphs is still a wall-of-sound master chorder, and Boz Burrell, in his cowboy duds, looked like he'd stepped right out of the Colorado audience onto the stage.

Drummer Simon Kirke promised in a pre-tour interview that there would be no flashpots or lasers in the new show, but a white backdrop and an array of stage lights added to the visual presentation. Kirke's drum solo was augmented with a very effec-

PAUL RODGERS in Colorado



tive barrage of syncopated lighting.

Yet, a very quizzical night: after alternating their indifferently received new tunes with powerful versions of the favourites, Bad Company let the audience scream five minutes for an encore,

returned for a perfunctory "Honey Chile", and brought up the house lights. They might be "Burnin' Through America," but the American energy crisis would seem to be affecting even our most respected visitors.

G Brown

FLASHES

AFTER A BRIEF rest from live gigs to regroup their forces, and a run-in tour of Scandinavia, THE KURSAAL FLYERS are once again touting their particular brand of Southend rock around the British boards. At Sheffield University on Saturday they played a moderately auspicious set to a small but mildly hysterical audience, interspersing old favourites like "One Arm Bandit", "Modern Lovers" and "Little Does She Know" with nine new numbers like "The Questionnaire" ("for all you *Mirabelle* readers"), typically redolent of the tacky camp and good humour which has long since become their trademark.

Graeme Douglas's replacement, the lanky Barry Martin, settled in well, lending their sound a harsher edge than before. Paul Shuttleworth, visually rather reminiscent of Ian Drury nowadays, was as cheerfully zany as ever; and Vic Collins continued to show that the pedal steel guitar needn't necessarily sound as tearfully wimpish as in most country music, following ex-Burrito Al Perkins' lead in extending its possibilities into rock. A good time, as they say, was had by all. Nice to have them back.

Andy Gill

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| 11 | Bury St. Edmonds | |
| | West Suffolk College | 21 |
| 12 | Sound Circus, London | |
| 13 | Scarborough Penthouse | |

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 BIRMINGHAM MOSELEY Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
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 EXETER University: CARAVAN
 EXETER Zhivago's: McARTHUR PARK
 GLASGOW Apollo Centre: ROGER McGUINN'S THUNDERBYRD / CHRIS HILLMAN BAND / GENE CLARK BAND
 GRANGEMOUTH Town Hall: CADO BELLE
 GREAT YARMOUTH Racecourse: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
 HAVANT Black Dog: BILL CADDICK
 HAYWARDS HEATH The Pilgrim: AMAZORBLADES
 HELSTON R.A.F. Cudrose: UNCLE PO
 HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
 HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: QUANTUM JUMP
 JACKSDALE Grey Topper: BETHNAL
 KENDAL Zion Chapel: SPINNERS
 LANCASTER New Planet City: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
 LEEDS New Pentagon: MUSCLES
 LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: THE CLASH
 LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LITTLE BOB STORY
 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RAYMOND FROGGATT / SIDEWINDER
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 LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: CHARLIE FEATHERS
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARREN HARRY
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 LONDON New Victoria Theatre: MARINELLA (top Greek singer)
 LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: LOOSE CHANGE
 LONDON Rainbow Theatre: ELTON JOHN
 LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: LUCY
 LONDON Tooting The Castle: PAINTED LADY
 LONDON W1 Gulliver's Club: SPITERI
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 SUTTON COLDFIELD Dog Inn: STAGE FRIGHT
 TAUNTON Technical College: DRAGONS
 WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: ROCK ISLAND LINE



Right:
SHAKTI

NILS
LOFGREN

NATIONWIDE GIG

HIGHLIGHTS

● NILS LOFGREN is back for another British concert tour and, judging from advance ticket demand, it's certain to be a sell-out. And there's a special bonus in the guest appearance at all venues of TOM PETTY and the Heartbreakers, one of the hottest outfits on the U.S. circuit right now. In our humble estimation, a not-to-be-missed package—and it kicks off at Cardiff (Sunday), Lancaster (Monday) and Birmingham (Wednesday), with Lofgren also doing "Whistle Test" on Tuesday.

● SHAKTI, John McLaughlin's current band, are also here for a string of concerts. Not everyone's taste, maybe—but if you can appreciate the complexities of superb musicianship framed in an Indian setting, you'll get your fill from this unique act. First dates are at Oxford (Saturday), London (Sunday) and Birmingham (Wednesday).

● GILBERT O'SULLIVAN hasn't been on the British concert trail for more than two years, but he's rectifying that with a series of solo gigs this month. And 'solo' is the operative word, because he'll have no other backing apart from his own piano playing. Initially his travels take him to Brighton (Friday), York (Saturday), Oxford (Sunday) and Lancaster (Wednesday).

● THE CLASH are headlining what is probably the biggest new-wave tour to date, in terms of the major venues being visited. It occupies the whole of May, and this week finds them at Liverpool (Thursday), Aberdeen (Friday), Edinburgh (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday), London Rainbow (Monday) and Kidderminster (Tuesday). For the London and Edinburgh gigs, they're topping an impressive package which also includes The Jam, Buzzcocks and Subway Sect.

● CARAVAN are playing three university gigs this weekend with their revised line-up, featuring bassist Dek Messacar in place of Mike Wedgwood.

They're at Exeter (Thursday), Cardiff (Friday) and Nottingham (Saturday)—then, after a spell on the Continent, there'll be more British dates during the first half of June.

● RONNIE LANE and Slim Chance played a string of concerts last month as special guests on the Eric Clapton tour, but now they're going on the road in their own right—and you can catch them at Dundee (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Redcar (Sunday) and Sheffield (Wednesday). They're topping the bill, with Sparrow as support act.

● FRANKIE MILLER's Full House had a hectic time on the gig circuit earlier this year but, after a few weeks' break, they're now starting on the second leg of their 1977 tour. Dates this weekend are at Liverpool (Friday), Aylesbury (Saturday) and Maidenhead (Sunday), with plenty more to come during the remainder of the month.

● RALPH McTELL has also been well in evidence already this year, but his winter tour was confined to college gigs. The second part of his trek, starting at Brighton on Tuesday, is devoted to the major concert halls.

● FAIRPORT CONVENTION play a series of selected dates this month, to aid promotion of their new album "Bonny Bunch of Roses". Just two gigs this week—at Coventry (Thursday) and Bangor (Saturday), but plenty more to come. Note that they have now restored the 'Convention' to the name, after dropping it for a few months last year.

● ACE play a one-off London concert on Sunday. It's their only British gig, following the cancellation of all their provincial dates, as reported by NME last week. Support acts are Sassafras and Bees Make Honey.

● MUD are also back on stage this week. Currently appearing at Batley Variety Club until Saturday, they open a short concert tour at Southport on Sunday.

● FRANKIE VALLI and the Four Seasons complete their sell-out British tour with gigs at Blackpool (Thursday), Sheffield (Friday) and Manchester (Saturday).

MARY LOU TURNER/THE PO' FOLKS/BERNI FLINT
 IRONACTON Acton Lodge: HOLLYWOOD
 KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: JOHN LEONARD & JOHN SQUIRE
 LANGLEY College of Further Education: MUSCLES
 LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
 LEEDS Polytechnic: GRYPHON
 LEICHTON BUZZARD The Swan: TEQUILA
 LICHFIELD Old Crown: PETE QUIN
 LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIR
 LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
 LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: FABULOUS POODLES
 LONDON Central Polytechnic: TOM ROBINSON BAND
 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BEES MAKE HONEY / PAY ROLL
 LONDON DOWNHAM Saxon Tavern: TRAPEZE
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: SOUNDER
 LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: MOON
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 LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: NEIL INNES & FATSO
 LONDON Marquee Club: MOTORS
 LONDON New Victoria Theatre: MARINELLA (top Greek singer)
 LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: SAMMY MITCHELL BLUES BAND
 LONDON Rainbow Theatre: ELTON JOHN
 LONDON REGENT'S PARK Bedford College: 90° INCLUSIVE / THE DARTS
 LONDON Royal College of Art: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / HEADBANGER & THE NOBLEBLEDS / THE DRONES
 LONDON Southbank Polytechnic: LIAR
 LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: DAVE BERRY & THE CLEVELAND COUNTY BAND
 LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DOWNLINERS SECT
 LONDON University Northampton College: PIRATES / BABE RUTH / CASINO / HUMPHREY LYTTLETON
 LONDON W1 Speakeasy: INTER-CITY UNION
 MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: CHUCK BERRY / FLYING SAUCERS
 MANCHESTER Electric Circus: BETHNAL
 MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: JOHNNY MATHIS
 MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: THERAPY / DAVE CARTWRIGHT
 MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: OZO
 NEWCASTLE Incegnito: JIMMY HELMS
 NOTTINGHAM Victoria Leisure Centre: GENERATION X / CHELSEA / THE MODELS / ALTERNATIVE TV
 OXFORD Westminster College: HERON
 READING University: BILL ODDIE / PACIFIC EARDRUM
 SALFORD University: MR. BIG
 SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: JENNY HAAN'S LION
 SHEFFIELD City Hall: FRANKIE VALLI & THE FOUR SEASONS
 SOUTHAMPTON Joiners Arms: BOB DAVENPORT
 STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: LITTLE BOB STORY
 WAKEFIELD Tiffany's: CISSY STONE
 WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: SLADE
 WORCESTER College of Education: WARREN HARRY

SATURDAY

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: VICTOR BROX
 BLUES TRAIN
 ANDOVER Country Bumpkin: TOBY
 ASCOTT UNDER WYCHWOOD Folk Club: ROY

BAILEY
 AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
 BANGOR University: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
 BARROW Maxim's Disco: JIMMY HELMS
 BATH Pavilion: JAKE THACKRAY
 BICESTER Gobles Restaurant: FLAKY PASTRY
 BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: LITTLE BOB STORY
 BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: BILL ANDERSON / MARY LOU TURNER AND THE PO'FOLKS/BERNI FLINT
 BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare and Hounds: PIGSTY HILL LIGHT ORCHESTRA
 BIRMINGHAM University: WIDOWMAKER
 BOLTON Nevada Ballroom: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
 BOLTON Technical College: KRAKATOA
 BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: BILLY CONNOLLY
 BRADFORD University: BILL ODDIE/PACIFIC EARDRUM
 BRIGHTON Embassy Cinema: VIBRATORS
 BRISTOL Bamboo Club: DELROY WILSON
 BRISTOL Granary: KRAKATOA
 BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: AIRGOLD
 CANTERBURY Odeon: RICHARD AND LINDA THOMPSON/RICHARD DIGANCE
 CHESTER ABC Theatre: BRUCE FORSYTH
 COLCHESTER Essex University: ROCKY RICKETTS SHOW/DRAGONS
 COVENTRY College of Education: THE MOVIES
 COVENTRY Sportsman's Arms: STAGE FRIGHT
 CROMER West Runton Pavilion: ROKOTTO / BANDITO
 DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: FUMBLE
 EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre: THE CLASH/JAM / BUZZCOCKS/SLITS/SUBWAY SECT
 EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: RAY STUBBS
 EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: BETHNAL
 EXETER Zhivago's: McARTHUR PARK
 FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: HERON
 GLASGOW Apollo Centre: SHADOWS
 GLASGOW Strathclyde University: RONNIE LANE'S SLIM CHANCE
 GLOUCESTER Roundabout: HOLLYWOOD
 HADDENHAM Village Hall: WEBB'S WONDERS
 HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: MR. BIG
 HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: BEES MAKE HONEY/STUKAS
 KIRKBY-IN-ASHFIELD Festival Hall: SECOND HAND BAND/PELICAN
 HUDDERSFIELD New Theatre Club: RICO RODRIGUES
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 LIVERPOOL University: GEORGE MELLY AND THE FEETWARMERS
 LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: HOMBRE
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 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TYLA GANG/WOODS BAND
 LONDON EDGWARE St. Margaret's Church: EKKLESIA
 LONDON EDMONTON Angel Community Centre: KITES
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: FANATICS
 LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: STRUTTERS
 LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: NEIL INNES AND FATSO
 LONDON National Theatre Foyer: MIRIAM BACKHOUSE
 LONDON N.1 Weavers Arms: ONE HAND CLAPPING
 LONDON Rainbow Theatre: ELTON JOHN
 LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: HEATWAVE
 LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BRETT MARVIN AND THE BLIMPS

LONDON University Union: WAYNE COUNTY AND THE ELECTRIC CHAIR
 LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: VIKI VAKI (from Iceland)
 LONDON W.C.1 Bull and Mouth: BOB DAVENPORT
 LUDLOW Castle Suite: DAVE BERRY AND THE CLEVELAND COUNTY BAND
 MALVERN Foley Arms: UNCLE PO
 MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: FRANKIE VALLI AND THE FOUR SEASONS
 MANCHESTER Electric Circus: CADO BELLE
 MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: SLADE
 MANCHESTER University: KEVIN AYERS BAND/GRYPHON
 MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: HIGH MILEAGE
 MILTON KEYNES Outdoor Show: MIKE WESTBROOK BAND
 NORTHAMPTON County Ground: JENNY HAAN'S LION
 NOTTINGHAM Kirby Festival (afternoon) doubling Boat Club (evening): JOBE ST. DAY
 NOTTINGHAM University: CARAVAN
 OXFORD Polytechnic: SHAKTI featuring JOHN McLAUGHLIN
 PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: MEAL TICKET/DAVE TURNER
 PORTSMOUTH Tricorn Club: SOUL DIRECTION
 SHEFFIELD University: THE PIRATES/QUANTUM JUMP
 SOUTHAMPTON University: IAN GILLAN BAND / STRAPPS
 SOUTHPORT New Theatre: JOHNNY MATHIS
 STOKES Etruria Rose and Crown: MARTIN SIMPSON
 STRODE Theatre: STRETCH
 SUNDERLAND Empire: CHUCK BERRY/FLYING SAUCERS
 THATCHAM Hamilton's Club: RADIATOR
 TUDMORDEN Bay Horse Inn: SOX
 TONBRIDGE Harvesters: AMAZORBLADES
 TONYPANDY Royal Naval Club: RUFF HANDFUL
 WEYBRIDGE National College of Food: CASINO
 WOLVERHAMPTON Coach and Horses: BULLETS
 WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: FABULOUS POODLES
 WOLVERHAMPTON Three Mile Oak: WARHEAD
 WORCESTER Bank House: BARRY O'BRIEN AND RITA DESMOND
 YORK University: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN

SUNDAY

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: GYGAF / FLYING ACES
 AYLESBURY Kings Head: DIAMOND DOG
 BARROW Maxim's Club: KICKS
 BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SNEAKERS
 BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
 BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
 BLACKBURN King George's Hall: NUTZ / WIDOW-MAKER
 BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: DETONATORS
 BURY ST. EDMUNDS Focus Cinema: NEW SEEKERS
 CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: NILS LOFGREN / TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS
 CARLISLE Market Hall: BILL ODDIE / PACIFIC EARDRUM
 COLCHESTER Embassy Suite: F.B.I.
 COVENTRY Theatre: BRUCE FORSYTH
 CROYDON Greyhound: MR. BIG
 DORKING Halls: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
 DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall: IAN GILLAN BAND / STRAPPS
 HARTLEPOOL Nursery Inn: JIM SHARPE
 HITCHIN Talisman Hotel: BILL CADDICK
 LEEDS Polytechnic: KEVIN AYERS BAND
 LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: CHUCK BERRY / FLYING SAUCERS
 LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: DON SHEPHERD
 LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: COME ALL YE

GUIDE



TOM PETTY



GILBERT O'SULLIVAN



RONNIE LANE

LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: ACE / BEES
MAKE HONEY / SASSAFRAS
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED
LADY
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: BILL
ANDERSON / MARY LOU TURNER / THE PO' FOLKS / BERNI FLINT
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: SHAKIN'
STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JOHN
OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BEES
MAKE HONEY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SPITERI
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: MATCHBOX
LONDON Mermaid Theatre: BOWLES BROS. BAND
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: SHAKTI featuring
JOHN McLAUGHLIN
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
TUSH
LONDON Victoria Palace: MARIAN MONT-
GOMERY
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: FRANKIE MILLER'S
FULL HOUSE
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE CLASH
MIDDLEBROUGH Town Hall: KURSALL FLYERS
/ MOTORS
MILTON KEYNES Outdoor Show: MIKE
WESTBROOK BAND
NEWBRIDGE Memo: RUFF HANDFUL
NEWCASTLE City Hall: SLADE
NOTTINGHAM Crown Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: VALKYRIE
OXFORD New Theatre: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: BILLY CONNOLLY
POYNTON Folk Centre: NEW CELESTE
PRESTON Guildhall: SHADOWS
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: RONNIE LANE'S SLIM
CHANCE
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
ROMFORD Albermarle Club: WINDOW
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: JUDAS PRIEST
SOLIHULL Civic Hall: GRYPHON
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: DIAMOND JACK
BAND / PANACEA
SOUTHPORT Floral Hall: MUD
WATFORD Palace Theatre: DENNIS WATERMAN
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: FRANKIE VALLI
& THE FOUR SEASONS

MONDAY

BIRMINGHAM Parosol: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
BOSTON Folk Club: ROBIN DRANSFIELD
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: GLITTER BAND
BRISTOL Granary: CORTINAS/BOYFRIENDS
CANTERBURY Eliot College: PIRATES
CHESTER Quaintways: FLYING ACES
COLCHESTER Windmill Hotel: SHABBY TIGER
DONCASTER Outlook Club: SPLIT ENZ
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: SLADE
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE
STOMPERS
LANCASTER University: NILS LOFGREN/TOM
PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: TOM ROBINSON
BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: HERON
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: FANATICS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: CUCKOO
LONDON Marquee Club: MOTORS
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: PETE QUIN
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: DAVE KELLY/
JOHN DUMMER BLUES BAND
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: SUNDAY BAND
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: THE CLASH/THE JAM/
SUBWAY SECT / BUZZCOCKS / THE PREFECTS

LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
OUT OF THE BLUE
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: SHADOWS
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: AMERICAN
AUTUMN
MARGATE Winter Gardens: HEATWAVE
SHEFFIELD City Hall: BRUCE FORSYTH
STAINES The Phoenix: DAVE BURLAND
ST. ALBANS City Hall: KURSALL FLYERS
SUTTON COLDFIELD Good Hope Hospital:
MUSCLES
TOLWORTH Toby Jug: STRIPJACK
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: BILLY CONNOLLY

TUESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SPLIT ENZ
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRIGHTON Dome: RALPH McTELL/MAGNA
CARTA
BRIGHTON Top Rank: JENNY HAAN'S LION
CARDIFF Top Rank: KEVIN AYERS BAND
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: JAKE THACKRAY
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: SIDEWINDER
KIDDERMINSTER Town Hall: THE CLASH
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CHARLIE
FEATHERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden:
FURY/SLIPKNOT
LONDON HAMPTSTEAD Three Horshoes: BILL
CADDICK
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SOUNDER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: STRUT-
TERS
LONDON KILBURN The National: FUREY
BROTHERS/DAVEY ARTHUR/CLANNAD
LONDON N.I. The Bell: TOBY
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour:
STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ROOGALATOR-
TUKAS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
TENDERFOOT
MANCHESTER CHORLTON Oaks Hotel: THE
VIBRATORS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: SHADOWS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: MUSCLES
PLYMOUTH Castaways: HEATWAVE
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: BILLY CONNOLLY
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: DEL ROY WILSON
SHEFFIELD University: BILL ODDIE/PACIFIC
EARDRUM
STIRLING University: VIN GARBUTT
SUTTON COLDFIELD The Crown: STAGE FRIGHT
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: WIDOWMAKER
WATFORD Theatre & Arts Centre: PETE QUIN
WELWYN GARDEN CITY The Fountain: LOL
COXHILL
WOKINGHAM King of Clubs: EL SEVEN
YEovil Johnson Hall: MR. BIG

WEDNESDAY

BASILDON Towngate Theatre: KURSALL FLYERS/
MOTORS
BIRMINGHAM Bogart's: JOBE ST. DAY
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: NILS LOFGREN / TOM
PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BIRMINGHAM St. Peter's College: GARBO
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: SHAKTI featuring JOHN
McLAUGHLIN
BRADFORD University: BETHNAL
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
BURY ST. EDMUNDS West Suffolk College: QUAN-
TUM JUMP
CAMBRIDGE Lady Mitchell Hall: RICHARD &
LINDA THOMPSON / RICHARD DIGANCE
CHALFONT ST. GILES Merlins Cave: STRANGER
COVENTRY Warwick University: BERNARD
WRIGLEY
DARLINGTON Incognito: FABULOUS POODLES
DONCASTER Outlook Club: MUSCLES
DUBLIN Stadium: IAN GILLAN BAND / STRAPPS
GRANGEMOUTH International Hotel: MEDIUM
WAVE BAND
HADLEIGH White Lion: BILL CADDICK
HIGH WYCOMBE Chiltern Hundreds Club: LIVER-
POOL EXPRESS
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: SLADE
JERSEY West Park Pavilion: BILLY CONNOLLY
KEELE University: KEVIN AYERS BAND
LANCASTER University: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
LEICESTER Polytechnic: WIDOWMAKER
LIVERPOOL Stadium: JUDAS PRIEST
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: VIBRATORS
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: X-RAY SPEX
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: OTIS
WAYGOOD BAND / BERNIE TORME
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: TOM ROBIN-
SON BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor:
ROOGALATOR
LONDON Marquee Club: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LONDON PADDINGTON Fangs Disco: THE
CHANTS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
LEE JACKSON'S STRIPJACK
LONDON TOTTENHAM White Hart: TOBY
LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post: STRANG-
ERS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: AMAZOR-
BLADES
PETERSFIELD Mercury Club: FLYING ACES
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: BILL ANDERSON /
MARY LOU TURNER / THE PO' FOLKS / BERNI
FLINT
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: WILTS COWNTY
COUNCIL
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: RONNIE LANE'S SLIM
CHANCE
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL
EAST SIDE STOMPERS
WICK Mercury Motor Inn: VIN GARBUTT
WINCHESTER King Alfred College: JOHNNY THUN-
DER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: FURY
WORCESTER Bank House: LITTLE ACRE

RESIDENCIES

BATH Theatre Royal: "GODSPELL"
 Week from Monday
BEDFORD Nite Spot: RON MOODY
 Tuesday (10) for five days
BIRMINGHAM Kings Club: SCARLET JADE
 Week from Sunday
BRISTOL Crookers: BACK TO BACK
 Monday for three days
DUBLIN Fiesta Club: SACHA DISTEL
 Week from Monday
LONDON DRURY LANE New London Theatre:
 "LIONEL"
 with MARIAN MONTGOMERY / ADRIENNE
 POSTA etc.
 Monday for a season
LONDON Palladium: JOHNNY MATHIS
 Week from Monday
MANCHESTER Golden Garter: FOUR TOPS
 Week from Monday
STOKE Bailey's: JAMES & BOBBY PURIFY
 Thursday for three days
WATFORD Bailey's: JAMES & BOBBY PURIFY
 Week from Sunday

TV RADIO

WITH ITS summer break just around the corner, BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" is pulling out all stops to cram in as much as possible in the few remaining shows. Next Tuesday, for instance, Nils Lofgren and the newly re-formed Small Faces share the billing — and you couldn't wish for a much stronger line-up than that.

The same channel's Friday night series "Jazz From Montreux" also excels itself this weekend. There's the Crusaders, that outstanding veteran modern jazz outfit (if you'll excuse the anachronism). And they're joined in the show by Prime exponents of jazz-rock the Billy Cobham-George Duke Band.

On Thursday, BBC-2 screens the first of five programmes called "Sing Country", featuring highlights from the Easter Country Music Festival at Wembley. Don Williams, the Dillards and Crystal Gayle are in the first show.

And to complete the BBC-2 picture, there are further repeats of "Monty Python" and Spike Milligan's "Q.6" on Monday.

The best BBC-1 can offer is the delayed Eurovision Song Contest on Saturday, salvaged from the recent cameramen's dispute. If you can sit through nearly two hours of that, even with Lynsey de Paul and Mike Moran singing for Britain, you've got infinitely more stamina than I have. By the way, to make way for this marathon, this week's "That's Life" switches to Sunday.

Fast-rising Northern band Sad Cafe are showcased in Granada-TV's "So It Goes Concerts" on Sunday, filmed during a rehearsal session. It can only be seen in certain ITV areas, though.

On the full commercial network, guests in Monday's "Little And Large Tellyshow" are the Four Tops, Suzi Quatro and John Christie; and Wednesday's "Get It Together" features Mud, Jesse Green, Rags and Katie Budd. Also on Wednesday, the second series of "Rock Follies" is now under way, while the "Muppet Show" continues its repeat run on Saturday or Sunday according to region.

Top of the ITV list this week is Saturday's episode of "All You Need Is Love", which looks at the early days of rock'n'roll, with the emphasis on Elvis Presley and Bill Haley. Also seen on film are Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Little Richard, Chuck Berry, Chubby Checker, Gene Vincent, Cliff Richard, Tommy Steele, Terry Dene and Lonnie Donegan.

Racing Cars top the bill in Radio 1's "In Concert" (Saturday 6.30pm) with Catherine Howe also in evidence.

Tonight (Thursday) on Radio 2 there's the Ted Heath Band at 7.30; more excerpts from the Wembley Country Festival in "Country Club" (8.30); and the Yetties in "Folkweave" (10.05).

Over on Radio Luxembourg, the "Best Of The Faces" double album get an hour of Wednesday's airtime, starting at 9.30pm.

DEREK JOHNSON

LYNSEY DE PAUL
& MIKE MORAN
Eurovision, Saturday

ARCHIE SHEPP: "There's A Trumpet In My Soul" so these days I play a pipe . . .

JAZZ DIARY

JAZZ CENTRE Society's Northern Branch are cooking on the front burner throughout the merry month of May. At Liverpool's Cavern, now called Eric's Club the wackers in the berets will be getting a stream of American giants — Freeman, Griffin, Carmell Jones, plus the Polish Zbigniew Namyslowski band on 18th, and Bobby Bradford with Trevor Watts on 22nd June, and Benny Carter with Ralph Sutton on 29th. Elton Dean's Quartet features on 8th June and Harry Miller's Isipingo on 15th. Just hipping you in plenty of time so you can book the annual accordingly, maybe hang round the jigger a little longer.

Manchester's Band On The Wall presents Bud Freeman and the Joe Palin Trio on 5th May, Tony Faulkner's Big Band on 12th, Zbigniew Namyslowski on 19th, and Red Brass on 26th. Manchester Polytechnic Jazz Club has the Pete Martin Band on 10th May.

Back dahn 'ere there's Kenny Wheeler & Tony Coe on 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th at The Bedford, Bedford Hill, Balham. The Lennie Best Quartet with Vic Ash are at the 7 Dials on 5th May, and veteran trumpeter Bill Colman at the Pizza Express, Dean Street on 6th and 7th.

Start watching the stores for Arista's first release through Transatlantic, which include the classic duo of Gato Barbieri & Dollar Brand, "Confluence", Archie Shepp's "There's A Trumpet In My Soul", "The Complete Anthony Braxton", an album by Dudu Pukwana, one by Jan Garbarek, and Roswell Rudd's "Inside Job".

Norman Granz's Pablo will be releasing a series of live doubles and trebles, starting with John Coltrane's "Afro-Blue Impressions" recorded during the Swedish tour of 1962, "Milt Jackson At Kosei Nenkin" with Cedar Walton, Teddy Edwards, Ray Brown and Billy Higgins, and "JATP in Tokyo" with Ella, Oscar, Flip, Bill Harris and Gene Krupa.

Brian Case

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SOUNDER
Saturday May 7th.....Free
48 HOURS
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JOHN OTWAY
Wednesday May 11th.....Free
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FOUR
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8.30 pm
Thursday May 5
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Thursday May 11
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Thursday May 12
KATHY STOBART
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The Jacksons Wild Cherry

FORT WORTH, TEXAS

A LABEL CHANGE and a substitution of brothers doesn't seem to have harmed the famous five-some's charisma any. Michael's still up front and he, despite the corporate identity, is undoubtedly what all the fuss is about.

And rightly so, I'd say. Even though their glossy publicity machine and wholesome image is enough to put anybody off the group, there's no getting away from the fact that the lad is a regular little bundle of talent. If only he wasn't caught up in such a mechanical grind he could be genuinely great.

Unfortunately it still looks as if somebody else is pulling the strings while he does the dancing.

Nevertheless, for the most part the several thousand strong audience in Fort Worth's Convention Arena loved him... and his bros... and even Wild Cherry.

For a bunch of honkies who didn't know funk from farting not so long ago, Wild Cherry put on a pretty good show — although it was only really their smash, "Play That Funky Music White Boy", and their new release, which I think is called "Too Hot Hot To Trot Trot", that got the juices flowing. Still, once upon a time The Commodores used to

open for The Jacksons and look at 'em now. Watch out for Wild Cherry; I don't think they're about to go out of season.

When The Jacksons sprinted on 'beneath their zappy neon logo all hell broke loose. The funny thing was that when they'd finished their mandatory encore everyone filed out of the arena in orderly fashion.

STILL GREAT

Strange.

I don't know quite what went wrong — unless the general populace is getting as cynical as journalists. You see they were very good, no doubt about that, but it was all so damn slick it was almost like watching a movie instead of the real event.

Now there's a fine line to be drawn here, 'cause as regular

readers will know I'm a James Brown nut and he's about as slick as they come. Nevertheless, to me anyway, Brown always looks in control of what's happening whereas The Jacksons seemed to be manipulated by some omnipresent force hovering over the stage.

The analogy with Brown is not far-fetched, for Michael employs most of the amazing footwork and spins and some of the mike technique that Mr Dynamite perfected 15 years ago — although he doesn't attempt the splits, which is surprising in one who's presumably fit and supple and charged with the energy of youth. The big difference is in his voice, which doesn't sound as if it's yet broken (at 18?), and the material, which you all doubtless know well enough for me not to have to detail here.

Suffice to say that, including medleys, they performed about fifteen of their hits, the screamometer peaking highest during the ballads: "Ben", "Got To Be There" and "I'll Be There". Must admit I was fair wiped out by them myself.

However, as I said, by closing time — their latest hit, "Enjoy Yourself" — even the most demented patrons were simmering down, no doubt tranquillised by the clockwork predictability of it all. They're coming over to play before the Queen soon. The crowning glory of the Jubilee drone-in?

Cliff White

Tavares

NEW VICTORIA

BUTCH, CHUBBY, Pooch, Tiny and Ralph — the five brothers Tavares — hit London again last week and thrilled two packed houses at the New Vic on their second visit within a year.

Currently riding about their fourth UK hit in that time, they are now unrivalled in the song-and-dance soul vocal group stakes — purely in terms of recent success, that is.

Well, rather than The Stylistics (since their split with Thom Bell, anyway), but it's a slightly sad comment on the times that these five guys, who are not world-shattering singers, whose material is generally poor, and whose band is innocuous, should lead the field virtually by default.

In between their zesty hits like "Heaven Must Be Missing

An Angel", "Don't Take Away The Music", "It Only Takes A Minute" and the new "Whodunnit" came stabs at virtuosity in the superb ballad, "The Love I Never Had" (the only one with good words) and "Wonderful", which they drew out until it was virtually an unmiked acapella. Their curiously creamy harmonies were impressive throughout.

In fact, more singing would have been welcome. They got into a pantomime routine — which side can sing / scream / etc loudest — on "Check It Out" that was surprisingly enjoyable, but blew it by following that with an overlong and rather self-satisfied personal introductions scene.

Still, they looked ace in their identical white casual suits, and they move well if a little unadventurously... and at least they are upholding the tradition. Thanks for that.

Phil McNeill



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THE BEATLES

Live!

at the Star-Club
in Hamburg,
Germany;

1962.

JOE TEX — sharp as his suit yet sentimental as yer sister . . .

Pic: JOE STEVENS



I believe
I'm gonna
make it . . .

Joe Tex

FAYETTE, MISSISSIPPI

TRUST AN OLD hand to put one over on the young bloods. Preceded by crowd-warming sets from his band and a wailing beauty named Beverly Presley, Joe bounded onto the tiny stage of this backwoods lounge and set about tearing the house down.

S'Amazing, he hasn't changed in ten years. Not in looks, not in vitality, nor in most of his repertoire. Flanked by the bikini'd Parkettes, two of the sexiest women this side of the Ikettes, one black and one white, he was into his stupefying mike-bouncing routine and hitting the floor in now-you-see-me, now-you-don't backdrops before you could say "Hold On To What You Got".

It was that classic hit from 1965 that formed the basis of the main part of his show, extended into a wicked rap that had the women on their

feet and the men nearly on their women. Around it he poured out a succession of his other unique hits, mainly alternating slow ("The Love You Save", "I Want To Do Everything For You") with funky ("Skinny Legs And All", "I Gotcha"), working up to his celebrated pisstake of the likes of Chuck Berry, Elvis and James Brown. The latter's hysterical finale of "Please, Please, Please" even came complete with capes.

But hold hard. It wasn't just oldies. Joe is back on the charts again, and it was a hilarious version of "Ain't Gonna Bump No More With No Big Fat Woman" that brought his set to a riotous close, incorporating a 'Big Fat Woman Bump Contest' that had various heavy ladies from the audience clowning it for the \$25 prize money.

I haven't had such a grand time since Mafeking night. Full report coming your way very soon.

Cliff White

. . . to the news-stand
for next week's
fabulous feature on
JOE TEX in the NME!

PAT TRAVERS

"If I didn't know Pat Travers, I would think he was a real asshole"
NME—Charles Shaar Murray

"Travers: the next guitar superstar?"
Sounds—Tony Mitchell



Atlanta Rhythm Section

NEW VICTORIA

"WE LIKE REGGAE and we dig country, and classical music's a gas / We play the blues in three-quarter time, but they don't wanna hear that jazz / They just want BOOGIE!"

That verse from "Boogie Smoogie" on their "Dog Days" album seems to sum up The Atlanta Rhythm Section's biggest problem: coming from Georgia and being a guitar-based American band, they are saddled in that monotonous good ole Southern boys race with Lynyrd Skynyrd and the Capricorn caucus. One recent irrelevant headline even called them "the baddest Suth'n boys of 'em all", a claim the attendant feature contradicted.

But it seems they do have this kind of patriotic need to play boogie, which, combined with an awfully unimaginative idea of pacing their set, means that onstage ARS, like so many others, rapidly degenerate from a mid-set peak of good music to a marathon rehearsed "jam" that sours all that came before.

At the New Vic, when ARS played the first of their only two dates in Britain, the closing "Another Man's Woman" finally took them over the top. Starting the encore with "Long Tall Sally" didn't help.

Until then, however, they had given a display of such perfectly weighted power and unified prowess that it made me wish there were a few native bands like them.

They've got a good track record. I'm not familiar with their first two albums (on MCA), but their last four, all on Polydor, are worth a listen. "Third Annual Pipe Dream" (1975) was really excellent (as one review said, "if you ever wish the Allman Brothers' singing could smile like their guitar playing, or that English rockers could cut the screaming and cruise a while...") — melodic songs and UK blues-manship, crafted arrangements and "Blues In Maude's Flat".

"Dog Days" was possibly even better, with neat songs like "All Night Rain", "Crazy", "Cuban Crisis" and the title track taking them way out of the Allmans-got-to-jam-together bracket.

Their last two, "Red Tape" and "A Rock And Roll Alternative", don't excite me as much, but they're pleasing to play. I just wish they'd come over early last year to push "Dog Days".

BARRY BAILEY (immaculate guitar) and RONNIE HAMMOND (immaculate suit) — Pic: DAVID HILL



A sectional analysis: The blight of the boogie

Facing an almost half empty New Victoria Theatre, rightly considering themselves an unknown quantity here, their nervousness was obvious — particularly in white-suited singer Ronnie Hammond, who kept dedicating songs to "you people from the United Kingdom" and complimenting our town on being so quaint, gee, I could dig living here mahself. Well, he'd never had to handle foreigners before.

Maybe that's why, despite the record company's latest press hand-out saying that "you'll never find Hammond exhorting a crowd to clap their hands," he didn't stop doing just that from start to finish — but in such an anxious way that, were it not uncool for us press to do that sort of thing,

I'd have gladly helped him out. He sings well too.

The ARS sound is basically the old blues boom austerity beefed up by having two guitars and piano, and refined into a distant, more attractive, cousin. Barry Bailey's fluid Les Paul — fluid is quite an understatement — sets the tone for the group: that squeaky clean Gibson sound.

As with BOC, Kiss, Aerosmith — other US bands who've played brief UK debuts this past year or so — the only thing ARS could have hoped for was a bit of good press. Well, they were mostly excellent.

Check out "Dog Days" and take it from there. Fine musicians, good rock.

Phil McNeill

MOR like a nightmare . . .

Four Seasons

PALLADIUM

MONDAY NIGHT at the London Palladium, and the band's already playing. Gosh, it's packed, and as soon as we tiptoe inside, the softness of hundreds of fur coats and big bums in plush seats is tangible . . .

Deirdre and I follow the lady with the light down the aisle . . . and further down the aisle . . . and — horrors — we're only about six rows out and bang slap in the middle, shoving past people hanging onto their bags and furs while the wizened middle aged gent onstage croons so close he could touch us. God, I hope he doesn't . . . this is positively claustrophobic, and the backs of the seats are curved so Deirdre and me can't even hang onto each other for protection.

Boy, I could do with something to clutch onto, something to shove this stage back a bit further. It's bearing down on us, loaded up with dozens of people in suits and bright teeth.

Eight of them are playing violins and cellos, five of them

are tooting saxophones and trumpets, two of them are girls with long dresses and high voices, two of them are hiding behind tomtoms and things, one of them's the orchestra leader and four of them are the actual Four Seasons and they're all in light blue suits as opposed to the others all in black.

Oh, and this little chap at the front in the white suit, he's Frankie Valli — the one and only, thank God.

The music the 23 of them concoct doesn't bear thinking about, but it insists on filtering through. Maybe this is what was playing in Pizzaland over the road while I was waiting for Deirdre, only instead of the K-Tel Abba's Greatest Hits (played by The Sidcup Playboys), it's The Four Seasons' Greatest Hits, which The Playboys aren't quite so good at.

The little bloke does quite a good Frankie Valli screech now and again, but "Rag Doll" has lead boots, and the others kind of get swallowed into the azure haze concocted by the backlights so they come out more like Billy Cotton Plays The Four Seasons' Greatest Hits, all brass and breezy. Ah, but Billy Cotton knew some great jokes . . .

Even more bizarre is the audience's response to all this, which is like sitting through the final curtain of Fiddler On The Roof after every number — even the little chap with the big grin looks embarrassed, though not surprised. "We've been around fifteen years now," he says, and brings the house down.

It's like money for old rope. Maybe the audience are auditioning for a career in canned laughter (Applause Dept) . . .

Eventually Frankie goes off and graciously leaves the four young men to show off their last hit, "Silver Star." Now I've been known to play this at home and enjoy it, but tonight it's subsumed into the frothy cobwebbed unreality . . . so this is how Alice felt just before the courtroom dissolved into stacks of playing cards — my discomfort feels conspicuous.

As they glide glibly into a hallelujah'd "December 1963" Deirdre and I make a run for the exit, and break into relieved laughter as we land, palpitating, on Argyll Street.

Honest, I'd rather be spat on by Johnny Rotten than have to go through that again.

Phil McNeill

PAT & STEVE: "They've rumbled you, man . . ."

Pic: ELAINE BRYANT



WOSSIT ALL ABAHT THEN, LADS?

Small Faces

RAINBOW

COURSE, IT 'AD to 'appen on the one night we spiv oursel's up, get a baby sitter and nip over to the Rainbow. Me chain comes off, don't it? And there we was rushing round the side of the theatre, me in me sharp Italian lightweight whistle and flute hoping the old lady won't put her oily hands on it, and the group is well into "All Or Nothing".

Real breathless we was, and wot 'appens, but this poofta in his red jacket insists on riffling through me missus's 'angbag. I mean, if that 'ad 'appened ten years ago going into the ballroom he woul 'ave 'ad a fist right in his mush.

Anyway, we finally get to our seats, seeing on the way loads of other couples like us and some of these rowdy little young 'uns who were probably only a dirty thought in their Dads' minds when I started going to the pop shows. Live and let live, says I to the missus, and anyway we're right at the front, sitting in Stevie Marriott's lap. Well almost.

We was rootin' for 'im and the boys when we 'eard abaht the chance The Small Faces would get together again. Tastic, I thought. I mean we 'ad a pub group, didn't we?

Used ta do fings like "Whatcha Gonna Do 'Bout It" an' "All Or Nothing". 'Ad the old cropped hair as well, and 'course we used to leer at the birds and 'ave the odd bundle with the local lads when we was suppin' afters.

But 'ere's Stevie and the boys bullying "Itchycoo Park", stomping on it and it's spillin' all over the bleedin' stage like stuffing from an old armchair and I'm beginning to 'ave me doubts 'abaht this little lot. The missus turns to me and pulls an 'orrible face, and I sez "Wait til I get you home, woman!" But she can tell by the way I'm chain smokin' Number 6s that I ain't too pleased.

Trouble is every number sound the same. Wham bang into it, the bags under Marriott's eyes rubber bouncin' abaht, Kenny Jones pounding into the old kit, Rick Wills (whoever he might be) pumping his bass lines aht, and little Ian MacLagan (now he really does look the part) trippin' round behind 'is johannas.

I mean, they wuz real subtle in the '60s, and it ain't wot they're showin' now. Little Stevie just steams into that guitar and, like, 'is rhythm playin' is just great, nearly as good as Quo's Rick Parfitt, but he ain't too hot on the fiddly bits and the berk just goes on and on. And on.

Sort of like they're tryin' to force the pace, know wot I mean? They forgets abaht

melody and by the time they've been at the same number for ten minutes I've forgotten wot it was called.

Lots of new stuff and lots of old, but it's all well dodgy. Smart thing is, Stevie 'as us all calling 'im "Guvnor" "Awright?" 'ollers Stevie, and we yell back "Yus Guvnor!" Puts us right in our place, calls us spivs, and when the dirty sod gobs on the stage we loves it.

Kenny's solid as a rock. Head like a rock too, because he just beats up them drums and all the crispness he used to 'ave is like missing. But a new 'un called "Playmates" gi's us a thrill. So does that P. P. Arnold . . .

Gi's the Small Faces the benefit of the doubt, don't I? But honest mate, when they play "Tin Soldier" and Marriott's guitar is way out of tune I start to think I'm going bonkers. Suppose they 'ave to progress, as these posh writers say, but me and the lady ain't 'aving any of it.

Up to the eyes with it, we skips out and this lanky geezer comes over and says somefing like I'm their publicist, what did you think? And I says with a wink, "Yeah mush, I'm their manager and they ain't getting their wages tonight." They can only get better, he comes back. Clever clogs. But I 'as 'im.

"Any chance of you fixing me chain?" I ask.

Tony Stewart

Glen Campbell

EDINBURGH

THE LADY AT Capitol was terribly apologetic but there were no Edinburgh tickets for the 'pop press'. Mr Campbell, it seems, doesn't need their kind of reviews. The implication is that this show is not suitable for young persons of an energetic disposition.

And so, alas, it turned out. "An Evening With Glen Campbell" was announced over the speakers, just to impress everybody. And so Glen Campbell becomes All Round Entertainer.

We had Glen Campbell sings his hits, part one; Glen Campbell chats to audience; Glen Campbell does his mickey takes of Tom Jones, Engelbert Humperdink and Elvis Presley; Glen Campbell relives his Beach Boys days with a medley; Glen Campbell does a couple of numbers from his latest LP; Glen Campbell plays the William Tell overture on guitar; Glen Campbell sings a few MoR songs; Glen Campbell sings his hits part two; and Glen Campbell's grand finale.

Glen Campbell's grand finale consists of him playing the bagpipes on "Amazing Grace" — kinda corny, but no mean feat. Now, being in the land of his ancestors, Glen Campbell does his Scottish bit. The attempts of would-be Scots to come on Scottish are usually chronically embarrassing, and Glen doesn't fare too

well on the Hoots-Mon-ometer either.

And that's it. The house lights are switched on so fast that Mum doesn't even have time to put the chox down to call for an encore.

Granted one doesn't look to Glen Campbell for commitment to rock'n'roll, but it was sad to see a show quite so devoid of inspiration. See, I've always had a sneaking regard for Glen Campbell. Someone who's played guitar for the Mamas and the Papas, been a Beach Boy and has a predilection for the songs of that genius

Jim Webb must have a fair bit going for him. And there have been real departures for him of late too — growing a beard which cancelled out those cherubic good looks, and singing songs by Kinky Friedman and Merle Haggard. There's definitely something there that separates Glen Campbell from the usual crowd of well groomed crooners.

Whatever it is that Campbell's got at his core, it was buried pretty deep by this bland display of software.

Ian Cranna

THE CRAMPS

Pic: JOE STEVENS



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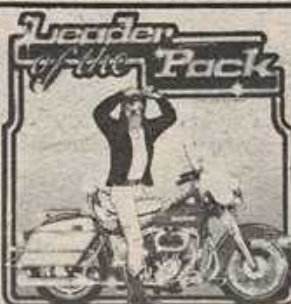
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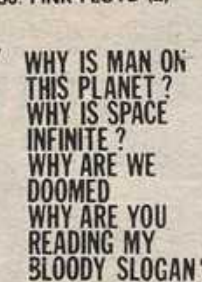
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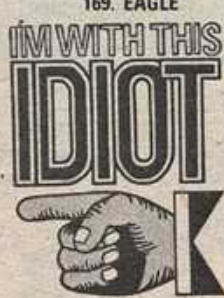
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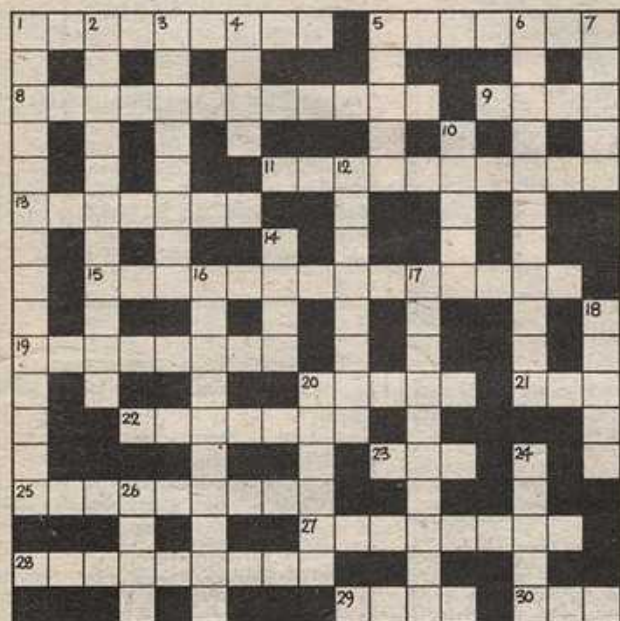
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EXPRESS WORD



ACROSS

- 1 Does Andrew Gold have a problem for Marjorie Proops? (6,3)
- 5 The answer for Ace was not much time at all if you can't produce a follow-up (3,4)
- 8 Record producer for M. Bolan among others; also Mr. Mary Hopkin (4,8)
- 9 & 16 Chicago-born white blues guitarist; credits include Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Electric Flag, and early Dylan sessions. Any relation to Atlantic or Pacific? (5,5)
- 13 See 24
- 15 Bored the biro so (anag. 6,8)
- 19 Crossly stoned like the Family man!! (3,5)
- 20 Strummer, Jones, Simonon
- 21 A collection of *matching* numbers?!
- 22 Nothing *substantial* from — Fleetwood Mac!
- 23 & 10 Probably best-known for originating "Games People Play"
- 25 '60s R&B cult band, formerly the Metropolis Blues Quartet
- 27 Cher Bono hit from 1966 (4,4)
- 28 Former Curved Air fiddler (6,3)
- 29 Unliberated flop?!
- 30 Recently re-Wakemanised

DOWN

- 1 France's contribution to 'hard-nosed '77 rock'n'le roll (6,3,5)
- 2 Moving force behind Labelle (4,7)
- 3 Fab Four's very first hit (4,2,2)
- 4 Instrument
- 5 The 5-star kind for Les Eagles?
- 6 Come on, who could forget "Yummy Yummy Yummy" and the immortal follow-up, "Chewy Chewy"? (4,7)
- 7 See 18
- 10 See 23
- 12 U.S. soul singer, his biggest hit was "Love Is A Hurtin' Thing" (3,5)
- 14 For *who's* sake?!
- 16 See 9
- 17 Seminal U.S. punk aggregation (3,7)
- 18 & 7 Oh well, looks now like he's never gonna come back
- 20 Maybe it would've been a good idea if he *had* cut his hair after all!
- 24 & 13 Key tent, never (anag. 5,7)
- 26 Classical conductor-type's ex-missus in red or yellow dress!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Lenny Kaye; 7 Iggy; 8 Lou Reizner; 10 Echo; 12 Idle Race; 13 (Ringo) Starr; 14 Keef; 15 "Hunky Dory"; 16 "Easy Rider"; 18 Alto; 21 Noel Edmunds; 22 Byrds; 23 "Holy Cow"; 24 Gig; 25 Bryan Ferry; 27 Anna (McGarigle); 28 Spooky Tooth; 29 Pye; 30 Mike Nesmith; 31 "Yellow

Submarine"; 33 Deaf School; 34 Eagles. **DOWN:** 1 Lonnie Mack; 2 Nils Lofgren; 3 "You Are The Sunshine Of My Life"; 4 Amen Corner; 5 "Fire"; 6 Ry Cooder; 9 "Natty Dread"; 11 Corky Laing; 17 Isley Brothers; 19 Taste; 20 Lynrd Skynyrd; 24 Graham; 26 & 32 Matching Mole.

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In this GASBAG there were lots of letters about:

LIKE SUZY Creamcheese we felt compelled to write to you, to dispel the myth about Cornish Hippies propagated by Neil Spencer in *Teasers* 16.4.77.

Enclosed are photographs found recently at a Devon and Cornwall Constabulary Bring and Buy Sale. Said photographs show three varieties of very rare Cornish Punk. This species is rare in the S.W. for the very simple reason that the air in these parts is too full of Eagles and Elton John to be conducive to their health. The three pictured are left to right; Captain (no relation) Fellatio (there's a sucker born every minute), Buster Crunch (he needs your support) and Madge Phlegm (bit player in "Deep Throat").

Okay folks here comes the serious bit:—

Me and lads (us in the photo) feel it's time you had a chance to publish our view on this "snobbery" building up around "new wave" music and that this has segregated a rock music following already under attack from local authorities (GLC etc) and country music and jazz fans. We feel there are 4 distinct groups in the rock field.

1. Posers: These idiots think that the New Wave consists of standing around in clothes which were designed to pose in at the Roxy. They could be listening to Glen Miller for all they care about changing society.

2. New Wavers: Those that either believe in the preaching of the New Wave bands or those that like the music for what it is i.e. a new and exciting variation on a theme.

3. The Rock Fan: Those that dismiss the New Wave as cheap and sick etc. and cry out their undying devotion to rock giants they will only see play live a few times at most, and who reside in tax havens, preaching revolution from their mansions. OR those that listen to "established" bands for the simple reason that they like it but won't give anything else a chance.

4. Finally there are those who listen to what they like, be it Genesis or the Clash.

We feel that most intelligent music fans are in group 4, and it is these people who come under attack from extremists in the other groups. Firstly from the Punks who say we've copped out by listening to "conventional" rock as well as the Clash, Stranglers etc. Secondly from the Hendrix, Stones and Who fans who tell us that we're listening to something they were told about years ago. Well fine, great, but we want our turn now only now without the needle marks in our arms as battle scars.

HIDEOUS BILL ATTENBOROUGH (Director of the Cornish Punk Wildlife), Bodmin, Cornwall. Well I didn't see you lot down at the Molesworth Arms Wadebridge the night of the big blues concert. It was strictly woollies and wellies rool OK, OK? — NS

Cornish pastie, I wanna pastie, Cornish pastie, a pastie of me own. — CSM

IF THE Stranglers are "Sexist", does that make Phil McNeill Patronising?

Don't get me wrong, I'm a woman, of the female persuasion, or whatever, but the last thing I would ever do is leap to the defence of "poor downtrodden womankind". Shallow, unimaginative people are shallow, unimaginative people regardless of sex. Men, just as women, are very often asking for all they get and in a sexual relationship, it is hard to tell who is screwing who, the man for pleasure or the woman for security.

I, for one, would not feel very secure with "the Strangler of my dreams", so it would be all for laughs.

Promiscuity can only be justified by choice. A woman has a tongue in her head and can always say "no" can't she?

Besides, the average "girls' locker-room" chat, can only be described as "sexist", men aren't the only ones to swop notes ya know.

JAN HART, Bury, Lancs.

I HAVE not yet listened to the Stranglers' album, so I can't really say anything about it. But I do know "London Lady", and found what Phil McNeill wrote about it in his review of the album (*NME* April 30th) both shortsighted and vindictive.

For a start, it's more than the "nauseating putdown of female promiscuity" that Mr. McNeill makes it out

Phil McNeill on THE STRANGLERS



But what really interested us were the unfathomable mysteries surrounding THE LOST PUNK CIVILISATION OF CORNWALL

to be. It's a brilliant portrait of a sophisticated woman who thinks she enjoys living in modern nastiness, and patronises those around her who are not intellectually inclined. But not through any kindness: she gets a kick out of tantalising them.

At the same time the bleak, violent resentment of the patronised subject is presented with cutting emotion. He rejoices when her surroundings overwhelm her, NOT because he is chauvinist, but because she has tormented him with her aloof, detached promiscuity.

"... Tonight you talked for a thousand years Plastic's real when you're real sick Tell me what you've got to look so pleased about London-Lady, why did you lay me?"

And Mr. McNeill, you didn't really think that "London Lady" was about ALL the ladies living in London, did you? This one is always addressed in the emphatic singular, and "London" is getting at the sophisticated exterior that disguises her vulnerability.

The cutting, metallic, archaic/futuristic music of "London Lady" is full of bleak violence and splintered anguish, and coincides perfectly with the broken-glass poetry of the words. This single ranks with David Bowie's "Low" as one of the two records of 1977 worth listening to. They are of our age, and seem to reflect it better than anything else. Strange days have found us, strange days have tracked us down.

NICHOLAS HODGSON, Whitley Bay, Tyne & Wear.

Patronising? Sexist? They're all pretty bloody hard terms to pin down. Personally, I think it's far more patronising to peddle this idea that women love to be abused — the excuse for every inhumanity: they enjoy it. Facts don't patronise — womankind, bluntly, is downtrodden, and it is sad that The Stranglers, whose pose is implicitly, if not explicitly, libertarian, are merely reinforcing the sexual conditioning of thousands of years.

As male domination has only seriously been under attack for puny decades at the most, it seems slightly over-confident to sneer when someone has the temerity to "leap to the defence" of what little has been gained — not just for women but for people.



An ancient Polaroid cave engraving excavated from the caverns of Boscastle? Or just another Hideous Bill hype?

As for "London Lady", the put-down of "detached promiscuity" (don't tell me we're going to start moralising about promiscuity now) would ring truer were it not ranked alongside The Stranglers' celebration of their own promiscuity in "Peaches" — ye olde dual standard chauvinism. If The Stranglers "reflect our age", then what they reflect, with six anti-women songs out of a total of nine, is some kind of MCP backlash. Sexual politicians don't wear NF armbands, but that doesn't make them any less dangerous. — P. McN.

I THINK Phil McNeill is really Caroline Coon. STRANGLER NORVEGICUS IV. (P.S. I also think Tony Parsons is really Jimmy Osmond, but that's irrelevant.)

Phil McNeil does not wear safety pins and Tony Parsons is twenty-three years old. Orrright? — CSM

THE WORD Phil McNeill thought was a 'garment' in the song "Peaches" by the Stranglers is "Clitoris". NOAH MAX SHEPHERD, Glamorgan.

Yeah, but it's "bikini" on the single, so nyaahhh! — NS Behind every bikini there's a... — CSM. Stop it! — NICK LOGAN.

ONE WONDERS whether your reporter, Mr. N. Kent, actually attended the whole Peter Gabriel concert. If we weren't sure whether Gabriel would be as good on his own

Nick Kent on PETER GABRIEL



as with Genesis the new album — which your man didn't listen fully to — proved that he is very talented in his own right and his concert left us wanting more.

The whole concert expounded a great talent, wit and exuberance. He danced back and forwards on the edge of the stage most of the time, his eyes searching the audience, his arms reaching out begging us to join his obvious enjoyment, and from the applause he got we all did — except of course Mr. Kent.

Mr. Kent has not "got the artiste sussed out" at all. The poor old thing must have spent hours sorting out his wild opening paragraph. To call Peter Gabriel a rip-off artist is a great insult. Mr. Kent couldn't even get the facts right about David Bowie. On Russell Harty's show some time ago David Bowie said that he owed a lot to Peter because he was the one who innovated wearing costumes and playing parts while on stage with Genesis.

How can a man who admits to only having heard "approximately one and a half sides" of "Lamb Lies Down On Broadway" possibly give a valid opinion on Peter Gabriel?

Oh, Mr. Kent by the way the "Stevie Wonder in Toytown" song is called "A Little Song For Little People" — what happened to your trusty shorthand pad — or don't you need one — you just keep it all in your head huh!

DEBBIE CUSACK, Pinner, Middx.

Why should anyone have to be fully conversant with an artist's work before they can enjoy the music, providing that music can stand on its own merits? — NS

Nothing like a bit of controversy is there? — CSM

I REALLY am amazed that Nick Logan could allow a big one as totally lacking in factual content and accuracy ("Madam Love" I ask you!) as that load of old sperm from Nick Kent on Peter Gabriel at Hammy Odeon. New Boots Kent is capable of much more.

I would not suggest you be so obvious as to send Steve Clarke, a well known Charisma camp follower (take that as you will), but honestly, the only spark of genius in that review was the photograph. Burn Nick Kent slowly down the Dolce Vita, grab his things, and take him home.

NED & THE GRAHAM WILSON MUDDY COFFEE BRIGADE.

Kent doesn't have a home, bozo. If you keep saying these things he may come and crash at yours! — CSM & NS (in a rare moment of total accord). Well not total. — NS But I thought you said... CSM Stop it! — LOGAN (Der Boss)

Philately will get you nowhere, Kent! TERENCE STAMP, The Old Post Office, Prenton. P.S. The track is "MODERN Love", not "Madam Love", you big Jessy!

DEAR CSM, may I thank you for a "very happy warm feeling" you gave me after reading your Muddy Waters interview. And thank you NME for publishing the best article in years. P. HEWITT, Downend, Bristol. CSM is deeply touched. Next time send money — NS

WHAT'S THIS about... "when it comes to the Great White Hope most redolent of classic Sixties Stax you can forget Rod Stewart, Joe Cocker and even Paul Rodgers — Frankie Miller rules...?" — Tony Parsons, NME, April 23 77.

Pardon? Thought Rod was redolent of Sam Cooke (RCA) and Bobby Womack (UA) considered Joe redolent of early Ray Charles & Aretha Franklin (both Atlantic); not sure about Rodgers, but he seems closer to Jack Daniels (Whiskey), than to any direct line of vocal style from Stax (unless our reference points are other than Otis and Staples).

ANDY McCONNELL, Rye, Sussex. I thought Rod Stewart (Riva) was the only person who thought he was redolent of Sam. And as for your Joe comparisons... you sure you're thinking of the same Joe? And Rodgers strikes me as redolent of William Bell (Stax — whaddya know, they got more than two artists). — TP

And Frankie don't half remind me of Otis sometimes — NS

WHY DON'T you give better coverage of the New Wave? After all, it would be logical for you to do so, since most of the new bands around are directly influenced by groups like the Stooges, the MC5 and the New York Dolls — the current popularity of which you almost single-handedly created.

What I want to read is about this new cultural and musical revolution, not huge articles on Ray Davies and other redundant musical forces.

Token articles on the Clash and the Sex Pistols once a month is not enough. PAUL ARATHON, Durnington, Wilts.

Whaddya want — token Clash and Pistols articles every week? — CSM

TRYING TO stay as impartial as possible (Sabs rool OK) do you think your paper could cut down a bit (say 98%) on punk rock articles?

D. D. PISSARTIST (Woodford Branch).

Well, let's see... umm... actually, no. — NS

THE STRENGTH of the nation lies in its youth. If Strummer, the man with a social conscience and lyrical talent, is twenty-two, as he and CBS would like us to believe, he's as pathetic a liar as the Clash are musically!

In my evolutionary period at least we didn't have to lie about our age to secure a following or to keep in line with the rest of the group!

BILL PERKS (nee Wyman), Twickenham.

Muddy Waters is sixty-two. — CSM

HERE'S a rather interesting quote for you: "No question of course, they were more loutish than they had to be but then, after all, each pop generation must go further than the one before, must feel as if it's doing everything for the first time. Always it must be arrogant and vain and boorish. Otherwise, it's not being healthy and the whole essential teen revolt gets dammed up, that whole bit of breaking away and making it by oneself and, most likely, it comes out ugly later on... That's how fast pop is: the anarchists of one year are the boring old farts of the next!" — Nik Cohn on the Stones — Awop Bop a loo Bop, Lop Bam Boom! (pp 155, 56 and 58) 1969.

ALEX RUSSELL, Aberdeenshire. Yes, yes, my boy, fascinating, fascinating. — Prof A. J. BARTLETT-PEAR.

Edited by Hideous Bill Von Daniken.

TEAZERS



DOESN'T IT WARM the heart that some people still respect the Old Values in this cynical world of '77 rock and roll? Our picture portrays Lou Reed and his... errh... "chum" Rachel celebrating the anniversary of their "relationship" during a carefree, jolly bash the couple threw for their friends at the London club Mounksbury on Saturday. You'll be aware, of course, that Mr Reed is in the U.K. for concert appearances. Here Lou makes a last-minute check that his flies are done up before posing with Rachel for the lens of cameraperson Jill Furmanowsky. In case you can't read it, the inscriptions on the cake, under the entwined "LR" on the heart, read as follows: "One layer for each year", "Hoping for many more", and "Love Rachel". We're sure you'll wish to join T-Zers in wishing the couple every future happiness. This has been a caption that cares.

NEW WAVE GOES International: LA punk enthusiasts swarming out of whatever it is punks swarm out of since Greg Shaw, prominent West Coast Anglophile, proprietor of *Who Put The Bomb* magazine and manager of the *Flamin' Groovies*, unveiled his latest venture — The Bomp Record Store in North Hollywood which specialises in imported U.K. new wave singles and EPs. A thousand customers packed out Shaw's new store on opening day.

The Bomp also imports a range of new wave ephemera. Sex Pistols' Anarchy posters and suchlike. Also going well, a line in "Death To Disco" buttons. Safety pin-embellished surfboards have not yet been sighted — but we'll keep you informed.

Not too far from the same subject, will *The Clash* be the next new wave band to play in the U.S.? According to *Hideous Bill*, there's talk that they'll support *Patti Smith* on her next tour of the Americas — Patti being a Westway Sound admirer and all that.

Just a few weeks after Jack Bruce's dressing room got worked over during his Hammersmith gig, the *Small Faces* ran into similar aggro on their first night at the Finsbury Rainbow. Passports, credit cards, address books, four new songs and more than £1000 in cash were pilfered from their dressing room. Anyone being offered an unrecorded MacLagan-Marriott composition on the cheap should contact The Law — there's a £100 reward for info leading to recovery etc.

Phil Collins took over the drum stool for the encore ("Here In New York City") at Peter Gabriel's Hammersmith.

concert last week... Is Sylvester Stallone not only Rocky but also The Fonze? Butch, Oscar-winning Sylve

appeared alongside Henry "The Fonze" Winkler in the critically-rated cult movie *Lords*

YOU CAN'T KEEP an old sweat down. This week, we are proud — nay humbled — to announce the first edition of the very first magazine entirely devoted to the Lone Groover. Yes, the *Lone Groover Express* has finally hit town.

Addicts of Grooverana can obtain the mag, price 39p (postage 6p within the UK, 25p if you live abroad) from the following address: Bona Torsos, 18 King Street, Ilkeston, Nr. Derby, Derbyshire. Postal orders made payable to Bona Torsos.



Of *Flatbush* some three years back, and has been suggesting to U.S. journalists that Our Henry took a lot of his Fonze mannerisms from the *Flatbush* character played by Stallone. Arm-wrestling over ten minutes to decide the issue...

Despite their current U.K. standing — new wavers of the month, right? — *The Stranglers* supported *The Tyla Gang* when the two bands played Paris...

Odd couplings of the week: *Jeff Beck* and *Richard Hell* together at CBGBs; *Stevie Wonder* and *Michael Jagger* together at New York's Electric Ladyland studio...

What's The Worst Job You've Ever Had, Part 37: When Watford F.C. manager *Mike Keen*, after taking his team to the fringe of the 4th Division promotion race, was given the elbow, it was funky Watford chairperson *Elton John* who had the job of breaking the news and pointing Keen in the direction of the employment exchange. Elton has since been making overtures to 'young' Lincoln City manager *Graham Taylor* without much success.

How come Virgin waited two and a half years to release *Robert Wyatt's* version of the *Chris Andrews* oldie "Yesterday Man"? Wyatt cut the track in October '74, just after his hit with "I'm A Believer" (remember *Top Of The Pops* producer *Robin Nash* baulking at the notion of a geezer in wheelchair appearing on the screen?), but Virgin seemed reluctant to release it despite strong support from the rock press. Since 1974 the track's been patiently hiding its chart potential on a Virgin elpee sampler.

Except for (welcome) inclusion of some extremely rare film footage, isn't *All You Need Is Love* becoming increasingly boring, inaccurate and vague? (Yes — Ed)

Virgin (yeah, them again), having persuaded *Albie Donnelly* and *Les Karski* to dump the rest of *Supercharge* (guitarist *Ozzie Yue* in March, and the rest a fortnight ago), have now despatched *Albie* and *Les* to Dublin to write their next album. Little did they know what they'd started: *Albie* discovered an arm in a glass case in a pub near Kilcullen which, he decided, once belonged on the body of his Irish boxing champ grandfather *Dan Donnelly*. That prestige U.S. tour looks like getting postponed again as *Albie* does a *Roots* out in the peat bogs.

On final night of *Eagles'* Wembley stint, *Elton John* sat in on piano for an encore of *Chuck Berry's* "Carol". Incidentally, them California cowhorts have been engineering fights in the NME office between the cynical young *Ms Burchill* (see *On The Town*) and other staffers who thought they were brilliant.

Quote of the week? Atlantic Records boss *Ahmet Ertegun's* words of encouragement to *Keith Emerson*: "Look at it this way, you've got the fastest-selling piano concerto on the charts!..."

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On *The People's Echo* (BBC-1, Sunday) *Dave and Toni Arthur*, who should know better, spent 25 minutes discussing the history of "Scarborough Fair" and versions thereof by such as *Bob Dylan* ("The Girl From The North Country") and *Simon & Garfunkel* ("Scarborough Fair/Canticle"), with never a mention for *Martin Carthy*, even though it was his arrangement that was later used by Simon, and Dylan also probably first heard the song from him.

Lengthy *Heartbreakers'* para coming up. Beware of brackets. With *Jimmy Gonzales* (aka Thunders), ex-baseball pro (REALLY!) of Noo Yawk City, recovering (with the aid of his long-time girlfriend) from his bout of laryngitis, postponed *Heartbreakers* gigs are now being re-arranged. Meanwhile at H. Breaker *Walter Lure's* 22nd (You gotta be kiddin' — Ed) birthday bash at "trendy" West

End "hang-out" The Zanzibar, extremely "tasty" actress *Julie Christie* was spotted sporting a tee-shirt bearing the legend "Chinese Rocks" (this being the title of the upcoming utterly incredible No.1 With A Bullet H. Breakers single) ("And also of a highly immoral drug" — A.N. Other Ed). *Robert Plant* is another "Chinese Rocks" tee-shirt wearer — this time at *The Damned's* Roundhouse gig. Obviously next month is the *Heartbreakers'* turn (you haven't forgotten that this paragraph is about the *Heartbreakers* have you?). Finally, *Hideous B. Gangrene* (cub reporter) has been listening to the acetates of the band's recorded works and we managed to prise the following comment from the left hand corner of his mouth: "Tom Petty was never like this..."

Short paragraph without brackets not about *Elvis Presley* to help you get your breath back...

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