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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

Pistols Jubilee Thrashing

Pics & Eye Witness Report

Locker room fun with the stranglers

P22

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

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GENESIS E.P.

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Match Of The Day
Pigeons
Inside And Out

GEN 001

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David Hentschel & Genesis

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending June 6th, 1972

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	METAL GURU	T. Rex (T. Rex Wax Company)
5	2	VINCENT	Don McLean (United Artists)
2	3	ROCKET MAN	Elton John (DJM)
3	4	OH BABE WHAT WOULD YOU SAY	Hurricane Smith (Columbia)
6	5	AT THE CLUB/SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES	The Drifters (Atlantic)
12	6	CALIFORNIA MAN	The Move (Harvest)
4	7	COULD IT BE FOREVER	David Cassidy (Bell)
7	8	LADY ELEANOR	Lindisfarne (Charisma)
14	9	SISTER JANE	New World (Rak)
28	10	MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB	Wings (Apple)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending June 10th, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
3	1	WHITER SHADE OF PALE	Procol Harum (Deram)
1	2	SILENCE IS GOLDEN	Tremeloes (CBS)
6	3	THERE GOES MY EVERYTHING	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
2	4	WATERLOO SUNSET	Kinks (Pye)
4	5	DEDICATED TO THE ONE I LOVE	Mama's and Papa's (RCA)
5	6	THEN I KISSED HER	Beach Boys (Capitol)
7	7	THE HAPPENING	Supremes (Tamla-Motown)
8	8	THE WIND CRIES MARY	Jimi Hendrix (Track)
12	9	SWEET SOUL MUSIC	Arthur Conley (Atlantic)
9	10	PICTURES OF LILY	Who (Track)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending June 8th, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	GOOD LUCK CHARM	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	2	COME OUTSIDE	Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
3	3	I'M LOOKIN' OUT OF THE WINDOW	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4	4	NUT ROCKER	B. Bumble (Top Rank)
10	5	PICTURE OF YOU	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
8	6	GINNY COME LATELY	Brian Hyland (HMV)
5	7	AS YOU LIKE IT	Adam Faith (Parlophone)
6	8	LAST NIGHT WAS MADE FOR LOVE	Billy Fury (Decca)
7	9	I DON'T KNOW WHY	Eden Kane (Decca)
13	10	DO YOU WANT TO DANCE	Cliff Richard (Columbia)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS C·H·A·R·T·S

SINGLES

Week ending June 18, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(6)	GOD SAVE THE QUEEN	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	3	1
2	(13)	SHOW YOU THE WAY TO GO	The Jacksons (Epic)	2	2
3	(1)	I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT / FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST	Rod Stewart (Riva)	8	1
4	(2)	LUCILLE	Kenny Rogers (U.A.)	7	2
5	(9)	YOU'RE MOVING OUT TODAY	Carole Bayer Sager (Elektra)	3	5
6	(3)	A STAR IS BORN (EVERGREEN)	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	10	3
7	(11)	TELEPHONE LINE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4	7
8	(5)	HALFWAY DOWN THE STAIRS	The Muppets (Pye)	3	5
9	(4)	AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE	Joe Tex (Epic)	8	2
10	(24)	FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN	Emerson Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	2	10
11	(7)	THE SHUFFLE	Van McCoy (H & L)	10	3
12	(8)	GOOD MORNING JUDGE	10cc (Philips)	8	5
13	(14)	LIDO SHUFFLE	Boz Scaggs (CBS)	5	11
14	(12)	O.K.	Rock Follies (Polydor)	4	7
15	(18)	PEACHES	The Stranglers (United Artists)	4	15
16	(16)	BABY DON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND	Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)	3	16
17	(10)	GOT TO GIVE IT UP	Marvin Gaye (Motown)	6	6
18	(28)	TOKYO JOE	Bryan Ferry (Polydor)	5	12
19	(29)	YOU'RE GONNA GET NEXT TO ME	Bo Kirkland & Ruth Davies (EMI Int.)	2	19
20	(—)	SAM	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	1	20
21	(—)	OH LORI	Alessi (A&M)	1	21
22	(15)	SPOT THE PIGEON	Genesis (Charisma)	3	15
23	(26)	DISCO INFERNO	Trammps (Atlantic)	4	15
24	(25)	BE GOOD TO YOURSELF	Frankie Miller (Chrysalis)	2	24
25	(20)	GOOD OLD FASHIONED LOVERBOY	Queen (EMI)	2	20
26	(—)	GONNA CAPTURE YOUR HEART	Blue (Rocket)	5	20
27	(—)	JOIN THE PARTY	Honky (Creole)	1	27
28	(17)	TOO HOT TO HANDLE/SLIP YOUR DISC TO THIS	Heatwave (GTO)	6	14
29	(—)	SO YOU WIN AGAIN	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	1	29
30	(23)	NATURE BOY	George Benson (Warner Bros)	3	23

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
COME WITH ME — Jessie Green (EMI); BITE YOUR LIP/CHICAGO — Elton John/Kiki Dee (Rocket); SNEAKIN' SUSPICION — Dr. Feelgood (United Artists); REMOTE CONTROL — The Clash (CBS); ANYTHING BUT ROCK & ROLL — Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers (Island).

ALBUMS

Week ending June 18, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	30	1
2	(4)	A STAR IS BORN	Sound Track (CBS)	10	2
3	(3)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	25	1
4	(5)	BEATLES LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL	(EMI)	6	4
5	(2)	DECEPTIVE BENDS	10 c.c. (Philips)	7	2
6	(16)	THE MUPPET SHOW	(Pye)	3	6
7	(10)	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS	The Stranglers (United Artists)	7	6
8	(15)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	28	8
9	(8)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	17	6
10	(13)	ABBA GREATEST HITS	(Epic)	63	1
11	(7)	THEIR GREATEST HITS 1971–1975	Eagles (Asylum)	45	1
12	(6)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	23	2
13	(30)	THE SHADOWS 20 GOLDEN GREATS	(EMI)	20	1
14	(—)	EXODUS	Bob Marley (Island)	1	14
15	(11)	SMOKIE GREATEST HITS	Smokie (Rak)	9	6
16	(19)	ANIMALS	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	19	2
17	(17)	ATLANTIC CROSSING	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	51	1
18	(24)	IZITSO	Cat Stevens (Island)	5	18
19	(12)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band (Mercury)	3	12
20	(—)	IN FLIGHT	George Benson (Warner Bros)	1	20
21	(9)	ALL TO YOURSELF	Jack Jones (RCA)	6	9
22	(—)	SHEER MAGIC	Acker Bilk (Warwick)	1	22
23	(—)	TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS	(Island)	1	23
24	(—)	THE CLASH	(CBS)	8	18
25	(—)	WORKS	Emerson Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	9	7
26	(21)	SNEAKIN' SUSPICION	Dr. Feelgood (United Artists)	2	21
27	(14)	NIGHT ON THE TOWN	Rod Stewart (Riva)	30	1
28	(—)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton (A&M)	1	28
29	(18)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp (A&M)	7	18
30	(23)	PETER GABRIEL	(Charisma)	14	11

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
IN THE CITY — The Jam (Polydor); ONE OF THE BOYS — Roger Daltrey (Polydor); TWO DAYS AWAY — Elkie Brooks (A&M); KICK OUT THE JAMS — MC5 (Elektra); SILK DEGREES — Boz Scraggs (CBS).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending June 18, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(3)	GOT TO GIVE IT UP (PART 1)	Marvin Gaye
2	(1)	DREAMS	Fleetwood Mac
3	(4)	THEME FROM "ROCKY" (GONNA FLY NOW)	Bill Conti
4	(5)	LONELY BOY	Andrew Gold
5	(9)	UNDERCOVER ANGEL	Alan O'Day
6	(7)	FEELS LIKE THE FIRST TIME	Foreigner
7	(8)	ANGEL IN YOUR ARMS	Hot
8	(10)	JET AIRLINER	Steve Miller
9	(2)	I'M YOUR BOOGIE MAN	K.C. & The Sunshine Band
10	(11)	HEARD IT IN A LOVE SONG	The Marshall Tucker Band
11	(6)	LUCILLE	Kenny Rogers
12	(14)	MARGARITAVILLE	Jimmy Buffett
13	(16)	LIFE IN THE FAST LANE	Eagles
14	(20)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
15	(18)	LOOKS LIKE WE MADE IT	Barry Manilow
16	(17)	WHODUNIT	Tavares
17	(23)	DA DO RON RON	Shaun Cassidy
18	(19)	SLOW DANCIN' DON'T TURN ME ON	Addrisi Brothers
19	(21)	HIGH SCHOOL DANCE	The Sylvers
20	(22)	DO YOU WANNA MAKE LOVE	Peter McCann
21	(25)	I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING	Andy Gibb
22	(12)	SIR DUKE	Stevie Wonder
23	(15)	AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE (WITH NO BIG FAT WOMAN)	Joe Tex
24	(27)	MY HEART BELONGS TO ME	Barbra Streisland
25	(26)	BACK TOGETHER AGAIN	Daryl Hall & John Oates
26	(29)	WHATCHA GONNA DO?	Pablo Cruise
27	(—)	IT'S SAD TO BELONG	England Dan & John Ford Coley
28	(30)	LOVE'S GROWN DEEP	Kenny Nolan
29	(—)	LUCKENBACH, TEXAS (BACK TO THE BASICS OF LOVE)	Waylon Jennings
30	(—)	YOU AND ME	Alice Cooper

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending June 18, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(2)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
3	(6)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band
4	(4)	MARVIN GAYE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM	Marvin Gaye
5	(10)	LIVE	Barry Manilow
6	(3)	THE BEATLES AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL	Beatles
7	(5)	ROCKY	Soundtrack
8	(9)	COMMODORES	
9	(8)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder
10	(14)	IZITSO	Cat Stevens
11	(13)	FOREIGNER	
12	(21)	LITTLE QUEEN	Heart
13	(7)	GO FOR YOUR GUNS	Isley Brothers
14	(11)	BOSTON	Boston
15	(12)	A STAR IS BORN	Streisand/Kristofferson
16	(19)	RIGHT ON TIME	Brothers Johnson
17	(16)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer
18	(15)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs
19	(29)	HERE AT LAST—BEE GEES—LIVE	
20	(20)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp
21	(22)	CHANGES IN LATITUDES — CHANGES IN ATTITUDES	Jimmy Buffett
22	(23)	CAROLINA DREAMS	Marshall Tucker Band
23	(17)	NIGHT MOVES	Bob Seger
24	(18)	LEFTOVERTURE	Kansas
25	(25)	A ROCK AND ROLL ALTERNATIVE	Atlanta Rhythm Section
26	(30)	PARLIAMENT LIVE/ P. FUNK EARTH TOUR	Parliament
27	(28)	TIME LOVES A HERO	Little Feat
28	(27)	LET IT FLOW	Dave Mason
29	(—)	OL' WAYLON	Waylon Jennings
30	(—)	TEDDY PENDERGRASS	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

Stinkies inked

Les premiere French new wave band STINKY TOYS (above) have been signed by Polydor. Their debut U.K. single on the label, "Boozy Creed", is due out on July 1, and there are plans for Les Stinkies to pay their first visit to Britain later in 1977. Stinky Toys are Elli Medeiros (vocals), Bruno Carone (lead guitar), Jacno (rhythm guitar), Albin Deriat (bass) and Herve Zenovda (drums). Pic: CLAUDE GASSIAN.

Punk event planned at Windsor

A MASSIVE punk festival is being lined up for the Windsor area later in the summer. The organisers, JPM Entertainments in association with agent Barry Collings, say they have already fixed the site — but they are withholding relevant details until about a fortnight before the event, to reduce the effectiveness of any protests by local residents. Among acts being negotiated are the Sex Pistols, The Stranglers, Vibrators, The Clash, The Jam and The Damned.

A spokesman for the organisers told *NME:* "The land owner is in full agreement, so there can hardly be any council objections, specially as the site has been used before for various functions. The nearest house is a half-mile away, so in theory there shouldn't be any residents' complaints — but we're playing it close to the chest, just in case.

"And there can be no valid arguments about lack of facilities — because we have taken care of everything in terms of toilets, food and security. The site is on a main bus route and is easily accessible."

Late July or early August is the period aimed for by the promoters, depending upon the availability of the bands taking part. And they are hoping for a 50,000 attendance.

PAUL WELLER of the The Jam

As the Pistols go to No. 1...

DESPITE THE nationwide TV and radio ban on the Sex Pistols' "God Save The Queen", and the refusal still of many record shops and chain stores to stock it, the single this week goes to the top of the *NME* chart. The Pistols' success coincides with the news that MPs are now trying to have the single surpressed.

Lambeth MP Marcus Lipton said this week: "If pop music is going to be used to destroy our established institutions, then it ought to be destroyed first." Lipton and fellow MP Neville Trotter, though accepting that the single can't be banned outright by Parliament without a specific law being passed, have begun a campaign to urge shops to boycott it.

A Virgin Records spokesman commented: "Certain elements of the Sunday press also attacked the single this week. But it is easily the fastest-selling single of the year so far, and all those record buyers will surely resent this intrusion on their liberty."

New wave martyrdom toll hots up

JAM, THUNDERS STYMIED BY GLC

POLICE WERE called in at the Chelsea Football Ground in West London on Sunday when sections of the 4,000 crowd threatened violence because of the non-appearance of The Jam for an advertised concert. In fact the band had been forced to cancel the gig two days beforehand, on orders from the Greater London Council.

Official explanation was that the event didn't comply with GLC safety precautions, but The Jam maintain the council never had any intention of allowing it to take place. Former Chelsea soccer star Ian Hutchinson, who was acting as PRO for the concert, claims to have seen a dossier on The Jam, which the GLC had compiled — and he alleges that they hold dossiers on several other leading new wave bands.

The Jam's Paul Weller told *NME:* "The council say we left it too late in applying for a licence. And it's true they insisted on a six-foot fence being erected around the pitch, and on additional exits and extra security being provided. When we heard about these stipulations, there wasn't enough time for us to comply with them, so we had to call off the gig.

"But when we learned on Sunday about the council's dossier on The Jam, it was obvious to us that they were determined to stop the show from the outset. We can only apologise to everyone who turned up to see us. We feel very badly about it."

The GLC deny the existence of dossiers on new wave bands. A spokesman commented: "The rules were there all the time for anyone to see in our published Safety Code. It seems the organisers announced the concert prematurely before a licence had been granted. Apparently no-one realised that the Chelsea ground wasn't licensed for concerts, and the necessary requirements were pointed out to them when application was made."

Local new wave band Scruff were also prevented from appearing. Their manager told *NME:* "We spent £300 on hiring equipment only for the gig to be called off. What bugs me is that 4,000 people paid £1 each, basically to listen to music, and not a single note was played."

The Jam, who were to have given their services free, made a non-playing personal appearance at the event. And they are still going ahead with their other two Jubilee shows in London — at Poplar Civic Theatre (this Saturday) and Battersea Town Hall (June 27).

JOHNNY THUNDERS and the Heartbreakers have also fallen foul of the GLC. As reported last week, they planned a spectacular outdoor show on American Independence Day, July 4, featuring over £1,000-worth of fireworks. But the GLC has turned down applications to stage the concert in Hyde Park and in other parks within their jurisdiction.

Safety precautions are again given as the reason for the council's rejection. But Thunders insists the July 4 gig will go ahead — somewhere. Said a spokesman: "Latest venue being considered is Hampstead Heath, but if the GLC clamp down on that, there are plenty of other places outside the council's authority."

And The Clash go to jail

TWO MEMBERS of The Clash, Joe Strummer and Nicky Headon, spent the weekend in police cells at Newcastle. They were picked up in London on Saturday morning and taken to Newcastle because they'd failed to appear in court there the previous day to answer petty theft charges. They were unable to do so because, at that same time, Strummer was facing another charge at Kentish Town Court in London.

The confusion stemmed from May 21 when, after a gig in St Albans, the band were taken to the local nick where they were stripped and searched. Police found nothing incriminating so they looked in the band's coach and found pillow-cases and a room key from the Holiday Inn in Newcastle, where The Clash had gigged the previous night.

They were charged with stealing these and remanded on bail to appear in Newcastle on June 10. But in the meantime, Strummer had been charged in London with spraying the word "Clash" on a wall (as reported in *Thrills* last week), and was ordered to appear in court — also on June 10.

Clash manager Bernard Rhodes phoned Newcastle Court to explain the situation, but was told there was no way the theft charges could be postponed. He said this week: "If we'd gone to Newcastle, we'd have been in trouble with Kentish Town. There was no way we could win."

After being fined £5 on the graffiti charge, Strummer and Headon were picked up on Saturday morning. Following a weekend in police cells, they were fined £60 and £40 respectively on the petty theft charges.

COUNTY EP WITH ELECTRIC CHAIRS

THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS, the band formed by New York rocker Wayne County two months ago coinciding with his radical change of image, have an EP released on the new Illegal Records label on June 24. Top side is a 7½-minute version of the Stones' classic "The Last Time". Coupling features two originals, "Paranoia Paradise" and "Stuck On You".

Latest bookings for the band are Wolverhampton Civic Hall (tomorrow, Friday), Manchester Oaks Hotel (Saturday), Barrow Maxim's (Sunday), York Cats Whiskers (June 21), London Covent Garden Roxy Club (30 and July 1), Birmingham Barbarella's (5), London Twickenham Winning Post (13), London Kensington Nashville (23), Plymouth Woods Centre (28) and Dunstable California (30).

The Roxy Club dates are switched from June 23 and 24; this is because Australian band, the Saints, transfer from the Rock Garden to the Roxy on June 24 and 25. The Electric Chairs have also been invited to appear in this year's Reading Festival at the end of August.

MUDDY WATERS
BLUES BAND
FEATURING LUTHER JOHNSON GUITAR, BOB WILLIE PERKINS PIANO
NEW VICTORIA
FRIDAY 8th JULY at 8·00

PASH MUSIC STORES — BY POST
This week's best-selling songbooks

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Pink Floyd/Wish You Were Here	£2.95	Queen/Day at the Races	£2.95
Illus. NME Encyclopedia of Rock	£4.95	Queen/10 Songs	£2.00
History of the Gibson Guitar from 1953	£2.95	Queen/Sheer Heart Attack	£1.25
NME Book of Rock	95p	Queen/A Night At The Opera	£3.95
Jackson Brownie/21 Songs	£5.50	Songs Of David Bowie	£3.50
Nils Lofgren/Cry Tough	£3.50	Bowie/Diamond Dogs	£3.95
Steve Miller/23 Songs	£3.95	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos	30p
Free/12 Big Hits	£3.50	Yes/Tales/Yes	£2.95
Paul McCartney/In His Own Words	£1.95	Lead Guitar Tutor with Record	£3.50
Stones/Black & Blue	£2.50	Rhythm Guitar/Self Tutor	£3.50
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Bad Co. Straight Shooter	£3.95	Led Zeppelin Complete (1-5)	£4.95
Bob Dylan/Desire	£3.95	Planetry 28 Songs	£1.75
Frampton Comes Alive	£3.95	Rock Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Beach Boys/20 Golden Greats	£2.95	Stee Guitar with Record	£1.50
Pink Floyd/Dark Side Of The Moon	£2.50	Whitehorse Ash/15 Songs	£1.50
Mike Oldfield/Tubular Bells	£2.50	Marc Bolan/Warlock Of Love	95p
Kinks Greatest Hits	£2.50	Marc Boland Lyric Book	95p
Jimi Hendrix/40 Greatest Hits	£3.95	T. Rex Songbook	£1.50
Rod Stewart/15 Songs	£2.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 1	£8.95
Allman Bros. 15 Songs	£2.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 2	£8.95
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QUEEN JOIN TAX EXILES

QUEEN have now made up their minds to quit Britain and join the ever-growing ranks of tax exiles living abroad. The iniquitous British supertax system has finally caught up with them, and they are off to Los Angeles for a protracted stay, which could well develop into permanent residence. A spokesman commented: "They spent £75,000 on their two Jubilee shows at Earls Court. They felt they might as well plough back their earnings into making it a spectacular occasion, otherwise it would simply have gone to the taxman". Queen have no plans for further British dates in the foreseeable future.

PURPLE: ONE-OFF REUNION

DEEP PURPLE are considering a one-off reunion in the late summer. The concert would be part of the special series of Jubilee shows which, as previously reported, are being staged in a 6,000-capacity marquee being erected on the south bank of the River Thames alongside Tower Bridge. And there is a similar project to re-unite King Crimson for the same concert series.

Former Purple member Jon Lord has already been announced as a headline attraction in his own right. But as he will be accompanied by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and the New York City Ballet, his show will be staged in an alternative venue — probably Earls Court, which is also expected to present the Emerson, Lake and Palmer concerts in September.

A "Strawbs Through The Ages" show is another venture being lined up for the Jubilee concerts in the marquee, and this would involve Rick Wakeman and Hudson-Ford. Among other acts being negotiated for their own shows are Lynsey de Paul, Cliff Richard, Dean Martin and Perry Como — but in view of their current personnel problems, it now seems unlikely that Procol Harum will appear.

PAUL SIMON

ART GARFUNKEL

Simon and Garfunkel: U.K. plan

AN ATTEMPT to re-unite Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel, for a major open-air event to be staged in Britain this summer, has fallen through — but the organisers regard it only as a temporary setback.

Main reason for the failure seems to be the nature of the event itself, an all-star bill in which a Simon & Garfunkel reunion would perhaps not have received the concentrated attention they feel it deserves.

A spokesman for the organisers commented: "My feeling is that they would not be averse to headlining a big one-off show of their own. And in this respect, I am hopeful that we shall see them performing together in Britain — if not this year, then next".

'For A' That'

Simultaneous with the success of their current U.K. tour comes the release of the latest sensational album from Melody Maker 'Album Of The Year' award winners and electric folk band supreme
FIVE HAND REEL
A unique blend of traditional roots and contemporary thought in an eclectic revelation of the future of folk

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'FOR A' THAT'
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RCA

Average Whites join Ben E King!

AVERAGE WHITE BAND are planning another British tour later in the year, and they will probably bring Ben E. King with them — not as support act, but as their own lead vocalist.

They have just finished work in the States on a new album titled "Benny And Us", with King handling most of the vocals. And they now plan to go on the road with the veteran soul singer to promote the elpee.

Initial dates would be in the States, with a British visit pencilled in for the autumn. The album is expected to be issued in this country during the summer.

● SUPERTRAMP headline their next British concert tour in the early autumn. Their manager is currently in this country setting up the itinerary which, according to A&M Records, is expected to open in late September or early October.

● BOZ SCAGGS is coming to London at the end of next month to attend CBS Records' Annual Convention. There is not yet any official word on whether he will play any dates while he is here, but it seems unlikely that he will pass up the opportunity of doing so.

Rock Follies shelved

THE CURRENT series of "Rock Follies" has been shelved indefinitely, due to the industrial action which has halted production at Thames TV's studios. And even if filming resumes promptly, no more editions will be screened this year. A spokesman explained: "The continuity has been lost. If we were to pick up the series halfway through, viewers will have lost the thread of the story after such a long break. So we shall hold it over until early next year, and then start the second series all over again from the beginning". This decision means that the film version of "Rock Follies" is now likely to be seen before the show returns to the small screen.

Roden's band splits

THE JESS RODEN BAND have broken up. Main reason for the disbandment seems to be Roden's decision to go to the States, where he is currently recording a solo album. The other members felt it was pointless to remain inactive during his absence, and decided to go their separate ways. Besides his solo elpee project, Roden has also been working on the follow-up to Stomu Yamashta's concept album "Go", and he plans to tour America with Yamashta's stage version of the work during the summer.

Bolan, Bowie and Iggy in package?

MARC BOLAN, David Bowie and Iggy Pop are planning to tour Britain together. Bolan revealed this week that the three have just finished work on a joint album, and the proposed tour would tie in with its release. He told NME: "I can't say exactly when the tour will be, but it's looking like August — and with this in view I've booked three days at the Rainbow". Bolan added that Bowie is now in good shape, following recent doubts about his health, and is apparently looking forward to the tour. And he said that T. Rex have now developed a new extended stage act, which they will be introducing in the upcoming gigs with Bowie and Iggy.

FRAMPTON DUE IN

PETER FRAMPTON is expected back in the late summer or early autumn. He was originally scheduled to spend virtually the rest of the year filming his starring role in the movie version of "Sgt. Pepper". But shooting has been delayed, and the picture is not now going into production until mid-autumn. So Frampton is going back on the road during the interim period; he is already gigging in the States, and intends subsequently to visit this country. A spokesman for A &M Records said: "We are still waiting to hear the exact date of Peter's arrival, and whether he will be appearing in an open-air event or playing indoor concerts."

RECORD NEWS

BEACH BOYS SWITCH

The Beach Boys have changed labels and signed with Caribou Records, a company affiliated to Epic. This means that the group's British distribution switches from Warner Brothers to CBS. Initial product through their outlet is not expected for some time, but a solo album by Dennis Wilson is imminent.

TAYLOR: LP, SINGLE

James Taylor, who recently switched to the CBS label, has his first releases via his new outlet on July 1. They are the album "J.T." and the single "Handy Man".

STRANGLERS DEAL

The Stranglers have signed a long-term U.S. deal with the A&M label. Their album "Rattus Norvegicus" will be issued in the States via this outlet on July 7, and two members of the band pay a promotional visit to America at that time. A full U.S. tour follows later in the year.

ZAPPA DOUBLE SET

"Frank Zappa In New York" is the title of a double album scheduled for July 1 release by Warner Brothers. Commented a spokesman: "We haven't yet received the tapes, so we know little about it, except that some of the tracks are very suggestive!"

RAINBOW 'ON STAGE'

The live double album by Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow, recorded in Japan last November and now officially titled "On Stage", is released by Oyster/Polydor in the second week of July.

GLADYS KNIGHT

GLADYS GOES SOLO

Gladys Knight is currently working on a solo album, without the Pips but accompanied by a large orchestra. Buddah have set September as the tentative release date.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

SPRINGSTEEN BACK

Bruce Springsteen has at last settled his lengthy legal dispute with his former manager. A series of injunctions prevented him from recording during litigation, but he has now started work on his much-delayed fourth album. He is now being handled by Michael Cannon, who also manages Paul Simon.

WEEKEND LAUNCH

DJM have signed an exclusive worldwide distribution deal with Weekend Records, the new label launched by the publishing branch of London Weekend TV. First single, out on July 1, is "Manhattan Roll" by Telephone Bill and the Smooth Operators.

MOVIES' FIRST LP

The Movies' first album for the GTO label, now nearing completion, is set for August release. Titled "Double A", it consists of ten self-penned tracks.

VINCENT ON IMPORT

Imported from France and available through EMI International at £3.75, the album "A Gene Vincent Record Date" comprises a dozen 1958 tracks complete with original sleeve.

DENIECE FOLLOW-UP

Deniece Williams follows up her recent No. 1 hit "Free" with a new single released by CBS on July 1, titled "That's What Friends Are For". It is preceded on June 24 by Billy Paul's version of the Elton John composition "Your Song".

NEW DOOBIES ELPEE

Warner Brothers release a new Doobie Brothers album on July 1, titled "Livin' In The Fault Line". There are hopes that the Doobies, who are touring Europe in August, will play a few dates in Britain to promote the elpee.

SINGLE BY DALTREY

Roger Daltrey's new single, issued by Polydor on June 24, is the title track from his current album "One Of The Boys". Out on the same day and label is "To Love Somebody" by ex-Drifters lead singer Bill Fredericks.

ROCK COMPILATIONS

Charly Records have terminated their distribution deal with President, and their product is now being distributed by Pye. Compilation albums due out next month include "Sun Gold — Various Artists", "The Blues Came Down From Memphis" and "Roots Of Rock, Volumes 11, 12 and 13".

MODELS DEBUT

Step Forward Records, the recently-launched label showcasing upcoming new-wave bands, releases its third single this weekend. It is "Freeze" by the Models.

RY COODER

COODER SHOW TIME

A new Ry Cooder album "Show Time", part live in concert and part studio recorded, is set for August release by Warners. And Rose Royce's first album for that label, titled "In Full Bloom", comes out the same month.

DETECTIVE EMERGE

"Detective" is the title of a Swan Song album for July 1 release. It is also the name of the group fronted by Michael des Barres, former leader of the now-defunct Silverhead.

TELEVISION LATEST

The next single from Television will be "Prove It" from their "Marquee Moon" album. WEA say it will be issued at the end of the month and, once again, a limited number of 12-inch copies will be available.

PHIL PICKETT

Sailor: line-up change & tour

SAILOR plan a major concert tour here in the autumn, when they will introduce their new line-up to British audiences. Reason for the upheaval is that Phil Pickett, one of the band's two nickelodeon players, has left to pursue a solo career.

At present Sailor are still undecided whether to bring in a newcomer capable of coping with that instrument, or to leave it solely in the hands of Henry March. They are virtually certain to engage a replacement of sorts, because Pickett's departure reduces them to a three-piece.

They are currently recording a new album with producer Bruce Johnston, and their British tour would tie in with its release here.

G.T. Moore's latest band

G.T. MOORE, formerly of Reggae Guitars fame, has launched a new band. Known simply as G.T. Moore, it comprises ex-Curved Air guitarist Mick Jacques, Paul Mills (piano), Trevor White (buss), Ted Bunting (sax and flute) and — when available — Crawler drummer Tony Braunagle. First confirmed gigs are at London Kensington Nashville (tonight, Thursday) and London Camden Music Machine (June 22).

Miller band lose Jim Hall

JIM HALL has left Frankie Miller's Full House on the eve of the band's departure for an extensive tour of America. Procol Harum's Chris Copping stands in for the duration of the U.S. tour, and Miller will find a permanent replacement when they return to this country. Copping's involvement comes after last week's exclusive NME revelation that Mick Grabham has left the Procols, and suggests that they are in no hurry to resume work as a unit.

New venue in Chelmsford

CHELMSFORD's first regular rock venue opens later this month at the City Tavern, beneath the football stadium. Emerging rather than established acts will be featured every Sunday, and first bookings are Plummet Airlines (June 26), John Otway and Wild Willy Barrett (July 3), The Movies (10), Tom Robinson Band (17) and John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights (24).

McDONALD, BROMBERG TOUR OFF

THE PROJECTED Fantasy Records package tour, co-headlined by Country Joe McDonald and the David Bromberg Band, has been cancelled at short notice.

It was to have opened in Oxford tonight (Thursday), with a string of ten concerts around the country, climaxed by a major London show at Hammersmith Odeon on June 25.

But it has been called off because, according to the official explanation, Bromberg has commitments in the recording studios.

McDonald has however already arrived in Britain, and intends to play several dates here in his own right, including one in London. His gigs will not follow the original package itinerary (details will be announced next week), which means that ticket-holders must apply for cash refunds.

Bromberg will be flying in to make his scheduled appearance in the Cambridge Folk Festival at the end of July.

RIVAL LASER SHOWS OPEN

A LASER BEAM MUSICAL called "Lovelight" opens an indefinite run, with six shows a day, at London Metropole Cinema on June 21. It claims to be the world's first, beating the rival "Laserium" presentation at the London Planetarium — which begins its run on June 24 — by just three days.

"Lovelight" also employs a different technique, in that the machine involved is the only one able to produce life-like figures and diverse "alpha-numeric images". These are synchronised to a soundtrack of original lyrics, dialogue and electronic music.

The production is divided into three acts, following man's evolution from tribal primitive to space-age explorer. Opening with the creation of the sea and the jungle, it climaxes in a voyage through the universe — complete with flying saucers and spaceships.

An aluminium screen, 42-feet in diameter, is being suspended in the dome of the theatre for the 50-minute show. Daily performances start at 11am and continue at two-hourly intervals until 9pm, with four shows on Sundays. Admission is £1.25, and the Metropole is situated at Victoria immediately opposite the station entrance.

Meal Ticket, Johnny Nash for New Vic

MEAL TICKET headline their first major London concert at the New Victoria on Friday, July 1, promoted by Andrew Miller in conjunction with EMI International. Tickets are now on sale priced £2.25, £1.75 and £1. A support act has still to be named.

JOHNNY NASH, currently on a short cabaret tour of Britain, makes his London concert debut on Sunday, July 3 — also at the New Victoria. His new single "That Woman" is released this week on the Epic label.

BOBBY & BILLY ALESSI make their first-ever British concert appearance at London New Victoria on Monday, July 18. They fly in from the States with their own band specially for this one-off gig, for which tickets are on sale priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

SEGER'S TOUR IN AUTUMN

BOB SEGER, whose projected British visit earlier this year was cancelled because he was unable to get a band together at the time, is now definitely coming in October. Promoters Straight Music say they expect to announce dates and venues in a few weeks. They also reveal that Canadian heavy metal trio Rush, who made a big impact in their recent debut concerts here, will be returning for a longer tour early in the New Year.

Gigs nixed by Span changes

STEELEYE SPAN were forced to cancel four gigs in Ireland this week because of their personnel changes — which, despite the claim to exclusivity elsewhere, were reported by NME last week. With Peter Knight and Bob Johnson leaving the band, new members Martin Carthy and John Kirkpatrick are now rehearsing with the band in preparation for their Australian tour in August.

THE HEARTBREAKERS

the new Single:

CHINESE ROCKS
BORN TO LOSE

HEARTBREAKERS TOUR DATES

JUNE 18th	PORTSMOUTH POLYTECHNIC
JUNE 19th	PLYMOUTH FIESTA
JUNE 24th	HEREFORD COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
JUNE 25th	GRAND PAVILLION, LLANDRINDOD WELLS
JUNE 27th	TOP O' THE WORLD, STAFFORD
JUNE 30th	COUNTY BALLROOM, TAUNTON
JULY 2nd	UNITY HALL, WAKEFIELD
JULY 4th	HEARTBREAKERS SPECIAL
JULY 8th	PORTERHOUSE, RETFORD
JULY 9th	WOLVERHAMPTON CIVIC
JULY 10th	MAXIMS, BARROW
JULY 11th	OUTLOOK CLUB, DONCASTER
JULY 12th	ROCK GARDEN, MIDDLESBROUGH
JULY 16th	CALIFORNIA BALLROOM, DUNSTABLE
JULY 17th	CHELSEA VILLAGE, BOURNEMOUTH
JULY 22nd	TOP RANK, CARDIFF
JULY 23rd	WINTER GARDENS, MALVERN
JULY 24th	TOP RANK SHEFFIELD
JULY 26th	TOP RANK BRIGHTON
JULY 29th	ODEON, CANTERBURY

L.A.M.F.

In this iconoclastic issue of NME we look issues squarely in the face and are forced to ask:

Is this man a prat?

Pictures: CHALKIE DAVIES

"People want art. They want showbiz. They want to see you rush off in your limousine." — FREDDIE MERCURY

"A rock gig is no longer the ceremonial idolisation of a star by fans. That whole illusion, still perpetrated by QUEEN, is quickly being destroyed. And in the iconoclastic atmosphere of the New Wave, there is nothing more redundant than a posturing old ballerina toasting his audience with champagne." — TONY STEWART

FREDDIE MERCURY has always liked to dance the Millionaire's Waltz.

There's a story about him, dating back to his days as an impoverished student, which illustrates that even at that time he had grand aspirations for a luxurious existence. It was before Queen were formed and he was running a stall in Kensington Market with the delicately pretty drummer, Roger Taylor.

Apparently the venture was not a tremendous financial success and it perturbed Freddie that he would be unable to afford a taxi to take him home.

According to fable he was so reluctant to undergo the indignities of public transport that he secretly sold Taylor's jacket to pay his own cabfare.

Mercury doesn't actually deny this story, but neither does he admit its authenticity.

"You'd be surprised how much of it is exaggerated and blown up by the press just to make good copy," he explains, his fingers vigorously pruning his hair, as if in search of nits, as he relaxes on the patio of his manager's Knightsbridge home. "I would give them a bit of spice and they would add all the trimmings.

"My lifestyle and this very precocious nature was blown out of all proportion. But the media created a lot more than I could give. I was prepared to live with it, and it was up to me to make sure I had one foot firmly on the ground. I feel I have.

"It's strategy. One has to use it to one's best advantage, and I feel ummm . . ." Suddenly he breaks off, seemingly at a loss for words.

"*Darling*, if everything you read in the press about me was true then I wouldn't be sitting here talking to you today, because I would be so worried about my ego. Actually, if it was all accurate, I would have burnt myself out by now. I really would have."

But you do appreciate the *mystique* which has developed around you. "I think I need it. I like all that. It's my character. *Certainly* I'm a flamboyant person. I like to live life. I certainly work hard for it, and I want to have a good time. *Don't* deny me that. It might not come again and I want to enjoy myself a little.

"I hope," he adds, tilting his head and quietly smirking, "that when you better yourself in your profession you enjoy yourself too."

Bitch!

THAT he agreed to do this interview in the first place was, in fact, something of a surprise, and the confrontation undoubtedly started with some mutual hostility.

My recent report of the Hamburg concert on their European tour had predictably not been received warmly in the Queen camp. And Mercury had taken exception to being described as a "rock 'n' roll spiv" who used the band "as a vehicle for an elaborate exhibition of narcissism". The basis of my criticism was that more importance was afforded their visual, than their musical presentation. And, simply, Mercury had led them over the top with his self-indulgence, to the detriment of the group performance.

His answer is to make me feel as uncomfortable as possible when we meet. Firstly by insisting that his bodyguard, an intimidating bulk of muscle, is present, and secoodly by his own attitude towards me. Seemingly he is determined that I should feel subordinate to him.

"I remember," he opens, "speaking to you three or four years ago. That right? So you're still working for *NME*? Don't they have such a thing as . . . aha . . . promotion? Life is not treating you very well, is it?"

Perfunctory replies, however, do not deter him.

"I would have thought," he adds lightly, "that since the last time I met you, if you had any go by now you should have become . . . aha . . . editor of *The Times* or something."

Well Fred, it was offered, but you know how it is.

"*Tart*," he simpers quietly.

Realising his game of psychological one-upmanship is having little effect, he then decides to bring my critical ability into dispute by insisting that in concert Queen are trying to broaden the bounds of rock music. That's why, he argues, he has recently had an identical copy of a Nijinsky ballet costume made. He's not just posing, he declares, but using various artefacts of different cultures to make the band better and more entertaining.

"Which," he adds indignantly, *you* don't seem to agree upon. But we shall press further on this point. You don't leave any room for progression, do you?"

Well, I'm not sure if it is a *progression*, which is the basis of my criticism.

"*Stuff* your criticism," he comments petulantly. "I think you look upon things with a very narrow view. I feel you restrict yourself by working in a very small framework. Have you ever reviewed a ballet show?"

No. I shouldn't think I would be qualified to do so either.

"What makes you think you're *qualified* to do rock 'n' roll? Do you need degrees to do it? If ballet should suddenly infiltrate rock 'n' roll," he confidently predicts, "you would be the first to jump on it, wouldn't you?

"You don't seem to realise that all these things are so close. Maybe not so much the dancing part, but in the presentation they are. And they (ballet dancers) come and see rock 'n' roll shows, you'd be surprised to see what's going on."

Well, if I ever see Margot Fonteyn down The Rainbow, I'll buy her a pint.

"It's all forms of art," he elaborates heatedly, "so I don't see why it should be that limiting; especially in this day and age when people are doing so many different things.

"You don't seem to *grasp* or have any sense of actually err . . . I just don't think you know anything about style and artistry. Maybe they're beyond you, therefore you can't grasp them, therefore you dismiss 'em.

"I think that's really a *poor show* from your point of view.

"It doesn't worry me *a bit!* I just feel that you have *terribly* missed the point."

BUT AS HE continues to express his indignation it becomes clear that his invective is far from personal, and he is merely criticising the British press and venting his fury on me as the nearest representative at hand.

The Americans, he observes, don't have the same kind of prejudices.

"If they can do it, why the fuck can't people over here?" he asks angrily. "You're too narrowminded. You're the bloody arrogant sods that just don't want to learn. You don't want to be told anything. You feel you know it all before it's even happened."

These ill-advised, inaccurate, not to mention unkind words, cannot be ignored. Mercury needs putting straight.

At a time, I tell him, of great musical change — when the New Wave is at the very least causing us all to re-examine our rock credo — Queen are alienating themselves from this very culture. Worst of all they appear to be guilty of the cardinal sin: believing in their own myth.

A rock gig is no longer the ceremonial idolisation of Star by Fans.

That whole illusion, still perpetrated by Queen, is quickly being destroyed.

And in this iconoclastic atmosphere there is nothing more redundant, or meaningless, that a posturing old ballerina toasting the audience, as Mercury does, with "May you all have champagne for breakfast."

"You hated that, didn't you?" He replies with a light laugh, colouring slightly. "I loved it, and I think that people love it. It's part of entertainment.

"*God!* You haven't an ounce of artistry in your veins really.

"What do *you* know about showbiz? That's the way certain things happen, can be done, and that's the path we've sort of allotted ourselves. *That's* the way we want to do it.

"Can you imagine," he asks, his voice shaking at the thought of such a horrifying prospect, "doing the sort of songs that we've written, like 'Rhapsody' or 'Somebody To Love', in jeans with absolutely no presentation? *(Precisely. — Ed.)*

"You don't seem to realise that the kind of public who come to see us *love* that kind of thing. They *want* a showbiz type of thing. In fact they're the ones who put you on the pedestal.

"Why do you think people like David Bowie and Elvis Presley have been so successful?"

Because they give their audiences champagne for breakfasts.

"Coz they're what the people want. They want to see you rush off in the limousines. They get a buzz."

When he was younger, he explains, the myth was part of the rock 'n' roll excitement. Performers were untouchables, he suggests, and there was a thrill in being unable, for example, to get near Hendrix after a show.

"What do you expect? Somebody to go round and have tea with the front row? Break this barrier we've put across?

"*God!* You've missed the whole point.

"I'd like you to tell me how *we* (Queen) could better it if you think there's too much of a barrier."

Sack Muscles.

The thought occured to me, but remained unaired. Why involve yourself in such bitchy rhetoric; and anyway I had no intention of inviting the bodyguard's fist to play bloodbath with my face.

WHAT IS more significant is that on-stage Queen are no longer, ahem, *majestic*, and their last album "A Day At The Races" was mostly bland and insubstantial, musically and lyrically. Quite why they should have lost the artistic momentum they possessed on "Sheer Heart Attack" and "A Night At The Opera" is bewildering.

But surprisingly this is an observation Mercury partly concedes.

"It's very difficult," he acknowledges, "especially after five albums, to come up with totally outrageous and original things."

Since our initial eventful,

■ *Continues over*

■ *From previous page*

sometimes bitter, confrontation he has now mellowed slightly. Various complaints from both of us had been extensively voiced over the splendid fresh salmon lunch provided by the kitchen of Queen's manager, John Reid. On returning to the interview Mercury's dudgeon had diminished and he appears to be more rational and less sensitive to journalistic admonishment.

"I think you've slightly misjudged us in what we're trying to do," he suggests mildly. "You've probably written about all our bad qualities and veered away from the point.

"I am not," he emphasises, "using the band as a vehicle. I like to think we're exploring different areas, and it's also where our interests lie.

"I'm into this ballet thing, and that's why I'm trying to put across this Nijinsky costume; *and* trying to put across our music in a more *artistic* manner than before.

"A lot of people just dismiss it and say I'm wearing a silly little outfit, rather than being critical and saying that formal ballet may not be quite right for rock 'n' roll."

Why is it so important for you to radically broaden the scope of rock into other cultural areas?

"It's just," he answers simply, "a logical thing. I want to do different things. I don't want to keep playing the same formula over and over again, otherwise you just go insane. I don't want to become stale. I want to be creative."

And dressing up like a party clown is being *creative*?

"I want to put my music across, as far as entertaining is concerned, with everything: costumes and lights.

"It's a progression with the music and I felt, for want of better words, if our music was getting mature and sophisticated so should our stage act. Our songs needed a different kind of interpretation, and that's what we're *trying* to do.

"WE CERTAINLY like being excessive. I know it's a nasty word for you, but we do, because a lot of our music is that. There is nothing more disheartening than if the music was so overpowering and we didn't have anything to go with it. It would just be a compromise.

"We have found," he quietly boasts, "that our music at times is so outlandish, so important — call it what you want — that we needed to do it on stage.

"If there are other ways of doing it, *my God*, you tell me so."

Mercury's convinced, as he's briefly mentioned, that he is a misunderstood cultural innovator.

Inevitably this line leads back to his feelings of animosity and resentment towards the British press, and almost in passing he mentions that in the UK, "A Day At The Races" was received unfavourably. Critics noted, he says, that there had not been much of a development musically.

This, of course, is the crux of the matter. If they are artistically on the decline, which certainly seems to be the case, then how will his interests in other art forms be beneficial? After all, if they lose their musical impetus will there be any satisfaction pirouetting in an empty hall?

Mercury may be narcissistic enough to believe there will, because he

Stuff criticism, darling. I'm bringing ballet to the masses.

fondly talks about "getting very involved with this showbusiness type of thing and this sort of cabaret*ish* . . . stroke, ballet thing."

But what does it mean to you?

"I dunno," he answers blankly. "I certainly want to write better songs. It's my career, it's my project in life."

And he thinks these extra-curricular activities have helped him towards composing better material.

"Certainly!" He proudly proclaims. "Something like 'Bohemian Rhapsody' didn't just come out of thin air. I did a bit of research, although it was tongue in cheek and it was mock opera. Why not? I certainly wasn't saying I was an opera fanatic and I knew everything about it."

He'd heard Gilbert and Sullivan though. But he chooses to ignore the comment.

"This is it. I just like to think that we've come through rock 'n' roll, call it what you like, and there are no barriers: it's open. Especially now when everybody's putting their feelers out and they want to infiltrate new territories. This is what I've been trying to do for years.

"Nobody's incorporated ballet. I mean," he laughs smugly, "it sounds *so* outrageous and so extreme, but *I know* there's going to come a time when it's commonplace."

BUT WHAT *significance* will it have for audiences? Call me a cultural clot Fred, but like me, most rock fans probably think Nijinsky was a famous racehorse.

"That's very good," he chuckles, kindly indulgent. "Yes, I agree. It's something I'll try and if it doesn't work, well it doesn't work. It's something that David Bowie did to an extent: bringing a kind of theatre into rock."

Indeed. But Bowie's Ziggy Stardust character was of crucial importance to the musical concept.

"Forget David Bowie now," he comments, effortlessly dismissing the argument, "because this is totally different.

"A lot of the music does lend itself to the kind of styles I'm putting across. I just felt I needed a more *graceful* approach. It's very close to the music we're doing. But I know it might be hard to *grasp* at this moment."

Not to put a too fine a point on it, wouldn't you get into costumes even if it was not an enhancement of the music, purely because you're an irrepressible exhibitionist?

"I think it's doing it with talent. Do you think I'd do it if I felt . . . ? Well, it is a very fine dividing line, so I'm not going to scream at you. But I know it is very difficult to judge, because people think the character's stronger than the music, and things like that.

"But if you don't try these bloody things out, you'll *never* know. I am very aware of it."

Finding an answer to this impertinence he quickly continues.

"Darling *look*, I wouldn't be playing that much piano if I was really concerned about my image and about my narcissistic qualities. I would be up there dancing around, doing the whole bit, holding that cat walk, not bothering to go back."

Ah, but you're equally as aware of the melodramatics. An absence from the centre of the stage to go to the side and finger the ivories merely makes your reappearance as focal point more *startling*.

"Well, that's *it*," he eagerly responds, perhaps misunderstanding the point.

"Oh, so you reckon I'm just doing that for effect and not the music?

"You've hit on a good note, but I hate to say you're *wrong*. The reason I go to the piano is to play the fucking thing. It so happens I can kill two birds with one stone. It creates that kind of gap which is so much more startling than me being on the stage all the time. Very true.

"*My God!* You *do* have some flair."

Darling, how grovelling of you to say so.

ALTHOUGH MERCURY may appear to exude an air of composed confidence and express a tailored answer to most questions, he is more vulnerable than he believes.

Indicative of this is his frequent use of such effeminate endearments as *darling* and *dear* when wrankled, and he is unconvincing when attempting to argue a point by alluding to the interviewer's inadequacies. "You don't seem to realise . . ." he will begin.

Of his multifarious talents, mind-reading is not listed in his biographies.

Similarly his image as the gallant, impetuous and highliving dandy socialite is obviously more celebrated by the media than Freddie himself.

When his background, for example, is brought into the conversation he is sensitively defensive of his Persian roots and the family ties he has in India.

"Oh you *sod*," he squeals. "Don't ask me about it. Read my bios. Oh, it's so mundane. Ask me about something else."

Another tender area is his own artistic stature. Criticism of his contributions to Queen he painfully bears, but with a smile. And my opinion that on "Races" there are only two worthwhile songs, "Tie Your Mother Down" and "White Man", causes Freddie to exhibit unexpected loyalty to Brian May, the songs' writer, and the other two Queens.

His arrogant streak, and above all, belief in his own talent, prevents him admitting defeat however.

"You must realise . . ." whoops ". . . that I couldn't come up with a 'Tie Your Mother Down' because I'd done it with "Death On Two Legs'. I don't want to recreate the same formula.

"I *could* have written a vicious song. But that would have been too easier a comparison for people like *you*. I know I deliberately wrote 'You Take My Breath Away' ("Races") which is keeping with "Love Of My Life' ("Opera"), but I wanted to do that.

"Really, I am looking for different sources of inspiration."

This is obviously untrue because his major defence of the "Races" album is that it was meant to be a companion piece to "A Night At The Opera"; which is basically his justification to counter critics who, like myself, say the set is a grey, unimpressive shadow of its predecessor.

"I felt," he explains somewhat dubiously, "it needed two albums to put across the kind of music that we got on 'A Night At The Opera', and may be it was a *slight* progression.

"Now we've done enough. We've been talking about it, and I feel the Queen style of well-produced or *production* sort of albums is over. We've done to death multi-tracked harmonies and, for our own sakes and for the public's, we want to go on to a different sort of project. And the next album will be that."

HIS DEFENCE might seem absurd. It's true that the "Opera" and "Races" title concept — after all they're the names of consecutive Marx Brothers films, and the respective packaging (white and black sleeves respectively with similar art work) — support this theory.

But Queen have a reputation for being *innovative* with each album they make, and Mercury's elaborate arguments that they recorded "Races" in an attempt to avoid another musical departure seems, in the light of this, contrived.

When asked if he thought they were previously following a recording style with inherent dangers, he becomes oddly confused.

"I'm talking about from musical . . . I just felt we'd come . . . I told you before . . . *darling*, you're asking me the same questions."

No, no. Darling, you're giving the *same* answers to *different* questions. Maybe the band have just dried up, eh?

"Oh dear. Well, I'll tell you we haven't. Whereas people have been used to us making drastic changes this is just a *subtle* change.

"We certainly haven't dried up. Okay, we might have taken a breather on 'A Day At The Races', if you like. I don't think it lacked quality. We maintained our standards.

"We've gone through stages in leaps and bounds and we've sort of come to a rest for a while. Two albums is not bad. *My God*, a lot of people have to do it."

Apparently Freddie would rather discuss the future. Since the completion of their Euro-tour with two concerts at Earls Court they now have three weeks to write and arrange material for their next album, although as Mercury admits, "We haven't written a damned thing yet."

This, of course, is not a major disadvantage because the new working procedure amounting to two months studio time rather than the usual four, will ensure, he claims, a refreshing rejuvenation of their artistic spirit. In short, it is a challenge — of which he enthusiastically speaks.

One suspects from what he says that Mercury is determinedly ambitious, and that he is not totally satisfied with his role within Queen. Recently he has been producing other artistes' records on his own, and similarly Tayor has worked solo, recording his own single.

Mercury *might* just have grander aspirations than he readily admits, and it seems appropriate to ask, as he did of me regarding this publication, just why he is content to *still* remain with Queen.

"If I felt the band wasn't going any place," he answers easily, "it would have been disbanded. But I think we've come a long way. And I've just got this go-ahead nature. It needs a combination of arrogance and confidence.

"Oh God, of course people can still relate to me and the band.

"Why do you think Hollywood was so successful? It's decadent and things like that. It's the kind of lifestyle," he justifies, "I've grown up with.

"We will stick to our guns," he justifies, adding firmly, "and *if* we're worth anything we will live on."

The 'if' hangs ominously in the ensuing silence.

58 MINUTES OF THE BEST OF WISHBONE ASH

BLOWIN' FREE
PHOENIX
THE KING WILL COME
THROW DOWN THE SWORD
THE PILGRIM

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TALKIN' TURKEY

30

POLICE

GHB 1

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ALBUM: UAS 30090
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NEW ALBUM

THRILLS

McLaren in custody. God save the Queen. . . *Pic by LUCIANA MARTINEZ*

EYE WITNESS PISTOLS WHIPPING

TONY PARSONS DID NOT ENJOY THE SEX PISTOLS JUBILEE BOATRIDE

*WHILE THE MEDIA whips itself and its customers ("They must be Russians" — a Sunday Mirror reader) into fresh paroxysms of p*nk rock hysteria, the Sex Pistols' Jubilee Tuesday boat ride gatecrashed by over-zealous cops went largely unrecorded in the columns of our national dailies.*

Yet to those who saw it the incident remains a far uglier pimple on the face of British Democracy than any on the vilified visage of Johnny Rotten, and a damn sight more dangerous than any spike-haired dance band disrespecting the Queen could ever be.

The ride was planned as a private party; selected guests by invitation only. The Sex Pistols were scheduled to play a set on board as the boat — the Queen Elizabeth — sailed down the Thames.

It didn't go according to plan and TONY PARSONS, who was there, reports why.

SO WE SHOULD all know by now that the Sex Pistols are Public Enemies Number One who neither want nor expect a thing from the multitudes who hate their guts. Nevertheless the scenes that occurred when invading cops broke up their Jubilee Day river party have left me with something that will remain long after the bruises have faded: it's unlikely that I will ever again be able to look at a member of Her Majesty's Metropolitan Police Force without feeling sick.

Despite the "Discretion appreciated" message on the numbered and signed invitations, a lot of staunch Pistols followers turned up in the hope of blagging a ride when the boat set sail from Charing Cross Pier.

"We wanted to bring *all* our mates," Paul Cook had told me the night before. "But, as we set it up with Virgin we only got a few tickets each."

Undaunted, Slits' drummer Palmolive showed admirable bottle by repeatedly attempting to jump aboard the boat as it pulled away from the pier. A member of the crew hanging from Queen Elizabeth's railings kept pushing her back to *terra firma* every time she leapt for the vessel until it seemed certain that one or both of them would end up floating in the Thames.

On the river, the word in the Pistols' camp was that the owner of the boat had attempted to have their equipment removed just before we hoisted anchor, that he hadn't realised the identity of his cargo until those four familiar faces were below deck and frisking back the inevitable cans of lager.

A river police boat tailed us for a while as we headed down river. You could sense their chagrin when no dead babies were thrown over the side of the boat and the Tower Of London passed by without a napalm attack.

Below deck the Pistols and their friends sat talking and drinking. As Johnny Rotten talked I understood why so many people hate him — in a business that is run on lies, deceit and doublethink, Rotten is one of the few who believe in *honesty*.

"The Clash came down to see me in the pub before the Ramones' gig," he recalled dryly. "They didn't like what I said about their *political* songs in the interview we did in the boring *Melody Maker*. Well, that's just too bad. And Caroline Coon complained about what I said about *her*. They don't understand that I say what I think and if anyone doesn't like it I couldn't care less . . ."

AT A GUESS I put the number of people on board at about 120 — fifty per cent of them record company and media executives getting their jollies by slumming among vital young proles. As they glided past Rotten to gorge at the buffet table, they eyed the Pistol with tentative, capped-tooth smiles. He sniffed disdainfully and regarded them with cold boredom.

"Poxy, innit?" he said. "Look at her, she's got gold trousers, gold top, gold face . . . looks like a bleedin' statue. I don't *know* these people."

Not surprisingly his enthusiasm to play a set for an audience comprised of dozens of people who didn't give a damn about the Sex Pistols a year ago and will not give a damn about them in a year's time was not very high.

"Waste of energy," he sneered. "Why should we play for them? They don't fuckin' care about us. They shouldn't even be here . . ."

"Everybody's bored," Paul Cook, usually the last Pistol to be brought down, sighed in resignation. "Five hours of *this*! Ahhhhhhrgh! Lemme off!"

"Why isn't everybody drunk?" asked Rotten. "What does it take to get people drunk these days?" He pulled off his red and white mohair jumper revealing the well-worn white shirt underneath. His friends made jibes at his sartorial elegance and he just smiled and ruffled the spiky red barnet. Then he got serious as he talked about a recent incident in the Kings Road.

"Everyone's always going on about the violent punks," he sneered with disgust. "About how violent *we* are. Yet nobody says a thing when a crew of Teddy Boys beat up a 16 year old kid down the Kings Road, Tough bastards, ain't they? . . . But they'll get what's coming to them."

Talks of Teds reminded someone to ask if he could get a pair of brothel creepers like the ones Rotten was wearing.

"Listen, all I got is those shoes and these," Rotten replied, hiking his leg in the air to display the quasi-jackboots that his black strides are tucked into. "Are you asking me if you can have a pair *for nothing?*" he demanded.

"Yeah".

"No," said Rotten, and the matter was dropped.

Young Mark of *Scum* fanzine wanted to know about the time Rotten halted the entry of Mick Jagger into Sex and so John patiently recounted the episode, snickering with amusement at the memory.

"He (Jagger) was standing outside for *hours* trying to work up the bottle to come in, and after about three hours he decided to risk it and chance a look round. All that time to work up his bottle and then I slammed the door in his face," Rotten chuckled. "Pathetic old bastard . . ."

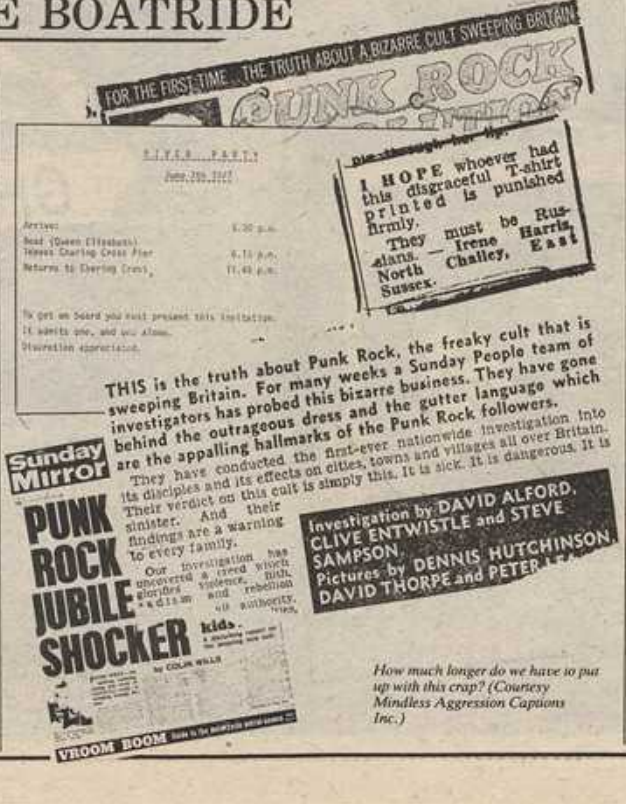
AFTER THREE hours on board, the band still haven't played. Rotten has checked out the poop-deck where the gig is supposed to be and doesn't like what he's seen.

"Look at the Martini set," he complained bitterly. "They don't deserve it".

I looked around at the affluent section of the guests as they preened and posed for Rotten's benefit and I sympathised with the band's position. After all the work, all the shit . . . is this all there is?

Upstairs on the canvas-shrouded poop-deck the Sex Pistols and their equipment crammed into an area about the size of an average sized paddling pool.

As Sid and Steve tuned up and tested the PA, the crowd jostled for



How much longer do we have to put up with this crap? (Courtesy Mindless Aggression Captions Inc.)

Pic credits: top and bottom by LUCIANA MARTINEZ; Pistols by DENNIS MORRIS; other by DAVID WAINWRIGHT.

positions on chairs or on the deck within touching distance of the band for the Pistols' smallest gig of all time.

Rotten grinned malevolently and they tore into "Anarchy In The UK" with the venom of a band who have been denied gigs by bigoted, frightened bureaucrats for too, too long and are burning for a chance to prove how good, how *great* they are live.

Rotten snarled bug-eyed dementoid blocko as he hung like a savage monkey-man from a bar in the roof of the poop-deck and spat out the lyrics to "God Save The Queen".

The true Pistols' supporters in the crowd gave them their energy and together they built the atmosphere to a pitch where only the bands' third gig of 1977 was undoubtedly their best gig of 1977.

Every now and again Rotten bared his teeth and swayed sideways while Cook whaled several shades of excrement out of his kit and grinned with the sheer KICK of it all. Steve Jones hadn't got the space to swagger and strut through the full catalogue of his stage movements, but he tried hard, often colliding with John Boy Rotten when they both went for dancing space that just wasn't there.

"I Wanna Be Me", as in anarchy as self-rule (open your eyes — they practice what they preach), had Sid's bass stretching across Rotten's chest and the over-excited photographers getting so ridiculously close to the band that a fight broke out between one of Rotten's friends and a French cameraman.

It was a minor incident over in seconds, the kind that can happen anywhere people gather for good times, but since this was the Sex Pistols the owner of the boat panicked and called in the river police.

The word on board was that the boat owner now wanted the party ejected from his "licensed premises". It's the same law that permits pub landlords to call in The Old Bill anytime they want to kick out undesirables.

So it was that cop launches started appearing alongside the Queen Elizabeth as the Pistols slashed out killers that will be on the forthcoming album like "Pretty Vacant", "No Feelings" (their best song amongst some classics) and "Problems".

"An' der problem is YEW!"

Rotten laconically clocked the half-a-dozen or so river police boats as they got close enough to touch our barnacles.

"Any requests?" he asked as we were escorted off the Thames and into Charing Cross Pier. There were cop boats all around us now and police officers standing by to board as the stalwarts called out for the Sex Pistols' favourite non-original, Iggy's "No Fun".

It had been four hours since we had cast off from this same point, and as they started "No Fun" the Pistols looked as though they wanted to play all night.

But the river police, about seven of them, were coming up the gangplank and then the power was abruptly terminated as someone pulled the plug and made an announcement telling us all to vacate the boat. No fun, ma babe, and no justice no sense, ma babe. At first I thought that Paul Cook was doing a drum solo but then sussed that he was continuing to play "No Fun" even after they'd confiscated the electricity.

The river police repeated the demand to get off the Queen Elizabeth. Nobody moved.

Malcom McLaren shook his head in incredulous amusement. "What is all this shit? I mean, we're having a *party*. Everybody's having a *good time*. WE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING!"

The cops weren't moved. "The owner complained about the noise," one of them announced.

"The owner complained about a fight," said another.

"The owner wants you off the premises."

Etcetera, etcetera, blah-blah-blah. But, of course, this is the UK. Democracy and all that. They can't do this to us, can they? You place your bets and watch those river police leave the Queen Elizabeth and please note the 30 or so Metropolitan Police officers on the quay-side who are now coming up the gangplank because from this moment on we won't be *asked* to do anything, we will be *told*.

Big geezers they were and they swarmed over the top-deck, and then one of them saw a familiar face and he said something that made me realise that *"A Fascist Regime"* ain't no hyperbole . . .

"There's that *cunt* Johnny Rotten," I heard him remark to a burly colleague. "Let's get him . . ." I heard him *and* I saw his number if anyone wants to know.

After that things got fast and things got violent. Anyone taking pictures was having their camera trashed. Three cameras were smashed and more were quickly stashed away, impotent and safe.

Jamie, Malcom McLaren's assistant, questioned his rights and two cops told him he was under arrest. I saw him beaten in a vicious, unprovoked attack.

A cop smiled and punched me in the chest.

There was a sadistic glee in the way they went about their task.

More people were getting manhandled, punched and kicked than I could keep tabs on. I felt that if I farted I'd have got arrested for GBH.

Once on the pier things started getting drastically worse. A middle-aged Japanese lady, the wife of a record company executive who had been on the boat with her husband, was standing placidly on the dockside waiting for him when two cops started roughly pushing her around.

There were several people being arrested now. Driven up the tunnel towards the Embankment road, some people fell and were trod on by heavy-duty, highly-polished flatfooted boots.

Vivien, McLaren's lady, was one of those on the ground, dragged along and trodden on.

McLaren, now incensed by what he had seen happening to Vivien, had drawn the cops' attentions. I saw him given one of the most brutal, sadistic and gratuitous beatings that I've ever witnessed.

Two blue meat-wagons were quickly filled, mostly with people close to the Pistols camp. Passers-by decked out in Jubilee colours walked obliviously by — as though it was a movie. Cops threw punches when you didn't move, and they got away with it because they are the law and they can.

FOR THE first time since the quay-side, I had time to look around for the band. Steve and Paul were by my side and when they saw a group of police identify them as Sex Pistols they wisely took off.

Someone said that Sid was one of those loaded into the meat-wagons. Someone else said not, but they had taken Rotten's brother Jimmy, and McLaren had been rushed across the road and had his arms pinned horizontally away from his body.

As the meat-wagons drove off for Bow Street Police Station with eleven people on board, I was left reflecting that the whole stinking episode smacked of Pistols-bashing and little else.

I went along to Bow Street to see if there was anything I can do. The cop behind the counter would not tell us a thing, only this; "There were a few more people we would have liked to have arrested if we had known their identity . . ."

The eleven arrested will be in court in September. Anyone with a brain could see that the police-tactics on Charing Cross Pier at ten o'clock on Jubilee Tuesday were senselessly violent because of the mindless prejudice of authority towards the name Sex Pistols.

Whatcha gonna do?

AMERICAN HAX LAX PUNX FAX

— Variety ax

THE INFLUENTIAL U.S. trade paper *Variety* recently carried a long article on punk rock in Britain and asked the question: "Why then is such an apparently anti-social cult spreading into what could be tomorrow's new music craze?"

These are their conclusions:

1. It's generally accepted by the music fraternity that the quality of punk rock leaves a lot to be desired. This could mean that a great many kids are attracted to "playing punk", simply because it's easier.

2. Recognised heavyweight names, such as Roger Daltrey of The Who, confess admiration for punk, thereby lending it a degree of respectability.

3. The British music press, in its own search for something new, has apparently adopted punk rock as the "new wave". A colossal amount of publicity has hence been given to the genre.

4. Such fashion styles as safety pins in the nose, chains linking ear and nose plus tied-together trousers can now be found in large retail outlets and have attracted considerable attention from newspapers and magazines.

5. Big-name record labels, not wishing to be left out of what could be the next big music trend, are quick to sign up the better punk groups, thus putting their vast publicity machine behind the new names.

6. Youngsters, tired of their environment of unemployment and economic depression, are turning to punk for an outlet to express their frustrations.

'Snice to know the Yanks are being kept informed.

□ DICK TRACY

The Gorilla Page Starts Here. Atomic power threads, available in pink, chocolate or hideous-green, from Seditionaries, Kings Road . . .

INSIDE DOPE

AFTER THE success in America of the glossy drug monthly *High Times* many people began talking about producing a similar publication over here.

The first person to actually get one on the street looks like being Lee Harris who runs a stall called Alchemy in Portobello Road and has successfully published four dope-based comics called *Brain Storm*.

The magazine called *Home Grown* will be a quarterly with 36 black and white pages, a full colour cover, selling for 45p. Interestingly enough, the magazine is being co-financed by Graham Andrews of Prestagate, a printer also involved with the rock monthly *Zigzag*.

The basic editorial stance of the magazine, Harris told me, is that the subject of drugs in general needs to be treated "on a more informative level."

To this end he's assembled 11 writers for the first issue which will feature an unpublished piece by Timothy Leary, an article on a radical dope dealers organisation called "Just For The High", articles from drug buffs George Andrews and Steve Abrams, plus illustrations, photographs and a double page comic.

The initial print run is set for a modest 12,000 copies; the magazine should be available sometime this week.

THE FACT that drug users in films and TV are often innacurately portrayed has led the US Dept of Health, Education and Welfare to offer technical assistance to film makers so that they get it right.

They will let them know the difference between the effects of hash oil and pills, fix up interviews between researchers and narcotics users and provide information on street prices and hip slang.

Mary-Carol Kelly of the National Institute of Drug Abuse, funded by HEW, criticised the new movie "The Seven Percent Solution," and claimed "Often filmmakers don't match the right withdrawal symptoms to its corresponding drug." She said, "The kids who are watching TV and going to movies are the ones that can easily spot these mistakes."

HENRY "FONZIE" Winkler recently gave his recommendations to a Senate subcommittee in Washington investigating alcohol and drug abuse.

He claimed: "One way of controlling the excessive alcohol and drug abuse in this country is for the individual to have enough self-will to find a solution."

AMERICAN GI's stationed in West Germany are currently being investigated by American CIA agents anxious to stop the soldiers smoking dope at German rock concerts.

One young airman recently incurred a sentence of eight months hard labour and a bad conduct discharge for this offence and the authorities claim that 20—30 American servicemen have been arrested at every major rock and jazz show in Germany during recent months.

As the Army put it: "German concerts aren't drug sanctuaries."

AN *NME* reader sent us the following drug story from the local paper in Bootle.

It relates how a 28-year-old artist was fined £50 for possession of cannabis.

Police raided his flat and took away two hand-rolled cigarette ends which contained 20 micrograms of cannabis resin.

The story said: "The counsel for the defence said that this was the smallest quantity of the drug, a millionth of an ounce, which was not visible to the naked eye."

□ DICK TRACY

NME DOOMWATCH PROBE DEPT:

REMEMBER WHAT WE WERE SAYING LAST WEEK? RADIATION?

SOME SIX weeks after the event, British Nuclear Fuels have reluctantly confirmed details of yet another "incident" at their reprocessing plant at Windscale, Cumbria.

The disclosure, reported to Tony Benn, Secretary For Energy, on April 29, has been forced at an inopportune time for BNF, as the public inquiry into their request to expand their processing plants at Windscale begins this week.

BNF have admitted that on April 28 a technician at Windscale received a heavy dosage of plutonium radiation. They claim that the dosage was well below "permitted *maximum* levels" (my italics).

The technician had entered a laboratory to switch off a power-point after a glass-walled glove box used for handling radioactive material had imploded under pressure reversal, scattering radioactive waste across the lab.

Even his face mask gave the technician scant protection against the blast of radioactivity. The lab itself remains sealed off and the technician's present state of health is undisclosed.

BNF have until recently been unwilling to report details of "incidents" at Windscale to the Ministry of Energy, let alone make them public. They insist that the accident was only of "limited significance" since no member of the public was actually involved.

However, only a fortnight ago, a container of processed, enriched plutonium "fell off" a truck near Southampton. As it happens, the container wasn't damaged, nor was its seal broken, but the accident only underlines the dangers inherent in the everyday transporting of radioactive isotopes across Britain. It also begs the question of whether a full scale nuclear economy would necessitate "intimidating" security measures to ensure radioactive materials weren't either mislaid or stolen.

□ ANGUS MACKINNON

— AND U.S. DEATH POWDERS BY POST

AND ONCE again Americans are trying to kill other Americans by spectacularly horrible — and, for the victim, totally unexpected — methods.

That fine old US tradition that includes sniping at crowds from high buildings and wedging razor blades into cookies to hand out to the kids calling on Hallowe'en night once again invades our wonderful rock'n'roll subculture.

***Thrills* has obtained a copy of a confidential memo that the US Department of Public Health recently circulated to US Post Offices. Under the page heading "Dangerous Substance" the memo details how a lethal form of tear gas that closely resembles talcum powder (and, therefore, the kind of powders that fashionable (sic) people are wont to shove up their nostrils), and which is known as LANCE, has been mailed out to various government offices.**

"If tasted," the memo reads, "it will cause instant death; if smelled, it will cause permanent brain damage . . . The substance comes in airtight packages from hermetically sealed plastic bags, silver foil, and baggies wrapped tight with sealed tape.

"Persons in the immediate area where the substance is exposed may have brain damage. All packages received to date have been mailed from Zip Code 11367 (Flushing, New York). All persons should be advised not to open any packages resembling the above."

It is understood that there have already been several deaths in the States — at least two in Texas, apparently — of people who'd snorted LANCE after they'd assumed it was cocaine. There has also been at least one case of a rock band being sent one of the Flushing postmarked packages. Luckily the band were highly suspicious of the package and didn't open it.

Dr Johnson never had this trouble with snuff.

This has been a *Thrills* public service announcement.

□ CHRIS SALEWICZ

LOWRY

"Where've you been for the last decade, Chief? You mean you've never heard of James Dean Kong, the gorilla without a cause?"

LASERIUM
IS COMING TO THE PLANETARIUM

DAVID BOWIE

HIS NEW SINGLE

'BE MY WIFE'

Coupled with

'Speed of life'

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RCA

RAMONES AT THE ROUNDHOUSE

"The jubilant audience cheered, yelled for still more, punched the air with their fists and even waved Union Jacks for the New York kings of blitzkrieg rock. The Ramones pulled out all the stops... They bring the house down with 'Pinhead', the frantic pogoing crowd joining in the mad 'Gabba Gabba Hey' chant... One of the most exciting good-fun shows of rock to be remembered for a long time to come."

Caroline Coon, Melody Maker

"Their instinct for what constitutes great pop is surer than almost anyone else's right now. They have been one of the biggest influences on English punk rock. But above all they are the best pop group on the planet at this moment in time. When they went off, instead of chanting 'We want more', the kids yelled 'Gabba Gabba Hey.'"

Phil McNeill, New Musical Express

Their controversial new album

RAMONES *LEAVE HOME*

9103 254

Ramones Hit Single
Sheena Is A Punk Rocker
Ram 001

marketed by phonogram

(Words cannot canvey . . .)

L'ESPRIT DE L'ISLE DE CANVEY

Lee Brilleaux, local boy made good

BY ALL accounts, Canvey Island isn't all that impressive from the air, either. Certainly, it's sinisterly plain and the ugly, Quatermass-like oil refineries merely throw into sharp relief the uniform flatness of the surrounding Essex countryside.

These omnipresent signs of man-made endeavour on a tatty piece of land reclaimed from the sea by the Dutch three centuries ago are not so much imposing as decomposing.

There are also shops — a Sketchley cleaners, a Wimpy Bar, a Bingo hall, the usual sort of thing — dull, one-storey affairs as unprepossessing as the main street in, say, Welling, Kent.

Small wonder that the music which has come out of Canvey is hard, aggressive and abrasively untutored.

Big wonder that any music has come out of Canvey at all.

Whatever, it all came home last Friday evening when Canvey Island staged its first-ever rock concert, an all-Canvey affair recorded for posterity (and late-August release by United Artists) featuring Dr Feelgood, Eddie And The Hot Rods, Lew Lewis Band, Gypsy Rock Squad and Savage.

The venue was The Paddocks, a community centre on Long Road (really), neatly situated in between a pub car park (boasting a huge Castle Point Rugby Club sign, nowhere near any sightable pitch) and the Conservative Club.

The interior of the Paddocks, split into various halls, rooms and corridors, is both holiday-campish and modern comprehensive schoolish (except for the dreadful surburban 1066 bar).

"It's a white elephant, right?" Chris Fenwick (Feelgood's manager and reluctant promoter-on-the-night) informs you.

Lee Brilleaux, imbibing in the dressing-room bar before the gig, is quick to concur.

"It was opened five years ago, with great civic pride, and it was undoubtedly a good idea. It's not a bad place, it's got reasonable bars . . ."

He raises his glass to his lips.

"But it's been a gigantic cock-up. It's been rubbish. All you've had here are market men flogging tupperware. It's no use to the people of Canvey whatsoever."

Bob and Pete, local boys.

The bands that made Oil City famous assemble at The Paddocks for a famous gig

Pics: ***CHALKIE DAVIES***

In the pub over the road, Chalkie and I meet two young men who *have* found a use for The Paddocks. Bob Coggin, from Basildon, and Pete Bligh, from Canvey, were obviously going to the concert — they were rushing their beers. Both had come principally to see the Feelgoods.

"It's the Feelgoods' home, isn't it?" says Bob. "To find them playing Canvey is great. And the price is right."

The tickets, only sold locally, were £1.60.

"When I went to see Santana at Wembley it cost £20 for a day in London for two of us, right, after you've had a few beers. And then you need binoculars to see them on stage.

"But for a local group to play a place like The Paddocks, that's great. If I was in a band it would be a real turn-on to have that kind of audience contact."

So even though this is its first rock gig, you know what the hall's like?

"Yeah, I attend weekly Jehovah's Witness meetings there," says Pete.

"That's surprised you, hasn't it?" says Bob, chirpily. "But we're human beings. We like music, too."

Lee Brilleaux, anticipating a good gig, echoed those lads' sentiments about big halls.

"Even the Hammersmith Odeon is dodgy, with 20 feet between you and the audience. I hate that. I like to see the whites of their eyes."

Whilst everyone agreed it was an *event*, no one would really admit that there was any such thing as a Canvey Sound — even though (with the exception of the Hot Rods) the bands play gritty r&b-based rock and all of them will be represented on the forthcoming album, "Oil City".

Keith Smith, from nearby Leigh-on-Sea, thinks there may be a Canvey Sound in that the music which emanates from there is a true reflection of the place.

"Canvey is a depressing place and it says a lot for the people on it that *any* music has come out of it.

"Southend people are pretty aloof about Canvey. I don't know whether musically so much, but certainly culturally. The island *is* an industrial yuk and it's down to snobbishness, I suppose. Southend people do think they're superior, or middle-class, if you like.

"If you look at The Kursaals, for example, they are much more a reflection of Southend in that theirs is a much more studied thing, more thoughtful. But there again, the Feelgoods and the Hot Rods can be mannered."

Jake Riviera, Stiff boss and erstwhile Feelgoods tour manager, thinks there is a Canvey Sound in that *that* is what the bands are playing (always has been a clever dick, has Jake).

"But the media will get it all wrong again. What there is, is a Canvey identity, which is why the Feelgoods *were* when they were.

"I mean, short hair, old suits and ties were really strange a couple of years ago, but most of those kids out there look like Sparko's brother. Because they're Dagenham Ford workers, right?

"And Lee's pure Canvey. Everyone knows Lee in the pub. If he walks into the King Canute, there's no hassle. They just say, 'Hello, Lee'.

"Mind you, it must be a bit hard for all those truck drivers and dodgy car dealers when they say, 'What did you do today?' and Lee's just flown in from Holland and says, 'Well, just been to Holland, ain't I?'

"You know, what *is* this lout on about, sort of thing."

But when it comes down to it, it's the Canvey *corps d'esprit* which calls the tune.

"The people of Canvey are definitely looked down on by the people of Southend. It's like the London East Enders, but they've got their cockney pride."

Lee Brilleaux will go along with that.

"There *is* a Canvey spirit. I mean, the kids have got fuck all else to do. They listen to rock and they want to do it. It's nothing unique, not like your Mersey Sound. But even most of that was a gyp, weren't it?"

But do you ever think that other bands are riding on the Feelgoods' coat-tails?

"Well, if they are, in a way that's quite a good thing, providing it's done in an honest way. I mean, if they're any good they're going to swim anyway . . ."

Andy Childs, former editor of *ZigZag*, worked with the Feelgoods when he was UA press officer, and he thinks the entire Southend / Canvey scene is extremely complicated and "obviously incestuous".

"The Hot Rods lost a few friends in the business when they kept taking digs at the Feelgoods and when they kicked Lew Lewis out, it alienated some of the Feelgoods camp.

"But I think the whole thing's mellowed out because the Hot Rods aren't doing so well as they thought they would. And there might even be an element of protectiveness about it, maybe even a truce. But the Feelgoods probably aren't even bothered. They wouldn't hold grudges."

Even Lew Lewis wouldn't turn quisling, and he found out he'd left the Hot Rods when no arrangements had been made for him to travel home after a gig.

After his set at the Paddocks, Lew approached Lee.

"I was worried about the sound being flat, you know, but then I could see the front punters were going mental."

Lee puts down his glass.

"Fuck the monitors, Lew. It's the punters who count."

You get the feeling that monitors are about as useful to Lee as a one-legged man in an arse-kicking contest.

Did you see the Hot Rods, Lew?

"Three numbers."

Different band now, eh?

"Very different. They've lost whatever roots they had . . . but they're a nice bunch of lads."

And there's no escaping the general impression that "the punters are going mental out there."

The music, all evening from six till late, is hard and heavy. Only the Hot Rods are out of time and place because, in spite of the presence of the estimable Graeme Douglas, they've turned into a flash speed-rock outfit.

The Feelgoods, though, are in their element. Cheap thrills in a smoke-infested, sweat-filled hall. (And John Mayo really is a very fine rock guitarist).

Even the local council are pleased.

"It was uphill but we got it together on the night and I got a big slap on the back," says Chris Fenwick. "It was kind of hard work, you know, they were a bit panicky about the whole thing. So were the local old bill. They had meetings and God knows what else.

"They're well pleased though. They said anytime I want to do it again, the hall's mine."

But this is a one-off.

"It's just that before the Hot Rods get too big, before the Feelgoods get too much bigger and to give Lew and the other two bands a helping hand, it's a nice thing to put out. In four or five years time there perhaps won't be any bands on the make from Canvey, you don't know.

"But there it is, once upon a time there were two headliners and a big occasion and it's all on record."

As Lee, fag in mouth, beer in one hand, guitar in the other, tunes up before going on, someone informs him he's there, he's close.

"Close?" he says, taking the fag from between his lips and lurching toward the stage door. "It's good enough for rock'n'roll."

□ MONTY SMITH

All the boys backstage before the gig. Vic Maile (producer of "Oil City") is back row, seventh from the left. The others you'll have to sort out for yourselves.

ONE STEP FORWARD, TWO STEPS BACK

THE NEWS of the internal realignment of Steeleye Span has blighted the hopes of those who considered that the Spanners could become the first band to crack open the American market with material based on traditional English folk music.

There always was a dichotomy in the band between the folk and the rock axises, and it now seems that even at their most fluid they had done little more than paper over the cracks. The replacement of Bob Johnson (guitar, vocals) and Peter Knight (violin) with Martin Carthy (guitar, vocals) and John Kirkpatrick (accordion), both stalwarts of the traditional folk scene, suggests that the band will either abandon or at the least de-emphasise their rock orientation. Carthy confirmed as much when we spoke to him last week:

"I think it's going to be more folkie, closer to Ashley Hutchings' original vision of the band. I mean, if they'd wanted to continue as a rock band, they wouldn't have asked John and I to join. We both speak a folkie language and we'll be doing the sort of stuff John and I know best."

In turn, Johnson and Knight are both sorry that after their irrevocable decision to leave, the band should have immediately closed ranks and assured their own survival by looking to the past. Knight had been intending to play keyboards on future Steeleye dates, and the band could have drafted in a rock guitarist and a keyboards player and stuck to their pioneering direction. Because while no-one would wish to underestimate the qualities of an album like "Please To See The King", equally it gives cause for little more than regret that they should apparently be retrogressing. Come back 1971, all is forgiven.

Nevertheless, it's difficult to ascertain entirely what will be the future direction of the band.

The reshuffle means that there isn't anyone in the band who can play the kind of no-bullshit rock and roll rifferama with which Johnson used to underpin the chord structures. This could create considerable reorientation problems for the band's decidedly rock and roll-based rhythm section of Rick Kemp (bass) and Nigel Pegrum (drums).

Certainly the reappearance of Carthy will make it necessary for Kemp and Pegrum to reassess both their approaches to their instruments and their musical role in the band.

In other ways, it's difficult to see how Carthy can fit in. He is a singularly inappropriate choice to fill one of the vacancies. It is an open secret that ever since he left for the first time in 1972, he has slagged the band virtually at every opportunity; "raucous" being one of his more polite descriptions of their post-"Parcel Of Rogues" music. There have already been rumours, for example, that he only re-joined on the understanding that he would under no circumstances sing "All Around My Hat". Though he didn't actually confirm this to us, he hardly denied it either.

Steeleye Mk.IV (left to right: Tim Hart, John Kirkpatrick, Martin Carthy, Nigel Pegrum, Rick Kemp and Maddy Prior) congregate for one of their first photo-calls. . .

"Well, I think you can take an educated guess at what I'll *not* be doing; but I don't want to be negative about it. I mean, it's a democratic process choosing what material we'll be playing. Everybody's going to be bending."

No doubt John Kirkpatrick will fit in to whatever structure the band do decide to adopt more easily than Carthy, since he already has considerable experience at playing both folk numbers and, with Richard and Linda Thompson, more rock-orientated material.

Johnson and Knight meanwhile say that whatever happens they will continue to work together and are now considering the ways in which they can utilise their new-found freedom. They have some regrets about leaving the band, particularly as in recent months they had written a considerable amount of of fresh Steeleye material, which they will now give themselves the option of using. Knight said, "I think that had the band remained in its previous form, in two years time some of our music could have been phenomenal."

They will now concentrate on helping to get their new project, "The King Of Elfland's Daughter" off the ground. It is something that has taken them over three years, because they have always tried to fit it in with Steeleye's activities. It is a concept album based on Lord Dunsany's fantasy classic of the same name, and another of the reasons for the lengthy gestation period was that everything they wrote had to be cleared with the executors of Dunsany's will. The album features contributions from Frankie Miller, Mary Hopkin, Chris Farlowe and P. P. Arnold, who happened to fly into England at the very moment they were looking for someone to take the part of the Witch. Christopher Lee acts as narrator. Not surprisingly, the album in toto probably cost as much as three times to make as a Steeleye album. Hopefully, it will attract spin-off ventures — a stage play and an animated film being the most likely.

They considered that their time with Steeleye had been very valuable and exciting, and they now look forward to utilising their experienceas independent songwriters / producers / arrangers / orchestrators. No-one who listens to "The King Of Elfland's Daughter" would doubt their abilities in these fields.

Steeleye, meantime, have found that the exigencies of rehearsals have forced them to cancel some dates in Ireland, but they will still be undertaking their world tour, playing European dates in July, Australia in August and America in November and December. Only after completing those gigs will they play British dates. They have plans to go into a studio in September to record an album for release on November 1. What it will sound like is, at the moment, anybody's guess.

□ BOB WOFFINDEN
CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY
PATRICK HUMPHRIES

... while the newly-departed Bob Johnson works on a new project, tentatively titled "The King Of Elfland's Cat".

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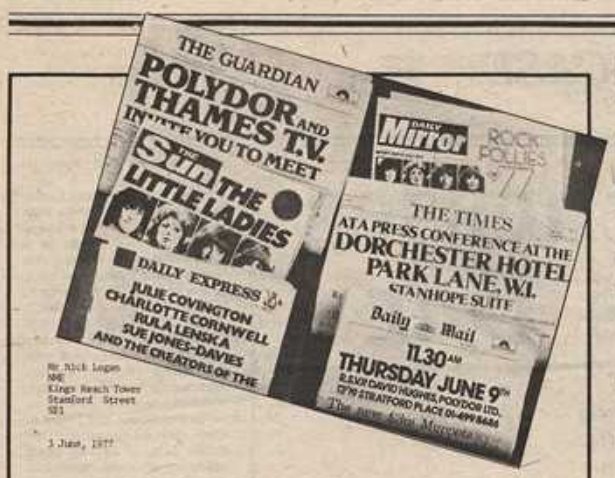
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Mr Nick Logan
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3 June, 1977

Dear Nick,

I'm afraid I've been requested to withdraw your invitation to the Rock Follies Press Conference.

I apologise for any inconvenience caused, and would like to assure you that this was not a Polydor decision.

Yours sincerely,

DAVID HUGHES
PRESS OFFICER

Was it something we said?

SO THE NEW WAVE HAVE SCRUPLES TOO. . .

JOHNNY RAMONE is quite definitely pissed off.

"Hey, lookit they ripped us off I mean, how can they do that? You just don't do dat sorta thing to another group, huh."

Even Dee Dee Ramone, who was democratically mumbling his belief that The Heartbreakers had really. . . uh done y'know ... a real fine job on his song "Chinese Rocks" just a few minutes before is nodding dutifully in mute agreement with his guitarist brother.

But J. Ramone isn't finished. Not by half.

" 'Chinese Rocks' was one of the first songs we ever worked out. It's *our* song — lookit, it's a straight cross between '53rd and 3rd' and 'Commando' with Dee Dee's lyrics. What The Heartbreakers did. . . well, it just ain't *on* is all."

"I'm afraid to see Johnny (Thunders)" adds Dee Dee "I won't be looking him up."

All four of the Ramones however did meet Thunders and the rest of The Heartbreakers when the latter blithely trotted down to reacquaint themselves with their old cronies at a Phonogram reception last Sunday in King's Road.

"I gotta better reception from da talking Heads" muttered Johnny Thunders dourly. "The Ramones just told me they're gonna sue us."

The bone of contention, if you hadn't already guessed, is The Heartbreakers' use of "Chinese Rocks"— a four-way-credited song about the dubious virtues of being addicted to heroin — *"I'm living on a Chinese Rock/All my best things are in hock!"*

Already a fairly controversial choice for any group's first single (though this sort of publicity never worried Thunders' conglomerate who were even thinking seriously of changing their name to Johnny and The Junkies if Tom Petty's bunch had made their mark before them), things get touchier by the minute as the New York grapevine sent back flashes noting The Ramones' corporate dread of the song being openly recorded and thus blemishing the reputation of bassist Dee Dee who is mentioned by name in the lyrics as being involved in narcotics purchasing.

Johnny Ramone — "you've got to draw the line somewhere".

Dee Dee, a reformed user, is extremely 'tetchy' about it all, particularly now.

Thunders' side of the story is that The Heartbreakers picked up on the song when The Ramones dropped it like a hot brick from their repertoire.

"Yeah they were too chicken to play it" he sneers " 'Course it's O.K. to sing about glue an' all that shit."

Dee Dee Ramone's name, however, fronts the list of credits alongside Johnny Thunders, drummer Jerry Nolan and ex-Heartbreaker Richard Hell, two of whom, it turns out, added a line each to the second verse.

"Yeah," Thunders continues "mine was *'I still dig this Chinese ditch'* and Hell's was (here he smirks perceptibly) *'I should have been rich.'*

The actual terms of the pending law-suit have yet to be fully stated but the basically ludicrous slant to this conflict can only be noted too clearly in Johnny Ramone's final impassioned tirade as to the reasons for The Ramones not performing the song — "Hey, lookit, we don't wanna do no songs 'bout heroin. I mean, there's too much ugliness going around in the world and it's bad enough us singin' 'bout killin' people and beating 'em up.

"I mean, heroin kills people. You gotta draw the line somewhere."

And just who said there was no morality left in punk rock?

□ NICK KENT

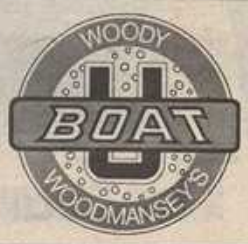
LONE GROOVER — BENYON

'U-BOAT' (Bronze BRON 501)

Will Woody Woodmansey's U-Boat ever sail into the bigtime? They've been gigging for some considerable time now and have built up a loyal band of supporters. But, as yet, they have not achieved any vinyl success with their single efforts. They should have done – if they'd put the right one out. It's 'Oo La La' and is included on this album, which showcases all that's good about this group: 10 powerful numbers penned mainly by Woody and vocalist Phil Murray whose distinctive vocals stand out throughout. The rhythm section of Woody on drums and Phil Plant on bass shows its driving power in 'Movie Star' and 'Rock Show'. Frankie Marshall on keyboards maintains his reputation as one of the leading players in the business – he has played with the likes of the Rolling Stones, Chuck Berry, Be Diddley, Little Richard and Deep Purple. The lead guitar work of Martin Smith compliments the rest to produce a most enjoyable album. If there's any justice – and there rarely is in this busjness – this album should chart.

++++Jim Evans

Record Mirror, May 21, 1977



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JAZZ

By BRIAN CASE

New far-outnesses at Changes Bar

Among the legends currently lurking in New York's lofts are tenor phenomenon DAVID MURRAY, drummer extraordinaire PHILLIP WILSON, and ageless iconoclast of the ivories DON PULLEN. We corner 'em. They talk . . .

PUSHING OPEN THE CELLAR DOOR at Changes Bar, off Broadway, I' got legend-lag.

Put three legends together in a room and the static electricity is palpable enough to lift dandruff on a tuning fork, need a strap to earth and chew a chicklet. *(Come again? — Ed.)*

The legendary Don Pullen is using his elbow on the keyboard, tossing his fingers at the keys like a drowner ditching change, his feet stamping out something that is less like time-keeping than a need for terrestrial reassurance, head flying! hold on!

Legendary drummer Phillip Wilson is arched backward, throat under that tilted beard saying all there is to say about ecstasy and the vulnerability of giving, battered trap set bounding up to meet the mallets, as legendary tenorman David Murray bears down with a sound like a bull on a book.

David Murray and The Last Of The Hipmen.

Olu Dara leans on the piano, puffs his pipe, limbers the stops on his trumpet and grins at the toiling young bass player, Fred Williams. The music howls like a martyr, rhythm breaking like a field under an iron plough.

The New York Loft scene is where its happening, and that's a fact — right here, off Broadway, off the Bowery, Lower East Side where the rents are cheap and commerce has consigned its unmarketables, winos, junkies, artists.

It's a shabby area of warehouses, iron fire-escapes, the ditched damp mattress and the nettle.

The musician-owned lofts, Rashied Ali's Ali's Alley, Ornette Coleman's 131 Prince Street, Sam Rivers' Studio Rivbea, Joe Lee Wilson's Ladies Fort and the occasional venues like The Tin Palace and Changes Bar, constitute Manhattan's musical Bohemia, where the neighbourly community of the chord drop in and out of each other's music and borrow players and instruments the way the suburbs borrow cups of sugar.

Uptown, shit ain't shakin'.

I TALK to David Murray. Back home on America's unsinkable aircraft-carrier, we've been getting seismic tremors about this wild new talent, and the first recorded evidence of a potentially major tenor voice.

At 22, this Berkeley Californian has established a New York rep among his peers, which is signally different from promotional puff and not given free with Wheaties. He's played with Sonny Murray, Hamiet Blueitt, Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake, Fred Hopkins and tonight's tight Pantheon. He sounds like Albert Ayler, with a ferocity of projection that can coldcock you against the wall.

Small, hooded-eyed, wearing a white perforated hat, yellow shirt with embroidered bantams on the high, square shoulders, and powder blue strides, Murray is one imperious dude. He won't give interviews — one is in the pipeline, and he won't risk pre-emption — but he'd like to talk. He wants to write a hit, and is confident that he will because of his great lyrical gifts.

Started playing saxophone at 9, and is more attracted to alto at the moment. He feels that he is a true revolutionary, hates Manhattan, all this shit, wants to move to Long Island. He's off to the Moers Festival, then to Paris, and will Play England for 300 bucks.

Phillip Wilson is playing bar-football with the bass player. Both of them are winding the handles like crazy, the little wooden footballers spinning like tops, a circle of boots. Hey you mother! Take it again!

He looks like Dolphy, sounds like himself, don't care about legends and Solid — yeah, he'll talk.

He left St Louis with Lester Bowie, toured California with Bowie and Oliver Lake, fetched up in Chicago as a founder member of the Art Ensemble of Chicago in 1966. When he left after 9 months to join the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, the Art Ensemble couldn't re-place him. "He had just really spoiled us from even considering having another drummer," said Roscoe Mitchell.

"Lester Bowie and I went to High School together, and Grade School, and we kinda split in different directions when we got out. He went one way, I went the other, then we came back together about '61 and got a band together.

"If you're interested in music, it's an automatic thing in St Louis because there wasn't nothin' happening. Really.

"See — the whole thing is in St Louis, they don't want nothin' new to happen, anything kinda STRANGE, you know? Just mainstream kinda stuff.

"We was playing all kinds of music — rock 'n' roll, any kind, didn't matter, trying to take it to another level where it wasn't restricted. After a while it got to a point where it wasn't going nowhere because of the people, the mentality. They couldn't move their thoughts and we felt surrounded, man. We had to go . . ."

ST. LOUIS, at the confluence of the Missouri and the Mississippi, turn of the century centre of the ragtime piano professors.

Lester Bowie: "We were playing free music, but it was

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VERTIGO

just me and Phillip and maybe Lake. We would just wipe cats out. Avant-garde or Be-Bop, we made a habit of just smoking cats."

Phillip pushed back his skimmer and agitated his bald spot.

"This is some deep history, man! I'm gonna hafta shorten this story up. So . . . We happened to meet different people on the road. Lester met Roscoe and he told us we should come to Chicago, because the music was happening.

"Lester and Roscoe had a fusion that was very lucrative musically — not money! I mean, the music was very good, very high."

The AACM was well-established by 1966, and what was to become the Art Ensemble was then called variously The Roscoe Mitchell Quartet, and Roscoe Mitchell's Art Ensemble.

It was considerably further out at first, as the Nessa albums reveal: "Congliptious", "Numbers One and Two" and the recently released "Old/Quartet", the only one with Wilson present. Live performances at that time featured a good deal of vaudeville, with Bowie foxtrotting a Raggedy Ann doll, pursued by Wilson with a shotgun.

"That was a rehearsal band. We'd rehearse all day, every day. Play. We just arranged to get close every day and just do it — I mean 12 hours sometimes. We really learned each other, got into each other pretty heavily. I practised lots."

Did he agree with Anthony Braxton's definition of AACM aims as a re-interpretation of ALL black music?

"Yeah, right, right. Same thing, same thought. That's it. We used to talk about it. It's to do with all those things."

So how was Paul Butterfield? (In fact, Phillip drummed for Otis Rush, and also played house drums for Stax.)

"Bread was good and the music was good. I did exactly as I wanted to do. When I got tired of it, it was time to split, but what I did, I enjoyed. That's what it's all about — it isn't about one particular thing.

"See, I got into a lotta different kinds of music through people I knew telling me 'Check this out'. There's a lotta things to draw from. You hafta be out there looking for those things, so that you can have somethin' else when you do get to play something of your kind.

"It's like a writer or anything, you hafta experience something before you can write about it. If you don't, then you're left with the shit that don't mean anything. In music — in life — you hafta have the kind of mind that can draw from the things that's happened."

ALL OF WHICH is making Phillip Wilson THE in-demand drummer on the loft scene. Free meaning free to change bags.

"That's what makes the artist, the people that always wanna break away from the labels," Phillip defined, then checked himself:

"Maybe I should change that — I'm not saying the people that do the mainstream are not artists. People who change things, they just do it for this stint of time and it's gone, or they do it for ever and then they die and there's somebody else to take over."

I tested Bobby Hutcherson's theory out on him, the African ball of energy, battery cell; no sale. Phillip felt the pulse all over.

"Ah man — I've got NO ideas about that kinda thing. It'd be about the whole hand to me, everything there is in these phalanges — you gotta get into the depth of these fingers. This is a lotta energy, lots of nerve endings, lotta sensitivity. It's about touch, touching people — it's about rubbing, stickin' your finger in something, being very sensitive to everything you run into.

"That's rhythm to me, what you touch with these extremities, these fingers, these feet, eye, mouth, nose, joint, your ass — all that shit."

"Mine get jaded," I confessed, "through repetition".

"Yeah, well, yeah. It's not what you do, but how you do what you do. Can you dig it?"

On drums, that sensitivity to dynamics is like a wine-taster's for wine. He can coax anything out of that battered Chad Valley kit from a brass gasp to a bass bellow, flickering, lashing, chattering, thumping and looping his elastic time about his structures.

"It's about having the power to give, to get that arm out there, to reach to there. I play for people — I like to hear some people out there, but it's also to get those things out of you."

The high point of his day, then?

"No — it be different things. I mean, I like fucking."

He's headed bands, but here in the lofts they all take turns and next time this could be Phillip Wilson and The Last Of The Hipmen and the same personnel. He's got an album coming out in September.

"What's it called? What label?"

Phillip rolled on the bench, laughing fit to bust. "I forgot! I knew it! I knew you were gonna ask me. Every time I can never remember. Me and this guy have this company together, you know. He named it and I didn't really care, I said that's cool because all I really thought about was making the music. Let him deal with the names."

DON PULLEN, in a biscuit-coloured safari suit, Legend di tutti Legends, almost got away. A taped interview for the following night blew out with Don's hospitalisation. My luck, and I guess his, she was not running so good. Interview?

"I hope you won't expect me to just talk on and on," said the pianist.

We talked about those first classics with drummer Milford Graves. The first 100 had covers hand-painted by the duo — "mainly Milford, collectors' items now, I guess".

They had sold well in Japan.

Was it true that between that historic debut and the period with Mingus, he'd been playing piano from the back of a lorry in Harlem?

Yes — but he'd rather not say why.

Had Cecil Taylor been an influence initially?

Don looked vexed: "I'd never even heard Cecil. I was influenced by Ornette Coleman and Eric Dolphy. I came into jazz through the black church and the blues."

Muhal Richard Abrams had also been on hand when Don was choosing between a musical or a medical career, and the surprising romanticism that is now coming out in his recent albums is closer to Muhal than to Cecil.

"Did you form your own label, Self-Reliance Programme, to bye-pass Mister Charlie's jazz-pap product for blacks?"

Man, I can ask 'em.

He looked surprised, expecting perhaps a little more space to reply. "You know about that, do you?" was all he said, but he grinned.

Selected discography:

David Murray: "Flowers For Albert" (India Navigation); "Low Class Conspiracy" (Adelphi); "Wildflowers, Vols. 1, 3, 5" (Douglas); Michael Gregory Jackson, "Clarity" (Bija Records).

Phillip Wilson: Roscoe Mitchell, "Old/Quartet" (Nessa); "Wildflowers, Vols. 2, 3 4" (Douglas); Julius Hemphill, "Dogon AD" (Arista); Julius Hemphill, "Coon Bid'ness" (Arista); Hamiet Bluiett, "Endangered Species" (India Navigation).

Don Pullen: "Nommo" (SRP); "At Yale University" (SRP); "Healing Force" (Black Saint); "Capricorn Rising" (Black Saint); "Five To Go" (Horo); "Don Pullen" (Horo); "Don Pullen" (Sackville); Charles Mingus, "Mingus Moves" (Atlantic); Charles Mingus, "Changes One, Changes Two" (Atlantic); Charles Mingus, "Mingus at Carnegie Hall" (Atlantic).

DAVID MURRAY *Pic: KARL BILLERTS*

"As I've said many times, what can you say about Boz Scaggs that isn't going to sound like just another hard-sell line? Perhaps it's this. If you've already heard 'Lowdown' and 'What Can I Say' and 'Lido Shuffle' and thought they were great, wouldn't it be reasonable to go for the complete package — the album that these songs were taken from 'Silk Degrees'.

After all a single is only a single. And there are songs on this one that need an album to do them full justice. Songs that form an integral part of the mood, colouring and musical ambience that you might not otherwise get a chance of hearing. Can I help it if I personally think that 'Silk Degrees' is an album that deserves pride of place in any self-respecting record collection. Boz Scaggs called it 'Silk Degrees'. I'd have called it his 'Greatest Hits'."

Produced by Joe Wissert

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By Paul Brett

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Brum doomos in piledrivin' drivel probe

PHIL McNEILL encounters something called JUDAS PRIEST in somewhere called Lincoln. And then his mind splits open.

FREDDIE MERCURY CELEBRATES every gig by toasting his audience with champagne. Elton John celebrated the Queen's Jubilee with HRH Princess Alexandra. Captain Sensible celebrated his birthday by taking all his clothes off in front of a couple of thousand people.

Judas Priest celebrated their new album's recent scoot into the Top Thirty by playing the Lincoln Drill Hall. A coincidence, but highly apt.

The album is called "Sin After Sin", and its success was one in the eye for the media — rock press, TV and radio alike — for it showed the Great British Public cocking a snook at fashion (including such heavy metal heroes as Blue Oyster Cult and Ted Nugent) and casting their vote for the constituency candidates.

The silent majority were already queueing outside the Drill Hall as I went to meet the band at their hotel. 85% male and long-haired, 95% in denim, they didn't know the news about the album yet — and, strangely, Judas Priest omitted to tell them.

Like audience, like band — modest blokes, salt of the earth.

JUDAS PRIEST are being very unchartbusterlike when I locate them. They're sitting in the hotel restaurant haggling over the bill.

The tour manager, who is present, doesn't pay for them — and Priest evidence an unusual independence by actually having cash in their pockets and even driving themselves between gigs.

Daylight is still beaming through the Drill Hall's transparent roof as we arrive to find support band Magnum well into their set. A quintet from Birmingham, they've been on the tour about a week, since JP fell out with the band who'd done the first fortnight.

Possibly there's more to Birmingham these days than revibed heavy metallists like The Suburban Studs and the new wave cash-in aura that tales of "punk doormen" at Barbarella's would lead you to believe.

Falling closer to the juggernautical Sabbath/Priest end of Brum rock than the pop-rock Move branch, Magnum infuse an impressive, soulless complexity into the volume assault. A heavy metal Yes.

Cocky frontman Bob Catley finds the audience a little lukewarm, but Magnum seemed to go down well to me, if not *with* me. A Railway Hotel residency has obviously knocked them into a highly disciplined unit, and bigger things beckon.

BETWEEN SETS I chat with Priest's lead singer, Rob Halford. For a man who's due onstage in ten minutes he's remarkably calm.

Evidently the band can't get too excited about Lincoln these days, when this tour takes in a headline gig at the New Victoria Theatre.

Having slogged around the country for four years solid, he confesses to looking forward to the luxury of the 15- rather than the 30-date tour — which will mean not having to play dismal echo chambers like this one.

Five minutes later, however, such ambitions are forgotten as Halford greets the crowd with "Hello, Lincoln — it's been a year since we last played here, but we hope it won't be so long before the next time."

Taxed on it later, he defends the sincerity of the rap. After all, apart from the fact that he's not about to say, "Hello, not this shitty dump again," *at that moment* he believed himself.

The group are also, they claim, determined not to lose touch with their home audience. Future tours will still be accessible throughout the country.

Above: Priest's "Screamin'" ROB HALFORD

One record in the charts and they're talking like tax exiles? Well, Judas Priest may have some justification.

The demand for "Sin After Sin" doesn't surprise them at all; the only surprise is its going Top 30 within three weeks of release.

As guitarist Glenn Tipton emphasizes, things have developed so gradually for them that it's rare for some new achievement to really excite them.

Although they're going to the States for the first time next month, it's no big deal — after all, last year's "Sad Wings Of Destiny" made the US Top 200 without the benefit of a visit; likewise Japan, a prospect which *does* excite Tipton — though, with Priest already selling well there, he's bound to be blase about it by the time the Japanese tour rolls inevitably into view.

THE STATESIDE appeal of bands like Judas Priest is a little strange, because America has no equivalent. (Maybe that's the explanation.)

The nearest thing musically is Kiss, but the trappings and, to a large extent, the intentions are quite dissimilar.

Judas Priest, in keeping with their typically UK HM biblical name, perform songs with titles like "Sinner" and "Call For The Priest" rather than "Rock And Roll All Night", with words which seem to be frenzied incantations of Hammer style deities and anti-christs. Fun is an alien concept.

BOC apart, American HM bands, sometimes a little optimistically, make much of their desire that you should have a good time, and rock and roll and stand up for it and parrrty and do you feel awright? They flash, and they screech their commands between songs.

There's very little flash about Judas Priest — a measure of their innate conservatism is the fact that they think donning Yes shirts and dabbing mascara round the singer's eyes gives them the glamour necessary to a performing mystique.

Maybe they're right, too — which is a glum comment on folks' gullibility.

Quite how Judas Priest's music is designed to make you feel is uncertain.

Archetypal heavy metal, it has three main ingredients: the primeval bass guitar of Ian Hill, augmented by resounding bass drones from the two guitars; the impenetrable haze of chordal riffs drilled out by K.K. Downing (who takes most of the solos) and Glenn Tipton (who takes the fill-ins and dominates the band musically); and the truly terrifying lung power of Rob Halford.

Brand new drummer Les Binks is largely inaudible except for the perpetual throb. But he comes out alone to start the encore — brave stuff from a guy who's been with them less that a month. (Alan Moore left just before the album, which was cut with current session whizz Simon Phillips on drums. Purploid Roger Glover produced, incidentally.)

BUT ROB HALFORD is the sound of Judas Priest.

This guy has at his command a scream to curdle the blood of R. Plant and D. McCafferty, a wail which necessitates Halford screwing up his face in agony as if his brains are about to pop out.

He utilises it at every possible opportunity, on one occasion performing an entire song that alternates by the bar from mid-range to dog-range with a chilling kind of expertise. It must be dangerous.

This, and the fact that they look considerably older than their professed communal age of 25 (Tipton's 29), prompts me to ask about trading in tomorrow for today.

There's a slight air of desperation in their reply that they never think about the future.

Tipton does concede the time wasted on the road often feels like a trade-in, living every 24 hours for the one on stage.

Lincoln tries to repay the band for its pains. Nobody sits — though neither do they move until near the end — and a few girls cadge flying angels and wave their arms about.

A couple of coachloads have come from nearby Nottingham, as it's a Boat Club promotion. While a few squat despondently near the back awaiting the lift home, others glaze over with masochistic oblivion and almost get a second encore.

The band reckon they played in second gear.

"I'd hate to hear you in top," I flatter, but secretly I nurse CSM's classic complaint at the Sabbath: it wasn't loud enough.

A cross between the Sabs and Nazareth, Judas Priest music has little to offer beyond sheer annihilating volume. I could have taken another half a dozen decibels.

Their current popularity is presumably due to their physical presence there on the night: not just six gigs a year, kids, and you'll have to get your technical ecstacy elsewhere. Can't beat your brains out on the bedroom wall, can you?

NEXT DAY I mooch off in the sunshine to take a look at Lincoln's beautiful cathedral and castle.

Judas Priest only get to see the fly-over on the way out of town. If they don't hurry they won't make the sound check in Guildford.

SINGLES

We're the Commodores. We're havin' fun!

Singles Column sing dis song

DOO DAH! DOO DAH!

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE COMMODORES: Easy (Motown). The stars of Motown's projected renaissance — who've mainly be known in Britain for their zappy disco strutters up 'til now — aim for wider credibility with a ballad that wings in on an Elton John type piano sequence and builds to a soaring, guitar driven fadeaway. Easy listening no doubt, but righteously handled for all that. Further ramblings on the subject will find their way into an album review. And in case you don't like this model Commodores, British Motown have packed two of their early hits ("Machine Gun", "I Feel Sanctified") on the flip.

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS: Exodus (Island). Like our willowy Mr. Kent, I'm not overawed by Jamaica's contribution to the wonderful world of music, especially the Rasta connection, which seems to me to be as naive and screwed up as any of the multifarious creeds that are touted from door to door like encyclopedia sets. But I do have an automatic reflex empathy for the rhythm. This is in the same vein as the West Coast funk of a few years ago — say War, circa "Cisco Kid" — relaxing muscular tension like a sensual massage.

JOHNNY NASH: That Woman (Epic). The man who did for Bob Marley what Peter, Paul & Mary did for Bob Dylan (not a lot, but got him talked about) offers up an exquisitely performed, delicate love ballad; the finest track on his "Wonderful World" album. Totally unsuitable for the singles market though.

ELVIS COSTELLO: Alison (Stiff). Strangely addictive little love song; all nasal passion and wistful yearning for the one that got away. Theoretically it belongs in the wimps section but there's something about it that can't be dismissed so harshly. Funny that, 'cause I've never known an Alison, let alone pined for one.

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS: Hard Drivin' Man (Island EP). Four shots of live riff 'n' rumble; three originals ("Horseplay", "Double Checkin' Woman", "All I Need Is Money") and J. Geils' opening track. Modern recording technology being as cute as it is, the sound could be a lot better, but then a band like this needs quadrophonic sparkle like they need an intellectual review. Read this, then hear the record and you'll notice they're not getting either. Uncool as it may be to confess it, this is the first time I've heard the Hot Rods. While I'm not stunned into wide-eyed worship it makes me want to hear more. Oh yes, and I think "All You Need Is Money" is the best track. Enough head banging; now for something *calmer*. . .

JIMMY JEWELL & EARS: I'm Amazed (Affinity). A smokey, sultry sax-led adaptation of a Gallagher-/Lyle ballad with a chord sequence like George Harrison's "Something". I'm all for it, perhaps because I'm writing this at 11.30 on Sunday evening in a low-light situation. Me and Jimmy Jewell are feeling mellow together. The flip plays around with a familiar sounding JB/AWB riff.

ELTON JOHN: Bite Your Lip (Get Up And Dance) / KIKI DEE: Chicago (Rocket). Back-to-back competence, destined to sell far more than it really deserves. Mr Two Percent stomps along in a reasonably sprightly manner without causing much offence, although what starts out as a fairly crisp rock track gradually disintegrates into a rowdy, mock-gospel free-for-all. Sounds like the climax of a post-*JC Superstar / Godspell* pop-opera number, perhaps "The Disco Man Of Nazareth". Kiki's side is better, portraying a specific example of the general emotions laid down by Marvin Gaye's "Inner City Blues".

CONFUSION CORNER

LONDON: Everyone's A Winner (MCA). These guys are speedy, brash and metallic and write reasonable songs — but they're confused. On the A-side they're spitting at the self-satisfied apathy of the populace — so far so laudable (if a trifle quaint these days) — then on the flip they just get snide, sneering *"You're handcuffed to your life, I volunteered for mine."* Since the press handout explains that the group were unemployed before getting together it seems like they're as self-satisfied and irrelevant to a worthwhile community as their enemy. Unless of course they didn't choose to be unemployed. In which case, what's all this crap about volunteering? Shape up or ship out, you guys; hypocrisy and half-truth is what you're fighting.

All de doo dah day! Pic: BOB GRUEN

SKREWDRIVER: You're So Dumb (Chiswick). Fifteen or twenty years ago, various turgid berks who were then probably about the same age as I am now (31, you nosey bugger) always used to justify their condemnation of rock and r&b by whining ". . . and anyway, I can't understand a word he/she/they are singing." It pains me to find myself in the same position — especially after a lifetime of deciphering the mumblings of drunken bluesmen, the apoplectic screech of sanctified soul singers and the ever-changing slang, hip, or deliberately obscure language of several generations and cultures — but I have to admit that I haven't the slightest idea what this raucous and distorted slab of nonsense is all about. I'm so dumb I've probably just praised it. *(Now who's confused? — Ed.)*

Devotedly dissected by CLIFF WHITE

Whasdisraasclaatbloodclaat "doo dah" crap, mon? Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

DAVID BOWIE: Be My Wife (RCA). Here I'm in a minority; Bowie has always struck me as a posturing buffoon. Apart from his brief flirtation with disco-soul, which was adequately efficient, his records failed to excite me. Obviously this nondescript cockney lament will be a hit but it's his name and not the music that'll shift product, as they say in the trade.

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON: Watch Closely Now (CBS). Absolute garbage. Kristofferson croaks his way through a ponderous, pretentious rocker like the Barry McGuire of the '70s. I'm advised that that's the whole point of his role in *A Star Is Born* but that's still no excuse for issuing this single. A hit.

NEIL DIAMOND: I've Been This Way Before (CBS). As tedious as Kristofferson, only Diamond hasn't even got the excuse that he's playing a part. Or perhaps he is.

DAN FOGELBERG: Love Gone By (Full Moon). "Lives up to his name, doesn't he?" observed my daughter, who is developing a certain wit in her 14th year. Which reminds me, did you read this week's star quote? From Danny La Rue in Sunday's *Observer* magazine. "I was such a sensitive child," he remembered, "that I used to eat bananas sideways." Nothing to do with Fogelberg of course but considerably more entertaining.

SVENNE & LOTTA: Extra Extra (Read All About It) (Pye). European, presumably Scandinavian, remake of a recent disco hit by Ralph Carter. Quite proficient but totally pointless because it copies the original and isn't half as good.

BONEY M: Ma Baker (Atlantic). While everything in me fights the feeling, I'm disturbed to find I've been cut by a sliver of sympathy for this trio. Although they're not Jah's gift to disco music they do have a fractional degree of originality about them. "Ma Baker" makes a stronger successor to "Daddy Cool" than their terrible version of "Sunny".

TAVARES: One Step Away (Capitol). In contrast, here's a quintet that I started out liking a lot and with whom I am now losing patience. "One Step" is standard Freddie Perren produced disco fare; a xeroxed facsimile of Tavares' previous hits. Perren's playing safe and they are just acting dumb and collecting their money.

WIMPS-OF-THE-WEEK

NEIL INNES: Silver Jubilee (A Tribute) (Arista). In which a likeable chap loses 5,000 credibility points. Even if he's joking it's a disaster. Judging from the fact that he's donating half of his royalties to the Queen's S.J. Appeal he's quite serious though. I trust Her Royalness will spend the 2½ new pence wisely.

DAVID PARTON: In Everything You Do (Pye). This joker has constructed a sloppy valentine with each line of verse dictated by I-L-O-V-E-Y-O-U, i.e. the fourth line lithps "Vain vanity vanquishes villainous vibes." There again, violet vomit verily vexes victims.

NIGEL JENKINS: Sugar Jo-Jo (RCA). A prime example of the bouncy pap that finds its way onto *New Faces, Op Knocks, TOTP* and mid-afternoon kiddies' programmes. If the Festival Of Light were really concerned about the moral welfare of the nation's children they'd direct their pursed-lipped indignation at the likes of Jenkins, his co-writer/producer Tom Parker and their corrupting silliness. And may they all rot together in a bog of slime.

ONE HUNDRED TON AND A FEATHER: Can't Get It Out Of My Head (Pye). It really is about time we deported Jonathan King. Preferably to the Moon. The Moon of a planet in the Andromeda system. This is an unbelievably prissy reworking of a hit that was previously by someone whose name escapes me. *(ELO, to be precise — Ed.)* It's awful!

ACKER BILK: Dancing In The Dark (Pye). You know when you get a small combo — perhaps organ, bass and drums — playing in the corner of the lounge bar of your local, about half an hour before closing time there'll invariably be a drunken, toothless idiot who staggers up to the mike and insists on mouthing "Strangers In The Night" or "My Way". Inside his head he's Sinatra or Matt Monro or the like, while outside his body limits, folk are sniggering in their beer or throwing up in the plastic tulips. Now you can enjoy this experience in the privacy of your own home.

"They put us down for being too old. Now it's coming out that everyone has been lying about their ages and inventing proletarian backgrounds — like people did before the Russian Revolution to get credibility."

JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, EH?

Pictures by PENNIE SMITH

(Except inset shots opposite by GUS STEWART and PHILIP DEAN.)

JEAN JACQUES BURNEL, as ever the leather boy, is gouging out the zig-zagging "Peaches" riff onstage at Birmingham's Barbarella's, a deceptively cramped joint in one of the seediest parts of town.

Such is the layout of the place that you can prop up the bar or have a meal and almost forget that there's a rock band running up the electricity bill.

Facilities like this come in particularly handy if, despite your affection for a band, you need to escape the rigours — heat and reckless pogoers — that accompany watching the group close up. Through reasons of, er . . . "ill health".

Like food poisoning.

Or to be more precise, a severe case of gut ache precipitated by one of the nastiest plates of grease I've come across.

No, being on the road with a rock band ain't what it used to be.

I remember the days of gleaming limos with chauffeurs to attend to your every whim, effusive publicists who'd insist on feeding you only the finest and washing it down with a bottle of Moet Chandon, a four-star hotel an essential part of the whole glorious binge.

Bum tickled from dawn to dust, to quote a colleague.

Ah, the Dolca Vita. None of this "Boho Zone" stuff then.

And with any luck you'd get to rap with the band for half an hour at the very most and that would be in the back of an Austin Princess, or some similar symbol of their artiste's apparent status, on the journey, say, from Manchester to Liverpool.

Those were the days.

And the band wouldn't want to talk about anything other than their music. Maybe there'd be the odd snippet of gossip about that arsehole of a lead singer the drummer used to work with and a few smutty yarns, plus the requisite, er, *scam* about dope, but none of this change-the-world stuff.

Politics? Didn't a certain guitarist once admit that he didn't even know who the Prime Minister was or did that come from Joe Strummer?

Certainly they wouldn't worry themselves about extravagance, gratuitous or not, far from it. Or come to that, be at pains to stress how they hadn't lost their "street credibility". The only time some of these guys came in contact with the street was when they walked the yard or so from the door of their customised Rolls to the stage door.

OH, MY GUTS.

Must be Phil McNeill's bad kharma for those things he said about The Stranglers. Hang on. What's this? Hugh Cornwell's changing the words to "Peaches".

Instead of closing it with "I can think of a lot worse places to be — like down in the streets or down in the sewer or even on the end of a skewer," he sings, "I can think of a lot worse places to be — *like being ripped off by the management* . . ." The audience, by no means entirely punk, howl their approval.

You see, The Stranglers, particularly Cornwell and Burnel, were outraged to find out Barbarella's were charging £2 per ticket and, although it meant their own cut was reduced, they in effect lowered the entrance fee to £1.50 by coming to an arrangement with the management whereby everyone at the gig would be given a voucher entitling them to half a quid's worth of free booze.

And for tomorrow's gig at the club the entrance would be £1.50, still 25p more than charged at the majority of dates on the band's current British tour.

"I wouldn't pay £2 to see us — on principle," Cornwell had complained. Admirable sentiments.

Surprisingly enough, the group's tour manager had asked me to forget all about that incident.

Surely The Stranglers can't be as paranoid to think that I'd think such action was taken entirely for my benefit . . .

OF ALL the New Wave bands The Stranglers are the most enigmatic, not least because there is considerable doubt in some quarters as to whether or not they are a part of the movement — if indeed such a movement exists on any other level than that of attracting a common audience.

As most of you will be aware, there are few, if any, New Wave bands who have a good word to say for their assumed peers. Look at what happened on the recent Clash/Jam/Prefects tour — and, before that, the Pistols' camp were putting down not only The Clash, but also The Damned. This in itself doesn't say a lot for the unity of the New Wave.

That aside, it's obvious that The Stranglers hail from a different neck of the woods to any of the aforementioned.

Cornwell and Burnel (no matter what the former says to the contrary, it's these two who form the nucleus of the group) make no bones about their intellectual backgrounds. In fact Burnel is intellectually self-conscious in a way associated with those yet to graduate rather than one who's already received their degree — in his case in history from Bradford University.

It's not long since Burnel, born in London's Notting Hill Gate 24 years ago of French parents in the catering trade, was seen self-consciously carrying around a copy of *Mein Kampf*.

From the couple of days I spent with the band, Jean, who until fairly recently was content to call himself just that without the Jacques, is at pains to prove his intellectual credibility — and paradoxically his familiarity with the street.

At university he hung out with the local bikers. And he, more than Cornwell, frequently reminds one of how a bunch of Stranglers' fanatics called The Finchley Boys — all of 'em working lads whose twin passions in life are The Stranglers and Manchester United — keep The Stranglers' heads firmly on the ground. (He's also been known to talk of those notorious East End villians the Kray Brothers in a not totally derogatory fashion).

For let it not be forgotten that The Stranglers, with their album still floundering around the charts' higher echelons, are the most commercially successful of all the New Wave, save for the Pistols who have had rather above average media coverage. What's more "Peaches" is making a fair old dent on the singles listings.

And all the pointers indicate that it's The Stranglers, New Wave or not, who will reap the most commercial success out of the entire schmear.

Even Chris Welch likes The Stranglers.

And so do hardcore rock fans, always suckers for a rhythm section as ruthlessly immaculate as The Stranglers'. There's a total lack of power chords and guitar excesses in The Stranglers' modus operandus, but in its own way the rhythm section that is Jean Jacques Burnel and Jet Black is as potent as any hard-rock rhythm section you care to mention and something which Status Quo and Deep Purple freaks just can't resist. Moreover, this exemplary rhythm section is not only faster but has greater cogency than either of the aforementioned's — and most others which come to mind.

ONSTAGE Jean becomes one with his bass, a repugnant slime green hue that is perhaps another manifestation (along with their apparent obsession with rats and overall marketing) of their — for want of a better word — ugliness.

No two ways about it, Burnel has stage presence. Dark and malevolently pretty, Burnel does the pogo his way onstage, leaping sideways more often than opting for the standard vertical dance. His seemingly endless supply of energy gives away his essential fitness.

At university he made it to brown belt in karate. Those who know him well say if it wasn't for his being full-time with the band he'd have reached black belt status by now. Before he met Cornwell in Guildford he was set to teach karate for a living.

He's one bitch of a great bass player.

Like Jack Bruce and Andy Fraser before him he elevates the instrument out of its customary back-up role, though with more brutal intent and single mindedness than either Bruce or Fraser.

Onstage, The Stranglers never dawdle for an instant. And it's

STEVE CLARKE sweats it out.

Burnel's lethal bass lines, distorted to the point of maximum harshness, which are the most obvious in their overall flat-out-but-with-no-signs-of-showing-fatigue approach. Throughout their sets, the band's timing is perfect and they're as tight as the work schedule on a German car assembly line. *(Sheer poetry! — Ed.)*

As Phil McNeill noted last December, Burnel — and Cornwell too — is a rebel and a martyr. But despite his intellectual name-dropping, methinks our Phil was a bit hard on him — and come to that the rest of the band — for, in an earlier piece, citing them as "conformist rebels".

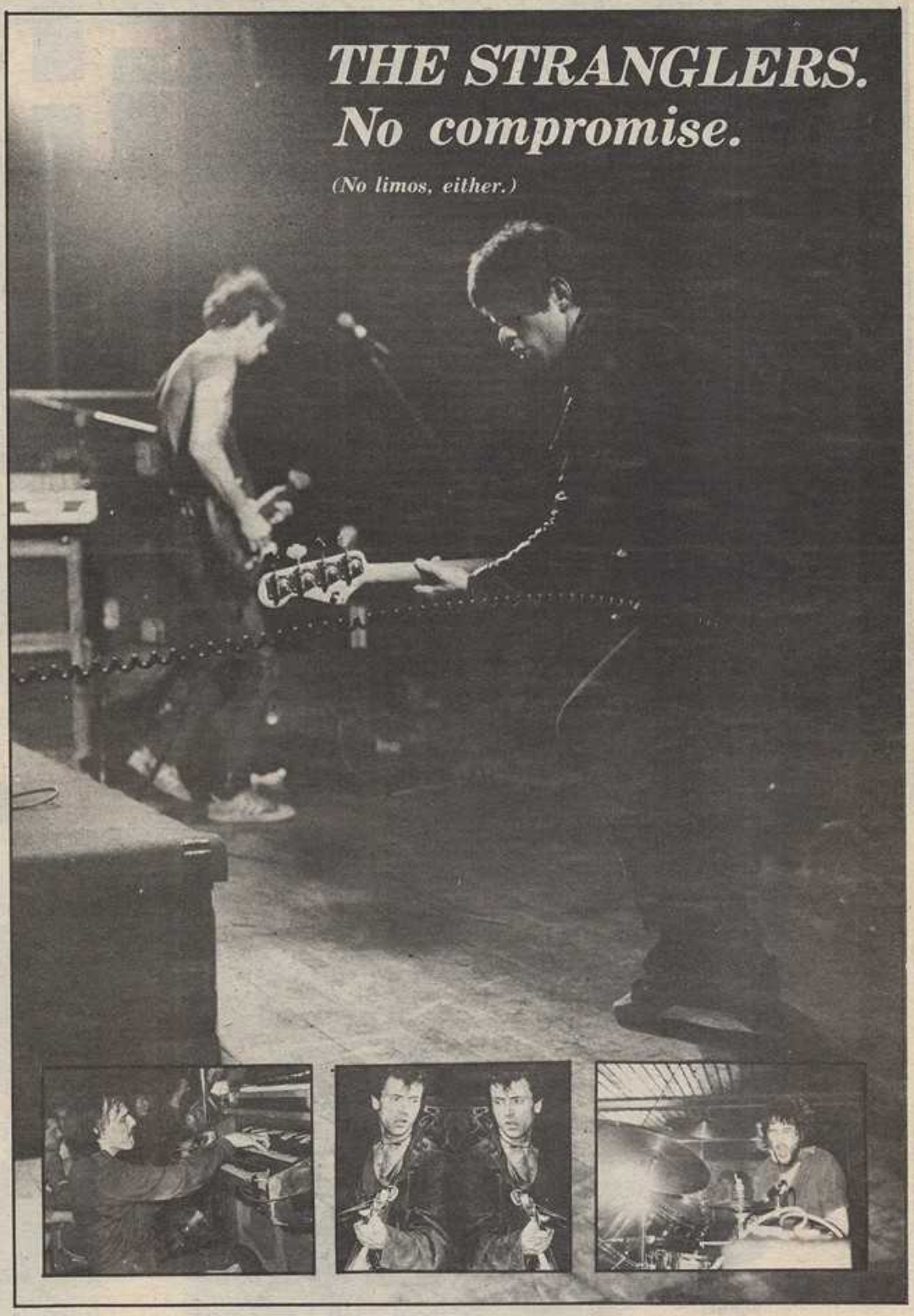
Certainly they cut out the naughty bits of "Peaches" for the DJ copies, but as Cornwell points out, it's better to compromise and get the thing played, than not have it played at all.

But more has been made of their martyrdom than actually exists, particularly with regard to hotels refusing to take them. Midway through our conversation before the Wolverhampton gig their publicist gleefully informs us that yes they've been turned away from another hotel.

By accident it later comes to light that hotel didn't turn them away at all, but couldn't meet their specific needs. Even so, The Stranglers have had a rough road from authorities and media alike — not to mention much sniping from what the national press would certainly regard as their peers — all of which goes some way to explaining Burnel's acute defensiveness.

THE STRANGLERS. No compromise.

(No limos, either.)



"WE DON'T pretend to be a punk band," Burnel half sneers in his public school voice which totally belies his French parentage.

"We're not afraid to admit we smoke dope like the other bands. We don't look as clean as the others. At one point we couldn't afford to buy clothes from the King's Road.

"Now that we can afford to we're certainly not going to."

The Stranglers are currently paying themselves £50 a week. (In fact Jean's seven-year-old boots have finally given up the ghost and his leather jacket is not without the odd stitch missing).

So do you identify with the other New Wave bands?

A less uptight Cornwell answers:

"I'm not so sure at the moment 'cause they all seem to be losing . . . Like they say one thing and do something else."

Such as?

"Like go in big plush hotels."

"They go in limos," says Burnel without too much prompting. "They waste a lot of food at receptions and they start slagging each other off. We've been slagged off by every single band."

(True to his principles, Burnel didn't attend a United Artists hosted reception for the launching of "IV Rattus Norvegicus")

At whom in particular is he pointing the guns?

"No. I'm not going to play that game," Burnel defers. (In a more relaxed atmosphere Burnel later sounded off in no uncertain terms about The Clash. "You should ask The Prefects about The Clash," he tells me, mysteriously).

He continues:

"When the band first started to attract attention, our detractors were putting us down for being too old," Jean continues. "Now it's slowly coming out that everyone has been lying about their ages and inventing proletarian backgrounds — like people were doing before the Russian Revolution in 1917 to get some sort of credibility."

Just like old times, hey?

"We don't deny our backgrounds aren't proletarian. We've probably got the most proletarian audience, like the Finchley Boys. They don't wear flash Fiorucci clothes," says Burnel pronouncing the Italian word impeccably. *(Wotta giveaway, eh? — H. B. Gangrene)* "They don't go down the Speakeasy late at night and they're probably more what it's about than anyone, you know."

Not like the Sex Pistols, what?

"And they dig us 'cause we're straight with them," chips in Cornwell. "We just treat them as people."

Cornwell again, "I get the feeling that people are very disillusioned with the whole aura around people who play in groups 'cause they've realised that these people end up becoming non people. They just don't swallow it anymore."

Burnel: "If you claim to represent certain things and you feel you have a mandate . . . People pay money to go to gigs and buy records. It's a sort of a mandate, isn't it? It's never been before. At the moment justice has got to be seen to be done.

"And obviously it's being contravened. People are throwing it back in the punters' faces.

AS MOST of you will be aware the current Stranglers tour has been far from "incident-free". Predictably the authorities have stepped in and nixed several Stranglers' gigs.

In Torquay they banned the band because "the entertainment associated with this kind of group is not in keeping with the council's policy on any of the venues under its control."

Leeds decided The Stranglers were "undesirable", Nottingham had it they were "unsuitable" and Blackburn does not wish to be involved "with the sort of uproar surrounding groups of this kind".

And two weekends ago at Canterbury (of all places) Burnel was, wait for this, *bitten* by one of several Queen and Smokie fans from the local council estate who went out of their way to inform the unsuspecting bassist that they hated people like him.

They also informed Burnel — who incidentally has a reputation for losing his cool — that they'd get him afterwards.

Impatient or otherwise, these louts didn't contain their aggression long enough to spill it on Burnel and as The Stranglers, accompanied by the Finchley Boys, were making their exit they noticed the Queen and Smokie afficionados were giving another lad a good kicking. Also in attendance was a girl brandishing a knife.

Both The Stranglers and the Finchley Boys immediately jumped out of their cars to go to the aid of the kid getting beat up, but before you could say Jack Warner the local police had shown up.

Last November at the 100 Club The Stranglers were witness to an even more unseemly bout of blood-letting brought about by the behaviour of one of their most committed followers, a black man, labourer by trade, called Dagenham Dave. Notorious in Stranglers' circles for his excessive hedonistic behaviour and a drinking partner of Cornwell's, Dave, who was later to commit suicide, was upset to find that his role as number one Stranglers' fan had been usurped by the Finchley Boys.

The latter had witnessed The Stranglers at the Torrington pub in North London and, after joining the band onstage, had begun to follow them around unbeknown to Dave. The 100 Club was the first gig where the two met up and, to demonstrate his displeasure, Dave began jostling the Finchley Boys. What followed was, according to one witness, "like a bar brawl in a cowboy movie". The Stranglers themselves were not involved.

Dagenham Dave has since been eulogised in a Stranglers' song called "Dagenham Dave".

(Dig that crazy Social Realism. — J STALIN)

TO RETURN to the present, the current tour has also been unusual in that promoters have insisted on doubling the deposit The Stranglers' management have had to lay on the line for the hire of the venue. And at Canterbury things became a little cantankerous between band and hall management after it had been previously agreed that the venue's seats should be removed but, on the band's arrival, the found that nothing of the sort had taken place.

A wrangle ensued and threats to impound their equipment were made.

On top of all this unwarranted action by the authorities, The Stranglers have had a particularly rough ride at the hands of the music press, rarely attracting unreserved praise.

"We've been no-one's blue-eyed boys," says Cornwell. "We feel like wogs all the time now," he adds dryly.

"THIS IS A song about intimidation," mouths Cornwell onstage at Wolverhampton Civic Hall — where the seats *have* been removed — introducing "I Feel Like A Wog", a splendid piece of urban psychosis with the characteristic Gothic Stranglers flavour supplied by Dave Greenfields' manic, yet economic keyboards.

The lanky Cornwell doesn't so much sing the words as shout them in a leering crazed way.

At 27, Cornwell is a straight-ahead remarkably calm man, born and brought up in North London's Kentish town and educated at a grammar school in Highgate where Richard Thompson

■ *Continues p26*

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■ *From page 23*

taught him to play bass.

At school he played in rock 'n' roll bands, later on reading Chemistry at Bristol University. He lived for a time in Sweden, ostensibly doing research and playing in a band with an American draft-dodger. On the dole in England he taught at a private school for rich kids who were behind with their studies rather than take the job the employment officer was offering him.

After several months and finding more sympathy with his pupils than with his fellow teachers, Cornwell was given the heave-ho (apparently because he turned some of his class onto acid).

There is some doubt as to when The Stranglers formed, but it's generally reckoned to be about three years ago. Originally The Guildford Stranglers, Hugh formed the band with Jean and a friend of his Jet Black, advertising for a keyboard player. Greenfield, a veteran of the Hamburg scene and the odd glam-rock band, was the second to apply and got the gig.

There has been much speculation with regard to Black's age. Certainly his history is a curious one when you consider he is playing in the country's most successful New Wave band. He ran his own ice cream business, is a qualified carpenter and estimates concerning his age have been as high as late thirties and even mid-forties.

No matter, he is a fine drummer in the proverbial meat-and-potatoes tradition. Physically he resembles John Bonham and his playing only very rarely betrays his jazz roots. He seems curiously detached from the rest of the band, only occasionally speaking.

Burnel and Cornwell are the first to admit that The Stranglers weren't very good when they started.

"We were terrible then," says Cornwell. "We still had good songs, though. And that was our saving grace because if someone plays a song that they wrote they know more about what it should sound like than anyone else.

"It's just tightness. You get used to being with people."

"THE STRANGLERS are without doubt musically the most mature of the New Wave bands. Sure, they're aggressive and ooze energy, but it's not teenage energy.

Many have written them off as just Doors plagiarists, a ludicrous thing to say. As yet The Stranglers, despite their having something to say (however facile it may be), haven't shown a hint of the vision of subtlety of The Doors.

Says Cornwell: "Well, some of the songs *do* sound like The Doors. Like everyone says 'Princess Of The Street' is very Doorsy. That was one of our early songs. I think as time goes on we're getting more and more away from it. And more into our own songs."

Much has been made of The Stranglers' revolutionary stance. Questioning reveals this to be exaggerated.

Apart from being anti-National Front — as anyone with their head screwed on *should* be — The Stranglers are laying no heavy politics on people, something which rock 'n' roll bands have never been particularly good at.

To reflect what is going on and point out some of the faults in the status quo is another thing, as Cornwell points out:

"'Down In The Sewer' highlights the way in which people in large communities start behaving very much like animals and not like people.

"They ignore the fact that they've got a faculty to think and rationalise their emotions, which is a shame, but they forget that. And it just ends up that everyone becomes like rats.

"In 'Straighten Out' we're saying human blood and flesh is sacred until there is no more food, then you can start spilling it because you need to live. And also in 'Straighten Out' we're putting forward the idea that there are a lot of very intelligent people around who are very, very pissed off with the way that our constitution is happening in this country.

"Misrepresentation and er . . . You've just got to look at the increased National Front vote to show that people are turning away from the accepted political parties 'cause they don't believe in them anymore and they're going for extreme ones.

"We suggest in 'Straighten Out' there'll be a capitulation soon of the whole system and maybe a new party. Like the Labour Party has only been going for 50 years and it's been in power on and off for the last ten, 15, 20? And it's quite feasible for another party to come along that is more aware of present-day problems.

"The doctrines of both the Conservative and Labour parties are very antiquated and very unrealistic. It would be nice to kick people up the arses and say, 'Look, maybe there's the possibility, why don't you get another political party together. Just think of the vote it would get. It would get all the disillusioned people. You might even get an increased turn-out'."

CORNWELL has never voted. Oddly enough the only politician he's ever been impressed with is one-time Liberal leader Jo Grimmond.

"He, to me, really seemed to be pretty okay. But he was freaked out. It's interesting though that figures in politics like Jo Grimmond and Enoch Powell have ended up in positions of power.

"Grimmond has gone to the Shetland Isles and they're going to have a lot of oil. So Grimmond has positioned himself in a position of power. Powell has gone to Ireland which is a very strong melting pot. That's another position of power. They're disassociating themselves from the system.

"I wonder if they actually consciously thought 'I want to prepare for the future.' We'd like to see things changed. People get off their arses and do things and stop just complaining about them. We don't preach street-fighting with the police and barricades 'cause I can't really see it happening in this country.

"It's not that kind of place. The English aren't turbulent enough. I can see it happening in France, Italy, Spain. I think this Jubilee thing is trying to restore national pride 'cause it's taking a figurehead and saying "glorious" — but it's too unreal. She's removed.

"We're not offering solutions. We're just criticising. We're completely cynical. Completely sceptical."

He changes his mind. "We're offering hope. We're saying, 'Well at least we're saying it's there, do something about it'. We're just playing music."

Jean Jacques also admits to being confused.

"People should come to their own conclusions. There's a lot of people on the present scene who haven't come to the conclusions themselves. They've adopted poses or stances which are not their own.

"Some people say I like New Wave per se. There's a lot of New Wave bands I dig and there's a lot I don't. Everything's got very elitist at the moment. It's just inverted snobbery. I remember reading that the Floyd said they weren't going to release singles in this country 'cause they considered the market too lightweight.

"We blatantly mimed on *Top Of The Pops* last week because like all the other bands we did a lot of takes. Everying was a sham and we had to make it to be seen just as it's always got to be seen to be done. Like rock 'n' roll is an important culture and it's lost a lot of its radicalism in recent years. It's a folk medium and it's got to contain a lot of truth."

Cornwell:

"We're playing aggressive music that is attacking people's heads. The more broad-minded you are, the better. Perhaps the way punks dress is testing people's broadmindedness."

APART FROM the music, the thing which, comes over strongest on The Stranglers' album is their attitude, or at least Cornwell's and Burnel's, to women.

Our Phil attacked it for its flagrant sexism — lines like "Someday I'm gonna smack your face/Somebody's gonna call your bluff/Somebody's gonna treat you rough/You're way past your station/Beat you honey till you drop . . ." (from "Sometimes") and Burnel's lyric (from "London Lady") "Little lady with Dingwall's bullshit/You're so stupid/Fetid brainwaves" — and "Princess Of The Street" where the rejected lover refers to his former paramour as "a piece of meat".

Hardly in the same class as some of Dylan's classic put downs of women ("Positively 4th Street" being his greatest), but, to my mind, amusing in a sixth-form way, particularly "London Lady."

Cornwall speaks forth on the subject thus:

" 'Sometimes' was a personal experience when there was a breakdown in communication between me and a girl and I ended up hitting her. Cause there were no words I could use to describe how I felt. But it's very applicable to what happens in real life — people having arguments and suddenly they can't articulate anymore and they get very emotional and just end up striking.

"Is that going to make people go out and hit each other? I don't think so. Even Bob Dylan hits his wife. 'Sometimes' is a song about a bloke hitting a woman as a protest against her behaviour. Put her back down under his domination.

"I think a lot of men like to dominate women. A lot of women like to be dominated.

"I like dominating women.

"That doesn't necessarily mean I think they should be dominated. I just get off on it. I think everybody does.

"The sexist thing is a challenge to women to say, 'Look you appear to us to be very unliberated and not really into it. If you really are into it do something about it.'

"Most women are really happy the way things are. A lot of women we meet seem to be subservient. My girlfriends haven't been, though. Like when I'm in a relationship I treat people as individuals and it's very much give and take and whenever one party steps over the line the other one complains and that's really good when they do.

"I think subservient women are a bit pitiful."

SURELY ALL that "piece of meat" stuff is not a little over the top?

"I think the mood in that song is very depressed anyway. It's about a girl leaving a bloke and shrugging it off by saying she's just a piece of meat, there's plenty more."

Cornwell says The Stranglers don't go out of the way to outrage, but just reflect the way things are, accentuating it to make it come across.

"It's not a deliberate 'Oh well, we'll put three swear words in this verse. Our lyrics happen so quickly. They're done in five minutes. If we start labouring they're scrapped.

At least one of the songs, "Peasant In The Big Shitty" lyrically smacks of psychedelia, as do certain musical structures on their album.

Says Cornwell, "It doesn't make sense in a way, but certain images cut through of utter confusion of being in the city and being ripped off and not knowing who to trust.

"We're into acid.

"Jet hasn't done it yet. But he's getting into the idea of it. Like we've been working on him. When we met him he hadn't done anything anyway.

"I think he'd really get off on acid 'cause he's had a lot of experiences. And maybe he'd be able to make some sense out of some of his experiences 'cause that's what it does. I've never taken acid before I go onstage. Dave used to trip a lot onstage.

"But these days we never trip when we're working. We never take anything before we go onstage. We don't like to be out of control before we go on. Even if I'm a bit pissed I feel a bit out of contact.

"You've got to be really aware of what you're doing.

"And what people are doing in front of you when you're onstage and if you're not you're abusing that situation."

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PLATTERS

Greg Kihn: catchy hokum.

Beserkley Boogie and the Kihn Machihn . . .

and manifestations of a BERK BERSERK

GREG KIHN
Again (Beserkley)
THE RUBINOOS
The Rubinoos (Beserkley)

JOHNNY RAMONE recently pointed out that, if they had come out now instead of the mid-60's, "You Really Got Me" and "Doo Wah Diddy" wouldn't stand a chance on the radio. And if American radio is anything like British radio I can understand him complaining about its low energy.

By the same token, it was unlikely from the outset that examples of the single as something more than mere consumer mindlessness — such as Nick Lowe's "So It Goes" and the Talking Heads' "Love Goes To Building On Fire" — would ever make the charts.

I'm not making any distinction between good or bad singles — that's, after all, subjective. But until last year the reluctance of most 'creative' rock musicians to take the idea of singles seriously and to counter the problems of radio programming have led to a predictable, manipulated and empty state of pop music. For most people, pop is now a derisive term, synonymous with pap.

There have however been some exceptions. Records that were full of the exuberance and spirit of rock'n'roll/pop music without sounding dated or nostalgic, that were not the product of careful management and weighing of fashions and that above all actually made the charts.

For the purposes of this review I'll stick with the American ones — Todd Rundgren's "I Saw The Light", the three Raspberries singles (especially "Overnite Sensation"), the Dwight Twilley Bands' powerhouse "I'm On Fire" and just last month one further example, the Rubinoos' "I Think We're Alone Now".

"I Think We're Alone Now" was a straight re-work of Tommy James '69 version. Producer Matthew King Kaufman (self-styled presiding looney of Beserkley records and producer extraordinaire) took the original arrangement, cleaned up the sound and added the sparkle and punch that characterizes every thing he and assistant Glen Kolotkin lay their hands on. With the Rubinoos they set about living up to their 'Home of the Hits' logo.

The music was blatantly commercial but without a hint of compromise.

If you're not convinced by the rock'n'roll force of Donn Spindt's drums as they kick in behind Jon Rubin's amazing opening vocals then there's not much point in your listening to the rest of the Rubinoos first album (on this and on the Greg Kihn they put the single first — like at Motown).

The rest of "The Rubinoos" simply affirms the single.

Powerful, fresh, exuberant rock'n'roll/pop music, not at all dated, and with none of the affectations that make Blondie's cries of "Fun" a little dubious.

The Rubinoos are teenagers. Tommy Dunbar writes most of the songs, plays guitar and keyboards and co-leads the band with singer Jon Rubin — "Rubin-news", geddit?

Rubin possesses one of the best pop voices heard in a long while; his singing is strong and distinctive, with just the right amount of youthful emotion. It's the combination of his voice and Kaufman's production — and accompanying masterplan for the rejuvenation of tired airwaves — that lends the album its brightness.

The sound is basically California pop: the Beach Boys, Mamas and Papas, Tommy James and so on.

At least five of the songs are potential hit singles. "I Never Thought It Would Happen", "Nothing A Little Love Won't Do" and "Leave My Heart Alone" are successors to their first. They all have a strong beat (as they used to say), punchy, ringing guitars, rich vocal harmonies and all three are insanely catchy.

"Hard To Get" is a piece of blue-eyed soul that sounds halfway between Hall and Oates and the Jackson Five — Rubin's voice sometimes sounds like Michael Jackson. Again it's *catchy*.

Finally there's "Rock'n'roll Is Dead", a sly send-up with energy in abundance to refute the title and a dig at the Beatles slipped in at the end.

Of the remaining songs, "Memories" sounds like Tommy Dunbar's elder brother's group, Earth Quake; "Peek-a-Boo" is a riotous Coasters rip-off and the other three are in the "I Think We're Alone Now" vein — "Wouldn't It Be Nice" is in fact a steal — but lack the instantly memorable hooks of the rest.

Still, six out of ten isn't bad. Home of the Hits indeed.

I don't know what it means, but on the back cover there is a painting of Kaufman looking remarkably like a young Phil Spector in a coffee shop with the radio on.

That aside, there are some more obvious connections between Beserkley artists. All of them share the same doggedly individual, sometimes a little crazy, sensibilities. None of them are willing to admit that love's gone out of style. More likely they don't care.

After all Jonathan Richman says he formed the Modern Lovers because he was lonely and isn't afraid to sing idiosyncratic odes to springtime with disarming honesty.

The Rubinoos live for girls. They haven't discovered cars yet; they're probably too young to drive.

Greg Kihn's songs are unashamedly sentimental. Kaufman knew Greg Kihn when he was a folk singer in Baltimore and when he formed Beserkley invited Kihn to join the label.

Kihn had two songs on the famed Beserkley Chartbusters album and was the first person to record a studio album for them. Released last year, it was generally regarded as not living up to the potential of the Chartbusters auspicious beginnings.

Most reviewers were impressed by the rockers but found the ballads too mawkish. Kihn sounded like a fledgling Buddy Holly, especially on "Behind Closed Doors" and the great version of Jerry Butler's "He Will Break Your Heart" — light and breathless, but tough all the same.

Well, it's take it or leave it time because Kihn's second album offers nothing different from the first. The playing, singing, production and songs are all much better, but the content is the same.

Again the sound owes as much to Kaufman's production as anything else. Like the Rubinoos, Kihn's band is a four piece with two guitars, bass and drums. The production gives a fullness and variety without relying on devices, leaving the sound clean and alive.

The album opens with Buddy Holly's "Love's Made A Fool Of You", the basic Not Fade Away/Bo Diddley rhythm with a different set of lyrics. It takes the Holly comparison to a conclusion by having Kihn admit as much by doing the song and singing as close to Holly as he'll ever get.

"Island" follows, and since he turned in one of the best pieces of white reggae ("Satisfied") on his first album I can only conclude that this is deliberate bubblegum. Enjoyable enough as a piece of catchy hokum.

Of the other songs on the first side, "Last Of Me" and "Politics" fall too easily into the wimp category, without the infectiousness of "Island" to let them off the hook.

But "Real Big Man" triumphs. It opens with text book dynamism, timeless rock-'n'roll chords and a bubbling bass line. They lyrics exemplify Kihn's knack of stringing couplets together: *"I saw the love-light/Shine in your eyes/I felt the cold night/With no compromise/I've got a feeling/I can't define/I'm walking a mountain/That no-one can climb"*.

The second side leaves my lingering doubts about those inclinations gone. From the opening bars of "Hurt So Bad" to the closing chorus of "Madison Avenue", which Kihn sings with an uncharacteristic cynical bite, the songs, playing and voice are insidious enough to dispel any misgivings — even "If You Be My Love", one of the maligned tender love songs is too simple and charming to cloy.

There's a jangling version of Springsteen's "For You", which works better than the original in that Kihn doesn't force the already over-emotive lyrics. "Hurt So Bad" and "Madison Avenue" are Kihn at his best, full of strident rock-'n'roll force and (here we go again) completely infectious.

So next time you turn on the radio and hear nothing going down at all, remember there's still hope.

Paul Rambali

Ted sez: "Aaaaaaaaaaggghhh!!!"

TED NUGENT
Cat Scratch Fever (Epic)
Survival of the Fittest/Marriage on the Rocks (Polydor)

IF HANK B. Marvin ever gets to hear Ted Nugent's new album, he'll no doubt like the instrumental, "Homeward Bound", that closes side one.

Now lots of guitar heroes admit to being influenced by the Shadows, but nowhere have the influences been so apparent as they are on this cute little number.

It's possible you may have thought that Ted Nugent was somewhat more unhinged, crazed, rampant, flipped, psychotic, belligerent, bestial, zonked, vicious, frank, fearless, and free than this.

Certainly that's what the hype says. And, indeed, in live shows he does play very loud.

If decibel sculpting is what gets you off, then Ted onstage may well be the artiste for you, regardless of how shapeless some of his sculptures turn out.

The snag arises when you turn to the vinylised Ted, who proves to be a bit less formidable.

The truth is that ole' Ted is nowhere near as ferocious on the home Dansette as yesterday's heroes like Deep Purple and Led Zeppelin. Perhaps, it could be said that he runs UFO close, but that's about it.

No doubt, he's had his moments. "Stormtroopin" and "Dog Eat Dog" had a certain power, but there was no overlooking the heavy aura of contrivance about either track.

Far from bursting forth with creative ides, far from flowing over with inspiration, Ted builds his songs carefully, and with caution. You can hear the joins.

This is certainly true with "Cat Scratch Fever", which is about as rabid as Lenny the Lion on valium.

Take the title track that opens the set. Tired old riff, plodding drums, clumsy lamebrain chorus. Not a thing that you haven't heard elsewhere including a Plant parody by the singer.

With "Wang Dang Sweet Pootang", Ted tries to get a little daring. Wow, far out, the man is actually singing about pussy. How liberated can you get?

Well, in Ted's case, not very. It's almost impossible to hear the lyrics. A girlie choir sings the hook, which tends to reduce the level of machismo somewhat. The song just completely fails to get it up.

"Death by Misadventure" has a line about "Welcome to His Nightmare", which seems just a bit familiar from somewhere. "Live It Up" has a Bo Diddley beat, and can't hold a candle to the Stones' "Mona". "Homeward Bound" you know about. And that's side one.

Side two opens with the school's motto: "Workin' Hard, Playin' Hard", which is distinguished by some very fast guitar work. Well, quite fast.

"Sweet Sally" is about a lady who, Ted confides, is a friend of his.

Next up is "A Thousand Knives", and that wouldn't cut butter. Then there's "Fist Fightin' Son of a Gun" which never gets out of its ringside seat.

Finally, there's the album's attempt at an anthem. "Out of Control" is a great motto for the hype sheet, but a mite tightly-corsetted to be truly uninhibited.

Chances are, ole Ted has left it too late. Could be he's just too old to cut it, now. Seven years ago, his old band the Amboy Dukes had a certain gritty distinction. You get the gist of the Dukes on the double re-tread that Polydor have just put out. Two of their albums for the price of one, and almost a bargain.

"Survival of the Fittest: Live" is the better deal. Recorded at the Eastowne Theatre in Detroit in 1970, it has a certain crunching appeal, and supports the case for a live album by the modern-day Nugent.

The curious thing is the picture on the sleeve. Ted's dressed as a hippie, and looks extremely modest and retiring.

You're bound to feel that maybe he doesn't quite believe what he plays. And as for being a motor-city madman . . . Well, these days he can't quite manage a brainstorm. You'll have to settle for a light drizzle.

Bob Edmands

GRAHAM CENTRAL STATION
Now Do-U-Wanta Dance (Warner Bros.)
SPARTACUS
Watching You Grow (Zara)

TWO ALBUMS, both by bands led by black bassists of some repute, both with atrocious covers (GCS's showing the band in best dancing duds, grooving with their beloveds to another GCS on stage; Spartacus' featuring a montage of the Spartacus logo, an H-Bomb cloud and a young black kid holding a yellow rose) and both as bad as the covers suggest.

In the five years since he left Osibisa, Spartacus R. could hardly be said to have been dormant, though he's not had a record released. He's managed to start his own label, produce other black artists, write a prodigious number of songs and work with a similarly prodigious number of musicians.

"Watching You Grow" is the result of those five years, and whilst appreciating his attempt to strike out in his own direction, I'm forced to admit that it's a far from satisfactory offering.

Recorded at various venues in London and Los Angeles with a plethora of musicians (amongst them Max Middleton, Jim Chambers, Jackson Browne, Marlo Henderson, Sugar Bear, Lennox Langton, Eddie Quansah and Bob Tench), "Watching You Grow" comes across as a directionless set of third-rate songs performed with a desultory half-heartedness.

Far from spreading joy and happiness, as seems to be the aim, the general effect is about as exhilarating as a peanut-butter and mandrax sandwich.

The band, as it stands at the moment, is Jim Chambers (vocals), Stephen Rene (guitars), Gerry Glean (keyboards), Pete Dobson (drums), Frank Ince (percussion), and Spartacus R. (bass).

Who plays what on which tracks is a mystery, however, due to there being 37 "additional" musicians on the album, and no indication as to which tracks they appear on. Unfortunately, Spartacus fails to combine these elements into a cohesive whole, and the album limps along with all the verve of a wet dishcloth.

What unity there is here is obtained by the extensive use of steel pans in combination with the usual rock/soul line-up. Occasionally as on "Love Me Today", these give a lift which the music desperately needs, but their presence is generally token, their integration clumsy.

"Pepskin", the longest track at over six minutes, has a long instrumental intro with pleasant pans and horns, spoilt by the most godawful sythesiser break I've ever heard, and the embarassing eco-lyrics about how chemical junk and drugs rot bodies and minds. Ho hum.

And that's the best track on the album.

Graham Central Station, now, are a completely different teapot of trout. There was a time when you could rely on them to bust right out of that disco-machine tomb black bands keep bricking themselves up in, and hit you with some of the most unorthodox, sinuous funk ever to emanate from speakers.

When Larry Graham uncoupled from the Sly Stone engine (still desperately in need of a de-coke) and trundled down his own little branch-line, he brought about a synthesis of raw funk and electronics often copied but never bettered.

The combination of drums and electronic drum-machine ("funkbox") on the first GCS album still sounds as fresh and innovatory as it did three or four years ago, and Graham's bass technique still stands as prototype for the legions of black bassists to follow in recent years.

Sadly, the wealth of musical imagination exhibited on the first album and the following "Release Yourself" has been somewhat thin on the ground since then. Roughly speaking, it's been present in inverse proportion to Graham's religious obsession. The more pious he becomes, the worse his albums are. The old saying about the "devil having the best tunes" certainly has more than a glimmer of truth in his case . . .

"Now Do-U-Wanta Dance", whilst being a reasonable, above-average disco album, displays little of the band's past invention. Hell, if I wanted a disco album, I could programme a computer and get some Silver Convention *mekanik;* I expect more from GCS.

As it is, Graham still makes mincemeat out of all-comers at the art of funk-bass. He's also as egocentric as ever when it comes to credits — and this time he's very little to be egocentric about.

The disco hits he's obviously striving for are, admittedly, more likely to come from this album than any of his others: "Crazy Chicken", "Saving My Love For You", the title-track and several others are deliberately, single-mindedly commercial, and "Stomped, Beat-Up and Whooped", with its "Backfield In Motion" carbon-copy chorus, could quite easily find a place in jukebox hearts.

The *real* trouble starts when Larry gets on his "epic production" hobby-horse to immerse what may have been good songs in an ocean of overdubs and effects.

"Earthquake", begins as a reasonable funk workout but soon deteriorates into a muddy, synthesiser-swamped monstrosity with mucho echo, phasing, etc. If you reckon Todd overdoes it at times, lend an ear to "Earthquake"'s ending and count your blessings. Pleasant it's not.

I'd like to be able to say something positive about "Now Do-U-Wanta Dance", but the best I can do is reiterate that it's a good disco record. The trouble is, I keep seeing parallels to the Meters' abysmal "Trick Bag" swansong.

What an awful way to go.

Andy Gill

WISHBONE ASH
Classic Ash (MCA)

THE ASH always struck me as a singularly democratic outfit. All their compositions are group efforts and they lack a dominating figure head. But that's not to say they're anonymous.

By sheer volume of output (eight albums in seven years), they rate a retrospective and "Classic Ash" is thoughtfully presented in chronological order (rather like an obituary, methinks) until the final cut.

"Throw Down The Sword" (from "Live Dates" via "Argus") is a perfect example of their thorough professionalism as a touring band — technically proficient, curiously passionless.

The one album not represented is "Locked In", unanimously regarded as an abject failure. Still, there's plenty here to remind you that the Ash were (and maybe are) a solid First Division band.

The opener, "Blind Eye", epitomises their famous twin harmonised guitar approach and remains a refreshingly free adaptation of a basic 12-bar, albeit speedily paced. Another cut from their eponymous debut LP follows; "Phoenix" is one of those (10 minute) ploddingly serious epics which explode into invigorating action every now and again just as your interest is waning.

From "Pilgrimage" comes "The Pilgrim", very 1971, very "Black Mountain Side" (in slow motion), the languid intro leading to a thrashing instrumental with wordless vocal harmonising.

Incongruous harmonies crop up again on "Blowin' Free" (from their best platter, "Argus") and the lyrics are a shade askew, too. The title refers to a young lady's hair *"blowin' free like a cornfield"*, and not the suspected jam. But by 'eck, it's grand pot to hear keyboards (they come later).

Side two begins with the persuasive fade-in heralding "The King Will Come", wah-wahs and militaristic bolero gradually giving way to bass-heavy rock of a pretty high order. "Rock And (sic) Roll Woman" (from "Wishbone 4") is lethargic by their standards and inevitably cliche-ridden.

(Comparative) New boy Laurie Wisefield debuts on "Persephone" (from "There's The Rub"), exemplifying the later overly-developed, denser approach (i.e. they're now using bleedin' keyboards).

"New England" proved that there's signs of life in the old Ash yet and "Outward Bound", from that album, is a spritely instrumental which would sound great accompanying one of those ultra-flash Martini ads.

Don't mock, we all have to eat cake at one time or another.

Monty Smith

DAVID DUNDAS
David Dundas (Air)

AFTER TURNING his jingle for Brutus jeans into a worldwide smash single, Dundas seems to have reached the limits of his inventiveness.

That song, "Jeans On", stands out like a thoroughly imaginative TV ad isolated in the middle of *Crossroads*.

You might have expected more from a man who composed such a stylish anthem to funky chic, but it is after all a fashion favoured by rich dilettantes and excessive exertion would no doubt be frowned on.

The album was assembled with the aid of Roger Greenaway, who produced it and co-wrote some of the songs, so predictably it's conservative pop.

"Another Funny Honeymoon", "Daisy Star", "Stick On Your Lollypop" and "Sleepy Serena" are all unbearably twee and plodding.

It's as though Dundas would like to set himself up as the male Lynsey De Paul, except that he lacks her minimal wit.

On the sleeve, Dundas — who's the son of the Marquess of Zetland — has the look of a chap who might have fagged for Tom Browne at Rugby, and if that's your kind of turn on, you might turn a deaf ear to the weakness of his songs.

Otherwise, steer clear.

Bob Edmands

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DAVE MASON
Let It Flow (CBS)

DAVE MASON was reet heat when he was Traffic's misfit, but his solo stuff has been pretty naff.

"Let It Flow" was by all accounts a vast improvement "What Do We Got Here?" (another of the tracks) would seem a more appropriate title.

Despite working with a tight little outfit (Mike Finnigan, Rick Jaeger, Gerald Johnson and Jim Kreuger), Mason has flipped, totally, into a vulgarised AM programming.

"Takin' The Time To Find", with Krueger's chunky rhythm and fluid lead guitars, is the only cut on side one with any life and even that is merely a Radio 1 love song beneath the flash.

Ernie Watts attempts to inject some sax-appeal into "Spend Your Life With Me", but it's still a turgid "soulful" ballad and "Mystic Traveller" is Dave's mid-'70s pop-psychedelia hit. It's about as profound as John Fred's Playboys: *"Mystic traveller, he's the unravelled / And he will always bring you safely home."* And tuck you up safely in bed, no doubt.

Side two is the Stephen Stills show. Mr Stills actually contributes vocal harmony only on "Seasons" (a horribly Rod McKuen-esque love song with Hallmark lyrics), but Dave attempts Stills impersonations on at least two other tracks.

"Then It's Alright" is alright, then, but there's silly words and it's structured like a Stills song, too. Not entirely happy about the brass on the protracted coda either (those horns are unseemly blemishes on other cuts, too).

"You Just Have To Wait Now" (Dave never could come up with snappy titles, could he?) is one of the better numbers. Krueger's guitar work is again outstanding but it's way over-produced, way over-arranged. And that's down to Mason.

Monty Smith

KLAUS SCHULZE
Mirage (Island)
ASHRA
New Age Of Earth (Virgin)

AS SCHULZE points out in the scrambled English of his liner notes, "the listener must attack the composition to gain a mental repercussion" and "perfection is only a question of quantity not quality".

In other words, the main function of Schulze's (and others') electronic music is to provide a launch pad for the flight fantastic and the more of it there is, the more likely it'll strike a common chord in those hearing it. All in all, a pretty lazy, low profile manifesto for any sort of music.

"Mirage" is subtitled "A Winter Landscape" — but Breughel was never like this. Schulze likes a heavily orchestrated sound; he employs poly, mini and micro moogs, sequencers, octave filters, reverb units, a Pentagon's worth of electronic hardware.

"Velvet Voyage" takes up side one, "Crystal Lake" side two. Both pieces are divided into phrases like (sic) "Exvasion" and "Cromwaves". Very SF, very suspect.

The results leave me cold and confused. Maybe my brain doesn't oscillate to Schulze's intended frequency. "Voyage" hardly develops at all, just murmurs ponderously. Sounds like Wagner in a flooded tunnel; I'd almost rather hear Tomita lay into the *"Gotterdammerung"*.

"Lake" is similarly facile: an intro not too far removed from the "Tubular Bells" main theme before more interminable limbo gloom. For evidence of Schulze in slightly more creative mood, check his last "Moondawn" set.

"New Age" (another Atlantean soundtrack?) is much better. Ashra is one Manuel Gottsching, sole survivor of Ashra Tempel. He plays keyboards, synthesiser and guitar.

Side one runs three (relatively) short pieces: airy, melodious themes marked by piano over skittering percussion. At times they're reminiscent of Gong/Hillage glissandos.

Even "Nightdust", side two's epic, is pleasantly sparse, never as cumbrous as "Mirage". It's simple stuff, but effective for all that. Gottsching's work has a sense of structure and proportion lacking in Schulze's.

And there are worse insomnia cures around.

Angus MacKinnon

ELFLK *Pic: PENNIE SMITH*

ELKIE BROOKS
Two Days Away (A&M)

ELKIE BROOKS is somewhere in her early thirties.

Since she set out on a career as a singer at the turn of the last decade she's injected her musical background and knowledge — gospel, blues, Billie Holliday, Bessie Smith — into bands led by jazzers Eric Delaney and Humphrey Lyttleton, and sung co-leads in two road show-like rock outfits Duda and Vinegar Joe, both led by hubbie guitarist Pete Gage — the latter with Robert Palmer.

On "Two Days Away", her second solo album, Elkie rejects her more recent rockin' in favour of returning to her earlier jazz heritage. A giant leap for credibility?

To be truthful, I was dreading playing this album. Though the sleeve lacks any campness — it presents a more subtle variant on the Elkie The Fox theme of "Rich Man's Woman", her first solo record, I had awful visions of her doing a Bette Midler, having heard rumours that this was a step back to her jazz background.

Forget about that. This album is done straight. The humour on it is born of warmth.

The real clue to the record lies in the musical credits. It's produced by Lieber and Stoller, who also contribute half of the ten songs. It features the New York Horns, the Muscle Shoals Horns, strings, and a host of stellar session names. It was recorded both in London and New York.

It also features Elkie's band — the very large Jean Roussel on keyboards, guitarist Isaac Guillory, the excellent Vinegar Joe bassist Steve York, and drummer Trevor Morais.

Not only that, but "Two Days Away" was cut live. From the first, gut-tingling lines of the paced-down "Love Potion No 9", it's obvious that if this level can be kept up then "Two Days Away" will prove to be *really* classy stuff indeed. It's an almost stirring, gorgeously tasteful workout of the number, underpinned — for all its M Shoals Horns — by Roussel's sensuous keyboards.

Elkie purrs the number out in the kind of textured, torch-lit voice reminiscent of the kind of late-night supper clubs where Ella Fitzgerald might have slunk up onstage twenty or so years back.

The mood is continued, with more than mere traces of, say, Dionne Warwicke and Aretha and many, many more. "Spiritland", a pacier track written by Elkie with Pete Gage, is based on a quasi-reggae riff which — and this is a tribute to the way her two producers work — is strengthened rather than negated by the massed horns and back-up vocals.

In fact, it's here that you'll probably first realise the way she's working as a band member and also note the empathy that recording live permits not only between her and the band but also between the record and the listener.

"Honey, Can I Put You Down" makes you remember that it's very dangerous making an album of "mature" love songs unless the vocals are handled with total confidence. Most of the album not only has this confidence but has quite a horny edge to it. See also the next cut, Ellie Greenwhich's "Sunshine After The Rain" — which also affords evidence of her note-juggling talents — and the tastefully lugubrious hit single "Pearl's A Singer".

Though they're held in there by the raunchy New Orleans-ish "Mojo Hannah" and Lieber and Stoller's own equally emotive "Saved", the middle three cuts on side two come across as dissapointingly pedestrian. Just badly chosen, duff material, that's all.

Oh yes, the jazz heritage schtick? Well, not too happy about this record's getting tagged like that, really. I mean, does a "late night feel" have to automatically fit into a jazzer category?

No, it's just mainly very powerful, very mature music. And can you think of another British female singer who's currently turning out anything that could be described like that?

Chris Salewicz

John Miles

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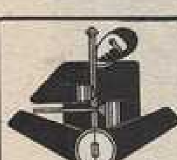

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Taj Me In The Morning

TAJ MAHAL
Music Fuh Ya (Musica Para Tu) (Warner Brothers); A Taj Mahal Anthology Vol. 1 (CBS import)

TAJ MAHAL has always been different from most other folks who get or go into recording studios. Whether you dig him or not, he's never been one of a crowd — any crowd. He's always gone his own sweet way, being casually unique and never seeming to care what's happening in the marketplace.

He started out recording in '68 or so as a bluesman, but even at a time when there was a compete glut of blues and blues-related substances around, Taj Mahal's albums were a rare and special treat. Underneath the alias and the hat and shades was a young educated black guy reinterpreting country blues in a manner both "authentic" and "progressive" — and using a Native American ("Red Indian" to you, ethnofans) guitarist named Jesse Ed Davis.

Taj made three blues / bluesish albums, "Taj Mahal", "The Nach'l Blues" and the double "Take A Giant Step" / "The Ol' Folks At Home", the last of which pointed him in the direction of the black folk music that chronologically preceded the blues, the apogee of which was reached in his soundtrack for the movie *Sounder*. Subsequently, he's been into reggae and assorted Caribbean music forms, as he retraced his own ancestry in a kind of musical pre-Haley *Roots* (plus he had albums called "Roots" and "Mo' Roots" out ages ago, so there).

The "Anthology" album is drawn from the blues albums, and includes his classic version of "Statesboro' Blues", a Blind Willie McTell song. The Taj version has proved to be the basic blueprint for all subsidiary and subsequent versions, including those by the Allman Brothers Band, George Hatcher Band and Pat Travers.

Sleepy John Estes' "Leaving Trunk" gets an arrangement that was picked up on by the Keef Hartley Band for *their* version, and it was also the track that Jagger did his neon-pole dance to in *Performance*, except that in the final dub of the movie Taj's track was replaced by a custom-built piece by the soundtrack band which had the same rhythm. End of trivia corner.

There's also the alltime greatest version of "Corinna", a wild-eyed version of the Dave Dudley truckdrivers' special "Six Days On The Road", a warm, persuasive version of "Take A Giant Step" (written by Goffin and King and recorded by the Monkees on their first album) that transforms the song into blues and makes it sound like it'd been that way all along.

This album is very special. If you need an introduction to either Taj Mahal or the blues, this is your stop.

The new album — comparatively, anyway, since he's done one more which I haven't received yet — doesn't sit so easily since its ambience is more Caribbean than Anglo-American. "Music Fuh Ya" delves into pre-reggae forms, more Trinidadian than JA with prominent steel drums and jump saxophone and seems to insinuate its way into you through sheer charm more than anything else. Taj has always been long on charm, but here I find myself trying more to get to grips with the form to suss out exactly how he's Taj-ing it up rather than getting turned on to it.

Still, I have enough faith in Taj Mahal to recommend "Music Fuh Ya" to anyone with a taste for Third World Music who wants to expand his horizons some.

'Cause if Taj Mahal is into *anything* it's using his music and his charm to get people to take their eyes out of the gutter and look up at the sky, and if anyone can shake clear blue sky out of a pocket handkerchief then it's Taj Mahal. Pick up on the anthology and watch out for Vol. II.

Charles Shaar Murray

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SKIP THE New Wave scruples; is *this* what we ordered?

We wanted music as universal language, excercising the peaceable power of Esperanto as in "Awopbopaloobopalopbamboom!" We got instead the beat of the living dancing dead: "Get up and boogie!"

Those jejeune Germans Silver Convention strut their stuff ("As Advertised On TV And Radio!") through a pile of prize dreck which finds them sounding a lot like Tina Charles' backing group after being stood up by said *chanteuse* and deciding to take the microphone into their own hands.

Songs like "Another Girl" — cautionary warning against clean-up woman; "Tiger Baby" — a rip-off of the Sex-O-Lettes finest moment interspersed with limp feline growls; "Telegram" — cretinous caterwauling; "San Francisco Hustle" — a haphazard violin jigsaw; "Son Of A Gun" — inexcusable; "Dancing In The Aisles" — stupidly sinister; "You've Got What It Takes" — horrendous; "No No Joe" — enigmatic moronity; "Thank You Mr D.J" — soppy.

Such sonnets are executed with the minimum of taste and the maximum of grisly shrill strings, but just occasionally, the immortal team of Levay / Kunze and Levay / Prager come up with a gem that owes more to lush Philly than brash Dusseldorf; "Fly Robin Fly" (sole lyric; *"Fly robin fly / Up up to da sky"*) stars a de Paul piano and those ubiquitous violins skilfully manipulating a brilliant, soporific beat, split by an enchanting instrumental segment.

Or "Save Me" (sole lyric; *"Save me / I'm falling in love"*) with that gorgeous upwardly mobile saxophone making nonsense of its environment.

Or the most uncharacteristic "Everybody's Talking About Love" (sole lyric; *"Everybody's talking 'bout love / But no one seems to give it / But no one seems to live it"*, which I thought was rather touching) on which our heroines come across almost hysterical as opposed to cast-iron cabbages, though still firmly under the thumb of that Luftwaffe beat.

And who could resist the sublime "Get Up And Boogie"? *(Me — Ed)*

Such tracks are gems; the remaining rejects are strictly for Panzer tanks to pogo to.

Julie Burchill

RAY DORSET AND MUNGO JERRY
Lovin in the Alley and Fightin in the Streets (Polydor)

UNCONVINCING bid by Ray Dorset to shed his skiffle image and grab a share of the heavy rock millions.

Dorset himself is a dead give away. Looking more than ever like Frankie Vaughan, he's astride a motorbike on the sleeve in the sort of greaser's outfit favoured by Dick Emery.

Mucho macho it ain't.

The album's co-produced by former Tremeloe Alan Blakely, and if you can bear to think what the Trems would sound like if they attempted decibel overkill, then you get the gist.

Dorset's not lost the knack for catchy commercial hooks that gave him a huge hit with "In The Summertime" in 1970

No doubt if a more subtle style were adopted, some of the songs might be in with a chance at the charts.

"All That A Woman Should Be", the opener, comes across as an hysterical harangue, when restraint would have served the lyrics better.

The album is stymied throughout by its attempt to ride the coat-tails of Deep Purple and their ilk. Dorset's obliged to shriek and the band to wail, but none of them sound at ease.

If you're going to adopt a different musical form, Ray, then disco would seem a safer, more dignified bet. But don't wait five years to make up your mind, next time.

Bob Edmonds

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29th	Swindon Affair	14th	Mr. George's Coventry
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GENE CLARK
No Other (Asylum)

WHEN SERVING my time as a Press Officer, I wrote only one blurb that I actually believed in one hundred per cent. It was in January 1975 and it was for "No Other".

"Magnificent, excellent, splendid, ethloodycetera" — I really believed it and was genuinely delighted when other people responded to it as I did.

But, "No Other" died the death. Commercially — it was deleted when Asylum rejoined WEA in January 1976 — and critically most writers myopically dismissed it as chic country-rock, obviously confused by the music and bemused by Gene's spoof Art Deco cover, on which he dared to wear make-up. Cowboys aren't allowed to do that.

All of which merely leads to my basic plea — don't be misled by whatever you have read about Gene Clark's music or his Place Within It, safely categorised for the use of. And please, please don't judge him either by his new RSO album or his recent British appearances.

"No Other" remains a totally unique work and even if it has only been re-released to coincide with that tour, don't give Asylum the chance to get cold feet again.

It's difficult to convey the emotional intensity of the entire album and it would be futile to attempt a track-by-track analysis. Besides spoiling it for those about to discover The Great Neglected Album of the '70s, cold type could not hope to convey the richness of the music.

There *are* a couple of conventionally structured songs and, since they both appear as side openers, "Life's Greatest Fool" and "From A Silver Phial" may have proved deceptive to those critics who regrettably dismissed the album two years back.

But even here, the treatment elevates them way above mere country-rock and "Fool", in particular, is a sweetly ironic comment on the human condition.

The other six songs are more overtly impressive, breathtakingly developed, astonishingly arranged (by Clark and producer Thomas Jefferson Kaye) and consummately played. The supporting musicians include Lee Sklar, Russ Kunkle, Michael Utley, Joe Lala, Richard Greene, and some of the finest guitar pickers you'll ever hear — Jerry McGee, Danny Kootch, Steve Bruton, Buzzy Feiten and Jesse Ed Davis.

As the title implies "No Other" stands alone. Masterpiece is not a word I bandy about, but this extraordinarily dense, epic work deserves just such an accolade.

Monty Smith

NEIL INNES
Taking Off (Arista)

BY NO means a great record but Innes is a lot less than the idiot it's sweet to be. More a clown — Innes sings with a smirking detachment that is above cynicism.

It's a surprisingly deep piece of work that explores with a kind of cheerful bitterness some of the messy textures of life. It's very English too, with a self-conscious Englishness that holds hands with the Beatles and Ray Davies' occasional depictions of the shallowness of suburban life; the glimpse extends into sentimentalism; naivity, fantasy, hope and resignation.

Like most clowns Innes sheds more tears than he spreads grins. He tries to be happy, but his optimism is fantasy and his pessimism reality.

The first two songs are closest to what would be expected from Innes on past form. "Crystal Balls" uses a corny cowboy arrangement as Innes decrys fortune tellers who attempt to control his destiny and thus block his freedom. "Catch Phrase" is about searching for that elusive new craze.

But "God Is Love" is a strange, obscure parable that has the title message causing some alarm to the narrator. It builds steadily making confused statements before bursting into a fitting gospel refrain. Quirky, and strangely moving.

"Randy Raquel" is about a guy and his life size sex doll — an evocation of loneliness. Above a sparse instrumental background Innes moans *"No one can touch me or hurt me/as I prepare my balloon"*. Gulp!

"Shangri-La", a blatantly whimsical fantasy closes the side.

Innes' preoccupation with loneliness, freedom and his Newman-esque observations that kindness, love and charity are low down on the list of motives for human behaviour are no-where more evident than on "Drama on a Saturday Night" and "Dreams Shine Through".

In "Drama" an ambitious beauty queen climbs the heights lapping up the good things and wins her self a playboy millionare lover. The love decays and she shoots her ex-lover.

"Dreams Shines Through" is a haunting vignette dealing with a dying old man, various passers by and their dreams which are markedly different from his — a cigar smoking entrepreneur; a couple of lovers and a rock'n'roll star.

Two songs jammed together "Busy Day" and "Three Piece Suite", damn suburbia life and ever-present uncertainty of domestic bliss but coyly bow to its "sacred" permanence.

In "Busy Day" The Wife submerges herself in daily hazy masturbatory activities but come six o'clock The Husband finds dinner in the kitchen and her waiting sheepishly.

"Three Piece Suite" begins *"Two armchairs and a sofa Make our world complete"* and concludes *"We are so lucky to have a nice place/decent next door neighbours with similar values throwing weekend parties with lots of booze"*.

"La Vie En Rose" is melodic, downright soppy way to conclude the album — the sugar to swallow the bitter pill.

Not a profound or introverted album but meaningless it isn't. Though Innes singles about obvious subjects he does so in a decidely unobvious way. It's a subdued album but it adds weight to the opinion that Innes is our finest rock humorist as well as a potentially great songwriter.

Paul Morley

AL JARREAU
Look To The Rainbow — Live (Warner Brothers)

OF THE twelve songs here, four are from his first two albums, two are throwaway versions of show-tunes and the remaining six are new material.

Enough for a studio album surely — so why a live album at such an early stage?

Well, Al Jarreau doesn't fit conveniently into any mould. He sings scat improvisations which aren't quite jazz and aren't quite soul, using his voice as an instrument — percussive and melodic.

Most of his songs are self-written; on his first album they were at least individual, but on "Glow", the second and more so with "Rainbow" they've become over-sentimental and stilted.

He uses a small band based around the electric piano of Tom Canning who's been with Jarreau since the first album. Canning acts as the link between the loose, wandering vocals and the rest of the band — usually a trio, but augmented here by vibes player Lynn Blessing.

Jarreau's first album — "We Got By" — was an impressive debut, recorded with spartan production and simple and powerful backing from piano, bass and drums. Critical response was good, sales weren't.

For "Glow" various Crusaders were added and the sound broadened; sales (in the States at least) were doubled although Jarreau didn't really sound comfortable with what was going on around him.

Meanwhile his stage act was getting smoother and tighter all the time.

It was obvious that this was his element and, since he wasn't having much luck finding a sympathetic environment in the studio, why not record him live?

Unfortunately, that's not the answer either. "Look To The Rainbow" is a good representation of Jarreau live. It's relaxed and intimate, the mood hardly varies throughout and the pace never gets more frantic than a light, funky backbeat that creeps in for some of the songs. It's no more than a memento — just a brief respite from finding the right studio setting. After all, he can't go on making live albums forever.

Producers Al Schmitt and Tommy Lipuma have done very well. Drums and bass are mixed very low, and the piano, vibes and Jarreau's voice are left as the main part of the sound. Effective and understated strings crop up from time to time and they sound synthesised. The result is homogenous and patently easy to listen to.

Therein lies the problem. If you weren't looking for a memento of Jarreau's concert (or something to create a night club atmosphere at home) there wouldn't be much here to attract attention. The mood is laid-back and smooth; most of the dynamics are ironed out.

Jarreau's unusual voice is at first beguiling, but soon becomes gimmicky, like a hipper male version of Cleo Laine.

When he gets funky (as on "So Long Girl") there's little to complain about, but on the slower songs the combination of his voice and the milky sentimentality becomes irritating.

IMPORTS

TIME WAS when the Fania label could be relied on to provide a plethora of substantial latin sounds. The pride of the catalogue were the **Fania All-Stars,** a big band, brash and full of fire.

Their 1973 "Nuestra Cosa" concerts, documented on an Island release, provided the hope that Afro-Cuban music might make a welcome comeback via a new wave of its own. But now, four years on from their eventful Yankee Stadium gig, there are signs that the All-Stars are thinking in terms of a residency at the Waldorf Astoria.

Their albums have matriclated to the upper market via a deal with CBS, their latest offering bearing the title "Rhythm Machine" and flaunting a sticker that boasts "with special guests Eric Gale and Bob James" — which should indicate something about the way things have gone.

Where once the rhythm section moved like a veritable HST on tracks like Larry Harlow's "Congo Bongo" or Gerald Wilson's exciting "Viva Tirado", nowadays it's often delegated to perform menial tasks.

However, not everything is a complete write-off by any means: "En Orbita", an original by Louis "Perico" Ortiz, allows that energetic trumpeter room to indulge in a typically stratospheric display; "Steady", a pithy Sanatana riff of a thing also sounds healthy enough; while Pacheco, Santamaria, Valentin and Co. provide enough other moments of latin heat to get most amateur clave-beaters straining at the knuckles.

But the signs are there that studio technique and plush pad mentality has moved in to temper the All-Stars original Cuban carnival approach.

"The **Bee Gees",** one of the latest flock of imports on the French Impact label, is a really odd can of beans from way back when. Recorded in lo-fi, lack of top fashion, it contains note-for-note covers of the Beatles' "Ticket To Ride" and "Paperback Writer", plus an attempt on the life of the Lovin' Spoonful's "Daydream" and a number of other mis-used hits. Duff in the extreme, I can only imagine that the Brothers Gibb would like all copies of this release subjected to the fate originally reserved for tapes in the "Mission Impossible" series.

"Powerhouse", the third album for CBS by **American Tears,** would seem as unlikely

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Unhappily, most of the songs are slower and, coupled with the mellow production style and the inclusion of "Take Five" and the Broadway "Better Than Anything", "Look To The Rainbow" is too close to MOR for comfort.

Paul Rambali

DEXTER GORDON
Homecoming (CBS)

I CAN'T get over CBS signing Dexter.

Call it the sudden foreboding of the Monopoly player with all the hotels on Mayfair, or an impending visit from the meter reader, whatever — with that august John Hancock on the contract, the company have traded bankability for credibility, and if they'll have me, I's admire to go steady.

Never picky, Dexter's monumental consistency has transcended opinionated rhythm sections, fashions and fads, also the overawed but uncomprehending idolatry that attends the great exile.

Recorded back home at the Village Vanguard with an ideal outfit, the tenorman hits his finest form since the great Blue Notes of the early '60s.

The Louis Hayes-Woody Shaw band heard here — minus reedman Rene McLean — are on the case from the blistering opener, "Gingerbread Boy". All associations with Miles Davis' great version vanish after the sinuous theme is stated, and Dexter locks on.

This must be one of his greatest solos on record, hustling, crowding out the funky suspensions and riding roughshod over all those switchy-hipped possibilities that Miles uncovered.

Dexter the declamatory, goes for incantation, driving his massively deliberate phrases to the jaw. The famous penchant for loutish quotation, "Mona Lisa", "Here Comes The Bride", find emotional justification here as he rises into that robbed-eagle scream for a phrase from "And The Angels Sing" to bring history and the visceral instant magnificently together. Then he's tapering it down into "Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better" which, in the context of Dex, is demonstrably acquitted of arrogance.

Trumpeter Woody Shaw's outing is closer to the given theme, and parcelled out in precise jabs over the stinging Hayes cymbals. "Little Red's Fantasy", a Shaw original with a latin feel, finds Dexter mining an older, heavier rhythm, and shaking the line like a Dervish.

Another Shaw number, "In Case You Haven't Heard", receives an even more grandly cavalier treatment as the headstrong tenorman slams into "I'll Never Be The Same" by way of an alternative.

Thelonious Monk's 'Round Midnight', robust enough to resist substitutions, starts whth an authentically Monk-sounding piano intro by Ronnie Matthews before the tenor weighs in at its grandest, the huge sound wielded from shuddering bass notes to keening top. The mood brightens for Shaw's solo, and then Dexter's return seals it all off like a cast-iron furnace door.

The rhythm section is unbeatable, with Louis Hayes' Hard Bop style a miracle of vitality and invention, and bassist Stafford James' intonation and choice of notes all music and no ego.

In a good year there are generally two or three great releases in among the good knocks and unmemorabilia. "Homecoming" is a masterpiece, and you don't bung that bracket about. Lower the stylus anywhere on this double-album and you hit paydirt.

Brian Case

WIDOWMAKER
Too Late To Cry (Jet)

WHILST LOATH to write them off completely and reluctant to shell out a quid to go see them, Widowmaker are ultimately (as the first cut on side two warns) "Something I Can Do Without".

Fond of chunky riffs over an ultra-solid rhythm section (Bob Daisley and Paul Nichols), the majority of their material puts one in mind of Bad Company out-takes, particularly since John Butler's lead vocals are very much of the rough-around-the-edge school.

The twin lead guitars of Arial Bender and Huw Lloyd-Langton (there's working class for you, boyo) work well enough on the title track and "Sign The Papers" (with its neat tempo changes and genuine development, the album's best number), but elsewhere is generally nondescript.

Bender's "Here Comes The Queen" is a bit twee — flaccid acoustic guitars over a cinema-type organ — even if it is about a bemused homo (and Bender sensibly credits the song to Luther Grosvenor).

Luther's, sorry, Ariel's one vocal contribution is "Pushin' And Pullin' ", a blues-rock pastiche which is almost as funny as Martin Mull's "Ukelele Blues": *"When I woke up this mornin' / Pissed out my head / I could not remember / The face in my bed"*.

The final cut, untortunately, is done dead straight. Even if Butler's lyrics manage to avoid the embarrassing naivety of Bad Co's recent blues bloomer, "Sky Blues" is still pretty dreary. And someone persuaded Butler to dust off his harmonica. Oh dear.

Monty Smith

OUTLAWS
"Hurry Sundown" (Arista)

IF YOU like singing cowboys, but consider the Eagles to be straight off the dude ranch, then the Outlaws could be for you.

They're not to be confused with the likes of Willie Nelson, whose outlaw music has shaken the complacency of the Nashville fat cats.

Like so many others of their ilk, their style has its pedigree in the Byrds' "Sweetheart of the Rodeo". But they have a distinct edge over their rivals.

Their approach combines genuine good humour and

hard-nosed energy in a way that eludes many bands as soon as the pedal steels start to chime.

They *do* sound like the Eagles at times, with glossy, ringing guitars and high-class harmonies; their producer is Bill Szymchzyk, who used to do the same job for the Eagles. Besides, they'd be foolish to ignore the brand leaders in the field.

Nevertheless, the Outlaws do sound a little more rough and ready, a little less MOR. Most of the guys in the band get a chance to sing lead, and smoothies they ain't. Such daring does lend the music a certain integrity.

The opener, "Gunsmoke", is a predictably butch song about men and their weapons, an obsession that no doubt betrays the anxieties of the American male. But it's redeemed by the honesty of the vocals, and the strength of the melody.

The title track is more Wild West whimsy, and while it's not in the same league as Andy Pratt's classic "Avenging Annie", it's a notch above the average bandit ballad.

Two pieces show the band's commitment to country music. "So Afraid" has banjos scampering in a way that would have sent Gram Parsons into ectasy. On the melancholy "Man of the Hour", Hughie Thomasson's steel guitar almost sheds tears.

The album is dominated, ironically, by the one song that the band didn't write themselves. "Hearin' My Heart Talkin' " sounds like a hit single of massive potential, thanks to a hook that your memory just can't shake off.

Let's face it, in these hard-pressed times you'd do as well to keep the high quality of this album in mind.

Bob Edmands

GRYPHON
Treason (Harvest)

UNINSPIRED AND uninspiring music that falls into a middle ground of flamboyant techno-rock and souless vapidity.

Technically it's all very proficient (they did go to the Royal College of Music), but the intricacies which saturate "Treason" cover an essential shallowness in Gryphon's music.

Lyrically the songs are about as memorable as last year's Miss World, instance the nail biting angst of "Round and Round" (*"Am I just an old brush on your canvas"?*) or the ivory tower philosophy of "Fall of the Leaf" (*"Life will ascend to the trees — the leaves become the queen"*).

humdrum rock passages are punctuated with dramatic keyboard sweeps. No more the crumhorn and sackbutt, merely the sort of numbingly mindless 'epic' rock that the Floyd and Yes can pull off on a good night, but not Gryphon.

No, not Gryphon. The music is so devoid of feeling that it ends up sounding like a 'Check Your Stereo' record. Derivative, dull and worthless.

Patrick Humphries

candidate for future British release. Though Tears — who on this occasion decorate their inner sleeve with a still from Fritz Lang's "Metropolis" — have a personable lead singer in Craig Evan Brooks, there's little else that suggests they'll ever really be too hung up on tax problems.

On the other hand **Timberline,** who have a debut album on Epic titled "The Great Timber Rush", would appear to stand reasonable chances. Produced by Bones Howe, whose past credits include some of the Fifth Dimension's better albums and the Alessi set on A & M., it's little wonder that Timberline, a five-piece led by vocalist-guitarist Jim Salestrom, prove to be essentially a "song" outfit of some quality.

Assisted on a couple of tracks by the Dirt Band's John McEuen and paid due praise by Peter Yarrow, who was recruited for sleeve note chores, Timberline may never become as big as the giant Redwood that bedecks their album cover — nevertheless, they're out of the acorn stage and likely to grow with some rapidity. File under "enjoyable".

Thanks to the holiday period and the emergence of the galloping red, white and blue loonies, little in the way of new arrivals appeared in London's import racks last week. However, sneaking in under the bunting came **Tyrone Davis'** "Let's Be Closer Together" (CBA); **Salsoul Orchestra's** "Magic Journey" (Calsoul); **"Oklahoma"** by a four-piece of that name, produced by Mark Lindsay and Terry Melcher; **Sonny James'** "In Prison, In Person" (CBS) featuring the talents of a major country hit-maker — Cash ain't even in the same league when it comes to No. Is — with his Tennessee State Prison Band; and **Mother's Finest's** "Another Mother Further" (Epic), a cut in Atlanta set that includes versions "Mickey's Monkey", the old Motown stand-by and "Burning Love", a Dennis Linde song that once made the grade the Elvis way.

Not much major action in the album market then — but if you want to indulge in a touch of the Viv Nicholsons you could lash out on in the singles zone where "Borderline", the **MC5's** first 45 has been reissued on Skydog, the same label providing "I Can't Explain", a Teenage Head out-take by the **Flamin' Groovies** and **Motorhead's** "Leaving Here", an item once slated for a release on Stiff.

Fred Dellar

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ON THE TOWN

Ian Hunter

HAMMERSMITH

THERE'S A PECULIARLY nasty sinking feeling you get when you see someone whose work you genuinely admire climb up on a stage and make a complete asshole of himself.

This feeling is doubled and redoubled when the someone in question is a geezer who you know reasonably well and hold in considerable personal esteem — which is why there were lead weights on my soul most of the way through Ian Hunter's set with The Overnight Angels last Sunday at Hammersmith.

The near capacity audience was nicely keyed-up by the time Mr 'Untah was due onstage — the shouts of "Come on, you cunt!" demonstrated that Ian's fans still feel the same way about him as they always have — and as "Broadway" from the new album wafted out of the PA over the darkened hall the sense of anticipation was overwhelming.

From seeing The Overnight Angels in rehearsal a couple of months back in the States, from hearing Ian discuss his current thoughts on the State Of Rock'n'Roll '77, and from Ian's choice of support act (The Vibrators, whom I missed — blame it on London Transport, Knox) I was expecting a set of the kind of rough tough street kid rock'n'roll that Ian used to play with Mott. I wasn't expecting the kind of grandiose heavy metal art rock bullshit that got played by The Overnight Angels.

For a start, there was Earl Slick stuck over at the side of the stage in white satin, striking halfhearted Jimmy Page poses and playing possibly adequate but rather undynamic guitar. Peter Oxendale manipulated — and I use the term deliberately — what sounded like an entire shopful of keyboards, and bass player Rob Rawlinson stayed up on the drum podium and hardly moved at all. Curly Smith just whacked hell out of his drums, except for one inexplicable segment of the show when he came down front and played an excruciatingly long and boring acapella mouth harp solo.

Hunter looked like mutton dressed up as lamb, in fringed black leather pants, sleeveless T-shirt and ridiculous silver snake bracelet on his upper arm. Contrary to my private expectations, the new material didn't sound significantly more raunchy than it did on the album — a deficiency not ameliorated by the sound system, which was simultaneously too loud and too thin.

'UNTAH: "Do bodily harm . . ."

Pic: ELAINE BRYANT

OVERWEIGHT ANGELS:

Mutton dressed as lamb

Even the excellent new single, "Justice Of The Peace", came over rushed and perfunctory.

Predictably — and understandably — the warmest audience reaction came for songs like "One Of The Boys", "All The Way From Memphis", "Once Bitten Twice Shy", "Violence" (one of the few genuine highlights of the set, performed in its entirety by Ian for the first time on this tour — with Mott he'd only used its closing section as the climax of a medley), "Roll Away The Stone", and the triumphal finale with "All The Young Dudes", which finally got the audience storming the stage and going completely twisto.

During the set whenever Ian pulled out one of his old hard rockin' classics the audience had seemed to be on the point of getting up and getting down, but then the number would end and the mood would be short-circuited by a soporific keyboard interlude from Oxendale.

Still, "Dudes" got them up and they stayed up throughout the encores of "Letter To Britannia From The Union Jack" (from the "All-American Alien Boy" album), "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" (in which Ian dusted off his old Jerry Lee Lewis piano licks and which he prefaced with the remark, "There was only one original punk, and that was Jerry Lee Lewis") and the truly awful, cringe-inducing new song called "England Rocks", during which plastic Union Jacks were dumped from the ceiling.

When the kids wouldn't leave and various official looking dodos starting bustling around nervously the band came back and did "England Rocks" again.

Wrap up: the show was simultaneously too flash and not flash enough. It needed the *real* flash you get from pure-bred hard-ass rock'n'roll, the kind of rock'n'roll Hunter has already proved time and time again that he can deliver. It didn't need the cheap, easy, condescending flash of pretty-boy costumes, tricksy lighting (the lightsman was working harder than the band) and the PA turned up to give an illusion of muscle to music that lacks genuine balls.

Ian's going to have to make up his mind whether he wants to impress the people — both here and in the States — who like post-Aerosmith post-Queen cute-rock or whether he wants to recapture the sensitive hardnut turf which he once occupied so effortlessly. What happened to that rap about *Gimme one spotlight and I'll do the rest/all you need to do is go on and deliver, huh?*

When Marc Bolan toured with The Damned he came across with more dignity than Ian Hunter did at Hammersmith, and I never thought *that* could happen.

Why doncha just *kill*, Ian? Talking of good shows and then coming out and playing pat-a-cake just don't make it.

Charles Shaar Murray

Dory Previn

EDINBURGH

HAVING ALREADY used up the best part of a small forest's worth of paper, I'm almost beginning to wish I'd never asked for this to review. How to do justice to this lady? Even as a Previn devotee, I was completely taken aback by just how superb this concert was.

But then I guess I too had partly fallen victim to the popular misconception that Dory Previn is a bundle of neuroses, someone who makes Leonard Cohen look like the Laughing Policeman. As one who enjoys a good depression every now and then, I was very partial to those (as I thought) downer albums — all except that live double where she sounded so damn chirpy . . .

Dory Previn, you see, is an entertainer. Out are songs about the notorious marriage and nervous breakdowns and that nervously fragile image. In are songs about follies and weaknesses, but with warmth and humour. In fact, Dory Previn is a rather cuddly figure.

It would be wrong, however, to dismiss Dory Previn as a joking figure, because she has some important things to say, especially on women's roles. Where she really scores, and what puts her way ahead of most of the field, is in her uncannily mature grasp of the blending of style and material.

Her style is welcome and winning because of its complete lack of pretension. There she sat, like simplicity

PREVIN: "Neurotic? You must be joking!"

Pic: GUS STEWART

herself, in a long white dress under a mop of auburn curls. This natural manner — the very opposite of flash — added to the effect of her songs. So too did her humour.

Humour may not be the first thing that springs to mind when Dory Previn is mentioned, but in many ways it's the key to her work. It was there in the between-song chats and jokes (often gently self-mocking) and it added new dimensions to songs where previously I had seen only irony. No one could sit and watch her and still think all her songs were meant to be taken literally. It's a pity so few of her pictures show her smiling, because smiling is what Dory Previn does best.

Well, maybe second best, because it's her writing that makes her so unique. Ms Previn has a rare gift for marrying memorable but unobtrusive melodies to her lyrics.

Sure, some of her songs are personal, but she's always honest and she tells it like it is — self-analysis without the self-pity. But there's so much more, fantasies and visions viewed with detachment and that wry humour. It's when she ties her subject matter to taboo subjects (like women to religion in "Did Jesus Have A Baby Sister?") and identifies them with weirdos and losers that Dory Previn becomes exceptional — because she breaks mental habits, says something out of the ordinary, and that means communication.

Enough of this intellectualising. Dory Previn writes a fine song with a grand imagination and flair, has a winning personal manner and is refreshingly unaffected.

Most of her songs came from her earlier albums, with a smattering of the more recent ones — a good balance. All the favourites were there, but special mentions for the fine segue of "Veterans' Big Parade" and "Play It Again Sam", the superb "Stone For Bessie Smith", "Mary C. Brown And The Hollywood Sign" (the song for LA) and "Twenty Mile Zone", which illustrates just what a difference her presence makes to her songs.

It should not go unrecorded that her band — Tom Kellock and the long-standing Peter Jamieson on guitars and the excellent Arthur Phillips on keyboards — were first rate and caught her moods just right.

The audience of Previn devotees — or so it seemed — were ecstatic and demanded three encores. After the last one, Dory Previn applauded the audience, positively radiating happiness. Oh yes, it's that chirpy live double for me from now on. Isn't she amazing, shakes you to the bone . . .

Ian Cranna

Chelsea

MARQUEE

AS TERROR-INDUCING New Wave fans, decked out for this wild and zany night in tartan kilts and bearing strange banners, are observed through the visible stinking sweat steam debating whether to leave the Marquee in the state they just left Wembley, Chelsea singer Gene October hovers, his face contorting in near-neurotic spasms, over the front of the stage.

"We want The Right To Work," **he bellows like Oliver Reed playing a '30s British Labour orator.**

As plastic beer glasses and cans hurl encouragingly through the air around him, the band slash into "Right To Work", Chelsea's Straight Ahead single, with October blending his proselytizing persona with a display of epileptic manicism that is close to placing him as — yes, here's *another* one — the Roger Chapman of punk. Except that these days one wouldn't really consider R. Chapman as a potential politico.

"Right To Work" is a bloody great song which, as bellowed by the voluminously powerful October lungs, should send those inept idiots in Westminster reaching for their Lomotil. Driven on by the fazed tempo drummer Carey Fortune injects into the number, with bassist H. Henry's walloping, thumping bass lines often overpowering James Stevenson's guitar runs, it clenches a threateningly dignified demand that momentarily blisses me out as much as Bob Marley had done a couple of nights previously.

As a political statement it is, to say the least, simplistic and, for the moment, Chelsea lack the almost infinite multi-dimensions of attitudes/stances that The Clash and the Pistols can call their own.

Besides, though, Chelsea are operating from what is basically a different set of criteria. Whereas The Clash and the Pistols scream their disgust at the loathsome hopefulness of the current set-up in this fine country, Chelsea are more specific, perhaps less subtle.

You won't get Johnny Rotten or Joe Strummer singing as personally subjective a number as October's "The Loner", for example. However, October's need to involve himself with a subject like the hopelessness of bedsitter existence springs from the same root causes as "London's Burning" and "Anarchy In The UK".

I can't remember any other titles. I just know that I really got off on most of what Chelsea played. I'm not sure if all the punks in kilts did, though. Someone I know claimed they saw some of them raping a punk girl outside after the gig.

That's also the kind of specifics out of which October's songs come.

Chris Salewicz

Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

OCTOBER in Chelsea, April in Bloomsbury, Christmas in Pimlico, blah blah . . .

Roogalator

NASHVILLE

THINKING UP a suitable category for Roogalator is a hard one. Identifying the constituent parts is easy enough, but what they do with them is a complete and unusual synthesis.

The constituents are rhythm and blues, some swing and a touch of rock'n'roll. Distilled through the four musicians, the result is a kind of driving, elastic funk which, in the five times I've seen them during the last six months or so, hasn't failed to surprise and win over a good percentage of the crowd.

This gig was no different in that respect, but there have been some changes in the Roogalator camp. To begin with they've got themselves some new bright red boiler suits and a new set of stage lights — lots of them, and all of them white. But since the operator seems to need a little more practice (and the Nashville isn't the best place to indulge in dramatic lighting anyway) it was less than totally effective.

They've also got a good crop of new songs. Only four remain from before — "All Aboard" and "Cincinatti Fatback" (which are progressively less in tune with the rest of the set, but are retained probably because of their EP familiarity), keyboard player Nick Plytas' "Love And The Single Girl", which stays as a piece of lightweight pop relief, and "Sock It To My Pocket", now ridiculously fast and tight, which has become one of the set's high points.

The new songs show the required amount of consolidation and improvement. The disposable humour of things like "All Aboard" has gone from the actual songs but Danny Adler's witty repartee still flourishes. The music is ever more complicated and slippery, polyrhythmic funk that even the most accomplished US exponents would think twice before attempting.

"Sweet Mama Kundalini" and "Transit" were the only new songs whose titles I caught. The first was more of a straight-ahead rocker than is usual for Roogalator, and extols the benefits of yoga in human relationships.

"Transit", along with the rest of the new material, was in the usual inimitable Roogalator style. Casting around for a comparison, the only thing I could think of was Tower Of Power's first album, "East Bay Grease" — in fact, I'm told that if Roogalator were struggling away in the States they would be rather ignominiously labelled as a jumping bar-room R'n'B band.

There was once a certain amount of truth in that, but Roogalator have now developed into something far more individual, and now that Danny Adler has finally got himself a set of contact lenses the only thing that might stand in their way is a lack of commercial precedent.

Paul Rambali

Gong

PARIS

PARIS IN THE Springtime, wheeech what a place for electrick gypsy craziness: the Octave Doctors, the Pot Head Pixies and virtually everyone else from the planet Gong is assembling for this unique *rencontre* of the Compagnie Opera Imperiel de Tibet. Past, present and pointers to the future; Hi T. Moonweed, Bloomdido Bad de Grasse, Stevie Hillside Village, Pierre de Strasbourg, Mr T. Being, and Zero the Hero himself — they're all gonna jam with each other, play solo sets, and finally, apocalyptically, reform for a complete re-run through the seminal "Flying Teapot" trilogy.

The 10,000 seater circus tent that is the Paris Hippodrome is bulging at the seams with happy but smiling hot people. A Moorish hash haze hangs under the canvas.

The concert has been put on by Tapioca Records, who are soon releasing a live album, and who have signed Didier, Daevid and Tim Blake for solo contracts. For these watch out.

Tim Blake opens with the Invocation: starclusters of heroic chords and spacewarp pulserhythms accompanied by **Patrice Warener's** wonderful fasers. Entire galaxies do battle in sound and vision . . . yes, Tim Blake is probably the best synthesizer player in the world, and certainly dresses the part: in silver satin jumpsuit and megalomaniac gestures he's every bit the Cosmic Superstar.

Throw in a human. **Didier Malherbe's** was a less Universal set. He wickedly conjured up *aggression* for the trippers and then proceeded to reduce this "vibration", blowing it away in a typical Didier phrasing flute solo. They're turning our heads into a nightclub again and the Count, looking very straight these days, is playing the slightly seedy MC.

Meanwhile the British contingent (who've paid £21 for the ticket and return coach trip) are muttering about all this bloody French, and, as if by magic, Didier introduces *"cette grande dame anglaise"*, **Lady June,** who in turn apologises to the audience in her worst Churchillian French that her lyrics are in English. Then straight into her rather depressing "Everythingisnothing" rap. Nothing is nothing, isn't it?

Even so the atmosphere is building.

In **Strontium 90** Virgin Records are well pleased. (Although relationships between that label, the concert organisers and Gong themselves are currently somewhat strained — possibly a result of Virgin's increasing economic and decreasing artistic priorities, not to mention the press release they put out containing a handful of bitchily deliberate mistakes).

But in the context of the evening they were rather strange. One respects what Strontium 90 are trying to do — entertain the electrick gypsies on a more conventional, less esoteric rock and roll level — but the ceaseless riffing/boogie/dashing around stage all looked a little arcane. Still, they injected some much needed bop energy into the proceedings and it would be churlish to record that Mike Howlett, whose band it is, looked somewhat bored by it all.

In a similarly physical dimension, but rather more sophisticated, they were followed by **Pierre Moelin's Percussion Band** (who are presently touring the Continent under the misnomer **Gong II**). Featuring brother Benoit Moelin, and lady Mireille Bauer on percussion too, Pierre's is a sort of Gallic Diga Rhythm Band. They had this disconcerting habit of swopping drumstools *during* numbers (mostly drawn from "Gazeuse") without missing a beat in the astonishing singing percussion. As has been happening all day with all the acts, it seems that only a brave effort from the players prevents them breaking into the Pot Head Pixie dance from the "Teapot" Gong . . . not yet, guys, not yet.

Although we do now have **Gong** themselves (minus Allen) onstage together for the first time in two years doing the imderrated "Shamal" set with virtuoso gypsy violinist Jorge Pinchevsky. Howlett's looking happy again, indeed everyone's smiling — this is the beginning of it. It was really quite an achievement getting Gong together after some of the things that have happened, but as the set progresses they get more and more into it, Didier and Steve blow fewer and fewer notes, the tension lifts and they fearlessly drift on, reunited inevitably at last.

They leave the crowd excited, fair buzzing, and finally . . . here he is — Captain Karma himself, **Daevid Allen,** back in front of a live audience for the first time since God knows when and he's so pleased to be back, with his other half, the good witch Shakti Yoni, Welsh poetess **Gilli Smyth** — the pair a psychedelic Sonny and Cher. They're being backed by a pick-up band of itinerant Catalan acoustic musicians, and whether the set has been rehearsed in any way your guess is as good as mine — although it certainly looks as if it has. They huddle together before starting, and then to a restrained lilting accompaniment (quiet but super clear — a tribute to the phenomenal Switch Doctor sound mixing by Venux Delux) Zero the Hero starts weaving his weird and wonderful Aquarian tales and love songs, acting out the parts; the crowd hanging on his every move as he takes you up and down and up again on this gentle switchback trip of an act. Even the drunkenness of one of the musicians seems part of the magic.

How do you follow a set like that? You bring on **Steve Hillage** and reunite him with co-inventor of the now popular Om Rock Tim Blake, and everyone else who played on "Fish Rising" — the better of his two albums. Again the emphasis was thrilling, shared between togetherness and tension, fusion and fission.

At this hour, midnight, the gig was billed to close, but it's Paris and the full **Gong** we've all been waiting for takes place entirely in borrowed time. As the three hour set trucks along, the proprietors start switching the house lights on and threaten to pull out the power, but the band are impervious to such tactics. Unfortunately the British coaches have to return home, so this is what you missed.

Firstly, most of "Camembert Electrique" to get into the groove. Warener's lasers have been lent to Gong, and he's projecting some breathtaking images on a large balloon that hangs in the hall. Circus people are juggling fire, walking tightropes, and swinging from trapezes and SLAM . . . the band hit "Radio Gnome Invisible" and that Pot Head Pixie dance we've been hearing all day. Innocent but wise, silly but of the utmost importance, the "Flying Teapot" rock opera from the heart fulfilled all expectations. It's as fresh each time you hear it, but the tight structure contains some useful concepts music could follow; invisible time changes based on numerologically precise calculations; falling apart to come together again; always ending on an up.

I'm not sure if it's all really as profound as it seems, whether perhaps it's just very superior entertainment for the psychedelic generation.

Over the fade-out Allen leads the band into the *"You am I and I am You"* mantra. So for the encore, with the power finally turned off, the band start jumping up and down and clapping in time with the audience. This goes on for some twenty minutes.

It's true: you never blow your trip forever.

Jonathan Barnett

(This is what happens when you send RAY LOWRY to a gig)

Music For Socialism

BATTERSEA

Harry Secombe: "Whose side are you on?

Peter Sellers: "There are no sides. We're all in this together."

(Spike Milligan, *The Goon Show*).

SOMEWHERE IN South London stands the Battersea Arts Centre. A Town Hall too. Today they've been turned over to a Festival entitled Music For Socialism.

This Socialist Festival has cost £1,000 to stage, no easy feat for no light subject. Only 400 tickets have been sold, leaving, sadly, a loss of £400. Carol Grimes and Pam Nestor are conspicuous by their absence too. No explanation is given for their non-appearance, despite their billing in the programme. As the day's events unfold, the individual warmth and emotion found in the music of Pam Nestor and Carol Grimes is sorely missed.

The Music For Socialism group "generally recognised that their grasp of the fundamental issues was, to say the least, undeveloped." So the Festival is designed to bring it all together, with music in the form of morning workshops, afternoon concert-debates, and an evening plenary (eh?).

Number two in the list of concert-debates, as in 'performances not simply with applause at the end', is Musical and Political Action, upstairs in the Council Chamber: four performances from Elevator, People's Liberation Music, Red Balune, and Leon Rosselson. And no reason to get excited, at all. Leon Rosselson sings and composes "many well-known political and satirical songs". Ah, Leon is right on! *Peace News* thinks so. I find his songs tedious and insipid. Red Balune were once called Rag Doll. I saw them in Nottingham a few months ago. On that occasion they left me impatient, frustrated, and bored by their musical activities — lots of sax, frantic keyboards, persons playing broomhandles, etc. This time they are leaden and unentertaining.

After all of this comes a discussion compered by Tim Hodgkinson of Henry Cow, complete with roving mike. The prospect of taking forward steps through a concerted exchange of opinion (socialist or otherwise) becomes increasingly guzzled by each unconnected gush of verbal hobbyhorsing.

The afternoon over, a chance to walkabout. Into the Graveney Room, confined space and cold stares from a clump of musicians (?) sprinkled across the floor like dice. An Exhibition of Sexist Record Sleeves: a sea of breasts, thighs, and more breasts. Stalls also, selling magazines, records, and . . . you know the scene. More product when you expect otherwise. I take an old *Let It Rock* from a free pile — gone *and* forgotten?

A note pinned on a door, saying healthy food. For once true — Fred Frith sells me a succulent pasty. Unfortunately the healthy food lost money too.

Finally, the Evening Plenary and the Redeeming Factor: Henry Cow. Watching the way this band look as they play is an instruction in itself. Zero-in at face level, and each Cow frame is soaked in total concentration, as the music plunges gloriously from chaos to order and back.

Frankie Armstrong is led onstage to sing four songs. The first and best is by John Pole, a local contemporary songwriter — a drugs to destruction song with a stinging vocal. The other songs were traditional and limp, despite the considerable fillip of the Cows' musical support. A band without blinkers, Henry Cow handled these basic folk forms with a vengeance, avenues beyond perfunctory Steeleye/Fairport treatments.

Against a background of dismantled gear comes the winding-up discussion. The floor is thrown open, and a man comes forward, beer mug in hand. "I live across the road. I'm an ordinary working man. I came here today to see what's happening. Let me say this: none of the music played today would get through to the working-class". He finishes and steps back. His accusation is more powerful than any of the music heard all day.

The silence hangs like the smell of sweat in an airless room.

Malcolm Heyboe

NATIONWIDE GIG

THURSDAY

BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: THE DARTS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS/BOOM TOWN RATS
BLACKPOOL Central Pier: MERSEYBEATS
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: SHAM/THE SELLOUTS
BRISTOL Bathurst Tavern: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
BRISTOL Granary: WARREN HARRY
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SPIDER
BRISTOL University: AIRGOLD/THE TORSOS
CASTLETON Cheshire Cheese: PETE & CHRIS COE
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
COVENTRY Mr. George's: JENNY HAAN'S LION
COVENTRY Smithfield Arms: STAGE FRIGHT
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: STEPHANE GRAPPELLI
CROYDON Red Deer: CHELSEA
DURHAM Trevelyan College: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre: BILLY CONNOLLY
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: GENERATION X
LANCASTER No. 12 Club: SHABBY TIGER
LEICESTER The Bleeches: DAVE BURLAND
LINCOLN Drill Hall: ZHAIN
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: AMERICAN TRAIN
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: RAINSTORM
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE SAINTS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: CITY BOY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: JOHNNY MOPED
LONDON DEPTFORD The Albany: MIKE WESTBROOK BAND/FRANKIE ARMSTRONG
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: F.B.I.
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: TOOTING FROOTIES
LONDON HARROW ROAD. Windsor Castle: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: TROGGS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: G.T. MOORE/MOUNTAIN CHILD
LONDON Marquee Club: ULTRAVOX
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: SPITERI
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: RAY PHILLIPS' WOMAN
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.1. Speakeasy: ALFALPHA
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: ACKER BILK BAND
MAIDENHEAD Prince Albert: BILL CADDICK
MIDDLESBOROUGH Town Hall: THE STRANGLERS
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NORWICH East Anglia University: JOHN STEVEN' AWAY
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PENZANCE The Garden: CONTRABAND
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: GUNNER CADE
PORT SUNLIGHT Price Social Club: FOGGY
POYNTON Folk Centre: BOB PEGG
READING Target Club: FRUIT EATING BEARS
ROYSTON Attic Club: MIRIAM BACKHOUSE
SHEFFIELD Royal Oak: MARTIN SIMPSON
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: 10c.c./DAVID McWILLIAMS
SOUTHPORT Dixieland Showbar: MONTANA
SOUTHPORT Floral Hall: DEAD END KIDS
STAINES Pathfinder Club: FIVE HAND REEL
STOKE Bailey's: ARCHIE BELL & THE DRELLS
WEST BROMWICH Oakdale Club: FLYING SAUCERS
WEST BROMWICH Town Hall: THE 'O' BAND
WHITEHAVEN Zodiac Club: MIKE BERRY & THE ORGINAL OUTLAWS
WOLVERHAMPTON Teachers Training College: LITTLE ACRE
WORTHING Balmoral: THE DEPRESSIONS
WORTHING: Central Hotel: BEAVER HATEMAN BAND

FRIDAY

ABERYSTWYTH University: FIVE HAND REEL
BARNSLEY Civic Hall: SON OF A BITCH
BEARWOOD Bear Hotel: PIG N' WISSUL
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CITY BOY/WIRE
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Civic Hall: DELROY WILSON
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BRIDLINGTON Spa Hall: HAWKWIND-/MOTORHEAD
BRIGHTON Sussex University: GEORGR MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
BRISTOL Granary: SWEET SUBSTITUTE
BRISTOL Holiday Inn: ZAINE GRIFF
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: QUANTUM
BRISTOL University: DAI THE ROCK
BROADSTAIRS Grand Ballroom: BEES MAKE HONEY
BROMLEY White Hart: STAGEFRIGHT
CAMBRIDGE Darwin College: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
CARDIFF University: TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS/ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
CARLOPS Allan Ramsay Hotel: THE REZILLOS
CHELTENHAM St. Paul's College: JIMMY JAMES
CORBY: Stardust Club: STAGEFRIGHT
CREDITON White Swan: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
DONCASTER College of Education: BRANDY
DONCASTER Gaumont Theatre: THE STRANGLERS
DUDLEY Queen Mary Ballroom: LITTLE ACRE
DURHAM Bede College: MUSCLES
EASTBOURNE College of Education: KRAKATOA
EDINBURGH Playhouse Disco: CHICO
EGHAM Shoreditch College: THE REAL THING-/JIMMY HELMS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: PRAEGER & RYE
HIGH WYCOMBE College: THE ZOOTS
HORNCHURCH Queen's Theatre: CLODAGH RODGERS
HORNSEA Floral Hall: ZHAIN
IRONBRIDGE Town Hall: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: JOHN KIRKPATRICK & SUE HARRIS
LEICESTER College of Education: MUNGO JERRY
LINCOLN Swan Cottage: BOB DAVENPORT
LINCOLN Technical College: BURLESQUE
LLANDRINDOD WELLS Grand Pavilion: DEAD END KIDS
LONDON BRIXTON Clouds: NORTH SIDE R&B ENSEMBLE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SOUTHERN ELECTRIC/QUANTUM JUMP
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SUNDAY BAND
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: CHAMPION
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: PRAIRIE OYSTER
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: DOWNLINERS SECT
LONDON KENSINGTON Royal College of Art: SNATCH/SLITS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE MOVIES
LONDON Marquee Club: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON MOTTINGHAM Dutch House: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: JABULA
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: THE BOOT BAND
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: SEARCHERS
LONDON SOUTHWARK Rachael McMillan Teachers Centre: SOUTHWARK FOLK FESTIVAL with JUNE TABOR/WATERSONS/IAN WOODS/JOHN BRENNAN/CHRIS HARRISON etc.
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: COUNT BISHOPS/TRASH
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: STEVE BROWN BAND
MALTON Milton Rooms: BIG BUSINESS
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: QUARTZ
MIDDLESBOROUGH Rock Garden: JENNY HAAN'S LION
MILNGAVIE Town Hall: McCALMANS
MILTON KEYNES College of Education: STRETCH
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: ARCHIE BELL & THE DRELLS
NEWCASTLE University: ROBIN DRANSFIELD & BOB PEGG
NORTHAMPTON Nene College of Education: GIGGLES
NORTHAMPTON The Racecourse: LEFT HAND DRIVE
PETERLEE Senate Club: SHABBY TIGER
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: STEPHANE GRAPPELLI
READING Three Tuns: RAILDOGS
READING Iniversity: HERON
RUGBY St. Paul's College: FABULOUS POODLES
SAFFRON WALDEN Town Hall: MARJORY RAZORBLADE
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE 'O' BAND
SHEFFIELD Abbeydale Industrial Hamlet: DAVE BURLAND
SHEFFIELD Broom Hill Festival: JOHN STEVENS' AWAY
SHEFFIELD The Grapes: PETE & CHRIS COE
SHEFFIELD Totley College: THE DARTS/RAY PHILLIPS' WOMAN
SOUTH SHIELDS Turks Head: MARTIN SIMPSON
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY
ST. ALBAN'S City Hall: NUTZ/GRIND
SUNDERLAND Mecca: AMERICAN TRAIN
SUNDERLAND Seaburn Hall: THE JAM
SUTTON COLDFIELD Town Hall: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: THE DAMNED/THE ADVERTS
WARRINGTON Padgate College: BRIGHT EYES
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: ROCK ISLAND LINE/CRUISERS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS/HEARTBREAKERS
WOLVERHAMPTON Wulfrun Hall: THE VIBRATORS
WOODSTOCK Wheatsheaf Inn: BILL CADDICK

SATURDAY

AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS / BOOM TOWN RATS
BATH The Bell: PEDRO
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CITY BOY / WIRE
BIRMINGHAM Chalet Club: MUNGO JERRY
BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare & Hounds: JAKE THACKRAY
BIRMINGHAM The Elbow Room: SOUL DIRECTION
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club (doubling WIGAN Casino): ARCHIE BELL & THE DRELLS
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: KURSAAL FLYERS
BLOXWICH Nags Head: STAGE FRIGHT
BRIGHTON Dome: STEPHANE GRAPPELLI
BRISTOL Granary: ZAINE GRIFF
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: GOOD QUESTION
BRISTOL Top Cat: JIMMY HELMS
CRAIGMILLAR Festival (doubling EDINBURGH Joedanhill College): THE REZILLOS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: HERON
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: RED CLAY RAMBLERS
EWELL Technical College: THE DARTS
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: DEAD END KIDS
GLASGOW Burns Howff: ROZ
GLASGOW Saints and Sinners: JOE'S DINER
GODALMING Shackleford Social Centre: BOB DAVENPORT
HADDENHAM Village Hall: BUSHWACKERS
HARLOW Tiffany's (afternoon): BLOKES
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: HAWKWIND / KRAKATOA / MOTORHEAD
HUNTINGTON B.R.J. Club: SOUL DIRECTION
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: FIVE HAND REEL
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
LIVERPOOL University: NAUGHTY LUMPS
LLANDRINDOD WELLS Grand Pavilion: JASPER CARROTT
LONDON BRIXTON Clouds: NORTH SIDE R&B ENSEMBLE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLOWBONE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: TYLA GANG
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: CADO BELLE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE BOYS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: 10c.c. / DAVID McWILLIAMS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ROOGALATOR / TENDERFOOT
LONDON Marquee Club: THE CORTINAS / JOHNNY MOPED
LONDON N.1 Weavers Arms: ONE HAND CLAPPING
LONDON National Theatre Foyer: MIRIAM BACKHOUSE
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: FANTASTICS
LONDON PENGE Freemasons Tavern: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON POPLAR Civic Theatre: THE JAM
LONDON ROEHAMPTON Digby Stewart College: WARREN HARRY
LONDON ROEHAMPTON Froebel Institute: MOON
LONDON SOUTHWARK Folk Festival: See Friday for details
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: KICKS / WIRE
LONDON TOTTENHAM Noriek Club: DELROY WILSON
LONDON University College: FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON W.1 (Dean St.) Pizza Express: JABULA
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: THE ONLY ONES
LUTON The Unicorn: WILD THING
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: JENNY HAAN'S LION
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: JIMMY JAMES
MATLOCK Bath Pavilion: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BILLY CONNOLLY
NEWCASTLE University: HEDGEHOG PIE
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
OXFORD Jesus College: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS / THE REAL THING
OXFORD St. Edmunds College: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
RETFORD Porterhouse: THE 'O' BAND
SCUNTHORPE Priory Hotel: BETHNAL
SHEFFIELD The Grapes: DAVE BURLAND
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
ST. IVES (Hunts) Corn Exchange: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
STOKE Madeley College: MUSCLES
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: RAY PHILLIPS' WOMAN

SUNDAY

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: AFTER THE FIRE
BARROW Maxim's Disco: TRAPEZE
BILLIGHAM Forum Theatre: "SALUTE TO SATCHMO" with ALEX WELSH / GEORGE CHISHOLM / HUMPHREY LYTTELTON
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SKIN TIGHT
CARLISLE Market Hall: BILLY CONOLLY
CROYDON Greyhound: THE SAINTS
CUMBERLAND Cottage Theatre: CHICO
DOUGLAS Lo.M. Palace Liko: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall: HAWKWIND / MOTORHEAD
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: JEAN REDPATH
ELLESMERE College Arts Centre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
HARROGATE Royal Hall: BIG BUSINESS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: THE STRANGLERS
LLANDUDNO Astra Cinema: SPINNERS
LONDON Alexandra Palace: "PEOPLE'S JUBILEE FESTIVAL" with SOFT MACHINE / ASWAD / SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS / LOL COXHILL / LEON ROSSELSON / DAVE & TONY ARTHUR / SAFFRON SUMMERFIELD / THE RAKES / THE LAGGAN / BILL CADDICK / AMALGAM / ISIPINGO
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: TONY O'LEARY
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: VALKYRIE
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: PETE & CHRIS COE
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: CARAVAN / CITY BOY / COUNT BISHOPS
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: FLICKS
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: FRANKIE LAINE
LONDON EUSTON Open Space Theatre: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: 10 c.c. / DAVID McWILLIAMS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: SOUNDER
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: STRUTTERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ACKER BILK BAND
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: RAINSTORM
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS / BOOM TOWN RATS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: STRIPJACK
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: HEAVY SAUSAGE / BOB FLAG / THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE JAM
MANCHESTER Ritz Ballroom: ARCHIE BELL & THE DRELLS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS / HERON
NEWCASTLE University: NATIONAL YOUTH JAZZ ORCHESTRA
NORWICH Theatre Royal: CILLA BLACK
PETERBOROUGH Key Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
POYNTON Folk Centre: McCALMANS
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion: STEPHANE GRAPPELLI
STOKE Burslem George Hotel: VALKYRIE
STOURBRIDGE Mitre Inn: BILL CADDICK
TORQUAY Princess Theatre: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
WALSALL Dale Arms: STAGE FRIGHT
WEST BROMWICH Coachs & Horses: LITTLE ACRE
WIGAN Riverside Club: FOGGY

MONDAY

ALDERNEY Seaview Hotel: PETE QUIN
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: AMAZORBLADES
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: A J WEBBER
BROADSTAIRS Grand Ballroom: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT
CHESTER Quantwatys: AMERICAN TRAIN
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: NED PORRIDGE
COLCHESTER Recreation Hotel: ADRIAN MAY
COLCHESTER Windmill Club: BRANDY
DERBY Bailey's: ARCHIE BELL & THE DRELLS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE JAM
DOUGLAS Isle of Man Villa Marina: THE BROTHERS
DURHAM University College: FABULOUS POODLES
ERDINGTO NQueens Head: QUILL
GLASGOW King's Theatre: SYDNEY DEVINE
GOLDTHORPE Halfway House: ZHAIN

COUNTRY JOE McDONALD (above) has cancelled his British tour, which would have teamed him with David Bromberg — see news pages for details. But Joe still intends to play a few gigs here on his own (details next week), so we retain his picture to grace the Gig Guide.

THE STRANGLERS (left) continue their extensive tour and, despite various gigs being cancelled, they still have a pretty full date sheet. This week they're at Middlesborough (Thursday), Doncaster (Friday), Liverpool (Sunday), Stafford (Monday), Hanley (Tuesday) and Glasgow (Wednesday).

ARCHIE BELL (right) and the Drells begin a trek round the U.K. this week and gigs at Stoke (Thursday), Newcastle (Friday), Blackburn and Wigan (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday), Derby (Monday), Leicester (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday).

GUIDE

HARLOW Victoria Hall: GRIND
HATFIELD Red Lion: CHRIS BARBER BAND
HULL University: HEDGEHOG PIE/DAVE BURLAND
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEICESTER Bailey's: GERRY & THE PACEMAKERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: 90° INCLUSIVE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: METROPOLIS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON EDMONTON Cooks Ferry Inn: GENERATION X
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: 10cc/ DAVID McWILLIAMS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE NIGHT
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE SAINTS/ 999
LONDON Marquee Club: THE MODELS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: RED CLAY RAMBLERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TOOTING FROOTIES
MANCHESTER Seymour Hotel: TONY ROSE
NEWCASTLE Centre Hotel: ROBINSON GARSIDE & PAUL GOUGH
NOTTINGHAM International Community Centre: NIC JONES
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: NUTZ
SKELMERSDALE Knowle Brow Inn: MARTIN SIMPSON
STAFFORD Top of the World: THE STRANGLERS
STAINES The Phoenix: JOHN TOWNSEND
SWANSEA University: GIGGLES
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: AFTER THE FIRE

TUESDAY

AMBERSIDE Lakes Club: FIVE HAND REEL
BENFLEET Crooked Billet: VIN GARBUTT
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BURLESQUE
BIRMINGHAM Opposite Lock: REDBRASS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE JAM
CROYDON Scamps: FRUIT EATING BEARS
EXETER Birks Halls: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
EXETER University: THE DARTS
FLEET Fox & Hounds: MIKE RYAN & JOHN BURGE
GRANTHAM Kesteven College: AFTER THE FIRE
GUERNSEY Forest Hotel: PETE QUIN
HANLEY Victoria Hall: THE STRANGLERS
HUDDERSFIELD College of Education: NIC JONES
LEICESTER Bailey's: ARCHIE BELL & THE DRELLS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BAD NEWS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GENERATION X
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: U-BOAT
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: METROPOLIS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE SAINTS / 999
LONDON Marquee Club: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: JO-ANN KELLY / BRETT MARVIN & THE THUNDERBOLTS / TEQUILA BROWN BLUES BAND / THE ZOOTS
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: SKREWDRIVER
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CONSORTIUM
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: JOHNNY MOPED
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: PYRAMID
NEWCASTLE University: HIGH LEVEL RANTERS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PENZANCE The Garden: SAFFRON
RHONDDA Leisure Centre: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
SHEFFIELD City Hall: BILLY CONNOLLY
SHREWSBURY Boat House Hotel: BILL CADDICK
ST. HELEN'S Theatre Royal: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
ST. LEONARD'S Coombehaven Park: CHRIS BARBER BAND
WELWYN GARDEN CITY The Fountain: LOL COXHILL
YORK Munster Club: ZHAIN

WEDNESDAY

BEDFORD Unilever Research: McCALMANS
BIRMINGHAM Elbow Room: MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: ARCHIE BELL & THE DRELLS
BRIMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BRADFORD Metropole Hotel: DAVE BURLAND
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: THE ONLY ONES
BRIGHTON Sussex University: BURLESQUE
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
CHESTER Albion Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: THE BROTHERS
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: CHICO
EXMOUTH The Farmhouse: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
GLASGOW City Hall: THE STRANGLERS
GT. YARMOUTH The Broadway: BOY BASTIN
ILFORD King's Club: BRANDY
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: BILLY CONNOLLY
JERSEY Anne Port Bay Hotel: PETE QUIN
KENDAL Old Brewery: REDBRASS
LIVERPOOL City College: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ROOGALATOR
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: G.T. MOORE
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: X-RAY SPEX
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: SUNDAY BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: LURKERS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: FRACTURE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SOUNDER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning POST: THE SAINTS
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: METROPOLIS
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
MALVERN Festival Theatre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
NEWCASTLE University: SEAN CANNON & TONY CAPSTICK
NEWPORT Roundabout: THE DARTS
NOTTINGHAM BEESTON Three Horseshoes: BOB DAVENPORT
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: THE DAMNED / THE ADVERTS
SOUTH SHIELDS Folk Festival: FIVE HAND REEL
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
TIVERTON The Motel: NUTZ
UXBRIDGE Load of Hay: MIKE RYAN & JOHN BURGE
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE JAM

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club: JIMMY JAMES
Wednesday (22) for four days
BEDFORD Nite Spot: JOE BROWN & THE BRUVVERS
Thursday for three days
BOURNEMOUTH Pavilion: VAL DOONICAN / DES LANE / FIDDLYGIG / LOUISA JANE WHITE
Summer season opens Saturday
BRISTOL Crockers: PREMONITION
Monday for three days
CAMBERLEY Lakeside Country Club: CAMBERWICK GREEN
Week from Sunday
CROYDON Ashcroft Theatre: "LUCY IN THE SKY" (Beatles musical)
Week from Monday
DERBY Bailey's: FIRST IMPRESSION
Thursday for three days
LEICESTER Bailey's: GERRY & THE PACEMAKERS
Wednesday (22) for four days
NORWICH Folk Festival: SILLY WIZARD / VIN GARBUTT / JOHN KIRKPATRICK & SUE HARRIS / RICHARD DIGANCE / JEREMY TAYLOR / FRED JORDAN / PETER BELLAMY
Friday for three days
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: SEVEN UP
Thursday for three days
SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern (doubling NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita): TASTY
Week from Monday
STOKE Bailey's: FORTUNES
Thursday for three days
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: SMOKIE (Thursday for three days) / SALENA JONES (Week from Sunday)
WATFORD Bailey's: JOHNNY NASH
Week from Sunday

TV and Radio

IF YOU'RE LOOKING for rock on the box this week, forget it. The inevitable summer mixture of cricket and tennis, plus a Jubilee hangover, ensures there's no music of any significance.

However, the backlash of the Thames TV strike means they're scheduling a lot of repeats at short notice, so you may hit upon an unexpected musical item.

For MOTR freaks there's **Kid Jensen** with "Top Of The Pops" (BBC-1 Thursday), **Diane Trask** in "Seaside Special" and **Lena Martell** in "Make The Music Speak" (both BBC-1 Saturday), **Barbara Dickson** in a repeat of "The Two Ronnies" (BBC-2 Monday) and the **Dead End Kids** and **Paul Nicholas** in "Get It Together" (ITV Wednesday).

Pick of the rest is a BBC-2 documentary on Friday, which goes on tour with the **National Youth Jazz Orchestra.** And of course, there's always ITV's **Muppets** on Saturday.

Radio 1 has the **George Hatcher Band** and **Rogue** in the "In Concert" spot (6.30pm Saturday), and the same channel is running a five-week "Everly Brothers Story" series at 5.15 on Sundays. On Radio 2 tonight (Thursday), the **Down County Boys** and **Johnny Spencer** are in "Country Club", and the **Celebrated Ratliffe Stout Band** in "Folkweave".

HAWKWIND, whose latest stage gimmick is the involvement of robots in their act, complete their current tour with dates at Bridlington (Friday), Hastings (Saturday) and Dunstable (Sunday).

ADVERTISEMENT

"The most promising and exciting new talent to emerge from the West Coast of America . . ."

During the last couple of years, Dan Fogelberg's albums have produced a steadily increasing grass roots following in this country, and has been cited by many critics as the most promising and exciting new talent to emerge from the West Coast of America in quite some time. Which is strange, because Dan doesn't emanate from that part of America. In fact, he's from Peoria, Illinois, between Chicago and St. Louis, where he was born twenty five years ago. After studying painting at the University of Illinois, Dan decided to make his life in music, and that's when he did go to California. But he didn't like it much in Hollywood, so it wasn't long before he moved to Nashville, where things were more to his liking. Here he got involved in session work with Jackson Browne, Buffy Saint-Marie, Roger McGuinn and Eric Anderson. Then he met Joe Walsh and played on his 'So What' album. Joe returned the compliment and produced Dan's next album 'Souvenirs'. This was the partnership that took Dan from being a little known country rock act to a fast rising star.

Despite his dislike of L.A., 'Souvenirs' was recorded there, and among Dan's helpers were Glen Frey, Don Denley and Randy Meisner of the Eagles, Gerry Beckley of America (the place and the group), and of course, Mr. Walsh.

1975 saw Dan for the first time getting into the stride which has culminated in his new album, 'Nether Lands'. But before we get up to date, let's explain what that stride's all about. The album on which Dan first demonstrated the direction in which he wanted to travel was 'Captured Angel'. This was very much a solo album — apart from as usual writing all the songs, Dan also produced the record, and as well as singing, played almost every instrument on the record except for the drums. This inevitably resulted in a good deal of overdubbing, but as Fogelberg himself says "I was into using the studio as an artistic medium, which I think it is. When you're in a studio, you should take advantage of all the freedom that's afforded you — you can do whatever you think of if you can play it and mix it." There's been quite a gap between that album and the new one, 'Nether Lands'. The interim has left a not inconsiderable number of Fogelberg fanatics growing perceptibly more impatient. But now that's all over, and 'Nether Lands' has swiftly demonstrated that it was well worth the wait. Eleven new Fogelberg compositions, slotting into the man's own description of his music — 'Haunted country music — a synthesis of the feeling of an environment. The antithesis of modern living, and the mistique of the Hills'. This time, Dan has returned production duties to the very capable techniques of Norbert Putnam, and the dynamic duo have moved around five different recording studios in three states to get the sound they wanted. Just like on 'Captured Angel', the vast majority of instrumental work and most of the singing are performed by Dan — extremely well, need it be said — and this time, as well as all the guitars, keyboards and synthesizers he also shows his prowess on such off the wall instruments as finger cymbals and sleigh bells. The 'hired help' cannot be ignored, though — vocal help is offered by Don Henley of The Eagles and by revered singer/writer John David Souther, while most of the album boasts the rhythmic talents of Norbert Putnam and Kenny Buttrey. Joe Walsh also lends a distinctive guitar on 'Loose Ends', and Joe Lala, ex of Manassas, helps out on one of the several tracks which sounds like a hit single, 'Love Gone By'.

But maybe the track which will turn the most heads are the first and the last on the record, where full orchestra plays quite exquisite arrangements by Dan and Dominic Frontiere. Those two are the album's title track, and 'False Faces' and a lot of other folks are going to enjoy 'Dancing Shoes' as well, where an accordion, a string quartet and partially French lyrics produce a totally convincing Gallic atmosphere. Then there's the fantasy inspired 'Scarecrow's Dream', dedicated to Don Quixote, Walt Disney and the Wizard of Oz . . .

Yes, it's been a long time coming, has 'Nether Lands', but it's going to make a great many people very happy, and soothe away all the pent up impatience. The last words on the record are aimed directly at you — 'I need a home' . . . your hi-fi and Dan Fogelberg's 'Nether Lands' were made for each other.

Dan Fogelberg's new album

'Nether Lands'

(EPC 81574)

is released on Epic Records & Tapes

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. 16th June (Adm 85p) Don't Miss
ULTRAVOX!
Stalag 8 & Ian Fleming
Please come early

Fri. 17th June (Adm 70p)
PLUMMET AIRLINES
Amazorblades & Ian Fleming

Sat. 18th June (Adm 75p) Free admission with this ad. before 8 pm
CORTINAS
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sun. 19th June (Adm 85p)
S.A.L.T.
Plus support & Nick Leigh

Mon. 20th June (Adm 70p)
THE MODELS
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Tues. 21st June (Adm 70p)
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
Plus friends & Jerry Floyd

Wed. 22nd June (Adm 75p)
STRIDER
Street Band & Jerry Floyd

Thurs. 23rd June (Adm 85p)
AFTER THE FIRE
Plus friends & Ian Fleming

Fri. 24th June (Adm 75p)
THE POLICE
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers & other hot & cold snacks are available

READING ROCK '77
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

THE RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Friday June 17th Free
PRAIRIE OYSTER
Saturday June 18th Free
HEAD OVER HEELS
Sunday June 19th Free
SOUNDER
Wednesday June 22nd Free
THE LURKERS
Thursday June 16th Free
TOOTING FRUITIES

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday June 16th £1.00
G. T. MOORE
Friday June 17th £1.00
THE MOVIES
Saturday June 18th £1.00
ROOGALATOR
Sunday June 19th £1.00
CADO BELLE
Monday June 20th £1.00
THE SAINTS
+ 999

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BARBEQUE GRILL NOW OPEN UPSTAIRS
UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Thurs June 16th 60p
BUSTER CRABBE
Fri June 17th 70p
THE DOWNLINERS SECT
Sat June 18th 70p
BEES MAKE HONEY
Mon June 20th Free
The Night
Tues June 21st 75p
METROPOLIS
Wed June 22nd
KURSAAL FLYERS

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY
Enquiries to Jazz Centre Society, c/o ICA, 17 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 930-4261

At THE PHOENIX, Cavendish Square, W1 (Oxford Circus tube) 8.00 pm
Wednesday June 15th
ELTON DEAN QUARTET
Tippett, Hopper, Gallivan
Wednesday June 22nd
GRAHAM COLLIER MUSIC

At SEVEN DIALS, 27 Shelton Street, WC2 (Covent Garden, Leicester Square tubes) 8.30 pm
Thursday June 16th
PETER IND QUARTET
Thursday 23rd June
DON RENDELL FIVE

THE MILLABOUT ROCK CLUB
Clarence Hotel, Park Road, Teddington
Thursday June 16th
SNEAKY SAM
Admission 40p, Membership 25p
Bar 8 pm — midnight

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
THE STRANGLERS
WITH GUESTS **THE CORTINAS**
AND DUNKLEY "P.B. IN THE GUTTER"
ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1
SUN. 26th JUNE at - 4·00 & 8·00
ADM £2·00 (inc vat) IN ADVANCE R'HOUSE BOX OFF 267-2564 or LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS (start as low as £1.439-3371) or AT DOOR

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CITY BOY
+ TENDERFOOT
DJ Jerry Floyd

Monday June 20th £1.00
FREE admission with this advert before 10
METROPOLIS
+ SUPPORT

Friday June 17th £1.50
QUANTUM JUMP
+ SOUTHERN ELECTRIC

Tuesday June 21st £1.00
FREE admission with this advert before 10
Woody Woodmansey's
U-BOAT
+ SUPPORT

Saturday June 18th £2.00
CADO BELLE
+ SUPPORT

Wednesday June 22nd £1.00
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G. T. MOORE
+ JENNY GARREN
DJ Jerry Floyd

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1
SUNDAY 19th JUNE at - 5·30
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
CARAVAN
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COUNT BISHOPS
ADM £1·90 (inc vat) IN ADVANCE R'HOUSE BOX OFF 267-2564 or LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS (start as low as £1.439-3371) or AT DOOR

THE PEGASUS
109 Green Lanes,
Stoke Newington N.16

Friday, June 16th
9 pm-12 pm
JET
Admission: 50p after 10 pm

Saturday, June 17th
9 pm-12 pm
BARBAROUSA
Admission: 50p after 10 pm

FRIARS AT THE VALE HALL AYLESBURY
Saturday June 18th at 7.30 p.m.
The Wild One Forever
TOM PETTY
AND THE
HEARTBREAKERS
+ Boomtown Rats AC SOUNDS & VISION
Tickets 175p from Earth Records, Aylesbury, Sun Music High Wycombe, Ellis Joe's Amersham, Free 'n' Easy Hemel Hempstead, F. L. Moore Dunstable & Luton, Hi-Vu Buckingham or 175p at door on night. Life membership 25p.
New Rosette tonight Lumer

The O Band ON TOUR

JUNE
6 Granary Club BRISTOL
8 Dartington College of Art DARTINGTON
9 The Garden Ballroom PENZANCE
10 Castaways Leisure Centre PLYMOUTH
11 Balls Park Centre HERTFORD
15 Imperial Hotel BLACKPOOL
16 Town Hall WEST BROMWICH
17 The Penthouse SCARBOROUGH
18 The Porterhouse EAST RETFORD
23 The Crypt MIDDLESBOROUGH
24 Hugh Stuart Hall NOTTINGHAM
25 The Electric Circus MANCHESTER
28 The Chancellor Hall CHELMSFORD
30 Tiffany's DERBY
JULY
2 Pier Pavilion HASTINGS

SNEAKIES ROCK CLUB
White Bear, Kingsley Road, Hounslow
Saturday June 18th
MONTANA RED
Sunday June 19th
SABOTEUR
Members 35p Non members 40p

CALIFORNIA BALLROOM
Whipsnade Road, Dunstable presents
SATURDAY JUNE 25th
Direct from the U.S.A.
ARCHIE BELL
and THE DRELLS
"Soul City Walking" "Where do you go when the parties over"
Admission £2.00 Licensed Bars Doors open 7.30 pm

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BRITISH CONCERT DEBUT
JOHNNY NASH
with guest artists
NEW VICTORIA THEATRE
SUNDAY, JULY 3rd, at 8 pm
Tickets: £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50. Box Office: 01-834 0671 & agents

LIVE PAGE

WORDS (Barry Clark) CITY HALL, ST ALBANS
Friday June 17th 7.30p.m.-Midnight
ULTRAVOX!
+ GRIND + Clemen Pull
Mary Jane Disco — Bar — food
Tickets £1.20 in advance from BOX OFFICE, CHEQUER ST., ST. ALBANS. Tel. 64511 or £1.20 on door

West Runton Pavilion
Nr. Cromer, Norfolk
Tel. West Runton 203
Friday, June 17th 80p
GEORGE HATCHER BAND
+ Babylon
Saturday, June 18th £1.25
SWEET SENSATION
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Heavy Metal Kids
RAINBOW

THEY'VE ONLY opened up the Rainbow stalls, and The Heavy Metal Kids have still only managed to fill two thirds of that.

The first tour for The Heavy Metal Kids since Gary Holton quit the band last autumn was apparently cancelled out some six days before it was due to start. Then it was put in again. Then it was cancelled yet again. Then it was put back in.

Not too many people, therefore, know of its existence. One of the times, you see, that it was cancelled all the advertising got cancelled too. And they forgot to put that back in.

Still, broken legs, rotten kidneys, garrotted throats . . . You name it, Gary Holton has always liked playing on against the odds.

The first thing you notice is that . . . No, hang on, just for a change let's talk about the one of the last things.

The final number the HM Kids play before the encore is entitled "New Wave". "It's all about," Holton cackles, as he lurches about the stage-front in a Sex T-shirt, leather jacket and assorted chains, "Punkie-poos . . . What you think of them. And what you might not think of them . . . Yer gotta form yer own opinion."

"New Wave" is a screeching 78 rpm splodge of lumpen punkoid manicism, during which our Cockney sparrer with a heart of gold gobs heartily over the audience, and deals out his most deliciously primal Marriott-esque East End shrieks. Then, Iggy-like, Vanian-like, Holton-like even, he clambers grotesquely on to the stage left speaker stack.

"What about the 'Oo? What about the Stones? What about . . . ME—E—E—E—E???" he bellows with almost elegaic solemnity.

Ah, here's the rub, you see. In recent weeks both young Rat Scabies and Paul Simenon have told me they used to really get off on Holton's antics. Holton's total over-the-top onstage gross-outs were about the only stage shows on the rock'n'roll circuit that anyone with a true love of the bizarre could be guaranteed to get off on about eighteen months ago.

HOLTON and his brother. "Sell out? Wish we could!"

Pic DENIS O'REGAN

Rainbow rub-out

And now here they are not even selling out their shows. Ah, is not rock'n'roll a cruel bitch? Does she not bite the hand that feeds her?

I had better make Some More Points About The Heavy Metal Kids: (1) Holton may not be as over-the-top as previously, but one wonders if this isn't perhaps to a degree unconscious. Admittedly he's only played six gigs with the band since they got back together. However, he doesn't seem quite as frothing with rabid confidence as once he did.

(2) With his constant costume changes — bookie's runner cloth capped seediness for "Jamie The Lad" (from "Kitsch", The New Album), surgeon's gown and wellington boots to pogo in for "She's No Angel", plaster head of himself he carries under his arm — Gary Holton demonstrates he still remains a master of the surreal and the psychotic.

(3) His voice is more disciplined than previously, though as he's broke that might be because he's been drinking less brandy.

(4) Even though the absence of John Sinclair's keyboards is thoroughly noticeable, the band is playing like a bitch. New guitarist Jay Williams' (ex-Velvet Underground (?)) playing is so hard-edged sweet, however, that it just about compensates.

(5) Bassist Ronnie Thomas, one of rock's finer bass players, still steams away looking as gonzoid as he always did. One should not be fooled, however. I once came across Ronnie lurking in the Serpentine Gallery studying the finer points of our heritage. Unmasked as he was, it was necessary for the hapless musician to confess that he'd never ever lived in the East End — as the band's promo has always insisted — and that he really came from Ealing.

I have nothing more to say.

Chris Salewicz

Mort en Paris

Steps
PARIS

FOR AN ENGLISH jazz-rock band, playing the Gibus Club in Paris is definitely a gig to be avoided. A crowd of Parisian weekend teenagers paying four quid a head to get drunk with their friends between midnight and dawn, and dance — yes, dance — to Patti Smith, Dr. Feelgood and the odd Hendrix song is hardly a sympathetic audience for a group like Steps.

They bombed, and it had nothing to do with musical shortcomings. What surprised me, though, was the way they were received by the crowd. A positive reaction is, of course, a good thing; a negative reaction, if it's vociferous, can also be; but complete apathy must be the worst of all.

After being faced with a blank response almost every night for a week, it's understandable that Steps sounded tired and were having trouble putting their hearts into the music. Which is a shame, because they have the makings of an excellent jazz-rock band.

They avoided falling into any of the stylistic traps that often plague the genre. There was no self-indulgent blowing and no sign of a riff being dredged up from somewhere and slogged away at just because it's neat and fairly catchy. There were no gratuitous synthesizer doodlings, no Cobham-style race-you-round-the-tom-toms drum histrionics — and, best of all, there was no needless complexity.

Instead they relied on the solos being sharp and inventive and on the arrangements being concise, colourful and dramatic, which they always were. It was their effective use of arrangements that gave them a sound favourably compared to Weather Report, though not (yet) as well crafted.

Sax-player Steve Mulligan and keyboard-player Steve Franklin (who also writes most of the material) front the band and both play with a clinical English jazz feel, reminiscent of Soft Machine. To be fair though, the atmosphere wasn't exactly conducive to emotional playing.

Roy Dodds' drumming held the sound together in no uncertain terms. Always full of ideas, he was funky without being cliched and he played with total empathy for the music. His alertness and quick-witted sense of pacing and dynamics kept things alive when the solos were sagging. A budding Jack DeJohnette, which is a definite compliment.

I couldn't properly hear John Woollard's bass, but it sounded well up to the standard of the rest of the band.

Most of the numbers they played were kept short, whether through lack of audience response or not I don't know, but it greatly increased the effectiveness of the music and allowed the intelligent and succinct arrangements to shine through.

English jazz, be it jazz-rock or whatever, either exists in the narrow (and to my mind defeatist) confines of such things as the Jazz Centre Society, with their attendant and off-putting seriousness, or it doesn't exist at all. A band like Steps are more or less doomed to playing once a week to the same dedicated jazz regulars, or to look for work abroad.

Yet if Weather Report can get an album in the British charts then there must be quite a few people reading this who, given the chance to find out, are going to like Steps.

Go and find out.

Paul Rambali

Nobody but me, babe
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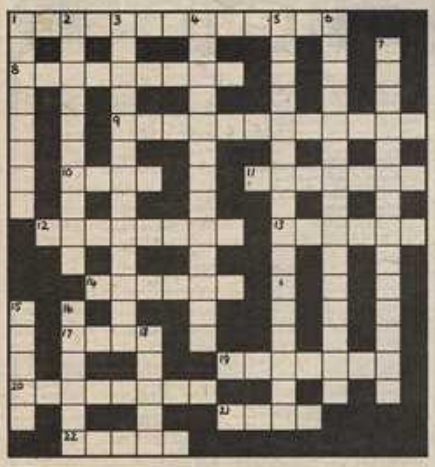

ACROSS

1 Now *Pam* would play "God Save The Queen"! (5,8)
8 Oh no she khan't! (5,4)
9 Rich kid hater (anag. 5,7)
10 Catch the doctor
11 See 17
12 Jethro keyboardsman (4,4)
13 & 14 Of whom Brinsley Schwarz has said, "He writes songs that have been written before as if they never had"
17 & 11 Metamorphosed out of the Social Deviants, which featured . . . gulp . . . Mick Farren's vocals; sound like a load of pooftahs to us
19 Terry Kath's kind of town
20 Bob Dylan's got the weather bulletin (4,4)
21 The other side
22 Latin America originated rhythm music

DOWN

1 Formerly of the Rising Sons and Beefheart's Magic Band (2,6)
2 Of whom it has been said, "Just what the world needs — another art college rock band" (4,6)
3 Home of the car over the lake daredevils (5,8)
4 Tom in the red corner, Johnny in the blue — they can fight it out for who owns this clue
5 What Robert Plant wrote on the wall in the gym!? (8,8)
6 & 15 A foretaste of blank generation blues? Sam Cooke sang it back in 1963 (7,8,5,)
7 Horror, seen a gig (anag. 6,8)
15 See 6
16 Sound like a couple of electricians, look like a pair of spoilt brats
18 Not Santa but the other geezer what designed Beatles sleeves *(Roomy round the elbow, fitted at the wrist - boom boom)*

Now find last week's answers! Clue: they're on page 44 . . .

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Buzzcocks Penetration Warsaw

MANCHESTER

THERE IS undoubtedly a great deal of refining and cleaning to be done on Buzzcocks' material before the album they can so definitely record comes about, but the essential base material exists. Their established repertoire is one of the most packed and highlighted of any new band, only its unfinished quality and Pete Shelley's occasionally faltering voice standing between the band and a welcome, traditional pop album full of catchy, danceable, potential hit singles.

The qualities of Buzzcocks' tunes lie not in any aggression or rawness, but in their tightness, pace, in their ability to lay a "memorable melody" over a basic drone-riff, to surprise with twists and hooks and often to equate words with music.

Buzzcocks are, dear *Sun* readers, a pop group not a punk-rock group. It needs either Mickie Most or Brian Eno to be brought in to emphasize that point. The band have the material; now it's all down to performance.

Their development as a pop group — closer to Herman's Hermits than The Velvet Underground but with sharpness and sympathy, anger and frustration bleaching the teen romance with realism — dates perhaps directly back to the time the legendary Howard Devoto quit the band. Where Devoto would quote George Bukner — "Every man's a chasm, it makes you dizzy when you look down in" — Shelley would quote Gary Glitter — "D'ya wanna be in my gang?"

The songs from the Devoto period, including all four tracks off the multi-levelled EP "Spiral Scratch," are still played, but less harshly, often with a sense of naive vulnerability. The new songs are sheer Shelley and more directly commercial than previous tunes. They are mostly love songs, but they have things to say, without forgetting the little things in life. They are very poppy: "What Do I Get," "Love Battery," "Whatever Happened To," and "Fast Cars," produced properly, are all hits.

At the Electric Circus at the end of May they played a spirited if hardly inspired set, interrupted by faults and buzzin' and things. Being local heroes they could do no wrong. Their first encore was "Love Battery," the second a repeat of the standard "Boredom," during which Shelley's amp packed up. They departed to cheers. Buzzcocks are unique: time will tell.

The Fab Four were ably assisted in supplying all with a high above average quidsworth by two bands and two almost legendary local characters.

Warsaw have been searching for a drummer for many weeks, their stickman for the night uncovered only the night before. There's a quirky cockiness about the lads that made me think for some reason of The Faces. Twinkling evil charm. Perhaps they play a little obviously but there's an elusive spark of dissimilarity from the newer bands that suggests that they've plenty to play around with, time no doubt dictating tightness and eliminating odd bouts of monotony. The bass player had a moustache. I liked them and will like them even more in six months' time.

Manchester's one and only new wave beat poet then ambled up to the mike, the stringy, impossibly wordy John Cooper Clarke. His genuinely individualistic poems are thick, funny, rhythmic and plentiful. An eagerly awaited first volume of word-shots is a guaranteed best-seller.

Penetration travelled down from Newcastle, and are the kind of new wave muzak exponents every town should have. They seemed nervous and oddly angular except for the faintly erotic boiler suit clad chick singer, who aimed hard for psychotic stares but seemed put out by the vigour and enthusiasm of the Manchester audience. There was an overeager reaction to Penetration's unimaginative and bulky set, but any band who can conclude with such a compact version of "Free Money" I'll go see again.

The evening was finished off by the new wave's very own Alf Roberts, John the Postman, whose acapella "Louie Louie" routine, executed with all the vigour of a starving puma — snarls, sweating, punching — is a well loved treat on local stages. Buzzcocks may well bring both John the Postman and John Cooper Clark along to future gigs. You have been warned.

Paul Morley

SHELLEY: a pop star?!! Lovely guitar, mind.

Pic GUS STEWART

Mike Harding

MANCHESTER

MIKE HARDING is an unlikely candidate to be nominated a cult figure.

He's a small man in his early 30s, a beard grows tattily on his plump, round face and he wears National Health specs. He's from Manchester, speaks with a broad, proud Northern accent, and until fairly recently was best known as a folkie with a sense of humour who caused audiences to splutter merrily into their pints of wallop.

Now he has convincingly stepped out of the confines of the folk circuit, and last Thursday he packed out the Manchester Palace Theatre with a crowd that comprised at least three generations.

If nowt else t'lad's got a bit o' clout in 'is 'ome town.

Obviously his record company believe that if Billy Connolly can emerge from his own Scottish parish and, despite language barriers, become a national star, then Harding can do the same.

Other than that they both play acoustic guitar and run off the occasional song between long, rambling humorous stories, there is no basis for comparison. Connolly's repertoire invariably includes sardonic diatribes on politics and religion, whereas Harding is an endearingly inoffensive raconteur whose material is inspired by snot pies, Uncle Joe's Mint Balls, Eccles cakes, a cast of Northern bred characters including Beaky Knucklewart, the headmaster who never forgot a misdemeanour, and further puerile idiosyncracies.

At times during the first half of his show in Manchester he related stories from his childhood, like taking a charabanc to the seaside in his song "Talkin' Blackpool Blues", or else appeared as an innocent recounting tales full of naive sexual innuendo.

Although he can command the attention of an audience alone, for his second set he brought on a small band. On numbers such as "Born Bad" *("And people said 'Goddam' as ah smoked mah pot sat in mah pram")* they were a successful innovation.

Personally I think Harding is one of the funniest men on stage, but then I do come from a similar environment. If the legendary Southern softies can understand his vernacular there's no reason why he shouldn't be popular all points south as well as north of Watford Gap.

Tony Stewart

Gryphon

BRISTOL

THE POWERFUL music produced by Steeleye Span, Richard Thompson, Horslips, etc, has undoubtedly brushed away all the old connotations of dusty musuem-piece feyness from folk-rock with an energy that has come from the musicians themselves and not from skyscraper PA stacks. Gryphon are certainly no exception, as they demonstrated in 1974 with their best album to date, "Midnight Mushrumps," an intriguing mixture of medieval and rock music, combining krumhorns, recorders and bassoon with forceful rhythms.

Subsequently, though, recorder virtuoso Richard Harvey has begun to bury himself in keyboards with Wakemanesque abandon, and after line-up and label changes I was apprehensive about seeing them for the first time in two years.

"Ethelion" from "Mushrumps" was a good start, Brian Gulland's bassoon jousting against a thumping rhythm beaten out with surprising strength by drummer Alex Baird and percussionist David Oberle, incorporating classically styled embellishments from guitarist Pete Airey and Harvey's recorder.

However, these fragile threads of optimism were soon shattered by what followed: extracts from "Raindance" and numbers from the new album "Treason" including "Round And Round" and "Spring Song". During the instrumental passages of these songs Gryphon move right away from their pre-classical influences and jump headlong into the Genesis/Gentle Giant part of the rock'n'roll river, where they are quite simply out of their depth. Their wimpish techno-chamber-flash begins to grate like the theme to some TV play or *Farming Today*, hopelessly MOR.

Only a lovely performance of "Midnight Mushrumps", with its gentle changes of mood, finely controlled climaxes and some excellent traditional playing from Gulland and Harvey, made the set near worthwhile. They finished with "The Sailor's Hornpipe", the type of music which should be left to Mike Oldfield or better still not done at all. Nonetheless they got a good reception from the large crowd.

David Housham

Fairport Convention

DRURY LANE

BACK TO SOME sort of rudimentary essential, with Simon Nicol, Dave Swarbrick, Dave Pegg and Bruce Rowland, drawing heavily from their new album "Bonny Bunch O'Roses", this reformed Fairport seemed remarkably confident, despite the prestige of the gig and the knowledge that a lot of people must have written the band off a long time ago, no more to rise from the ashes of its own misfortune.

But it was straight into a rousing "Royal Selection No. 13" from "Bonny Bunch," and any qualms were swept aside by the abundance of dazzling playing, and, dare one say, joie de vivre.

Swarb bounced about the stage giving off massive energy, and the rhythm section of Pegg and Rowland barely put a foot wrong all night.

But the real joy of the evening was having Simon Nicol back in the band. In the past he's taken a pretty passive back seat role, but now he's come into his own as a guitarist and singer. As a guitarist he doesn't go for the gutsy sound of Richard Thompson, but his light style matched Swarb's fiddling to perfection, and his versions of two of Thompson's best songs, "Poor Ditching Boy" (from the new album) and "When I Get To The Border" were inspired. He sat down to play dulcimer for "Flowers Of The Forest", from "Full House," early in the set, and from then on it was established that Fairport were back with a vengeance.

They finished with a near definitive "Sir Patrick Spens," but were brought back for two joyous encores of "General Taylor" and "Dirty Linen," establishing once and for all that Fairport Convention were back — as if anyone would have the temerity to admit they'd ever been away.

Patrick Humphries

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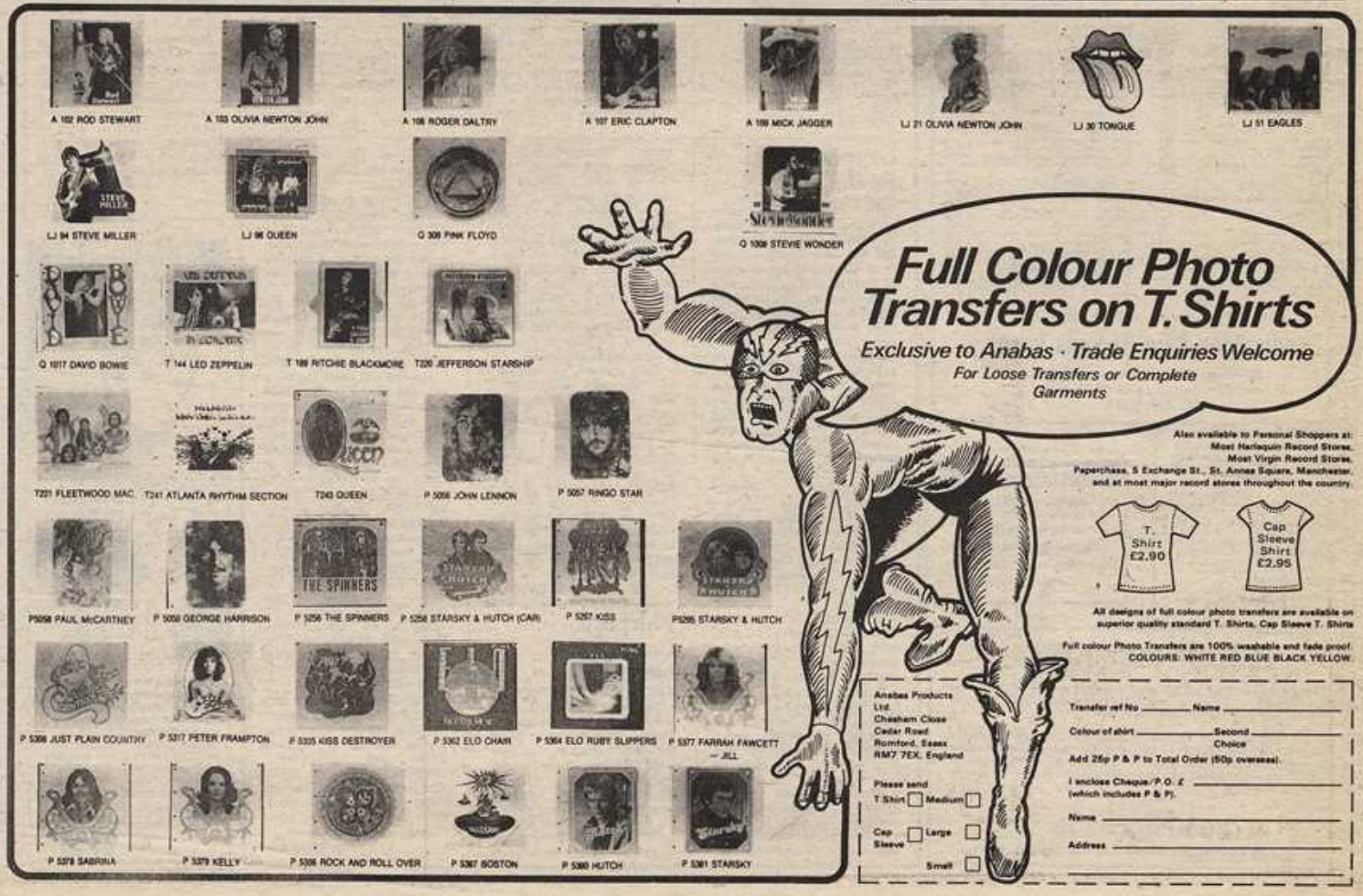

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150. PINK FLOYD (2)

129. CONTENTS

227. MILCH TRAY

220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

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WHY IS SPACE INFINITE?
WHY ARE WE DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU READING MY BLOODY SLOGAN?

157. BLOODY SLOGAN

680. STUPID

667. PERNOD

682. HAWKWIND

692. NEW FLOYD

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148. LED ZEP

No. 240 LYNYRD SKYNYRD

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143. SON OF A BITCH

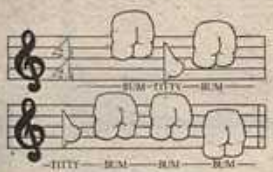
691. E.L. ORCHESTRA

693. STEVIE WONDER

232 REALITY

254. DARTMOOR OLD BOYS

169. EAGLE



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See Page 30

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ACROSS: 3 War; 5 Fleetwood Mac; 9 Mamas And Papas; 11 "Killer Queen"; 13 Them; 15 Yardbirds; 17 "Rocky"; 18 Allen (Klein); 19 Eric Stewart; 22 Allman; 24 Bernie (Taupin); 25 Deke Leonard; 27 Kate (McGarrigle); 28 Duane; 27 Mike (Clarke). **DOWN:** 1 Gods; 2 Carpenters; 4 Rossi; 5 Frankie Miller; 6 Emmylou Harris; 7 Tom Petty; 8 "Daniel"; 10 Peter Skellern; 12 Quarrymen; 14 Springfield; 16 Buffalo; 18 "At The Hop"; 20 "Stranded"; 21 Clarke; 23 Klein; 26 RAK.

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25. WINGS	26. BEN MURPHY
27. YES	28. DAVID BOWIE
29. B. FERRY	30. ROXY MUSIC
31. ELVIS	32. SHOWADDYWADDY
33. 10cc	34. LYNDSEY DE PAUL
35. WHO	36. BARRY SHEENE
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39. M. MONROE (Blk. & wht, 85p)	

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70. AEROSMITH	71. LINDA RONSTADT
72. R. STEWART	73. STEVE MILLER
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I'M TRYING to contact "Christine Starr", last heard of working as a waitress at "The Oxford Hotel" Blackpool, Summer 1971. Will anybody knowing her or her home address in Salford, Lancs please contact Robert Else, School Bungalow, Bailey Road, Newark, Notts.

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FOR LONESUM PUNK HEARTS ..... AN' BORIN' OLFHARTS

. . . GUESS Y'ALL GOT FOOLED AGAIN, SCHNERDOS . . .

GREG GAY, the Northern Ireland punk, is obviously living in isolation in some place like Ballyback of beyond cos there's a very live punk scene developing in da North of Ireland.

In Derry where I live (It's hardly London) there are already three new wave bands, The Undertones, Zone Ends and Dick Tracy And The Green Disaster. The first two bands have been gigging regularly while D.T and T.G.D. (I play bass for them — only started last Saturday — eat your heart out Sid Vicious) are considered too controversial because our first gig nearly started a riot.

We in Northern Ireland have a better *raison d'etre* (minimalist eh!) than all those London *poseurs*. We know what repression means. If you all get so upset over there about a tour being banned you should try living with an army on your doorstep.

Remember where you heard about Dick Tracy And The Green Disaster, cos you'll be hearing more about us. How about sending Parsons over to do an article on the Derry new wave — or is he afraid of all the big bad soldiers with the big bad guns?

White riot, I wanna Riot!

We know what that means. You namby pambies don't. Why don't The Clash play Belfast — or are they afraid as well?
STEVE TRACY, Derry.
P.S. Gonna smash my telecaster through the television screen. Twas an Irishman who said that.

Gaspo! Disgusterama! Don't threaten me with that army stuff, man. I was present at Custer's last stand. It took place in a bordello just outside Dodge City. In fact it was impotence that led him to Little Big Horn . . . say no more — L.G.
"But I want to . . ." — Freud.

HAYAYAYYYY!!!.

What did Kojak say to one of his deputies who cracked a terrible joke about Dee Dee Ramone??

S'easy. "That's a bad pun, Crocker . . ."
FOZZIE BEAR, Dublin 5.

One day you'll grow up and make some dude a neat rug. — L.G.

"I HOPE I die before I get old."
F. W. DORWARD (MAJOR), Sunderland.

Going by the rest of your letter you won't be missed. — L.G.

DID I sleep all the way through one episode, or has Tony Palmer perpetrated what purports to be a complete history of popular music without mentioning the name of Bob Dylan?
SARAH, Stafford.

This is a back scratchin' bizzo, baby. Have you ever heard Dylan mention Tony Palmer? Did I get a name check in the Ghastly Book of Rock? Can you rilly do that with a Squirrel? — L.G.

DURING May I attended concerts by The Shadows and Clash equally enjoying both. Am I unique or are there more about like myself?
HANK STRUMMER, Glos.

Dunno, send nude photo. That goes for you too, Sarah. In fact, that goes for anyone. — L.G.

I WAS educated down the pub last night. (I wonder what gave me the idea that punk rockers were a load of louts?) I found a 'New Wave' freak, who was also into Bry Ferry and S.A.H.B (Vambo Rool!)

I liked his woolly cardi and dog collar. I like punk too, along with Cliff Richard, Millie and Sing-along-a-Max Vol. 1031.
MEL RICHARDSON, Leeds.
Sounds like you deserve each other (Sniggero) — L.G.

IS "Gabba, Gabba. Hey" minimalist for "Awopbopalubopabopbangboom?"
PLAYTHING, Birmingham.

No. — L.G.

NME MAKES ME puke!

I've been buying your rag for a year now and, after reading Phil McNeill's "The Great American Heavy Metal Conspiracy", I felt I had to write.

I just refuse to believe that every member of the NME staff thinks Kiss are crap. How much do you get paid for writing it? O.K. so Kiss have have got a novelty stage act. But what's wrong with that? And also, Kiss are all talented musicians.

Perhaps if NME staff would clean their stylus and better still, buy a new system, they might realise what they've been slagging over the years. First-class heavy metal.

Also, on another point. Why do you keep slagging Queen? Once again I think you're getting paid for saying you dislike them. Queen are top rate musicians and, considering Charles Shaar Murray thinks Ian Hunter is "Pure Pop", don't go by anything he says. Yours in hate.
RAY LIDDARD, Celebrated Hippy.

Listen, Kid, I had this rilly minimal stage act when I didn't actually appear onstage at all. Did anyone write about it? Did anyone even turn up? I even had it filmed and no one wanted to show it. This blando society is so stagnant I could scream — AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! L.G.

IN Phil McNeil's article on Heavy Metal he stated that it was his guess that the first two albums by Rush ("Rush" and "Fly by Night") would only ever be released here as a cheap package.

As I am also a Rush fan let me put him straight about this. Both albums are currently available on the Mercury label in this country. Their numbers are: "Rush" Mercury 9100 011 and "Fly By Night" Mercury 9100 013.

Visit your local record emporium and get them immediately. Zat iss an order.
STEVE, Cornwall.

Until Mercury decided to do a UK pressing of "Caress Of Steel" earlier this year, *they* had been importing the entire Rush catalogue, including "All The World's A Stage", so all five albums *were* available but at import prices. Good news: They've just decided to give the whole lot a British pressing, so they'll all soon be available at regular prices. — P. McN. Zzzzzz. — L.G.

Pics: CHALKIE DAVIES

I'M SORRY to bore you. I'd like to say thank you to the rosy-cheeked young man who asked me to marry him again, but it's still too early to answer.

He was a gentleman the first time (hint, hint, hint) but there were two obvious problems, making me extra shy. I couldn't feel close to any man physically yet at the same time I'd give my life for someone dear to me (forgive the Irish).

I'd also like to thank the other young gentlemen who've hinted at marriage although my ears were deaf at the time. I'm sorry it's hurt so many people. Hoping it will improve.
AN OLD MAID.
Here's a tip, iron drawers. Get your ears de-waxed and put the whip away (rosy cheeks indeed). Not all men like to be dominated, although I have no objections. Please write privately. — L.G.

"God Save The Queen" (the highest entry in the Beeb charts) was not surprisingly conspicuous by its absence from TOTP on Thursday. This provokes an intriguing question — what are the BBC going to do when the Pistols get to Number 1?
RACHEL, Stoke On Trent.

A toothy disc jockey will giggle, crack a feeble joke and the entire might of the El Beebo will produce a Token Crooner from Dandruff Mortuary. The crooner will sell vast numbers of his records over the following week and prove that El Beebo only play what the public want. — L.G.

I'VE BEEN an NME reader for several years, and I think that you stand head and shoulders above your nearest rival, but at times your features, and especially the review section, seem to lose sight of their purpose completely.

I refer in particular to Charles Shaar Murray's "review" of Queen's new E.P. in last week's edition. I happen to like Queen (well, nobody's perfect!) and I know what tracks are on the E.P. though I won't be buying it as I have the respective albums.

But, if I hadn't had them then a review which at least listed the tracks might have been useful. I gather from the "review" that CSM does not like Queen's music. Fair enough, but let's have decent reviews instead of CSM's far-out, uninformative prattle.
ROBIN COLLINGTON, Bradford, West Yorks.
P.S. I enjoy CSM's guitar reviews though. He seems to know his way round an axe — so he can't be THAT bad. Cheers!

Personally I think he's over-rated. — Muddy Waters
Personally I think he's under-rated. — CSM.
Personally I wish our paths had never crossed. — L.G.

IN ANSWER to Ms Riperton and Millie Jackson. So ya think Feminism is like skinning cats, uh?

Have you ever been freaked out by dirty old men? Ever been followed by a potential rapist? etc etc.
ANON.

Gaspo! Never. I guess it's cos of my mask and spurs. I have however caused a few squeals when appearing from the shrubbery late at night. — L.G.

DID you know that G.A.B.A. stands for:
Gamma-animobutyric acid, and that it is a chemical transmitter responsible for presynaptic inhibition in the spinal chord?

Or are the Ramones cleverer than they would have us believe?
A NOT-PARTICULARLY-INTERESTED-IN-PUNK VET STUDENT, Portishead.

Natcho, they used to be medical practitioners, brain surgeons and bionic engineers. I've even got a photo of them in white coats. Admittedly their hands were tied behind their backs. — L.G.

I'VE JUST had my ears pierced.
C. NEWMAN, Essex.

Marvey! Next time have your brain done to match. — L.G.

I'm only after free publicity.
NOEL WOOTON, Copenhagen.

You got it. Let's hope you don't become an international star and destroy your personality. On the other hand, who cares? — L.G.

IN *'TEAZERS'* you wrote that P. Townshend hadn't written anything or spoken to anyone for two years. It also says that he is writing his first and last words on the subject of the New-Wave.

So how come he wrote a two-page article on mods and the new-wave for my fanzine, *Live Wire* (enclosed)?

Please try and do your homework in future. Even Tony Parsons, your very own writer, bought one from me a couple of weeks ago.
ALAN ANGER, London SW9

The Groover never grovels, he just plucks the blade from his back and says you're right, Mr Anger — the writers on this paper are very limited. I, of course, do not write. I appear. — L.G.

WHAT DO you mean about hippies and punks? Us hippies in the Bay have been beating up old ladies regularly after listening to Pink Floyd, ELP, and Van Der Graaf Generator for years.

Don't think we're not violent just because we say things like peace and love, and intelligent things like "cows are really heavy". We even tell girls things like "last week I was in Welshpool, and I dreamed I was flying, and the next day the police were arresting people for being spacemen" that makes them think we're magic.

But we're not too intellectual to understand violence, but we like being cruel to girls best, after we'ye slept on their floor and eaten all their bread and peanut butter. Then we go home, put on our Floyd LPs and it's really cosmic man, dreaming about Atlantis, wondering whose pocket money to nick next, soaking our loin cloths in stale tapioca in case they ever have a festival down here.

Love and piece.
THE COLWYN BAY HOME FOR RETIRED HIPPIES

Exploding dildo winner.

I AM a devoted Black Sabbath fan but, after reading "The Lone Groover Express", I find that a real Black Sabbath fan should have a hatchet stuck in his head. I have tried this, but the hatchet keeps falling out when I bend down to mop up the blood.

Please tell me what I should do, as I plan to wear this through the summer.
KEN LIVERSAUSAGE, B.A.

Any NME staff member is capable of embedding a hatchet permanently. Send head. — L.G. (P.S. I personally have found the 'L.G. Express' great reading. Send 39p etc . . .)

T-shirts available from 18 King Street Ilkeston, Derbyshire price £1.95!

Now THAT'S the kind of headline I'd like to see more of around here . . .

Pic: LEEE BLACK CHILDERS

Dee Generate (far left), former drummer with Eater, auditions for his new band.

T-ZERS

A WEEKLY INCANTATION

FOLLOWING THE incident a fortnight ago when they were arrested in Birmingham on suspicion of theft, **Johnny Thunders Heartbreakers** had an even greater shock last week. They were staying at Leeds Wesley Hotel, when an armed intruder burst into their room waving a gun. Present at the time were the band, their road crew and two members of **Slaughter & the Dogs.**

The intruder claimed he was a member of the S.A.S., and had been sent to protect them from an unknown assassin who was threatening their lives. He kept them at gunpoint for over two hours, then left to "consult with his colleagues", returning a few minutes later to say that the potential assassin had been caught in the hotel lobby.

After his departure, The Heartbreakers reported the incident to the police, and officers were detailed to accompany them at their Leeds Polytechnic gig that night. **D/Sgt. Lorriman** of Leeds City Police said: "We are taking the matter very seriously and are making further enquiries".

Commented The Heartbreakers spokesman: "It's obvious that the intruder was not from the S.A.S., but it's worrying to think there's a nutter at loose with a gun, specially if he has a thing about new-wave bands. . ."

He isn't the only one — London town is positively ablaze with rumour and counter rumour about the latest happenings among the bright young things of today. Sunday papers prattle about the evils of the genus Punk, telegraph machines rattle with the news of which band is in the police slammers tonight, and gossip columnists bend an ear round their cans of lager to hear who's threatening to beat who up. Why, only this morning an errant carrier pigeon alighted on *Tzers* windowsill and whispered that **Rat Scabies** is anxious to discuss the topic of who gives who a "good kicking" with **Sid Vicious** . . . A roneo'd scroll on the pigeon's leg also intimated that **El Scabbed One** was due to appear in court this week on charges of — wait for it — smoking in a London Underground no-smoking compartment! Isn't this New Wave martyrdom trip all being taken too far *Tzers* asks? . . .

And more news on *that* record; no less an authority than **Tony Blackburn** entered the argument this week commenting on the single: "It is disgraceful and makes me ashamed of the pop world." Funny, that's exactly what *we've* always said about *you* Tony. "We disc jockeys have ignored the Pistols and if everyone else did perhaps they would go away," continued the chubby one forlornly . . .

Whaddya mean "we DJs" anyway Tony? **Charlie Gillett** went ahead and played "God Save The Queen" on his BBC Radio London *Honky Tonk* show anyway, agreeing with his guest, US producer **Ronnie Weiser,** that it was "not particularly original". An S. Pokesman for the BBC said: "We have asked stations not to play it but it is up to managers." None of Charlie's listeners bothered phoning in to complain. Or congratulate . . .

And never let it be said that **Cliff Richard** shirks his responsibilities. Before leaving for his US tour, The Young One resolutely stated: "I don't like what punk rockers do — especially to themselves." That's telling 'em Cliff . . .

More important, who got **Joey Ramone's** fraternity pin after **The Ramones** Sunday night Roundhouse show? None other than luscious **Gaye Advert** of **The Adverts** with whom Joey spent *every* available moment that evening — at least according to *Tzers* 'New Wave gossip correspondent **Alice Malice,** who also told us that Gaye's steady, Advert's vocalist **TV Smith,** meantime stomped petulantly around on the arm of someone called **Jane Suck** . . .

El Ramones also reported to be mighty peeved 'bout the Niagara Falls of Gob launched their way at Monday Night's gig . . . Other Ramonish cameos unfolding in the bar and backstage were **John W. Rotten** declaring that **Talking Heads** "bored him to tears. Nothing's changed round in this place for twenty years." (he should have seen **Arnold Wesker**); *Bondage* fanzine editor **Shane** snuffling for a smell of **Nick Kent** who compared him a while back to "a glue-sniffling vole"; and **Marc Bolan** (who?) hanging in the wings to meet the Fab Four. Marc also present at the post-gig party where Almost Everyone Who Is Anyone In The New Wave disported themselves in surprisingly low key manner . . .

Large bald busker **Lol Coxhill** damned with **Jam,** sorry jammed with **The Damned** recently . . . While New Wave fan **Sue Catwoman** reportedly forming a combo who will trade under the name of **The Moors Murderers.** Even **Disgusting Ears Lettuce** of **The Death Mammals** gobbed in disgust when he heard . . .

Gosh, what a lot of New Wave bosh in this week's *Tzers*. Whatever happened to the old days — **Strider** and **Wild Turkey** getting pissed down at the Speakeasy, **Rod** running away from **Britt, Status Quo** having brawls at customs, that sort of thing? Wait, what's this? **ELP's** "Fanfare For The Common Man" played at the Queen's Fireworks Display last week. Says it all really dunnit . . .

Tzers also hears that **J. Page** (34) attempted to secure an introduction to **Blondie Debby Harry** (31) . . . That film mogul and headline maker **Roman Polanski** visited **Tangerine Dream** backstage after their LA gig . . . And that **Johnny Rotten's Mum** had a new washing machine installed last week. Well that's what the maintenance man told *Tzers* anyway . . .

Clash guitarist **Mick Jones** mightily miffed at not being able to get in to a **Bob Marley** concert last week, especially as, he claims, Island Records supremo **Chris Blackwell** recently requested seats for **Clash** gig . . .

What do we start? **Mac McIntyre,** NME's publicist of 1976, quits Phonogram this week to go independent . . .

Queen believed to be more than a trifle upset at their inability to set Earls Court alight . . . Predictably, **Peter Frampton** to play Las Vegas in July . . . **Stones** live album now finished mixing with **Michael Philip Jagger** due in England soon with the tapes . . .

The gospel according to **Johnny Ramone**: "If the **Beach Boys** had recorded 'Sheena Is A Punk Rocker' it would have gone straight to number one. And you better believe it." We do Johnny, we do. Still Ramoning it; the mop tops fancy releasing "Suzy Is A Headbanger" as a follow-up. Sire think the lyrics may offend and have suggested" "Swallow My Pride" instead . . .

New York's ORK label threatening to back **Blue Vein's** "Get Off Of My Cloud" with **Patti Smith** reading a poem for **Keef** on the flip . . .

Eh? **The Count Bishops** joined onstage recently first by **Captain Sensible**, then by two members of **Caravan.** Must be a *medium* wave band . . .

Planned to open in London this summer; a new musical on the life of **James Dean.** based on **John Howlett's** biography of the First American Teenager, the producers have exhausted Dean lookalikes in London and are now scouring New York . . .

The guitarist with **Chelsea** had a difficult day last Tuesday when he rushed straight from an A level examination room to get ready for that night's gig at Dingwalls . . .

Errrk alors, Frog rock star **Johnny Halliday** planning a rock version of *Hamlet* backed by a 120 piece orchestra . . .

Persistent rumours that the owners of New York's famed sleaze joint Max's Kansas City are looking for a suitable London location for a club of the same . . .

More rumours, this time that **Bowie** attempting to top up his macho-quota by growing a beard. It'll never work Dave, why not a **Charles Atlas** course instead?

Will the two girls who wrote into *Gasbag* relating how one of them sprained a wrist clapping too hard at a **Wings** concert, please ring *Tzers* or write in to us, where they may hear something to their advantage . . .

Who says the New Whatsit don't have roots? **Damned's Dave Vanian,** who used to make his living as a grave-digger, is shopping round for a hearse to use as group transport. Try **Screamin' Lord Sutch suggests** *Tzers*.

And more about that **Scabies** chappie; seems he wants **Julie** in the white Datsun OLK 932P to, er, get in touch with him at Stiff Records. This has been a *Tzers* computadate service (don't do it gal) . . .

H-e-e-y. Contrary to rumour, **Henry Winkler** not ditchin' *Happy Days*. After completing two movies, he'll return to the series . . .

Shorts: **Supertramps John Helliwell** and **Bob Benberg** recording with **Thin Lizzy** in Toronto . . . **Streetwalkers** and **Jackson Browne** both have live albums as next offerings . . . And here's a hot one — **Steve Marriott** rumoured to be leaving **Small Faces** to form new "Supergroup" with young **Peter Frampton.** And is there any significance that **Rod Stewart** seen drinking with **MacLagan** and **Jones?** *(Are we really asking 18p for this? — Ed)* . . .

Tzers is deeply saddened to hear that the present series of *Schlock Jollies* has been postponed until next season / year / decade. So founder all those who dare to trifle with the ancient *Hex of the Tzer*. Oh, and remember, it's never too late to say you hate *Schlock Jollies* . . .

Clash's Joe Strummer (24) charged under his real name, **John Mellor,** when he appeared in court on Monday (see also page 3). According to *The Grauniad*, Mellor works under the stage name **Joseph Strummer** as in **Jonathan Rotten, Derek Generate, Sidney Vicious** and **Derek Derek Ramone** . . .

The W. H. Smith solution to the Sex Pistols' 'problem'.

Johnny Rotten and Dee Dee Ramone show willing for the photographer at the Ramones' post-gig party. Smile lads!

Pic: RICHARD YOUNG

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THE ROXY LONDON WC2

(Jan - Apr 77)

LIVE ALBUM

Slaughter & The Dogs

The Unwanted

Wire

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Johnny Moped

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