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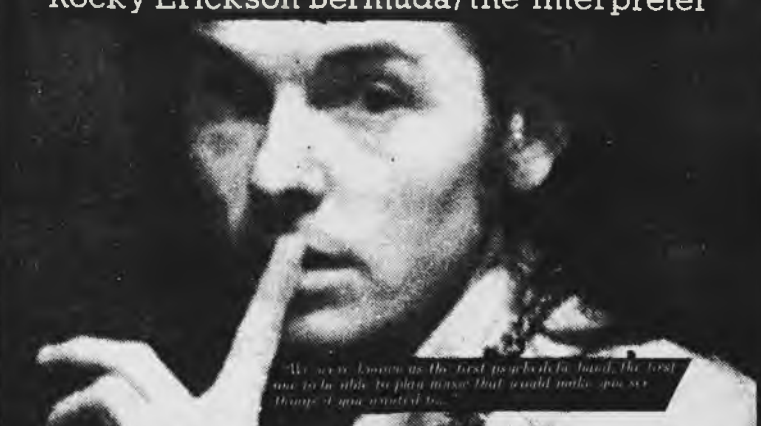
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Week ending May 21, 1977

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson



Tom Petty — own tour

TOM PETTY and the Heartbreakers are to headline their own British tour next month. They have already been the subject of much critical acclaim on their current sell-out tour as support act to Nils Lofgren, so promoter Ian Wright of MAM has decided to put them on the road in their own right, following the completion of the European leg of Lofgren's tour. Petty and the band will play nine dates around Britain starting on June 11, climaxing in a major London concert at the Rainbow Theatre on Sunday, June 19. Provincial gigs are still being finalised and will be announced in a week or two, but Rainbow tickets are already on sale at £2.50, £2 and £1.50 at the box-office and through the usual agencies. The support act has still to be named.

Television add London gig

TELEVISION headline a second concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, May 29. Only a handful of tickets remain for the first show at this venue the previous night, so promoters Straight Music have slotted in an extra gig. Blondie are again the support act, and tickets are on sale now priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

● GEORGE BENSON has been booked for another London concert, because his show at the Royal Albert Hall on May 30 is already sold out. He now also plays the New Victoria on May 29 (Prices are £3.50, £3 and £2.50). The Bowles Brothers Band are the support act for both London dates, as well as Benson's two provincial gigs.

● GILBERT O'SULLIVAN's current tour has been extended to take in a major London date at Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Sunday, June 5, and the show will be recorded by Capital Radio. Tickets are £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50, on sale now. He is again playing a solo set, accompanying himself on piano. His new single "My Love And I" is out this week.

Vibrators support

THE VIBRATORS have been booked as support act on the previously-reported debut tour by Ian Hunter's Overnight Angels, opening on June 3 and climaxing at London New Victoria (12). The tour ties in with the May 27 release of the band's new single "Baby Baby" on the Epic label. Elliott Murphy was originally announced as special guest on the Hunter tour, but he is not now coming to Britain at this time.

Burlesque: 13 extra

BURLESQUE have added a further 13 dates to their headlining British tour, which opened last weekend, bringing their itinerary to a total of 33 gigs. And the newly confirmed bookings include a major London appearance at the Sound Circus in Kingsway on June 9.

Other additional dates are at Croydon Greyhound (June 5),

Malvern Winter Gardens (6), Lincoln Technical College (17), Birmingham Barbarella's (21), Brighton Sussex University (22), Abertillery Metropole (23), Egham Royal Holloway College (24), Bedford College of Education (25), Doncaster Outlook (27), Scunthorpe Tiffany's (28), Manchester Middleton Hall (29) and Barnsley Civic (30).

Jam top massive tour

FREE CONCERTS AMONG 35 GIGS

THE JAM, already set for a string of dates at the end of this month as special guests on The Clash tour, begin their own headlining tour in early June. It is their debut outing as bill-toppers, and the massive itinerary runs until mid-July taking in 35 gigs.

Six are still being finalised, and NME understands that at least two of these will be special free concerts, including a major London appearance.

The 29 dates confirmed so far are Birmingham Barbarella's (June 7), Great Yarmouth Garibaldi Hotel (8), Eastbourne Winter Gardens (9), Cambridge Corn Exchange (10), Bristol Polytechnic (11), Reading Top Rank (13), Portsmouth Locarno (14), Bournemouth The Village (15), Leeds Town Hall (16),

Sunderland Seaburn Hall (17), Manchester Electric Circus (19), Doncaster Outlook (20), Cardiff Top Rank (21), Wolverhampton Lafayette (22), Huddersfield Polytechnic (23), Swindon Brunel Rooms (24), Croydon Greyhound (26), Lincoln Drill Hall (28), Birmingham Rebecca's (30), Newcastle Mayfair (July 1), Brighton Top Rank (5), Plymouth Top Rank (6), Birkenhead Mr Digby's (7), Middlesbrough Town Hall (8), Harrogate Spa Hall (9), Sheffield Top Rank (10), Falkirk Maniqui Hall (14), Edinburgh Clouds (15) and Liverpool Eric's Club (16).

The tour has been set up by the Cowbell Agency, with whom The Jam have now signed a representation deal. In their act, the band will be featuring material from their debut album "In The City", issued this week by Polydor. Their single of the same title is already on release.



Damned: headline trek



THE DAMNED — fresh from their triumphs in America, where they became the first British new-wave outfit to register effectively on the U.S. scene — are now starting their own extensive British tour, taking in almost 30 dates including a major London concert on June 20.

Provincial dates are Southampton University (tomorrow, Friday), Hastings Pier Pavilion (Saturday), Sheffield University (May 25), Newcastle-under-Lyme Tiffany's (26), Cambridge Corn Exchange (27), Liverpool

Eric's (28), Canterbury Kent University (June 2), Cromer West Ronton Pavilion (3), St Alban's City Hall (4), Lincoln Drill Hall (7), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (9), Birmingham Barbarella's (10 and 11), Barrow Maxim's (12), Doncaster Outlook (13), Brighton Polytechnic (15), Cheltenham Town Hall (16), Swindon Brunel Rooms (17), Southend Kursaal (18), Plymouth Woods Centre (22), Penzance The Garden (23), Exeter University (24), Wigan Casino (25), Manchester Electric Circus (26), Lancaster University (27) and Bradford St George's Hall (28).

Stranglers London gigs

BUT RESISTANCE IN OTHER TOWNS

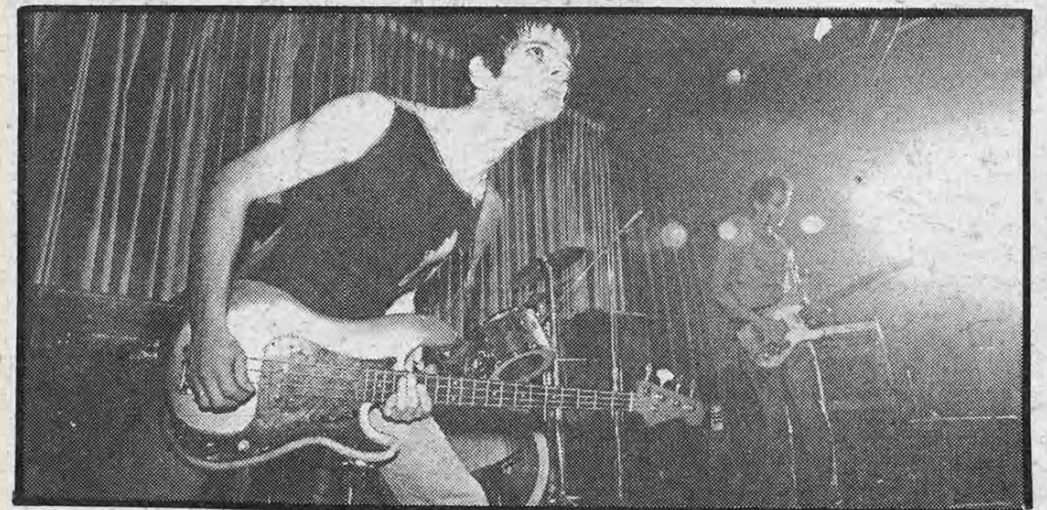
THE STRANGLERS become the first band ever to play two performances on the same night at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse, when they headline there on Sunday, June 26, at 4 and 8 pm. Tickets for both houses are on sale now, all at the one price of £2. This date is an addition to their massive tour itinerary, reported last week, opening in Coventry tonight (Thursday).

The band have also been forced to make a few alterations to their schedule, the first being the cancellation of their Leeds Town Hall gig on June 13 because — on reflection — the venue's management decided they were undesirable. Yet surprisingly a date was confirmed this week for The Jam at the same hall on June 16!

Cheltenham Town Hall is now

being re-arranged for a later date, and instead on June 18 they play Blackpool Imperial Hotel. The following night they are at Blackburn King George's Hall instead of Nottingham Playhouse, which has now been proclaimed "an unsuitable gig". And they are at Cleethorpes Winter Gardens on June 24 instead of Wolverhampton.

● Johnny Thunder's Heartbreakers also encountered resistance from a venue management, when their projected June 22 gig at Retford Porterhouse was cancelled this week. Apparently large sections of the audience were ejected during a recent Wayne County gig, and this prompted a spokesman to explain: "Retford is obviously not ready for punk rock!" Another cancelled gig is at Leeds Polytechnic on June 3, but this is because the band have now arranged a June 1-8 European tour.



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Pistols ink Virgin pact

AFTER WEEKS of speculation, it was confirmed this week that the Sex Pistols have signed with Virgin Records — for an "unspecified figure". And their much-delayed new single "God Save The Queen" is the first release under the new deal — it comes out next Friday, May 27.

The Pistols have also nearly completed work on an album, and a Virgin spokesman described the advance orders for both LP and single as "massive".

A huge marketing campaign is

DELAYED SINGLE OUT NEXT WEEK



being mounted by Virgin to announce the new contract and upcoming single, but plans to advertise it on ITV last weekend were thwarted when both Thames and London Weekend rejected the commercial, even though it was described as "not offensive or controversial".

The Pistols have been without a record deal since their dramatic departures from EMI and A&M. Now they are back in business again, they plan to return to the gig circuit in the near future — provided they can obtain bookings. Existing bans on the group are, apparently, still in operation at many venues.

FASTBACK MUSIC - BY POST

This week's best-selling songbooks

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NME Book of Rock.....	95p	Queen/A Night At The Opera.....	£2.35
Jackson Browne/21 Songs.....	£5.50	Songs Of David Bowie.....	£3.50
Nils Lofgren/Cry Tough.....	£3.95	Bowie/Diamond Dogs.....	£3.95
Stevie Miller/23 Songs.....	£3.95	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos.....	30p
Free/12 Big Hits.....	£2.50	Yessongs/Yes.....	£2.95
Paul McCartney/In His Own Words.....	£1.95	Lead Guitar Tutor with Record.....	£3.50
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Bad Co. 1st Album.....	£3.95	Rock Bass Tutor With Record.....	£3.50
Bad Co. Straight Shooter.....	£3.95	Lead Zeppelin Complete (1-5).....	£4.95
Bob Dylan/Desire.....	£2.35	Plankty 26 Songs.....	£1.75
Frankton Comes Alive.....	£3.95	Rock Guitar Tutor with Record.....	£1.50
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FASTBACK MUSIC, 5 Elgin Cres., London W.11

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

Lux: big changes

RADIO LUXEMBOURG introduce a completely new format to their programme schedules, starting next Monday (23), with the emphasis on contemporary rock and album tracks. The only concession to the new heavier approach is the Top Twenty which, from next week, will be broadcast every night. 208 are also introducing a regular Top Album Chart, to be aired at 8.30 pm on Sundays.

The principal change is the late-night emphasis on albums. From about 9.30 pm every evening, through to closedown, virtually every record played will be an album track. The exceptions are the new country show at 11 pm Saturdays and a Golden Oldies spot at the same time on Thursdays. Stuart Henry's "Sound System" will now be aired twice weekly, on Mondays and Fridays.

These revisions mean the ending of the Black Friday policy after 20 months. But black music will be featured extensively within the station's album concept, as well as in a special show on Fridays at 10pm called "Black Trax."



Dylan visit?

A DETERMINED attempt is being made by two rival British promoters to bring Bob Dylan to Europe later this year. The enigmatic Dylan has apparently expressed interest in the venture and, if negotiations are successful, he could be appearing at Wembley later in the summer.

But Dylan would want to tie in a British appearance with selected shows on the Continent and, cables our U.S. Correspondent, he would not agree to the visit unless either of the competing promoters could offer suitable European venues.

The prospect of a Dylan visit is, of course, still speculative — because his long-term plans are always indecisive, and he has a well-known penchant for changing his mind. For instance, 18 months ago it seemed certain that he would be coming to Britain last summer, but in the spring — when it came to the crunch — he opted out.

Nevertheless, U.S. sources suggest he now feels that the time is ripe for him to renew his acquaintance with European audiences, and certainly extreme pressure is being applied for him to do so.

Despite the cancellation of the proposed Silver Jubilee concert at Wembley Stadium on June 11, there is a possibility of at least two big rock shows being staged there in the summer.

Moodies reunion: album, world tour

IT NOW SEEMS virtually certain that the Moody Blues are planning a comeback album and a reunion world tour, although it is not yet clear if this would be a one-off or a permanent reformation. In view of their various individual commitments, the album is unlikely to be ready before the end of the year or the beginning of 1978, with the world tour — their first for almost five years — coinciding with release.

The album would feature the five Moodies alternately as soloists, each supported by the other members, with them all coming together for several band tracks. It is unlikely to be issued on their own Threshold label, which apparently is now being run down, so Decca — who distributed Threshold — is the probable outlet, as the Moodies are still contracted to them.

The Moodies' last new studio set "Seventh Sojourn" was issued in 1972, followed two years later by the compilation album "This Is The Moody Blues". Since then, all five members have recorded independently.

Coincidentally, Decca has this week released another Moody Blues compilation, a double album including three sides recorded live in 1969.

ON THE ROAD

BURNING SPEAR — MAX ROMEO package tour will now be visiting Britain exactly a month later than reported last week — starting in late June and not the end of this month. This is not a date switch, but the result of a communications mix-up when details were originally supplied to NME. So the tour now opens at Brighton Top Rank on June 24, followed by two nights at London Rainbow (25 and 26). Other gigs are still being finalised and will be announced shortly.

ANDY DESMOND, who was the support act on the Hall & Oates tour earlier this year, has now been booked as guest artist on Barbara Dickson's first-ever headlining tour opening this weekend (see Gig Guide).

MIKE HARDING headlines a benefit concert for Private Eye magazine at London Chelsea King's Road Theatre this Sunday (22) with guests Peter Cook, Willy Rushton and Bill Tidy. Harding also takes his one-man show to Birmingham Ashton University (tomorrow, Friday), Manchester Palace Theatre (May 26) and London Victoria Palace (29).

SKREWDRIVER, the Blackpool punk band, play a string of London gigs during the next fortnight at Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (May 23), Camden Brecknock (24), Marquee (25), Camden Dingwalls (27), Hammersmith Red Cow (28), Putney Railway Hotel (31) and the Marquee again (June 4).

RADIO STARS, the band featuring Andy Ellison and Martin Gordon, support Eddie & the Hot Rods on their previously-reported mini-tour early next month.

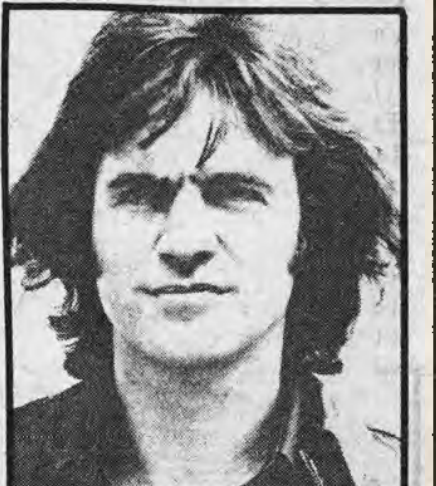
NANTWICH Folk Festival in Cheshire runs for three days from August 12. Among names so far confirmed are the Watersons, Bill Caddick, New Victory Band, Dave Burland, Roaring Jelly and the Tannahill Weavers.

NOTTINGHAM Playhouse Theatre stages an all-day Jubilee Country Music Festival on Sunday, May 29 (11 am—11.30 pm). Line-up includes Stu Stevens, Pat Campbell, Brian Golbey, Hillsiders, Slim Pickins, Echo Mountain Band, Frank Yonco and Steppin' Stone.

BILLY CONNOLLY, currently engaged in a marathon spring and summer U.K. tour, has added a third night at London Rainbow to his itinerary. His two concerts on July 5 & 6 are already sold out, so he will now also be playing at this venue on July 7.

CRAZY CAVAN n' the Rhythm Rockers play London Tottenham White Hart (tomorrow, Friday), Basildon Carreras (this Sunday), Coventry Mr. George's (May 23), Cirencester Agricultural College (27), London Barnet Orange Tree (28), London Leyton Lion & Key (29), Hastings Pier Pavilion (June 4), Leicester Beaumont Club (5), Sheffield Top Rank (6), Rosyth HMS Caledonian (8), Southend Queen's Hotel (18) and Luton The Kingsway (25). Further Scottish gigs from June 9 to 13 are now being finalised.

JIMMY JAMES appears at Fareham Collingwood Club (May 26), London Isleworth Borough Road College (June 2), Boston Fold Hill Farm (3), Skegness Eastgate Leisure Centre (5), Cheltenham St. Paul's College (17), Manchester Mayflower Club (18), Batley Variety Club (22-25) and Doncaster College of Education (30). James is working with a new backing band, now that the Vagabonds have branched out on their own.



RALPH McTELL has had another date added to his current concert tour. It is at Eastbourne Congress Theatre on June 4. Magna Carta are again the support act.

Jazz events

●Two open-air jazz concerts in a stately home setting, under the banner of "Jazz Comes Back To Beaulieu '77", takes place on July 9 and 10. Line-up includes Dizzy Gillespie, Joe Venuti, Teddy Wilson, Zoot Sims, Vic Dickenson, Bobby Wellins, Acker Bilk, Kenny Ball, Alex Welsh, Stan Tracey and Humphrey Lyttleton.

●A four-day Jubilee jazz festival is being staged at Bristol's newly-opened Exhibition Centre from June 4 to 7. Among the many names set at Alexis Korner, George Melly, Stan Tracey, Lennie Hastings, Alex Welsh, Humphrey Lyttleton and Bruce Turner. There will also be vintage films of top U.S. Jazzmen. Admission is 50p (afternoons) and £1 (evenings), with advance season tickets available at £3.

10c.c. add two dates

10c.c. HAVE ADDED another two dates to their comeback British concert tour, starting at the end of this month. The first is a new booking at Cardiff Sophia Gardens on June 14, for which tickets are now on sale only at the box-office priced

£3.50, £3 and £2.50. They are already set for two nights at London Hammersmith Odeon and, in view of ticket demand, have now added a third on June 20 — and this becomes the final date of the tour. They then set out on a European tour.

Newcastle Festival

THIS YEAR's Newcastle Festival runs from June 17 to July 3 and includes City Hall concerts by Billy Connolly (June 18), Rough Diamond (19) and Liverpool Express (28). Jack The Lad are at the New Tyne Theatre for three nights from June 28. And a three-day Bedrock Festival at the University (July 1-3) features 15 leading North-East bands including Harcourts Heroes, Steve Brown Band, Hot Snacks and Junco Partners. Also at the University a country night on June 27 includes Wally Whyton, Bryan Chalker and the New Frontier, Brian Golbey and Pete

Stanley, among many others. Among University jazz shows are the National Youth Jazz Orchestra (June 19) and Beany Carter (30), while the City Hall has "Salute To Satchmo" on June 24. There are numerous folk concerts, including gigs at the University by Robin Dransfield and Bob Pegg (June 17), Hedgehog Pie and Jim Sharp (18), High Level Ranters (21), Sean Cannon and Tony Capstick (22) and Pegleg Ferret and Tom Giffellon (23). Full details of the festival may be obtained from Newcastle Festival, 7 Saville Place, Newcastle, NE1 8DQ.

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News Desk

Caravan —June concerts

CARAVAN, who played three gigs earlier this month and are now working in Europe, have confirmed seven more dates for June — including a major London appearance. Supported by the Count Bishops, they play Farnborough Recreation Centre (June 4), Sheffield Top Rank (5), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (6), Durham University (10), Bradford University (11), Redcar Coatham Bowl (12) and London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (19). There is a possibility of one or two more gigs being slotted into the vacant dates.

The band plan to spend the rest of June and the whole of July making festival appearances in Germany and France. A major British tour, taking in leading concert halls and universities, is being set up for September. And the rest of the year will be devoted to an extensive American tour.

Ramones play Joobley jape

THE RAMONES' two London concerts during Silver Jubilee weekend, at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on June 5 and 6, have been given the send-up billing "Up The Joobley". The Talking Heads, who are supporting the Ramones throughout their entire tour, are also on the bill. And the shows mark the British debut of Australia's leading new-wave band, the Saints, who are subsequently to tour the country in their own right.

RECORD NEWS

● Phonogram have signed **Fairport Convention** to an exclusive long-term worldwide deal. The agreement also covers solo product from any of the four members. First release under the contract is a self-produced group album, expected in July.

● A double live album by **Neil Sedaka**, recorded this week during his London Palladium season, is being prepared by Polydor for rush release on June 10. The two-hour set is titled "Neil Sedaka And Songs, A Solo Concert".

● Ringo Records, the label launched by Ringo Starr which has been inactive for several months, re-appears on May 27 with a single by **Graham Bonnet** — formerly one half of hit group Marbles. It is a revival of Bob Dylan's "It's All Over Now Baby Blue".

● **Billy Connolly's** concerts at London Rainbow in July are to be recorded for a live album, which Polydor plan for autumn release.

● Debut album by **Roy Wood's** new outfit, the **Wizzo Band**, is due out in late June or early July on Warner Brothers. Titled "Super Active Wizzo", it will be preceded at the beginning of next month by a single titled "The Stroll". Joining Wood in the line-up are Rick Price (guitars), Graham Gallery (bass) and Dave Donovan (drums), plus a seven-piece brass section.

● **Glen Campbell's** follow-up to "Southern Nights" is Neil Diamond's "Sunflower", issued by Capitol on May 27. Out the same day on EMI is **Berni Flint's** new single "Southern Comfort".

● Other May 27 singles include "Out Of The Blue" by **Meal Ticket** (EMI International), "Gymnopedies No.1" by **Rod Argent** (MCA) and "Easy" by the **Commodores** (Motown).

● **Mike Conteh**, 19-year-old brother of boxer John Conteh, makes his record debut this weekend with the single "Jump The Gun" on the Contempo label.



UPCOMING TOURS Nugent back at Reading?

TED NUGENT, who toured Britain at the beginning of the year, is now expected to return here during the second half of the summer. He told NME's correspondent that he will be "Doing some festival dates" in this country. It is understood that he is likely to make a second appearance at the Reading Festival at the end of August. He took part in last year's event with a second-top billing, but this year he would headline on one of the three nights.

BOSTON, the Epic Records outfit who recently scored in the NME Chart with their single "More Than A Feeling" and album "Boston", are set for their British debut during the autumn — and October is the most likely month for their visit. A concert and one-nighter schedule is at present being set up for them.

BLACK OAK ARKANSAS are in line for a major British tour in mid-autumn. In America they have just signed with Capricorn Records, with the first album for their new outlet due for U.S. release in July, titled "Eureka!". Their British visit will coincide with its release in this country.

AC/DC are starting work on a new album in Sydney titled "Let There Be Rock". As soon as it is finished, the Australian band fly to America to spend much of the summer playing concerts and at state fairs and festivals. They return to Britain in the autumn to headline their own nationwide tour here.

LITTLE FEAT, whose one-off tour has been delayed several times amid rumours of the band breaking up, now look set for a British visit in September. Exact period is still being negotiated but, if it is not too late in the season, their itinerary may include an open-air appearance.

GREGG ALLMAN and his recently-formed backing band are coming to Britain in the autumn.

They are being lined up to top a package tour, also featuring two other U.S. bands, and it is understood that October has been set aside for dates in this country and on the Continent.

Outdoor date for Fairport

FAIRPORT CONVENTION headline a special day-long Jubilee gig in Oxfordshire at Cropredy Manor on July 23, on the estate of the late Cabinet minister Richard Crossman. The event is a benefit for the village hall at Cropredy, where Fairport members Dave Pegg and Dave Swarbrick live. Over 2,000 are expected to attend, but admission is by ticket only. All enquiries to 3 Vicarage Gardens, Cropredy, Nr. Banbury, Oxon.

ILLNESS HITS CLASH GIGS

THE CLASH were forced to cancel three of their tour dates last week, when lead guitarist Mick Jones went into hospital for an operation on a sceptic finger. He managed with difficulty to play the band's major London Rainbow gig on June 9, but dates at Kidderminster (10), Derby (11) and Nottingham (12) were called off, although it is hoped to re-schedule them later. The tour has now resumed.

Rough Diamond: big June dates

ROUGH DIAMOND are, after all, planning a few British concerts during the second half of next month — including an appearance at Newcastle City Hall on June 19 as part of the 1977 Newcastle Festival, and a London show at the Rainbow on June 22. As reported last week, they called off their projected debut dates this month, and were lining up a summer trip to America where their album is now breaking through. They still intend going to the States, but have now decided to play a few warm-up gigs here before their departure. Further dates are expected to be announced next week for the band who comprise David Byron, Clem Clempson, Geoff Britton, Willie Bath and Damon Butcher.

IF THE CRUNCH COMES ... Stones will work without Richard

THE ROLLING STONES have decided to continue working without Keith Richard — if he receives a long sentence when he appears in court in Toronto on a drugs charge next month. Mick Jagger has made it clear in an interview that, although the Stones are prepared to remain inactive if Richard is absent for a few months, they would have to find a replacement if he were sent down for a longer period. "And Keith accepts that", added Jagger.

The main worry is the drugs trafficking charge against Richard, which carries a possible life sentence. But there are hopes that the court will show leniency to Richard, in view of his addiction problem. The hearing is set for June 27.

The decision to carry on without Richard, should he receive a long stretch, was made after lengthy discussions between all the members. Said Jagger: "It would be stupid to wait, say, five years. I mean in five years' time the Stones will be almost through with touring."

Even if Richard is free to work with the Stones in the near future, they may have to consider replacing him temporarily when touring in some countries, including America — because, if convicted, it is very unlikely that he would be able to enter the States. "We'll worry about that if it happens", commented Jagger.



Wien Gott!
it's
Udo!

Crawler's re-launch

BACK STREET CRAWLER plan a major re-launch this summer, a year after the untimely death of their leader Paul Kossoff. They have shortened their name to Crawler and have a revised line-up comprising Terry Wilson-Slesser (vocals), Geoff Whitehorn (guitar), Rabbit Bundrick (keyboards), Terry Wilson (bass) and Tony Braunagel (drums). They are currently recording an album for CBS release in the summer, and they will then go on the road.

Walker here, but only just

JR. WALKER and the All Stars flew into Britain last Thursday and played a few gigs at the weekend. Details were not previously reported, because their visit was in doubt almost until the last moment, with their work permit finally being granted just 24 hours before their scheduled arrival. They are now in Holland, but return to guest in BBC-1's "Top Of The Pops" on May 26, followed by gigs at Newcastle Mayfair (27) and Dunstable California doubling with an all-nighter at Wigan Casino (28). Final date is a concert with the Four Tops at London Palladium on May 29.

NEW FACES

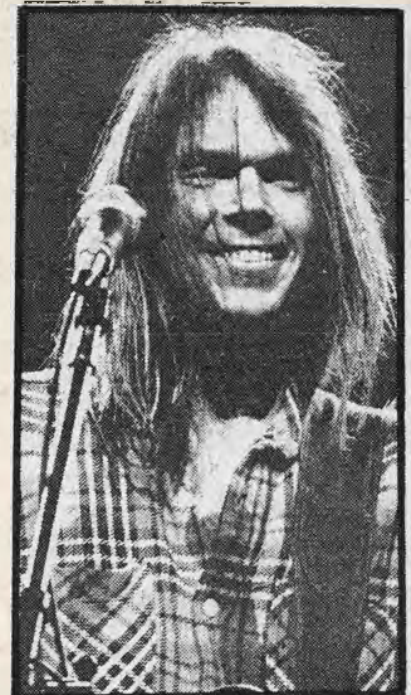
AUDITIONS

Auditions for the next series of "New Faces" are to be held throughout the country from July onwards.

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Neil Young's new LP due



NEIL YOUNG'S new album "American Stars And Bars" is now set for a worldwide release by WEA on June 3. Backing is by the four-piece Crazy Horse band, with guest vocal appearances by Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris. Side One features five recent songs, co-produced by Young and including "Like A Hurricane". The second side comprises four songs from 1974-76, all produced by Elliot Mazer.

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"I don't mean to suggest that there has ever been a conscious arrangement drawn up between the establishment and the entrepreneurs of pop. It is simply that their interests happen to coincide."

"The establishment wants order. The entrepreneurs want money, and the way to make the money out of pop is to preserve at least the semblance of order."

George Melly, *Revolt Into Style*, 1970.

"White Riot, I wanna riot"

The Clash, 1976

"Punk Rock is just a new fashion. It is perfectly harmless." Maurice Oberstein, British managing director, CBS Records, 1977.

WELL, THEY GOT THEIR RIOT.

A curiously self-conscious and predictable kind of riot, but the demolition of 200 seats from the Rainbow stalls at the major gig of The Clash's national tour last week seemed to satisfy everyone concerned; group, audience, and the daily press, who went away gratefully clutching their latest Punk Rock Shock Horror headlines.

Of course, most of the audience sensibly preferred to stand and watch as the bristly hardcore down front pogoed and catapulted all over each other in mindless abandon and offered up the homage of a few rows of seats to the young gods on stage.

After all, why risk losing an eye?

As long as the resultant debris was stacked neatly along the front of the stage, The Clash themselves remained unperturbed, while in the wings the Rainbow management likewise looked on apparently unalarmed. After all, it had been previously agreed that any damage would be paid for in full by The Clash management.

Anyway, rock venues get to expect this sort of thing.

A few months ago it was The Hot Rods who'd occasioned the stall-trashing, and not long before that I recall seeing a particularly awesome picture of seat destruction after an Alex Harvey gig at the Glasgow Apollo.

Or was it the Bay City Rollers?

And let's not forget that these incidents are as nothing compared to the fury of rioting Teddy Boys at rock-'n'-roll shows in the Fifties, when water-hoses were frequently used to



IS THIS WHAT WE ORDERED?

subdue the over-enthusiasm of the audience.

Or even compared to what a few hundred Man Utd fans can do on a bad Saturday.

This evening, though, the New Wave wanted a riot of their own.

THAT something was going to happen that evening was entirely predictable.

The concert, after all, marked perhaps the true "coming out" of the New Wave/Punk Rock into the full glory of commercial respectability.

The New Wave had finally got what it had tried for six months previously when the Pistols' Anarchy Tour had ended in debacle — its own package tour, along with record company sponsorship, albums in the charts, and acceptance by established rock venues.

There was, in fact, a distinct air of History In The Making as evidenced by the plethora of music-biz folk and what seemed like every New Wave band that wasn't actually appearing on the five-strong bill. The rest of the audience seemed a mixture of the downright curious, a large number of people trying on the New Wave thing for size, and the faithful few hundred who'd been with The Clash and the rest since those now-distant days way back — yup — last summer.

The audience simmered uncomfort-

NEIL SPENCER watches the New Wave trash The Rainbow and has misgivings . . .

ably in their seats under the baleful eye of the security staff as The Prefects, The Subway Sect, The Buzzcocks, and The Jam came and went, the ripple of response becoming progressively larger for each band.

By the time The Jam appeared, forcing the audience to remain seated was evidently not on, and when The Clash mooched on stage the energy that had been whirling round the theatre all evening was collected in a tight, snarling, gobbling frenzy stage front, waiting for the first chords of "London's Burning" to finally ignite it.

THE CLASH sure have changed a lot since I saw them last autumn at a Fulham Town Hall gig where the audience was counted in tens rather than hundreds. Any suggestion of amateurishness or a fumbling inability to cope with their instruments is completely gone, along with the paint-splashed dole-queue threads.

After the numerous shabby new wave shows I've seen round London town in the past year, I was totally

unprepared for the expertly honed professionalism on exhibit that night. Visually, at least, they were undeniably impressive.

It was a scene straight out of *Clockwork Orange*, a giant backdrop of last summer's Notting Hill riots being the only adornment beyond the stark dramatic lighting and the black speaker monoliths that towered on either side.

The group themselves look exactly like the sort of outfit that Alex and his droogs would be wont to catch by way of priming before a little spot of ultra-violence. Like the scenery they're predominantly in black, white, and red, and covered with a multiplicity of pockets, zips, toggles, buckles, and the other trappings from the current para-military fashions.

The prevailing impression is of a deserted, barren landscape patrolled by a bunch of dangerous, half-controlled rock'n'roll guerrillas.

That it's a threatening, desperate landscape is an impression reinforced by the sheer ferocity, noise, and primal aggression of The Clash's music. For the most part it's music without subtlety, or compromise.

You don't listen to it, you either leave or surrender.

THEN THERE'S the antics of front-man Joe Strummer.

With the drummer consigned to the rear of the stage, bassman Paul Simonon hunched in aggressive militant

stance on the right, and Mick Jones content to dart occasionally back and forward on the left, it's left to Strummer to provide most of the visuals.

He takes the part of street psychotic further than anyone before him. Just as the lettering on his clothes and the backdrop spell out images of violence and alarm, so Strummer's vocabulary is plundered from the madhouse, the jail, and the detention camp.

Much of the time he looks like a man on Electric Shock Treatment, an epileptic hanging on a mike stand, the unreasoning thug with a guitar strapped on.

He's the universal renegade and outsider, the aberration which society would like to lock up.

For pure adrenalin-rush excitement the Clash are probably the best band in the country right now.

And they depressed the hell out of me.

EXACTLY WHAT depressed me?

It certainly wasn't the seat-smashing episode, which, as I said, is hardly anything new or depression-worthy, though the sense that the audience was doing exactly what was expected of it was depressing — and it was also most ironic in view of Strummer's claim half-way through the set that the "we ain't on remote control no more". Oh no?

No, what depressed me was more importantly — the music (which we'll consider a little more closely in a paragraph or two) the cumulative effect of the concert's small ironies, contradictions, and inconsistencies, and their implication for the future of the New Wave as a whole.

The prevailing impression I took away was one of nihilism, of anti-life as opposed to life-affirmation, of a perverse and slightly sick communal spirit, of a movement that glorifies hopelessness and has nothing positive to offer beyond the mere fact of its existence.

This piece is not meant to be another routine put-down of the New Wave and its adherents, when the movement has so clearly been beneficial in terms of enabling and encouraging people to play and participate rather than merely consume the occasional offerings of its tax-exiled heroes. A change it had to come, we knew it all along . . .

With it, the New Wave has brought lyrics of youth, involvement, and protest, the very lifeblood of rock and a far more apt and meaningful response to life in the greying British '70s than is represented by the docile escapism and California soundtracks that have come to dominate the charts and rock thinking as a whole. Deliver me, dear lord, from life in suburbia with an Eagles album . . .

THE CATHARTIC wind of change that the New Wave has brought is almost enough for me to forgive its unlistenable music, but personally I can't make much sense of music that lacks any subtlety of rhythm or melody, which is invariably badly played and whose lyrics are usually delivered in a monotone screech.

That would seem to sum up most of the punk bands who haven't yet been signed up by eager record companies — and it certainly summed up The Prefects and Subway Sect at the Rainbow last week.

Though they were well received, I

■ *Continues over*

■ From previous page

can't find anything much positive to say about the Buzzcocks either beyond the great two-note guitar solo in "Boredom" and the fact that their bass-player looks like rock's answer to the Michelin man.

Even The Jam — who can certainly play with a great deal of verve and power on their night — came over tinny and formless on the appalling PA system. There may be good musicians in the New Wave, but it'd be a hell of a lot easier to hear them if there were some good sound engineers as well.

While conceding it's helped resurrect the single to its rightful status, I feel little better toward punk rock on record. But then these days, apparently like J. Rotten and The Clash, I don't listen to much else but reggae anyway. The only Clash number I actually enjoyed last week was their singularly potent exposition of Junior Murvin's "Police And Thieves".

Unlistenable or not, groups rarely become groups for the music's sake, as Ian Hunter said in last week's NME; it's money, girls, image, whatever. The music comes later. I trust it will Ian.

NO AMOUNT of musicianship, though, could conceal the almost wilful confusion and ignorance that's presented as the New Wave's public face.

I say 'public' because as individuals most New Wave bands and punters seem pretty, uh, regular people. All the more depressing then, to hear lyrics and public statements of the sort that have earned the movement its moronic reputation.

For example, there's the oft-repeated denigration of all things 'hippy' — psychedelic music (together with its Heavy Metal and Hip Easy Listening offspring), long hair, cannabis, what is construed as phony hippy artiness (books and paintings bah), and the 'Peace and Love' ethic of ten years ago, which, claim the punks, was a demonstrable failure in its attempts to change the world.

Its anti-intellectualism aside, I object to such blatant misrepresentation of history. If 1968 was 'peace and love', then it was also the anti-Vietnam war demonstration in Grosvenor Square, the police riot at the

Chicago Democratic Convention, and the Paris student revolution that escalated into the complete immobilisation of France.

How's "Anarchy In The UK" compare to that?

In fact, a vigorous anti-authoritarianism and social alienation were as much or more a part of the 'hippy' ethic in practice as of the New Wave, who also seem under the delusion that before 'Dole Queue Rock' (since when haven't struggling rock bands been on the dole?) no-one was writing protest songs.

Someone should play them the likes of Frank Zappa's "Trouble Coming Every Day" (or, come to think of it, "Flower Punk") from 1966. Or remind them of the folk protest movement of the early sixties and Bob Dylan singing "Talking Third World War Blues".

IN STRICTLY nationalist terms, though, the punks may have a point.

Overt social or political protest has never been a strong point of British rock, which has invariably commented on social issues and attitudes in a more indirect way. The accent has always been on changing the individual rather than society; "You better free your mind instead" sang the Beatles on "Revolution", and likewise The Stones, Floyd, Kinks, and the whole mainstream of British rock has been political by implication rather than declaration.

On the few occasions that British rock stars have made overt political statements, they've usually been reactionary; recently we've had Rod wailing the Liberal, Eric coming out for Powell, Harley seeing reds-under-the-bed.

The major exception, of course, is John Lennon in his Red Mole/Sometimes In New York City period, and it's significant that Lennon had to move to the U.S. before he could comfortably adopt such a stance.

Rock and politics have always mixed better in the States, if only because politics and showbusiness have never been seen as that far apart — they almost got a 'B' movie star for president recently. Then again, American youth has had more reason to be politically involved; no-one here got Vietnam call-up papers.

CLASH TRASH BACKLASH

Times have changed. With permanent crisis in the UK (including and especially Ulster) 69-77, and the resultant national identity crisis, it was inevitable that rock would become more politicised — rock being a barometer of the social climate and all that.

The Clash seem to be rock's response to the National Front. In complete and declared opposition to the NF and their sinister anti-democratic, racist politics, they nonetheless inhabit the same blighted urban landscape, preach violence against violence. *Hate and War* say the shirts, *Riot, 999*.

It's a dangerously ambiguous response, just as the response to Strummer's mention of the Front last week was ambiguous — a jeer, certainly, some cheers maybe. And no matter how many anti-NF remarks are made, still basically a movement toward the politics of violence.

So far the New Wave have been largely incapable of saying exactly what they're fighting for rather than they're fighting against. We know they're not fighting to defend love and peace, what then?

We know at least that The Jam love the Queen ("You're a commie ain't ya?" they said when I suggested Her Majesty didn't give a royal hoot about them or about rock music, and that Townshend's Union Jacket back in '66 was cocking a snook at the establishment). But what do the rest of the New Wave defend? The right to smash up the stalls?

IT'S IN the context of questions like these that I find the New Wave's fascination with reggae so curiously out of sync with where the movement is apparently at.

"Just fucking listen to some reggae, that's all," concluded Mark P in a *Sniffing Glue* interview with the Roxy Club's black DJ Don Letts, while at the concert last week they played the best sounds I'd ever heard at the Rainbow; great hunks of dub, Skatalites, Revolutionaries.

Sure, much reggae is 'Rebel Music', instantly alienates Eagles fans, and deals with militant images and lyrics, but there any resemblance to the New

Wave music ends. Even the angriest reggae is built on a foundation of positive beliefs which, again ironically for he punks, preach peace, love, spirituality and equality. Serious t'ing yah. No jestering.

Nowhere is the fundamental opposition of reggae and New Wave music more plain than in the dancing that each inspires. Reggae is sensual, laid-back, polyrhythmic; its dancing fluid, total, often very close, and sexually suggestive. Reggae dancing usually goes on for several hours at a time.

Compare this to the despicable pogo dance, or rather, anti-dance. The body is clenched, catapulted aggressively at other leaping lemmings, and can be sustained only for short bursts. That it's hardly the most seductive display of the human form goes without saying, as does the fact that it's wilfully moronic.

At least the Teds had jiving at their riots.

"STREET FIGHTERS in custom-made guerrilla togs," sneered one recent *Gasbag* correspondent. "Anarchy courtesy of EMI?" spat another.

The cynicism is understandable. Rebels on £40,000 contracts? With some honourable exceptions, rock and roll has seen its heroes burn out or sell out. Or rather be brought out whether they like it or not. Only the fittest have been able to overcome the

Below: JOE STRUMMER does the Epileptic — it's the latest thing, dears!



debilitating patronisation of the music business and continue to simply create good music or contribute something to the public that gave them their privilege — not just materially but in the sense of maintaining their artistic integrity and simultaneously evolving their relationship to the world at large.

It's exactly because so many successive revolutionary fanfares have been stifled so easily that we should look back to the mistakes and cop-outs of the past rather than merely sneer at them. Won't get fooled again? Don't you believe it.

The New Wave now find themselves approaching the same position as the older established bands they've criticised. It's pointless to blame them for the quandary they now face — if they want their records out and their concerts played, they don't have much choice but to sign up (and lots of lolly is, as many members of the music biz constantly remind one, What It's All About). That said, I don't see what's to stop the new generation of rock rebels going the same way as their successors.

The establishment, in the form of the music biz, is already finding ways of turning this latest threat to its life into a lucrative source of income. And if the boutiques can turn Che Guevara into a commodity, then they shouldn't have too much trouble with 1984/Clockwork Orange imagery and vague noises about 'Anarchy'. How long before 'Hate and War' shirts are on sale in the NME mail order ads where flower-embroidered loon pants nestled a few years back?

ALRIGHT, we've seen action. The New Wave has helped wash away the accumulated dross left by the ebb of the 60's tide, but in the long run it might just be washing up some more evil pollutant.

Certainly it's impossible not to have serious doubts about any musical form that limits emotional response to jumping up and down on the spot and blowing globules of phlegm at its heroes. Surely rock culture, youth culture, is richer than that?

"Blank Generation" may be apt as a description, but as a eulogy and rallying call it's pathetic.

Don't just pogo there, read something.

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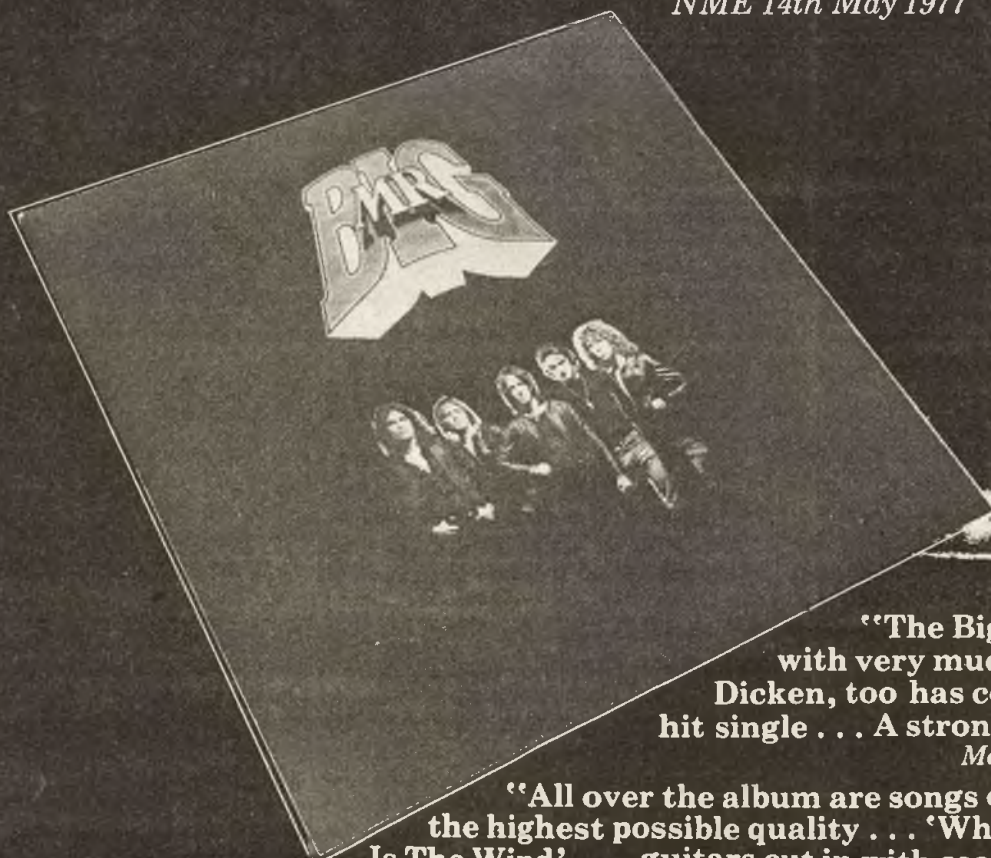


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 27th May **CHELMSFORD** Chancellor Hall
 28th May **HASTINGS** Pier Pavilion
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"Dicken's main strength, though, (and that of Mr. Big) is his love and belief in the spirit of rock music, which, combined with his talent for writing melodic, tension-soothing songs suggests that he could be one of the few new and original English rock songwriters."

NME 14th May 1977

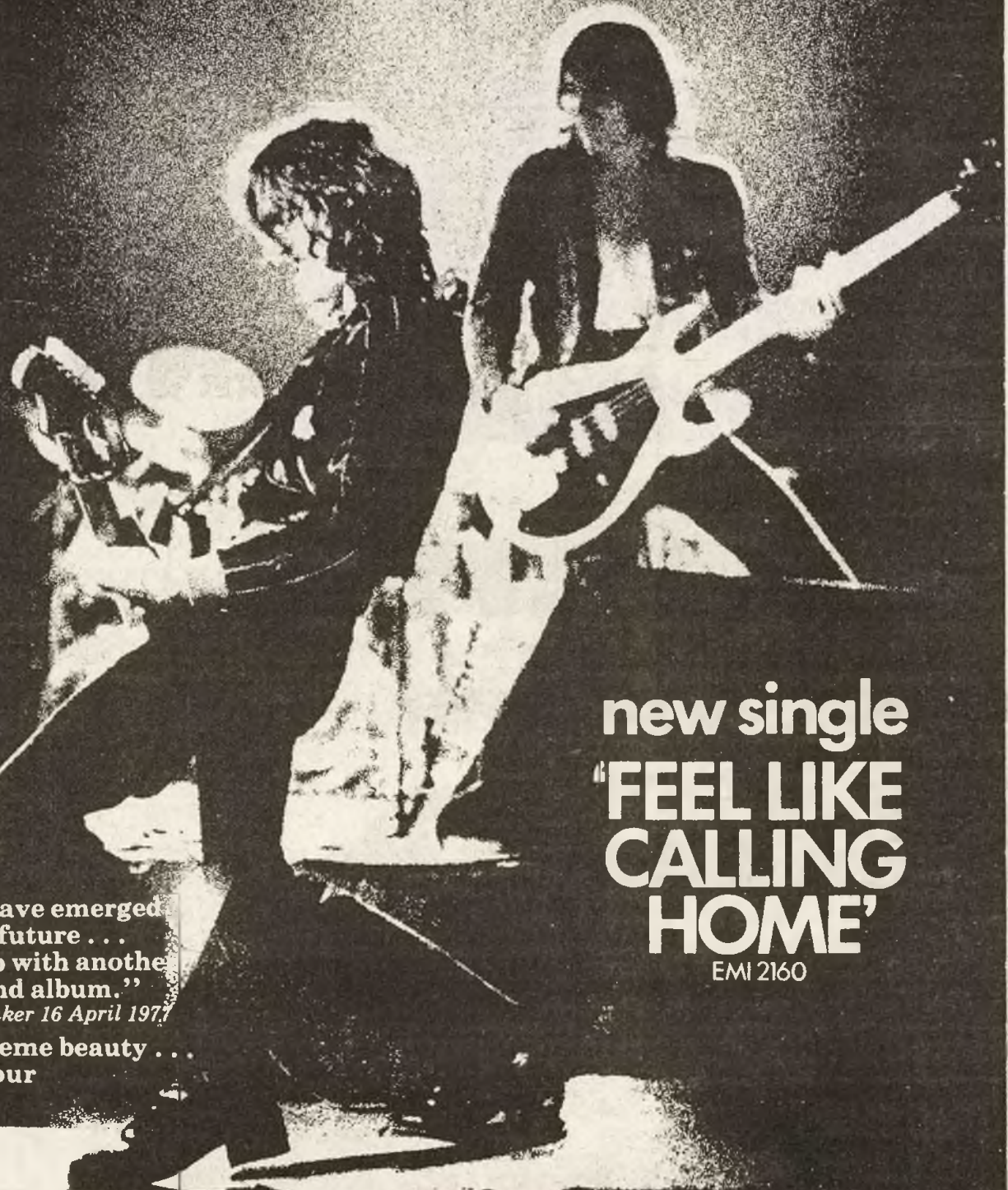


"The Biggies have emerged with very much of a future . . . Dicken, too has come up with another hit single . . . A strong second album."

Melody Maker 16 April 1977

"All over the album are songs of supreme beauty . . . the highest possible quality . . . 'What Colour Is The Wind' . . . guitars cut in with searing licks that'd have even Ted Nugent reeling on his heels."

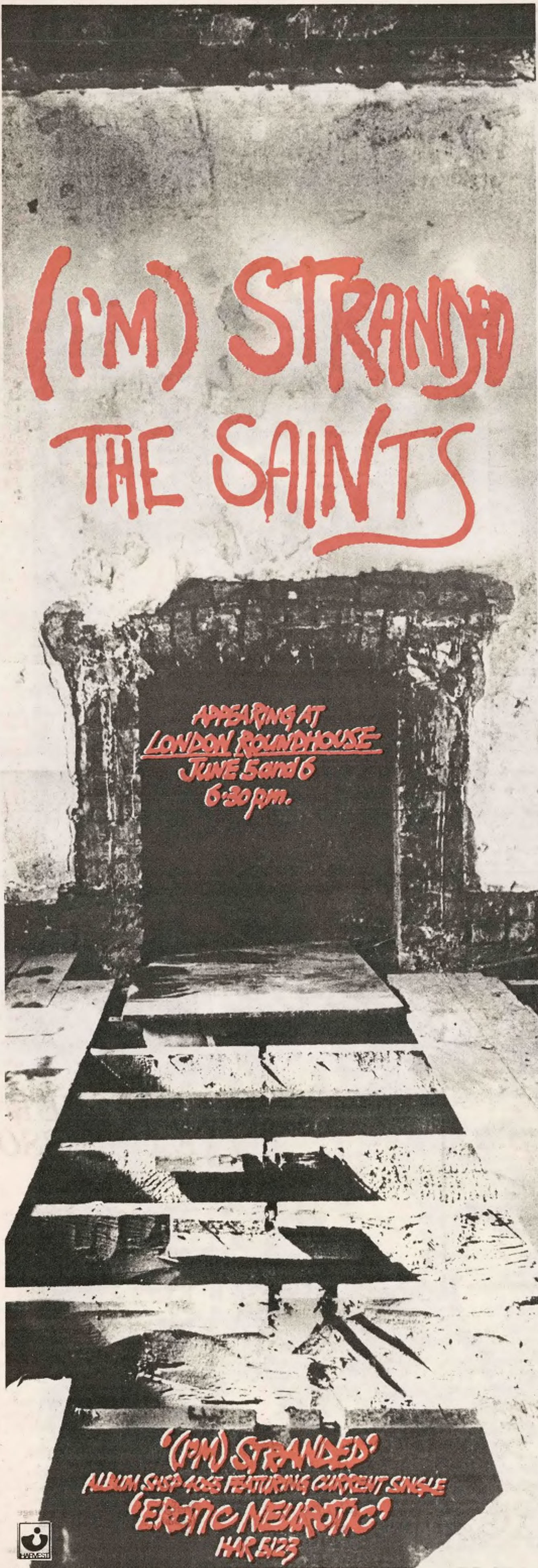
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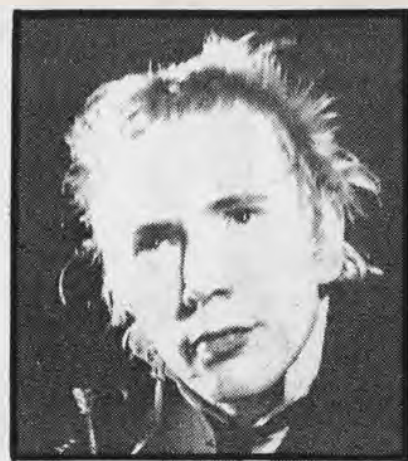
BLANK NUGGETS IN THE U.K.

THE WRAPS are gradually dropping from the Sex Pistols' debut album (see news, page 3). The Virgin deal will mean that a full nationwide distribution is theoretically possible, though in practice retailers could refuse to handle the album. Woolworth's have already told NME that none of their stores will be stocking it. They would offer no further comment. Both Boots and W. H. Smiths told us that they won't reach a decision on the matter until they've had a chance to hear the completed album, but both stressed that they were not prejudiced against the band because of the group's previously well-publicised infamous activities.

The Pistols are still re-mixing some of the tracks, and the album probably won't be released before June. Last week, however, Tony Parsons heard the results of the recording activity to date.

IMMEDIATE REACTION upon hearing the recorded versions of the thirteen songs that will provide the album tracks is that The Sex Pistols' vinyl is so powerful that it will persuade even the most adamant of the countless denigrators of the most-hated-band-in-rock to think again.

Although a vague impression that the Pistols were destined to be martyrs of the New Wave was becoming prevalent it's obvious from their material that the spell in the wilderness has only strengthened the band's music. The album is produced by Chris Thomas (who acted in



the same capacity on the EMI "Anarchy In The UK" single) and Dave Goodman of "The Label" label, who produced the B-side of that single, "I Wanna Be Me".

I heard the acetate of the Dave Goodman-produced tracks that are already in the can round at Dave's flat.

The first thing he played me was the version of "Anarchy", cut before the one chosen as the single. This earlier take is the one which will be on the album, and is infinitely superior to the single; Rotten's sneering, belligerent vocal tirade is more up-front, the lyrics spat out with more venom. Cook's drumming, Matlock's bass line and Steve Jones' guitar all come through with more raw power than I've heard from the band since last summer. The track is one which was recorded as a demo at one of the band's first studio sessions last summer.

But this track is certainly not alone in coming across on that level of excitement, tension and, yeah, quality.

There are also killer versions of "No Future", often misnamed "God Save The Queen". This (which would have been the A&M single) was thought to be an only recently written song, but was in fact premiered at the second date of the band's ill-starred tour in Manchester.

Another song called "EMI" doesn't contain the reference

to A&M included at the Screen On The Green gig, but sticks instead to their view of the uneasy partnership and of why they had to part company. Rotten's voice is full of undiluted hatred.

"Pretty Vacant" and "Seventeen (Lazy Sod)" are both old favourites and their excitement live is captured and enhanced on vinyl. There's two versions of "Vacant", both definitive Sex Pistols at their most snotty, obnoxious, and nihilistic.

The B side of the A&M single was my favourite Pistols song, "No Feelings", and it's the best song on the album with Rotten's howling self-obsession captured so well. You can almost see him hanging from the mike stand with a can of lager in one hand and his burning eyes fixed on a target in the crowd.

More black-hearted blank nuggets are the ex-Doll David Johansson parody, "New York", a long version of Iggy's "No Fun" (the only non-original for album inclusion), the B side of "Anarchy", "I Wanna Be Me", a great version of "Submission", an okay version of "Liar" and a fine recording of the vastly underrated "Satellite (Suburban Kid)".

Oh, yeah, the album's bass lines will be divided between Matlock's old contributions, Sid Vicious' new work plus some Steve Jones on bass.

And that leaves just one cut on an album that seemed for a while as though it would never appear, an album that will divide opinion more radically than any rock album ever released, an album that makes me believe it ain't inevitable that the ideals of the New Wave in the '70s must go the same way as those of the previous generation. The remaining cut is "Problems". Rotten sings, "An' the problem is YEW!"

□ TONY PARSONS



LOVELINES
by VELDA
DACQUIRI



Cyril Smith seconding John Pardoe's invitation to Lynsey de Paul.

I ALWAYS think it is so very fascinating to hear what formerly fab faves are doing now, don't you, my dears? I have just heard that Bryan MacLean, bad boy guitarist and co-writer with those '60s US scintillators Love, has now given his life to Jesus.

Now 30, bright-faced Bry is managing the Daisy in L.A. Once the most charmant in-crowd disco in Hollywood, the venerable venue is now a Christian nightclub featuring inspirational music and dishing up such nutritious delights as carrot cake. I just thought that was so heart-warming.

Another pop treasure who seems destined for higher things is our Eurovision darling Lynsey de Paul. The outspoken Ms. de Paul's lambasting of BBC cameramen strikers a while back (just think what we would have missed if Eurovision hadn't gone out) impressed Liberal deputy leader John Pardoe so much he has invited the petite pop person to stand for Parliament. What a wonderful example for us all.

Velda just keeps hearing so many interesting tidbits about those aggressive new wavers. Who would have guessed that Joe Strummer is an ex-public school boy? And bouncy Billy Jenkins, Burlesque singer, went to school in Bromley with blonde and bratty Billy Idol. Billy J. reminisces that the dynamic duo became palsy

because they were the only two Deep Purple fans in the place! It's all coming out, my little loves.

Whilst revelling in the throb of one of last week's more chic soirees, Velda was rivetted by the sight of a welter of thrashing arms and legs speeding towards the door. I must have had a few too many pink champagnes for I thought, for a fleeting instant, that it was our own cuddly pacifist CSM who was being handled so roughly. Whatever next?

Turning my thoughts once more to The Clash (I just can't stop myself), does plucky chanteuse and vice queen Janie Jones, recently released from nick, know she was the inspiration for one of their songs?

A most peculiar little package arrived chez Velda the other day, bearing the "Sloane Ranger Cassette". This mildly-amusing-the-first-time-you-hear-it item tells all about how to be a Sloane Ranger by shopping at Horrids, pursuing young gentlemen well endowed with a BTF (Big Trust Fund, something little Velda agrees gives a man that certain something), and generally going to the right places.

Strangely, these do not include any of the refined little niteries so dear to my heart, such as the elegant Roxy and atmospheric New Victoria Theatre. I don't think Velda knows any of these people the cassette is poking funnies at! What circles can these people mix in.



This next one's a 11?***!!! by !!!***...

KENNY EVERETT AND THE MAGICAL MONSTROSITY TOUR

IN RECENT months Kenny Everett has devoted his Saturday lunchtime programme on London's Capital Radio to playing recordings of rare distinction — the very worst ever made. The “crud-filled henious heap” which Kenny served up for his regular 800,000 listeners duly became an unqualified success.

The series climaxed last Saturday with the All-Time Worst Top 30, as voted for by listeners — over 6,000 of them, say Capital's Press office. From the mountain of dreck that record companies have effortlessly assembled in post-war years, the following chart emerged:

1. I Want My Baby Back — Jimmy Cross
2. Wunderbar — Zara Leander
3. Paralyzed — The Legendary Stardust Cowboy
4. The Deal — Pat Campbell
5. Transfusion — Nervous Norvus
6. This Pullover — Jess Conrad
7. Spinning Wheel — Mel & Dave
8. Lauri — Dickey Lee
9. A Lover's Concerto — Mrs Miller
10. I Get So Lonely — Tania Day
11. The Drunken Driver — Ferlin Huskey
12. Runk Bunk — Adam Faith
13. Why Am I Living? — Jess Conrad
14. 29th September — Equip 84
15. Surfin' Bird — The Trashmen
16. Let's Get Together — Hayley Mills
17. Mechanical Man — Bent Bolt & The Nuts
18. I'm Going To Spain — Steve Bent
19. The Big Architect — Duncan Johnson
20. Cherry Pie — Jess Conrad
21. Doty — The Most Brothers (i.e. Mickie Most & Alex Murphy)
22. Kinky Boots — Honor Blackman & Patrick McNee
23. The Shifting Whispering Sands — Eamonn Andrews
24. My Girl — Floyd Robinson
25. Revelation — Daniel
26. Goin' Out Of My Head — Rafael
27. Made You — Don Duke
28. My Feet Start Tapping — Adolf Bagel
29. Hey Little Girl — Ray Sharp
30. The Puppet Song — Hughie Green

Though one or two of the songs (“My Girl”, “Hey Little Girl”) actually seem quite good, if dated, it was a veritably grotesque two hours. The winning song was a hysterical slice of necrophilia. (Readers outside London may never have heard of it — which isn't surprising, considering it was issued only in the U.S., and withdrawn the week of its release on grounds of taste; however, the song can also be located on a notorious EP by The Downliners Sect, “The Sect Sing Sick Songs”.)

“Revelation” was also quite stunning; it began with a nuclear holocaust, took in a vision of Christ en route and ended with the truly immortal lines — “And if I never get to hell, Lord/It's because you scared it out of me”.

Individual winner was easily Jess Conrad, with runner-up position probably going to Adam Faith; “Runk Bunk” was at No. 12, while “Made You” was merely a straight cover-job of a Faith B-side.

Everett is perfectly qualified for mud-slinging such as this, being totally unscrupulous. Even his own colleagues weren't safe. The appalling “The Big Architect” was by Duncan Johnson — the DJ with the unenviable task of following Kenny. He retaliated by spinning one of Kenny's own efforts. (That wasn't too hot, either.)

Nonetheless, the programmes were wonderful, compelling entertainment and helped to reaffirm Everett's pre-eminence among disc jockeys.

One cheering thought is that there is enough grisly material still left to furnish many more such series. Let me see, there's “Stayin' In” by Bobby Vee, “Sing A Song Of Beatles” by Dick James, anything by Paul and Barry Ryan...

□ BOB WOFFINDEN

“‘Mein Kampf’ is my doctrine.” — John Tyndall (Leader, National Front).

MEIN KAMPF was the book Hitler wrote whilst in jail in the 1920s. It was the blueprint for the Nazi Party's plans for ruling Germany, for world domination, Auschwitz, Belsen, the Final Solution and all that.

Oh, and John Tyndall?

Tyndall is the leader of the National Front, Britain's most recent political phenomenon, and the party that, on an admitted racist platform, took over 10% of the votes in 10 constituencies in May 5th's Great London Council elections. It beat out the ailing Liberal Party into fourth place in a third of the Council's seats.

Suddenly the NF is big news. The Daily Telegraph carried a detailed breakdown of its activities, recruiting techniques and required reading (a book list which, oddly enough, contains the Penguin Book of Welsh Verse); Nationwide confronted Martin Walker of The Guardian and author of a recently published book on the Front with Martin ‘I wish to preserve the ethnic purity of the British people’ Webster, the Front's National Activities Co-ordinator.

On Sunday LWT's The London Programme broadcast an extensive survey of the Front's campaign in the East End, home of their hardcore support, interviewing current and

FRONT ON THE MOVE?

ex-NF supporters, and showing the ugly side of East End life and politics.

So are the ghosts of Oswald Mosley's British Union of Fascists on the march again after 40 years?

The voting figures suggest a qualified no. The Front are best organised and its electoral support highest in Mosley's old stamping ground in the heart of the East End (Hackney, Shoreditch, Bethnal Green and Newham) areas of traditional Labour allegiance but run down, overcrowded and with high levels of both unemployment and immigrant populations.

Here people who believe themselves forgotten and betrayed by the established political parties look to the Front as a vehicle for their anger.

Outside of London the Front is highly localised, growing in areas with high immigrant concentrations

(Wolverhampton, West Bromwich, Blackburn and Bradford) but receiving derisory support elsewhere. Therefore talk of a national breakout of the NF is apparently premature.

But any increase in the support of a party such as the NF is a cause for concern, especially as they seem intent on attracting to their ranks as many young people as possible.

Their name has even been associated (and thankfully, quickly disassociated) with The Sex Pistols in an effort to make waves in what they see as the potentially rich recruiting grounds of the growing army of disillusioned, unemployed and bitter youth of London, the children of the council estates and the comprehensives.

As yet the Front's support is limited, but growing; nationally insignificant but a worrying random factor in the political and social stability of the capital.

And in the days of economic hardship, with the desire for scapegoats high in many people's minds the Front's one vote-catching policy of halting immigration and of voluntary (or, if necessary, enforced) repatriation could quickly become attractive.

It would not do to underestimate the Front, particularly if the promised lucrative benefits of North Sea Oil do not materialise and the economy takes another turn for the worse.

□ BILL McCORMICK



JESS CONRAD: A triumphant revival...

GROOVER EXPRESSO BONGO

A WONDERFUL good morning to you.

I feel it my duty as the world's most sensible, not to say objective, reviewer to inform you about the correct contents of a most honourable publication “The Lone Groover Express.”

This really charming bijou comic, no disrespect, contains a variety of single frame, strip and sequential frame cartoons.

It is a compilation of the better work of T. Benyon mixed with some previously unpublished work.

There is a reappearance of Dummy, a redrawn Festivals and the “Origins of El Groover,” all well printed and quite edible if hunger strikes.

All this for less than a packet of cigarettes! Amazing!

Remember the “Lone Groover Express” can be obtained from 18 King Street, Ilkeston, nr. Derby, Derbyshire, for 39p plus 6p postage (postal orders payable to ‘Bona Torsos.’)

Thank you very much for giving me your time.

□ TONY BENYON

BENYON:

The Lone Groover



the stranglers



May		
19	Tiffany's	COVENTRY
20	University	BRUNEL
21	Sports Centre	BLETCHLEY
24	Top Rank	BRIGHTON
25	Essex University	COLCHESTER
26	St Andrew's Hall	NORWICH
27	Top Rank	CARDIFF
28	Odeon	CANTERBURY
29	Civic Hall	GUILDFORD
30	Village Bowl	BOURNEMOUTH
31	Civic Hall	WOLVERHAMPTON
June		
1	Barbarella's	BIRMINGHAM
2	Barbarella's	BIRMINGHAM
3	Corn Exchange	CAMBRIDGE
4	Casino	WIGAN
5	Electric Circus	MANCHESTER
7	Odeon	TAUNTON
8	Castaway Centre	PLYMOUTH
9	Town Hall	TORQUAY
10	Grand Pavilion	LLANERIDNOD WELLS
11	Kursaal	SOUTHEND
12	Top Rank	SHEFFIELD
14	Tiffany's	SHREWSBURY
15	City Hall	NEWCASTLE
16	Town Hall	MIDDLESBOROUGH
17	Gaumont	DONCASTER
20	Top of the World	STAFFORD
21	Victoria Halls	HANLEY
22	City Hall	GLASGOW
23	Imperial Hotel	BLACKPOOL
25	City Hall	ST ALBANS (Two shows)
26	Roundhouse	LONDON
27	Roundhouse	LONDON



GREAT LANDMARKS OF OUR TIME: No 1

GERDE'S FOLK CITY — despite missing "C" — on McDougall Street in New York's Greenwich Village, was the scene of Bob Dylan's first-ever professional engagement in 1961.

Other noted performers made New York debuts there (Judy Collins, Jose Feliciano, Simon & Garfunkel et al) and in 1971 Charles Shaar Murray played there (twice, or so he claims).

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

DYLAN EXPOSES 'GOOD PART OF CHEST' SHOCK

FOR THOSE who reckon there can never be enough written about Bob Dylan, Thrills is pleased to introduce *Zimmerman Blues*, an American magazine by and for Dylanologists.

It's a 20-page mimeographed magazine, with adequate photo reproductions of pretty rare shots of Dylan from way back when up to the Rolling Thunder Review.

The writing style is a curious blend of those breathless *Tiger Beat* mid-'60s "What Bob Had For Breakfast" type of feature ("Sometimes" — on the Rolling Thunder bash — "his shirts were even open enough to expose a good part of his chest") and treatises on his work ("Dylan provides a conjuration of the mystery of existence and the transmigration of the soul through causes/effects" . . .)

There's a gossip section — "Recent Developments in Dylanology" — which should be of interest to British readers as it's mainly articles and cuttings culled from American magazines.

There wasn't a great deal of actual new material in the issues Thrills acquired, mainly individual writers' efforts at analysing aspects of Dylan songs or various stages of his career, such as "Biblical Allusions: Blood On The Tracks"



and "Frankie Lee And Judas Priest — Eternity Betrayed".

Issue No. 5, however, claimed to have a previously unseen section of the Zim's novel *Taranuula*, (which, if attributed, contains the only Dylan reference to himself as "Zimmerman" either in print or on record.)

The source for that particular piece is one Stephen Pickering, who sounds as though he's picked up the mantle of world's leading Dylanologist from A. J. Weberman ("I have been collecting Dylan's work for 16 years and have published four books, with five more forthcoming")!

In the tradition of not following leaders, it's the sort of vicarious fan-mag that I should think Dylan himself would like, but simply because of the man's reticence and reclusiveness there's a market for magazines like *Zimmerman Blues*.

Further details from: Brian Stibal, *Zimmerman Blues*, 4933 Theiss Road, St Louis, Missouri, U.S.A., 63218.

□ PATRICK HUMPHRIES

RATLEDGE SCORES FOR LIB



VERY LITTLE has been seen of Mike Ratledge since he decided to leave The Soft Machine about a year ago. He showed up briefly to play at David Bedford's *The Odyssey* at the Royal Albert Hall — but that wasn't his own music.

One of his projects has been to write the music for *The Riddle Of The Sphinx*, a film by Laura Mulvey and Peter Wollen which opened at the Other Cinema in London on May 13. The film concerns itself with the problems of women's liberation and child care, but treated in a distinctly new way. (About time — Ed.)

The music is described by Ratledge as "music devoid of incident . . ." Nonetheless, he has produced a very evocative soundtrack, mostly in a minor key, with some suprisingly beautiful passages, particularly in the "theme" sequence.

He worked on it at his home using a rented 16-track and his own synthesizer equipment and a rhythm computer.

As far as Thrills knows, there are no plans for a soundtrack album.

□ MILES

The story's on the right, Mike . . .

-ROGER DALTREY- ONE OF THE BOYS



HIS NEW ALBUM

FEATURING SONGS FROM PAUL McCARTNEY, STEVE GIBBONS, ANDY PRATT,
COLIN BLUNSTONE AND PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT.

Musical contributions from Rod Argent, John Entwistle, Andy Fairweather-Low,
Alvin Lee, Jimmy McCulloch, Hank B. Marvin, Mick Ronson and Stuart Tosh.

Produced by Dave Courtney and Tony Meehan.

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SUZI QUATRO: The folly of Rock Follies explained . . .

WHY DEE, Q, AND ANNA ARE MISSES BY MILES

WE HAD JUST returned from a gig and I switched on the television for *Rock Follies*.

After a couple of minutes I realised I was watching yet another cut-em-off castration of "Girls In Rock".

I don't know how they manage it, but every time we end up looking like (a) boring, hard-ass chicks or (b) thick sex-maniacs.

It seems odd to me that since Bessie Smith bluesed out her first note, nobody's come up with more accurate assessments than these stereotypes. If my 13 years in the business and on the road is supposed to be what's crammed into this series, then I think I'll give it up.

But before I drone on and on, I guess I'd better point out a few of my main beefs.

A small detail, I realise, but nevertheless one that really gets up my nose: every time they break into a song the legs fly apart (yoga training

perhaps), the old arms start flapping up and down (no matter what the tempo) and the mouth gapes open (visions of the dentist's chair).

They manage to look like nothing more than patients with a toothache who like a little tune or two.

If nothing else, rock has always survived through its redeeming quality, its basicness.

Well, this programme takes the basic out and makes Hollywood look like a bunch of amateurs. They just don't look like they mean it, and, for me, that is the cardinal sin.

If they don't underdo it, they overdo it. I don't know which is worse.

Among my fondest memories of those eight years I travelled through my home, America, playing my music is the very thing that *Rock Follies* makes look awful.

Many days we had nothing more than a hamburger; at times, not even that. We had to camp out to save

dough, sneak into supermarkets and nick a tin of something — and all that.

Quite honestly, those were the most enjoyable days of my life. We were teenage hoboes, living the life of gypsies, no worries, aside from food and a place to kip and seeing the country, on our own, loving and free.

I never minded eating in a greasy spoon and all the other musicians and singers I know feel exactly the same way. It's all part of it and it's a gas. You're sharing something unique and beautiful in its own way. You're all together living life to the fullest. It ain't grotty and it ain't dirty. It was fantastic.

Another point that just don't make it is the schmucky people who surround this little group.

These shysters with their hip lingo — "far out", "too much" — are about as funny as Cheech and Chong doing their hippy impersonations.

And I'll bet that portrayal of an NME reporter didn't half piss off a

few journalists. I've played in every dive and ballroom going and no one ever talked to me like that.

Maybe I just mixed with the wrong company.

There is one other ridiculous thing that happened in the opening programme.

It is quite normal for groups to have sound checks. By the time you've checked into the hotel, grabbed a quick drink and dashed to the gig you're lucky if you get an hour. Something always goes wrong and there usually just isn't the time. So a three-hour sound check is really not feasible.

But the funniest part was when one of the girls said, "We gotta have a three-hour check because we got a new monitor."

A new monitor! So what? Talk about exaggeration! You'd need 15 minutes maybe!

I bet roadies all over the country were reeling with laughter.

IN ALL seriousness, my biggest qualm is the sex angle.

Why is it that anytime there's a movie about women, sex is one of the main features? Don't men do it? (Yes — Ed).

A reporter called me the other day to ask me a few questions and this programme and its sexual aspect came up in the conversation. He said to me, "Yes, but surely you must have felt the need to sleep with the opposite sex, just to relieve the tension of the road if nothing else."

Oh, Lord help me. I said to him, "My good man, sex is a part of life and unless you are homosexually inclined, it's usually done with a member of the opposite gender. My girl friends at high-school had more of a raving time than I ever did. If you work like I did, until five in the morning, you're usually too tired to really care about it. Days off were something else. When you do it, you do it and I fail to see what any of that's got to do with making music."

The whole subject is treated very casting couch-ish right on down to the club manager with the big cigar, making improper suggestions and patting the girls' asses, with that ridiculous dirty old man glint in his eye.

I died laughing when that happened

on the show. It's as corny as, "Come with me and I'll make you a star, baby."

I never got propositioned that way and if you're going to make the comment, "Well, you just weren't desirable", you should have seen the girls in my band: tall, beautiful and sexy, so there!

Anyone with any sense in their heads knows for a fact that sleeping with someone won't make you a star. Not unless of course you film it and put it on general release.

And even then you would have to do a fabulous performance, with *Emmanuelle* as competition.)

If these girls are supposed to be talented then the whole angle just doesn't make it. All the women I've met with real talent would no more be promiscuous than they would cut off their arm.

There have been a couple of movies made in America about girl groups and they have all been guilty of the same mistake: no-one, but no-one seems to be able to understand that for a lot of us, it's only the music.

We love what we do and struggle

Get down and get with it...

OUT-OF-CONDITION rock fans might be interested to learn of a new keep-fit technique called **Swingnastics**.

Introduced into this country from Finland by John Scott, a lecturer at Scotland's St Andrew's University, it's an extremely taxing sequence of floor exercises all done to music which is guaranteed to flatten out that beer belly and put hairs on your chest.

In a typical session John Scott suggests beginning with "Jumping Jack Flash", by the Stones, Thunderclap Newman's "Something In The Air" and "Save Your Kisses For Me" by Brotherhood of Man.

If the music don't get you, the exercise will.

□ DICK TRACY



"Janis Ian has at last matched on record that extraordinarily varied and subtle performance she gave in London last year... a singer and musician capable of working in any field between slow rock balladry and jazz... a rare and mature album."

Robin Denslow: *The Guardian*

"On this album she is much more adventurous, making better use of her excellent voice... much more exciting... She has certainly progressed over the last year without losing any of the qualities which have made her so popular."

Carol McGarell



Sorry, girls, you've been counted out . . .

for at least 10 years to get that first "shot-at-the top" and when we see a movie about ourselves that's as

phony as this, it gets on our collective TITS. Oh, what a giveaway! In summing up, let me say this.

NO ENTRY WITHOUT WEAPONS...

"PROPER PUNK doormen" —that's how John Tully, promotion agent for Birmingham's long-established Barbarella's Club, describes the gentlemen you may find scrutinising you if you want to watch The Suburban Studs or The Prefects there.

Barbarella's, see, has three 'rooms' — The Pose, The Funk, and the main room — and you pay one admission which lets you into all three.

But recently mysterious signs have appeared outside The Pose saying "Private Function", and two safety-pinned gents have been stationed to turn away anyone deemed "not a punk".

At least, that's how local band The Prefects tell it in a communication they sent us complaining about these strictures.

When we checked with the club, however, they assured us it was simply to keep out the football crowd element (Aston Villa rowdies, *et al*) who might have come to see the main hard rock attraction and might feel aggroational if they wandered into a spiky-haired shindig.

Moreover, Barbarella's say the "punk doormen" are none other than The Prefects' own road crew. "They are after free publicity, I fear," was Mr Tully's comment.

The club has also, according to another source, been the scene of recent alarms when The Damned refused to encore after can-throwing during their set.

As they were playing in front of an audience who had come for German HM kids Scorpion (who declined to play at all), this unsavoury incident seems quite plausible.

Mr Tully of Barbarella's, however, refutes this one too: "No real violence" took place, he says, as far as he was aware.

Anyway, next time you go down there (a) take a safety pin in case you need to flash it for ID, (b) don't take yer football scarf, and (c) don't throw bottles at the band if you want 'em to come back on.

□ PHIL McNEILL

First of all I wanted to like *Rock Follies* because it was about women. I tried hard.

Secondly, it's not that I'm a know-all but simply that I actually lived the life for eight years in America, playing virtually every night with four other girls all alone in the big bad world of Rock 'n' Roll, so maybe I know just a little about it.

I'm sure the writer had every intention of making a real gut-level series, but somewhere between production and screening it got turned into the show-business facade that it is.

It doesn't take the lid off anything. In fact, the reason it annoyed me so much is because all the headway I thought we had made in the business is put back 10 years by this kind of nonsense.

It reconfirms all the mugs' fantasies of dirty ladies, casting-couches and sex, without ever letting them know the real truth.

I wish someone somewhere would get their shit together and make something we could all be proud to watch.

I mean, us girls who have been going since we were teenagers and are proud of what we have done — and proud to be women too.

A movie that would show the struggle for what it really was, the truth without all the phoney drama, would make this long-time rock and roller feel it was all worth while.

□ SUZI QUATRO

QUADROPHRENIA

Interest in quadrophonic sound systems, once assumed by many to be the next step in *Konspicuous Konsumption* after stereo, has been flagging a bit recently. Was quad, as some retailers now believe, a dead duck? Or are plans afoot to resuscitate its commercial potential?

I'M SITTING in a white-panelled room in the depths of the BBC listening to a live Jack Bruce concert in quadrophonic sound. It sounds good.

It's followed in quick succession by some kind of strange German classical music track, a rock tune by a BBC engineer trying to make it in the business, and a strange, ethereal, electronic ditty composed for a BBC production of *The Tempest*. The song is designed to confuse sailors and it certainly confused me, strange fudged voices and instruments speeding at me from all corners.

Exactly what is this mysterious quadrophonic sound? The idea dates back to the 1930s but only came out in a practical form in the 1960s. Several big corporations put their muscle behind different variations, resulting in four prototypes — the SQ, the QS, the CD4 and UD4.

Like any other new medium — long-playing records, colour television — everyone's in at the start in the hope that the new technology will break big and earn them another billion.

The CD4 and the UD4, backed by Nippon, Columbia, RCA Victor and Warners, died the death. SQ, part of the CBS music machine and QS, a Sansui, ABC/Dunhall, Pye collaboration, survived.

But even so, till recently, it seemed as if quad's days were numbered. Virgin Records confirmed that their best selling quad record (in SQ) was "Tubular Bells", which had done 25,000. Sales in their shops were very poor and only the Marble Arch shop now bothered to stock them. All the different systems, it seemed, had confused the public who did not know what hardware to choose.

Also, the amount of albums you can get are limited.

However, back in the studio we're listening to an extract from *The Merchant Of Venice*. A man's voice is coming out of the left-hand speaker at ground level. Suddenly a woman's

voice comes in from high in the air on the left-hand side. The guy who's demonstrating the equipment explains that in the original play, the woman speaks from a balcony and quadrophonic sound enables the producer to place the voice exactly. I'm impressed.

The BBC give me the spiel on their new quad system, which could save the day.

"Matrix H", it's called, because it was the studio technicians' eighth attempt. The BBC had heard all the other systems and decided to try and develop their own.

Now Virgin Records are planning to release a Gong Live Retrospective in Matrix H quadrophonic, and lobbying is underway to try and get other companies like Chrysalis and Warner Brothers to adopt the system.

What I heard was certainly impressive. Johnny Bierling, a producer from Radio 1, explained plans for other quad broadcasts including a wildlife programme featuring the dawn chorus and a jazz band in a pub. They recorded the latter by going to the pub twice, once to get drunk and record the "ambience", and again the next night to tape the band. The resultant broadcast will combine the two.

Matrix H has a lot of advantages. If you have quad already it will cost you another £80 for a decoder. If you just have stereo then you'll need a £78 decoder, a pair of speakers and another two channels of amplification — around £150 the lot. If you're finding it hard to pay next week's rent, skip this paragraph.

Quad is fun. It does add a new dimension to sound and allow you to experience sounds more profoundly. It seems inevitable that one system or another will be adopted and standardisation will spread throughout the electronic entertainment corporations. Some one will make billions.

Me, I belong to the Dansette generation.

□ DICK TRACY



Slick, huh?

Speakers courtesy of Akai



JANIS IAN

new album

MIRACLE ROW

"... this is Janis Ian, rock singer. The band is metallic, tight, often terse, and the backing thinned out to the minimum, giving each player a chance to shine. The artist has not lost her sensitivity, however — there are some moving 'lonely girl' titles, and some beautiful vocal harmonies, but the outstanding emotion is self assurance."

"It's a superbly crafted album. The songs are delicately melodic and carefully constructed; the lyrics — based on the authoress' obsessions with loneliness, the need for love, and the fear of old age — are sensitive and erudite... and the production is as crystal-clear as you could wish for."

Paul Kendall

"... surely one of America's most rewarding singer-songwriters. She relies on a four-member backing group — and succeeds in projecting her warm husky voice and classy songs. Words crystal-clear, themes intelligent and attractive. A song like 'Take To The Sky' uplifts the heart... the words of 'Sunset Of Your Life' will haunt you for a long time."

Derek Jewell: Sunday Times



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RICH MAN, POOR MAN

— Bowie and Iggy get together on TV

"AND HERE they are now, that new group that has had such a tremendous impact on today's music, Iggy Pop and David Bowie". Yessiree, it's the *Dinah Shore Show* from Hollywood on American afternoon telly. That's the stuff to give the housewives, say us. **JOE STEVENS** takes off his pinny and plugs in...

Dinah: I have with me Iggy Pop and David Bowie — you must be exhausted.

Iggy: I'm a little bit keyed up now.

Dinah: I know, that's kinda hard to come down from.

Iggy: It's a bit difficult to break out of.

Dinah: Of course. I'm going to call you Jimmy, if I may.

Iggy: Sure, I appreciate it.

Dinah: Jimmy, you've known each other for years I suppose?

Iggy: Six years.

Dinah: How did you meet?

Iggy: In a bar in New York. We scored, we were both unrecognised, we had a lot in common.

Dinah: But you were both interested in music.

David: Not music really; you call it music.

Dinah: Well, what do you call this? Punk Rock? Explain to me what it is.

David: Well, my understanding of punk rock is, it's something that started in England in the last couple of years. I'd never seen Jimmy really, but I'd heard some of his albums and it sounded like Nihilist Rock. It was



Who gets the limelight?

the nihilism which fascinated me.

The rock philosopher talks

(laughs).

Dinah: It's a little remote from reality at times.

David: No, not at all.

Dinah: In your collaborations, uh, what kind of music do you do, David?

David: Myself? Oh, I don't know, ask Jimmy.

Iggy: His music is a bit up there (raises arms, now clad in a sport coat): a bit more airy. My music is just basic. I look for things to tear apart...

Dinah: It just happens, you don't even think?

David: What Jimmy did — do you mind talking?

Iggy: Nah.

David: You sure?

Iggy: Yeah.

David: In the studio, Jimmy would make up lyrics on the spot and keep everything he did, and occasionally change a line after he had recorded. I've never seen anyone able to make up lyrics just out of the head, to a track. He'll hate me for this, but, it's more like the Beatnik era...

Iggy: Unnngh!

David: It's a very spontaneous kind of lyric, it's not kind of a writing thing for Jimmy. With mine, I spend months writing one word, then I have to look it up and see how to spell it. (laughs).

Dinah: (who has never written a song) Which is what most of us have to do. Jimmy, would you describe some of the things you were doing when David first got interested?

Iggy: I was doing things like "I Wanna Be Your Dog", "No Fun", "Search And Destroy" and "Raw Power", which has since had a child's toy named after it.

Dinah: You were doing things to yourself physically that were...

Iggy: And other people too.

Dinah: Why?

Iggy: Uh, because I was, uh...

David: Bored.

Iggy: Bored, and angry. Something would be demanding action every day that I couldn't do anything about; finally I gave up and resorted to simple violence...

Dinah: On yourself, mostly.

Iggy: Usually on myself, because I



"You're a very modest man, Mr. Bowie..."

FIG: JOE STEVENS

hated to take it out on other people, I felt I was wrong.

Dinah: That's considerate.

Iggy: So, often I would do to myself what I wanted to do to someone else.

Dinah: For instance, you poured hot wax on yourself?

Iggy: Yeah, but you see that didn't hurt.

Dinah: It doesn't hurt?

Iggy: No it doesn't, it just (raises arm) went WHISSHT...

Dinah: But you cut yourself with a bottle.

Iggy: Yeah, well that was because I'd done something really foolish the night before and I was ashamed. I'd left this thirteen-year-old girl stranded (Bowie breaks into hysterical laughter) at an airport on the East Coast, she was from the West Coast. (Laughs) That wasn't right, so, I got up on the stage, I felt so bad, I thought, well, what the heck with it, and grabbed a glass, and whissht!

Dinah: Oh Jimmy!

Iggy: I've since had treatment for that sort of thing. (Laughs) Yeah, it helped a lot, yeah, it's better to be able to laugh about it now.

Dinah: Well, you burn yourself with hot rollers when you're on the road, but that's the extent of it.

David, you saw Iggy perform, what was your reaction?

David: I never saw Iggy perform, I just heard the albums and then, I must admit, someone played me a video tape he did with his original band, The Stooges, and I didn't like it very much, because then I saw the violence, and it's not what I heard from the lyrics.

Dinah: Jimmy, what was the audience's reaction when you did those things to yourself?

Iggy: It depends. Sometimes the audiences would literally go nuts and get demonstrative, sometimes they'd pass out.

Dinah: Did they? There's not much of a response you can get after that.

Iggy: Sometimes, if it was a room this size, they would all press themselves in groups against a wall, as far away as they could get from me, and watch in horror. But they wouldn't be able to leave either, they would be sort of fascinated.

Dinah: You can talk about it now and you've had treatment.

Iggy: I can talk about it if it's required, but it's not my preferred subject.

Dinah: I don't want to make you uncomfortable, but do you feel you have contributed something, coupled with your music and the violence?

Iggy: I think I have contributed some-

thing, yes, there must be something good that I've done. I think perhaps that there's a lot of people that have enjoyed my stuff, so that's good enough.

Dinah: Do you feel you have influenced anybody?

Iggy: I think I helped wipe out the '60s. (Laughs)

Dinah: David, how about you?

David: Uh, what?

Dinah: You have been working with Iggy. Now, you're a very modest man (Bowie sniggers) sitting there at the keyboards, one of the conditions on which you came today was that you would not sing a solo, and that we would not talk about David Bowie, and we are friends, and I understand and respect you for that. But what happens to David Bowie if you're going to continue, if you're going to sublimate your particular talents? Can your ego stand it?

David: OK, fine. Right. Jimmy and I collaborated because I was intoxicated with what I thought Jimmy and I stood for. And I never want it to be thought that I'm some kind of hand manipulator or Svengali behind what Jimmy's doing now, because he's getting popular now. It's only because he was six years too early with what he was doing six years ago. Musically, his presence, what he was doing on stage, was exactly the same. It's just that I happen to be concerned about it now, because I stayed with him. So personally, it's a great ambition. There was something with Jimmy I hadn't seen with rock and roll, which is a kind of method poetry, an unleashing of the animalistic parts of rock you don't usually see. It's usually very safe, guarded and very safe. And Jimmy was very excited about what he was doing. It probably has nothing to do with rock and roll. It probably has to do with method.

Dinah: Method and a human statement?

David: Yeah. No. Not a human statement. Jimmy has a method. So that's my concern, and I had nothing else better to do, and I've never enjoyed a tour as much as this one. Just playing keyboards, because I think it's as fulfilling as any of my tours.

I'm developing an American accent, I must lose that. (Laughs)

Dinah: Yes. You sound terribly American, dear. (Laughs)

But what happens to your career?

David: Oh, that's fine. I ain't very rich, you know, but I can afford it. I prefer to do something that excites me. And playing piano behind Iggy Pop is very exciting...

(Cut to commercial; end of interview).

LOWRY



"Believe me, this kid would have been bloody enormous if he hadn't been born to a family of illiterate grape-treaders in a remote Sicilian village."

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JIMMY PAGE was once quoted as saying, "Jansch was my biggest single influence", but for some reason neglected to give him a composing credit on "Led Zeppelin" when he transformed Jansch's "Black Mountain Side" into "Black Water Side" and never took time to look back.

Well, Jimmy Page is still around, and so is Bert Jansch, with a great new album, "Rare Conundrum" (which I don't think I did justice to in my small hours review last week, the gist of which was meant to be it is a very good album).

I was curious how Jansch felt about the Page track? "I don't care really, but I know the record company I used to work for have been trying to sue him ever since..."

Bert Jansch is rather like the Soho he, in so many ways, typifies; changing, but always there. Through a series of albums on Transatlantic, Warner Bros and his current label — Charisma — he has consolidated a reputation as an influential guitarist and writer.

The first of his three Charisma albums, "L. A. Turnaround," was produced by Michael Nesmith.

"I met Mike through Tony Stratton-Smith, who suggested he produce my next album. We started recording it here, but Mike had to go back to the States, which was the only reason for me going over there, because if I hadn't we'd never have finished the album.

"The instrumental stuff was done with Danny Thompson in Paris a few

JANSCH REVEALS: I WAS TRUE TO ELVIS...

years prior to that — even on the new album there's a track from that session." (So much for my preconception of how an album's recorded: "Hey, let's go to Paris and lay down some tracks").

I was curious as to why he'd re-recorded "Needle Of Death" for the L.A. album.

"Well, I never did like the original version — just me and the guitar. I was very young, only 19 or 20 when I did it, and the new version" — with Red Rhodes on pedal steel — "seemed much more up to date, but the song doesn't have the impact it had then.

"Nowadays people aren't particularly interested; they've got LSD and other kicks, or non-kicks to worry about."

Bert stayed over in America to record "Santa Barbara Honeymoon",

which he likes, although he feels it suffers from overproduction.

"I was just curious about American musicians, having had a taste of it from the previous album, but there is the big danger that they are session players and they're used to doing things very quickly... and adding too much, or whatever."

And now, two years on, comes the new album. The production is very much stripped down — just guitar, bass and occasional fiddle — but what it lacks in back-up it makes up for with Jansch's voice and lyrics. It's more 'folk' orientated, and it's as a folk singer that most people tend to think of him.

I asked him what set him off on the dusty road of folk, he replied emphatically, without hesitation: "Elvis Presley! He was folk as well. All his early songs were from the old blues singers. I rejected Bill Haley and stuck to Elvis. Then I left school and started going to folk clubs, and it was there that I slowly became aware there was a lot more music than was being pumped out on the radio.

"And when I went to the clubs I saw that there was music at your fingertips, in your local town.

"The first folk singer I saw was Hamish Imlach, mixing 'Clawhammer Blues' and yet singing Glasgow songs at the same time; there's no better introduction to folk music than that. I first got interested in guitar at 16 and got into Big Bill Broonzy after hearing an EP of his. I took guitar lessons from Archie Fisher and Davy Graham's sister, Jill."



BERT JANSCH
Pic: PENNIE SMITH

While Bert was making a living out of playing the folk clubs in the early '60s (a period he recalls on "Daybreak" and "3 Chord Trick" from the new album), the nascent talents of Paul Simon and Bob Dylan were over here checking out the clubs.

"I used to do gigs with Paul Simon then — can you imagine playing Brentwood Folk Lab for ten quid a night with Paul Simon? When I first met him he was into Martin Carthy.

He learnt a lot of songs from Martin, as did Bob Dylan when he came over. Martin was very influential". (Simon took the tune of 'Scarborough Fair' from Carthy without mentioning him, whereas at least Dylan gave him a name check on "Freewheelin'" after he took the melody of "Lord Franklin" for "Bob Dylan's Dream").

"I didn't used to take much notice of Paul Simon, and I still don't. I don't like his songs, they don't do anything for me. But Dylan's songs, the early songs, I liked a lot. They probably influenced me quite a lot.

"The real superstars of the folk circuit then were the people like Sonnie Terry and Brownie McGhee, and Pete Seeger. And Jackson C. Frank had as much influence on the English folk scene as Bob Dylan, or anyone else, and his one album — his only album — influenced half the folk world in England at the time, and he doesn't even play anymore!"

Jansch included a beautiful version of Frank's "Blues Run The Game" on his "Santa Barbara" album.

I wondered if he felt he might be remembered more as a guitarist than as a writer?

"Well, creation is feeling — to create thoughts and feelings in people's heads. A song is much more direct, because with one word you can plant a suggestion in someone's head. It's much harder to do that musically. But using a combination of music and words can be very strong.

"With blues songs it's irrelevant how they're put together, it should be an emotional thing at the time and therefore all sorts of idiosyncracies in the grammar are irrelevant. I mean we wouldn't have blues songs if we rejected all the old blues singers because it didn't make sense on paper.

"I've reverted to putting notes on the sleeve of the new album so that people will know what the songs are about, because if you don't it becomes sheer imagery. Each line is a different image and not necessarily connected. 'Poor Mouth', which I'm not saying is a particularly good song, was suggested by a Flann O'Brien book and I just do a little PR because I think everyone should read Flann O'Brien, which I think will do a lot

GUNMAN TERRORISES FEET

WELL-BALANCED Spencer Metcalf of Princeville, Oregon, was extremely bugged by an insect he espied crawling sneakily up his leg. So as any gun-happy Yank would do, he drew his pistol and shot it, wounding himself in the foot.

He was treated at a local hospital and released unharmed. The bug now walks with a limp.

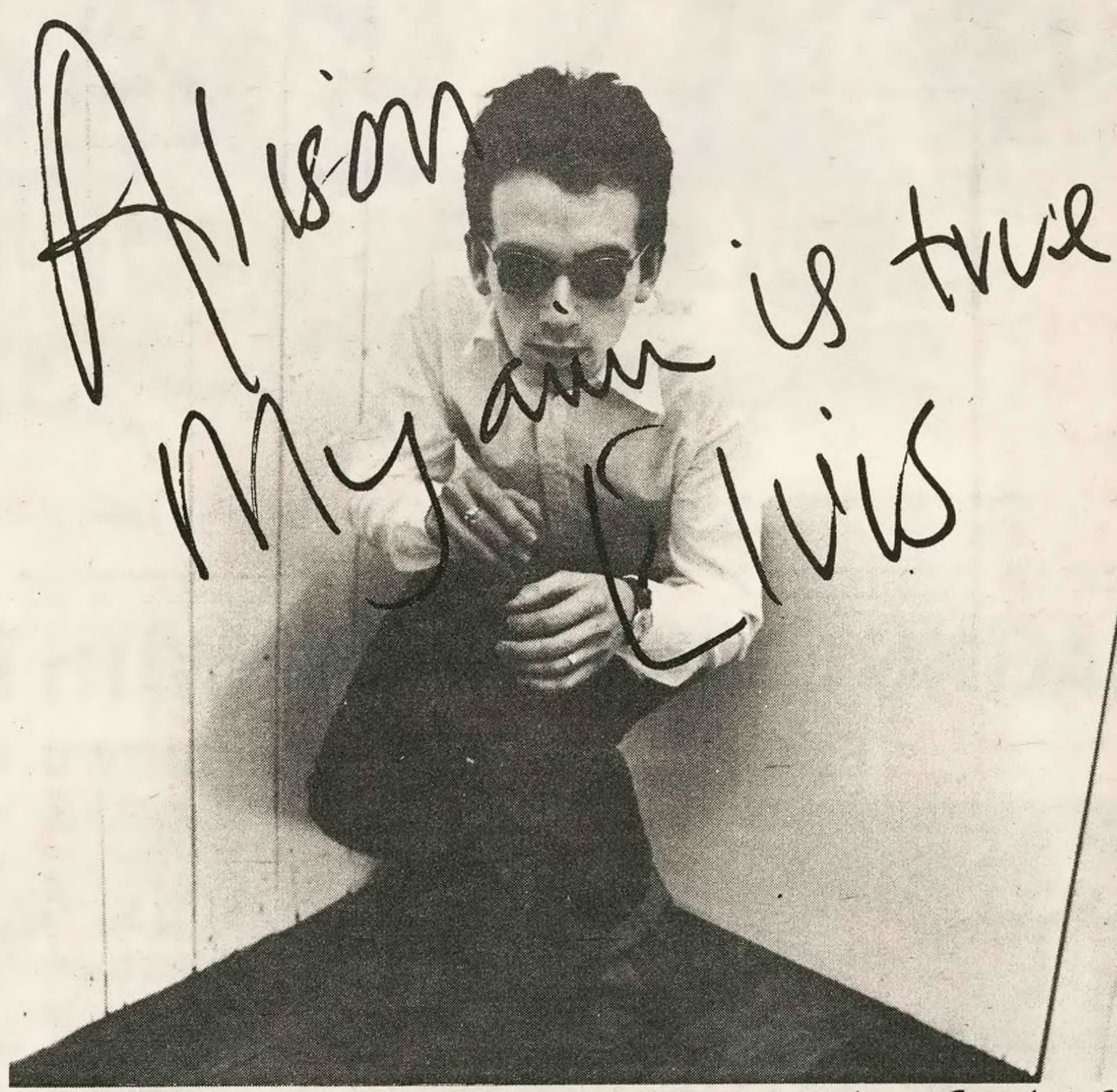
□ JULIE BURCHILL



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more for their soul than all this punk rubbish . . .

"That's one thing about pop music today — it's the individual line that sells the song. What's that famous song . . . there's only one line I can remember — 'Don't Cry For Me Argentina'? I mean, can you remember any more than that one line? My God, if people knew anything about the politics of that country . . . and yet that song is sold on on line — 'Don't cry for me Argentina!'"

Did he feel that success had eluded him, what with people he had a direct

THINGS THAT GO BURP IN THE NIGHT. .

MIDNIGHT in the big city. The bar was closed and the albies rolled slowly homeward. But one hardened drinker crept out from the skirting board, his whiskers quivering with the uncontrollable passion which screamed for assuagement.

Micky just had to have the demon alcohol!

Later the police of Maidstone, Kent, broke down the door to a ghastly sight. Micky lay unconscious on the floor, his frail legs beating the air, two bottles of upturned spirits dripping onto him.

The griefstricken policemen attempted to revive him, but it was no use.

Micky had gone to that Great Tavern In The Sky.

And the police headquarters bar, already!

Said the bar steward's wife, holding back her tears: "He was found lying under two large bottles of Cinzano and Martini. He was obviously enjoying the sweet taste and keeled over."

Micky is a mouse.

□ JULIE BURCHILL

influence on cracking it commercially?

"I don't resent my album sales. With Pentangle we got to, I think, No.5 in the album charts, and in the States we were superstars. It didn't last long mind, but we sold out Carnegie Hall three times. Not many bands did that. Oh well . . ."

No resentment about the illusion of superstardom, but: "I do resent the media for their stupid approach to good musicians. I think that in order to become a 'record selling person' these days you have to either give up a lifetime's work or bow down to a few individuals in the business."

"There's too much power in the wrong places, certain people have got power, and without their nod, handshake or whatever, no-one goes anywhere."

Apparently Bert Jansch sold his first album outright for a hundred quid, and it's since gone on to sell 150,000 in Britain alone. So it's not without experience that he has harsh words to say about The Business.

But now there's a new album to promote, three gigs supporting J.J. Cale in London, the Cambridge Folk Festival in the summer, taking off to the States in the autumn, trying to get an instrumental album together ("There's one 20-minute number completed; it's all broken into sections, but I don't know who wants to hear 20-minute instrumental numbers on an album") and a date at the Marquee on May 31 with Danny Thompson and Martin Jenkins.

"I always enjoy doing the Marquee; it's good fun, there's no pressure, even if things sometimes go slightly wrong."

The interview, and brandy, finished, it's out into the Bert Jansch territory of Old Compton Street, sunny and crowded with tourists looking for some Soho action, even on a Monday afternoon.

Despite Jansch's prolific output, there's a care and precision in the writing and performing of the material he chooses to commit to record, and what with his blues, folk and jazz influences it's not surprising he can sound so positive when he says "I've always got songs ready for a new album."

□ PATRICK HUMPHRIES



— DAVID PEEL crusading — Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES —

BEATLE FREAK: LENNON TALKS

DAVID PEEL and the Apple Band have released an album dedicated to that all-American cause of re-uniting The Beatles.

Peel, you remember, began his musical career in the early days of psychedelia with a memorable album called "Have A Marijuana" which was recorded live on the streets of New York. (He believes all music should be free and performed in parks and on the streets so everyone can join in.)

In April, 1972, John Lennon and Yoko Ono produced "The Pope Smokes Dope", one of Apple's more unusual albums, and one which showed Peel as proto-punk with such numbers as "I'm A Runaway" and "I'm Gonna Start Another Riot".

It seems that his contact with an actual Beatle turned his mind from dope to The Beatles — not a difficult step to take — and this, his latest release on his own Orange label, is devoted entirely to bringing the four lads back together, and has scarcely a toke of championing for his beloved herb.

In fact the album opens with a reverential re-work of the American Oath of Allegiance called "The Beatles Pledge Of Allegiance".

He sings a Ramones-like vocal on "Imagine" — same strangled New York accent but with a beautiful oboe backing track — and has made Lennon's short story, "My Fat Budgie," into a song.

In case anyone should think that

Peel is just another crazed street-loonie he proves he knows at least one of his principles by including an interview with Lennon on the album.

The subject: How Lennon first met David Peel and his opinion of Peel's music:

"Howard Smith was showing Yoko and me around the Village — although Yoko didn't need any showing — but he was an old friend of Yoko's and I got to know him. And he took us down to Washington Square of course and there he was, you know, shouting about 'Why do you have to pay to see stars?' and all that, and I'm standing at the back of the crowd feelin' all embarrassed, thinkin', 'He must be talkin' about me — he must know I'm here!' But he didn't. And then we walked off."

"Another time . . . it was arranged for us to meet him but it seemed like a happening and he was just suddenly there and we started singing with him in the street. We got moved on by the police and it was all very wonderful and that was it. And then — he was such a great guy, and we loved his music and his spirit and everything, and his whole philosophy of 'the street', so we thought, 'well, okay, let's make a record with him'."

"The thing about it is, people say, 'Oh, Peel. He can't really sing' or 'he can't really play' and that, but he writes beautiful songs. Even as simple as his basic chord structures are, supposedly . . . well Picasso spent 40 years trying to get as simple as that. David Peel's a natural and some of his melodies are good, y'know? If you took away the effin' and blindin' and the politics and you just sang some sweet melody over 'I'm A Runaway' or one of his tunes, well then you'd have a pop hit. If he ever wanted to do those as Pop 40 he could do it as easy as pie."

Thus spake John Lennon. Well here's the Pop 40 album, full of simple melodies. The main thing that'll probably stop John's words from coming true is that Peel released the thing himself. It's on Orange Records (Orange Peel — geddit?) of 209E 5th Street, Apartment 10R, NY, NY 10003, but Thrills expects the import shops will get some soon.

□ MILES

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HARD LUCK WOMEN/CALLING DR. LOVE/BETH



CHAPMAN and wife Andru

A TIME bubble is as safe and cosy as a padded cell.

Given the chance, who would not trade the Vampirella capital of the rock and roll world for the simple hardship of being snowed in for 48 hours inside a Gothic Northumberland monogamous oblivion?

Such is the happy predicament of Michael Chapman, born in early 1941 in the North Country, living comfortably as an art teacher till the bug bit him and 1967 led him into a folk singer's wicked ways.

He grabbed Rick Kemp, Mick Ronson and a contract with Harvest, none of which

SURE MAN... BUT LIKE HOW CLOSE ARE YA TO TH' STREET?

A young person's view
of MICHAEL CHAPMAN

lasted. In 1972 Kemp left him for the charms of Steeleye Span and Chapman was lured away to Deram and the spirit of rock and roll. His seventh and latest record is called "Savage Amusement" — a Northern expression referring in anything deliciously sinful.

This child of prole white

trash rock and roll was therefore on guard when she tucked into *steak au poivre* and a great deal of vino with him recently, but he turned out to be an agreeable human being, with no nasty habits you can put your finger on.

Talking of which, you should see his wife (even if you don't



CHAPMAN attempting to achieve the Sound of the Westway. Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES

buy his records): Blunt / bland blonde barmaidishly beautiful, standing four feet 11 inches in Minniehaha skins and the bluest eyes this side of infinity.

"Me name's Andru because me mum wanted a boy," explains the miniature madonna in her gently grating Bolton voice in a temperamental French restaurant one Friday. "I mean, she really wanted one. When I was born, I was announced in t'newspaper as a boy".

The old and vastly superior breed of rock and roll wife; elocutions, cabaret acts and backstabbing *a la* Bianca and Angie are superfluous for Andru, who instead does the cooking and appears in photographs holding on to her spouse. The wine appears. What's more, things appear in the wine.

"It's got three dozen strange objects floating in it," observes Michael Chapman wonderingly. "Frogs, newts, the waiter's fingers . . ."

The wine is exchanged. "Doesn't this taste less tart to you?" Andru inquires. I have to confess that everything which gives me a kick tastes equally good to me. "That's the good thing about being a wino," says Mr Chapman. "You drink so much you get to know the difference".

Are you an alcoholic? I ask hopefully.

"Oh no. I enjoy it too much."

Michael Chapman knows a lot about wine, it appears. Food too: "Did you ever go to Tony's Roadside Cafe just outside Grantham? You could get a tea-cake with three fried eggs and a pint of tea for a shilling".

How much is a shilling in real money?

Naturally, the conversation turns to Byron. "He was exhumed," says Andru, "and it appeared he had a leg cut off at t'knee. So they could find out why he was lame". "Probably because he'd had a leg cut off at the knee", says her husband. "That's enough to make anyone limp".

A word about Michael Chapman's music; if you too share my acoustic allergy, you should lay off the early stuff, but make every effort to get hold of "Deal Gone Down" and "Savage Amusement", the latter especially which is packed with yummies like the chillingly authentic "Stranger", the cautionary horrorshow of a happy couple who open their doors in all goodwill to a savage vagabond who eventually entices into his lair the poor guy's girlfriend — only of course she's not called a girl, she's called a "lady".

All Michael Chapman's women, fictional and actual, are "ladies", in the tradition of the turn of the decade further education highly sensitive romantic set.

Giveaway time: the prole never refer to their girls at "ladies." Let's find out how close M.C. is to the street. What was the last band he saw?

"It was David Owen Story at Penrith Cricket Club. In the middle of November. No one

else was there and he was very good".

Have you ever seen a band called Eater?

"Have they ever played Haltwhistle Working Men's Club?"

I reckon not, but their drummer's 14 years old. You've got more than two decades on that. Don't you ever feel past it?

"Well, Hartley always helps me on to the stage nowadays".

Keef Hartley? He can't be much younger than you!

"We used to worry about Keef because he drank so much, but now we worry about him because he's in love. Hook, line and sinker with this German lady; he's going to bring her over! The idea of Hartley being in love!"

Happens to all of us, I guess. Do the people you play to like you?

"The last gig we played at the Marquee was great. We had a bottle of chilled champagne ready, and we left it while we played an encore — and in four minutes the stuff reached boiling point; it was undrinkable! The place was packed! At the Cambridge Folk Festival 60 per cent loved us and the rest went 'Boo!' and broke all their legs in the rush for the exit".

He grins in reminiscence. "Rick Kemp couldn't get verti-

Fans mob Singer

A young American rock 'n' roll singer was given police protection from 200 screaming fans today after they had chased him through a furniture store, and out of a cafe in Shepherd's Bush.

The singer 20-year-old Vince Taylor had just ended his performance at the Gaumont Cinema's weekly teenage rock show.

From London evening paper "The Star" (deceased), Oct. 11, 1958. Sent by Cliff White of Bletchley

cal until five minutes before that gig".

"Rick used to be in a band called Johnny Small and The Little People", announces Andru.

Roars of drunken mirth from all in earshot.

"No, really," says Chapman. "They were on *Opportunity Knocks*. If you're desperate to make it you'll do anything. Look at me and the one per cent recording contract. The culture and the dormouse. It's a cruel thought that demolishes all the myths, but if you're in rock and roll you're a world away from the punters. You've got something that people are prepared to pay the price of admission for."

"My brother-in-law's a damn good plumber but no one would pay to watch him take a drain up. If you're in rock and roll you're no good unless people are prepared to buy you".

Like Michael Chapman says: how can a poor man stand such times and live? And like Baudelaire says: Be drunken, always.

□ JULIE BURCHILL

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The new zippy Kawasaki Z200 is so advanced it's beautifully simple. Its 4-stroke single over head camshaft engine features only a single cylinder. The reason is to keep the machine simple and reliable, with fewer moving parts. Which makes it easier and less expensive to maintain. And a single engine uses less fuel.

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| May 22 | Manchester, Electric Circus | June 1 | Plymouth, Top Rank |
| May 23 | Doncaster, Outlook Club | June 2 | Penzance, Ballroom Gardens |
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PHOTO: Robert Ellis

WE are fortunate in having secured Linda's services as house photographer. Famed for her current best seller *Linda's Pictures*, she'll be supplying us with lots of super, exclusive pix. With Linda in residence, Wings must be one of the most photographed bands ever, and we can count on her to keep us in the picture.

Dear Wings,

My sister and I were thrilled to be able to buy tickets for your fantastic Wembley concert last October. We loved every minute of it, clapping and singing the whole evening long.

The next day my sister suffered severe pains in her arm, and had to go to hospital where she discovered she had broken a bone in her wrist by clapping too energetically, and is now the proud possessor of a plaster cast covered with WINGS slogans. She feels that the pain and discomfort were still worth that magical evening.

Thanks again for the brilliant concert.

MARGARET (broken wrist) MURPHY
ANNE EASON
Putney, London, SW15

MACCA'S MACCAZINE

FORGET SIDEBURNS. Forget *These Things*. The fanzine you need is *Club Sandwich*, issue no. 2 available now from the Wings Fun (sic) Club. Cray-zee about it!

And the editor of Macca's monument? You guessed it. Macca.

Yup kids, "Club Sandwich" is a real family affair. Not only is it masterminded by its own chief subject (perhaps he felt that no-one else could do it with quite so much, uh, conviction), but guess who's head of the photographic department? Right again! "Studio Snaps By Linda" cover almost a quarter of the

acreage of the current issue, although it does also include a pic of the lady herself looking sulky in the kitchen, entitled "Cook Of The House" and taken by — Macca . . .

And that's not all. "In each issue we will be bringing you details of people connected with Wings," promises Macca, adding, this week "Meet John Eastman" (Linda's brother to you). Next week: "Meet Macca's Pet Vole".

Meantime we print above a couple more tidbits from issue no. 1 for your edification.

□ AMY PROSSER

TABLE TRIUMPH AT RAT



"When we get some instruments we'll really be something . . ."

THE RAT Club is in full swing.

The '30s flick condemning the horrors of marijuana has just clattered to a finish, and a young middle-aged poet with lank dark hair is onstage. In the background a trio including Thunderclap Newman on piano, a young hirsute violinist, and a percussionist with little more than one bass drum, provide muted accompaniment as the poet upends a large brown envelope and haltingly reads the poem inscribed on the inside of it.

Almost nobody seems to be listening. Half sit around chatting and the rest are at the bar — but the poet gets a fulsome round of applause as he finishes.

Brian Rat Davis leaps onstage to announce the next act. He seems to be the originator of this weekly Sunday evening gathering at the Pindar Of Wakefield, a pub at the King's Cross end of Gray's Inn Road. They recently moved there from the over-large Sound Circus in Holborn Kingsway.

The Rat Club, see, is an artists' and exhibitionists' club. The theory is that anyone can turn up and do their thing, and the Rats' great dream is that it'll be not only a centre for emergent artistic cross-breeding — punk rock meets bizarre poetry meets cartoon animation — but also that big stars (hi, Thunderclap) should have somewhere they can come to perform in front of a small, casual audience.

Most novel of all, everybody, even performers, pays the £1.30 admission fee. Nobody gets paid.

The act Brian Rat Davis announces is called The Table. This is their first gig for two years, their second ever.

Four young men thread their way to the front, to yells of encouragement. "Have you heard their single?" someone behind me asks. "It sounds quite good — no, really good — on a hi-fi, y'know."

QUITE GOOD? Really good? He's got to be kidding. The Table's single — "Do The Standing Still (Classics Illustrated)", Monty Smith's *NME* Single Of The Week 9.4.77 — is amazing. For a debut record, written, produced and performed by the group alone, it's astounding.

A rushing bass jitters in, followed by galloping drums,

and suddenly seven guitars cascade on top — well, about four to begin with, seven later — like . . . aw, to say it's like The Ramones on Acid would be a little like comparing Hendrix to Bert Weedon with a couple of pints inside. Guitars scatter in from all directions, some riffing remorselessly, some screaming power chords, one playing good old quasi-Indian leads, another wowing "Third Stone From The Sun" space noises, yet another burping little chicken hiccupps — hilariously orchestrated chaos veering to crash, crescendo and climax.

Meanwhile childish deadpan voice puts those extraordinary words. (*With a blinding flash and a deafening report/The pigdogs cometh and to me they snort/Do the standing still*).

Marvel freaks will recognise Doom, the dread Doctor of that ilk, Steve Ditko, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee, major figures in the genre, and comic titles like *Where Monsters Dwell*, *Creatures On The Loose*, and so on.

Wild geese and dead bodies in bedrooms are The Table's own additions to the mythology.

This packed three minutes is currently available on Virgin Records, backed with "The Magical Melon Of The Tropics". This is a group that needs investigating.

THE FOUR members of The Table are sitting in a Brixton backstreet pub with Diana Fawcett, who designed the sleeve of their single and seems to take general care of them.

This is their first ever interview, and it's a little painful. Not having yet got their history down to the five easy phrases stage, they spend hours detailing how they sent tapes to such and such a company, who lost them, so they sent another tape to so and so, and so on.

Table are Russell Young and Tony Barnes (founders, writers, 23 year-old ex-school buddies from Cardiff, where Young still lives) plus Len Lewis (a 34-year-old Indian who has lived in the UK since '64) and Micky O'Connor, 23, from Acton. O'Connor is curt and down-to-earth — he asks me seriously why I like The Table, because as far as he's concerned "it's a load of shit — you're probably more into it than I am."

Lewis and O'Connor are the musicians (drums and lead

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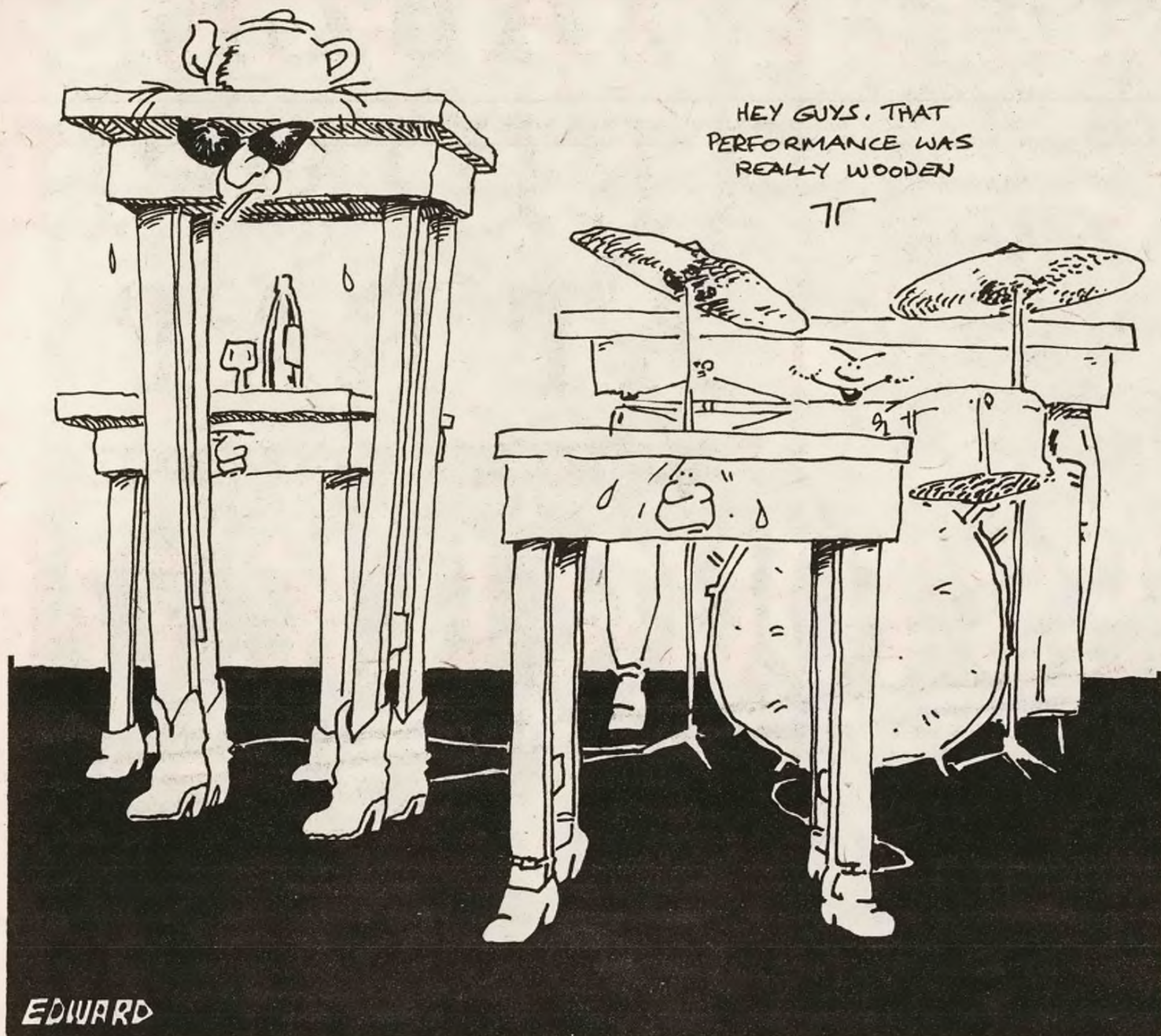


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guitar respectively). Both joined last year, meeting the others through their mutual interest in film animation: Lewis and Barnes are professional animators, O'Connor a freelance film editor.

The history of The Table, which Russell Young and Tony Barnes tell me as vaguely as seems humanly possible, goes back to the early '70s when, as John Stabber, they sent John Peel a demo. That name was dropped in favour of Do You Want This Table?, and the two continued sending people demo tapes. In 1974 DYWT? played its first and only gig at the Windsor Fest with Young on bass, Barnes on guitar, and someone's brother on drums. They used Burlesque's gear. Finally Virgin took them on, and their abbreviated name, last year, and they recruited Len and Micky.

Finding recruits was probably not easy. The Table are like a pretend band, you see. They've still got no gear whatsoever, and an attitude of determined independence almost unknown in rock. If they are in any tradition it's English psychedelic, but their main motto is that which made Boston, of all people, such a

success: simply, "Why not?"

That maxim is Tom (Boston) Scholz's advice to anyone thinking of recording their own basement platinum record: if you think of some crazy technique, try it. Similarly, The Table refuse to fall into rock's all-embracing cliché quagmire.

If they want to write about wild geese on their window sill, they'll do it. If they want an Indian guitar on a Ramones lick, they'll do it. If they want a solo played by a bayonet and mike stand over a heavy metal riff — as on "Cold Steel", one of a bunch of rough mixes they played me — they'll do it (and it's great — sounds like someone eating dinner in the studio).

Virgin have given The Table virtually no promo, and no kind of long-term contract other than a guaranteed follow-up if the record sells enough — but what they have given them is free studio time. And these totally untutored blokes have gone in and said "Why not?" and come out with stuff that can only make you ask — "Why not more often?" Why there aren't more records similarly inspired is mystifying.

"Yeah, we could slam in a baby baby," Tony Barnes

concedes. "If we needed it to rhyme with 'cradle'."

BACK AT the Rat Club, things are not running too smoothly. Had they but asked, Virgin would have hired them some gear — but they haven't even told the company about the gig. Instead, they're borrowing another band's set-up — tho' the other band, Ben, also seem unaware of this fact.

After about 15 minutes of escalating embarrassment, they plunge into "Artistic Pauses" (typically, it doesn't mention the title), awfully out of tune but still functioning.

"Do The Standing Still" is accompanied by a frantic cartoon specially done by Cucumber Studios for the number — and it's so good that The Table are forced to encores with the same song. Aurally, the set's a disaster, but the audience don't seem to care. For them, if it's weird it's good.

The Table may one day become a potent force of rock innovation, or they may get sucked into the commercial vacuum. They may even never make another record. Better get "Do The Standing Still" while you can.

□ PHIL McNEILL

PUTTIN' ON THE STYLE



WITH THE news that Lonnie Donegan — Glasgow-born "King of Skiffle" — is back in the studios working on some "up-tempo versions" of his old hits, produced by Adam Faith, it might be of interest to take a nostalgic look back at what George Melly (in his excellent *Revolt Into Style*) called "The first British near-pop movement" — skiffle.

Ah, skiffle, Britain's early response to rock 'n' roll, cheap and crummy, with 30-bob guitars, washboards and one-string tea-chest basses, ersatz as hell, but it did help to make British audiences aware of the American folk/blues movement, exemplified by Woody Guthrie and Leadbelly. That and the harnessing of the raw power of early rock and a nod in the direction of

English Music Hall gave skiffle a style and influence in rock's early years.

Lonnie Donegan was a banjo player with Ken Colyer's Jazz Band in the 1950s, and probably would have stayed there — except that in 1956 he went into a studio and cut "Rock Island Line" for the standard Musicians Union fee of £3 10s.

He never looked back. It reached No. 1 in Britain in a matter of weeks, and even got as high as No. 6 in the American charts.

Donegan's sound was commercial, he cleaned up Leadbelly's earthy blues and gospel material and made them acceptable to British audiences with his uniquely nasal, frantic delivery, and popularised Woody Guthrie in Britain (remember this was around the time when young Robert Zimmerman was apparently chucked out of Bobby Vee's backing group cos he couldn't rock!).

Donegan had a whole string of hits throughout the middle and late '50s — preserved forever on Pye's "Golden Hour of Lonnie Donegan" — and was a regular guest on the *Ready, Steady, Go* of the 1950s — 6.5 Special.

Then, what with Britain's legions of Presley impersonators and the up-and-coming "Beat Boom", audiences drifted away from skiffle and Lonnie Donegan.

He has been very much out in the cold ever since — undeservedly forgotten, while others from roughly the same era (Bert Weedon, The Shadows) have recently been accruing the full benefits of television advertising. Maybe Adam Faith's initiative will help to restore a rightful sense of proportion.

□ PATRICK HUMPHRIES

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HOT RODS EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS



Roger McGuinn

Roger McGuinn

By ANGIE ERRIGO

WHAT DO you say to a living legend? Don't ask me. In the first place I couldn't quite relate the rather elegant 34-year-old Roger McGuinn of spreading waistline and relaxed amiability before me with the Anglicized trendy of my adolescent admiration.

Gee, is this the guy who inspired me to sprint to the nearest groovy boutique for little square blue glasses? For about the third time in my life I was practically speechless, but was spared from totally blowing it by McGuinn's familiarity with the routine.

He knows the spiel, and even if I was John Tobler I couldn't have asked him anything surprising.

I thought the only thing to do was apologise right away for being about to go through the same questions everybody else in line had. He was okay. The day before some interviewer was so reverent it got up his nose, he said. This guy asked him what it was like to be a living legend and I shuddered at the thought.

Being called a legend must be creepy because it makes it sound like you're through, and even if somebody is really a burnt-out has-been he still needs to think he has the goods.

Fortunately, McGuinn is still responsible for making nice music, and he's humorous and objective about his position. "With some people it is kind of a religious thing. The whole Byrds thing is legendary."

The just completed Thunderbyrd tour, which also featured Gene Clark and Chris Hillman with their bands, saw the first stage get-together of the trio in 12 years. "So You Wanna Be A Rock 'n' Roll Star", "Eight Miles High" and "Mr. Tambourine Man", not unnaturally, provided the big thrill for the persistently devoted Byrds culturists, and McGuinn is perfectly happy about doing them.

"I don't feel obliged to do them, but I like to give the audience what they want. And after all the Byrds songs are my music. I had a lot to do with The Byrds."

He's not kidding. As Miles said in his review of Thunderbyrd in New York, that voice and those guitar lines are McGuinn's all over, and only his.

He thought the McGuinn, Hillman, Clark team-up was a

lot of fun and was "working out really nicely", but he's finally given up harbouring thoughts of a full-scale reunion effort ever again. "I don't really see that happening. I think it might be better to let The Byrds rest. And I can't see Crosby prepared for that."

Another scotched project is the proposed "Gene Trypp" country rock musical of "Peer Gynt" (from which "Chestnut Mare" and a handful of other recorded songs originated). Nurtured in the late 60's with his co-writer, one-time psychologist Jacques Levy, the play was in his mind for resurrection for a long time. "Unfortunately that was pertinent to 1968, but not now. It had a very male chauvinist, machismo approach with this Bob Dylan character running around in it."

One reason it died a death was because producers couldn't see country rock as a commercial proposition. "And since then, country rock has blossomed. We were ahead of our time. That's been my plague. Now I think country rock is fading out and I'm glad, it's getting boring."

"The Notorious Byrd Brothers" is still his favourite Byrds album, and he counters suggestions that it marked the beginning of the end for the band with, "Country rock wasn't the beginning of the deterioration of The Byrds, it was the middle of it."

He readily hands all the credit for the inauguration of their country schtick to Gram Parsons and Hillman, laughing when he says, "Gram and Chris wanted to fire me and hire a steel guitarist."

As far as he's concerned, the Thunderbyrd line-up — guitarist Rick Vito, yet another of John Mayall's young hands, drummer Greg Thomas and bassist Charlie Harrison — are not a pick-up band.

"This is the first time since The Byrds that I've cut the musicians in for a percentage rather than a wage. It's a band, there's really strong camaraderie."

He really hated the "Roger McGuinn And Band" album and was pissed-off with the production job one Bill Halverton did on "Peace On You". "I don't like the way it was constructed and I had nothing to say about it."

I found it hard to believe an artist of his stature could be monkeyed around that badly in the studio, but it seems what the record company wants, it gets when it's footing the bill.

Nevertheless he's pulled out some great stuff on "Roger McGuinn" and the Mick Ronson-produced "Cardiff Rose", which deserved more

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attention, and he predictably but with some justification is proud of the current "Thunderbyrd".

"The band was only together two weeks before we recorded the album. I want to do more recording live in the studio. I think you have to develop your craft, and it's getting more effective if I can just sing and play at the same time on one track."

The material on "Thunderbyrd" is a solid mix of heavy-breathing rockers with the expected laid back element, with only four McGuinn-Levy compositions, a beautiful new Dylan number in "Golden Loom", and, most fetching,

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Chris Hillman

By STEVE CLARKE

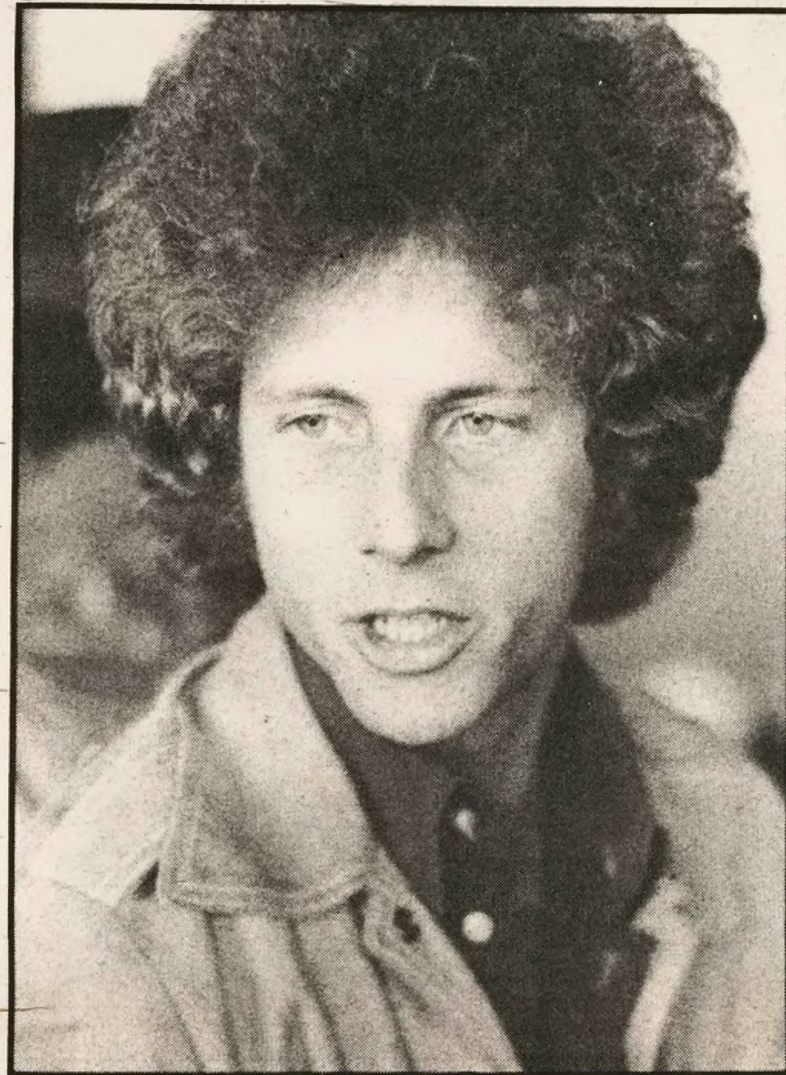
A LITTLE over ten years ago Chris Hillman sat down with Roger McGuinn and 20 minutes later came up with "So You Wanna Be A

Rock 'n' Roll Star", a sardonic look at the "star making machinery behind the popular song" brought sharply into focus by the advent of The Monkees.

"We were offended by the fact that this particular thing had been put together. It was an insult to our trade," recalls Hillman, over in Britain recently to play several dates with his former colleagues Gene Clark and McGuinn — like him, original members of The Byrds.

Hillman sips coke and nurses a hangover he's suffering as a result of lugging late at The Eagles' party the night before. Characteristically he's wearing a dazzling (really) Hawaiian shirt, the kind so loved by West Coast rock musicians. Onstage with his year-old band later in the week, Hillman came over as occasionally bland and with the impression he wanted to get the show over just as soon as he could.

In interview he is unreservedly bland and loathe to expand on any subject, be it The Byrds ("I just look at The Byrds as being a long time ago and there's other things I've done since that I feel are more valid, not that I'm putting The



Chris Hillman



Gene Clark

Gene Clark

By MONTY SMITH

LIKE AN errant schoolboy, Gene Clark gingerly approaches the record company personage.

"During the course of things is it all right if we order a few beers?"

Photographer Tom and myself had been advised of Gene's liquid proclivities and since he's got another gig tonight (it's Sunday afternoon), RSO are a trifle concerned that he should not start too early. Drinking, that is. But he's got a coffee in front of him and consent is forthcoming.

"Is that OK? Fine."

He turns to me.

"OK, go ahead. Anytime you want."

He's handsomely bearded, looks tired and sounds exhausted, but the crinkling eyes betray his almost beatific satisfaction.

"Would y'all like some beer?"

It's our turn to light up. Courtesy of room service, Tom lets his fingers do the walking.

"I'll tell you right now, I've been drinking a lot of coffee and I'm trying to balance it out."

The man who wrote most of the original material on the first two (classic) Byrds albums; the man who (together with Clarence White and Doug Dillard) was a genuine pioneer in the country-rock field; the man who has given us one of the '70s finest recordings (the magnificent "No Other") is touring the country with ex-Byrdmen Roger McGuinn and Chris Hillman, each of them performing with their own bands in a triptych show before delivering the killer punch with a gloriously nostalgic Byrds finale.

Hang about — the man with a morbid fear of flying is appearing in this country?

An aversion to winged transport was the official reason for Gene Clark's premature departure from The Byrds ten years ago, and it's stuck. As we should have suspected, it was merely an excuse to explain away the rift.

"I felt after 'Eight Miles High' that we had a direction to go that might have been absolutely incredible. We could've taken it from there but because of the confusion and the egos — the young, successful egos — I felt we were headed in a direction that

Continues over page

Byrds down.") The Flying Burrito Brothers, Manassas, the Souther Hillman Furay Band or his recent solo work.

Or, if it comes to that, his three disastrous marriages, although he does say, "I'm the Mickey Rooney of rock 'n' roll. I will never, ever get married again. If I do get married again it'll be to a 14-year-old Japanese girl who I can train."

It's not as if there's a shortage of things to talk about.

Oh yeah, Hillman also discovered Emmylou Harris, who subsequently got her tonsils round some of those fine songs Chris wrote with the late Gram Parsons, songs like "Sin City".

He does, though, admit that Manassas, the band in which Hillman played second fiddle to Stephen Stills, was the best group he's ever played with, and he would like to work again with Stills — who broke up the band ultimately to reunite with Crosby, Nash and Young. Yes, there are some unreleased Manassas songs in the can, all of them non-Stills compositions. It's unlikely they'll see the light of day, however.

Of Stills himself, Hillman opines, "He's made a lot of mistakes in his life and he's just becoming aware of them. He's not always been at his best onstage — not giving his all to an audience. He's made some wrong decisions in business, which is not uncommon in this business. You're a musician but you also have to learn about the business to survive."

And of The Byrds reunion in 1972, where nothing came of their plans to tour and all that resulted was an album, he has no illusions, "That album was awful. We were so afraid of stepping on each other's toes. I think we needed a producer. We should have picked up where we left off. We were interpreting other people's songs then. Our songs on that album weren't strong enough. I hope someday to do it again, not to make money but just to leave a good taste in everybody's mouth regarding The Byrds. It was horrible."

Like Stills and Joe Walsh, Hillman recently moved from Colorado back to Los Angeles. These days he says he has difficulty finding material to write about; the new album "Clear Sailing" (probably out in July) is, not surprisingly, full of songs about the break-up of his relationship with his most recent wife. "A good romance that breaks up is always good for five or six songs," he comments wryly.

Hillman appears to have few ambitions relating to his career as a solo artist, perhaps realis-

Continues over page

Roger McGuinn

■ From previous page

Tom Petty's "American Girl".

I thought he might have cottoned on to Petty in the pursuit of up and coming hot stuff, but if the song seems tailor-made for McGuinn's distinctive nasality, that's because it was. Petty's publishers sent it to him, and the new golden boy is on record as being well chuffed that his old hero took it.

"I wouldn't mind getting an AM rocker that gets the little kids rockin'," he admits, a little chagrined but vastly amused that his own two small children are crazy about Kiss. "I think I've been neglected". He grins. "Anyway, I'm a punk. We used to throw televisions out of the window and all that stuff".

"Thunderbyrd" also has an interesting motivation to its heavily sympathetic, warm-hearted and romantic overtones. "Jacques and I were talking and he said, 'I think a lot of your audience is women

and we ought to write thinking about them; so this has women in mind". Strangers and other sexist rats of the new wave, please note.

In the late 60's McGuinn underwent a religious trip and changed his name to Roger from Jim when he adopted the Sabud faith. Now he's obviously not any kind of a fanatic, but the experience has left him maintaining certain principles.

"Sometimes it bothers my conscience that I may have done something that's going to affect people in a bad way, and since then I've tempered my attitude. I think about the content of my lyrics because they do affect people, and try to be responsible. Entertainers are the new clergy."

Youthful looning, too, has given way to the more chi-chi socializing of the Hollywood rock aristocracy so graphically outlined by Alice Cooper in Thrills recently. McGuinn plays his part in that scene with pleasure and laughs at its incestuousness by asking, "Don't



McGUINN: "I'm tired of being a hippy"

you think it's funny my ex-wife is married to David Carradine? And I'm hanging out with Season Hubbley, an actress who used to be with Carradine?"

"It's fun there. I was hanging out with The Runaways because I was fascinated by the phenomena of these young girls playing rock, and they treated me with the respect for a veteran. It's all show-biz. I know it's a scam, but it's better

than being a hippy. I'm tired of being a hippy."

His well-known association with Bob Dylan has had its ups and downs, but he's still enthusing about the Rolling Thunder Review. "It's the best time I've had since hanging out with The Beatles in 1965. It was really going back to my roots with those people, it was a microcosm of the Village in the 60's. Being with friends, it was like taking my living room

and putting it on stage.

"I loved it, it was the best thing I've done in ages. We filmed it and it's great. It's really Felliniesque, not like 'Hard Rain', which I wasn't happy about at all. I thought it was unimaginative, poor television".

The son of media parents who met when they were both crime reporters in Chicago, McGuinn's always had a fascination with film, television and electronic toys. He has a brief-

case telephone, is an audio-visual feak with ambitions to build his own three-colour camera studio, and he's studied acting a bit, including a stint with Bruce Dern.

"But I think rock and roll is more exciting. I want to go straight up. I'm not greedy. I've made millions and spent millions and had a good time. I could have saved more money but I don't care about that. I just want to get back into the mainstream because I love playing and singing".

Chris Hillman

■ From previous page

ing that he's always been at his best as a lieutenant, be it to McGuinn, Parsons or Stills. And he thinks the current tour will be the last time he plays Britain, wanting to nix a life on the road in favour of directing the careers of others. Recently he's produced an album for a country singer on MCA.

"I like to play music. I'll never quit. I don't know what I want out of it anymore. I wouldn't know what to do if I had a hit single. I'm comfortable. I'm not in a position to buy a Rolls Royce tomorrow but... There are certain things in my life more impor-

tant to me than breaking my neck to make money. I'll use as an example Bernie Leadon, who was unhappy in The Eagles and left despite the money he could have made.

"If I'm getting off doing what I'm doing, then fine. If I really wanted to be a solo star I'd probably put a little more effort into it. And go hang out at parties in Los Angeles and do what you're supposed to do."

Of the current so-called Burrito Brothers, Hillman is less than laudatory, "I hate them. They're not The Burritoos. The group has become more popular since it broke up. The story of my life. That always happens..."

Gene Clark

■ From previous page

wouldn't have had that importance or impact.

"There was a slight falling out amongst members of the group, but it wasn't between, say, me and Roger or me and anyone, it was between everybody at that time.

"When I walked out of that plane that day it wasn't so much that I was afraid of flying as I was tired of flying."

He allows himself one of several expansive laughs. God, it's good to meet one of your favourite musicians and discover that he's a regular dude and not some poncey neurotic.

"I actually did not intend to leave the group when that happened. I had only, basically, made an appeal to take a break. But this being such a sensitive thing to all of us, it was kind of a blow to the other guys. They felt as though I was slighting them, I felt as though they were slighting me."

Communication breakdown. But he did briefly try to rejoin?

"Oh, we tried three different times to put it back together, but it was like having a fresh wound, you're still too sensitive. It's like having a divorce and trying to get back together in six months. Of course, now with all the time that's gone by, those things fade away and, hopefully, you mature."

He laughs again. As an almost sinister aside, he adds, still smiling: "When all the bullshit gets out the way, we're still the best of friends, in many respects."

But he's certainly enjoying the tour and is genuinely knocked-out by the rapturous response accorded the finale.

"I must admit I was a bit sceptical about, you know, three Byrds getting on stage together. I thought, I don't know, it might actually deflate our purpose. But it didn't at all.

"When we all got together on that airplane and drank a little toast (so that's how one masters fear of flying), I knew we were probably going to have even more fun than we did in those days. Idealistically, I would love it if David (Crosby) and Michael (Clarke) could join us on the tour, too, then we could really do, for all its nostalgic value, a serious finale."

His laughter all but drowns my enquiry as to whether McGuinn was aware that he and Hillman would prance on stage resplendent in tea-towelled headscarves (a la

Rolling Thunder).

"No he wasn't. I couldn't hear the audience, I don't know how many people caught that, but I'm sure it was pretty obvious."

During that finale, Gene was sipping from a can of Skol, and I have to swig some of my beer before confronting him with my disappointment in his new album ("Two Sides To Every Story") in relation to the massive achievements of the last ("No Other").

"Let me ask you a question. When you first heard 'No Other', did you get into it deeply immediately?"

It took a little time.

"There's a point I have to make about the new album. Because at first a lot of people are saying it's a let-down from 'No Other', right? I know for a fact that people who have been closer to 'Two Sides' for a period, say, longer than I'm sure you have, come around and say it gets deeper as you get into it.

"But in a way I did put the brakes on in my career. I had to consider why 'No Other' wasn't a success. I felt it was a truly fine album and I felt very let down when it didn't do better than it did. Almost the point of depression because I thought I'd finally found a niche with my own art that I could carry on into other areas.

"I deliberately set out to simplify matters with 'Two Sides'. It probably has a better immediate commercial value and it also affords the opportunity for people to take a stepping stone toward 'No Other' in appreciation."

I'll drink to that but please, Gene, where on earth did those multi-layered arrangements come from? What were you thinking about? Were there any reference points?

"That's really hard to say. Yes, some reference points. Other writers and other arrangements."

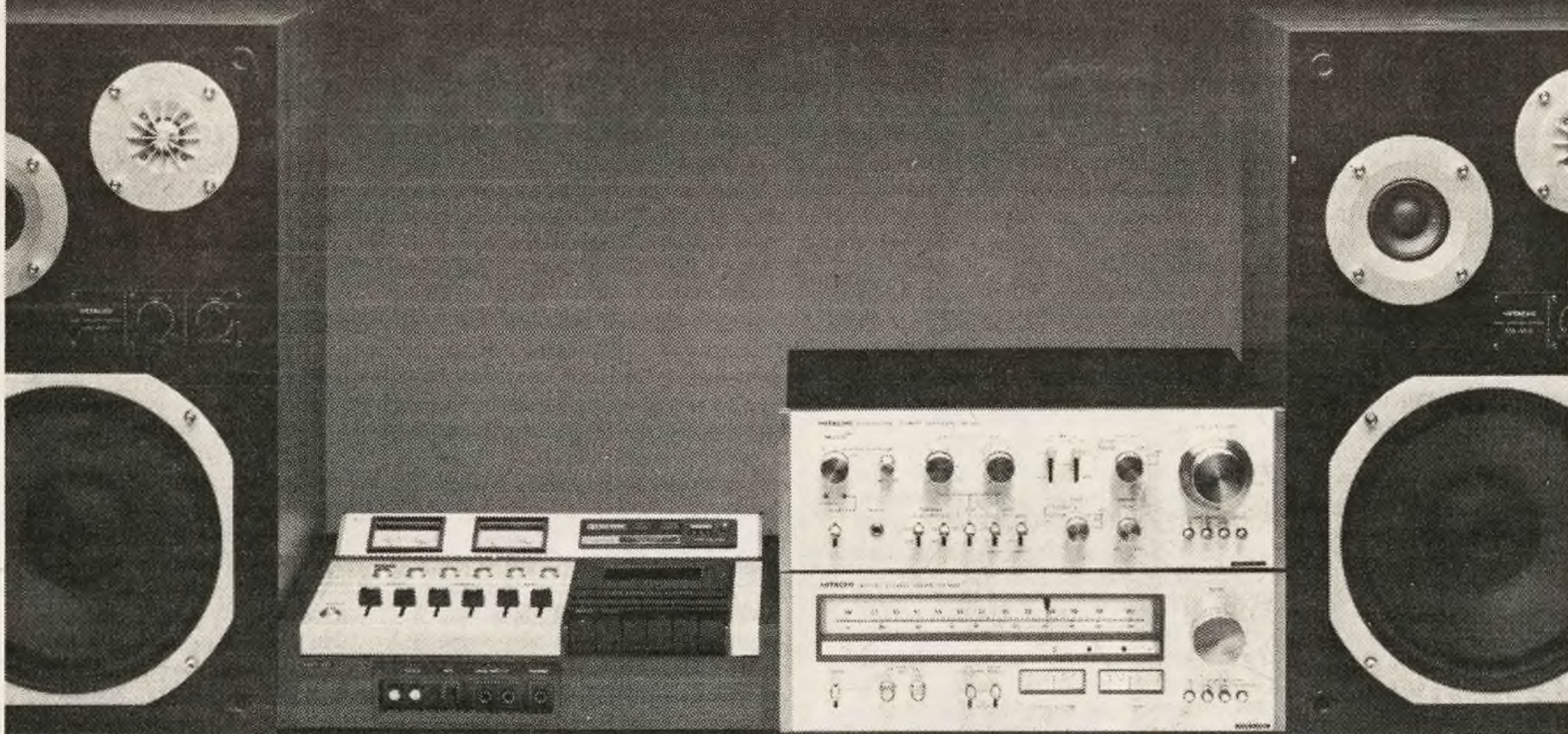
A pause, followed by a revelation.

"The 'Goats Head Soup' album influenced me. If you can actually tie the two together, not that they sound similar or even in the same vein, but the direction at that time of Jagger and Richards really inspired me.

"A lot of the new material we're doing goes back to 'No Other'. We're actually trying to progress back into that sort of music and go even further than that."

Good luck, Gene Clark.

Stereo for people with ears.



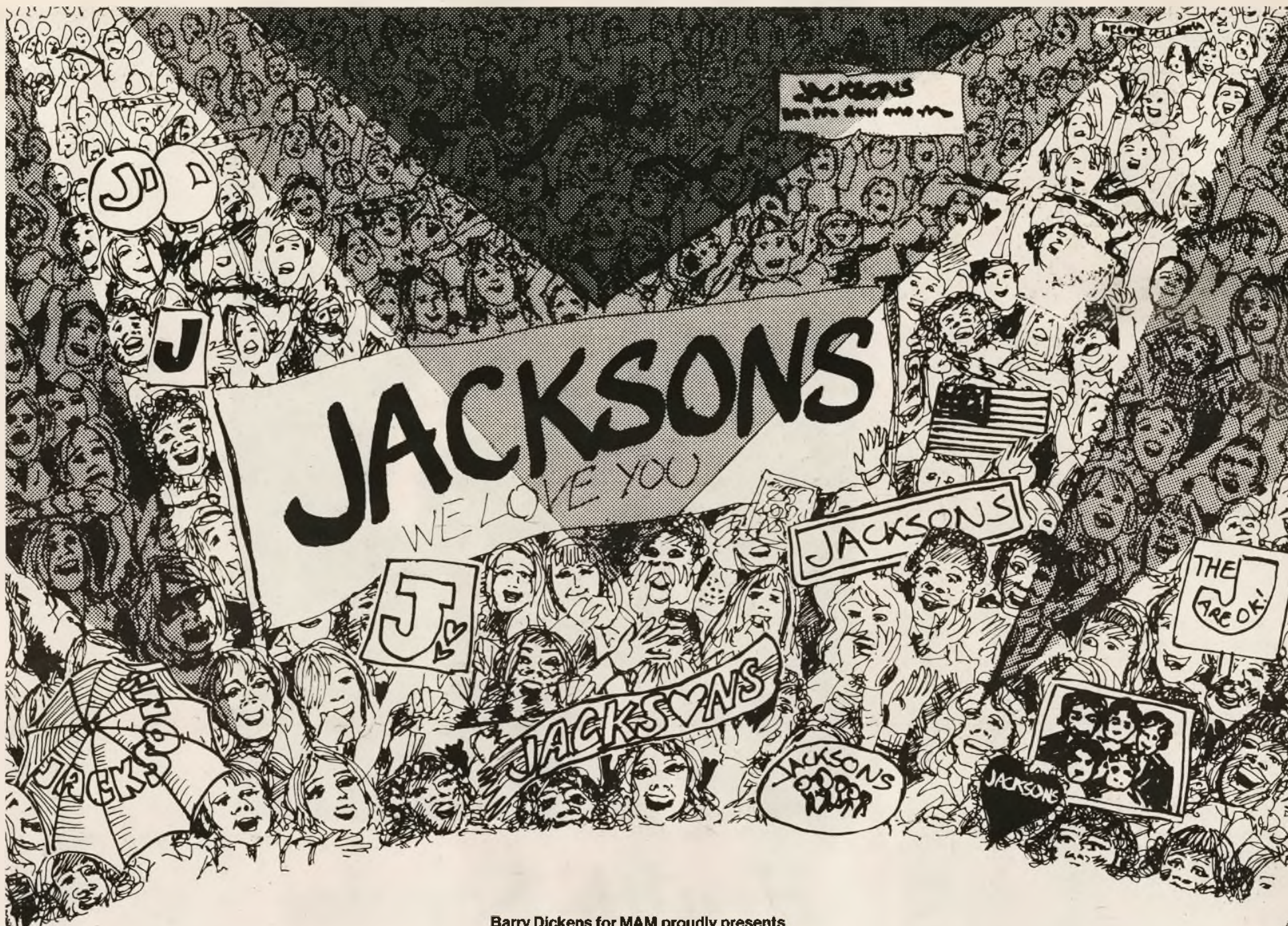
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SINGLE OF THE WEEK

DR. FEELGOOD:
Sneakin' Suspicion (UA).

Unaccustomed as I am to picking album tracks as Best Singles, and even though CSM considers Wilko's vaguely acrimonious departure and the attendant in-fighting to have harmed the band, the Feelgood's platter still sticks out from the week's rest like a johnny on the end of the Pope's nose.

If Wilko never picked up a guitar again, his killer rhythm work would stand as a fitting memorial to one of Britain's finest. His slide embellishments are pretty damn nifty, too. It's Wilko's song, fiery, chunky, insidious, and Lee Brilleaux snorts the damning lyrics in time-honoured fashion. OK, so Big Time producer Bert De Coteaux has come in, but which Stones album do you prefer, "Out Of Our Heads" or "Beggars Banquet"? Honestly: Andrew Oldham or Jimmy Miller, right? Tin-pot transistorisation or stereophonic succulence. Shit, they still sound raw to me. And calling it sluggish, Charlie, is like calling "Parachute Woman" lethargic. The good Doctors remain gritty practitioners of aural hygiene.

THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT

PASTICHE: Flash Of The Moment (Euphoria). Marvellous, innit? Everyone wants to sound like The 'Oo. Dynamic use of acoustic guitars lay the groundwork for a rough-hewn ditty that could have been produced by Shel Talmy. Then the locomotive drumming and fluid lead guitar propel the song into the dizzy realm of "Happy Jack"/"Substitute". There's no wit to the lyrics, but the energetic production partly compensates. On the B-side, "Derelict Boulevard" is more menacing, the sort of thing The Stooges used to do. Funny how everything's been done before, isn't it?

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS: Cranked Up Really High (Rabid Records). In movie parlance, "New Wave" was a complimentary term for genuinely innovative filmmakers in the early '60s whereas "Punks" were snivelling gungels in the '40s and obnoxious yobs in the '50s. Odd that the New York bands are considered New Wave, whilst our lot are Punks. Fronted by Wayne Barrett (vocals) and Mike Rossi (guitar), Slaughter And The Dogs are Mancunian lads whose (apparently) anti-drug abuse song is rendered nigh on incomprehensible by the ropery production (Yus, boys, it's orfentik enuff orlrite). On the reverse, "The Bitch" is one of those tender, romantic odes favoured by the 'New Wave'. Old hat.

VIKIVAKI: Crazy Daisy (CBS). Four pretty boys from Sweden, including the famous Gislason brothers. They sound like The Faces would have if

SINGLES

they hadn't spent so much time in the boozier and lost Rod on the way to the studio. Sweden has the highest per capita suicide rate in the world. Vikivaki aren't that bad, but they probably won't be tolerated over here since they can actually play their instruments in tune and stop together. No mean feat when you consider that some people can't walk and chew gum at the same time.

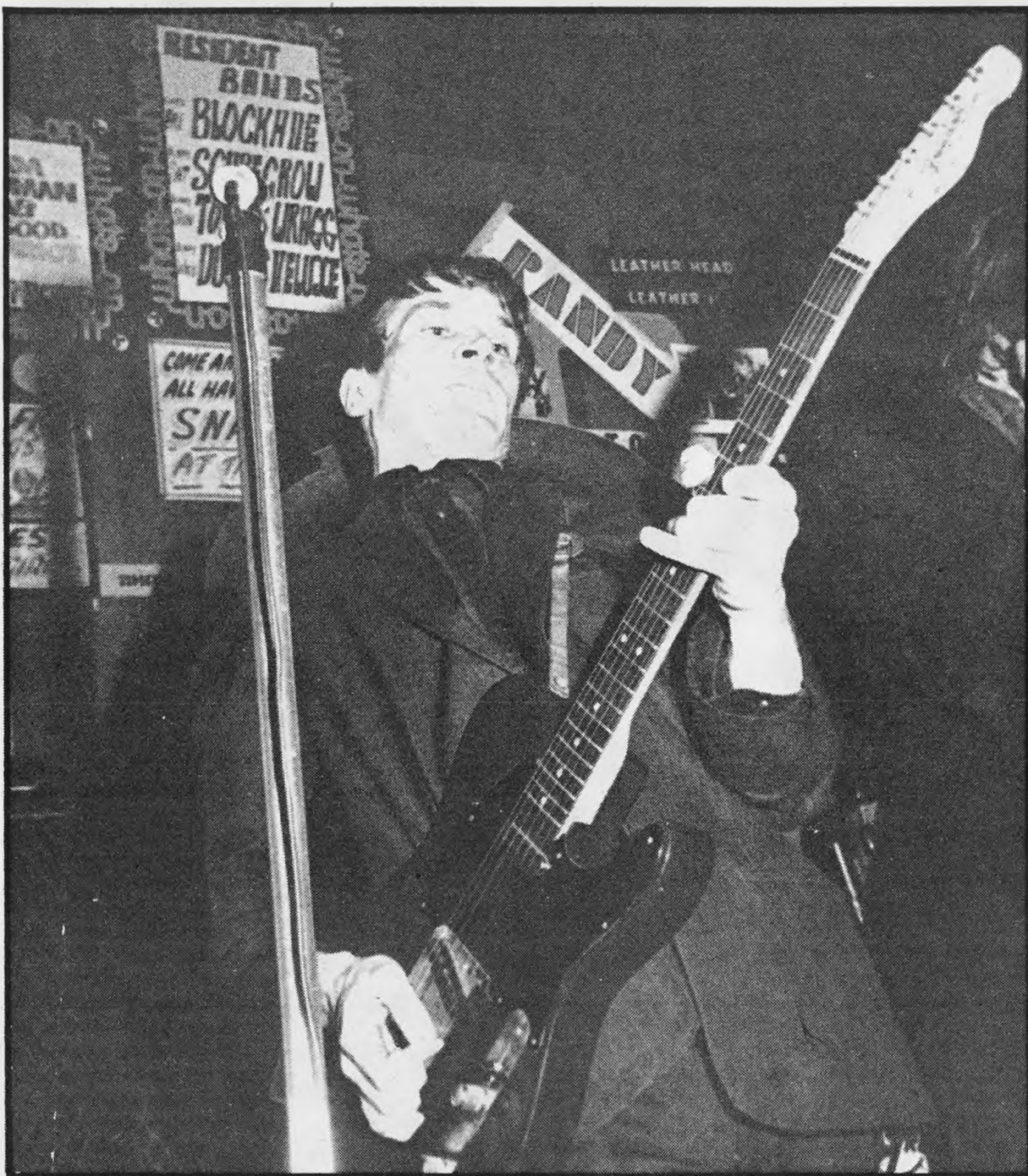
THIS AIN'T HEAVY, SO WHY BOTHER

JUDAS PRIEST: Diamonds And Rust (CBS). I've never forgiven her Nibs for sodding about with Jackson Browne's "Fountain Of Sorrow", so ample revenge is wrought with this version of Ms Baez's song. Not only is it as unlikely as Nazareth's "This Flight Tonight", it's a carbon copy of their riffing arrangement. So you don't even have to hear it. Produced by Roger Glover — come back Deep Purple, all is, if not forgiven, certainly forgotten.

URCHIN: Black Leather Fantasy (DJM). Revving motorbikes over the heavy-chord intro suggest a homo rather than heterosexual fantasy. Aye, very hot and throbbing between the legs, bikes are. So your luck's in or out, depending. You'd think a group of youngsters would have someplace higher to aim for than pale Purple imitations. Quite long ones, too.

ROKY ERICKSON: Bermuda (Virgin). One for the kooky cult fans. Roky is the man who sang lead for the 13th Floor Elevators and who has had it officially notarized that he is from Mars (via Austin, Texas). His band are The Aliens. It's a Devil's Triangle song, right, and Roky's vocals have that manic edge of the truly committed. His fuzztone guitar coupled with Duane Aslaksen's Chinese Alien guitar gives the number a demented '60s sound. Whether 1860 or 2060 I leave up to you. In the halcyon daze created by bands like The Doors, Love and Clear Light, "Bermuda" would have passed without comment.

THE FACES: Best Of The Faces E.P. (Riva). The Faces were always about as much fun for me as going to the dentist would be for Ted Heath. This sampler from the album of the same name merely reminds me that the best thing Ronnie Lane ever did was to leave his smug chums to self-disintegrate amidst a farrago of backslapping and backstabbing. "You Can Make Me Dance, Sing, Or Anything" is messy, "Stay With Me" clumsy, "Cindy Incidentally" grossly imbalanced and their lackadaisical "Memphis" is,



WILKO, late of Feelgoods — historic picture

Health Service — dramatic vindication

worse, downright lazy. I mean, you can only try on 'looseness' so far before becoming slack, right? Still, they had fun while it lasted.

GOING TO A GO GO

PAUL MAURIAT: Love Is Still Blue (Power Exchange). Yes, it's "Love Is Blue", now horrendously disco-fied with the usual mismatch of strings, synths and programmatic drumming.

WALTER MURPHY: Rhapsody In Blue (Private Stock). No one gives a toss if Mr

Mauriat feels inclined to needlessly tart up his original hit, but Walter Murphy commits the cardinal sin of taking a perfectly respectable piece of music and crapping all over it by turning it into vulgar disco-fodder. Gershwin would be pleased. When someone conceives something like this you wonder why there still exist anti-abortionists.

EARL KLUGH: I Heard It Through The Grapevine (Blue Note). Cocktail bar jazz version of the Whitfield/Strong classic, played on acoustic

guitar and safe enough for transmission over the PA at Chef and Brewer houses. Smooth as baby mucus and about as fascinating.

LOU RAWLS: Some Folks Never Learn (Philadelphia International); THE JACKSONS: Show You The Way To Go (Epic). Both songs are written and produced by the Gamble and Huff Show. Both are garish and inelegant. While the Lou Rawls single is brashly over-produced muck, The Jacksons at least display a modicum of taste in their vocal

work. But even they cannot overcome the insurmountable odds of the required bathetic emoting and glossy confecting. The Philly sound has long since proved to be no gamble, but is it a bluff?

REAL ROOTS

JIMMY CLIFF: You Can Get It If You Really Want (Island); and others. If that stunning film *The Harder They Come* achieves no more than broadening the appeal of Jamaican music then it will have served a vital purpose. Now that the movie is on a deserved re-issue (it dates from 1972), maybe Jimmy Cliff's magnificent music will get the wider audience it deserves. Undeniably glossy by dub standards, "You Can Get It If You Really Want" remains a wholly uplifting variation on the perseverance theme, as does the flip, "Many Rivers To Cross". The sepulchral intro gives way to an only-my-will-keeps-me-alive lyric, but the song is basically optimistic and full of pride.

Blackstones' "Revolution Time" (Sunshot) doesn't say much more than Cliff's songs. "We've been trying and still we can make it", says the lead vocalist, employing a '50s teen ballad vibrato. The music is basic, authentic, and as such will be regarded unpalatable by the media.

The radical (unacceptable?) face of reggae is represented by **Thunderball's "28" (Trojan).** The title refers to a make of machine gun and the angry lyrics ("They used the poor man as a slave to provide for the rich man") actually encapsulate the plot of *The Harder They Come* in 2½ minutes: "I shot the hog, couldn't stand the aggravation." Rough, and by all appearances ready.

Silvertones' "African Dub" (Trojan) may be too polished for the cognoscenti since, produced by Jerry Maytals, it's crisper sounding than most. Still, lurking beneath the gospel-dub (and a fine guitar solo) remains a political animal: "There will be no mercy for the prosecutor hiding in the dark."

To prove that reggae, dub or whatever, is a viable music form (much baroque music, be it Vivaldi or Scarlatti, is similarly constructed), the week's other releases may sound superficially identical but are in fact totally different.

Inner Circle's "Duppy Gunman" (Trojan) is a three-year-old bizarre cross-fertilisation of reggae and C&W, the prominent Hawaiian guitar sounding for all the world like a pedal steel. The vocalist sounds like the guy in The Spinners and the ambiguous lyrics don't make it clear whether they're advocating dreads or not. This could be the first reactionary dub single of all time.

More overtly conservative is **Elizabeth Archer's "Feel Like Making Love" (Lightning Records),** the cabaret-style precision horns blaring throughout the lovey-dovey

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Reviewed this week by MONTY SMITH

lyrics. So is **Big Daddy and the Sugarcanes**, "Tomorrow Night" (RCA), who sound like they'd be comfortable singing in tuxedos as they do intricate footwork for the honkeys.

GOING TO THE PICTURES

JOANNA CARLIN: Valentino (DJM). The lady's pristine voice fails to belie her folk club background as she bleats an ode not to the memory of Valentino but an ex-flame (sob) of his who never made the grade. Slow motion dreams, drowning her sorrows in memories and beers (smirk), laying flowers on his grave every deathday.

GARLAND JEFFREYS: 35 Millimeter Dreams (A&M). Garland does a Lou Reed impression and his band sound OK, v Noo Yoik (production by David Spinozza). He's singing about Greta Garbo visitations in his 35mm dreams, and the cast includes John Garfield, Bogart, Bette Davis, Brando, Mae West, Cary Grant, Valentino's vamp and Chaplin's tramp. Apparently, Orson Welles is the scenarist. Christ, it'll probably be a bigger mess than Zeffirelli's *Jesus Of Nazareth*.

SANDY DENNY: Candle In The Wind (Island). Ominously resounding piano chords introduce Sandy's virginal version of Elton's pasty paean to Norma Jean. The meat of the song is ceremoniously swamped by saccharine strings.

ENGLISH ECCENTRICS

NEIL INNES: Lady Mine (Arista). Ornately arranged by Bill Lyall (the chap who quit Pilot), this is boppy, inconsequential pop with none of the cutting edge of, say, "Mr. Apollo" or "I'm The Urban Spaceman," both of which managed to be appealing and amusing, and both of which happened to be written by Mr. Innes. On the flip, however, is: "I've got my hand up the skirt of Mother Nature/I've got my foot in the door of Liberty/I've got my head stuck in the railings of Reason/Thank God for the banjo on my knee..."

SUPERCARGE: Limbo Love (Virgin). The A-side is a dreary disappointment — a calculatedly slick bid for (dada!) Radio Play. But the saving grace of humorists' singles are usually the B-sides and "Skid Markos" is no exception. As Virgin themselves cheerfully admit, it gets a few cheap laughs at the expense of Genesis and Santana. "This one's all about getting your dicks out at bus sheds," deadpans Albie Donnelly (the great grandson of Irish heavyweight boxer Dan Donnelly, the man whose arms were the longest in the history of pugilism — he

could button his knee breeches without stooping!).

JOHN BULL AND THE BULLDOG BREED: Who Put The Great In Great Britain? (Jaspy). There can be no greater condemnation of this supremely idiotic song than the actual lyrics: "Jim Callaghan and Margaret Thatcher/Twiggy, Mary Queen of Scots/Charlie Chaplin, William Shakespeare/All great names but there's lots...". Enough?

There's more: "Are people who have made this country / Just what it was and is today/There's H. G. Wells, Brunel and Guy Fawkes/ Remembered in a special way."

Other name checks are given to The Beatles, Churchill, Victoria, Georgie Best, James Watt, Elton John and Constable (wot, no Turner?). "And everybody loves the Queen." The music remains resolute bubblegum.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE EEC

PASCALIS, MARIANNA, ROBERT AND BETTY: Mathema Solfege (Power Exchange). The Greek entrant in You-Know-What. V. dramatic, like moussaka garnished with trifflids. And about as palatable. One of them's English, but I don't know whether it's Bob, Carol, Ted or Alice. Billboard poster printers will love them.

SCHMETTERLINGE: Boom Boom Boomerang (Pye). The song that had the Eurovision audience scratching at their furs and choking on their pearls. "Music is love for you and me/Music is money for the record company." Banal pop clichés take over from the hymnal intro, crowned by an hilariously putrid chorus. No wonder so many dinner jackets squirmed. Still, these Germans have a recording contract so are they biting the hand that feeds them what? "We believe in Western decadence/Because we make money and they let us dance." Bet they'd get boring over an album's worth.

LYNSEY DE PAUL: My Man And Me (Jet). You don't suppose anyone is trying to cash in on Eurovision, do you? This is re-released from 1974, Lynsey's little girl breathiness contrasting with her streak of Aryan meanness. Oooh, bitchy. But she didn't take too kindly to losing to that Frog bint, did she? A dopey ballad with Herb Alpert-like trumpet bleats amidst the strings.

PEKO & NAKA: Ageso Na Omae (The Label). A keyboard-powered oddity (clavinet *et al*) by a Japanese couple who duet unremarkably, but when the lady lets rip between verses she comes



across like Alice Playten's Goldie Oldie from "Lemmings". They're no Sadistic Mika band, but they're still curious. Likely contenders for the Eurasian song contest.

SOME OF THE OTHERS

POUSETTE-DART BAND: County Line (Capitol). In their

infinite wisdom, Capitol have put out the Pousette-Dart Band's punchy album opener as a single. "County Line" is fine as an *hors d'oeuvres* for an exemplary album, but is way too busy to succeed as a 45. Flip it, however, and you've got "Amnesia", an A-1 classic and a worthy anthem for anyone who's ever experienced

the dubious delights of just one Fullers too many. Mordantly comic lyrics, staccato riff, harmonic chorus, it's nigh on perfect.

MUD: Slow Talking Boy (RCA). Singalongamud. Ohmigawd, mifootistapping. Les Gray does his Steve Harley pisstake and the overall build-up is hard to resist.

MANHATTAN TRANSFER: Don't Let Go (Atlantic). Produced by Richard Perry, my old mate. He must know me, he knows everyone else. Not nearly so cute as "Chanson D'Amour". Tritely frenetic. You thought Bette Midler was affected; try on this arch nonsense for size.

CAROLE BAYER SAGER: You're Moving Out Today (Elektra). A former lyricist for people as unlikely as Helen Reddy, Andy Williams, Shirley Bassey, Johnny Mathis etc., and composer of "A Groovy Kind Of Love", Ms Sager sounds like a 12-year-old Carly Simon with a sense of humour as she delivers her smart-ass lyrics ("Your nasty habits aren't confined to bed/The grocer told me what you do with bread") to a very catchy backing. Since she's

helped out by the New York coterie it's all a bit nudging. There are rather too many interjectory smirks and in-jokes. But on the reverse, "Aces", she sounds frumpish, like Dory Previn, proving that with her voice she should stick to the uptempo stuff.

PETER NOONE: Goodbye Sam, Hello Samantha (Bus Stop). Always thought this was one of Mitch Murray and Peter Callander's more dubious efforts, the leaving-the-lads-behind-to-take-up-with-tarts theme risibly akin to a transvestite's lament: "From today, there will be new games for me to play." I'm sending my copy to Mrs. Whitehouse.

CHRIS HILLMAN: Slippin' Away (Asylum). Always thought Hillman was a peripheral contributor to The Byrds, brought in to play bass because Crosby couldn't handle it). His solo stuff is ever so competent, ever so dull. Is that really Steve Cropper on lead? LA doze-rock.

BAY CITY ROLLERS: It's A Game (Arista). A meticulously constructed synthesis of various diversified forms of juvenile musical genres. I thought they were supposed to be catchy.

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"HEY MAN!" pleads a panic-stricken Dee Dee Ramone. "If ya hit me, I ain't gonna hit ya back! I've got too much respect for ya!"

"Anyway, I don't know how many armed bodyguards ya got hidden in the kitchen who'll come burstin' through the door with their guns blazin' if I do!"

Nevertheless, Dee Dee stands his ground. Arms pressed rigidly against the sides of his body, fists clenched, eyes half-closed, bracing himself for a K.O. punch that is never launched.

"Just leave me alone will ya!" he hollers defiantly at Phil Spector — who, after handing me his automatic pistol for safe keeping, is executing a fast Ali Shuffle inches in front of his distraught house guest.

Joey, Johnny and Tommy silently anticipate the next move. If there's got to be a rumble, they're ready — if somewhat reluctant.

"I came over here this evening at your invitation," pleads Dee Dee, who's no longer talking to Spector but screaming at him at the top of his powerful lungs, "to admire your house, listen to your music and party, not to fight with ya, so just cut it out, before someone gets hurt!"

I don't think Dee Dee's referring to himself.

The blank cutesey mask that usually adorns Dee Dee's fresh features has in seconds become screwed into an expression of terminal angst.

The kid's confused.

Dee Dee isn't chickening out of an awkward situation — it's just that, like the rest of us, he finds the charade utterly pointless. He fails to impress this point on Spector.

"Dee Dee R-A-M-O-N-E," chortles Spector in his familiar thin nasal whine, as once again, he attempts to call the kid's bluff.

"Dee Dee R-A-M-O-N-E — I mean that's your name? I was also brought up on the streets of New York, so let's see if you've learnt anything... one-on-one... so whatcha waiting for!"

"THE EVENING had commenced quite favourably. As soon as The Ramones, scene-maker Rodney Bingenheimer and yours truly had arrived at the heavily fortified Cher Spector, we had been made to feel most welcome. In fact, it appeared that Spector was on his best behaviour.

First, the youngest of Spector's three kids had dashed up to Joey and after taking stock of his height had asked, "Are you a basketball player?"

"No," the embarrassed stick-insect had replied. "Are you sure you're not a basketball player?" was the repeated enquiry.

"Sure!" affirmed Joey, precariously rocking from side to side on his long spindly legs.

From the moment we entered the room, it was obvious that Phil Spector was fascinated by Joey Ramone's quirky charisma, in very much the same way as he had been enamoured by Blondie's Debbie Harry, a couple of weeks earlier.

"J-O-E-Y-R-A-M-O-N-E... J-O-E-Y-R-A-M-O-N-E," Spector would trill in admiration like a cracked record. If he could transmogrify Debbie into a 70s version of Ronnie Spector, then Joey was Dion's heir-apparent.

Spector made no secret of the fact that in Joey he sensed the kind of dormant potential from which Great Phil Spector Productions are made. No pussy-footing: Spector expressed a desire to produce a Joey Ramone solo album.

"Our normal set consists of 17 songs and takes 30 minutes to perform. A month ago, the same set lasted 37 minutes. We're getting faster every day!"

Flattery didn't get Spector anywhere.

After hours of discussing the matter Joey politely informed his new-found fan that The Ramones are a four man democracy and that they've made no contingency plans for individual projects.

Not to be deterred, Spector insisted that The Ramones would never be bigger than they are right now. He suggested a possible label change.

"I can make you into the stars that you want to be," he claimed.

They listened to what he had to say. Seemingly, money was no obstacle.

He quoted telephone number guarantees.

The Ramones were impressed.

The Ramones were dumbstruck.

The Ramones became confused.

Communication breakdown and a rapid deterioration in detente.

PART OF Phil Spector's home entertainment often includes the sort of bizarre black-comedy antics I've described. Pushing unsuspecting visitors beyond their limits and the observing how they react. One day it'll backfire.

Dee Dee refuses to allow Spector to get the better of him.

"I'm neurotic," blurts the exasperated Ramone. "And, of all people, you should appreciate what that means!"

That remark stops Spector dead in his tracks. Spector apologises profusely for his behaviour and a less-than-memorable soiree reaches an anti-climax.

AS THE TITLE of their second album implies, The Ramones left the comparative safety of their home in Queens, clad only in the threadbare clothes they stood up in, to discover Middle America.

Here's the crunch. Except for a few big cities, Middle America hadn't heard of The Ramones.

That's when the trouble started.

Being Big In Britain, A Cult On The Continent just didn't cut it with the hardnosed proprietors of singles bars where nobody wearing leather, denim and sneakers was admitted.

To make matters worse, 250 dollars a gig doesn't cover 500 dollars a day road expenses.

Things are a bit better for The Ramones out here on the West Coast, but only just.

Earlier in the day, I ran The Ramones to ground in L.A.'s Tropicana Motel — an infamous rock 'n' roll pit-stop which may have long since seen better days, but still boasts the best and cheapest coffee shop in town. Nobody serves grease better than Duke's.

The Ramones seemed quite at home in its claustrophobic confines. Apart from a pile of old comics and rock papers on the floor, the only other signs of occupation were Dee Dee's sweat-soaked sneakers drying in the sun outside the bathroom window and a small black leather hand-grip stuffed with clean T-shirts.

When The Ramones leave home, they travel light.

When, in the first weeks of this year, The Ramones released their second LP, our Man Murray confirmed in his review what so many people have already felt about the Blank Generation's Mop Tops — that unlike most groups who achieve immortality via a Saturday morning television cartoon series, The Ramones bypassed the Jackson Five/Archies route by at least five years and manifested themselves as real-life cartoon characters the moment they stepped on stage at CBGB's a couple of years back and realised they outnumbered their audience.

The Ramones are in unanimous agreement on that score.

However, The Ramones have confounded the sceptics by demonstrating that they are far from being a one-off ephemeral phenomenon.

DEE DEE plays bass.

A rehabilitated ex-doper, he confesses that he used to live in a glue-bag. That's him squatting barefoot on the floor remarking that if the rips in the knees of Joey's denims get much bigger he'll be wearing Bermuda shorts.

Joey's the tall gangling one. He was the neighbourhood outcast until the rest of the band befriended him. No

cartoonist ever dream up such an original character.

Joey sings. He's also very shy.

The guy who just took the phone off the hook is Johnny. He talks very fast, plays buzz guitar and thinks a lot.

Tommy plays drums. He acts tough. Probably fights dirty. He's reclining on the bad tucking his dime-store shades into his faugled hair. They remind me of the Bowery Boys!

Tommy speaks first.

"Ya know... a lotta people didn't even think we could put out a first album."

His tone was cynical.

"They said, these guys are great live, but can they do it again? We have. But I guess they'll probably always say that about us!"

Joey nods silently in agreement.

Tommy argues that just because The Ramones' music is humorous, there are those who refuse to take the group seriously.

"We ain't geniuses," brags Tommy, "but we sure ain't dumb."

"A dumb person couldn't write our lyrics. We just tell it like it is. And, in a way that most kids can understand." Gabba-Gabba-Hey!

PERHAPS, I proffer, any schmuck smear is just a backlash from those people whose musical tastes have become too sophisticated?

The remark doesn't register with anyone in the room.

I draw pictures.

I get a minimal response.

"They call us shitheads," says Tommy, "they call us assholes... I guess we really get to them."

A cruel smile decorates the edge of his mouth. "They just don't understand what rock 'n' roll is really all about!"

("Gabba-Gabba-Hey!" — Ed.)

A product of trash culture, The Ramones soak up inspiration from movies, comic books, TV and every other form of instant mass media, like bread soaks up gravy. This particular afternoon, they get inspired.

To a man, they're intrigued by a news item on TV about someone with over 20 dogs and cats who died in an

apartment and has been devoured by his/her pets. The pathologist, says the newscaster, has yet to sex the skeleton.

"I think," jests Johnny, "we'll probably write a song about that. Anyway, rock 'n' roll should be a fun thing. You don't have to go out on stage and yell at the crowd, Ya wanna boogie! Ya wanna rock 'n' roll! y'all high?"

WITHOUT GOING into boring detail, the roots of The Ramones are to be found amongst the remnants of innumerable aborted High School garage bands but, according to Johnny, The Ramones banded together for a different reason from those groups they'd been associated with.

"We'd been friends for about 10 years or so, and we were just getting bored with music. We just couldn't take it any longer."

"We all seemed to miss the spirit of the 60's," interjects Tommy from the bed. "All that good-time feeling has gone. Rock got too progressive, which is fine if you like that kinda thing, but we felt there was a desperate need for the great rock feel of bands like The Kinks and the Stones."

Tommy continues:

"Where we come from, there's a great guitarist on every block. I guess it's the same in every neighbourhood, like you'll always find a good tenor sax player in every big apartment building. So it's no big deal any more."

"When Eric Clapton came along it was great, but now there's a million kids playing Clapton guitar licks. Maybe they're not playing them quite as good, but they're playing 'em just the same."

"Everything became too slick. The excitement had gone. There were no pop songs."

"So we wrote some songs we wanted to hear," says Johnny. "The only reason that The Ramones came into existence was simply because American radio has become so low energy. I'm certain 'You Really Got Me' or 'Do Wah Diddy Diddy' wouldn't stand a chance on the radio if they had come out now instead of the mid-60s."

"At least England managed to move into the 70s with singles bands like T-Rex and Slade, but most of their records didn't get airplay in America."

Though press-coverage has been forthcoming, The Ramones have received restricted airplay.

"We're working on that one," admits Tommy.

Could be that The Ramones new surf single, "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker," will resolve any imbalance. If it doesn't then we might all as well pack up and go home.

Any buzz-saw band that persistently plays at 78 r.p.m. must have a head-start over the rest of the pack. That's of course unless they run out of energy.

"We usually wear out our audiences before we wear out ourselves," insists Ramone Johnny. "And we're getting faster every day. We listen to our second album, and that's faster than our first, and even that sounds real slow."

"Our normal set consists of 17 songs and takes 30 minutes to perform. A month ago, the same set lasted 37 minutes."

"When we played Seattle the other week," he reveals, "we knocked up 17 songs, took a five minute break, came back, played another 14 songs, a couple of encores and we still hadn't been on stage for an hour."

"The only trouble is, it tends to make us feel faint!"

ROY CARR



JOEY RAMONE (by PAUL CANTY)

NOTES ON MINIMALISM

(or Learning To Live With The Ramones)

by MICK FARREN

THERE'S BEEN A LOT of loose talk, and it has got to stop. Ever since The Ramones blundered into the blinding spotlight of international rock and roll notoriety, people have been going around assuming that their lineage goes directly back through the Dolls, The MCS, The Who and what have you.

This is an incorrect analysis.

It's on a par with assuming that the Mini is descended from the domestic refrigerator just because they look similar.

It's based on superficials, and that's not at all good enough. You might as well say the cat is descended from the

gooseberry because they're both furry.

The truth of the matter is that The Ramones have very little to do with the high-energy guitar bands of the Sixties at all (apart from the single fact that their lead instrument is a very loud guitar).

Their real antecedents, if they have any antecedents at all, are The Ad Libs, The Dovells, The Shangri-Las, The Ronettes, The Crystals, and even The Beatles.

If you have to trace a line back to find out where The Ramones are coming from, you'll find it runs unerringly back to the baroque Shadow Morton / Phil Spector school of early Sixties pop.

Yeah, yeah, I can hear you saying it. What's baroque about the

Ramones? The answer's simple.

Nothing at all.

They've taken that music, and like a biker stripping down a Harley-Davidson, they've removed the arrangement, the harmonies, the twenty-piece orchestras, the introductions, the coda, and even the melody.

They've stripped down the Spector sound, unravelled it until all that remains is a single scarcely recognisable thread.

This is minimalism in its highest and purest form.

A LOT OF PEOPLE who have been to talk to the band have come back with reports that

Johnny, Joey, Dee Dee and Tommy are not — well, how should I put it — not all that bright.

This again can hardly be the case, in fact, it has to be an elaborate bluff.

Just examine for a moment their use of introductions.

No-one but a sharp, and maybe sinister, intellect could condense the slowly-building introduction that was such a feature of songs like The Crystals' "Then He Kissed Me" to a primal shout of "one-two-three-four".

Indeed, one of the crosses the minimalist has to bear is that the lumpen public always tend to assume that his constant efforts to reduce everything to its basic components is a symptom of stupidity and lack of talent.

The RAMONES



(L/r): JOHNNY RAMONE, JOEY RAMONE, TOMMY RAMONE, DEE DEE RAMONE

This assumption of dumbness is made doubly difficult by the fact that there is no way out.

A Ramone can't sit down with Jann Wenner for four or five days and pour out his innermost soul and philosophy into a set-piece ten page *Rolling Stone* question-and-answer interview.

By definition a minimalist can't justify himself.

About the only interview that can be logically conducted with a Ramone, or any other true minimalist, is a simple request for him (or her, there's no discrimination in minimalism) to his (or her, etc.) four favourite words.

IF YOU'RE still having trouble grasping the basic philosophy of minimalism, try this for size.

Everything over the bare skeleton of the work is redundant. The rest can be imagined.

Theoretically it should be possible to reduce, for example, the Spector production of "Save The Last Dance For Me" (Ike and Tina Turner "River Deep Mountain High" album) to the rhythm and a guitar drone that never moves beyond three, or, better still, two chords.

The melody can go, and even the title could be distilled down to "I Wanna Dance With You Last". This could also be the entire content of the lyric.

Are you beginning to grasp the principle?

"I wanna" is probably the most

important phrase in the whole limited minimalist vocabulary.

The Ramones have made it a means to express just about any human desire or emotion.

By telling the listener what they wanna do, wanna be, wanna have or what they wanna get rid of, they've just about rendered any more elaborate lyrics obsolete.

If you need a further example, take The Ramones' fine tribute to The Beatles, "I Remember You" on the "Ramones Leave Home" album.

While bands like Klastu bust their balls trying to synthesise The Beatles' "Sergeant Pepper" sound, The Ramones achieve the same effect by simply repeating a single line, slightly adapted, from "Do You Want To

Know A Secret" over and over again until the point has got across.

THE MINIMALISM of The Ramones even extends into their stage presentation.

Just watch them and you'll realise how they've reduced all the steps, gyrations, athletics and sweat of James Brown, Jagger, Townshend et al down to the single divine action of periodically shooting one fist into the air.

The world needs the minimalism of The Ramones.

It needs a band who've distilled all moral, political and social philosophy down to the phrase "gabba gabba hey" — and it needs it now.

Yeah.

□ MICK FARREN

Main
pic:
**CHALKIE
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JAZZ: By BRIAN CASE

BOBBY IN THE BATHTUB

THERE'S a hint of loony-toon cartoons about the vibraphone. It looks like an X-ray of a robot, plays as perkily as Pinocchio, mallets bouncing like the gymnastic cinema sing-along ball, **BOING BOING BOING!**

A hybrid percussion instrument, the vibraphone can also play harmony — quivery or plain. Lionel Hampton taught it to rave, springing up and down like a man on a trampoline; Milt Jackson, solemn as a deacon, served up streamers of shot-silk; Gary Burton took it down-market and collected a dropout audience.

Bobby Hutcherson is the cat who made it moody, flooding the slide with gentian violet. Bobby brought it into the New Thing. Evocative sounds, the flat junk-time chiming behind Shepp on "Scag", the campanile bell sounds around the tusk and snort of Dolphy's bass clarinet on "Hat And Beard"...

"I useta listen to a lot of impressionistic music, Ravel, Debussy, Erik Satie, all those guys. They always like created waterfalls and stuff like that. See — my Mom, I never saw my Mom walking till I was about six. She had a nervous breakdown when I was born. The doctors told her not to have me — I was like the last egg to come through. Then when she was carrying me, she got involved in an accident and broke both of her kneecaps.

"I was always in the house. She's supposed to watch me and I'm supposed to watch her. So I listened to a lot of radio, and the clearest station that came in was the classical station. Those are the sounds that I brought along."

Bobby can really put you there, make you see it, the hot sleepy Watts afternoon, the old lady in the chair, the schoolboy fixing himself a sandwich from the icebox, lost in a word of sound.

"Sounds", says Bobby. "One time I was staying in this guy's house in New York on 22nd Street and 109th Avenue — in fact I wrote 'West 22nd Street Theme' for 'Components'. We had this old piano, just the soundboard with all the strings on it, and it was pulling apart every day from the heat of New York. We were gonna hafta take it and throw it away. We lived up on the 4th floor and there was a concrete patio below, so I said, 'Wait a minute! Let's go down and put a tape recorder down there, throw it out the window and hear what this shit's gonna sound like!'"

"I mean, you're gonna get to hear all 88 notes on the piano at once — and when it hits, this has gotta be THE BADDEST CHORD there is! So we got it up in the window and called one of these drunks off the street to give it the final push. We're down there on the ground with the tape-recorder — and here it COMES, man! It's coming down and it starts

singing 'cos the wind is coming through the wires, like WHeeee, all these beautiful chords, real light — and then WWWHHHAAAHOOOOM! And man, this chord hits and it's just like someone flipped a switch on from darkness to light! It just stayed there and swelled and swelled like an atomic bomb."

BOBBOY rocks backwards and forwards, claps with palms together. If you couldn't guess from his playing, you'd surely clock his sense of theatre from his gestures and his voice.

"I get a feeling you see things in pictures," I tell him. "Like 'The Omen' on 'Happenings' where you get Herbie Hancock to shake some rocks in a box."

"Right — we tried to get a rush. A thousand ants stumbling down a hill. Whatever." He laughs, seeing them. "Here's a thing, here's a real change in the theory of playing. Be-bop style is the application of one note after the next towards the moving of the chord on top. I used to play that way. Now I look at it like this — a picture is worth a thousand words. The faster I can get my picture up, the more time you got to check it out before I hafta take it away and put the next picture up."

"You know, you go on vacation and you take these colour slides? You come home at the motel resort. Dig how much shit you saw in each slide. So — rather than think of the next note to go to, I present a whole tonality, a sound, a feeling."

He holds his fingers aloft, pinched around an invisible

You can't. You just play the pictures. It's easier to store pictures away in a computer."

An adventurous explainer, Bobby tested his theory in terms of cookery: the detailed recipe versus the simple pictorial pie. Hmm, hafta try me a 12 tone chip butty... What is this affinity between vibesmen and pies?

"How do you get that weird chiming effect with the four mallets?" On stage, he alters the striking angle of the pair in each hand, judiciously distancing the beaters, bringing them down in unison upon the ribs like a surgeon. Bobby sends himself when he plays, laughs aloud, swats an imaginary note out beyond the end of the row in sheer elevation.

"OK. One — it's positions. Figuring out how to voice chords with four mallets is a difficult thing because you wanna be as close as possible to piano fill-ins, to comping — but the pianist's got 10 fingers to work with. I had to find out what were the two most important notes in a chord that would produce the overtones of the rest of the chord. That was the 3rd and the 7th. This left the other two mallets to play all the different colours and effects. You ever hear how sometimes a piano chord sounds real open? That's because the guy's got it spread two or three octaves apart. I tried the same thing — and there's that funny sound."

No professional secrecy about this surgeon. You wanna know something about Bobby, just ask. "Oh!" he adds, "it's a frame of mind too. You think of feeling sassy and the note'll come out HUH! Gotcha chest stuck out, it's HRUMPH!"

Vibesman BOBBY HUTCHERSON explains the recipe and shows the slides

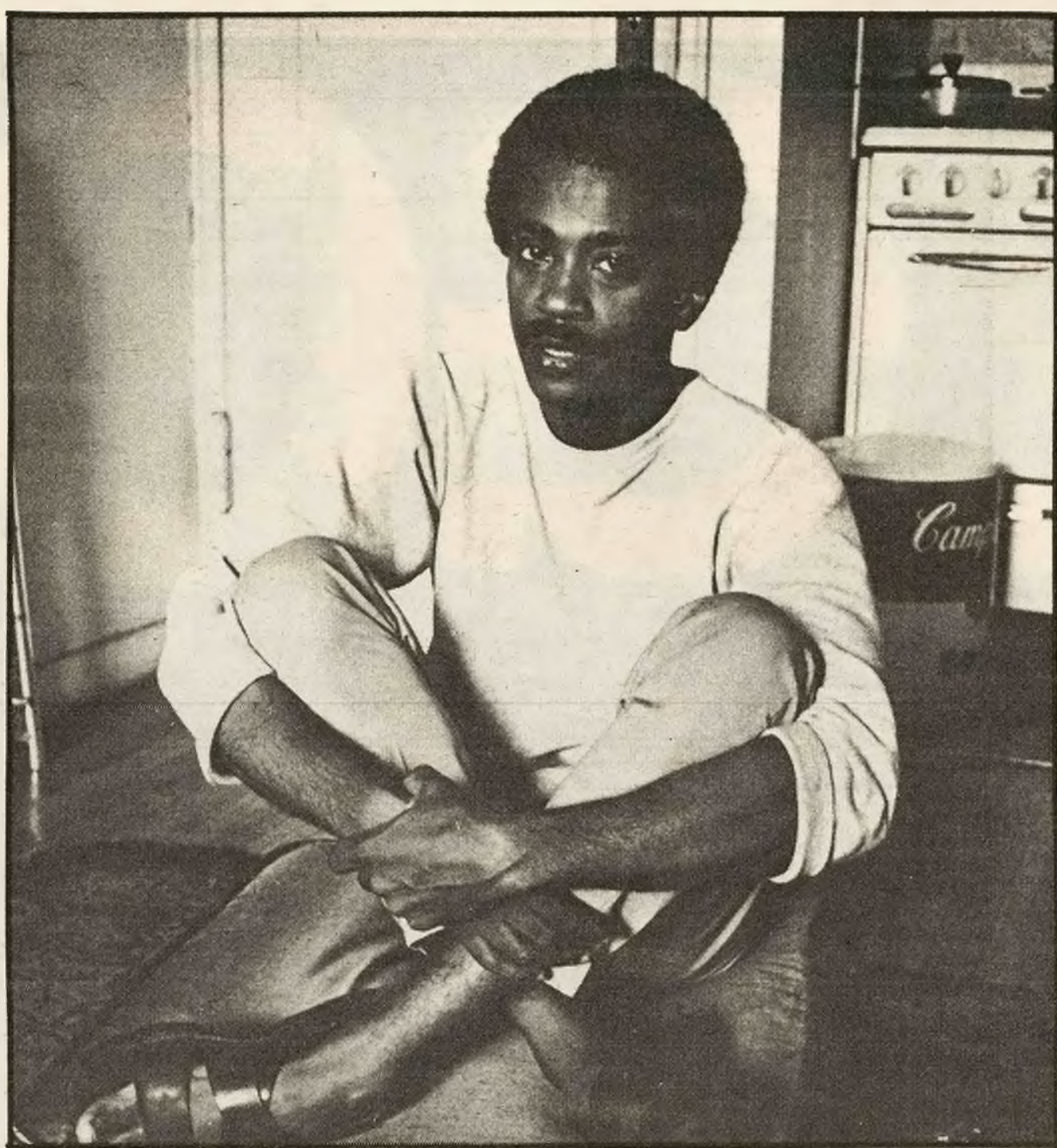
slide. "Here I am — this is what I look like in the bathtub. Hehehe — lemme show ya that for four bars. You dig? Me getting dressed, that's a two-bar release. Here's me ripped outa my mind — we'll give ya THAT one for about two choruses! Hehehe. See what I mean? Pictures. Within the pictures are patterns. How do I apply a drum rudiment to this chord?"

Bobby clears a drumming space on the hotel locker. "Lemme play a paradiddle. OK. Lemme apply that to six notes of this chord and have this rhythm on the chord keep sliding back at you, turning, turning — and the picture just shoots out at you! I see all the notes, ALL of them, immediately. I don't see them one-at-a-time. Here they are — here it is — Boom. How do you think of that shit that fast?"

Snotty — HUEEEW! But you gotta think of those feelings, and the colours and the notes start to come alive. That's part of it too, along with voicings."

"YOU'RE ONE of the most adaptable of the New Thing players," I tell him. "What makes you so good at accompanying other guys when you've got your own concept too?"

"The thing is this. Every note is valid, it's just on how you get to it. Getting to it is the theory, the recipe. Therefore, if someone is sitting up on the roof, then at that point you hafta produce the theories up underneath to show that what he's doing is true. He's on top — what goes underneath is the strength, the validation of it. If he plays a note, to prove it's correct you duplicate."



BOBBY HUTCHERSON. Pic VALERIE WILMER

"Question and answer. Doo-dah-dee-dah is the question, the answer is doo-dah-dee-dah. If he sets up that thing in playing, then my whole approach is gonna hafta be that way. I mean, to prove that you ate an apple pie, go eat it again. Do it one more time just to make sure."

Bobby may have been duplicating the apple pies, but he'd been missing out on the zeds in Europe. Thirty-five one-nighters on the run, three hours sleep a night for five weeks. The band had had a doctor in attendance throughout the last week, stomach upsets, exhaustion. When he came on stage at the Camden Music Festival, he had been near to collapse. Not that you'd notice it — "As soon as I start to play, those notes just take all the pain away. Those notes are outa sight!"

Life and music are all tangled up together for Bobby. He's not conventionally religious — whatever conventionally means in the jazz life — more of a generalized pantheist than most other things.

"Life is very simple. It's so simple it's ridiculous. All it is is balance. This here is that there — too much here, that goes off. In the summertime when there's too much light here, there's too much darkness there. If you wanna get paid — work. That's why people that sit around after they've worked all their lives, they die real quick because there's no need for them to be here any more."

"They're the slow animal in the herd. Everybody out here is jiving, taking care of business — he's just laying around, trouble to the herd. You gotta be in balance with the universe. That sun works its ass off to keep you warm, to give you some life. Give it back. Show him thank you, thank you. That air that's going on out there? Trees and flowers going through all that shit to turn all that carbon back into the air for you? Shit — do

something for that! Give back, and you'll be in balance. Do your own thing. That's it."

WE got onto Milt Jackson's sound back in the 40s with Dizzy Gillespie: row row of milk bottles. Recording techniques, the studios today reaching right down into the instruments to catch the air columns bouncing down the bore, the ripening swell of the notes. And the albums that are built up in layers, everybody in headphones, never meeting — "Shit, there's nobody's face to look into!"

Bobby has had some great partnerships, shared empathies. Harold Land, Joe Chambers. His present drummer, Eddie Marshall, was student of Joe's.

"You know, Eddie and I found out how Africans play — and it's very different to how Europeans do it. Lemme show you a secret." He slid off his watch to demonstrate. "Europeans play from the wrist which is correct. Africans play from a ball of energy. See that?"

Bobby pressed his thumbs against the sides of his forefingers. A bulge of muscle like an inner-tube puncture rose in the fork. "Eddie and I both have them. This ball is where all my technique comes from. You notice how African runners are very skinny with tight little balls of muscle? They concentrate the whole thing into a ball."

"The ball is the secret, because in that ball comes a whole other theory of playing — the attack, rhythmic accents, the ability to let something fly out at any time, because you don't hafta send the message down to this whole area, it's faster to send it down to a little ball. A battery cell, you dig?"

Bobby Hutcherson came up with the Blue Note School of Experimentation — Herbie

Hancock, Andrew Hill, Anthony Williams, Grachan Moncur III, Jackie McLean, Sam Rivers, Wayne Shorter — musicians who were working logically rather than instinctively to extend the freedoms of the improviser. They shared each other's gigs in a wonderful creative climate that flew asunder when the label changed hands.

"It was really outa sight to see two gentlemen, Alfred Lion and Francis Wolff, put their label in a situation where it could've been very detrimental to them, because it wasn't a big money-making thing. They loved the scene. And it worked because of the love and thought that was in it. It was full of energy, full of closeness, because you'd be constantly around musicians who were all thinking the same way. But Blue Note got lost in the shuffle. Big Business."

Bobby hung on through low budgets and jazz-rock, and is now getting his album autonomy back again. The latest is a good one.

"Jazz-rock? Uh-huh. That'd be just like me blowing vibes in a Scottish bagpipe group. I'm playing jazz. I'm proud of what I do. I wasn't born in Africa, don't know 'nuthin' 'bout it, can't play none of that stuff. I can play plenty of Pasadena, L.A. and Watts for you. My music reflects all of that — the way my Momma taught me how to be when I sat down at the dinner table, my friends on the corner. I love it, love it, love ALL of it."

And his hands beat together in applause.

Selected Discography
Dialogue (Blue Note BST 84198), *Components* (Blue Note BST 84213), *Happenings* (Blue Note BST 84231), *Stick-Up!* (Blue Note BST 84244), *Live At The Festival (Enja 2030)*, *San Francisco* (Blue Note BST 84362), *Total Eclipse* (Blue Noye BST 84291), *The View From Inside* (Blue Note BN-LA710-G).



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wish to apologise to Dory Previn
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TELEVISION

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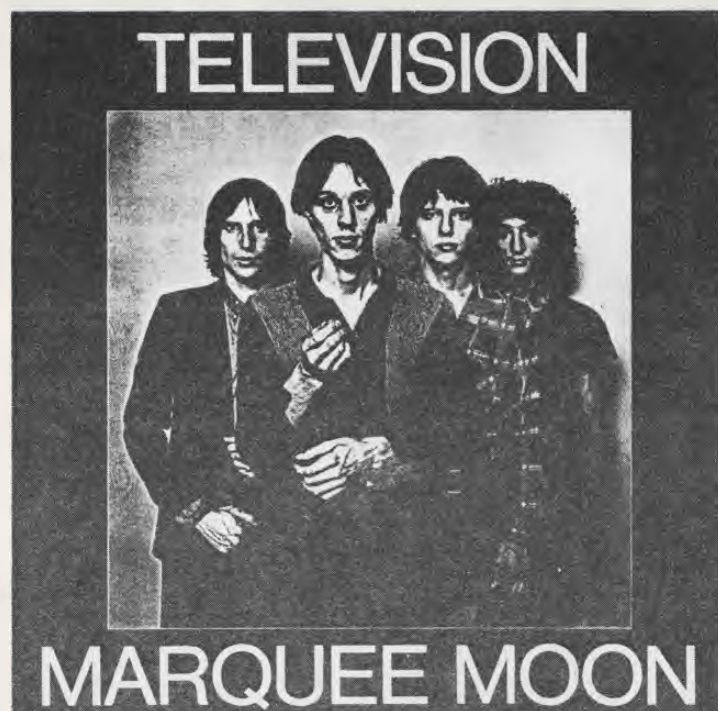
TELEVISION- on tour

MAY		
22nd	Sunday	Apollo, Glasgow
23rd	Monday	City Hall, Newcastle
24th	Tuesday	City Hall, Sheffield
26th	Thursday	Free Trade Hall, Manchester
27th	Friday	Odeon, Birmingham
28th	Saturday	Odeon, Hammersmith
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SMOKIE



TONY PARSONS
Pics: **ROGER MORTON**

POLISH KIDS stare at me in terror as I hang over a head-high wire fence trying to give them the stack of NMEs and records I brought over from England

Because they can't buy them in Poland; Smokie may get all their records to the first or second position in the Polack charts, but those charts are what's known as Popularity charts where even musical appreciation is government sponsored.

The fence I'm dangling from is the boundary of a packed-out 5000-seater ice skating stadium in which the pop starved youth of Poland are cheering Smokie's *equipment* (when you stop laughing, think about the implications of that).

On the wrong side of the wire, the kids who couldn't get in are hanging out because at least they'll be able to hear the music even if they can't see.

Bored city teenagers, yeah.

But behind them are the ubiquitous *militia*, resplendent in dull olive battle drab, steel helmets and high heavy-duty boots — and at least we ain't got to that yet in our country.

In Poland you get used to it and learn to fear it.

The kids look at me like frightened animals as I shout at them in English to take the gear. It ain't a trap, I'm not after anything other than getting shot of the entire stash.

But there are no takers... and I'm just beginning to curse them for the hassles of getting the stuff through the border search when one callow youth decides it's worth the risk.

He reaches out, his eyes constantly watching for enemy action, and quickly snatches the top album to whip it inside his coat.

This is the cue for bedlam.

The Polish kids descend like vultures on the precious paper and vinyl.

I watch from my side of the fence until a security guard sporting the red and white *ESTRADA* stencilled armband starts giving me verbal Polish acid as desperate kids crash into the fence with such a force that it seems likely to be smashed down.

INSIDE the stadium the kids sit motionless and scream their heads off for Smokie. And I eye the rows of steel helmets ringing the crowd. I don't move either.

Equality is fine till you step out of line. Then you, like TONY PARSONS and Polish chartbusters SMOKIE, might find out what it means to be...

Scared to dance

A low, rope fence 30 yards out on the ice holds back the crowd as they roar with heartbreaking joy as the band stroll on stage. But nobody attempts to rush across the no-man's land of glistening ice between stage and kids. Nobody attempts to cross the rope.

Hell, who needs physical barriers to keep young people in check when you've got them justifiably terrified of you?

Friday's gig in a Northern town called Bidgoszcz was different. The kids who wanted to leave their seats to sing and dance as Smokie did their set were unceremoniously hurled back.

A group of them, however, made it round to a side of the massive basketball auditorium where the gig was being played. They were waving a big Union Jack and the authorities probably sussed that if they didn't allow a safety valve for the more volatile kids then... who knows?

A potential riot with *Smokie* on stage???

The band finished their last number, the lights came on, and, with all identities clearly visible in the bright lights, the audience all hurry out of the exit doors. A tremendous reception for the band but nobody hangs around when the lights come on, not even the flag-waving kids who were risking their necks just to DANCE.

Reflecting that I'm a long

way from home, I head backstage until my movement is abruptly halted by a cop grabbing me by the throat.

Instinctive retaliation was my first mistake.

The shock on his face — that anyone could do something as foolish as try to get his fingers away from their jugular vein — told me more about the country's political system than any left/right wing rhetoric ever could.

Like Dylan said, there *ain't* no more left and right, only up and down. My worthless hide is saved by the courageous intervention of brave and beautiful PR lady Annette Bicknell.

She cools out the irate cop with some instant firm diplomacy.

THE BAND are unwinding by having a few drinks and, between modelling the LA suntans obtained whilst recording their latest album, discussing being on the road in Poland where one enthusiastic Polish commentator described their popularity as being akin to Beatlemania.

They are four completely down to earth Northern lads, although Chris Norman is (even if you hadn't seen him singing teenage love songs whilst leering at your pubescent sister on *Top Of The Pops*) obviously the star.

The introductions are made and I detect Yorkshire-grit-flavoured Paranoia Blues induced by numerous savagings at the hands of the rock press. But after a while they suss that if all I wanted was to do another ritual I'm-so-hip-why-ain't-you? rock parajournalism stitch-up then I could have stayed home in London and written it in the romantic squalor of my garret.

So, yeah, I reckon that anybody who has got the bottle to tour Poland deserves a sizeable degree of respect for that alone. But what's their music like?

The singles you can hardly fail to have heard if you ever get within proximity of a radio — favourite sons of the current Mike Chapman/Nicky Chinn hit factory who pour out million sellers with an almost Abbaranto sense of what will sell. Their singles like "Wild, Wild Angels", "I'll Meet You At Midnight", "Don't Play Your Rock 'N' Roll To Me" (alright, but what about the Elvis "His Latest Flame" riff prominently featured on this one?) and "Lay Back In The Arms Of Someone" are all perfectly-honed chunks of mainstream Pop.

"We've got two more years of our contract with Chinnichap to run and then we'll have to see what happens," Chris Norman says. "At the moment we're very happy; our 'Greatest Hits' album just went straight in the UK charts at number ten. And all the songs that I write with our drummer

Pete Spencer appear on our albums..."

Terry Uttley is the curly-haired bass player and most instantly likeable of the band as well as being the most articulate and helpful on clarifying their position in Poland.

As we get wrecked on cheap Polish vodka amongst the chrome- and - velvet - drape splendour of our hotel, he talks of how much he misses his wife back home, what a tremendous audience the Polish kids are, and tries to alleviate my confusion concerning the genial reception of a serious communist country to this cheery band of arch-capitalists.

"The money we make is paid in sterling pounds," Terry says. "You're not allowed to take the Polish Zlotys that we get for daily pocket money out of the country. You got to spend all your Zlotys here."

"I love the kids here, they're great! Even better in Germany though," he adds and grins good naturedly.

HIS attitude is typical. Appreciative, but accepting Poland as it is without feeling deeply about the inherent repression of the political system.

I pour out my heart to someone whom I'm too blitzed to identify, telling him that the thriving black market of 150 Polish Zlotys to the pound — as opposed to the official 50 — makes me think of the distrust of national currency in any sick political society, like post-war Berlin or Athens in the seven-year reign of the Colonels' junta.

And talking about personal liberty is about as real as Santa Claus...

"Free country, innit?" the retard I'm talking to quips and I realise I'm wasting my time.

The next day I attempt to buy a Star Of David for a girl back home whose mother was the only member of a family of Polish Jews to escape the assembly line butchery of the Nazis.

But Warsaw is a home of anti-semitism and the reactions I receive are akin to what you'd expect in the UK if you went into a shop and asked for a gram of heroin. The photographer with me refuses my request for a shot of the enormous Russian flag on the side of the Gothic Orwellian nightmare entitled The Ministry Of Culture And Science.

That night the kids in the stadium are ecstatic.

But on Sunday morning they wear uniforms and march through the square with precision timing and sing songs as the pack leaders regard them with critical eyes and I can't take it anymore and want to go home.

If New Wave bands do not play places like this as soon as they get the chance then I don't want to know, okay?



NME/LASKY'S BASEMENT TAPES COMPETITION

GEE, what can we say? The response the NME/Lasky's Basement Tapes Competition was so overwhelming it quite took our breath away. The total number of entries was over 1100 — far in excess of what we expected when we boldly promised you the results of the competition a month after closing date on April 7th.

Our distinguished panel of judges has been unable to lend their ears to so many songs in such a short space of time, and the final results aren't quite ready yet, but a short list has been drawn up and is now being listened into submission by all ears concerned.

We'll bring you further news as it happens.

LITTLE FEAT

Time Loves A Hero
(Warners)

MIGHT AS WELL jump in at the deep end and ask you to indulge in some consumer advice research.

The question is this: have you ever heard a better-produced, better-engineered artefact than that under scrutiny?

It says a lot for the new direction of El Feat that your reviewer feels it incumbent to pose a query which has connotations of a professionalism and dedication to technique that, supposedly, should have nothing to do with yer rock and roll.

The accepted answer in critical circles would, I think, be to the effect that what goes on in the studio should not affect the listener's response, rock music being a medium that operates best of all when said guinea-pig is hearing his faves on a beat-up Dansette, preferably over the radio, and possibly even under water. Rock, after all, is about making you feel good and howthahell can a band who cares for its raw image give a flying duck about twiddling knobs anyhow?

Firstly, rumours of the great-est little band in the world's split have been exaggerated. But if Lowell George leaves don't be surprised.

Interesting that most Feat fans' best-loved disc is "Sailing Shoes" and that "Time Loves A Hero" is subjectively as good, or better than that. Both are produced by Ted Templeman.

Now Ted cut his studio teeth with Harper's Bizarre before moving to West Coast gold-dust avec Van Morrison. Interesting too that of all Warners recent releases — including the disappointing "Period Of Transition" and even the rejuvenated Beach Boys and new-blood Television — this is the only one that smacks of sheer *Seventies* application.

The demise of Lowell can be traced to Little Feat's previous effort, "The Last Record Album", where it seemed that too much amphetamine or cocaine hadn't resulted in a particularly constructive end-product. Like Blue Oyster Cult's "Agents Of Fortune" it suffers on reflection, not so smart as previous ventures. Point is, Little Feat are not only a rhythm-and-blues band — they are also a genuinely progressive outfit.

Last time round George couldn't produce Bill Payne to maximum advantage; even Dave Hassinger, who could engineer Love to the Grateful Dead and make it stick, couldn't do them credit. The old style was cluttered; the new broom never got dusted.

This time Templeman has made no similar mistakes. Empathy with Little Feat, the concept, is like you have with your toes. When they want to move, he moves.

Secondly, some easy checking indicates that Lowell George has all but forsaken his writing chores and it hardly matters. Look at "Sailing Shoes" where he probably made the tea and melted the vinyl. That was Lowell's band.

Then read "Last Record Album" liner notes, between the lines. If old faithful is splitting then Bill Payne and the boys will pull through. George is down for just two songs here, one of them a shared credit.

"Hi Roller" is the starter. Left off the last record, it fits alright. Modified lyrics and music from Paul Barrere (maintain accent *grave* on last e). Initial impressions from others privy to pre-release had suggested a return to old ways. Nonsense.

The new direction includes long-term fanatics having to realise that Barrere is the prim-

ary guitar player. His major chord homage to funk drives off the turf straight to your brain. Not only that, his lyric is wonderful. The gist is a lowdown poker game metaphor in which the royal cards turn out to be dealing. Viz: "Hi roller and a lowball jack/Stuck outside trying to truck it on back/Marooned on a lake, in a bad border town-/Watching the marks lay their money down."

The title cut, ostensibly a reference to the inordinate period before recognition reached the Feat, suddenly turns out to be about a guy who decided to deep-six his job and home in suburban Stateside for the easy life in Puerto Rico. Barrere and Sam Clayton spin the vocal round a mass of congas, vibes and Fred Tackett's madocello.

In the best Little Feat style the lyrics are cryptic to the point of nonsense: "Well they say that time loves a hero/But only time will tell/If he's real he's a legend from heaven/If he ain't he was sent here from hell."

Characteristic of their current *gestalt*, the whole thing glides, cool moog, counterpoint Fender picking and Hayward scarring his kit with subtle precision. Owners of "Aurora Backseat" or "Electrif Lycanthrope" might have thought a live set was called for this time, in fact Los Feat's studio sound pulls out the sophistication of melody and structural illusion that not even those chestnuts can match.

A by-product of Templeman's authoritative production is that George will be free to write more material.

His sole composition — "Rocket In My Pocket", words and music — is possibly the best thing on the disc in the traditional vein of alliterative Little Feat classics. An ingenious double-tracked vocal rocks over Payne's stunning utilisation of Tom Oberheim's Polyphonic synthesiser, an instrument he plays with as much imagination as did Joe Zawinul on Weather Report's "Heavy Weather".

Lowell dusts off his fat-man-in-the-bathtub complex for a witty state-of-play summary on a bum relationship. It wouldn't be fair to give away too much on this one but the fade out is addictive. A swirling Californian tale from the tube breaking on a riff that I'm pretty sure The Beach Boys slipped in somewhere once.

Last track on side one is going to sort out the committed from the not-so-sures, being utterly different to anything produced by Little Feat or any band with a reputation for playing within a certain undemanding framework. Closest to it in spirit is "Day or Night" from "The Last Record Album".

"Day At The Dog Races" is written by everyone save George. Significantly, it requires intensive listening to grasp the point. Based on a 6/8 time signature it would be easy to waffle about Chick Corea, fusion-rock and overkill, although the true emotion is muted. Rather than use any application of technique to concoct a redundant exercise in jazz funk, a la Billy Cobham, they stay tight inside Payne's guiding melodic sparseness and Hayward's magnificent power drumming.

Everyone from Mingus to McLaughlin has wanted to master this beat.

At the top end of the ability spectrum our own King Crimson and Genesis have nearly done justice to the possible result, but Little Feat manage to make terms like rock'n'roll, fusion-rock etc., seem irrelevant and, unlike Bowie's ice nine future rationale limbering-up music for East German gymnasts, the mood is exciting and soulful.

SONGS OF KRISTOFFERSON

Before the film 'A Star Is Born' and the top ten sound track album, there were his songs.

Songs like 'Me and Bobby McGee', 'Help Me Make It Through The Night' and 'The Silver-Tongued Devil and I'.

Songs that won Kristofferson every kind of musical accolade and an audience of millions on both sides of the Atlantic.

Songs that did as well by other artists as they did by him — which is the mark of a top-flight songwriter.

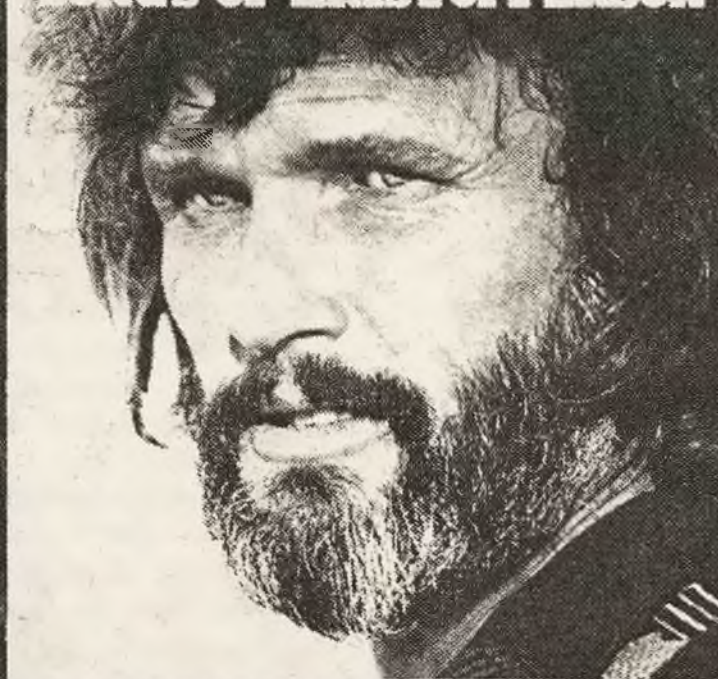
'Songs of Kristofferson' features the best of Kristofferson's songs... timeless songs you'll be listening to again and again.

Including:

The Silver-Tongued Devil
Loving Her Was Easier (Than Anything I'll Ever Do Again)
Me And Bobby McGee
Help Me Make It Through The Night
For The Good Times
Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down
You Show Me Yours (And I'll Show You Mine)
The Pilgrim: Chapter 33 (Hang In, Hopper)

'Songs of Kristofferson'

SONGS OF KRISTOFFERSON



the new Kristofferson album

on  Records & Tapes
82002

Produced by Fred Foster and David Anderle

PLATTERS

Side two is less demanding. Barrere's "Old Folks Boogie" combines Randy Newman with Count Basie, the result being a delicious bar-room blues which might fit anywhere into the canon. Great words too, concerning the demise of ancient rockers in Hollywood Babylon: "Paired off pace-makers with matching alarms/Gives ya jus' one more chance to spin one more yarn/And ya know that you're over the hill/When your mind makes a promise/That your body can't fill."

Bill Payne and Fran Tate's "Red Streamliner" isn't an entirely happy inclusion. Rail-that you're over the way rhythms and first-class bass are confounded by having Pat Simmons and Mike McDonald sing some relatively nasty back-ups in the manner of The Eagles at their most sickly. Still, Payne's Fender Rhodes bridge and Barren's sawn-off chords make the grade.

Terry Allen's "New Delhi Freight Train" is back-to-business with that spontaneity and attention to detail and atmosphere that cuts this band clean off the everyday workmen rock heap. Copyright George slide and voice will make this an instant live favourite.

And so to the finale, a modest tear-jerker from Paul Barrere called "Missin' You". While not up to Lowell's "Willin'" and "Trouble" standards, this acoustic love song maintains its heart-beat just because it is so unassuming. Skunk Baxter doobies along on dobro.

Whether this will prove to be Little Feat's last recorded statement remains to be seen, but it certainly makes a monkey out of most other records released this year. On a par with "Future Games" and "Kingfisher Live". (Wow. — ED.)

The old truck-stop, pull-in-for-carmen image gets the final shove because this band are that and so much else besides.

If you've ever stopped to wonder whether rock and roll is any kind of job for a grown man then this should set you straight at the same time as it loosens your head. Maybe the greatest little band in the world will never grow into a chrome topped monster machine, but they sure as hell should have some fun trying.

Max Bell

THE TUBES

Now (A & M)
UNTIL I HEARD that some intellectual bigwig like Koesler or Steiner had thought of it first, I used to be quite chuffed at having sussed that what separates man from the "lower" animals is not (as is generally supposed) his rationality, but more likely his irrationality: the ability of humans to perpetrate insane and irrational acts being often staggering, way beyond the capabilities of mere animals.

How many dogs, do you think, have a parallel to the human concept of genocide?

The acceptable face of irrationality is, for most, humour — though this can rapidly become unacceptable when the holy sanctity of social mores is disturbed by such as Lenny Bruce.

Evading the grasping tentacles of the Lucille Ball School of Applied Pointlessness, there appears to be quite a recent strain of American humour based paradoxically on TV — the film *The Grove Tube*, the linguistic lunacy of the brilliant and underrated Firesign Theatre, and the latter-day theatrical rock antics of The Tubes are all, directly or indirectly, connected with the influence of the Magic Box.

The Tubes indicated as much by deriving their name from the cathode-ray tube, and



I ask you — is this any kind of job for a grown man?

Top: Feat's LOWELL GEORGE;
bottom: Tubes' FEE WAYBILL...

their stage show apparently bears out their fascination with the American Dream as perpetrated by this most abused of media.

The majority of The Tubes' first album, a disappointingly lacklustre affair, was overshadowed by the abrasively cynical "White Punks On Dope". Excellent though it may be, one track is hardly an auspicious foundation on which to build a recording career.

The second album, under the watchful eye of Svengali Ken Scott, was a vast improvement featuring a plethora of subject-matter (or targets) and attacking them with a vicious professionalism that has few, if any, equals.

The self-advertisement of "Tubes World Tour", the incisive parody of "Slipped My Disco" and "Proud To Be An American", and the wide-screen menace of "Pimp" combined to produce, in

"Young & Rich", perhaps the most grossly-neglected album of 1976.

How tragic that its release coincided with a marked desire for a "return to the roots": the album's technical and musical pyrotechnics may in fact have devalued it for many listeners.

And now, "Now".

Swathed in a cover directly reminiscent of the vorticist paintings of artist/writer Wyndham Lewis, whose savage, remorseless satires outraged the intellectual and political cliques of the Thirties, (maybe a hint of the band's intentions?), it presents for the most part an unusually low profile.

Perhaps this is the influence of producer John Anthony; maybe it's an attempt by the band to define a characteristic "Tubes Sound".

Whatever the reason, it makes for a pretty unappetising colourlessness on several tracks — a surface similarity

that may put some prospective buyers off. Whether or not "Now" insinuates its way into your life after a few weeks is, of course, impossible to discern as yet.

This is not to say that the band (Rick Anderson — bass; Vince Welnick — keyboards; Prairie Prince — drums; Michael Cotten — synthesizers; Roger Steen — guitar, vocals; Fee Waybill — lead vocals; Re Styles — vocals; Mingo Lewis — percussion; Bill Spooner — guitar, vocals) don't play with an often astounding versatility; rather that when they do, say, a blues spoof like "Golden Boy", it comes across too obviously as The Tubes Doing A Spoof. (In contrast to the tongue-in-cheek pseudo-Presley of "Proud To Be An American", which was authentic enough to win an American country music award! A bit thick, these rednecks).

Satires, spoofs and wry

comments on various aspects of American life are, naturally, plentiful on "Now": "Strung Out On Strings" deals with teenage guitar obsession; "Pound of Flesh" with the archetypal ninety-pound weakling blessed, apparently, with a pound of flesh in the right place; "Golden Boy" with the old can-blue-mensing-the-whites dilemma, (some lovely Butterfield/Biscuit Boy style harp helping out here) — to name but three.

When The Tubes pull out the creative stops, they can come up with some eminently worthwhile stuff. The tinny, mechanically futuristic arrangement to "Cathy's Clone" is a case in point, as is the album's *meis-tenverk* endpiece, "You're No Fun", the archetype of The Tubes' melodramatic, mock-grandiloquent arrangements.

"Now" has the makings of an extremely interesting album, and as we all know, the

most satisfying and enduring records are those which take a bit longer to click; for the time being, though, I find it a strangely dissatisfying affair.

Andy Gill

STEVE MILLER BAND

Book Of Dreams (Mercury)

IF STEVE Miller hadn't found belated and unexpected success with "The Joker", his reputation would doubtless have remained the private property of those who (quite rightly) value his early West Coast albums so highly.

As it is, Miller won through to a wide audience with "Joker" and compounded its commercial impact with "Fly Like An Eagle".

He's evidently keen to maintain his newfound popularity and appeal. The material for "Book Of Dreams" was culled from the "Eagle" sessions and has been ordered in similar fashion.

There are further snatches of simplistic synthesiser mood-setting — complete with portentous titles like "Threshold" and "Electro Lux Imbroglia". Several songs have ARP Odyssey themes woven unobtrusively through them. S'alright, I suppose, but Miller's no more than a barely competent 'electronic' musician.

His real strengths lie elsewhere. Miller's customarily relied on understatement. The essence of economy, his guitar work here scores highly.

"Jet Airliner", an otherwise banal bundle of plagiarism (plus riffs care of one Paul Pena) skims lightly on Miller's rock and boogie licks. "Swingtown" is rescued (just) from total vacuity by his crisp power chords and audacity in casting off an acoustic break. Miller thrives despite pedestrian bass and drums backup.

Miller's abilities as an arranger are also notable. "Winter Time" combines — or coalesces — acoustic and sitar guitars, harmonica and a Hendrixish solo to achieve an effect reminiscent of the more haunting songs from "Recall The Beginning — A Journey from Eden".

The gentle whiff of spaciness that's "Wish Upon A Star" likewise benefits before Miller's sweet-as-ever vocals swoop offside. "Sacrifice" might have worked more of the same magic but for two tortuous slide breaks from Lee Duke — their internal logic defeats me.

Miller's occasional — and still underdeveloped — eclecticism is reflected by "Babes In The Wood", a quaint Renaissance tune set to acoustic guitars, trap drums and more synthesiser.

Elsewhere Miller resorts to well tried types and tricks. "True Fine Love". "The Stake" and "Jungle Love" are all archetypal Miller boogieramas whilst "My Own Space" hangs precariously on a hack son-of-Cream's "Badge" hookline.

Miller's capacity for delivering upgrade, all purpose, effortlessly easy on the ears rockstuff may be mildly commendable, but in the final analysis it's not enough. Even his immaculate guitar can't save Miller from being stymied by material that's often limp and anachronistic.

All told, "Book Of Dreams" just isn't as strong songwise as "Eagle" — an impression which may or may not be borne out by the fact that several of the songs here are not Miller's.

Anyway, the album repeats the "Eagle" pattern far too casually. Once was enough. Miller's simply cut it too safe for comfort.

Angus MacKinnon.



FACES Wood, Yamauchi, and Stewart demonstrate everywhichway lurch technique.



FACES

The Best Of The Faces
(Riva)

SOMETIMES THE Faces were good and then they were exhilarating; more often they were quite uniquely dreadful and then they were supremely irritating; other times they were both at once, and that was confusing; occasionally

they were just mediocre.

This compilation contains twenty tracks drawn from the Faces' four Warners' albums and a fistful of singles, plus one Rod Stewart solo-album track borrowed from Phonogram.

There's about a single album's worth of genuinely excellent material, a few semi-duffers and a few tracks that are so staggeringly bad that it's

hard to see why they were released in the first place, let alone disinterred for representation, but then The Byrds' horrible reunion album has just been reissued, so there's no accounting for taste.

The version of "I Wish It Would Rain" presented here exemplifies everything that was annoying about The Faces (I'm not sure if it's the live-album version or not, because

Lurchrock? Drunkrock? They Did It All

I flogged my copy of that a long time ago and even if I hadn't it'd be too painful to listen to again).

The vocal is quite gorgeous, the guitar and keyboard are sloppy but just about about presentable — and Kenny Jones' drumming sounds like the work of a man who's in such an expensive rock and roll fog that he doesn't realise that he's dragging the beat to a virtual standstill, slowing down so much that the rest of the band don't know whether to stay with the pulse or try to play along to Jones.

It's quite excruciating, and it leaves you grinding your teeth and muttering, "How could they do that?"

It isn't lovable looseness; it's just sloppy, unprofessional and downright lousy playing.

Then there's "That's All You Need" — Ronnie Wood's turn in the barrel. All that aimless bottleneck bashing around sounds more like he's warming up at a rehearsal than performing for public consumption. He does the same thing on "Around The Plynth", but there it's vaguely excusable because the song's better.

On the brighter side there's the excellent "Flying", which — as the liner note points out — is not at all dissimilar to the inferior but far more celebrated "Sailing", the best ever version of "Maybe I'm Amazed" with Ronnie Lane's astonishingly Macca-like vocal on the intro, "Had Me A Real Good Time", which was one of the high points of The Faces' raucous, boozy, good-time approach, "Sweet Lady Mary", which is in the romantic, mellow bag of the Stewart solo albums, and "Memphis", a great example of pure pub-rock (in a manner of speaking).

There're some great singles like "Cindy Incidentally", "Stay With Me" (beats The Stranglers all hollow for sheer nasty male chauvinism — eh, Phil?) and the sublime "You Can Make Me Dance, Sing Or Anything." It even includes the grossly overrated "Pool Hall Richard."

In a sense, the inclusion of "It's All Over Now" from Rod's "Gasoline Alley" album points up exactly what went wrong with The Faces, exactly why The Faces could never have the greatness that matched their success and status.

On that track, the musicians sound to be getting off something rotten and having a real good time, but they take care of business and never start klutzing it up the way The Faces were always liable to do. That track is what The Faces should have been but only ever were intermittently. They made it on the level they did because they were the only touring rock band that had Rod Stewart as their lead singer.

And, of course, they indulged each other horribly. Ronnie Wood could never get away with playing as badly with the Stones as he did on too many occasions with The Faces, and Steve Marriott will hopefully whip McLagan and Jones into tougher and more professional shape than they appeared during their Rod days.

Paradoxically, the one Face who these days seems to have a hole in his soul is Stewart himself, and if you think there's some kind of moral in that then be my guest.

"The Best Of The Faces" contains just about everything of real merit that The Faces ever recorded (with the exception of the superb "Bad n' Ruin" from the "Long Player" album), plus a whole bunch of rubbish. As such, it fulfils its function.

It's even history of a sort, I guess.

Charles Shaar Murray

BONNIE RAITT

Sweet Forgiveness
(Warners)

IF ANYTHING, Bonnie Raitt reaches new vocal highs on this her sixth album.

But the reasons why Ms Raitt hasn't come close to achieving the kind of success attained by, say, Linda

Ronstadt are as obvious here as they have been in the past.

In a nutshell, Bonnie Raitt's records lack an identity of the kind given to Ms Ronstadt by manager/producer Peter Asher and Andrew Gold in his capacity as an arranger.

That Ms Raitt's altogether more soulful voice is perfectly capable of transforming a great piece of teen pop like Del Shannon's "Runaway" (the single from the album) into something a deal more disturbing is testament enough to her vocal prowess.



On "Runaway" Ms Raitt's upper register vocals are perfectly enhanced by the album's only inspired arrangement and a great performance from her band, especially drummer Dennis Whitted.

Elsewhere only occasionally is her singing enough to lift the record out of the identikit arrangements and Paul Rothchild's (of Doors' fame) sterile production — all the more regrettable seeing as how her material, all other writers' songs, is mostly strong.

She sings Jackson Browne's sublimely melodic "My Opening Farewell" with heartfelt conviction, and Mark Jordan's low key song of love gone wrong, "Two Lives", is lovely.

All of which adds up to "Sweet Forgiveness" being nothing more than a very listenable album.

Steve Clarke

DICKY BETTS & GREAT SOUTHERN

Dickey Betts & Great Southern (Arista)

GOOD NEWS. There's now a band to rival The Outlaws for soporific country-boogie wimpiness. This bland-out debut must be down to Dickey himself.

Betts has hardly hedged his bets by assuming responsibility for writing, arranging and producing as well as playing electric and slide guitars and singing lead — even the messy cover "Concept" is his.

The guitar work is up to scratch in a lackadaisical sort of way and, indeed, an aura of going-through-the-motions permeates the entire band.

This isn't to say it's exactly bad, mind you. I'd merely be interested to know what kind of musical masochist would invest three and half quid in seven average songs performed by an indifferently competent band fronted by a nondescript vocalist.

Suffice it to say that "The Way Love Goes" is a turgid ballad, "Sweet Virginia" is yet another cracker's lament, "Run Gypsy Run" stumbles awkwardly until a quaintly anachronistic harp solo.

"Nothing You Can Do", almost sprightly, is spoilt by some hackneyed organ work and some dozey-zzzz tempo changes. There's a "California Blues" — zzzz and the rest is very cosy-zzzz.

Say goodnight, Dickey.

Monty Smith

HIT AND RUN

Ian Matthews in overdrive with his latest and long-awaited album... a showcase of his superb songwriting skills, with Nik Venet turning in a superb production job.

IAN MATTHEWS
LATEST ALBUM CBS 81930
Produced by Nikolas K. Venet



IAN GILLAN BAND
Clear Air Turbulence
(Island)
ROUGH DIAMOND
Rough Diamond (Island)

WHAT KIND of future can Heavy Metal orphans really look forward to once they fall from grace?

On each of these albums we have a former HM warrior attempting to salvage something from his wrecked career.

Four years ago Ian Gillan chose to leave Deep Purple and, after a self-imposed retirement which saw the collapse of several business ventures, he decided to re-enter rock's crowded arena 12 months ago.

At about that time David Byron was sacked by Uriah Heep and dropped by Bronze Records; it has taken him until now to form a band, sign a new deal and make this debut album.

Stripped of whatever rank they held among the British thunderguns, they now face the difficult task of establishing themselves again.

Both Gillan and Byron have behind them similarly structured bands (keyboards, guitar, bass and drums) and a mutual ambition to live down their images and prove they have more musical clout than many people would suppose.

But basically the comparison ends with the formulae they have chosen and the philosophies they expound; the results they attain generally differ greatly.

While acknowledging that both Gillan and Byron have something more to offer as singers above the usual stylised hysterics substituted for real vocal emotion, it's only Gillan who has found a compatible crew to enable him to develop artistically.

On the IGB's second album we discover Colin Towns (keyboards), Ray Fenwick (guitar) and the bass - drums team of John Gustafson and Mark Nauseef creating a complex playing style similar to Camel, but with more

instrumental brawn.

Very classy stuff it is too. There's plenty of elbow room for them throughout the six songs, which never clock in at less than five minutes and on occasions break the seven minute barrier.

There's a considerable depth to the set, with Fenwick in particular snatching any opportunity to streak off on his own, his fingers a blurr but his approach surprisingly well considered. But the band's ability does cause them to misguidedly attempt to refurbish a couple of duff songs, "Money Lender" and "Over The Hill".

More important is the confidence they instill in Gillan. He constantly stretches himself, particularly on the title track, and proves how good he can be. Unfortunately he tends to adopt a traditional HM pose in what appears to be the totally pointless exercise of reminding the listener that he was The Voice of Purple.

Byron is less guilty in this respect; the Rough Diamond album sees him constantly effecting vocal changes and obviously striving for election to the big league of rock singers. He wisely chooses not to remind anyone he was Heep's front man.

RD's problem is very simple. With former Humble Pie guitarist Clem Clempson flanking Byron and ex-Wings drummer Geoff Britton centring himself between the unknowns Damon Butcher (keyboards) and Willie Bath (drums) they produce mundane rock clichés in extremely dull song structures.

Melody Maker's recent front page welcome for the group might have been a desperate attempt to rekindle interest in rock's oldtimers, but the group only seem to be going through the motions of what is expected from aggressive outfits, so any encouragement strikes me as being misplaced.

Only one of the nine tracks has any unique characteristics, and that's the sensitive "Sea Song" which closes the first side. On "Lock And Key" Clempson manages to slip in an excellent solo, but the rest of the time they dutifully plod — an approach typified by their performance on the bluesy "Scared".

Neither album is a masterpiece. Although the IGB have more imagination, you can't help wondering whether the future for both bands is just going to be a struggle.

Tony Stewart



MAC AND KATIE KISSOON
Greatest Hits (State)

AS GARBAGE goes, this is well worth putting your hands in the trash-can for. Less than half the songs herein ever approached the charts. They include the appallingly appealing "Sugar Candy Kisses" (loved it at fifteen and I still love it), the wetly wistful "I'm Just Dreaming", "Like A Butterfly", the youthfully yearning "The Two Of Us" and the ace piece of poppycock "Don't Do It Baby," a real crocodile-tear-jerker.

The titles say it all. It's love in several shades of pale pink.

Chart no-no "Hold On Baby" is also cute, starring Katie and confirming all those uneasy suspicions you used to have watching the Kissoons on *TOIP* — Katie smiling and heartrending in her radiance, Mac prancing round her wearing a huge tiger's tooth around his neck and rolling his eyes like an extra from "Gone With The Wind" — that Big Brother is, deffo, the expendable bit of this duo.

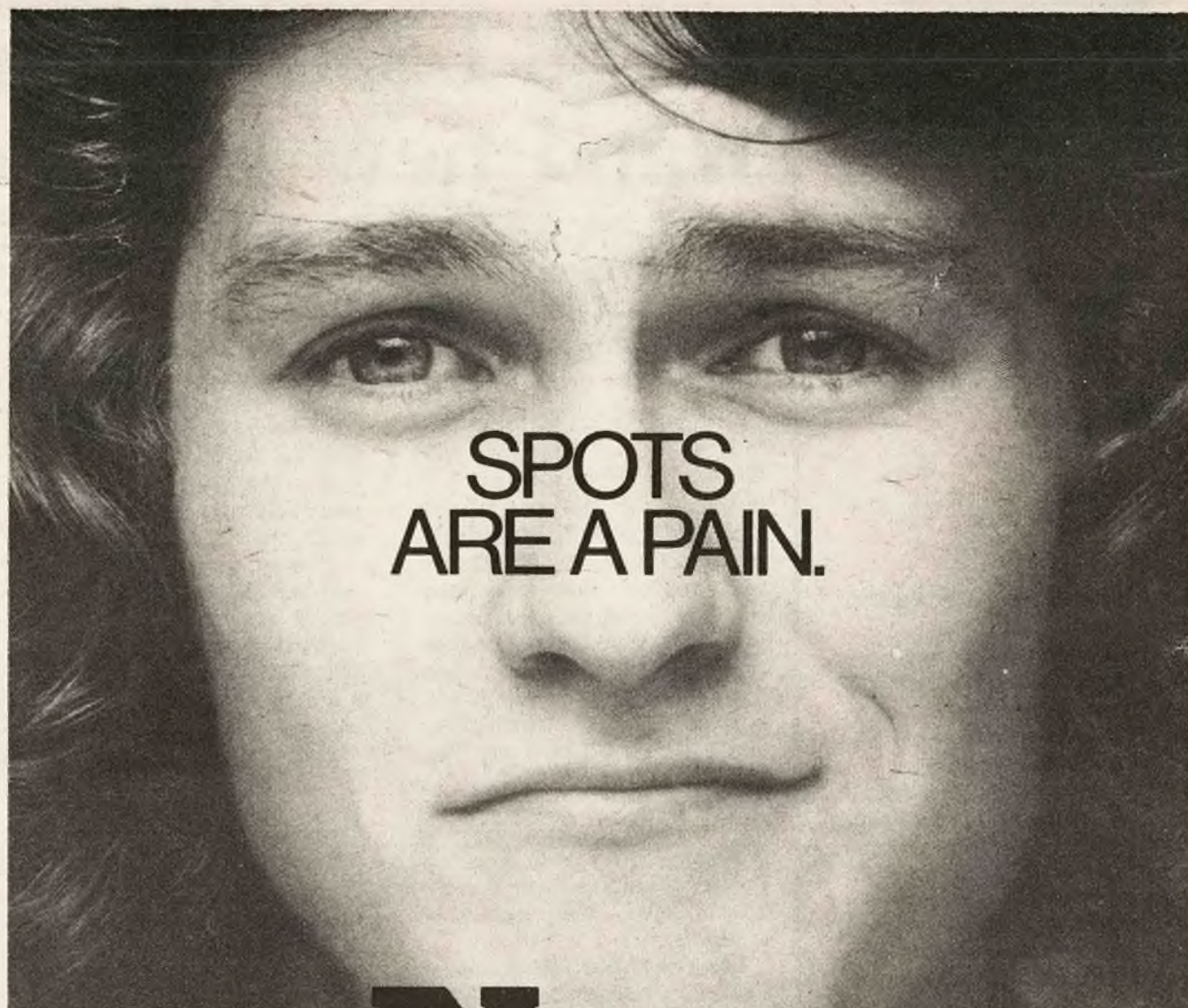
Katie Kissoon will never be Millie Jackson (or even Millie "Lollipop" Small), but on the ballad "I Just Can't Seem To Smile Again," her voice has a gentle guttiness which is quite credible.

Those songs are immensely likeable. When the Kissoons (good name) are overconfident they fall flat on their faces to the tunes of "Walking In The Park Together", "Dream Of Me", "Where Would Our Love Be", "Your Love" and the horrific "It's A Million Miles From Harlem".

But the better half is like a too-good-to-hurry mint which won't go away no matter how much you suck it — gurgling guitars, saccharine strings, bolshy bass festooning an insistent hookline and sinker.

If you're young and dumb and wimpishly inclined (and if you're not, don't you wish you were?), Mac and (especially) Katie Kissoon should get you off a treat.

Julie Burchill



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ALICE COOPER
Lace And Whiskey
(Warner Brothers)
BLINDING realisation: I was re-reading Hunter Thompson's *Fear And Loathing On The Campaign Trail* and staring

Alack, Poor Alice

absent-mindedly at this particularly nasty photograph of Richard Nixon when it hit me that Nixon's face reminded me incredibly strongly of someone else.

It took fully five minutes before I realised just who this phantom Nixon lookalike was — ALICE COOPER!!!

Naturally, that doesn't mean that you'll get any vital clues to the more esoteric mysteries of the Watergate affair from the Coop's new album. In actual fact, you don't get much of anything at all, except packaging.

That whole elaborate "private eye" schtickola that's all over the cover — and which you've already seen in the ads — has absolutely nothing to do with any of the songs, which, in turn, have absolutely nothing to do with anything at all.

This becomes apparent about halfway through the third track as — in mounting exasperation — you search in vain for some relevance to the concept and then find it isn't a concept album.

In most cases, this would be a blessed relief, but in this case the concept is the only interesting thing about it.

The music is vacuoso, with Steve Hunter and Dick Wagner (guitars) and Bob Ezrin (keyboards, production, arrangement) being the Coop's principal accomplices and Wagner and Ezrin writing all but one of the songs alongside our hero.

The opener, "It's Hot Tonight", has a methodically sinister stomping riff — to lapse briefly into Cripspeak — but elsewhere it's strictly a drearoid sphereoid.

"Road Rats" is a paean to roadies, "You And Me" is a hymn to the joys of watchin' TV with the loved one, "I Never Wrote Those Songs" is a plea of diminished responsibility for all the blood'n gore'n veins in the teeth of vintage Cooper — all set to the most appalling blandout rentariff cop-out rock I've heard in years.

There ain't even anything that sounds like a good solid teenage HIT SINGLE contained herein.

This case is CLOSED.
Charles Shaar Murray



LOU REED

Walk On The Wild Side — The Best Of Lou Reed (RCA)

MORE LIKE a sulk on the tired side.

But to give Lou credit, he bears total responsibility. Not one of the assorted and unfortunate musicians involved is credited, though Rachel — Lou's own personal, uh, friend — gets its visage on the front cover and its name on the back.

Tangling with Bowie seemed to do Reed no good at all; when two voids collide?

"Satellite Of Love" is the first of three "Transformer" tracks. It's trite tinsel with a mellow melody and a pretty piano that Mantovani would be proud of. A hymn for a TV and cold metal New Age, "I'm So Free" or "Vicious", would have been more appropriate here. Being free and vicious is something Reed knows a lot about — besides they're better songs.

Next up, two from his first album. "Wild Child" is a dispassionate, disposable cameo supposedly written around Amanda Lear (she of the *Ritz* gossip column and *Delicate Operation* fame), whilst the world-weary "I Love You" might be touching were

Well I see you got your brand new leopardskin axe

MINK DE VILLE
Mink De Ville (Capitol)

(Yup, another bunch of NY weirdos)

THE WORD from over there was that Mink De Ville were probably the tightest and best musically organised outfit in the whole of the C.B.G.B.'s axis.

People came back from the other side of the Atlantic with reports that this band could do a great deal more than put down the kind of extruded, sold by length, electric razor rama-lama that has become the stock cliché of so much of the (dare I say "so called") new wave.

During my sojourn in the Big Apple the band weren't available to observe live, so I'm only able to judge them by this, their first recorded product.

Imagine if you will the early Velvet Underground, those slightly eerie changes — except they're being played, by some miracle, clean and neat, R&B style, instead of loose and jangling.

Imagine also if someone, in those early days of the Velvets, had been listening to lots and lots of Sam Cooke records and decided to do the thing that way. That would give you some kind of approximation of Mink De Ville.

The opening cut, "Venus Of Avenue D", is a perfect example. It starts with a fairly close approximation of the Velvets' "Sunday Morning" (only with a hundred per cent more purity of sound). Then, after the first verse, it opens up into a full blown R&B shout with a discreet tenor, not honking but blowing tidy little figures behind the simplistic rhythm.

That's only the first cut, though. The second, by way of a complete contrast, suddenly jacks you into a mid-Sixties soul ballad. Mink De Ville don't give out listener orientation at all freely.

You play through the first side and turn the record over. You've just about decided that

the band's true home is somewhere in the same neighbourhood as Graham Parker or Southside Johnny (albeit with a lot less instruments) when they pull another switch on you.

The third cut, "Spanish Stroll", puts you right back, slap in the middle of the Lou Reed wild side.

There's even the bored bar of E/bar of A figure, and the voice is not so much influenced as a direct parody. If that wasn't enough, the last two verses are delivered in Harlem Spanish while the guitar turns positively ole.

While you're still reeling from this little gem, the next track, "She's Too Tough", drops you straight into "Tenth Avenue Freezeout" country, complete with pumping organ and stop-go guitar figure and voice a dead ringer Springsteen vocal.

There's no denying that



MINK DE VILLE: the wahwah pedal comes in ocelot.
Pic: ROBERTA BAYLEY

Mink De Ville have a whole lot going for them. Although they're amusing at first, the stylistic leaps are liable to get to be a bit of a pain in the long run. The actual songs aren't as memorable as they could be. The scenarios are at times, to say the least, trite.

It's early days, however. The band have a long way to go and, if they can pull their scat-

tered influences together, they certainly have the talent to stay the distance.

Going out on a limb, I have a feeling that Mink De Ville could be around long after "gabby gabba hey" has become the sole property of obscure punk collectors' fanzines.

Mick Farren

it not for the fact that Reed has cried "Wolf!" too often.

Is he laughing behind the tears or crying behind the smile? See the man peel off the masks. See him peel off the skin. See him be Sincere.

From "Berlin" a fugue for the walking wounded in "How Do You Think It Feels?" — for when you're speeding and lonely. No fun, is it, Lou? But isn't it nice when your heart's made of ice. This is the same trip as Bowie's "Rock And

Roli Suicide" when David tells us we're wonderful. People love Lou because they reckon he's talking to them. People vain, Lou vainer.

"New York Telephone Conversation" finds Reed pulling disgusted faces inside the goldfish bowl of '73 sleaze to a trivial, tittle-tattle tune while a pair of prattling queens seem to recall Genet's advice: "To escape from horror, bury yourself in it."

"Make Up," the other

obligatory bow to the Big Bi from "Transformer", makes its point more sharply.

The album's gem, "Walk On The Wild Side", is still a cold-eyed contemporary Top Ten classic as hustlers, transvestites and schizos limp lamely up the one-way lurex catwalk to glitzblitz overkill.

From "Rock 'N' Roll Animal" comes "Sweet Jane" (starring the rock and roll riff of all time) and "White Light/White Heat" from when

Asbestos Man was still real enough to get burned.

Hear the fans cheer. Hear the Great Man sneer. Even on the lips of the living dead these songs won't lie down.

"Sally Can't Dance" and "Nowhere At All" — even the titles reflect negativity a go-go. Impoverished tack with no conscience or conviction at all. None at all.

"Coney Island Baby" is snivelling subhuman drivel and the glory of love.

Lou wouldn't know what love was if someone stuck it in his arm.

Julie Burchill

"Anastasia" utilises a gauche combination of strings, recorder and boys' choir in telling a pointless tale of an aristocratic kid ditched by the revolution. Too bad, eh?

In all areas Murphy blows it: trying to inject tension into everything he sings; forcing the Dylan phrasing with scant success; writing in nice, quotable little aphorisms which turn out self-consciously clichéd — the list could go on and on.

Another musical ashtrey.
Andy Gill

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ELLIOTT MURPHY *Just A Story From America (CBS)*

A FEW years ago, *Rolling Stone* printed a sizeable review of the first albums by Elliott Murphy and Bruce Springsteen, assessing them as contenders for the "New Dylan" title (such trivialities being in vogue after several years of Zim-silence).

The review came to the embarrassing conclusion, if my memory serves me well, that Murphy was "a better Dylan" than Springsteen. Irrelevant, of course, but interesting in the light of the events which followed, and doubly interesting in this album's light.

It seems that CBS, after several years' Stringbean-silence, are desperate for street-poet product to fill the gap. And guess who's waiting in the wings again...

To be fair, Murphy can pull a good cop when he wants to — the album's opener, "Drive All Night", attests to this — but what value is there in that? His main troubles appear to stem from his upper-middle-class envy of that legendary N.Y. street consciousness. In short, he's second-hand and not first rate.

"Drive All Night" opens with the same crass organ tone The Tornados used on "Telstar", then it's straight into Springsteen Riff No. 17 — you know, the one with the burring horns and powerhouse drums (here courtesy of the ubiquitous Phil Collins) — for Springsteen Subject No. 1, cruising in cars.

Not all the album, however, is as blatant as that. Much of the time, Murphy indulges his nostalgic tendencies in songs about women (real or imagined) who by the sound of things are unendurably shallow and uninteresting.

"Summer House", a wee ballad, takes in images like "threadbare oriental rugs" and "drinking Perrier with time" en route to its tedious conclusion;

LYNSEY DE PAUL *Lynsey Sings (MAM)*

A BILLION dollar brain ticking behind a bionic beauty spot.

Lynsey built her empire on the premise that the public have a penchant for pretty vacant broads by singing trite lyrics in a high-pitched squeak to the accompaniment of sugary melodies.

But I could never resist "Sugar Me". It's still as irritatingly addictive as ever.

Most of her songs would be better served if Lynsey brought them into the world and immediately offered them up for adoption as opposed to strangling them.

The Fortunes re-hauled "Storm In A Teacup" admirably, and the Magnificent Dana's version of "Crossword Puzzle" should have struck lucky, but here they're both as grating as a bed of nails.

"The Way It Goes", "So Good To You" and the atmospherically meandering "Sleeping Blue Nights" could be highly edible on less pouty lips.

"Ivory Tower" demonstrates that there's only one thing dumber than wanting to be rich — and that's wanting to be poor: "I'd rather be out in the rain, empty pockets and no complaints, than sat here in an ivory tower." My heart bleeds.

"Doctor Doctor" finds her in need of treatment to a boring tune and lyrics which make "Rock And Roll Part Two" sound like The Song Of Solomon.

I always liked the obligatory bow to '73 androgyny chic "Getting A Drag" — for once, it was Real Life; I found that I had kissed a mister just as pretty as a sister. Sigh, do you remember bisexuality?

Note the parallel between Lynsey and Modern American Heroine Farrah Fawcett-Majors. Every nuance so meticulously geared to mass consumption. You just can't identify with them. Imagine a girl like that getting drunk and falling over?

Julie Burchill

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JOHNNY GUITAR WATSON

A Real Mother (DJM)

DEPENDING ON your point of view, the music of Johnny Guitar Watson is either very slinky or extremely draggy.

You may feel that it eases smoothly from the speakers with a certain feline grace. On the other hand, a more appropriate metaphor might be cologne dribbling from a cracked perfume bottle.

One thing is clear. Watson is trying incredibly hard to be both sensual and sensuous. You can tell that from the subdued manner of his songs. They whisper in your ear like a gigolo's sweet nothings. Or sour nothings. Or maybe just nothings.

The very titles wink, nudge, and leer: "A Real Mother For Ya"; "Nothing Left To Be Desired"; "Your Love Is My Love".

Watson varies the approach,

though. Sometimes a little scat singing gets thrown in. Sometimes a few indistinct murmurings through a voice bag.

The vocals have the confident purr of a narcissistic hustler who has too few doubts about his own appeal. He knows he's pretty, and don't care who knows that he knows. Maybe he should start to care.

In fact, Watson takes rather too many things for granted. If you adopt guitar as your middle name, then you've got to show that you deserve it. It's not clear that this guy does.

It's just possible that technically he's the greatest axeman since B. B. King. Except that he ain't. It's possible that his solos are the most articulate around. Except that he keeps saying the same thing over and over again.

You could argue that Watson's approach is more subtle and sophisticated than his rivals in the field of aural sex, like Barry White and Isaac Hayes.

But then you see the album sleeve, in which his mother's pushing him round the park in a pram, and you realise that assessment is just too generous.

Bob Edmunds

DENNY LAINE

Holly Days (EMI)

THERE ARE some people who can do it, and there are others who can't. It's as simple as that.

When John Lennon took



Buddy Holly's immortal "Peggy Sue" and put his own version on the "Rock And Roll" album it was a furious, powerhouse tribute to the original. When Denny Laine, plus Paul and Linda, take ten assorted Holly songs, it's a twee little sing-along that's liable to cause offence to anyone but a devotee of *The Black And White Minstrel Show*.

This record is not only nasty, it's plain offensive. It tramples over Buddy Holly's best work to the point where it's reduced to a cutesy pulp, awash with piping organs and syrupy singing that I guess is supposed to pay tribute to the master, but only serves to muddy up the legend so that anyone who grew up loving Holly simply gets disgusted.

How could McCartney produce such an abortion? I mean, he's had lapses of taste in the past, but never one of this magnitude.

Who needs "Heartbeat" with a tinkling, tongue in

cheek steel band behind it? Who needs an accapella intro to "Rave On" that only succeeds in sounding like an unplanned coach outing chorus? Who needs "Lonesome Tears" with a *Crossroads* style guitar and no words at all? As Howard the Duck would say: Waaugh!

About the only cuts that don't constitute an open insult to every Buddy Holly fan on the planet are "Fool's Paradise" and the first part of the "It's So Easy / Listen To Me" medley. Even these two cuts have the kind of limpness that remains when Holly's original energetic raucousness has been wrung out of it.

The worst sin on the whole record is the cute-bop instrumental version of "Looking For Someone To Love". At risk of constantly harking back to the Holly originals, the definitive version was loaded with raw, violent energy. All the Laine/Macca arrangement is loaded with is a sort of pressure cooked smugness. Laine and McCartney should be ashamed of themselves.

Okay, so, like the sleeve notes explain, the record was recorded during time off from Wings in "a wood lined, tin roofed shack" on a four track recorder, but that's no excuse. Norman Petty's equipment in Lubbock, Texas, was a lot less sophisticated.

As you must have gathered by now, I hate this record.

Mick Farren



PHILIP GLASS

North Star (Virgin)

THE ONLY Philip Glass album freely available in Britain, the budget-priced "Music In 12 Parts, Parts 1 & 2", was spoilt for me by the Terry Riley tendency to be crashingly boring unless you're really in the mood for it.

As party-killers go, minimalist albums are hard to beat. Under the right conditions, of course, the Riley / Glass faction can be pretty engrossing; but few are they who can be bothered to achieve those conditions.

"North Star" is a definite improvement in this respect. Written to accompany a film about sculptor Mark di Suvero, it takes the form of shorter, more concise fragments, each track referring to a particular piece of sculpture.

Obviously, the protracted transmutation of the longer works must be condensed into 3 or 4 minutes for each of the pieces. The greater variety of forms thus obtained demonstrates that minimalist music structures needn't necessarily cause listeners to fall asleep long before their bedtime.

Performed by various combinations of the Philip Glass Ensemble (Dickie Landry, saxes, flute, Joan LaBarbara and Gene Rickard, voices; Glass: keyboards), the pieces employ the familiar, repetitive base of "12 Parts" and "Rainbow In Curved Air", only occasionally lapsing into tedium (as on "Ave" and "Lady Day").

Glass, however, would claim that the lack of accepted Western musical "reference points" leads to a revised understanding of one's concept of music.

Fair enough. But why, in that case, attempt the condensation on "North Star" in the first place? Few of the tracks included here achieve anything like the cumulative power of their lengthier predecessors, existing rather as transitory textural exercises.

That said, some of the textures are quite breathtaking. The vocal based "Etoile Polaire", for instance, resembles a 6th Century Gregorian chant (the kind of music which accompanies films about monks) and is, if anything, too short.

Of the organ pieces,

-IMPORTS

THOUGH ASLEEP At The Wheel would currently appear to have 'em outnumbered by eleven to eight, there's little doubt in my mind that *Alvin Crow And The Pleasant Valley Boys* are the new cowpoke kings of Western Swing.

On their second album, "High Riding" (Polydor), Crow himself proves to be a young Texan high-stepper with an Elvis sneer about his lips.

Materialwise, they obviously buy at the same store as AATW, boppin' on pure rock-'n'-rollers like "Crazy Little Mama", which they interlace with such '30s relics as "Yes She Do, No She Don't", a one-time favourite of Western Swing pioneer Milton Brown, who joined that great dance band in the sky after wrapping his car around a telegraph pole back in 1936.

Parliament's "Live — A Funk Earth Tour" (Casablanca) comes replete with an iron-on transfer, while Bruce Foster's "After The Show", another Casablanca special, courtesy of Neil "Kiss" Bogert, is unusual in that it has Phoebe Snow cast in the role of sleeve blurp writer.

Shalamar's "Uptown — Festival" is another of those seemingly interminable Soul

"Victor's Lament" and "Anges des Orages" are especially satisfying, the latter evocative of a rainy, windswept landscape, the former a more straightforward sortie into Riley territory.

Reservations aside, "North Star" represents the more palatable side of Philip Glass, an album I find myself liking more and more each day. And it's an absolute killer at 45

Andy Gill



CAPTAIN AND TENNILLE

Come In From The Rain (A&M)

IF YOU were thinking of Captain and Tennille for the knees up at your next church social or Young Conservatives disco or bar mitzvah, then think again.

Most of the cuts on their album lack even the big-breasted good humour of their single "Can't Stop Dancin'". The main thing they go in for is heavy-handed, tear-jerk ballads, with overblown arrangements and ponderous vocals.

The comparison that's sometimes drawn between them and The Carpenters is just absurd. There's none of the finesse that Richard Carpenter brings to his music, none of the inventive re-working of other people's songs.

The gang-bang these people do on Stevie Wonder's "Happier Than The Morning Sun" couldn't be topped on *Opportunity Knocks*. And their versions of a couple of Neil Sedaka songs, "Sad Eyes" and "Let Mamma Know", are disasters.

Bob Edmunds

ROYSTON & HEATHER WOOD

No Relation (Transatlantic)

ROYSTON AND Heather Wood made up two thirds of the influential Young Tradition, a three-part harmony group specialising in English traditional music who split up in 1969.

The material for this — their first album in 7 or so years — comes from traditional sources, like the Copper Family of Sussex, and influences range from Frankie Lyman and The Teenagers to



George Clinton

Train productions, "Delights of the Garden", on the other hand, seeming a much more interesting affair with the *Last Poets* and *Bernard Purdie* at the controls.

Waylon Jennings' "Ol Waylon" (RCA) has the outlaw out front of the Muscle Shoals horns once more, kickin' his way through a brief medley of Elvis hits, "Lucille" and his own "Luckenbach, Texas" hit. Both this and "Wilbert Harrison" (Chelsea) would appear to be fair bets, the latter featuring the "Kansas City" hitmaker in the capable hands of Allen Toussaint.

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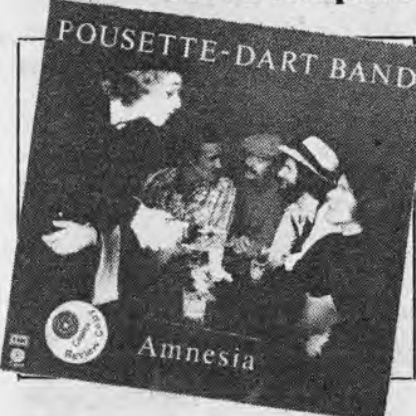


Pierre Boulez! Although a pretty eclectic album, most of it is based on the duo's unaccompanied singing, with the Woods (literally "No Relation") joined on three tracks by the other Young Traditionalist, Peter Bellamy. And on two tracks the guitar of Simon Nicol and bass of Ashley Hutchings are joyously added, broadening the sound of the album.

One of the album's highlights is Heather's self-composed and irresistible "Foolish, Incredibly Foolish", which has a delightful sound reminiscent of Kate and Anna McGarrigle. The rest of the material is drawn from such diverse sources as Irish hymn melodies and medieval plainchants, on which Royston and Heather let their strong and well matched voices roam around to charming effect.

It's by no means as dry and academic as it sounds, but has a naive (in the nicest possible way) and pure sound with the attractive rhythms of the songs brought to the fore without sacrificing their authenticity. As the entire electricity bill for the album probably came to about 40p, it's unlikely you'll hear Nicky Horne playing it, but that's his loss.

Patrick Humphries



POUSETTE-DART BAND

Amnesia (Capitol)

JON POUSETTE-DART is one of those arty types what's into mime. His band's debut album cover featured the same chalk-faced pantomimist depicted here tipping some Jack Daniels into an imaginary glass — must have been an expensive photo session.

I forget what the music was like, but "Amnesia" brings it all back. It's not only a vast improvement, it's positively memorable. Norbert Putnam can't take all the credit. Although his superb produc-

tion is as crisp and clean as a freshly forged five-spot (he plays bass, too, when required), the intoxicating capaciousness of the album owes as much to the driving acoustic-based guitar work of Pousette-Dart and John Curtis.

This spacious sound is exemplified by the sprightly opening cut, "County Line", with the amplified acoustics predominant in accentuating its headily rhythmic feel. In fact, the entire first side is ace, with the jazz-tinged "I Think I Know" (Billy Puett on tenor, Bobby Emmons on keyboards) and the Loggins and Messina-rish "May You Dance" (mandolin to the fore) both outstanding, and the title cut in a class of its own: "When you hit me on the head with your beer bottle / Something in my chemistry changed..."

With Eagle-type harmonies (not quite good enough to be Byrd-like), "Amnesia" is an emphatic gas, John Troy's fancy bass line and P-D's nifty slice of slide mixing in with the basic, staccato riff. "Believe me, I'm sick but I'm not insane." Great song.

Side two is a shade disappointing but the economical, unified group sound continues to delight. "Who's That Knockin'" is quite a spunky little number and even P-D's tribute to his father ("Listen To The Spirit") eschews maudlin sentiment for a jaunty collection of harmless homilies, kept bubbling by Curtis' banjo. Only the closing cut, "Yaicha", is damagingly out of sync, but with all that's gone before and that monster Kenneth Buttrey on drums, who cares?

Don't forget "Amnesia".

Monty Smith

DON CHERRY

Don Cherry (Horizon/A&M)

THIS IS the first album jazz trumpeter Cherry has made since '73. It had to be leased from a European company for release by Horizon. The fact that he lives, studies, records and teaches in Sweden has only made Cherry more of an enigma.

He has however evolved a very personal style, absorbing modal playing, ethnic instruments, avant garde and eastern musical and cultural ideas in earnest. Which doesn't mean that the album sounds like a bunch of jazzers blowing with some Tibetan monks; the synthesis is far more complete, but no less unusual.

The rhythm tracks consist of simple melodic phrases, rooted by Charlie Haden's bass and embellished by rich percussion and piano. These phrases are repeated, altered and overlapped onto each other, creating a hypnotic drive that continually



shifts its texture.

The only constant is Billy Higgins' crisp, effortless cymbals; the rest of his drumming blends with percussion, bass and piano.

Don Cherry plays trumpet, piano and 'voice'. He doesn't actually sing, he chants or whispers, using his voice as a rhythmic or melodic effect. His trumpet playing is free and imaginative, Frank Lowe's tenor sax isn't always so quick witted.

There's that same drifting, hypnotic feel amongst the lead instruments. Without any apparent order, they weave through a constantly shifting mix.

That's one reason why the music has such an eerie feel to it. The mood created is mysterious, calm and insidious.

The sound is sometimes reminiscent of Miles' "Bitches Brew", but the entrancing circular phrases owe more to Terry Riley than to any kind of

jazz. It's colourful and evocative, using tone settings rather than strict rhythmic or melodic structures for the soloists.

The musicianship is mostly superlative. Higgins, Haden and Cherry (who were together over fifteen years ago in Ornette Coleman's band) play with grace, but still sound fresh and challenged.

Haden's bass and Higgins' cymbals provide the motion. The sax and trumpet play passionately, but without such overt dissonance as on earlier recordings.

Zappa was right, jazz isn't dead, just harder to recognize.

Paul Rambali

PERCY THRILLINGTON

Thrillington (Regal Zonophone/EMI)

SHOULD THE *Evening Standard* go bust, it won't be the fault of Percy Thrillington, for Percy is the man who's held Londoners spellbound with his every move, diligently keeping them informed via the *Standard's* Personal Column.

Finding the written word constrictive, ole Perce is having a bash at the aural. The music he's chosen to lay on the populace is the entire "Ram" album and what if that isn't Paul McCartney pictured on the back sleeve.

Holy Practical Japes



Batman, you don't think that Percy Thrillington is Paul McCartney? 'Fraid so, and it's what we've always feared — McCartney's gone irrevocably MOR!

He has of course displayed these tendencies in the past, as far back as "The Family Way". But he's usually managed to keep it under control — until now.

Not that it's a bad album, just rather bland, sort of "Bland On The Run". It's as if Dylan's "Self Portrait" had been "All The Tired Horses" carried through four sides.

It's a bit hard on all the McCartney and Beatle fans committed to buying everything put onto wax since musically it's about as adventurous as a safari to Windsor.

Music to play after a hard day at the bank, and on the tenth anniversary of "Sergeant Pepper" too. It just ain't fair.

Patrick Humphries

FREDDY FENDER

The Best Of Freddy Fender (ABC)

SMALL WONDER Freddy Fender was busted for dope a while back. Anyone who contemplates the bizarre notion of performing Chicano-country pop with a straight face would have to be on something.

It certainly is a weird mixture and the sickly arrangements and girly back-up singers merely make it even more unpalatable.

On "Wasted Days And Wasted Nights" — dedicated to his sole (sic) brother Doug Sahm — he sounds like a Chicano doing an impression of Freddie Starr doing an impression of Elvis. His ill-advised resurrection of "Secret Love" is even more maudlin than Doris 'Hips' Day's and certainly less forceful than Kathy 'Lips' Kirby's as he comes across like a Chicano doing an impression of Johnny Mathis doing an impression of Johnny Ray.

I don't think many Gringos will get off on, say, "Vaya Con Dios" and its lonely mission bells softly ringing since, when he sings in English, Fender's accent is as comically thick as Rita Moreno's in *The Ritz*.

You can't help laughing, but no one gets drunk enough to appreciate this, surely?

Monty Smith



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import soiree, the latest additions to their last including Miroslav Vitous' "Purple", Herbie Hancock's "Dedication" solo elpee, and two Miles Davis items, "Live In Berlin" and "At The Plugged Nickel, Chicago". All are on Sony/CBS.

As I mentioned recently, the King-Starday catalogue has been resurrected by Gusto Records and a full listing of their wares, including their lower-priced Power-Pak line, has winged its way into my dug-out during the past week. Apart from the 10-album "Old King Gold" series, which features myriad golden oldies by Ivory Joe Hunter, Five Royales, Midnighters, Otis Redding, Wynonie Harris, Charms etc., lotsa other goodies abound, the most notable of these being Dr John's "The Nite Tripper At His Very Best", Bill Doggett's "Hold It", Hank Ballard's "Finger Poppin' Time", Freddy Fender's "Inside Louisiana State Prison", "Little Esther Phillips", Roy Brown's "Hard Luck Blues" and such Redd Foxx releases as "Bare Facts", "Matinee Idol" and "In A Nutshell".

Also available is "Golden Treasures", a series of back-to-

back hit singles that includes the Dominoes' "60 Minute Man", Hank Ballard's "Work With Me Annie", Earl Bostic's "Flamingo", Bill Doggett's "Honky Tonk Parts 1 & 2", Little Willie John's "Fever" and similar R&B classics including "Bowlegged woman" by NME's own favourite pin-up, the one and only Bull "Moose" Jackson!

Also around are Bette Midler "Live At Last" (Atlantic); Wayne Henderson "Big Daddy's Place" (ABC); Anthony Braxton "In The Tradition (Inner City); Grant Green "Iron City" (Muse) a reissue of Cobblestone album on which the guitarist is supported by Big John Patton; "Hard Travelin'" (Fantasy), a Ramblin' Jack Elliott double that's half full of songs penned by Woody Guthrie; "Brownsville Station", the band's first for Private Stock; "Home In The Country" (Savoy), a Pee Wee Ellis item that sports such names as Eric Gale, George Benson, Bernard Purdie, Cornell Dupree etc.; and Gene MacLellan's "If It's Alright With You" (Capitol), another Canuck job, with Anne Murray helping out on duets and back-ups. Fred Dellar

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INSTRUMENTS: By

The Revenge of Leo Fender?

YOU COULD call it "Leo Fender's revenge."

In 1965, Leo Fender, main-man of Fender Musical Instruments, sold his company to CBS. The contract specified that of Leo would be retained by CBS for ten years as manager of the company, and during that time the company played it totally safe by concentrating on the existing line of instruments — the Telecaster and Stratocaster guitars and Precision and Jazz basses in the flagships of the line.

They introduced modified models of the existing guitars — Telecasters with humbucking pick-ups and floral and paisley finishes and things like that — but unlike Gibson, who put out new guitars all the time, they were reluctant to expand their range too much.

Leo, meanwhile, was championing at the bit as pre-CBS Fenders fetched ever-increasing prices on the second-hand market and some Musicians — rightly or wrongly — didn't seem overly impressed with late-model Fender guitars and amps. CBS apparently turned down his newer design, which were intended to recapture the legendary quality of the Fenders of the '50s.

The upshot of it all was that when the ten years of his contract were up, Leo Fender quit to form a new company called Music Man. The idea of Music Man was to build super-high-quality guitars and amps using the best available materials and stringent quality controls in order to produce ultimate luxury gear and damn the price.

The result was a bunch of incredibly good — and incredibly expensive — gear. Music Man guitars and amps are very, very pricey, but they're also incredibly good. They're intended for musicians who want the best and can afford to pay whatever the best costs.

Basically, the Music Man line consists of one guitar, one bass and two series of amps, rated as 65 watts and 130 watts respectively. As a young company, they don't want to launch too many things, so as to keep up the desired quality. The line will expand as the company expands. In the meantime, let's start with the guitar.

Originally, this design was offered to CBS as the Fender SuperStrat, and it takes up where the Fender Stratocaster leaves off. To my mind, the Music Man StingRay 1 cuts all but the very best vintage Strats to pieces.

It looks a lot like a Stratocaster, and is designed to do more or less what a Strat does only better. The pick-ups and controls exemplify this aim.

The pick-ups look like (and are) double-coil humbucking versions of the original Fender-design single-coil pick-ups that you find on Strats and as the bridge pick-up of the Telecaster. The controls are far more sophisticated, working off a four-position selector switch that gives you lead pick-up, rhythm pick-up, both pick-ups in phase and both pick-ups out of phase.

The Stratocaster has three pick-ups governed by a three-way selector switch. You can put the pick-ups out of phase by lodging the selector switch between positions, but that isn't as easy or as reliable as the Sting Ray set-up. Like the Strat, you get bass and treble controls as opposed to a single tone control.

There's also a battery-powered pre-amp (similar to the one in the Ovation solids we looked at in the last column) which was originally intended as an optional extra, but demand for the guitars with the pre-amp has so far exceeded demand for the ones without that it's now a standard fitting, though it isn't shown on the guitars in the illustration.

The neck is maple and fast as a sumpbitch. It's one of those slippery Fender-style necks that are ideal for fast funk riffing, but for lead playing it lacks that dig-in-and-wail something-to-grab-onto Gibson quality. It handles like a Strat (I'd say better) and it gives you a wider tonal range than most Strats.

Speaking as a committed Gibson man, I'd advise anyone currently considering purchasing a new model Stratocaster to seriously consider the StingRay if they can afford to pay the difference (both the bass and six-string models of the StingRay go for £433.00 — without case but you get a free strap). The natural wood models are the prettiest, but

they also come in white, black and sunburst.

The bass has one pick-up and volume / bass / treble controls. The specifications are very similar to the guitar, except that the head is fairly unusual. The tuning buttons are balanced three-to-one instead of a straight four in order to maintain a straight string pull while cutting down the size of the head in the interests of a better total balance for the instrument.

It's got a fine fast precise maple neck and a tonal range that goes all the way from a lacerating treble to a deep thooming bottom end.

Another sophistication is a muting system built into the bridge that enables you to mute the strings to any extent in any combination while playing (with most basses, you have to take the damn thing off and go at it with a screw-driver).

The amps are valve as opposed to transistor — no matter how good and crisp and clean a transistor amp can get, it's never as funky as a valve amp (they got combination valve / transistor amps in the States now so you can have either sound at the flick of a switch).

Their coding classification is brilliantly simple: the 210-65, for example, is a 65-watt amp with two ten-inch speakers, the 115-65 is a 65-watt amp with one 15-inch speaker, and the way they're constructed for maximum utilisation of power and minimum wastage means that a 65-watt Music Man amp will blow the balls off of any 100-watt amp you care to name.

It's almost frightening. I didn't dare to try their 130-watt stack in case the Russians thought it was a nuclear attack.

I tried out the 210-65 and 212-65 guitar amps (which retail at £471.90 and £558.49 respectively), plus the 65/115RH-65 amp-head / speaker bass combination (which would set you back £583.89) and they're just ridiculous. I've never played through anything like them. No wonder their brochure proudly displays a full-page colour pic of Eric Clapton posing moose-like in front of three of their HD-130/412 GS stacks.

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NILS LOFGREN vs TOM PETTY



In different leagues

Nils Lofgren/
Tom Petty

HAMMERSMITH
ODEON

IF SATURDAY'S Lofgren vs Petty bout didn't quite live up to my expectations, then put it down to first night nerves and the technical problems which almost invariably thwart such affairs.

While neither act disappointed, neither did they live up to the promise of the previous Tuesday's truly magnificent preliminary round at the *Whistle Test* where, despite a great showing from "new boy" Petty, Lofgren won a clear victory with a taste of just why the accolades have been laid at his feet these past years.

And on Saturday night too there was no doubt who was the champ; in fact Lofgren now seems to be fighting in another class. No longer content to come on as just (just?) a contemporary rock'n'roller, he now seems to actually raise the audience's collective spirit by the sheer power, imagination, and commitment of the music itself, while still continuing, in his own way, the guitar hero as gunslinger tradition.

With Petty parading around, the butt of his Flying V clasped firmly in one hand so that the guitar seemed to grow out of his own limb, encoring with "Route 66", and hurling the instrument's strap at the audience (*Funny — he did that the next night too — Ed.*), as well as Lofgren's various guitar antics, this show was indeed a celebration of axe-power at its most gloriously flash.

Lofgren now seems to take himself much more seriously as a musical force. I don't think I saw him smile once on Saturday. Must be what hanging out with Neil Young does to you...

Certainly the band he has assembled for this tour — only bro Tom remains from the band which last visited these shores — is his best yet, even if it wasn't always used to full effect on Saturday night.

At times its strength, particularly that of its rhythm section of Dave Platshon on drums and bassist Wornell Jones, appeared to daunt Lofgren, getting in the way of rather than enhancing what was going down. But when things went well, as they frequently did, they flew.

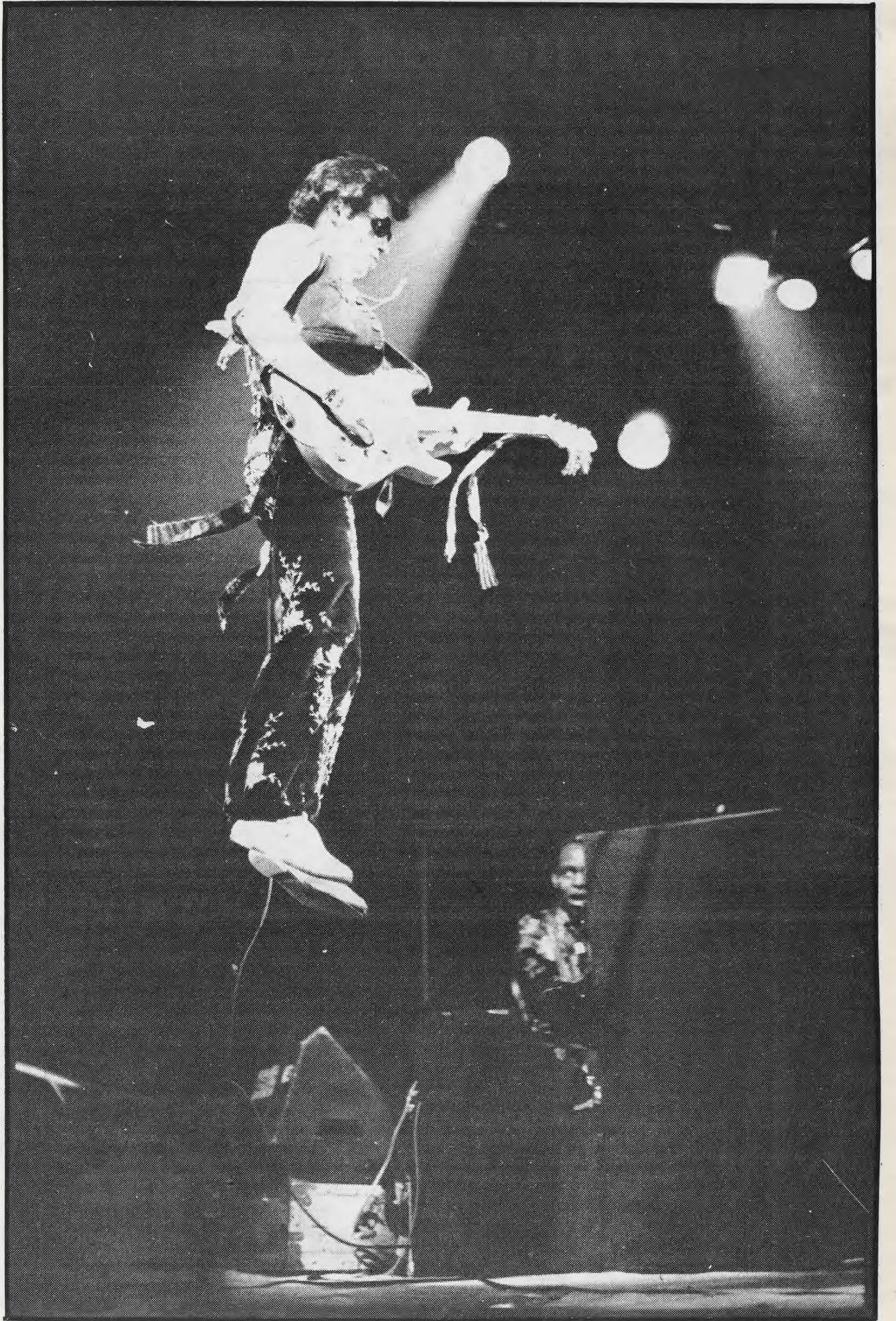
The set closer, "Back It Up", Lofgren's best loved number, despite a classic Lofgren-style intro, was thrown away. However, when Nils and his cohorts returned to feed the famished crowd with "You're The Weight", a great number from the Grin days, they did so in marvellous fashion, playing with supreme style and raunch.

Even the pop-ish "I Came To Dance" which followed was excellent, and Lofgren exited circus style with an open backward somersault (that's the technical term for it, gymnasts) on a trampette stage left.

Surprisingly, Lofgren's set didn't concentrate on material from "I Came To Dance". Apart from the title cut, the only other numbers from the album featured in Saturday's show were "Code Of The Road" and "To Be A Dreamer", two of its better songs and each of them sounding far better in a live context.

On the "I Came To Dance"

LOFGREN leaps, PENNIE SMITH snaps



STEVE CLARKE finds NILS LOFGREN bouncing out of rock into a whole new dimension

album the influence of Jones and the Rev. Patrick Henderson, the black pianist, is apparent, if not obvious. On stage, however, the influence of these two cannot be overstated, and Lofgren's music now takes on an overtly black feel at times.

Both Henderson and Jones sing backup, and because the contrast between their gospel-charged vocals and Lofgren's perfect white teenage high pop voice is so vast, they can't help but radically alter the feel of the music. Lofgren was in exquisite vocal form, particularly on "Like Rain", which opened the show on a surprisingly low-key note.

While Lofgren now plays less obvious homage to All Things Rock'n'Roll, and is therefore less immediately exhilarating, you get the feeling that once he has explored these new paths a little more his music will take on a more moving facet, as it did at times on Saturday.

Hopefully next time Lofgren goes into the studio, he'll be able to use these black influences to maximum effect too.

He is now more willing to expand on the arrangements of his songs, obviously because he knows he has the talent with him to do it. That old Crazy Horse chestnut "Beggars Day" took Lofgren briefly into Brothers Johnson territory, and the intro to a disappointing "Goin' Back" extended further into the realms of classical piano than usual.

In fact this time round, Lofgren is concentrating more on older material. Apart from "Beggars Day", "You're The Weight", and "Like Rain" there was also a snippet of "Believe" from Grin's "Gone Crazy", and for a second encore Lofgren and band played a tremendous version of "Moontears" from "1+1".

Other songs included "It's Over", "It's Not A Crime" and "Cry Tough" from the album of the same name (but no "Mud In Your Eye") and the inevitable "Keith Don't Go", complete with the altered chorus, which now reads "Keith don't go/Don't go to Toronto".

If Lofgren wasn't as great on Saturday night as the last time

I saw him, then the potential is there for him to be even better — and the show came as a shot in the arm after the disappointing "I Came To Dance".

Tom Petty confirmed that onstage, as on record, he is a force to be reckoned with, with the necessary looks and song-writing ability to ensure major stardom in the not too distant future — if indeed he hasn't already attained it.

Songs like "Breakdown", "Fooled Again (I Don't Like It)" and "American Girl" are gems, combining all the best elements of pop and rock. His band aren't sensational, guitarist Mike Campbell coming on with too many lame Jimmy Page/Paul Kossoff poses, but they more than carry Petty — especially drummer Ron Blair, who plays with all the power and simplicity of Ringo circa 1965.

The Heartbreakers' material is sometimes mundane, but it's early days yet and like Lofgren, they encapsulate all that is healthy and positive about rock'n'roll.

I'm off to see them again tonight.

Steve Clarke



THE TOWN

DR FEELGOOD sans WILKO

QUEEN warm up for UK tour



Queen

HAMBURG

ONE OF THE MAIN reasons why Queen have never been afforded the universal respect their music has often deserved is probably because they have always come over as outrageously conceited and consumed by their own greatness.

Nobody, it seems, loves a bunch of bigheads, and unfortunately the whole extravagance and pretension of the Queen operation has created journalistic hostility, even though they proved they were one of Britain's most creative bands with their albums "Sheer Heart Attack" and "A Night At The Opera".

But for a band that has constantly craved critical acknowledgement and credibility, boasting for instance that they are accomplished enough musicians not to have to resort to the use of synthesizers either in the studio or on stage, it seems somewhat curious that their current act relies so heavily on embellishment of another kind: showbiz razzle dazzle.

From the beginning of their set at Hamburg's Congress Centre last Friday they seemed intent on blinding the audience with a blaze of theatrical effects that at times appeared to take precedence over the music.

Of course, they have always believed that a stage show should hold as much visual as musical impact, but in their constant attempts to astonish the assembly with an assortment of smoke bombs, glorious lighting effects and costume changes, they ignored the same sort of musical effects that were possible.

Why this should be so is a little perplexing, but it perhaps illustrated an ambivalence in approach which results from the conflicting attitudes of the two dominant characters of the band, Freddie Mercury and Brian May.

Clearly Mercury is rapidly assuming the pose of rock-'n'-roll spiv, and for the opening number, "Tie Your Mother Down", appeared on stage in uncharacteristically baggy judo clothing which he removed at the end of the piece to reveal a black and white diamond patterned cat suit.

Presumably we were all meant to gasp with admiration.

It's difficult, however, to feel any sympathy towards anyone who uses the band as a vehicle for an elaborate exhibition of narcissism, and Mercury became even more unbearable later in the set when he came to the front of the stage drinking a glass of bubbly. "May you all have champagne for breakfast," he toasted. An incongruous statement to make to an audience who looked young enough to remember breast feeding.

Frankly, his whole attitude undermined the often excellent quality of the music, to which

he contributed so much. He does have a superb voice, a rare gift for melody, and the ability to drive through some good rock'n'roll. Sadly his arrogance is far greater than his talent.

Although May occasionally supplied some stage flash, most of the time he had to accept responsibility for holding the music together. Often he retired quietly to the back of the stage and reinforced the hard rhythmic slogs of bassist John Deacon and drummer Roger Taylor with some invigorating guitar chords. But while Mercury was intent on remaining the major visual attraction, May snatched solo after solo to emerge as the musical figurehead of the group.

If their excesses towards a spectacular had been controlled better, Queen's act would have been excellent. Since their last full British tour in '75 they have totally reshaped the set, bringing in five complete songs from "A Day At The Races", and generally concentrating on the material from their last three albums.

One significant introduction they made in 1976 was the acoustic "39", where all four casually stand at the front of the stage. And they were also ambitious enough to attempt the maliciously sinister "Death On Two Legs", although it wasn't played particularly well.

In fact the pacing of the set was good, beginning with hard rock, opening up later with "Brighton Rock", which allowed May to demonstrate the breadth of his style in a ten minute solo, and moving on to Mercury's vocal companion piece "White Man". That, in turn, segued into "The Prophet's Song".

Their expertise as an imaginative stage act, encompassing all the ability and skill they possess on record, came with "Bohemian Rhapsody", slightly re-arranged and featuring Mercury on piano. And it was during this number they pulled off their most successful visual effect. When a tape recording of the vocal section was played through the PA, the band slipped off stage to change, and then exploded into the rock section.

Not surprisingly the audience was astounded, and their enthusiasm injected more enthusiasm into the band, although they tended to plough aggressively through four rock numbers before allowing a return to some subtlety in "Now I'm Here".

Finally their encores of first their own song "Liar", and then "I'm A Man" and "Jailhouse Rock" were unadulterated stomps.

Needless to say the German audience, who haven't seen the group in two and a half years, were delirious. But once the smoke drifted from the hall and Mercury's carnations were trampled into the ground, you had to conclude that Queen are in very real danger of compromising their musical validity for something that is nothing more than pretentiously forced flash.

Tony Stewart

New life after death

MAYO & BRILLEAUX get down, PENNIE SMITH gets pic



NICK KENT crowns a great week with a FEELGOOD revival and a T.HEAD experience

Talking Heads

ROCK GARDEN

AS FAR AS I'm concerned, this last week has been a monumental one for live rock. Starting with the Clash / Jam's new wave pyrrhic victory at the Rainbow and culminating with the magnificent Lofgren / Petty Battle Of The Bands hammerdown at Hammersmith all over the weekend, a whole plethora of favoured hands have given exuberant, masterful performances (Lofgren, for example, played an absurdly fine set on Saturday, easily the best I've ever seen him give here).

Yet it was probably the Talking Heads gig — a mere club date performed in the dubious intimacy of the hideous Rock Garden — last Friday night that stood out as certainly the week's most musically exciting encounter.

This was the first time I'd ever seen the band, having missed out on them narrowly a year back in New York when the fledgling three-piece were just consummating their initial reputation with a wedge in 'interested' reviews that had immediately elevated them into the Television - Ramones -

Heartbreakers echelon of diverse potential. Of all these bands, Talking Heads looked the most unlikely unit of them all, their leader David Byrne resembling nothing so much as Tony Perkins playing a computer operator, while the bass player was a tiny, almost asexual-looking girl, Tina Weymouth.

It was impossible from photographs to get even a whiff of what they were conceptually working at, while the many write-ups I had read couldn't vouchsafe me even a halfway decent thumb-nail sketch of what they were up to either. I noticed the word 'minimalism' used a lot, also picked up on the fact that they played "96 Tears" and that their own songs had titles like "Psychokiller", and ultimately figured that they might be some intriguingly conceived intellectual parody of 'punk rock'. So much for preconceptions.

Talking Heads also seemed to grab the imaginations of several former Velvet Underground stalwarts. Lou Reed, first of all, attempted to produce some demo tapes for them, while leader Byrne later joined Reed to back up John Cale on the stage of some suitably cramped, anonymous Manhattan club for the latter's return to live performing at the end of last year.

John Cale was down at the Rock Garden last Friday to witness again what he considers New York's most exceptional band. Also sighted in the cellar was Brian Eno (taping the show *naturellement*) with an elite of sorts who provided one of several bizarre factions at hand in the grubby environs. Sure, there was also yet predictable smattering of razor haired-punk types, plus what presumably goes for the hardcore Rock Garden habituee i.e. dopey groups of urban 'rubies' out for a piss-up with their girl-friends.

These diverse forces all took to the Talking Heads' set with a relish that was not a little strange, if only because this was no ordinary 'new wave' affair. Talking Heads in fact are a very unique band — subtle, sophisticated, working in areas that all English units thus far have resolutely shown they don't even know exist. The only parallel I could draw out of the hat is Television — the effect of seeing both bands live for the first time was similarly exhilarating, while musically there were moments where they intersected — but it's still way not enough, hardly worth using when further connotations are considered.

First, some facts. The band have fairly recently consolidated themselves into a four-

Dr. Feelgood

EXETER UNIVERSITY

NO FLASH hyperbole, no frills on this one, reet, because, contrary to more than one sneaking suspicion, this new-fangled Feelgoods practice is in fine fettle indeed. Last Thursday at an utterly non-descript venue holed up somewhere inside Exeter University, they turned this borderline spectator into a stone believer all over again, trouncing the punters with all the vim of the old pre-stylised club/pub gig days.

One need hardly restate all the problems that have rained down so incessantly on the Feelgoods' field of play these last few months, the centre-piece obviously being guitarist/composer/all purpose manic depressive Wilko Johnson's last tantrum-throwing number which, providing the proverbial straw to break the camel's back, left Dr. Feelgood minus what any reasonable consensus would divine as one *totally essential* presence. The band, though, have taken to the art of self-preservation in-dark-hour like heroes, a mixture of mere "bona fortuna" (in the form of new guitarist John Mayo, plucked virtually from out of the blue with no pedigree but with a mongrel face not dissimilar to Lee Brilleaux's and an often stunning guitar) plus sheer hard work and dogged application to the task-at-hand providing the collective with aces away for a glorious resurrection.

Mayo really is a find. A nice dog-eared bully boy front that compares well when slotted into Wilko Johnson's old position stage right, the new boy doesn't mimic the old greased-lightning spastic cut-and-thrust stage trouncings, moving less impressively but totally self-consciously. There is a teeth-spitting intensity to his whole physique that leaves no gaping spaces on that stage. He stalks around, working with Brilleaux — who now seems to have let his stage person go wildly over the top, coming on like some gnarled old psychotic nutter. Constantly lathered up in a sweat, and humping the stage unceasingly, Lee, even in his moments of utterly frenzied idiocy, still appears "realistically" crazed.

The effectiveness of this new chemistry is never more apparent than on the very first number. A brand new inclusion to the D.F. repertoire, the old chestnut "Lookin' Back" ("I was lookin' back to see if she was lookin' back to see if I was looking back at her" etc.) is taken at a giddy pace, loaded with rock-steady authority until — yikes — that first guitar solo, a positive explosion of short sharp scatter-shot notes each perfectly mated like musical fireworks cracking off at the base of your skull.

In other words, it's a perfect opening statement-of-intent by Mayo. A stylistically different guitarist to Johnson — he plays with a pick for openers as opposed the latter's stolid adherence to the fingers — where Wilko's once impressive playing was starting to sound constrictive in its conception, Mayo is bursting with different approaches while always there to hold down the bottom line. One solo for example, from

• Continued over page

• Continued over page

● T. HEADS cont.

piece, adding ex-Modern Lover Jerry Harrison on second guitar and organ. This transformation to a quartet has (according to at least one source well acquainted with the trio's live appearances) removed the more austere, starchy qualities of the original outfit and replaced them with a far more rhythmic fixation — strange compelling pulses which flash and burst open, particularly when Harrison and Byrne play guitars together. Harrison keeps to a purely rhythmic embellishment, while the enigmatic T.H. leader plays quite remarkably volatile solos at times — whole shuddering volleys of riffs, shards of notes exploding into the air while the rhythm section holds down a strict bracing beat.

The songs are really what this unit are committed to totally, to the point where the composite visual is so austere 'lacking' that, conversely, certain facets like Harrison's Pinocchio face, Weymouth's gold-fish bowl eyes and finally Byrne's college boy-turns-maniac persona become compelling things to watch within themselves.

So to these songs, about which I can tell you surprisingly little beyond the fact that they were consistently fascinating. Byrne's voice and whole persona onstage between songs is so incredibly weak that this

plus the fact that his microphone was always under-powered made most of those song titles he bothered to let the audience in on simply indecipherable. The band did start off with "Love Comes To Building On Fire" (Byrne on 12-string acoustic) which sounded great until Harrison's sympathetic electric finger-picking was jinxed by an amp packing in, thus undermining the performance severely. The next song entitled "Don't Worry About The Government" got things into harness — a weird story-song with what at first sounded rather tortuously constructed until one latched on to the form of the thing which was both strange and rather beautiful. In fact, two other songs, the titles of which both escaped me, contained sudden juddering chord-changes as rivetting as those Verlaine graced "Marquee Moon" (the track with and have subsequently been haunting me ever since. I even hear them in my sleep and feel an insatiable need to make contact with them again.

When I do I'll be writing more on Talking Heads. Right now, I feel practically inarticulate reviewing them yet all I can do is try and exhort you to see them and witness what I witnessed, which was something so passionate and thrilling that just thinking about it is giving me chills.

Nick Kent

● FEELGOODS cont.

the otherwise unimpressive "You'll Be Mine", a song from the new album, is pure rockabilly picking of the first order. Another from a B. B. King slow blues, "Don't Upset Me, Baby", displays a talent equally conversant and inspired within that particular genre. Straightahead rock-'n'-roll like "Lights Out", "Route 66" and an encore of "Great Balls Of Fire" yet again shows Mayo perfectly in synch with his surroundings.

While what he plays is never innovatively conceived, this man is so obviously drawn to his playing, so damn talented, that his work is consistently exciting. Even when dogged by technical problems, he never let his playing slouch into predictability.

That particular side of the stage taken care of, a swift return to Mr. Brilleaux's current madness is called for. Always an authority blitzed-up performer, his current madness was as hilarious as it was effective. At one point, a hideous puke-green light covered the stage and Brilleaux, eyes rolling like wild horses in a flood and his body draped in an impeccably grime-smeared white suit which was absolutely limp from constant masturbatory microphone thrusts, looked like some brain-bleached slaughter-house slayer straight from some lurid sequel to

Texas Chain-Saw Massacre.

I only wish that a camera had been around that night to capture all the piss-stained visual splendour of the stance — if only to witness a playback before Brilleaux himself, who would doubtless have been quite horrified at how hideous his stage act has become.

Further information? The band played about twenty numbers — only two acknowledged Wilko standards, "Goin' Back Home" and "Back In The Night", plus the new "Sneakin' Suspicion" as an encore. There was a brace of non-original favourites like "Stupidity", "Route 66", etc, some new favourites like "Lights Out" and "Lucky Seven", plus a bonus of at least four brand new selections — the aforementioned "Don't Upset Me Baby" and "Lookin' Back", plus Otis Rush's "Homework" (also covered by J. Geils) and an obscure Charlie Musselwhite number called "Buddy". By my reckoning, a mobile unit should be sent down to the very next Dr Feelgood gig to get those four on tape for immediate release on a live EP.

Forget the new album — it's not much cop anyway, just like Murray reckoned last week, and anyway this is a new band who need "product" to back up their play for solid re-establishment.

As conclusions go, well, I'm adamant about one thing. This is the best thing that could have happened to the Feelgoods. The one thing "Sneakin' Suspicion" really proves is the critic's theory that "Stupidity" was too magnanimous a full-stop on

the band's work to be over-come. The chop-and-change traumas have come out, and have totally refuelled a band whose tank was formerly racked with over-stylisation. You'll be losing out now if you dare to ignore 'em.

Nick Kent

DEAD END KIDS



TEENAGE REPRESSION

Why do little girls scream at these young men?

Dead End Kids
SHUFFLES, GLASGOW

IT IS GONE MIDNIGHT and I'm standing on stage behind guitarist "Junior" Ivory's amps. The stage is as big as a council flat living room and six feet away is a seething, squirming mass of young girls, arms stretched out, waving like tentacles or undersea kelp towards the band.

Robbie Gray, the singer, leans over to touch them and, despite the firm hold that the front security men have on his legs, the little arms flip him over into their midst. Immediately the group's manager and several stewards rush forward and pull him from the vortex of girls.

As soon as he regains his balance and has checked that he is intact, he goes straight back and does it again. He obviously loves it — though after each concert he is bruised and lacking great hunks of hair.

The smell of little girls is thick and heavy, and the heat in the club is suffocating. Stewards are pulling limp girls from the crush like dead fish. They throw them over their shoulders and pass them bucket-brigade style into the wings. Interestingly, the ones who fainted didn't seem such little girls at all. They were in early adolescence, whereas most of the girls in front looked about 12.

Thirteen girls were pulled, fainting, from the mass — fourteen if you count the one who came through twice. I lost count of the number of times that Robbie dived into the audience.

Dead End Kids are the new Bay City Rollers — or maybe just another part of the same market. Their set consists mostly of resurrected pop hits which the teenagers are too young to remember: "Love Hurts", "Glad All Over", their Top Ten hit "Have I The Right". The audience sang along with "That'll Be The Day", presumably knowing it from Linda Ronstadt's recent version rather than from the original.

The music? Under such battle conditions it was impossible for them to play anything of value — particularly since the girls pulled out Junior's guitar lead and Robbie spent half his time in the audience being felt up. They are reasonably competent — totally unoriginal — probably capable of better . . . In fact the guitarist could probably do well in the Ted Nugent — Doobie Brothers boogie axis. At 17 he is still young enough to blush at the mention of groupies, but he knows what he's up to — he stands with his legs as far apart as he can get them without falling over.

Ricky Squires is a very basic pop drummer — he hits the beat, he hits the offbeat — and not much else. But what he does, he certainly does energetically. In fact the band throw everything they've got into a performance.

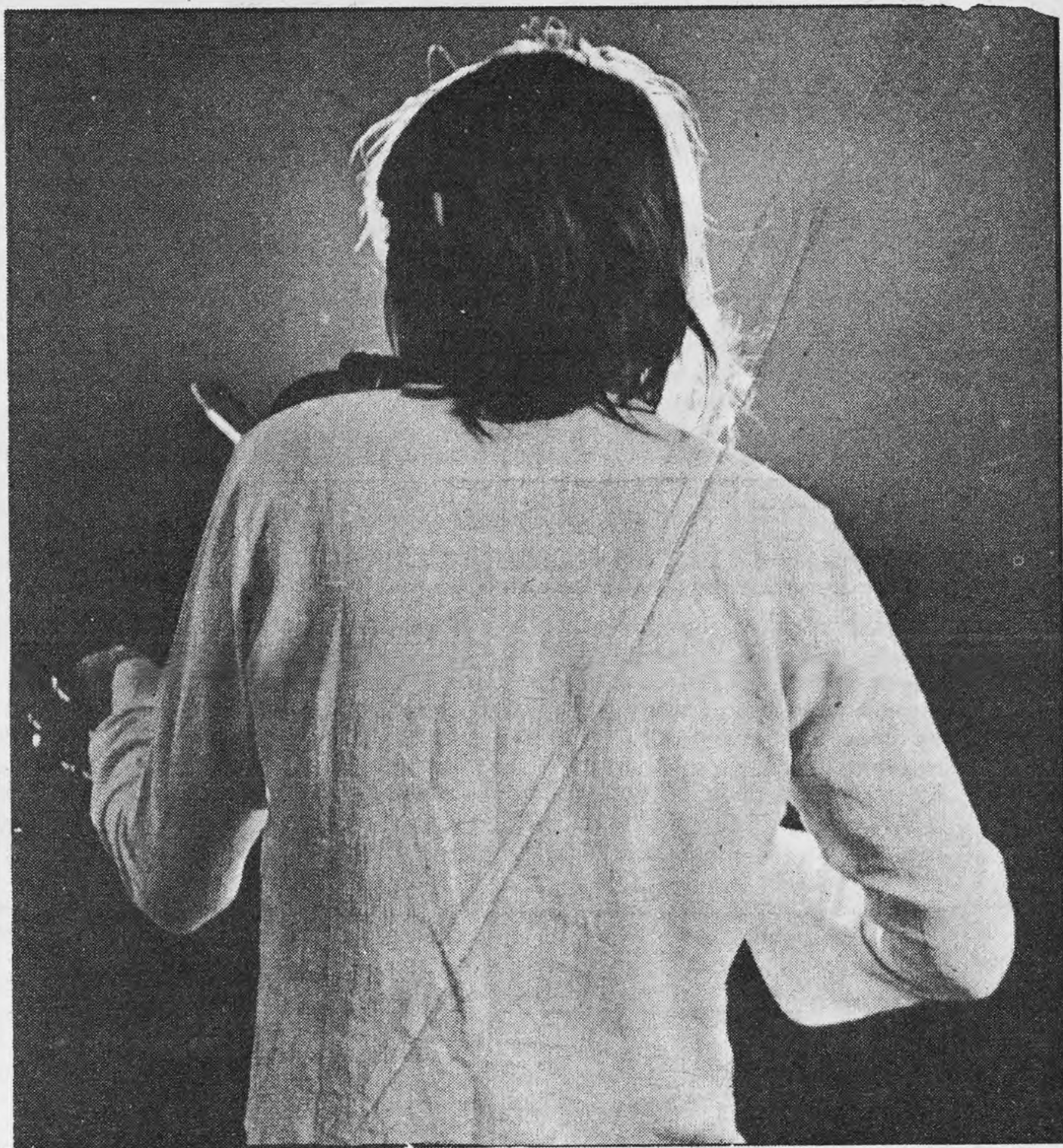
I was amazed at how much care and time they took to get a good sound mix in the afternoon, going as far as replacing the drive units in some of the PA speakers to improve the presence of the sound.

This is not a punk band. They've never heard any new wave bands, even on record. They seemed to share the views of their managers that punk will never "catch on" in Scotland. In fact they have no idea what the new wave is really about.

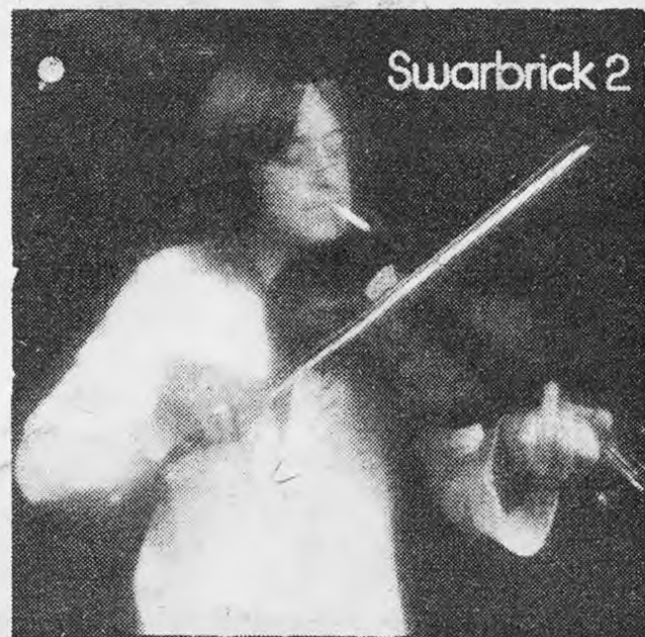
Their torn jeans are just a stage costume — part of the street gang image that their name implies: Cagney's "Angels with dirty faces". In fact — teenies take note — they are switching to cut-off jeans for the summer, and you couldn't look less like Johnny Rotten than that.

Punk is essentially a youth sub-culture in as much as it stands for writing your own songs, inventing your own clothes, anti-consumption and "freedom" — among other things. Dead End Kids are essentially from traditional working class culture: mass culture pop songs, chain store clothes, mass consumption, constraint. No trace of punk.

They don't play their own material, though Robbie does write — they are a pop group,

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Hawkwind
PARIS
FUNNY HOW TRUTH (actually) can be stranger than (science) fiction. Hawkwind, rock music's only seriously plebeian exponents of SF, gave a performance in Paris that left the audience crazy a-go-go and me slack-jawed a-gog-gog.

Consider *le realite*: There we are, eight miles high in an airliner struck by severe turbulence. The young lady on my left is most unimpressed by our jocularity ("It's OK, we're just doing a dry run for *Airport 78*") but we land safely, to be met by a shifty-looking cab driver with a predilection for finny transistors jacked way up. Paris in the spring turns out to be dismally grey, the rain sheeting down, the hotel (down the road apiece from Notre Dame) a dead ringer for the one used by Romy Schneider in *Marathon Man* — we spend half-an-hour looking for huge Oriental thugs in the wardrobes.

Tucked away in this unearthly environment is The Bedford Arms, a Watney house (boo) on the corner of Rues Princesse and Guisarde, which offers *biere Anglaise* (brune et blonde) at

10F a pint (a mere 25 bob). On the way to the gig, we pass through Espace Pierre Cardin (that's like Camberwell Green being called Mary Quant), the wide, one-way boulevards flanked by dirty, historic buildings, flying anaemic flags. Kung Fu movies are popular on the outer city limits.

Consider *le concert*: How can Hawkwind hope to cope with dislocation like that? Easy. The punters at Salle Pleyel are mainly the sort of scruffy urchins you'd see anywhere, but surprisingly young (lending credence to the theory that old Hawkwind fans never grow old, they just go deaf or OD). They've come to have a good time and are not deterred by the fact that the only prelude to the actual concert is Bowie's "Low" (both sides) blaring from the sound system.

By the time the band appear, a few sparklers are being brandished by the elite (ie berks). The material is drawn from their last album ("Astounding Sounds, Amazing Music") and the new one ("Quark, Strangeness And Charm"), set for release later in May. They demonstrate immediately that they've suffered no ill-effects from the departures of Paul Rudolph, Alan Powell and Nik Turner. The trimmed-down five-

ROBERT CALVERT entertains the Frogs



STILL RIDING THE TIME-WIND

piece could hardly be termed sleek, but it's more than serviceable.

The manic "Reefer Madness" is the opener, setting the drone-

like tone for the entire set. I haven't heard such unvarying, undiluted energy outside the Downliners Sect.

Robert Calvert, resembling a

sword-wielding Saracen more than a space warrior, remains the focal point, a powerful and astonishingly coherent vocalist, considering the all-enveloping wall-of-sound he's fronting. His repertoire of gesticulations and poses are unashamedly borrowed from old RKO serials. For "Steppenwolf" (which owes more to John Kay than Herman Hesse) Calvert does his Max Schreck bit, bedecked in black hat and tails. The solitary idiot dancer dutifully responds to Simon House's hypnotic amplified violin solo.

They follow this with the first of several numbers from "Quark" (when it arrives, it/she/he should be a monster), the relentless "Spirit Of The Age", a loony time-warp love song: "Your android replica is playing up again," intones Calvert in his finest Ferry. "It's no joke." Aye, we are clones and we're not alone. Straight into "Damnation Alley" ("Thank you Dr Strangelove, for going do-lalley"), like Ballard's early stuff, but funny.

The high spot is undoubtedly "Uncle Sam's On Mars", thrashing, throbbing, therapeutic. The cumbersome space-man, waddling across stage like a deep-sea diver, is met by Calvert, dramat-

ically unfurling the Stars and Stripes before ceremoniously emasculating said symbol with his sword. Hope he never meets Lynyrd Skynyrd out there. ("It's science fiction," says Calvert later. "Not politics.")

Back in the dressing room, the lads are pleased by their rapturous reception. Simon King, mildly upset that Liverpool were held by Everton that afternoon, enthuses about his freebie Nipponese drum kit (superbly milked for the show), while Dave Brock, tired but relatively unemotional, settles down to finish Frank Herbert's *The Heaven Makers*.

Calvert's gasping for a cup of tea and Simon King chokes on the vichy water. He's bemused by the generous spread of health foods laid on for the band: "They must have read the wrong biography."

The lightweight (touring for the use of) light show was a bit sloppy, but the next time they play London, Atom-Henge will be back on show, new and improved. They're talking in terms of holograms, now.

They may well be the Status Quo of the Sci-Fi set, but there are still more surprises in Hawkwind's music than in Haydn's 94th.

Monty Smith

pure and simple, working within the complex formula and rules of that end of the industry: chart positions, teeny bopper magazine stories, an identifiable image . . .

Little girls bought 187,000 copies of "Have I The Right". No one forced them to — directly. Are they being exploited, or are Dead End Kids providing what the girls want? Obviously they are filling a social need. Why do little girls scream? Why the obsession with particular stars?

Robbie reaches out, but it's not always his *hand* that the sweaty little hands grope — although for the most part they do just want to touch him. A look of anguish and hope changes to relief and lip-biting emotional screaming as the girls' fingers close around his bare arms before the stewards whisk him away again.

These strictly ritualised conditions may be the only situation in which they can touch a boy. The strict morality of school and the authoritarian family give young girls few outlets for exploring their emerging sexuality. Obsessions with pop idols can be a meaningful reaction to the authorities of school and home — a good way of alienating parents and teachers and negotiating a space of their own.

The girls didn't applaud between numbers, just waited, frozen, for the next number, for their lives to begin again. After "Have I The Right" the band made a run for it. The girls didn't applaud. Didn't demand or expect an encore, just deflated like balloons and sat around on the edge of the stage, talking or just staring into space. Of course, it was late and they were tired.

Dead End Kids are sexually manipulative icons of the pop market. The fantasy relationships which characterise this end of pop depend for their very existence on the subordinate adoring female in awe of the male on a pedestal. The girls are being trained by society for their future general subordination as well as being shown their own role for the present.

Groups like Dead End Kids, who in themselves are very nice guys, are fulfilling a need which won't diminish until the society is changed. So . . . don't forget to smash the state, kids . . .

Miles

Ace
ROUNDHOUSE
TOPPING THE bill at the Roundhouse is highly ambiguous. For The

Strangers recently, it was confirmation of their rapidly-growing status; for others, it signifies life-without-parole in rock's second division — a fate almost worse than struggling obscurity, which at least holds the distant possibility of great things.

Ace's lengthy U.S. lay-off for writing and recording produced the uninteresting "No Strings" album. Live, the American virtues of tightness and professionalism were in evidence, but so too was an overwhelming lack of personality, musically as much as in stage presence. One new number, written with/for their new harp player, was typical: opening riff from "Bam" King, crisp, tough drumming by Fran Byrne, the whole fleshed out by keyboards and guitar fills and taken to a neat, predictable conclusion.

The mid-tempo groove was broken only by Van Morrison's "Into The Mystic" and a slower original with good harmonies and quasi-reggae licks from newish guitarist Jon Woodhead, the most imaginative musician on display. A pity, then, that guest star Tim Renwick was allowed to hog the limelight from the moment he came on.

Intervention from Renwick, plus a horn section and percussionist, did, however, seem to stimulate the basic five a bit and some decent rock'n'roll was played on "Slow Down" and "Get Back" near the end. "How Long" remains an excellent song and was well performed, particularly by Woodhead, but Paul Carrack, as lead singer and principal writer, will have to come up with more of similar standard — and preferably in a different tempo — if Ace are to have a future.

At present, standard rock subject matter predominates: titles like "Movin'" and "Rock'n'Roll Singers" are not exactly unfamiliar, while "Rock'n'Roll Runaway" was lyrically very sub-"Sweet Little Sixteen".

"How Long" stood out for its urgency as much as its melody: written when they discovered Byrne had been approached by SB&Q, they cared and it shows. You may not want to change the world, but, as Eddie and the Hot Rods will soon discover, you're a band in a vacuum unless your express *some* personal conviction. As it was, I left hoping Jon Woodhead would find a band to extend his talents.

Harry Robinson

Take some crackle out of your pop.

To produce an LP costs thousands of pounds. With a cartridge in good condition you can enjoy every penny's worth, but frequently the cartridge is forgotten about. As a result sounds and crackles are produced which shouldn't be, and the quality of reproduction deteriorates. While replacing a cartridge is easy, choosing a new one to replace it can cause some confusion. There are hundreds to choose from and they all appear to be offering something special or different. But at this point it's worth remembering one particular factor. Namely, that the most accurate reproduction comes from lowering the effective mass of the moving parts of the cartridge. This allows the stylus to easily accelerate and decelerate in order to follow the complex modulations of the record groove. Or, to put it another way, the smaller and lighter the cartridge, the better the reproduction. And ADC cartridges are about 2/3 the size and weight of other magnetic cartridges. This is largely due to our exclusive Induced Magnet system which replaces the heavy

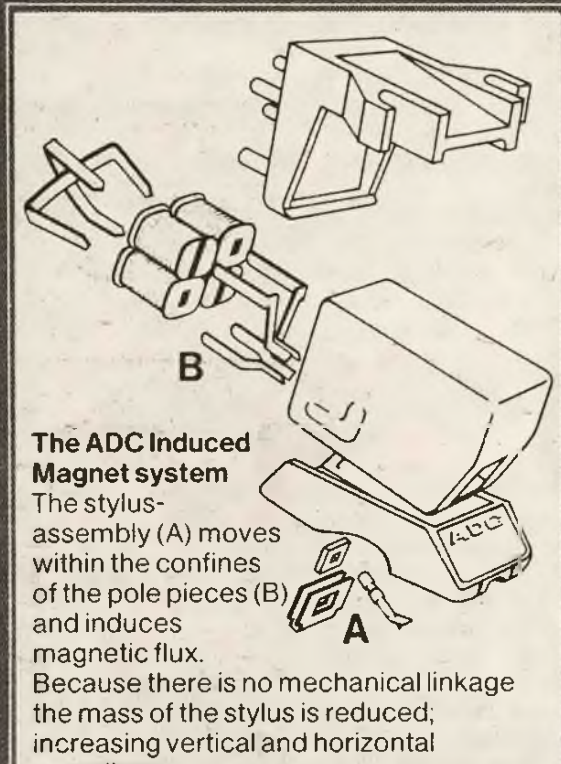
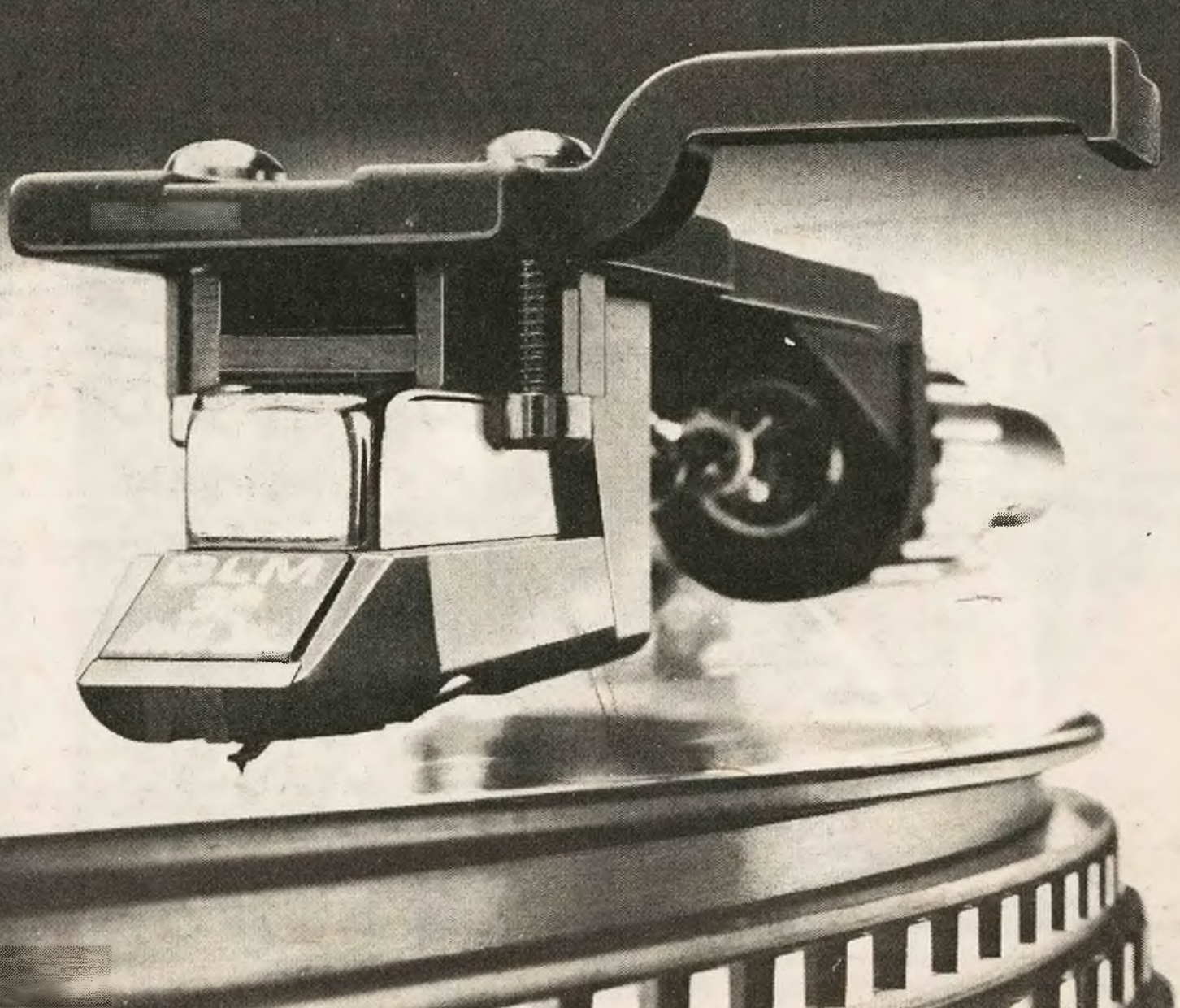
conventional moving magnets with a tiny featherlight armature. The result is more accurate reproduction and less distortion. It also means that high frequency resonance can be damped electromagnetically. The ADC QLM30 Mk2 cartridge is designed for low to medium priced semi-automatic and manual players, and high quality record changers. At £16.31 (inc VAT) it's a small price to pay for what you'll hear in return.

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THURSDAY

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AYLESBURY Kings Head: BILL CADDICK
AYLESBURY RAF Halton: SOUL DIRECTION
BARROW Maxim's Disco: AMAZORBLADES
BASILDON Double Six: RADIATOR
BIRKENHEAD Mr Digby's: BODY
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: J.A.L.N. BAND/OZO
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: KELVIN HENDERSON BAND
BRISTOL Granary: KUANSU
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SPIDER
BROMLEY The Squire: URCHIN
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: DEAD END KIDS
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Place: SHADOWS
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: CADO BELLE
COVENTRY Tiffany's: STRANGLERS
CROYDON Red Deer: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
DUBLIN National Stadium: DORY PREVIN
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: JOE'S DINER
EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre: IAN GILLAN BAND/STRAPPS
EXETER Zhivago's: SPARKLE
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: SHAKTI featuring JOHN McLAUGHLIN/KEVIN COYNE
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: THE JOLT/THE EXILE
GUILDFORD Surrey University: JOHN MAYALL
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: BUSTER CRABBE
HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING Incognito: HEATWAVE
HUDDERSFIELD Peacock Hotel: HEBRIC
IPSWICH Gardeners Arms: BILL SHUTE & LISA NULL
KILMARNOCK The Auld Hoose: VIN GARBUTT
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: RAMONES/TALKING HEADS
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS/WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIR/SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES/RINGS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: CADILLAC
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: SHANGHAI
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: DR FEELGOOD/LEWIS BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARREN HARRY
LONDON Institute of Contemporary Arts: BANNED ON THE RUN with BOBBY CAMPBELL/BRIAN BLANE/ROGER MCGOUGH
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: 90° INCLUSIVE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BAMBOO & THE REGGAE GUITARS
LONDON Marquee Club: LAKE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: WILD LIFE
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: HERBACEOUS BORDER
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: OUT OF THE BLUES
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON TOOTING The Fountain: SUNSTROKE
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: NILS LOFGREN / TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS
MANCHESTER Chorlton Oaks Hotel: THE ADVERTS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE CLASH
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWCASTLE City Hall: GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA
NORTHAMPTON Silver Coronet: ABBOTT
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PLYMOUTH Drake Club: ROKOTTO
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: AFTER THE FIRE
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: SPLIT ENZ
PORTSMOUTH Victory Club: F.B.I.
POYNTON Folk Centre: REBEC
RAMSGATE Wilson's Hall: BILLY CONNOLLY
REDCAR Royal Hotel: BOB DAVENPORT
SALFORD University: MARTIN CATHY
SHEFFIELD Thornbridge College: MUSCLES
SOUTHPORT Dixland: WHITE FIRE
STAINES Pathfinder: FLAKY PASTRY
SUNDERLAND Empire Theatre: JOHNNY MATHIS
WALMLEY The Fox: STAGE FRIGHT
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: FLIGHT 56
WESTCLIFFE Cumberland Banqueting Suite: LOVELACE WATKINS
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: BURLESQUE
WORCESTER Green Room: ZETH.

FRIDAY

ABERDEEN University: JENNY HAAN'S LION
ABERYSTWYTH University: BERT JANSCH
BEDFORD College: GARBO

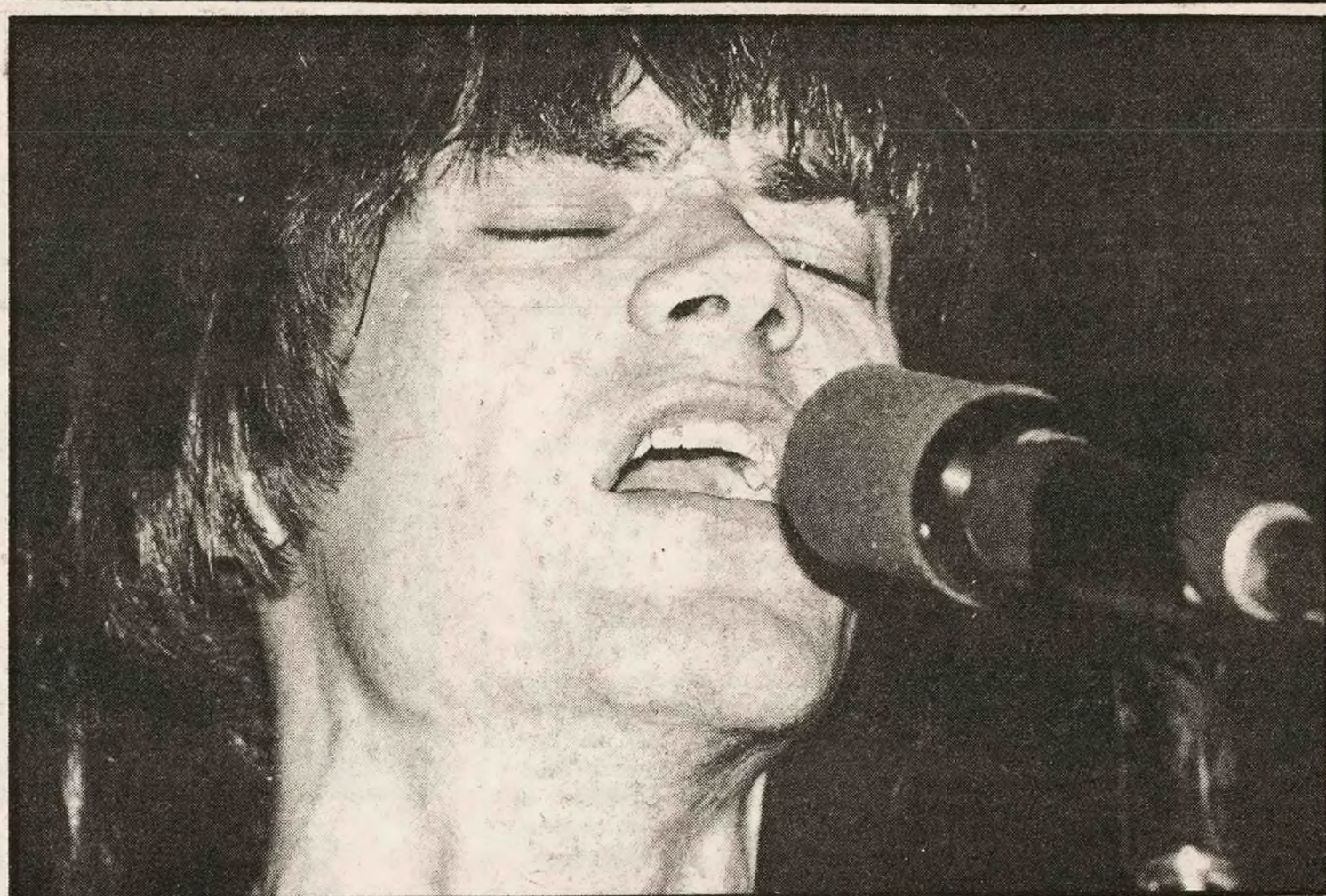


QUEEN return to the British concert platform, opening their spring tour schedule with two nights at Bristol on Monday and Tuesday. Pictured is F. Mercury, Esq.

BELFAST Queen's University: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
BELFAST Whitla Hall: DORY PREVIN
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SASSAFRAS
BIRMINGHAM International Club: SWEET SENSATION
BIRMINGHAM The Pose: EATER
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: BLONDIE/SQUEEZE
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: TOM ROBINSON BAND
BRIGHTON Classic Cinema (all-nighter): ALEXIS KORNER/JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT/AMAZORBLADES
BRIGHTON Springfield Hotel: ARCHIE FISHER
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: QUANTUM
BROMLEY Saxon Tavern: THE PIRATES
BROMLEY White Hart: STAGEFRIGHT
BURTON 76 Club: MEAL TICKET
CANTERBURY Kent University: SPLIT ENZ
CARLOPS Allan Ramsey Hotel: IGNATZ
CHALFONT ST. GILES Merlins Cave: SCRATCH
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Place: SHADOWS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: SAM APPLE PIE
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: SACHA DISTEL
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: FURY
EAST WEMYSS Grosvenor Lounge: CASPIAN
EDINBURGH Clouds: REAL THING
EDINBURGH Heriot-Watt University: GRYPHON
EDINBURGH Playhouse Disco: JOE'S DINER
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: SHAKTI featuring JOHN McLAUGHLIN/KEVIN COYNE
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: JOHNNY MATHIS
GLOUCESTER Roundabout: ROKOTTO
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT
HULL University: FIVE HAND REEL
KINSTON Fighting Cocks: TONY ROSE
KIRKBY Kirkby Club: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: JOHNNY HANDLE
LEEDS Polytechnic: THE RAMONES/TALKING HEADS
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: LANDSCAPE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: TYLA GANG
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZETH
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: XTC/RAV PHILLIPS' WOMAN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: SOUNDER
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: STRUTTERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: GONZALEZ
LONDON KENSINGTON Royal College of Art: GIGGLES
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: DENNIS WATERMAN
LONDON Marquee Club: U-BOAT
LONDON Middlesex Polytechnic: ALEXIS KORNER/COUNT BISHOPS/RAW FUNKK
LONDON PENTONVILLE RD. The Bell: ABBOTT
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: MICK CHARK BAND
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: JOHN MAYALL
LONDON School of Economics (lunchtime): STRIP-JACK
LONDON Southbank Polytechnic: THE MOVIES
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BRETT MARVIN & THE BLIMPS
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: CREPES 'N' DRAPES / CSA / DAVE TAYLOR & DYNAMITE
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: CLICHE
LONDON TOTTENHAM White Hart: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LUTON Unicorn: CHAMPION
MALVERN Winter Gardens: DR. FEELGOOD/LEWIS BAND
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: FABULOUS POODLES
NEWCASTLE City Hall: VICTOR BORGE
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
NEWCASTLE University: THE CLASH/THE JAM/SUBWAY SECT/BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
NEWTON AYLIFFE Incognito (doubling DARTINGTON Incognito): HEATWAVE
ORMSKIRK Edgehill College: BURLESQUE
PETER CITY Hall: GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA
PETERBOROUGH Grenadier: 999
REDDITCH Sticky Wicket: STAGE FRIGHT
ROCHESTER King's Head: PETE QUIN
RUGBY Lanchester Polytechnic: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD/CADO BELLE
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIR
SHEFFIELD City Hall: NILS LOFGREN/TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS
SHEPHEY Sovereign Folk Club: JOE BEARD
SOUTHAMPTON University: THE DAMNED / THE ADVERTS
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON/RICHARD DIGANCE
SUNDERLAND Top Rank: FLYING ACES
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: JUDAS PRIEST
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: THE STRANGLERS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE VIBRATORS

SATURDAY

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: JOHNNY MATHIS
AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: SPLIT ENZ/QUANTUM JUMP
BADGERS MOUNT Black Eagle: CHAMPION
BANBURY Broadway Club: SWEET SENSATION
BASINGSTOKE Labour Club: RESTLESS ROCKERS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: U-BOAT



THE RAMONES begin their much-delayed British tour this week with dates at Liverpool (Thursday), Leeds (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday), Doncaster (Monday) and Birmingham (Tuesday). Pictured above is the band's bassist-vocalist Dee Dee.

NATIONWIDE

STRANGLERS' massive tour opens at Coventry (Thursday), Uxbridge (Friday), Bletchley (Saturday), Brighton (Tuesday) and Colchester (Wednesday). Pictured: Jean Jacques Burnell.



BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare & Hounds: BATTLEFIELD BAND
BIRMINGHAM The Pose: EATER
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: 90° INCLUSIVE
BISHOPS STORTFORD Hockerill College: MARJORY RAZORBLADE/DRAGONS
BLETCHLEY Sports Centre: STRANGLERS
BOLTON Institute of Technology: LIAR/KRAKATOA
BRADFORD University: RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON/RICHARD DIGANCE
BRISTOL Granary: TOM ROBINSON BAND
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: DRAGONFLY
BRISTOL Polytechnic: JUDAS PRIEST
BROMLEY The Squire: URCHIN
BUDE Headland Club: GLYDER
BURY ST. EDMUNDS The Head: BILL SHUTE & LISA NULL
COLCHESTER Essex University: RONNIE LANE'S SLIM CHANCE
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: HEATWAVE/ROKOTTO
CROYDON Red Deer: STONE COLD SOBER
DORCHESTER The Tavern: JIMMY HELMS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: BURLESQUE
DURHAM Hatfield College: NEW CELESTE
EAST WEMYSS Grosvenor Lounge: CASPIAN
EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre: ALAN STIVELL
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: MELVILLE FOLK
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: BILBO BAGGINS
EWELL Technical College: STRUTTERS/HOT POINTS
EXETER Zhivago's: HOLLYWOOD
GLASGOW Kelvin Hall: GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: THE RAMONES/TALKING HEADS
GLASGOW University: GRYPHON
GLOUCESTER Sharpness Hotel: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
HARLOW Latonbush School: ST. GEORGE/EDDIE UPTON/NINE INCH NAILS
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: THE DAMNED/THE ADVERTS
HATFIELD Polytechnic: ALEXIS KORNER
INVERNESS Eden Court Theatre: REAL THING
KINSTON Polytechnic: MEAL TICKET
LEEDS University: NILS LOFGREN/TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: SHADOWS
LEWES Lewes Arms: MARTYN WYNDHAM-READ
LINCOLN R.A.F. Coningsby: STAGE FRIGHT
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: BERT JANSCH/BREAKDOWN
LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Hall: VICTOR BORGE
LIVINGSTON Riverside Community Centre: STREET NOISE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: METROPOLIS/FURY
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE PIRATES
LONDON City University: QUINTESSANCE II
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE DARTS/ZETH
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: XTC
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: SUNSTROKE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: 999
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE MOVIES
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: MR. BIG
LONDON Marquee Club: PANAMA SCANDAL
LONDON N.I. Weavers Arms: ONE HAND CLAPPING
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: F.B.I.
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: TAXI
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI

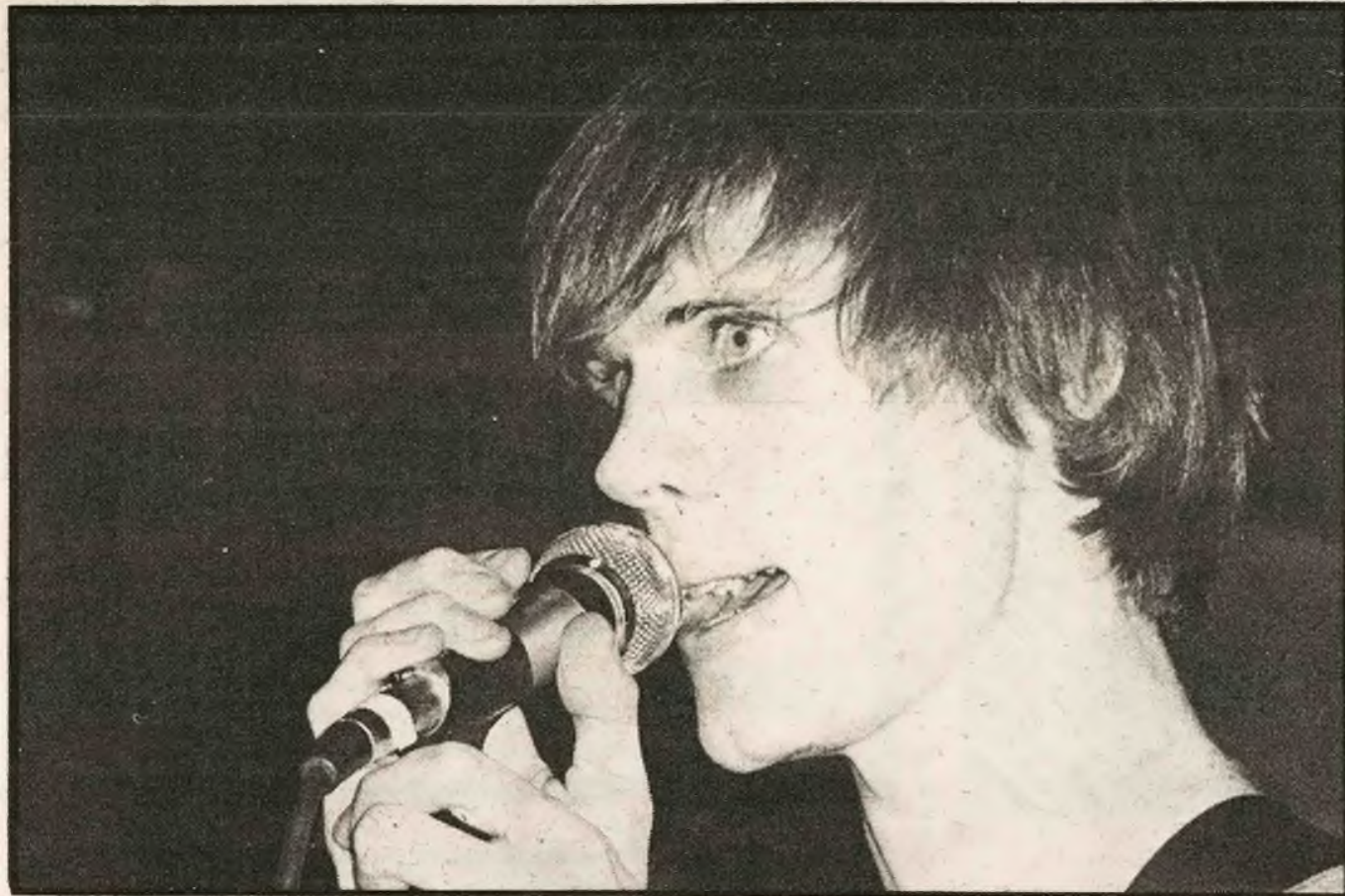
BARBARA DICKSON, who has previously supported many other acts, begins her own bill-topping concert tour at Redcar (Sunday), Birmingham (Monday) and Newcastle (Wednesday).



LONDON WALTHAM FOREST North-East Polytechnic: STUKAS
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: IAN GILLAN BAND/STRAPPS
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: A.F.T.
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: RALPH McTELL/MAGNA CARTA
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIR
MILTON KEYNES The Netherfield: ABBOTT
NORTHAMPTON Town Hall: DELROY WILSON
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
OXFORD Polytechnic: CADO BELLE
PLUMPTON Agricultural College: AMAZORBLADES
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: NASTY POP
PRESTON St Peter's Arts Centre: BERNARD WRIGLEY
ROSS-ON-WYE Harvey's: SOUL DIRECTION
SALFORD University: DR FEELGOOD/LEWIS BAND
SCARBOROUGH Futurist Theatre: BILLY CONNOLLY
SHEFFIELD University: SHAKTI featuring JOHN McLAUGHLIN/KEVIN COYNE
SHUTTLEWORTH Agricultural College: LEFT HAND DRIVE
ST. ALBANS City Hall: THE CLASH/THE JAM/SUBWAY SECT/BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
STIRLING University: JOE'S DINER
SUNDERLAND Empire Theatre: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
TELHAM Black Horse: BRANDYWINEBRIDGE
TODMORDEN Bay Horse Inn: VICTOR BROX BLUES TRAIN
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Hall: CLODAGH RODGERS
WAKEFIELD Technical College: FLYING ACES
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: SACHA DISTEL
WOLVERHAMPTON Coach & Horses: PALAMINO
WOLVERHAMPTON Three Mile Oak: LEO

SUNDAY

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: PLUMMET AIRLINES
ASHINGTON Regal Cinema: SPINNERS
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE Tameside Theatre: SACHA DISTEL
AYLESBURY Kings Head: XTC
BASILDON Carreras: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
BASILDON Double Six: ZETH
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM Strathallen Hotel: CHRIS BARBER BAND
BOURNEMOUTH Pembroke Arms: PETE QUIN
BRIGHTON Springfield Hotel: JAKE WALTON
BRIGHTON Top Rank: ROKOTTO
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: DETONATORS
CHARNOCK RICHARD Park Hall: FIVE HAND REEL
CHESTER Gateway Theatre: BERT JANSCH
CHINNOR Village Hall: ROY BAILEY & LEON ROSSELSON
COVENTRY Theatre: DR. FEELGOOD/LEWIS BAND
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: SHADOWS
DEWSBURY Shoulder of Mutton: PETE TIMMINS
DUNDEE Caird Hall: REAL THING
DUNOON Queen's Hall: CHICAGO DODGERS
EASTBOURNE The Crown: ROY HARRIS
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: DORY PREVIN
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: TELEVISION/BLONDIE



TELEVISION, arguably the hottest property on the U.S. new-wave scene, open their debut British visit on Sunday in Glasgow, followed by Newcastle (Monday) and Sheffield (Tuesday), with five more dates upcoming next week. Pictured above: Tom Verlaine.

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED
BY
DEREK
JOHNSON

ALAN STIVELL, the renowned Celtic harp exponent, headlines a mini-tour with concerts at Edinburgh (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Bristol (Monday) and London (Tuesday).



GREAT CHESTERFORD Station Restaurant: BARRACUDA
HALIFAX Bradshaw Tavern: EDDIE WALKER
HARROW Tithe Farm House: WILD WAX SHOW
HARTLEPOOL Nursery Inn: PLEXUS
HORSHAM Queen's Head: TONY ROSE
LEEDS Grand Theatre: CLODAGH RODGERS
LEICESTER Beaumont Club: OZO
LEIGH Garrick Club: OLDHAM TINKERS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: IAN GILLAN BAND-STRAPPS
LIVERPOOL Royal Court Theatre: ALAN STIVELL
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: PETER BELLAMY
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: BELLAMY BROTHERS
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON HOLLOWAY Lord Nelson: MENACE
LONDON Institute of Contemporary Arts: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SPITERI
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SHANGHAI
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: RESTLESS ROCKERS
LONDON Marquee Club: SCREAMER
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: JUDAS PRIEST
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: RAY PHILLIPS' WOMAN
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: THROBBING GRISTLE/GENESIS P-ORRIDGE with COSY FANNI TUTTI & CO/THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE RAMONES-TALKING HEADS
MORECAMBE Winter Gardens: BILLY CONNOLLY
NEWBRIDGE The Club: BURLSQUE
NORWICH Theatre Royal: SHAKTI featuring JOHN McLAUGHLIN
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: SPLIT ENZ
POYNTON Folk Centre: ROARING JELLY
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: BARBARA DICKSON
REDHILL Lakeland Hotel: HOT POINTS
SELKIRK County Hotel: CASPIAN
SHEFFIELD City Hall: VICTOR BORGE
SOUTHEAST Queen's Hotel: WHARFRATS/ROCK SQUAD
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA
STOKE Trentham Gardens: NILS LOFGREN/TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS
WINDSOR Theatre Royal: "UNDER MILK WOOD" with STAN TRACEY QUARTET/DONALD HOUSTON
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: THE CLASH/THE JAM/SUBWAY SECT/BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS

MONDAY

ALDERNEY Sea View Hotel: VIN GARBU'TI
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Mr. Moon: GARBO
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: IAN GILLAN BAND-STRAPPS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
BRIGHTON Buccaneer Club: OZO
BRISTOL Colston Hall: ALAN STIVELL
BRISTOL Hippodrome: QUEEN
CHIGWELL Row Camelot Club: REG HAYNES OUTFIT
COLCHESTER Windmill Club: POLLY BROWN
COVENTRY Mr. George's: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS

JOHN MAYALL is making his first live appearances in Britain for two years. Together with his current band, catch him at Guildford (Thursday) and London Rainbow (Friday).



DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE RAMONES-TALKING HEADS
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: NEIL SEDAKA
GLASGOW City Hall: SACHA DISTEL
GLASGOW Kelvin Hall: STEVE HILLAGE/SCOTTISH NATIONAL ORCHESTRA
HANLEY Victoria Hall: DR. FEELGOOD/LEW LEWIS BAND
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: ROBERT WAKELEY BAND/BUFFALO
HULLBRIDGE Smugglers Den: ROCKING DEVILS
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
IPSWICH Tracey's: ROKOTTO
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: NILS LOFGREN/TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: KOSSAGA
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE ADVERTS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE DARTS/SLIPKNOT
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: ZETH
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DIVER-SIONS
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: GEORGES MOUSTAKI
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SKREWDRIVER
LONDON W.I. Speakeasy: LANDSCAPE
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: AMAZORBLADES
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: OMEGA BAND
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: DORY PREVIN
NEWCASTLE City Hall: TELEVISION/BLONDIE
PRESTON Guildhall: VICTOR BORGE
SHEFFIELD City Hall: RALPH McTELL/MAGNA CARTA
SHREWSBURY Music Hall: GRYPHON
STAFFORD Top of the World: THE CLASH/THE JAM/SUBWAY SECT/BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
STAINES The Phoenix: WAYLAND SMITHY
STOKE Jollees Club: SHADOWS
SWANSEA Circles Club: BURLSQUE
TOLWORTH Toby Jug: A.I
TONYPANDY Legion Hall: FLYING ACES
WHITEHAVEN Civic Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND

TUESDAY

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: SACHA DISTEL
BENFLEET Hope & Anchor: BILL SHUTE & LISA NULL
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE RAMONES-TALKING HEADS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRIGHTON Top Rank: STRANGLERS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: DORY PREVIN
BRISTOL Hippodrome: QUEEN
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE CLASH/THE JAM/SUBWAY SECT/BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
DOUGLAS Isle of Man Palace Lido: GLITTER BAND
DUDLEY Town Hall: GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA
DUNSTABLE Civic Hall: DR. FEELGOOD/LEW LEWIS BAND
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: CASPIAN
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: IAN GILLAN BAND-STRAPPS
GLASGOW Kelvin Hall: STEVE HILLAGE/SCOTTISH NATIONAL ORCHESTRA
GUERNSEY Forest Hotel: VIN GARBU'TI
HANLEY Victoria Hall: VICTOR BORGE
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: B.B.'s EXILES
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT

LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: THERAPY/DAVE CARTWRIGHT
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SIOUXSIE & THE RANSHFFES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SQUEEZE/STONE COLD SOBER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: OZO/MANTRA
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE JACKSONS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: METROPOLIS
LONDON Marquee Club: MOON
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: ALAN STIVELL
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: BRETT MARVIN & THE THUNDERBOLTS/TEQUILA BROWN BLUES BAND/GARET WATKINS/JO-ANN KELLY/BLIMPS
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: THE MODELS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: MONTANA BAND
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: LANDSCAPE
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: DARTS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: NILS LOFGREN/TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PENZANCE The Garden: CADO BELLE
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: BURLSQUE
SHEFFIELD City Hall: TELEVISION/BLONDIE
SHEFFIELD University: PAUL BRETT
SOUTHEAST Talk of the South: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
STOKE Jollees Club: SHADOWS
SUTTON COLDFIELD The Crown: STAGE FRIGHT
WELWYN GARDEN CITY The Fountain: LOL COXHILL

WEDNESDAY

ALDRIDGE B.R.D. Sports Club: DEAD END KIDS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: VICTOR BORGE
BRIGHTON Alhambra: AMAZORBLADES
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: THE CLASH / THE JAM / SUBWAY SECT / BUZZCOCKS / THE SLITS
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
BRISTOL Colston Hall: GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA
BURY ST EDMUNDS Theatre Royal: CHRIS BARBER BAND
CHALFONT ST GILES Merlins Cave: RENEGADE
CHALFONT ST GILES Winklers Club: SUNSTROKE
COLCHESTER Essex University: STRANGLERS
DARLINGTON Incognito: JENNY HAAN'S LION
EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre: NILS LOFGREN / TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: RALPH McTELL / MAGNA CARTA
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: GEORGE BENSON
GRANGEMOUTH Hotel International: SKEETS BOLIVER
GRAYS State Cinema: DR. FEELGOOD / LEW LEWIS BAND
ILFORD Kings Club: POLLY BROWN
INVERNESS Eden Court Theatre: SACHA DISTEL
JERSEY Gorey Club Jersey: VIN GARBU'TI
KEELE University: BERT JANSCH
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: THERAPY / DAVE CARTWRIGHT
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MOTORHEAD
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse Bar: MUSEUM
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BAMBOO / WOODS BAND
LONDON CROUCH HILL The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: RESTLESS ROCKERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: 90° INCLUSIVE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SHANGHAI
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIR
LONDON SOUTHAL White Hart: THUNDERBIRD
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: STRIPJACK
LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post: MEAL TICKET
LONDON W.I. Gulliver's Club: SPITERI
LONDON W.I. Speakeasy: DIVERSIONS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
NEWPORT Roundabout: THE VIBRATORS
OXFORD Lady Spencer Churchill College: THE DARTS
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: CADO BELLE
SHEFFIELD University: THE DAMNED / THE ADVERTS
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STOKE Burslem George Hotel: TYLA GANG
TORQUAY Gatsby's Club: BURLSQUE
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: GUNNER CADE

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club: SUPREMES
Week from Monday
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: GRUMBLEWEEDS
Week from Monday

BLACKBURN Cavendish: ZOXY BLACK
Thursday for three days
BRISTOL Crookers: DRAGONS
Monday (23) for three days
HALIFAX Palladium: FRANK IFIELD
Week from Monday
LEICESTER Bailey's: JAMES & BOBBY PURIFY
Week from Monday
LONDON Palladium: STEVE LAWRENCE & EYDIE GORME
Week from Monday
MANCHESTER Devas Street Theatre: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOID
Wednesday (25) for four days
MANCHESTER Fagin's Club: NEW SEEKERS
Week from Monday
OLDHAM Bailey's: BIG JOHN'S ROCK'N'ROLL CIRCUS
Thursday for three days
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: RAIN
Thursday for three days
SHEFFIELD Fiesta Club: FOUR TOPS
Week from Monday
SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern (doubling NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita): LIVE WYRE
Week from Monday
STOCKPORT Poco Poco: THE DOOLEYS
Week from Sunday
STOKE Bailey's: TERRY WEBSTER & DICTIO-NARY
Thursday for three days
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: JACK JONES
Week from Monday
WATFORD Bailey's: BILLY OCEAN
Week from Sunday

TV RADIO

NOT EXACTLY a scintillating week on the box in rock terms, but a few shows worth seeing if you have an open mind. BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" includes a novelty element on Tuesday — because, in addition to very welcome visitor **George Benson**, the programme also spotlights German rock star **Udo Lindenberg**. Producer Michael Appleton describes him as Germany's answer to Frank Zappa, with a drummer who makes Keith Moon look like a dormouse, and a bassist resembling Adolf Hitler. Can't wait!

The other major highlight of the week is unfortunately confined to certain ITV regions only. It's the last of Granada's "So It Goes Concerts" on Sunday, featuring that swinging Texas-rock outfit **Asleep At The Wheel**.

MOR devotees have a field day on Sunday evening when ITV networks the Royal Variety Show, filmed on Tuesday at Glasgow Kings Theatre. Headliners are **David Soul**, **Jacksons**, **Dolly Parton** and **Petula Clark** with her full Las Vegas production — plus several top Scottish artists, including **Sydney Devine**.

Also on the full ITV network there's **Demis Roussos** and **Reflections** in the "Little And Large Tellyshow" (Monday); and **Mungo Jerry**, **Robin Sarstedt**, **J. Vincent Edwards** and **Heddy Lester** in "Get It Together" (Wednesday). Oh, and the **Muppets** at the weekend.

The 15th episode of Tony Palmer's "All You Need Is Love" (ITV Saturday) deals with the years 1967-70 and is subtitled "All Along The Watchtower — Sour Rock", with particular reference to the deaths of **Brian Epstein**, **Brian Jones**, **Jim Morrison** and **Janis Joplin**. Among those appearing: **The Rolling Stones**, **Eric Burdon**, **Jimi Hendrix**, **Frank Zappa**, **Pink Floyd**, **the Who**, **Manfred Mann**, **The Doors**, **Alexis Korner**, **John Lennon** and **Paul McCartney**.

Continuing coverage of the Easter Country Music Festival at Wembley, BBC-2's "Sing Country" on Thursday showcases **Jean Shepard**, **Carl Perkins**, **Tommy Overstreet** and the **Mersey Brothers**. More country sounds in BBC-1's "Val Doonican Music Show" on Saturday when **Don Williams** guests, along with **Olivia Newton-John** making her first appearance over here for 2½ years.

Friday's "Jazz From Montreux" (BBC-2) has a strong line-up including **Buddy Tate**, **Jay McShann**, **Jim Galloway**, **Humphrey Lyttelton** and the **Monty Alexander Trio**.

You may be interested in an off-beat BBC-2 show on Saturday, when the **Dance Theatre of Harlem** is featured in the "Lively Arts" series. Same channel has more "Monty Python" and "Q.6" repeats on Monday. And BBC-1's only other contribution is the inevitable "Top Of The Pops" on Thursday, hosted by **Kid Jensen**.

Radio 1's "In Concert" on Saturday features **Nutz** and **John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett**.



BLONDIE, the band who take their name from lead singer Debbie Harry (above), are on tour with Television from Sunday. They also have a solo date on Friday at Bournemouth.

LIVE PAGE

MARQUEE

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 p.m. to 11.00 p.m.
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs. 19th May (Adm 65p)
Free admission with this ad. before 8 pm
From Germany...

LAKE

Plus support & Ian Fleming

Fri. 20th May (Adm 75p)

WOODY WOODMANSEY'S U BOAT

Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Sat. 21st May (Adm 70p)
Free admission with this ad. before 8 pm

PANAMA SCANDAL

& Ian Fleming

Sun. 22nd May (Adm 65p)

ZAINE GRIFF & SCREEMER

Plus guests & Nick Leigh

Mon. 23rd May (Adm 65p)

THE BOYS

+ X-Ray Specs & Jerry Floyd

Tues. 24th May (Adm 80p)

MOON

Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Wed. 25th May (Adm 75p)

WAYNE COUNTY

& The Electric Chair + The Police & Jerry Floyd

Thurs. 26th May (Adm 85p)

ULTRAVOX!

Plus friends & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers & other hot & cold snacks are available

READING ROCK '77

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND



HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Thursday May 19th Free
WARREN HARRY

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASH VILLE ROOM

Thursday May 19th

BAMBOO & THE REGGAE GUITARS

Friday May 20th

GONZALEZ

(First London gig this year)

Saturday May 21st

THE MOVIES

Sunday May 22nd

SHANGHAI

Monday May 23rd

DIVERSIONS

Tuesday May 24th

METROPOLIS

(Los Pretty Things sans Phil May)

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01 603 6071)

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY

Enquiries to Jazz Centre Society, c/o ICA, 12 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 930-4261

At THE PHOENIX, Cavendish Square, W1 (Oxford Circus tube) 8.00 pm

Wednesday May 18

MIKE OSBORNE QUINTET

Wednesday May 25

no gig this week

At SEVEN DIALS, 27 Shelton Street, WC2 (Covent Garden, Leicester Square tubes)

Thursday May 19

GUITAR FORMS

Ike Isaacs/Len Walker duo
Davy Graham
Ike Isaacs Quartet

Thursday May 26

MICHAEL GARRICK SEXTET

THE ROXY CLUB

41/43 Neal Street,
Covent Garden, WC2

Open 8.30 pm to 2 am Now totally New Wave

THURSDAY MAY 19

SKIN FLICKS

FRIDAY MAY 20

THE WASPS

SATURDAY MAY 21

JOHNNY MOPED

THURSDAY MAY 26

TO BE ANNOUNCED

RELEASE BENEFIT SATURDAY MAY 21st

QUINTESSENCE

at City of London Poly

CANCELLED!

SORRY!!! BUT

Alexis Korner is appearing at the Hatfield Poly on the same day.
P.S. Lobby the Houses of Parliament June 15th.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS "Up the Jockey"

RAMONES

TALKING HEADS THE SAINTS

ANDY DUNKLEY THE LIVIN' JUKEBOX

ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1

SUN/MON - 5th/6th JUNE at 5-30

ADM. £2.00 (inc vat) IN ADVANCE RMHOUSE BOX OFF 267-2564
or LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS shaft.av.w1.439-3371 or AT DOOR

ESSEX UNIVERSITY ENTS PRESENTS
Going Down Ball

RONNIE LANES SLIM CHANCE + SPARROW

Late Bar — Disco

Saturday, May 21st at 8 p.m.

in the S.U. Dance Hall. Tickets 120p in advance and on door.

BEGGARS BANQUET PROMOTIONS present
ON HER FIRST BRITISH CONCERT TOUR

DORY PREVIN

+ Special Guests

ILLUSION

May 19 DUBLIN STADIUM

May 21 GLASGOW APPOLLO

May 22 EDINBURGH USHER

HALL

May 23 MANCHESTER FREE

TRADE HALL

May 24 BRISTOL COLSTON HALL

May 26 LEEDS UNIVERSITY

May 29 OXFORD NEW THEATRE

June 1 BRIGHTON DOME

June 2 SOUTHAMPTON

GUILDHALL

All tickets from Theatre Box Offices

May 26th LONDON ROYAL ALBERT HALL Balcony Tickets

May 30th LONDON NEW VICTORIA £4.00, £3.50, £3.00 only left at £2.00

Tickets to London Concerts by personal or postal application (+ SAE) only to:

BEGGARS BANQUET, 8 HOGARTH ROAD, LONDON, SW5
01-370 6175

West Runton Pavilion

Nr. Cromer, Norfolk,
Tel: West Runton 203

Friday May 27th £1.50

THE CLASH THE JAM

Buzzcocks Subway

Sect

Saturday May 28th £1.20

DAVID PARTON

+ A Band Called LIPS

Friday June 3rd £1.25

HEAVY METAL KIDS

+ Support

Saturday June 4th £1.00

KENNY + KITE

Monday June 6th £1.50

CARAVAN + Count Bishops + Spiny Norman

Saturday June 11th £1.50

THE REAL THING



SPEAK-EARLY

Thursday May 19th

SOX

Friday May 20th

RED

Saturday May 21st

SPECIAL BREW

Monday, May 23rd

LANDSCAPE

Tuesday May 24th

JOHN OTWAY

Wednesday May 25th

DIVERSIONS

Thursday May 26th

ALFALPHA

Friday May 27th

LIGHTNING RAIDERS

Saturday May 28th

SPITERI

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Next Thurs. 26th, VIBRATORS

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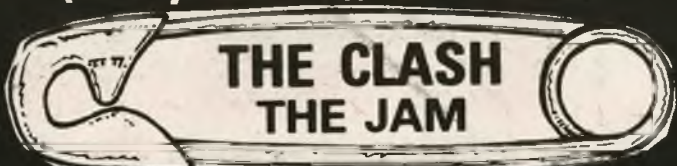
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Kiss — Calling Dr Love
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Widowmaker

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Along with the "brightest hope" stigma came the band's reputation as heavy-duty hellraisers. On their first US tour they had achieved instant lowlife fame by getting themselves ejected from the Rainbow Club in L.A. within two hours of arrival. Even those other members of the professional longhair proletariat, the Stones and Led Zeppelin, hadn't managed such egregious naughtiness.

But can they cut it musically? Lead guitarist is Ariel Bender, aka Luther Grosvenor, who recruited Steve Ellis of the not-so-Everlasting Love Affair on vocals, ex-Lindisfarne drummer Paul Nicholls and ex-Chicken Shack bassist Bob Daisley in the rhythm section, and sometime Hawkwind Huw Lloyd Langton on second lead. They toured the States last year, and lost Steve Ellis, who was anxious to return to the bosom of his family. John Butler came in on vocals and Widowmaker were off on the endless round of touring and recording.

Widowmaker are prototype English H.M. louts, out of Bad Company by any number of loud'n'proud soundalikes. On

stage they dress well, look good and play at ear-bleeding volume.

They feature material from the new album and generally go through the motions of self-advertisement. Proficient heavy-rockers — minimum chords and maximum density — the band pace themselves like old pros. There is the odd (very odd) straight blues and even a C&W tinged Bender-penned number called "Here Comes The Queen".

So far there's zilch reaction from the audience: it's so loud that nobody dares come close to a floor monitor to beat out their brains. The band strike the necessary poses but don't seem to connect. "Sky Blues" even has a woke-up-this-morning lyric, around which Ariel comes clean about his roots and twists out a fine blues solo.

But the rhythm section is as solid as a tree and about as flexible. John Butler attempts to whip up the crowd but apathy rules OK and the students stare glumly into half-empty beer cans. Widowmaker are very loud and very eclectic, but they lack the saving grace of Nazareth's panache or Led Zep's power machine.

Just up the road, John Cale's treading the boards with his current chicken-cutting caper. You can cut the head off a turkey but you can't stop it squawking.

Andrew Simmons

Flashback flashback

Quintessence II
PG TripsOXFORD
POLYTECHNIC

ROCKY "BARRETT" blew it badly at this Release/Mayfly benefit last week: his band, PG Trips, had just belted out a rousing and authentic "Arnold Layne" when someone from the audience offered him a joint. Momentarily phased, Rocky finally stammered his reply: "No thanks, man, I gave it up years ago."

Otherwise they might have got away with it. True, the accompanying filmshow was a bit gross — juxtaposing as it did a spectacularly unenthusiastic and dated sex "education" film with one of a farmer casually castrating a bull with a hydraulic nutcracker — and, true, Rocky's inter-song banter was a trifle hackneyed ("I'm just going off for five minutes to drop a few mandies"), but PG Trips served spot-on versions of all the '67 classics, from "Flowers In The Rain" to "Foxy Lady", and walking into this UFO lookalike Oxford Polytechnic hall must, for some of the more stoned element, have indeed been like entering a ten-year time capsule.

As it was, PG Trips came over as just another bunch of uncomprehending theatrical parodists. This is in fact what they are. You see, when Rocky muffed his lines in our introductory incident he wasn't the living embodiment of the psychic casualty. He was an

aging thespian suddenly confronted with a real-life version of what he was sending up, and he couldn't cope.

Previously Rocky "Rickett" & The Jet Pilots of Jive, when '50s rock'n'roll rather than '60s psychedelia was the object of derision, the earlier incarnation of the Bath Arts Workshop (for it is they) was far simpler, far funnier, and far more in sympathy with the medium.

PG Trips were not my cup of tea.

Unfortunately where PG Trips sought to satirise the spirit of '67 and thus blew it, Quintessence II, in their first gig since reforming, took the same spirit dead seriously and similarly blew it.

What do you say about a once great, seminal group who've come together at the right time, for the right reasons (specifically to undertake a "Legalise It" tour for expenses only) but frankly just don't cut it? Offer constructive criticism, I suppose.

The new Quintessence need to tighten up, particularly in the rhythm section; they need a more powerful PA; newcomer Sita Devi on keyboards and viola wants to project herself with more confidence; and this four-man line-up could well do with a few more members from the old band — at present Raja Ram carries the whole thing with his flute solos, and, fine as they are, these lack variety and depth over an hour-long set. More instruments are, uh, quintessential.

The last thing the world needs now is LSD muzak to give the New Aquarian Age a reputation for blandness before it's even underway.

Jonathan Barnett



Split Enz

SHEFFIELD
UNIVERSITY

THE IDEA that a rock band from New Zealand should possess any merit whatsoever strikes many as ludicrously funny; the idea that such an antipodean rarity should exhibit a stage presence as startling as Split Enz' borders on the impossible.

Still, the benefits of an outlandish stage-show are obvious — covering up for weak points in a band's musical approach, bridging the gap 'twixt audience and band, etc — and it's to Split Enz' credit that they don't concentrate too heavily on this aspect of their act at the expense of the music.

Vocalist Tim Finn and percussionist Noel Crombie provide the majority of their stage antics (the latter also designing their Caligariesque costumes), the rest of the band (Neil Finn, guitar; Edward Rayner, keyboards; Robert Gillies, sax / trumpet; and new boys Nigel Griggs and Malcolm Green on bass and drums respectively) concentrating on the music and occasional "sad pierrot" poses to back up the front men.

Musically, they're difficult to pin down: no two songs sound quite the same (a handicap overcome by their visual link with the audience), and there seems to be no identifiable group texture to relate to: you couldn't listen to a song and say categorically "Ah, Split Enz", the way you can with The Byrds, Stranglers, Weather Report or most other bands.

For much of their set this doesn't really matter, as many of their numbers are multi-sectional, slipping easily from

chunk to chunk in a manner unpleasantly reminiscent of Yes or Genesis. Split Enz, to their credit, take more chances than most practitioners of this type of music, assimilating the odd bit of atonality without baulking, and even throwing in short "free" sections when they feel the need (though in all probability they're precisely arranged) — one such at the end of "Jamboree", their best number, metamorphosing smoothly and effectively into the final coda.

Unfortunately, they tend to rely a little too heavily on shock tactics for their music to retain much beyond the transience of immediate impressions; most of the memorable musical moments are contained in their introductions: the synthesizer / sleigh bells intro to "Another Great Divide", the military tattoo drum intro to "Crossroads" and the jarring, atonal intro to "My Mistake" all overshadow, to various degrees, the rest of their respective tracks. (Although, to be fair, the "marionette" sound of "My Mistake" sticks in the mind for its resemblance to the Idle Race's "Skeleton And The Roundabout").

In a similar manner, Noel Crombie's *tour de force* spoons solo which climaxes the show could be said to overshadow everything else they do. Which is a pity; they've plenty of ideas (too many for commercial success?) and they're obviously competent enough to carry them through, the new rhythm section lending them a power and forcefulness noticeably absent from their album.

For effort, though, Split Enz score nine out of ten, their brand of surreal vaudeville outclassing nearly all rivals in the "rock theatre" stakes.

They entertain.

Andy Gill

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LAURA SPENCER (left) and GLENNIS JONES: waiting for
action

Little Acre

BRISTOL GRANARY

NOT TOO LONG ago, when Brum rock was receiving a fair amount of press coverage and blue-eyed soul was the music of the moment, things were looking good for Little Acre.

However, the regrettable decline and demise of Kokomo and the rather surprising lack of commercial success for Cado Belle, coupled with the punk explosion, all mean that although they are BIG in Birmingham, Little Acre are in something of a rut as far as the rest of the country is concerned. This is very unfortunate, because Little Acre are a keen band in the Cado Belle mould — though leaning towards rock rather than jazz.

The show begins with the instrumental half of the band warming up. John West (drums) and James Hickman (bass) show themselves to be of the same straightforward high class as the old Kokomo rhythm section, while Elmer O'Shea and Jock Evans are excellent sympathetic strummers, O'Shea throwing off some particularly fluid and lively runs.

But when vocalists John Higgs, John Bryant, Laura Spencer and Glennis Jones-Smythe stride on stage then things really begin to really fluoresce. With the help of Hickman, their combined vocal impact is probably

amongst the most stunning in the country. I say probably, because their PA looked and sounded as though it were on hire from the Victoria and Albert Museum — but with eleven sets of wages to pay, that's inevitable I guess.

They still sounded great, though. Their own material is strong — "Pick It Up", "We Got The Rock", "Sad Song" and the droll, theatrical "Perfect Crime" all rousing robust rock/funk rhythms and volcanic eruptions of vibrant vocals. The first few times I heard "Long Train Running" I thought it was great, but after a thousand subsequent subjections it sticks needles in my eardrums; so for Little Acre to perform a version that I actually enjoy they must be persuasive at least.

They have additional outstanding features, of course, in the scrumptious shape of Glennis and Laura.

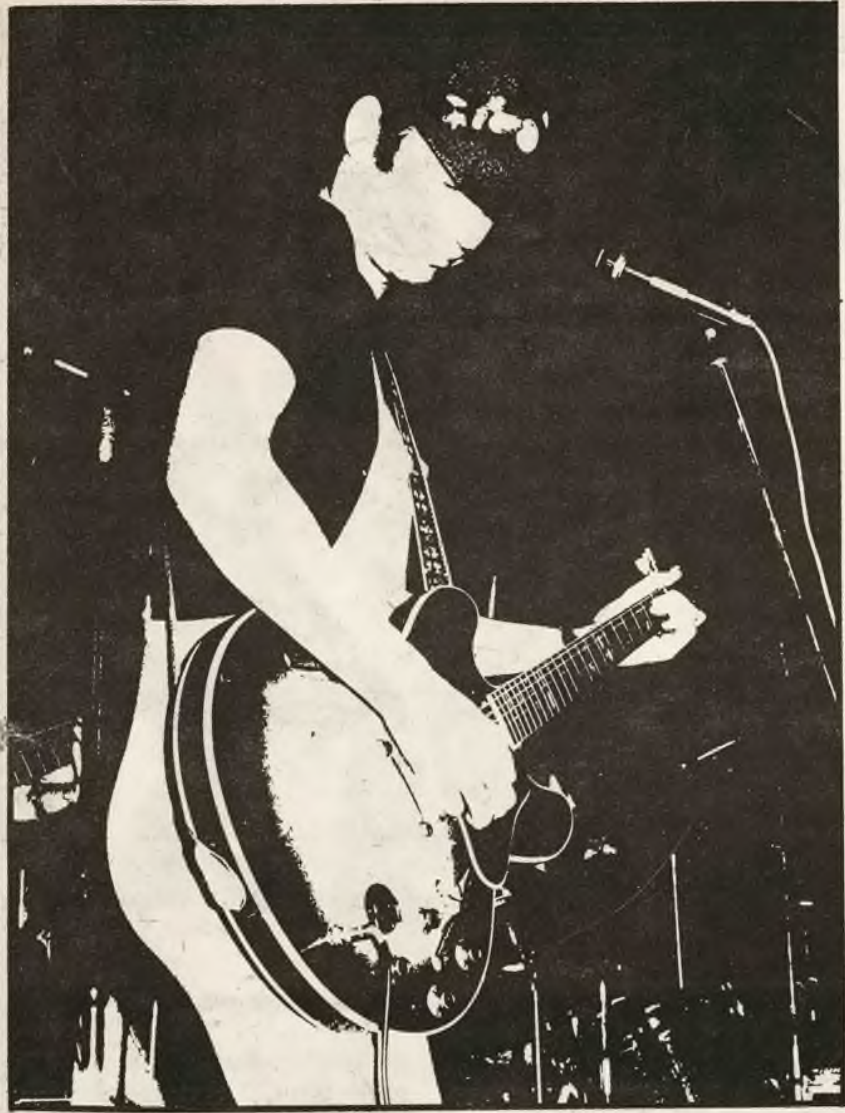
During their last number, "Closer To Death", they suddenly slipped in some heavy metal riffs and the previously unappreciative crowd immediately woke up in response to this crass stimulus. The mood spilled over into the encore, a hell-for-leather rock together finale of "Get Back", "Little Queenie" and "Johnny B. Goode". It was a little sad to see them having to resort to such mundane stuff to get the crowd going, because if Little Acre tighten up their presentation they will be a very very fine band indeed.

David Housham

Simmet!
Udo's
Coming

NEIL INNES tries his luck

Pic: DENIS O'REGAN



Neil Innes & Fatso

NASHVILLE

TALENT competition night at the Nashville would have been a more suitable billing for the first night of Neil Innes' 1977 world tour. As an evening of spontaneous and under-rehearsed humour it had some funny moments, but it's unlikely that the troupe could have kept it up for more than a few gigs — so it's fortunate that the tour ended the following night at the same venue.

Not that it was entirely Innes' fault. He was dogged by problems with his voice (he appeared to be losing it) and an unco-operative PA. Also, nobody seemed particularly interested in hearing the songs from his new album, and it became clear that he wasn't going to forge a reputation for himself as a witty, poignant songwriter — not tonight at any rate. So he made the best of it with a crowd that wanted belly laughs rather than fine fancies.

Among the things which achieved said belly laughs were the impromptu version of "Apache", complete with silly choreography, and his portrayal of the tortured singer-songwriter.

As he ambled onstage wear-

ing a pair of dark glasses and a harmonica, strumming the basic folkie chords he announced that he was going to do a protest song: "I've suffered for my music and now it's your turn." The song parodied everyone from Dylan to Neil Young, with a chorus about running people over if they get in your way and plenty of loud and tuneless harmonica.

The person who kept shouting for Roger (Ruskin Spear) didn't quite get what he wanted; apart from Innes himself the nearest thing onstage to a member of the Bonzos was the female gorilla torso he wore for a little decadent cabaret number (the torso was originally featured on "Doughnut In Granny's Greenhouse"). But there were some old Bonzo songs to liven things up at the end of the evening — "Urban Spaceman" (which Neil wrote) was done fast country style, and "Humanoid Boogie" gave him a chance to demonstrate the lengthy crash ending, now so much part of a live performance.

The flat response to his new songs, and the crowd's desire to see plenty of unremitting lunacy, must have caught him unprepared. He seemed to be casting about for something to do, and often it was Fatso's jovial guitarist and once even The Bowles Brothers (who helped out for the gigs) who saved the day. The evening reached a nadir when they started inviting people from the audience to get up onstage and sing — making the crowd provide its own amusement is scraping the barrel a bit.

The whole evening can be marked down to a case of bad judgement on Neil Innes' part.

Paul Rambali

Blues still breaking after all these years

John Mayall

ZURICH

AS A TALENT scout John Mayall is a shrewd, calculating operator with few equals. Now with 26 albums to his credit and almost as many different bands, the list of names he was largely responsible for making famous accounts for his legendary status.

Obviously the source of such devastating players is by no means exhausted either. As Mayall proved at his Falkshaus concert in Zurich last weekend, his ability to spot and encourage the good ones remains as astute. Once again he has formed yet another remarkable band.

At the age of 43, his hair and beard greying, this guy probably hasn't even heard the dubious call for the rock industry to bring out their dead; which is probably just as well.

Not only did Mayall have the energy of a person at least half his age, but he refused to play a set of his most well-known material. Instead, nine of the numbers were from the album called "A Hard Core Package", which has just been recorded by his present band, will be mixed on their return to the States, and should, with any luck, be released in September. These pieces were juxtaposed with standard blues, such as "Oh Pretty Woman", "Parchman Farm", "Hideaway" and "Room To Move".

Anybody who has followed Mayall's career will know that since his "Turning Point" album in the late '60s his musical interests have extended beyond the blues, and consequently the stylistic leanings of his bands have constantly been different. Only at the end of last year he was working with the 14-piece brass augmented outfit that recorded his latest released album, "Lots Of People". But for this Euro-tour he has resorted to the traditional instrumentation of bass, drums, and guitar, with the man himself playing clavinet, harp, and, very occasionally, guitar.

In Zurich there was a greater emphasis on rock than blues; although a few years ago when the term hadn't become redundant we could have happily described them as a powerful blues-rock band.

With the personnel only finalised two weeks before their arrival in Europe at Easter, it was only to be expected that their approach

would be direct, relying more on improvisation than song structures for their strength. And this directness is the quality which guitarist James Quill Smith possesses.

According to Mayall he is the first guitarist to excite him since Clapton and Green, and Smith was given innumerable opportunities to display his blues orientated playing, even to the extent of performing "Friendship", one of his own songs.

Hard to believe, but until six months ago James was a member of McGuinn's Thunderbyrd. The best thing he did was to leave them.

Strictly speaking, none of the band is an undiscovered talent. Drummer Soko Richardson, a giant of a man wearing a matching turban and kimono, played with Ike and Tina Turner for ten years, through "River Deep Mountain High", and eventually quit due to personal differences with Ike. ("He could be real shitty," commented Soko later). And sure enough his style embraces the moods of black soul, blues and rock.

The edge to the rhythm is contributed by Steve Thompson, who has played with Mayall before and later went on to form Stone The Crows, who, incidentally, played their last ever gig in Switzerland just down the road in Montreux.

The musicianship allowed for elaborate embellishment and a belt of sound which wouldn't have been an embarrassment to twice the number of players, allowing Mayall to strip off his shirt, blow his wailing harp, and even at one point during "Hideaway" to leap into the audience and get them all to their feet.

Of course, if he tries that at the Rainbow on Friday night he just might end up surrounded by some idiot dancers called Eric, Peter, John, Keef, Aynsley, Jon, Jack, Mick, Harvey, Larry... and me again.

Tony Stewart

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JAZZ DIARY

THE VETERAN magazine *Jazz Journal*, founded in 1948, has just changed its title to *Jazz Journal International* and is being published by Billboard. The new 349th edition has a smarter format, but the same incorruptible spirit of the beret informs in the writing.

An amazing riverboat shuffle is happening in June; shuffle 1 featuring the Dick Heckstall-Smith Quintet and Barbara Thompson's *Paraphernalia* on the 11th; shuffle 2 on 25th with the Mike Osbourne Quintet and Major Surgery. The 'Greenwich Belle' will be casting off from Westminster Pier at 7.30, limping back by 11.45. Prospective hands get your tickets in advance from Jazz Centre Society, blazers and boaters optional, Mae Wests supplied.

The Moers Jazz Festival in West Germany, 27th-30th May, features Dollar Brand, Albert Mangelsdorff and Paul Rutherford, the Lester Bowie-Don Moye duo, the N.Y. Saxophone Quartet with Oliver Lake, Julius Hemphill, David Murray and Hamiet Bluiett, Sam Rivers, The Art Ensemble of Chicago, Air, Anthony Braxton, Richard Abrams-Malachi Favors Duo, The Charles Tyler Quartet and The Paul Lovens-Paul Lytton Sextet. Where it's at, and no mistake.

Promised from Milestone, a re-issue of the Fats Navarro-Tadd Dameron Riversides, more Mongo Santamaria and a Johnny Griffin. Arista plan to release albums by Sun Ra, Cecil Taylor's "Silent Tongues", an Art Ensemble of Chicago, a Jan Garbarek and a Randy Weston with Dudu Pukwana and the late Mongezi Feza.

Brian Case

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697. LORRY



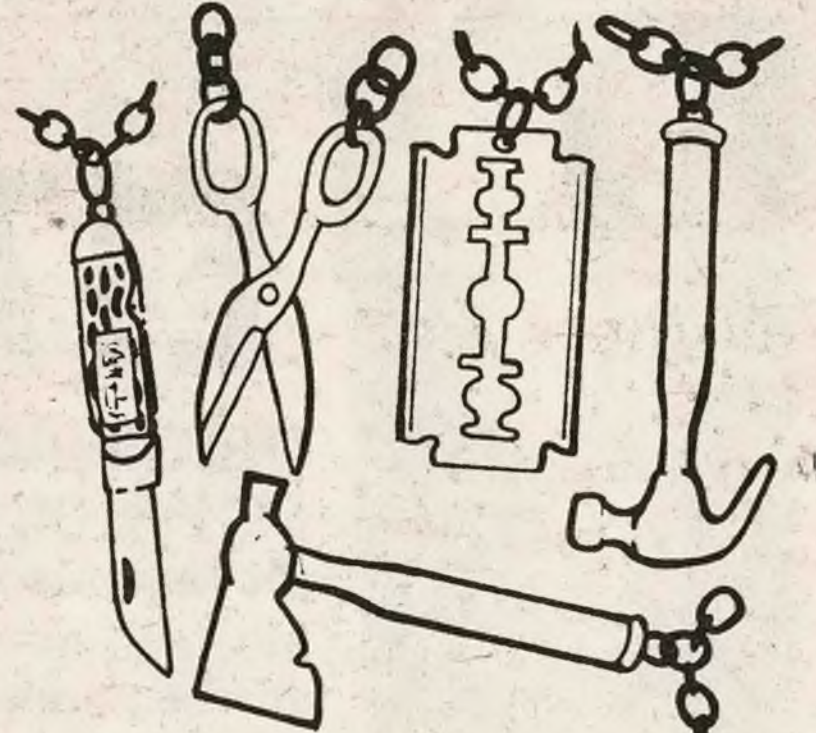
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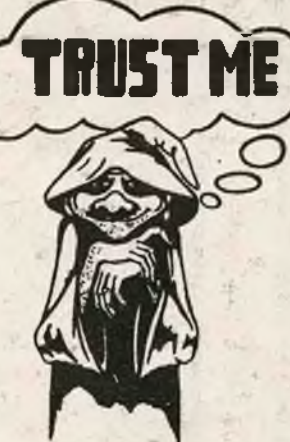
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125. VULTURES



167. JOIN THE ARMY



123. TRUST ME



699. FLEETWOOD MAC



134. GENESIS



528. APOLLO



186. STATUS QUO



229. SERENE BOOZER

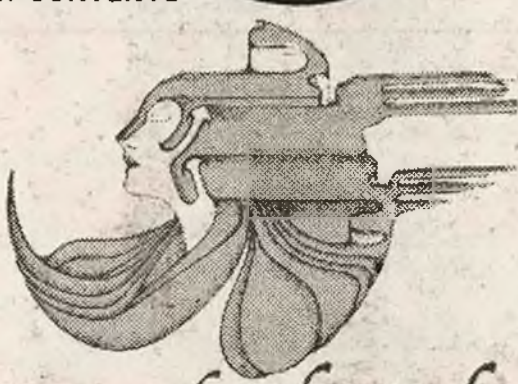


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129. CONTENTS



682. HAWKWIND



224. WINGS



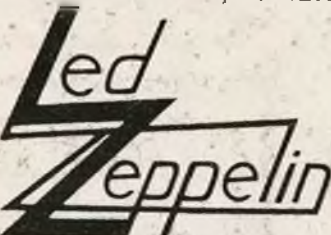
227. MILCH TRAY



694. FOCKINK



220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT



148. LED ZEP



150. PINK FLOYD (2)



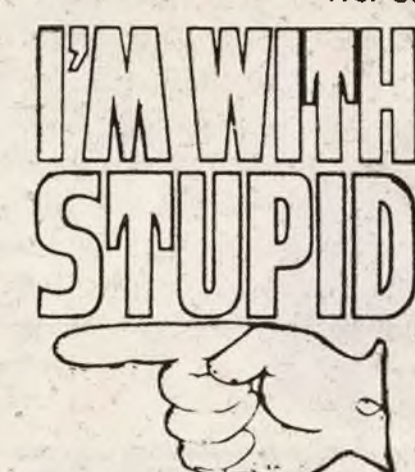
159. BEETHOVEN



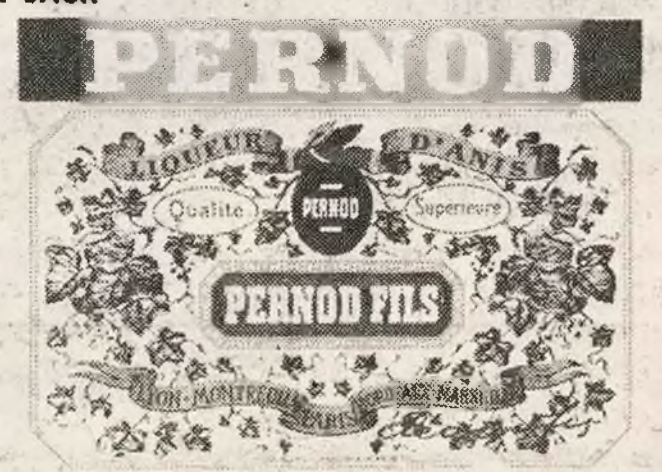
175. UNION JACK



135. STATUS QUO



680. STUPID



667. PERNOD

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232. REALITY



677. SUPERSIGN
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ever walked in
the valley.

143. SON OF A
BITCH



691. E.L. ORCHESTRA



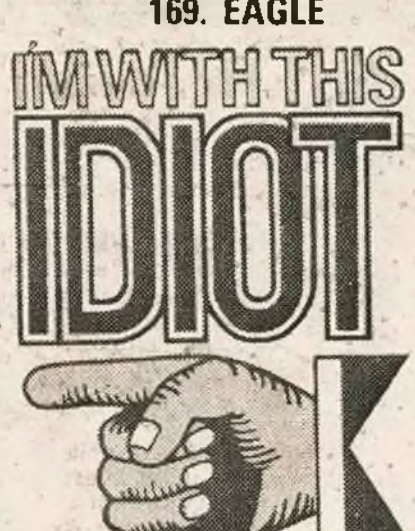
693. STEVIE WONDER



690. EGGHEAD



683. IN THE DARK



679. IDIOT



507. FLOYD



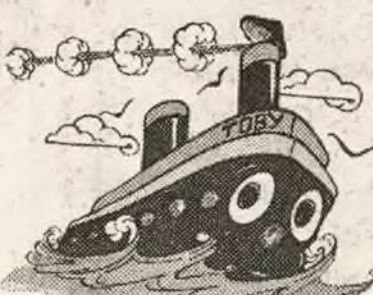
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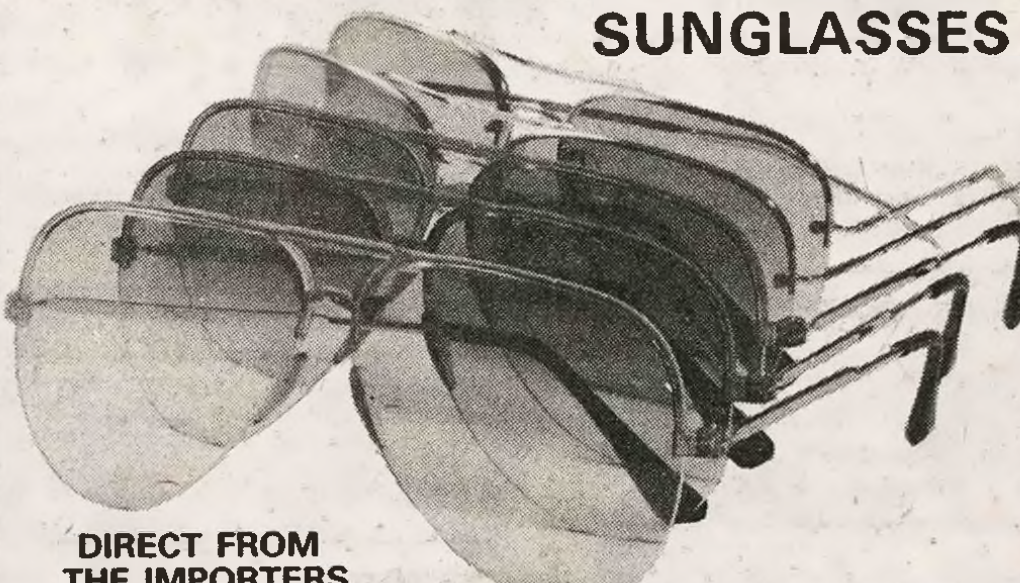
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THE MEANEST BAG ON WHEELS



On yer bike, Ian . . .

I HAVE been taking a long, hard look at the first half of 1977, and apart from the Lib-Lab pact, the fact that the whole country (apart from Sheffield) has gone right-wing (watch your jobs, England) and John Peel again being worth listening to, it seems pretty dull.

But wait, you say, what about the New Wave? Well I've got no arguments to add to that well worn debate, except it's the *third*, not the *New* Wave. Little Richard, Elvis Presley, and Gene Vincent were the New Wave, Floyd and the Velvets were the *New New* Wave, and Johnny Rotten is but the 3rd, and as the law of economics takes over, (I saw a telling picture of a Damned talking to a Runaway in L.A. in the press today — "I hope I die 'fore I get old?") this "New Wave" will be watered down and pigeonholed like everything else.

Already, the Winter of '77, like the Summer of '67, is passed. The cracks are beginning to show. Mick Farren has slagged Richard Hell for being what a lot of reviewers would still call, naively, "fresh and full of energy, refreshingly chaotic and on the brink of imminent collapse", only Farren said "nasty, unrehearsed and amateurish." Reviewers of The Jam LP call it the acceptable face of the New Wave. The Jam is a throwback to 1965, Who and Mohair Suits. Christ, Elvis when he was a rocker wasn't a throwback to Glenn Miller or the Floyd a new Tornados. The Jam? New Wave? Then I'm a duck. Quack. The Stranglers, too, PUNK ROCK? Cliff Richard is, by that definition, a Punk?!

They sound like the Doors. Throwback Revival, Slaughter and the Dogs' new single sounds like "Knock on Wood." As Tom Verlaine said "sub-Ramones."

But, the Energy is there. And the music has gone back to the street. That is great. That is what is new, not the music (Quo! Bolan!) or even the anti - Brutus - Jean - Americanese - attitude. Neil Young, the most eloquent new waver by the definition which includes attitude, sang in "Revolution Blues," "I hear that Laurel Canyon Is filled with Famous Stars But I HATE THEM WORSE than lepers and I'll kill them in their cars."

Who did he mean? The Eagles? James Caan? Or the Damned posing in L.A.?

Love and Peace or Hate and War, it's all the same when it's on a T-Shirt. Keep on Printing.

KEN, Sheffield.

YOU express yourself beautifully, Ken, but I'm not sure what you're trying to say. Why is a picture of Rat Scabies trying to pull Joan Jett "telling"? Wouldn't you? If you still dig the same things that turned you on as a kid, why shouldn't kids be turned on by similar things now when they come up in a '70s guise? All that's happened is that the Jam — for example — have proved that the 1965 Who were onto something that'll stand as long as rock itself does. As for Neil Young, he's been photographed at a party or two in his time. Was he speaking purely personally in "Revolution Blues" or was he delineating and depicting an attitude that he didn't himself hold?

Anyway, we've reached that moment in our show when it's time for an argument. — CSM.

Open letter to Ian Hunter: Regarding your interview in last week's NME (May 14th):

Thank you for informing us that you are supporting the Electric Light Orchestra at Earls Court and on their European tour. It was certainly news to both ELO and me, because although plans are at present being made for a tour of Europe and a few major dates in England, nothing can be confirmed until Jeff Lynne completes ELO's recording commitments.

Nevertheless, when we are able to fix the tour I sincerely hope you will be able to perform at some of the concerts. You have my personal

guarantee that within reason you may have full use of ELO's very sophisticated lighting and PA set-up. Although you were never considered as a possible support act for the electric Light Orchestra I think you have come up with a great idea — it will be very interesting to see who the audience finds more entertaining — a frustrated loser with a big mouth who attains token success with idle boasts and by knocking fellow artists and musicians or a group who achieve worldwide popularity by relying on their musical talent and ability to entertain.

DAVID ARDEN

Personal Manager of the Electric Light Orchestra, Dartbill Ltd., London, SW19

Ver-ry interesting, squire. The balls are — how you say? — in Mister Untah's court again. — CSM.

Kill! — AN IAN HUNTER IMPERSONATOR.

Controversial old bastard, inne? — AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

RE THE How-Can-The Feelgoods Go-On-Without-Wilko debate. Last night I went to the first gig of their tour, and I haven't enjoyed an evening so much since God knows when. Like John Mayo, I'd never seen the band before. I'd always rated them highly, and realised how good Wilko was, but what I can't get in with is this feeling of "it's not the same" — of course it's not the bloody same! Having accepted their number one hero had gone on to pastures new, wouldn't the last thing any Feelgoods follower would want be a stereotype copy, that just can't exist?

Like Murray said, the band's got to progress (in, hopefully, the best sense of the word), but it seems to me that few people — that is the ones that count, the crack decision journalists — are giving them much of a chance. Dr. Feelgood are a very precious thing to have — don't pass the death penalty without a trial, and that's a fair one.

So I've never known the magic of a live Wilko Johnson: all I do know is that 99.9% of the crowd last night really accepted Mayo, and that when the house lights came on after only one encore, there was practically a riot, and the majority of the audience stayed put, shouting and fighting and begging for more for the best part of half an hour: as far as I know an unprecedented event at Exeter University.

What makes me sick is that tonight's local paper carries an article supposedly reviewing last night's gig — all it does is trace Johnson's history, without even mentioning John Mayo's name. He's a very good guitarist — it's gonna be hard for him, thanks to you negative bums. Remember, not everyone has been seeing Dr. Feelgood right from their birth — I'd be proud if I had, but if you love the band and its music, spare a little thought. Give the final judgement a bit of time, and f'Chrissakes recognise John Mayo as a talented (no, that sounds bad, even if he is), nay, great guitarist in his own right, and don't just compare things to the glorious past — the first step in a downward spiral.

LIZ MOORE, Exeter Devon
No-one here wants to write off the Feelgoods. No-one here has anything against John Mayo, or against Brilleaux and Co. Conversely, a lot of us dug Wilko — and still do, naturally. Personally, I think the Feelgoods are going to have a hard time getting material worthy of them without such a gifted composer-in-residence, no matter how good John Mayo is on stage. Still, nothing would please me more than to be proved wrong. I don't want to see 'em go down, either. — CSM.

Edited by
**CHARLES
SHAAR
MURRAY**

DEAR(?) Phil McNeil: I'd like you to know I haven't got either a fur coat or a big bum. I went to see the Four Seasons in concert, OK the comedian may have been a load of shit, but the Seasons weren't.

I don't know about being spat on by Johnny Rotten, but I'm sure a lot of other insulted people like myself, feel like spitting on you. It seems you can't even write anything good about Deirdre, let alone a concert! I was also in the front seats and I honestly don't see how you could criticise a band as good as that. So in future STICK TO PUNK ROCK!

ME AGED 15

You mean the Four Seasons aren't punk-rock? — CSM

I HAD felt like dying all week, not helped by having a long arduous battle with the dentist the day previous, when who should ring but my only friend to say he'd bought the Clash single "White Riot". I've liked the punks since time-out-of-mind but this had such an effect on me that it cured my lock-jaw!!

LINDA

Pity — CSM

I WAS going to write you a constructive letter denouncing The Stranglers, *Rock Follies*, and the Eurovision Song Contest, but have just realised that all parties concerned are one and the same person. Did you see Lou Reed at the New Vic?

SWEET JANE, Edmonton

No. Did you? — CSM

ON MY version of the Stranglers "Peaches" single the word is "clitoris", you and the BBC must have a cheap demo copy — so Nyahh!!!

NOAH MAX SHEPHERD, Penarth, Glam.

Bet that makes you a big man on your block in Penarth, boyo — CSM.

YA HEARD about the new concept in rock festivals? The band stand on stage and watch the fans being chased by lions.

THE RANCID ARMPIT,

Somewhere in Racing Cars Country You've just restored the honour of Wales and you would've won an album token if you'd given us your name and address. Incidentally, all you ham-fisted semi-literates out there are giving Vonderful Val, who has the misfortune to get lumbered with the sleazy chore of typing up GASBAG Letters for the printer, acute eye-strain. So c'mon, y'all — prove that it ain't just the children of the wealthy who can write neatly! — CSM

IS IT too early to say I love 'Rock Follies '77', and also love all those people who take it so seriously that instead of laughing they write letters saying how unlike "the busuness" it is.

MARK LAPPER, Wirral, Merseyside.

It's always too early to say you love Rock Follies of '77 — CSM

LORD KITCHENER drowned on June 5th 1916 (according to A. J. P. Taylor anyway), so if Dylan graduated on the same day, he must be 78 years old. Is this true?

T. LOBSANG RAMPA, Dronfield, Sheffield.

No, it isn't. You're pretty thick. aren't you? — CSM

WHATEVER HAPPENED to Seth Nettles?

INQUISITIVE, Goosey, England.
A lot less than happened to Blast Furnace — CSM

SO YOU think that the Damned, The Stranglers, MCS The Clash, and The Jam are quick, even??? Well, have you ever tried listening to Dave Edmunds, you might change your mind!!!!

PHILLIP (JALNER) ATTWOOD OR SPOUT, Gwent.

Listened to 'em all, ain't I? Think they're all fast, don't I? Wondering what you're arguing about, ain't I? — CSM

NOW HEAR THIS, Royalty fans... according to *Collins National Dictionary* (which we keep around to check out the precise definitions of words like "bland-out" and "fnurgenheimerama"), the word "Jubilee" is derived from the Hebrew *yobel* or "ram's horn", which was the symbol of the Year of Emancipation, which occurred every fifty years and was celebrated by a mass amnesty; more recently Queen Victoria celebrated her Golden Jubilee by freeing a considerable amount of prisoners. So in this current jubilee year, let's see some action...

Meanwhile Man Of Mystery **Wilko Johnson** now has three-quarters of a band (including himself): **Paul Bassman** formerly of **Roogalator** and **Chilli Willi** and **Davey Lutton** (ex-T. Rex) rumoured to be the others; our Education Correspondent has also informed us that Wilko's four-year-old son can now recite all the lyrics to **El Zimmo's** "Tombstone Blues".

Hold the presses! Fab Winged Wifelet **Linda McCartney** has a solo single due on CBS: We're not sure if this has Wider Significance...

The Big Names just keep a-comin': **Led Zeppelin** are currently considering various proposals from promoters concerning their next set of UK public appearances, since they are most anxious to resume gigging; at least, **Plant** and **Bonham** are. When the last American tour ended, **Jimmy Page** flew to Cairo while the others returned to London. J.P. is also reported to be "a saner and happier man" after the tour, despite having a doctor in constant attendance...

And following Page into the bookshop racket is **Pete Townshend**, who hopes to emulate the success of Equinox — Page's occult bookshop — with the launch of a publishing company to be devoted to spreading the word about **Meher Baba**. The only non-Baboid tome planned is an illustrated edition of — wait for it — **Tommy**...

Can this be A Parting Of The Ways? **Andy Mackay** (of **Roxy Folies**) has split from EG Management; maybe they gave him an overly blunt opinion of **Schlock Jollies**...

Hey man, we're a whole city: **ELP's** U.S. tour personnel consists of no less than 125 people, including 70-piece orchestra and chorus...

A special *T-zers* award for Most Laid-Back Person Of The Week goes to loveable **Lowell George** of **Little Feat**: last summer the Feat were readying "Spanish Moon" (from their "Feats Don't Fail Me Now" album) for single release, and Lowell took the tapes down to New Orleans and had **Allen Toussaint** arrange some horn and vocal over-dubs. Then Lowell went and lost the tapes. Let's hear it for Lowell...

What was **Johnny Rotten** doing locked in the toilet at the Rainbow with six people (including **Mick Jones** and **Paul Simonon** of **The Clash** and Rotten's bodyguard) on Monday night? Wrong: he was claiming that he'd received an £18,000 tax bill in that morning's post. Who says that NME doesn't bring you the real intimate news?

And not that this matters but it's a logical occasion to mention it: **Chalkie Davies**, photographer-about-town and self-styled World's Most Wonderful Human Being, has finally remembered what the Toilet Seat Game (see last week's *Teazers*) actually is. Take it away, Chalk: "What you actually have to do is throw balls through a toilet seat. If you score two toilet seats out of three, you get a prize." Thank you, Chalkie...

Population Explosion Time: **Ian Anderson's** wife **Shona** (formerly a press officer at Chrysalis Records) gave birth to a son, **James Duncan**, on Friday, May 6th. All parties are



Fig: JOE STEVENS

TEAZERS

A WEEKLY DALLIANCE

reported to be in fine shape. No bad reviews for that, Mr. and Mrs. A, but keep him away from flutes...

And a little chip of the Motown Megalith detaches itself from the main block: after sixteen years, **The Temptations** seem certain to move to Atlantic

Tom Robinson Band's bandwagon broke down on Saturday, and was left in a garage overnight and ripped off: swiped: an Orange 100 watt amp, a Marshall 50 watt p.a. amp, a Fender Bandmaster reverb amp, an Ampeg cabinet, 7 mikes and their leads. £700 worth of hardware. Not to be deterred The TRB played the ICA on Sunday with borrowed gear...

Clash-man **Joe Strummer** suggests Liverpool's **Mutants** may well be next New-Wavers to enjoy mass-market breakthrough...

Technical problem abroad USS Enterprise: The movie of the TV series *Star Trek* has run into trouble. Not only has **Leonard Nimoy** demanded more money than Capt. Kirk, but the pixie-eared Vulcan is faced with script changes. Seems that in a verbal run-in with God, the pedantic Mr. Spock wins hands-down. Delete and re-write is the order from the powers that be. No, there's no suggestion of divine intervention!...

All Our Yesterdays: BBC Records preparing **Gene Vincent/Eddie Cochran** EP. The two Vincent tracks, "Distant Drums" and "Roll Over Beethoven", were cut a few days before his death while Cochran's "What'd I Say" and "Milk Cow Blues" stem from "Saturday Club" airshots...

Leo Sayer, Ronnie Wood, Rory Gallagher, Nicky Hopkins all got to sing and play on **Lonnie Donegan's** "comeback" album which **Adam Faith** has produced in L.A....

In the pipeline: Stateside, Epic repackaging **Yardbirds'** legacy... **Bruce Johnson** producing **Sailor**... **Crosby, Stills & Nash** reunion elpee due first week in June...

Charles Bronson nixed \$750,000 to do US/TV beer commercials. **James Coburn** accepted \$250,000 for same gig...

A worldwide denim shortage is believed to be behind Levi's diversification into other forms of lee-juh wear...

Oh gawd!! The Confederacy binds itself even tighter as **Black Oak Arkansas** sign up with **Macon, Georgia**, based

What can a girl do when as she's walking home after seeing *The Dead Boys* at CBGB's, two of the group invite her back for a coffee? *Bon vivante Sable Starr* (for it is she) can't seem to make up her mind WHAT to do, after *Cheetah* and *Siiv* make her an offer.

heart at our cost..."

Ah, *bon*, **Jacques Cousteau** presented **Fleetwood Mac** with a picture taken of Jacques among the penguins in the arctic in gratitude for twenty thousand dollars F Mac — whose official logo and mascot is a penguin — had donated to Cousteau from a concert...

Tokyo Dolphin Project a financial disaster: despite appearances by **Jackson Browne, Richie Havens, John Sebastian** and **Country Joe McDonald**, The Rolling Coonut Review dropped two hundred thousand dollars...

Jerry Lee Lewis has been acquitted by a Memphis court of carrying a pistol and public drunkenness during the early hours of the morning outside Elvis Presley's mansion. He is being sued, though, by St. Joseph's Hospital East in Memphis for \$3,348 they claim he owes for a 20-day stay in 1976

The home of **Isaac Hayes** who was declared bankrupt recently, has been sold for \$376,000 to Memphis' largest synagogue, the Baron Hirsch Congregation. The Rabbi, **Rafel Grossman**, said: "The Hayes home will be mostly used as a house of worship." Hayes still has a \$6 million debt hanging over his head.

Small singingperson **Paul Simon** makes first acting appearance in upcoming **Woody Allen** movie *Annie Hall*...

When asked to tell *T-Zers* readers how he'd found New York, **Damned** personality **Rat Scabies** replied that he'd spent all his time entertaining that city's females. He is, however, intimately informed vis a vis American bedsheets...

See a musical, clean up a city. Theatregoers on Broadway are indirectly helping rid the Times Square area of prostitution, peep shows, massage parlours and what *Billboard* describes as "other elements of decay that are contributing to the deterioration of the theatre district." (Does this include **Rat Scabies**?) A portion of the money made by the shows — musicals are the biggest contributors — goes to a special clean-up fund. The cash is then used to lobby N.Y. politicians, mount (!!!) anti-pornography campaigns, plant trees and generally beautify the district. *T-Zers* thinks this is a jolly fine effort — keep muck off the streets and in the theatres, we say...

Andy Gibb, 19-year-old brother of **Barry, Robin** and **Maurice** (aka **The Bee Gees**), making singing debut on RSO Records. His first single was

Capricorn Records... Before coming over to Blighty **Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers** ran a delightfully



Fig: ADRIAN BOOT

Eat your heart out, **Don Revie**, **Bob Marley's** already signed up. Here we see him on his way to the **Wailers'** 103-0 victory over an **Island Records** team last week.

non-sexist ad in the *LA Free Press*. "Need Fifty dollars?" it read. "It's yours for having either breast tattooed with a

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co-written with big brother Barry...

On page 250 of **Tony Palmers'** awful *All You Need Is Love* book, the chubby one quotes **Roger McGuinn** as saying "I wrote 'Do You Wanna Be A Rock'n'Roll Star' with **Christ Hillman**." Instant deity for Hillman or just a spelling mistake?

"*Jaws 2*" goes into production next week...

A must to avoid; pending "David Soul & Friends" TV Special...

"Official *Rocky* Scrapbook" about to hit the newsstands... **George Benson** pact to

supply original material for soundtrack of **Muhammad Ali** biopic "The Greatest"...

Did **Greg Lake** ever have this problem? Sultry, desirable punk temptress — and bassist — **Gaye Advert** was without her bass amp for a couple of days last week. It'd had to go in for repairs to have the gob removed from its insides. On opening it up the gentleman in the repair shop discovered a bizarre stalactite (or is it stalagmite?) of punk spittle which was the cause of the horrific whine that had been emerging from **Gaye's** instrument. Well, she told *Teazers* it was gob anyway...

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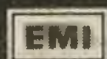
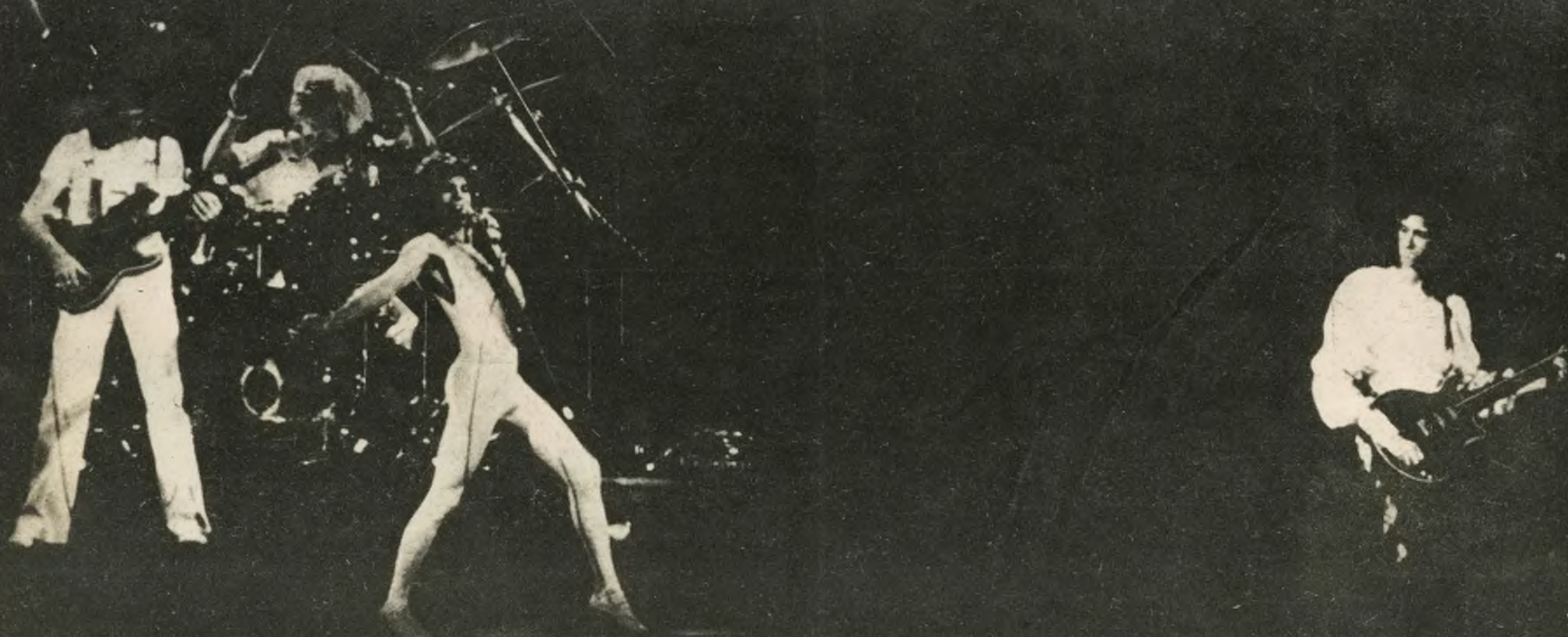
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