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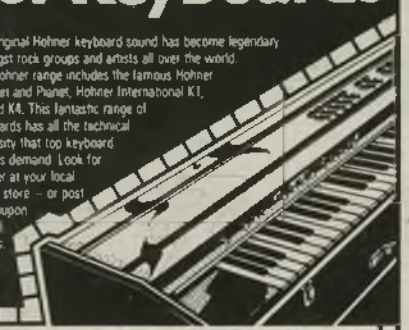

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CHARTS

SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Week ending July 22, 1978	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT — John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	10	1
2	(10)	SUBSTITUTE — Clout (Carrere)	5	2
3	(3)	DANCING IN THE CITY — Marshall Hain (Harvest)	6	3
4	(2)	SMURF SONG — Father Abraham (Decca)	7	2
5	(8)	BOOGIE OGGIE OGGIE — Taste Of Honey (Capitol)	6	5
6	(5)	LIKE CLOCKWORK — Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	6	5
7	(11)	WILD WEST HERO — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	5	7
8	(9)	A LITTLE BIT OF SOAP — Showaddywaddy (Arista)	5	7
8	(4)	THE BIGGEST BLOW — Sex Pistols (Virgin)	4	4
10	(6)	AIRPORT — Motors (Virgin)	7	3
11	(7)	MAN WITH THE CHILD IN HIS EYES — Kate Bush (EMI)	7	5
12	(15)	USE TA BE MY GIRL — O'Jays (Warner Bros)	6	12
13	(18)	5-7-0-5- — City Boy (Vertigo)	2	13
14	(21)	COME ON DANCE DANCE — Saturday Night Band (CBS)	4	14
15	(20)	FOREVER AUTUMN — Justin Hayward (CBS)	3	15
16	(12)	RUN FOR HOME — Lindisfarne (Mercury)	4	12
17	(27)	LIFE'S BEEN GOOD — Joe Walsh (Asylum)	2	17
18	(13)	ANNIE'S SONG — James Galway (Red Seal)	10	4
19	(26)	RIVERS OF BABYLON — Boney M (Atlantic)	14	1
20	(16)	MIND BLOWING DECISIONS — Heatwave (GTO)	7	10
21	(17)	FROM EAST TO WEST — Voyage (GTO/Hansa)	5	17
22	(14)	MISS YOU — Rolling Stones (EMI)	8	2
23	(26)	STAY — Jackson Browne (Asylum)	3	23
24	(19)	DON'T FEAR THE REAPER — Blue Oyster Cult (CBS)	8	18
25	(22)	LOVE YOU MORE — Buzzcocks (United Artists)	2	22
26	(—)	IS THIS A LOVE THING — Raydio (Arista)	1	26
27	(—)	NORTHERN LIGHTS — Renaissance (Warner Bros)	1	27
28	(24)	PRODIGAL SON — Steel Pulse (Island)	2	24
29	(—)	IDENTITY — X Ray Spex (EMI INT)	1	29
30	(—)	SATISFY MY SOUL — Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	2	23

BUBBLING UNDER

Singles: The Race Is On — Suzi Quatro (RAK); If The Kids Are United — Sham 69 (Polydor); It's The Same Old Song — K C & The Sunshine Band (TK); Baby Stop Crying (CBS).

U.S. SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Week ending July 29, 1978
1	(3)	MISS YOU — Rolling Stones
2	(7)	GREASE — Frankie Valli
3	(2)	SHADOW DANCING — Andy Gibb
4	(1)	BAKER STREET — Gerry Rafferty
5	(6)	LAST DANCE — Donna Summer
6	(8)	THREE TIMES A LADY — Commodores
7	(5)	USE TA BE MY GIRL — The O'Jays
8	(4)	STILL THE SAME — Bob Seger
9	(12)	LOVE WILL FIND A WAY — Pablo Cruise
10	(10)	BLUER THAN BLUE — Michael Johnson
11	(9)	IT'S A HEARTACHE — Bonnie Tyler
12	(16)	LIFE'S BEEN GOOD — Joe Walsh
13	(14)	RUNAWAY — Jefferson Starship
14	(17)	COPACABANA (AT THE COPA) — Barry Manilow
15	(18)	MY ANGEL BABY — Toby Beau
16	(15)	TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD — Meat Loaf
17	(22)	HOT BLOODED — Foreigner
18	(21)	MAGNET AND STEELE — Walter Egan
19	(20)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT — Olivia Newton-John/John Travolta
20	(24)	KING TUT — Steve Martin
21	(23)	I'M NOT GONNA LET IT BOTHER ME TONIGHT — Atlanta Rhythm Section
22	(26)	BOOGIE OGGIE OGGIE — Taste Of Honey
23	(11)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME — Abba
24	(11)	FM (NO STATIC AT ALL) — Steely Dan
25	(28)	SHAME — Evelyn "Champagne" King
26	(—)	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU — Olivia Newton John
27	30	STAY/LOAD OUT — Jackson Browne
28	(13)	THE GROOVE LINE — Heatwave
29	(—)	EVERLASTING LOVE — Andy Gibb
30	(—)	I'VE HAD ENOUGH — Wings

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Week ending July 29, 1978	5 chart	Weeks position	Highest position
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER — Various (RSO)	14		1
2	(4)	LIVE & DANGEROUS — Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	8		2
3	(3)	SOME GIRLS — Rolling Stones (EMI)	7		3
4	(2)	STREET LEGAL — Bob Dylan (CBS)	6		2
5	(7)	20 GOLDEN GREATS — Hollies (EMI)	3		5
6	(5)	OCTAVE — Moody Blues (Threshold)	7		4
7	(8)	WAR OF THE WORLDS — Various (World Records)	14		7
8	(6)	KICK INSIDE — Kate Bush (EMI)	21		1
9	(9)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS — Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	11		8
10	(11)	GREASE — Original Soundtrack (RSO)	3		10
11	(14)	ABBA THE ALBUM — Abba (Epic)	27		1
12	(17)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES — Ian Dury (Stiff)	26		5
13	(27)	BAT OUT OF HELL — Meat Loaf (Epic)	19		6
14	(10)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE — Genesis (Charisma)	17		2
15	(12)	PASTICHE — Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	22		7
16	(24)	OUT OF THE BLUE — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	32		3
17	(21)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS — Boney M (Int Hansa)	2		17
18	(20)	BLACK & WHITE — Stranglers (United Artists)	10		1
19	(13)	RUMOURS — Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	73		1
20	(28)	THE STUD — Soundtrack (Ronco)	15		2
21	(15)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE — Johnny Mathis (CBS)	15		4
22	(16)	ROCK RULES — Various (K-Tel)	3		16
23	(—)	THE LENA MARTELL COLLECTION — Lena Martell (Ronco)	4		21
24	(—)	20 GIANT HITS — Nolan Sisters (WEA)	1		24
25	(25)	BACK & FOURTH — Lindisfarne (Mercury)	3		24
26	(18)	KAYA — Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	17		6
27	(23)	"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . ." — Joe Walsh (Asylum)	2		23
28	(—)	NATURAL HIGH — Commodores (Motown)	2		21
29	(—)	THANK GOD ITS FRIDAY — Soundtrack (Casatolanca)	1		29
30	(26)	OBSESSIONS — UFO (Chrysalis)	2		26

BUBBLING UNDER

Albums: More Songs About Buildings And Food — Talking Heads (Sire); Magic Flute Of James Galway — James Galway (Red Seal); Fulham Fallout — Lurkers (Beggers Banquet).

U.S. ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Week ending July 29, 1978
1	(2)	GREASE — Various Artists
2	(1)	SOME GIRLS — Rolling Stones
3	(4)	SHADOW DANCING — Andy Gibb
4	(8)	DOUBLE VISION — Foreigner
5	(6)	NATURAL HIGH — Commodores
6	(3)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER — Bee Gees and Various Artists
7	(7)	STRANGER IN TOWN — Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
8	(5)	CITY TO CITY — Gerry Rafferty
9	(10)	"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . ." — Joe Walsh
10	(9)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN — Bruce Springsteen
11	(11)	SONGBIRD — Barbra Streisand
12	(20)	WORLDS AWAY — Pablo Cruise
13	(15)	THE STRANGER — Billy Joel
14	(17)	OCTAVE — Moody Blues
15	(19)	STREET LEGAL — Bob Dylan
16	(16)	EVEN NOW — Barry Manilow
17	(22)	LIFE IS A SONG WORTH SINGING — Teddy Pendergrass
18	(12)	FEELS SO GOOD — Chuck Mangione
19	(14)	EARTH — Jefferson Starship
20	(24)	SOUNDS . . . AND STUFF LIKE THAT — Quincy Jones
21	(13)	THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY — Various Artists
22	(28)	PYRAMID — Alan Parsons Project
23	(21)	SO FULL OF LOVE — The O'Jays
24	(18)	LONDON TOWN — Wings
25	(—)	TOGETHERNESS — L.T.D.
26	(—)	COME GET IT — Rick James
27	(27)	AJA — Steely Dan
28	(29)	BAT OUT OF HELL — Meat Loaf
29	(—)	LOVE ME AGAIN — Rita Coolidge
30	(23)	BOYS IN THE TREES — Carly Simon

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending July 24, 1973

Last This Week		
1	1	WELCOME HOME — Peters & Lee (Philips)
7	2	I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG — Gary Glitter (Bell)
5	3	ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT — Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
3	4	LIFE ON MARS — David Bowie (RCA)
6	5	GONE HOME — Osmonds (MGM)
2	6	SKWEEZE ME, PLEEZE ME — Slade (Polydor)
4	7	SATURDAY NIGHT'S ALRIGHT FOR FIGHTING — Elton John (DJM)
20	8	GAYE — Clifford T. Ward (Charisma)
10	9	RANDY — Blue Mink (EMI)
11	10	PILLOW TALK — Sylvia (London)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending July 24, 1968

Last This Week		
5	1	MONY MONY — Tommy James & the Shondells (Major Minor)
1	2	BABY COME BACK — Equals (President)
3	3	I PRETEND — Des O'Connor (Columbia)
2	4	SON OF HICKORY HOLLER'S TRAMP — O.C. Smith (CBS)
9	5	FIRE — Arthur Brown (Track)
8	6	YUMMU YUMMY YUMMY — Ohio Express (Pye)
7	7	Mac ARTHUR PARK — Richard Harris (RCA)
4	8	YESTERDAY HAS GONE — Cupid's Inspiration (Nems)
13	9	THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU — Herb Alpert (A&M)
16	10	MRS. ROBINSON — Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending July 26, 1963

Last This Week		
1	1	I'M CONFESSIN' — Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2	2	DEVIL IN DISGUISE — Elvis Presley (RCA)
4	3	SWEETS FOR MY SWEET — Searchers (Pye)
6	4	DA DOO RON RON — Crystals (London)
7	5	TWIST AND SHOUT — Brian Poole and the Tremeloes (Decca)
3	6	I LIKE IT — Gerry and the Pacemakers (Columbia)
5	7	ATLANTIS — Shadows (Columbia)
13	8	TWIST AND SHOUT (EP) — Beatles (Parlophone)
12	9	IT'S MY PARTY — Lesley Gore (Mercury)
9	10	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART — Ray Charles (HMV)

NEWS DESK

THE LONDON SCENE

JAM: 5 GIGS AND SINGLE

THE JAM who recently completed a short British tour, are to play five more dates during the coming week. They've been set partly as a warm-up for their Reading Festival appearance on August 25, and partly to promote their new single which comes out this weekend. The gigs are at Guildford Civic Hall (this Sunday), Torquay Town Hall (July 31), Plymouth Fiesta (August 1), Bournemouth Village Bowl (2) and Swindon Brunel Rooms (4).

It's described as a mini-tour of holiday resorts, which will come as a surprise to the citizens of Guildford and Swindon! Their new Polydor double A-side single is "David Watts" coupled with "'A' Bomb In Wardour Street", though — being a rush release, and with advance copies not available at press-time — Polydor were unable to shed any light on the significance of either title!

September gigs by Blondie now likely

NME UNDERSTANDS that Blondie are now expected to headline a string of British dates — at least six — as early as September. After their last tour here early in the year, they said they wouldn't be back until the beginning of 1979, then subsequently amended this "the end of this year". But now it seems virtually certain that they'll be gigging here before the summer's out.

As previously reported, they stop off briefly in London on August 14 to open a Blondie photographic exhibition, before starting a European tour. And it's now learned that they've decided to play some dates here after they've finished in Europe and before they return to the States. Details can be expected in a week or two.

THE STRANGE CASE OF WAYNE COUNTY!

WAYNE COUNTY, who recently took up residence in Berlin as the new base for his band The Electric Chairs, was last Friday refused admission into Britain by immigration officials at Heathrow Airport. He had apparently flown to London for the first of a series of sex-change operations, to be performed by a leading Harley Street specialist, but on arriving at the airport was immediately put on the next plane back to Berlin. It's not yet known why he (she) was refused entry, or if the decision will hinder his (her) future tour plans — or indeed how it will affect his (her) sex change!

The Captain's King

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE's new band King, who made their British debut on John Peel's Radio 1 show last week, will undertake their first tour of this country in September — preceded in August by a ten-day Irish tour and a string of dates in America, including a four-day stint at New York's Hurrahs Disco. Our picture shows the nucleus of the band: (from left to right) ex-Wreckless Eric sideman Henry Badowski on lead vocals, sax and keyboards; Kim Bradshaw on bass; and The Captain.

They are being augmented by drummer Dave Berk, on loan from the Johnny Moped band; and a new keyboards man is being rehearsed to take over from Badowski, to give him more freedom as front man. Several record companies have expressed interest in signing the band, and it's expected their first release will be out in the autumn. King were hoping they could arrange their first British gig as support to Queen, but this seems like wishful thinking, so they're now busy setting up their

GEN X versus NAZIS

GENERATION X are likely to make their stage comeback, after a lengthy lay-off, by appearing in the latest Anti-Nazi Carnival to be arranged — this one is taking place in Hoglands Park in Southampton on Saturday, August 12. Details of bands taking part are still being finalised, but it's understood that Sham 69, Merger and Junior Brown are "probables" for the event, while Graham Parker and The Rumour are "possibles".

THE TALKING HEADS, who visited London briefly for a Lyceum concert earlier this month, told NME that they'll be returning for a full British tour early in the New Year. The exact period hasn't yet been vetted, but it's expected to start around mid-January and take in up to two dozen dates. The band have now returned to the States to start work on a new album, which will be issued here to coincide with the tour.

THE BANNED have a late booking at London Marquee this Sunday (30), and this becomes the last in their current batch of dates. They're almost completed negotiations for a new recording contract, which means that their new single "Give It To Me" — produced by Mike Thorne of Wire and Shirts fame — can be expected shortly.

PIN-UPS have decided to disband, despite building a considerable reputation and loyal following on the pub'n'club circuit in London and the Home Counties, and having a one-off single released by EMI. They say their split is due entirely to "lack of funds".

Palmer plays Hammersmith

ROBERT PALMER headlines his first-ever solo concert in Britain when he plays London Hammersmith Odeon on Wednesday, September 13, backed by his full American touring band — Jack Waldman (keyboards), Joe Galdo (drums), Pierre Brock (bass), Steve Robbins (keyboards) and Freddie Wall (lead guitar). Tickets for the concert, promoted by Alec Leslie Entertainments, are on sale now priced £3, £2.50 and £2.

This will be Palmer's only date in Britain, although he is playing in other European countries — Germany, Holland and Belgium. His last appearances here were with Vinegar Joe in the early '70s. Island have just released a new Palmer single titled "Best Of Both Worlds" — it's taken from his current album "Double Fun", which has been in the U.S. Hot 100 for 20 weeks.

MAGAZINE, PENETRATION AT LYCEUM

MAGAZINE have finally found a major London venue at which to climax and close their British tour. They appear at the Lyceum in the Strand this Sunday (30), and advance tickets are now on sale priced £2 at the box-office and Chappells, New Bond Street — admission on the night is £2.25.

Howard Devoto and the band were originally booked to play Drury Lane Theatre Royal last Sunday, but Moss Empires subsequently withdrew permission because they "verge on punk" and would lower the tone of the theatre! Since then they've tried several other venues without success, until clinching the Lyceum. The band have also re-scheduled their postponed gig at Birmingham Barbarella's for this Saturday (29).

● Zones — who are supporting Magazine in both this weekend's gigs, as they have been throughout the tour — have their new single "Sign Of The Times" issued by Arista tomorrow (Friday).

ANNETTE PEACOCK, whose critically-acclaimed Aura album "X-dreams" was issued recently, makes one of her rare British appearances when she plays the Lyceum the following Sunday — August 6. She'll be backed by a band of well-known musicians including Mick Ronson, with whom she recorded an LP titled "I'm The One" a few years ago. The Lyceum gig is by the way of a preview to a series of round-Britain concerts by Annette in the autumn.

PENETRATION are also set for a headlining date at the Lyceum, appearing there on Sunday, August 20, five days before their spot in the Reading Festival. Recent London dates by the band at the Nashville and Marquee have resulted in capacity houses, with many would-be spectators locked out, and slight damage was caused to both venues when they tried to break in — so it's been decided to book them into a larger hall this time. Now a five-piece with the addition of new guitarist Fred Purser, the band are currently recording a new album for autumn release by Virgin.

Otway debuts his new band

JOHN OTWAY, who recently dissolved his partnership with Wild Willy Barrett, has now formed his own band. And they make their live debut by way of a week-long season at one of London's leading pub venues, the Red Cow in Hammersmith, from August 4 to 10 inclusive. Explaining why he's chosen the Red Cow to unveil the new outfit, Otway said: "Of all the gigs I did in the early days, it's the one I enjoyed the most".

Tickets for all shows, including the venue's regular weekly gay night (Tuesday, August 8), are priced 75p and will be available in advance only from the Red Cow. It's the first time any act has played a full week's residency there — and the last time, too!

The London season is followed by Otway's annual free concert in his home town of Aylesbury on Sunday, August 13. The show, also featuring several local bands, is in the Market Square from 2 to 6 pm and it's being filmed for inclusion in an ATV documentary for autumn screening — titled "Aylesbury — Home Of John Otway", it's one of a series called "England Their England", and Otway will be the only rock artist featured.

The band then go into the studios for an estimated two months to record Otway's first solo album for Polydor, emerging only to play the Reading Festival on August 27. But a full British tour is planned for later in the Autumn, after recording sessions are completed.

The new JOHN OTWAY BAND, waiting for someone to buy them a round, are from left to right PAUL WARD (keyboards), OTWAY, JIM KEILT (guitar), MO BACON (drums) and PAUL LILLY (bass).

Lizzy, Pistols at opening

THREE MEMBERS OF Thin Lizzy and two of the Sex Pistols combine with Colosseum stalwart Gary Moore in a pick-up band, which is the opening attraction at London's latest venue — the Electric Ballroom in Camden — this Saturday (29). Plans for the launching of the venue, formerly the Carousel Ballroom specialising in Irish acts, were exclusively revealed by NME three weeks ago — and it's planned to start operations by running a rock gig every Saturday.

This weekend's headliners are Phil Lynott, Brian Downey and Scott Gorham (all of Thin Lizzy), Steve Jones and Paul Cook (of the Pistols) and Gary Moore, all appearing together under the name of The Greedies. Tickets are £2, available at the box-office from noon today (Thursday), and doors open on the night at 8.30pm.

RED COW CLOSING

THE RED COW in Hammersmith, one of London's leading pub venues, is closing down as a rock centre at the end of next month. It has previously served as a launching pad for many of today's star bands including The Stranglers, The Jam, 999, The Vibrators and the recently-disbanded Damned. And to mark its demise, the venue is staging a festival featuring many of today's up-and-coming bands and artists.

The week-long season by the new John Otway Band (August 4-10) is one of the attractions, and other bookings include Ramrod (August 2), Dead Fingers Talk (3), Advertising (11 and 12), White Cats (13), The Records (14), Autographs (16), Jab Jab (17 and 18), The Boyfriends (19 and 20), The Bishops (23), 90 Inclusive (24), Leppo & The Jooves (hiding the identity of a well-known band on August 25), Landscape (26) and Warren Harry (27 and 28). It's likely that a few more names will be added to this list.

Reason for the closure is the big redevelopment programme in Hammersmith, which has already led to a couple of other pubs being pulled down. And accordingly, although the Red Cow is to remain, it's being given a face-lift and converted into a "family pub".

ULTRAVOX, HILLAGE FOR MARQUEE

ULTRAVOX are to play a string of five successive nights at London Marquee Club next month, equalling the venue's record established last year by Eddie & The Hot Rods.

They appear at the Marquee from August 19 to 23 inclusive, as a prelude to their spot in the Reading Festival on August 25, when they are second top to The Jam — and this also follows the pattern of the Hot Rods' residency, which preceded the 1977 Reading event.

Recorded in Germany this summer with producer Connie Plank, who has worked with such artists as Eno and Kraftwerk, the band's new single "Slow Motion" is released by Island in conventional seven-inch form on August 4 — and a 12-inch version will be available the following week. Their latest album "Systems Of Romance" is due out in September.

These releases mark the record debut of their new guitarist Robin Simon, who joined Ultravox from Neo four months ago, and the Marquee gigs will be his five debut in this country.

STEVE HILLAGE plays two nights at the Marquee on Monday and Tuesday, August 7 and 8 — and these gigs immediately follow his free open-air gigs on August 5 and 6, reported last week. He'll be playing a long show at the Marquee without a support act, with the intention of recording material for his forthcoming Virgin live album.

His concert at the Lyceum in May was recorded with the same object in mind, but he now feels that the band has improved enormously since then. Tickets for the gigs are £1.25 (advance) and £1.50 (doors).

MAGAZINE

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LONDON SCENE — CONTINUED

Hyde Park off, Stranglers irked

THE STRANGLERS will not, after all, be playing a free open-air gig in London's Hyde Park next month — and, in fact, it now seems virtually certain there won't be a rock concert of any kind in the park this summer.

It seems that official objections to The Stranglers playing there were overcome, and they were actually offered the chance to perform there — but, according to their side of the story, the offer was made in such a way as to make it impossible for them to accept.

Virgin, who hold the concession for presenting Hyde Park concerts, said it would have cost an estimated £25,000 to stage a gig there this year. They added: "Traditionally these expenses are shouldered by the headliner — after all, they get the glory, so they foot the bill. But it's been difficult to find a band able or prepared to meet these costs."

One band was set to play there, say Virgin, but pulled out because of internal difficulties. And last week, it was offered to The Stranglers who "decided not to do it." The deadline for fixing the gig was last Friday, so Virgin have been forced to cancel. But they point out that if any band approaches them within the next few days, they will try to persuade the Department of the Environment to extend the deadline.

The Stranglers are uptight about the offer, because they would have had to raise a large sum in ready cash almost immediately, at a time when they were working in America. Commented a spokesman for the band: "It was Hobson's choice, really. It would have cost a fortune, and Virgin wanted cash on the nail, just at the time when The Stranglers weren't around to raise that kind of money."

Meanwhile, promoter Harry Goldsmith's office tell us they are still "working hell for leather" to arrange a London date or dates for the band. A spokesman stressed there is no GLC ban on the group — "it's just wariness on the council's part" — and they remain hopeful that they'll be able to get something together before long.

AND ON THE GLASGOW BEAT

Apollo resuming in September?

IT NOW LOOKS as though Glasgow Apollo Centre could re-open as early as September 1. Capital City Entertainments are, with the full blessing and approval of the owners, planning to move into the venue and start operating it from that date. The idea is that they would continue to raise money for their restoration and purchase funds — from gigs actually staged at the Apollo. The venue closed its doors a month ago, and it was thought at the time that Mecca would purchase it for use as a bingo hall, but they have now apparently dropped out of the running.

Mike Finch of Capital City told NME that their appeal is "gaining credibility", and many bands have offered to play at the Apollo for free, in order to raise funds to keep it running as Scotland's leading rock venue. The new-wave movement has been particularly forthcoming, but more mainstream rock bands are needed.

Palace, Knebworth hitch

IT IS STILL undecided if a "Garden Party" will be staged at the Crystal Palace Bowl in South-East London this summer, although it has been a regular annual event for some years.

Promoter Harvey Goldsmith is at present in America (where he's talking to the Rolling Stones and other attractions he's hoping to bring to Britain), but a spokesman for his office told NME: "We've been working on various things, and we're still hoping we may be able to do a show at the Palace. But it's getting late now, and we can't wait much longer." If it does happen, and a decision is expected within the next two weeks, it will be on either September 2 or 16.

The prospect of a second Knebworth concert this summer — on Saturday, September 9 — appears to have receded to some extent. Although promoter Frederick Bannister has a couple of possible headliners in view, he's run into snags in shaping the full bill. Final decision on whether it's on or off is due next week.

DONALD BYRD

DYLAN SPEAKS

'I want to return to Britain in 1979'

BOB DYLAN, hardly the most voluble or forthcoming of personalities in his relations with the media, nevertheless found time to talk to NME before he returned to the States after his triumphant Blackbushe concert. He said he was specially anxious to meet a representative of the paper which had scooped the world, with exclusive stories of his British concerts — both at Earls Court and Blackbushe.

And the most significant fact to emerge from the conversation is that Dylan is seriously considering returning to Britain next year. He said he would like to play another big open-air concert similar to Blackbushe, but this time at a venue in the North of England.

He was obviously delighted and somewhat taken aback by the warmth of his welcome, and the vast size of the crowd, at Blackbushe. And he realised that there are many thousands of people — living elsewhere in the country and to whom Blackbushe was inaccessible — who would like to see him, hence the idea of a 1979 concert in the North. "There's another exclusive for you," he observed.

Of course, Dylan has been known to change his mind on more than one occasion. And possibly the desire to return was an instantaneous reaction to the heady atmosphere of Blackbushe. All the same, he seemed totally sincere at the time — and having voiced the idea, he certainly won't be allowed to forget it!

Referring to the Blackbushe audience, his parting shot was: "All those good people have been letting me know I've been away too long. It won't happen again."

BLACKBYRDS ARE COMING

DONALD BYRD and The Blackbyrds are coming to Britain in the early autumn for their first tour here since January, 1976, when they played a string of sell-out shows including a date at the Hammersmith Odeon — and they'll be returning to that venue this time.

Promoter Mark Howes still has to finalise a few more gigs, but those confirmed so far are Norwich Cromwells (September 21), Brighton Top Rank (22), Dunstable California (23), Manchester Ritz Ballroom (24), London Hammersmith Odeon (27) and Birmingham Barbarella's (29). Hammersmith tickets are on sale now, priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2.

Byrd's first album since signing with Elektra will be issued to tie in with the visit, and The Blackbyrds — who record in their own right for the Fantasy label — will also have a new LP released to coincide.

NEWS IN BRIEF

THREE DEGREES have flown in specially to appear before Prince Charles in a charity concert tonight (Thursday) at Eastbourne Kings Country Club. They won't be playing elsewhere on this occasion, but are expected to return for a string of autumn dates.

ROCK AGAINST RACISM stage a charity gig tonight (Thursday) at London Woolwich Tramshed, featuring Menace and Amber, in aid of the Albany Empire Fire Fund. And there's another R.A.R. show on Saturday (29) at Bromley William Morris Hall with The Bombshells and X-Films.

THE DODGERS extend their current tour through into next month, to aid promotion of their new Polydor single "Don't Let Me Be Wrong" (released August 4) and album "Love On The Rebound" (August 18). Gigs so far set are Penzance Garden (August 1), Plymouth Woods (2), Sheffield Limit Club (4), Leeds "F" Club (5), Norwich Toppers (9), Newport Village (11), Lincoln A.J.'s (12) and Swindon Brunel Rooms (15).

MISTY are to headline an open-air concert this Saturday (29) in London — it's at St. Mark's Park, Ladbroke Grove. Other new gigs for the Roots Reggae band are London W.9 Factory Club (tomorrow, Friday), London Oxford St. 100 Club (August 3) and Sheffield Top Rank (4).

SORE THROAT continue gigging at Middlesbrough Rock Garden (tomorrow, Friday), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (Saturday), High Wycombe (August 4), London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (5), Colchester Woods Centre (6) and London Kensington Nashville (7).

MARY O'HARA headlines a five-day season at the London Palladium starting on Tuesday, November 14. The theatre is unavailable on the Monday of that week (13), when it stages the Royal Variety Show — so don't be surprised if Mary is chosen for that as well! Chrysalis release her new album "Music Speaks Louder Than Words" on September 8.

ROCK N'RADIO Syndication of Brighton are setting up a series of in-concert radio shows for broadcast by a major U.S. network. They'll be recorded live at specially arranged concerts, and will also include interviews with the musicians. Bands interested in taking part should contact Michael Fabricant at 169 Edward Street, Brighton (0273-607384).

FOREIGNER, currently among the Top Ten box-office attractions on the U.S. gig circuit, are now officially confirmed as special guests on the third and final day of the Reading Festival — Sunday, August 27.

EMPEROR ROSKO is on the air for eight hours non-stop next Monday night (31). Adopting the American pattern of broadcasting, he takes over Radio Luxembourg's entire airtime for that night — from 8 pm to 4 am.

JOANNE MACKELL flies in to play her debut British gig tomorrow (Friday) at London Covent Garden Rock Garden, coinciding with the release of her new single — the Bob Seger number "Fire Down Below" — by United Artists, with whom she has just signed a worldwide deal. Her first album, on which eight of the ten tracks are self-penned, follows on August 4.

LOU REED, who was to have headlined the ill-fated open-air concert planned for the Charlton soccer ground in South London, is still coming to Europe this summer. He plays three dates in Holland (August 10-12) and the Bilzen Festival in Belgium (13), but this is expected to be the full extent of his visit and no British gigs are planned.

THE RICH KIDS have now confirmed their London date to climax their current string of gigs — it's at Camden Music Machine on Friday, August 4, and they've also added Bircote Leisure Centre (5) and Blackpool Imperial Hotel (6) to their itinerary.

THE PIRATES, currently recording their follow-up album to "Skull Wars", are playing a couple of dates as a warm-up to their Reading Festival appearance on August 26 — they are Torquay Town Hall (23) and Plymouth Metro (24). The band leave for their debut American tour on September 10.

RECORD NEWS

Thunders' solo elpee due

JOHNNY THUNDERS' first solo album — with a backing which includes Steve Jones and Paul Cook of the Pistols, Phil Lynott, Steve Marriott and members of The Only Ones and The Hot Rods — is scheduled for late August release by Real Records. This is one of the first results of a new agreement, under which WEA are to distribute Real — the label formed by Dave Hill and Bryan Morrison, and previously licensed to Arista — throughout the world.

JOHNNY THUNDERS

First product under the new deal is the single "Show Her You Care" by new Wakefield-based band Strangeways, who will soon be undertaking a nationwide tour. Also in the pipeline is a single from The Slits, and the debut of a new band fronted by Chrissie Hynde. The principal aim of Real Records, says Dave Hill, is to build a solid catalogue of "innovative new talent".

● United Artists reissue 20 important albums from the Blue Note catalogue next month, with further supplements to follow. Initial releases include "Maiden Voyage" and "Speak Like A Child" by **Herbie Hancock**, "Cantaloupe Island" by **Jean-Luc Ponty** and "The Song Of Singing" by **Chick Corea**, as well as LPs by such jazz giants as **Ornette Coleman**, **Art Blakey**, **Gerry Mulligan**, **John Coltrane** and **Charlie Mingus**.

● Manchester's **Chris Sievey** and **The Freshies** have their debut album "All Sleeps Secret" issued by Buzz Records this weekend. It contains 12 self-penned songs, which run together from start to finish as one complete dream.

● Sire Records have signed their second British act to the label — the first, of course, was The Rezillos. Newcomers are Leeds band **The Squares**, who previously issued a one-off single on their own Airebeat label. They've now re-recorded this song with Tommy Erdelyi, formerly of the Ramones and now an independent producer, for release by Sire — now distributed here through WEA — in the near future.

● Manchester-based band **Spherical Objects** have their debut album coming out on the independent Object Music label. Title is "Past And Parcel" and it's issued tomorrow (Friday).

● **Phil Manzanera** has his new single "Island" issued by Polydor this weekend, with "Mother Earth" by **The Cimarons** following on the same label on August 4. And on the affiliated RSO label, **Andy Gibb** sings "An Everlasting Love" (this weekend) and **Frankie Valli** offers the title song from the film "Grease" (August 4).

Ian Matthews' first U.K. album since '73

● **Ian Matthews**' first album for Rockburgh Records, titled "Stealin' Home", is released on August 11. Recorded at Chipping Norton Studios with producer Sandy Roberton, it features Bryn Haworth and Phil Palmer (guitars), Jim Russell (drums), Pete Wingfield (keyboards) and Rick Kemp (bass). It's Matthews' first British-made LP since he left to live in the States in 1973, and it includes several of his own new songs as well as Robert Palmer's "Gimme An Inch Girl" and John Martyn's "Man In The Station."

● The double soundtrack album "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band", starring **Peter Frampton** and the **Bee Gees**, is being rushed out by A & M this week and should now be available in the shops. As reported last week, some U.S. critics are tipping it to become the biggest-selling LP of all time.

● More singles out this weekend: "Somebody's Fool" by the **Sutherland Brothers** (CBS), "I'm A Scorpio" by **Russ Ballard** (Epic), "African Breeze" by former Uriah Heep lead singer **David Byron** and "Dreadlock Holiday" by **10c.c.** (Mercury).

● London band **Speed-O-Meters** will have their debut single "Tonight, Tonight" issued on August 25, the day before they appear at the Reading Festival. A label deal is still being negotiated but, despite this, their first album planned for October.

● A new **Alessi** single titled "Driftin' " is released by A & M tomorrow (Friday). This is also the name of their upcoming album due out in the autumn, when brothers Billy and Bobby will be returning to Britain to promote it.

● Rockabilly outfit **Danny Wild & The Wildcats** have their album "Wild In The Country" released by Raw Records this weekend. Issued simultaneously is a four-track single by the band.

● A & M have taken over and rush released the single "Don't Care" by **Klark Kent**. Originally issued on the independent Kryptone Records label, it's already been Paul Burnett's Record of the Week on Radio 1.

Heavy Metal Festival Plan

ALTHOUGH this summer's activities are still in full swing, plans are already being laid for next year's open-air events. And it was confirmed this week, following reports from America, that a Heavy Metal Festival is being organised for a big outdoor site in Britain in the summer of 1979. Discussions are already under way with Blue Oyster Cult, Rush, Aerosmith, Ted Nugent and various other top American acts, as well as several of their British counterparts. Promoters Straight Music, whose first open-air show it would be, say they see it as a sequel to the recent and highly successful California Jam in the States.

Millie in mini-musical

MILLIE JACKSON is being lined up for a British tour in the late autumn, when it's expected we shall see her in a new role — that of producer and star of a new mini-musical show called "Get It Out 'Cha System".

This is the title of her new album, just released in Britain by Polydor, and she's decided to "do something completely different" to promote it.

She's writing, designing the sets and casting the show which combines music, comedy and magic — and it also features The Moments, who are likely to accompany Millie to Britain. Meanwhile she takes the musical on a coast-to-coast tour of the States, starting early next month.

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Windsor — latest

HERE AND NOW, the Keith Christmas Band, Idiot Rouge and Electric Warrior are among the latest batch of names confirmed for the three-day Windsor Free Festival scheduled to take place in Windsor Great Park during August Bank Holiday weekend (26—28) — and this brings the total number of acts so far set to almost 30. As previously reported, the authorities — notably the Crown Commissioners, who control the park — have condemned the event, but the organisers still insist that it's going ahead.

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BIRMINGHAM-BARBARELLA'S-JULY 29TH.

Ms JETT visiting the Jetset

By TONY PARSONS
Pix: PAUL SLATTERY

No money, no recording contract no corsets . . . But it seems everything's still great for The Runaways in '78

FLIGHT FROM THE FLESHPOTS

"GIRLS GOT balls," Joan Jett declares, lovingly running her fingers over the gleaming nine-inch blade of a borrowed black-handled flick-knife *francais*. "They're just a little higher up, is all. . ."

The World's Last Rock Star stares at the chiv and calmly murmurs a soliloquy of retributive justice. It concerns a D.O.A. dealer. . .

"She sold me Quaaludes at this party and nearly killed me *at nineteen*. They were cut with strychnine. Put me off drugs for life, man, I'm too scared to even puff on a joint now. When I get back to L.A., she's dead."

And there's a five-second wonder of the punk epoch who is living proof of the old adage that states some folk kiss and tell, some folk kiss and don't tell, but only pathetic, permanent assholes tell when they haven't even kissed. . . (Remember?)

"How *dare* he say that about me? *That* fat, ugly bastard!" Then she laughs. "Say, whatever happened to The Damned?"

And there's the legend in nothing but his own mind, son of the Hollywood actor who played the alked-out quackerama Doc Holliday in the television series *Wyatt Earp*, who started out in the '60s organising Love-Ins and grew to middle-age in the '70s as just one more entrepreneur . . .

"The contract he give us was so one-sided. We were just 15. We finally told him to "Fuck off!" at the start of this year, and there wasn't a damn thing he could do about it. But it took us four years to find out."

She sighs. "You learn the hard way in this business I guess. . ."

"The Runaways are all just assholes who didn't understand the hustle." Kim Fowley said that.

Joan Marie Larkin was just 15 when, like the song says, Mom and Dad moved to Hollywood. Wasted time at every school in L.A., getting loose and hanging around the lobby of Suzi Quatro's hotel for a week at a time.

■ Continues over

RUNAWAYS

■ *From previous page*

She tottered off to school on her platforms — where her sun-bleached surfing class-mates would throw rocks at her for wearing her satin 'n' silk glitter rack, Diamond Dogs make-up and all. She didn't have any friends. . . to get through the day she was dropping so many downers that she rattled like a half-full packet of Smarties. So lonely the other kids would never know. . .

But the NIGHT was another cup of meat entirely. The countless hours spent in the strobe-lit darkness of Rodney Bingenheimer's English Discotheque were quite possibly the happist times Joan Jett will ever know.

As Joan, Julie and myself get steadily Smirnoffed in the intimate *Chez Parsons-Burchill* garret listening to a Rodney heritage soundtrack of Gary Glitter, Alvin Stardust, Sweet, T. Rex, Bowie and Quatro, the memories come flooding back . . .

"I don't believe it! Oh, I wish I was 16 again," she says, echoing Pete Shelley without ever hearing the Buzzcocks' paean to misplaced youth. "I'm gonna write a song called 'Living In The Past'," she sighs, then perks up, kicking her legs in the air and aiming punches at the cracks in the ceiling.

"Hey, let's dance the Rodney way!"

About the time Rodney was considering presenting Joanie with a gold watch she ran into Kari Chrome — apparently a teenaged alcoholic Emily Dickinson — who brought to her attention the Kim Fowley cattle-calls set-up to select the suitable post-pubescent female fleshpots that ol'Kim hoped would capture the wet-dreams and wallets of the Hip Easy Paedophilia market.

But, like Napolean invading Russia, Fowley ommitted one major factor out of his calculations; by the time The Runaways (what else?) had learned their instruments, rehearsed, gigged, negotiated a recording deal, cut-released and promoted their first album, they were no longer young enough to be hyped as provocative thumb-suckers.

"I'm a Runaway, smut me? He'd like to help you, kid, but you're old enough to vote. . .

"The Runaways are over the hill," the Fowley — no spring chicken himself — cackled. "Past it. Too old." So he went off and made the same mistake with Dyan Diamond, ex-Venus and The Razorblades.

"Dirty-girl-sex," Joan Jett sneers. "Pushing us as if we'd screw anything for the incapable assholes in the auditorium."

It's four years since The Runaways' inception. Cherie "Bertha The Barmaid" Currie has departed, taking her corsets with her, to cut a Virgin Next Door M.O.R. album produced by Fowley.

The strain of touring proved to be too much for a girl with Jackie Fox's intelligence quotient of 170, so she failed to commit suicide but managed to get out of The Runaways and into a press officer job until she can go back to the campus-site.

The Runaways of here and now (Joan Jett, vocals and rhythm guitar; Sandy West, drums; Lita Ford, lead guitar; and relatively new girl Vicky Blue, bass) are managed by Blondie's manager, the shrewd, sagacious, steadfast Toby Mamis, who regards their future optimistically.

"We got no money, no recording contract . . . but apart from that, everything's GREAT!"

Well, it's not really, but I know what Toby means. The Runaways have cut three good albums — "The Runaways", "Queens Of Noise" and "Waiting For The Night" — and one great album — "Live In Japan". They've done two world-wide tours. Joan Jett has established herself as a singer (that beautiful pretty though powerful vocal), songwriter (check "You Drive Me Wild", "Wait For Me", "You're Too Possessive For Me" or "Waiting For The Night") and performer (witness any Runaways gig) the equal of *anybody* who has come out of American rock'n'roll since Tim Buckley.

LITA FORD. Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

"You *really* think so?"

Of course I do, Joanie!

But, ineffable though they are, The Runaways remain tainted with the Don Kirshneresque Fowley jerk-off concept. Guilt-by-association with the past. You probably sneer when their name is brought up, you hip merkin.

"I'm afraid," reflects Joan, "we're gonna end up like the New York Dolls. Having our albums repackaged and bought and drooled over by people who said we were shit before we split."

She takes a mouthful of Smirnoff from the bottle, wipes her lips with the back of her hand.

"*But* . . . I'm gonna see The Runaways right through to the end . . ."

Nevertheless, she is bemused and not a little sad about the way that practically any new female musician feels the need to slag-off The Runaways. "The Slits hate us apparently . . . what did we ever do to them? I'm *never* gonna be satisfied with how well I can play guitar, sing, write songs . . . is that a crime? Don't they like that attitude?

"And Rodney Bingenheimer's got this radio show in L.A. where musicians ring in and talk and Patti Smith rang in and was screaming hysterically about how much she hates us . . ."

Well, Joan, in your very first interview you did say Auntie Patti has got floppy tits, looks as if she's coming down off four quaaludes and that people who like watching her are the same people who stare out of morbid curiosity at a dead dog in the middle of the road!

"Ah, she deserves it! She's old enough to be my mother!"

Joan says that on their recent European tour the band were practically ignored by the press whereas two years ago the hacks were queueing a dozen-deep.

Roy Hill summed it up when he sang: *Of course I only cut the album for a laugh/To have some journalist slay me in a paragraph/It's only my life . . . tonight I think I'll end it with a knife.*"

Yes, Joan gets attacks of manic-depression. They last about 30 seconds. She lunges at that cat we named after her. The black and white Tom scampers under the bed, blushing hotly.

"Hey, come back cat? You Irish cat!" — Joan is half-Irish — "Wouldn't you think that cat'd know I'm an animal person? I love going round my parents' house, got six cats and a mutt. I love seeing my big, haughty, faggy-looking Tomcat!"

But things are looking up for The Runaways. They seem certain to re-sign to Phonogram. Toby Maimis is a well-suss geezer who has steered Blondie to international success, and the band are all set to go back Stateside to record their next album.

The main problem appears to be the conflict resulting from the Anglo-punk infatuation of romantic Joan Jett and the Heavy Metal obsession of axe-hero Lita Ford.

"She says my songs are too easy to play, and she don't like it when I write slow melodic songs like 'Wait For Me' or 'Waiting For The Night' . . . and she don't like punk! How can she not like punk? Me, I hate all those guitar solos, just like Rainbow, who she loves."

Joan was going to go 'jam' — I believe that's the expression — with Paul Cook and Steve Jones, but Toby Maimis warned her that Talcy Malcy was liable to stick the session out as a single; Joanie Rotten?

"I went down the Vortex the last time I was here, I wanted to talk to lotsa English punks, but it was very heavy down there. The kids were really hostile to me because I'm American or something . . . also, I'm a bit shy meeting new people . . ."

Joan Jett is a teenager for two more months. She started out as a gimmick and developed into one of the greatest rockers in the world, caught up in the Hollywood Dream's Kitsch-22. She's tough, brave, shy, frequently smart, sometimes dumb, funny, in her element on stage and restless when she's not, calls boys "man" and girls "bitch" and right now she's extremely drunk. Ain't we all?

Caught between the longing for love and the struggle for the legal tender, waiting for the night . . . she comes up to my chest and should be enormous.

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"'I Individual,' a howling swipe at authority, programming and sex as mutual abuse... Gloria Mundi have drawn their stark, depressing images with needle-sharp precision." NME

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THRILLS REVIEWS THE LATEST FAB TV SHOW

The Lone Groover

by TONY BENYON

CANNING THE CAN SPLIT RUMOURS

CAN ARE the modern-day musical equivalent of Lewis Carroll's infamous Cheshire cat. The expression is constant, but sometimes what's behind it seems a little obscure.

As the annual Can album is released an especial number of 'Can have split' tremors seem to stir. Rigor mortis is in fact far away. A brief phone conversation with Can's pianist Irmin Schmidt recently confirmed Can's current state of, er, being. Unless he was fibbing, Can are still extant.

Schmidt *did* seem baffled by my graveside manner; Can, it seems, aren't dead but living the same old night-by-night risky existence of modern day composers.

Since the newly released "Out Of Reach" LP, a further album has been recorded in Berlin, with September as tentative release date for Germany. It features various permutations of their octopitannic line-up, including the return of prodigal bassist Holger Czukay.

Rosko Gee and Rebop would still seem to be hopping about somewhere, defying malignant rumour.

The ex-Traffic duo, present on both "Out Of Reach" and 1977's Virgin release "Saw Delight", do seem to be taking the overall sense of structure into areas which may not be entirely compatible with the more strict, experimental aims and disciplines of other members.

Judgements are dodgy. It is difficult with Can to separate substance from recorded sound — they've often been plagued by inferior production quality. I react favourably to the immediacy and spontaneity of "Out Of Reach", though the sound itself could be a lot sharper. The only thing which worries me about the playing is that fewer spaces than ever before are being left in the music (always an integral part of Can's musical identity).

"Out Of Reach" *was* recorded in Autumn (see review): the one constant thing about Can's recorded output (unpredictability aside), each release betrays the influence and atmosphere of a particular season, i.e. the one during which the album was recorded.

Meanwhile, drummer Jaki Liebezeit is on yet another Michael Rother album ("Sterntaler" — to be reviewed).

Aye, a canny group right enough.

IAN PENMAN

THRILLS

FRANKIE AVALON as seen in The Bag . . .

. . . ROCCO AND HIS SAINTS as seen in Archive Fun

MYSTERY PERSONS REVEALED

COINCIDENCE is one thing, but this is downright ridiculous.

Twenty years after their miniscule entry in the ledger of rock folklor, I recently happened upon an unnamed pic of an extinct group. On pur whim, *Thrills* threw it into an Archive Fun Special quiz.

The very same week *(NME* July 15), independent and innocent of the game, The Bag featured one of its regular silly high-school hop type pictures . . . and who should it be, but — yes! — the very same unknown group.

The only reader clued up enough to spot the duplication, *and* name the group, *and* tell us that The Bag pic was a still from the movie (Disc Jockey) Jamboree, in which Rocco And His Saints (for 'twas they), backed Frankie Avalon, who sang "Teacher's Pet", *and* that they featured on Avalon's first Chancellor Records release (No. 1004), "Cupid" /"Jiving With The Saints" . . . this mine of useless information is Tony Wilkinson of Nunthorpe, Cleveland, who will be receiving a prize as soon as he stop demanding ludicrously rare platters and settles for something a little less obscure.

Runner-up is none other than Paul 'Legs' Barrett, the lurching shadow behind such groups as Matchbox, The Sunsets and Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers, who remembered Rocco And His Saints but got the rest of the info wrong. *(And who, by even more coincidental coincidence, is featured in The Bag this very week. — Ed.)* A highly desirable London Records original pressing (black label, triangle centre) of John Zacherle's "Dinner With Drac" is even now winging its way to Legs's lair in Penarth, South Wales.

Assorted buffoons who sent in crackpot notes will receive nothing for their pains, chortle, chortle, although something or other, if only crates of disco singles (I warned you, didn't I?) will find their way to Paul Thomas of Lexden, Essex, who assembled a complex mess of phoney photos, press-cuttings, reviews and biographical insanity to prove that The Saints usually appeared in drag as various girlie groups; Kevin Leyland of Earby, Lancs, who rambled on for seven illegible pages about his imaginary weirdos; and a certain Verny Bede of London, S.E.8., who provided convincing evidence that the group was actually a unit of undercover Inland Revenue agents who numbered Johnnie Ray, Alma Cogan and Tommy Steele among their luckless victims.

Rocco and your Saints, may you now rest in peace.

CLIFF WHITE

THRILLS

BEE GEE CARS
129 CASTLEHAVEN RD NW1
2673333
4855334
4859550

So, RSO big knob ROBERT STIGWOOD really is planning to take over the world with the help of those cherubic Antipodean surrogate mop-tops. Thanks to A. KING for the tip-off and watch out for further RSO services in your neighbourhood soon — launderettes, corner coffee houses, cheese emporiums etc.

BLACKMAIL CORNER

ALL THE WAY from an ***NME Roadrunners*** *feature dated March 29, 1975, meet The Helium Kidz, a "Swindon-based four-piece willing to work themselves stupid if someone is willing to give them the opportunity to prove themselves."*

Performing "a mixed programme of hard rock", the Kidz were (L-R): Terry Chambers (19, drums), Andy J. Partridge (21, vocals, guitar), Dave D. C. Gartner (21, guitar), and Colin 'Curtains' Moulding (19, bass) — now known to "White Music" victims throughout Christendom as XTC. Roadrunners, by the way, was the NME's column that was "open to all new bands".

To SHAW and JACKIE LEVEN.
Pic: RACHEL CALHOUN

Pic: JUSTIN THOMAS

JACKIE LEVEN

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED

DOLL BY DOLL

NOW THIS IS something different — and I mean *really* different. Doll By Doll are about to spoil the party. Let me spell it out for you.

They say NO to the chic, prissy posing of what has become the punk cabaret act, devoid of ideals and meaning beyond the commercial. They reject, also, the "C'mon, we're all gonna 'ave a bleedin' good time inwee" bingo caller style of some of rock's hack rabble rousers. In fact, they reflect the whole tacky rock 'n' roll set-up of profiteering creeps, compromised and compromising musicians, and the whole atmosphere of backstabbing bonhomie. And they want to see it go.

And with what do they intend to replace it? Simple. The truth as they see it. You laugh, huh, 'cos you've heard all that kind of naive claptrap before? Well, more fool you — and in any case you're not going to get it all in one go anyway.

The Doll By Doll masterplan is in phase one at the moment. Around 90 gigs have gone into carving out a stage performance of mesmeric power and angst — a bitter, desperate primal agony of twisted but somehow controlled expression. In a sense this set represents their past experiences, (which are considerable, diverse and unusually harrowing), but it is also designed to give their audience a boot up the rear.

This is the least escapist band you have ever heard.

They want to pull the carpet out from under our feet. They do it with the best of intentions, but they upset people; crack their egos; force them to come to terms with the glaring lonely hell that real life most often is for most people — and of course those very same people resent their defences being exposed.

In the words of one of their most powerful songs, "Cold storage": *"The people in the street are insane.*

They freeze when they are hit by the sun.

The last thing they want is a real life person

To rob them of their fun."

No. People want to avoid the truth; sink beneath it, transcend it, huddle together to protect themselves from it, denying their perceptions for the sake of their safety. Or perhaps their sanity. . .

Indeed, the band have more than a casual connection with the world of the so-called insane. People from asylums they say, send them pictures, poems, ideas for songs, for no apparent reason other that that they identify with some essential feeling that the band exudes. And they donate money to the Philadelphia Association, an organisation set up by R.D. Laing to enable the supposedly insane to run their own lives in a non-oppressive environment.

They know more than a little about the edge, this band. Thing is, they face their fear and try and make something positive out of. . .

Excuse me. I forgot. Music paper this, isn't it? OK, let's go back to the Nashville last Sunday night, shall we? Enter the band, the usual punk/poseur audience gathered to watch the headliners White Cats, watching Doll By Doll come on without a lot of interest.

There's Dave the drummer, guitarist Jo (both of whom look as if they'd be quite at home in a punk band OR an asylum); there's bassist Robin, a small enigmatic figure. And there's Jackie, on guitar, lead vocals and lead stage presense.

Jackie is a very large, bearded, 27-year-old Romany-Scot who has seen and lived a lot of life, and whose leadership and inspiration is at the centre of the present stage of the band's development. He is a man of intelligence, strength, courage, perception and all-round charisma. I kid you not.

A fairly sparse, basic rock formation, then, but one which suddenly explodes, drawing on classic rock styles, it is true, but charging them with new power — and sounding definitely a bit weird. There is something indefinably strange about them on stage, something almost embarrassing to the listener/watcher.

I don't know what it is, but I know I wasn't the only one to feel it.

The audience sense their commitment, though, and respond increasingly warmly to the music. People even dance. The set got a little lost about half way through, as Jackie admitted to me later, but recovered well to finish in crescendo.

Many loud calls for an encore, but Doll By Doll do their set, that's it, and they don't play the encore game.

Comparisons? Perm any combination of the Groovies, Television, Lou Reed, Wire, or half a dozen others and you won't begin to pin them down. Suffice to say that the music is a compelling innovative rock synthesis of the highest order. One song, "Butcher Boy", is a real masterpiece of anguish turned art/sound/theatre. I'll leave it to you to find out what a cold sweat job it is.

Like one of their heroes, Antoine Artaud (one of the first victims of E.S.T.), Doll By Doll are happy to live their lives with the courage of their perceptions, and not in comfy, restricted mental dead-ends like most of us. I leave you with the Romany motto which the band have adopted as their own. It reads:

"I did not come to beg for bread,
I came to demand respect."

The onus is on you.

PHILIP HAYES

THRILLS

Top: ALEX HARVEY joins the audience to watch his own pick-up band (pic: FIONA PEYTON) and below STEVE MARRIOTT jams with JOE BROWN at the Bridge House (pic: ROSS HALFIN).

TWO DOGS ON THEIR DAY OFF

TO DATE, no-one has yet provided a satisfactory answer to the question "what do dogs do on their day off?" With musicians, the question is less vexing. When you're between bands or waiting for the rest of your group to finish futzing around America with The Rolling Stones, you find a nice semi-private London pub venue, gather up some mates and *play*.

Under the name of Matt Vinyl, Steve Marriott — looking quite the picture of demoustachioed post-mod health — cut loose and played a fine set of soul and R&B classics with a band going by the name of Blind Drunk at Canning Town's Bridge House last week. The repertoire included The Meters' "Cissy Strut" with Stevie on keyboard, and Muddy Waters' "I'm Ready", retitled "I'm Giddy" and dedicated to Rod Stewart. Joe Brown (looking like a Butlins redcoat on his day off) came out and played fiddle on a clutch of encores, including the old Humble Pie toon "Shakey Jake."

Though Blind Drunk is strictly temporary, they're doing it all again (same place) in a week or two, and they've even cut a single: Chuckleberry's "Memphis" done *a la* Lonnie Mack, and Spencer Davis' "Gimme Some Lovin' ".

Meanwhile, over at the Windsor Castle, a decidedly loose and temporary aggregation working under the name of Kangaroo Court (though that's not their name) marked a well low-key return to the musical world by Alex Harvey.

Harvey, 96, has been supporting himself by low-profile bank robberies since the break-up of The Sensational Alex Harvey Band, and stresses that these gigs are simply public rehearsals to enable him to work out what he currently wants to play. He's not launching a new band (yet) or seeking a new record deal (yet), just jammin' is all. Witnesses suggest that he spends more time listening to the musicians and directing than anything else, but that a fine time was had by everyone present.

Cutting a distinguished figure in jeans, black T-shirt and Gibson Melody Maker guitar, the eternally youthful Harvey, 104, will be repeating his experimentation whenever his busy schedule of supermarket heists in the Romford area permits.

As to when he'll be formally returning to the area with a definite band under a definite name and a definite musical policy . . . the answer to that one is anybody's guess.

In the meantime . . . what *do* dogs do on the days off?

Y. R. TAPPER

THRILLS

SIGN OF THE TIMES
BRYAN FERRY
45
polydor

'OUT OF REACH' IS WITHIN YOUR GRASP

It comes from Germany, but it's not canned music. It is Can. And they can, believe us. Forget electric oompah. Forget lederhosen and the Eurofission Song Contest. This is a Can album. And it does. 'Out Of Reach' isn't. Out of reach. The new album from Can.

CAN - OUT OF REACH

Lightning Records

CAN - Out Of Reach
Available on Lightning records LIP4

CAN'T STAND THIS HEAT?

Hard luck. They can't stand being interviewed either, but we forced them into it, so you're just going to have to read it, aren't you?

VAGUE UNDERCURRENTS tell me that This Heat are poised on the edge of some form of popularity.

During the two years that they've been together, their infrequent live appearances have been coupled with several radio sessions and a limited amount of interest from the press. This has constituted a very gradual exposure to an ever-growing audience, but at the same time has brought them at least to within spitting distance of the jaws of [illegible] machine' which all too often in the [illegible] of the total emasculation [illegible], to the point where a band can be criticised simply for not living up to the music papers' exaggerated claims on their behalf.

Possessed as they are by a higher than usual quotient of [illegible], This Heat are at the same time [illegible] and business [illegible] to descend from the Olympian heights of 'unassailable artistic integrity' to offer some kind of explanation of their work (and I won't deny a small degree of resentment on my part that their reticence, though in many ways understandable, makes my job that much harder).

If This Heat are, on occasions, 'hard to listen to', then the prospect of piecing together a punchy thousand word synopsis of their music, aims and attitudes is daunting to say the least.

They are Charles Hayward (drums, vocals), Gareth Williams (bass, organ, vocals) and Charles Bullen (guitar, clarinet, viola, effects and vocals).

Their seeming reluctance to function in conventional channels prompted me, when we [illegible] that they weren't doing themselves any favours. But what [illegible] "eagerness", they merely [illegible] preservation.

"Yes, [illegible] sell."

Yet despite a total lack of respect on their part for the "business mentality", they still envisage themselves working within the confines of "a forward-looking record company" (they are at present recording an album and a single with no [illegible]) as opposed to the more pedestrian [illegible] of independently released vinyl. They suggest that any dilution of their material by the company concerned would prove as fruitless from a commercial standpoint as it would from a musical one.

This Heat claim, in fact, that they're not trying to be esoteric — it's just unfortunate that appearing at such 'culture palaces' as the ICA has landed them with an intellectual, elitist air which is totally misleading. As Gareth Williams points out: "I don't really like the idea of playing 'snotty' or 'posh' places, because I don't think our music is 'snotty' or 'posh'."

[illegible] Williams' view, you don't have to be some kind of intellectual heavyweight either to make or to listen to music that is experimental in its approach. On the contrary, This Heat derive their unique sound by a process of taped improvisation and selection . . .

"A lot of the 'ideas', as you call them, are things that just happen and then you go back

---

DANGEROUS VISIONS

by MICK FARREN

ALTHOUGH IT'S NOT immediately apparent, there is something of a quiet revolution going on in the rather closed world of television programming.

For a long time now, the Federal Communications Commission and the major American networks have been showing some concern (even if less than dynamic) over TV violence and real live violence out on the street.

In a town like Detroit, the Sunday papers publish an awesome list of the Saturday night fatalities. By far the majority of these killings involve the use of firearms. All too often some fool starts to pretend that he's Starsky and Hutch with a real life, lethal piece in his hand.

It was obvious that something had to be done.

Both common sense and scientific studies amply demonstrated the correlation between real and imaginary mayhem.

There was a problem, though. Violence sold. The hard nosed shows held an almost vice like grip on the ratings — and in television, nothing is allowed to get in the way of the ratings. Any TV executive who thought that he could cut the bloodshed at a stroke would find his career terminated just as swiftly.

There was still outside pressure, however, and obviously something had to be done. The most promising solution that presented itself was a gradual phasing out of the kill thrill, shoot-em-up shows, and their replacement by shows with non-violent themes that nonetheless would keep the audiences glued to the tube.

What nobody was really sure about was how to make this switch. The cop show had become such an institution that nobody was exactly eager to predict what would replace it.

Another factor that further complicated the problem was the change that had taken place in the

Incredible Hulk LOU FERRIGNO

THIS HEAT: left to right — Charles Bullen, Gareth Williams, Charles Hayward, Charles Hayward and Gareth Williams. *Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY*

over them and try to analyse what happened and maybe make it work again.

"It's just the thing of us making sounds into a space and then listening to each other, and our option is to select and edit, saying what does and what doesn't work."

And how do they define something 'working'?

"Mainly intuitively. Our things are structured on what sounds right and what sounds wrong. A sound suggests an idea, which gets formulated more. Since the process by which the sounds are made is largely intuitive, our reaction to them is based on that."

Would they describe themselves as playing "free music"?

"Well, 'free music' is a term that I've used about us in the past, but I couldn't defend it on any semantic level: it's a term that the European avant garde have been using for some time now to just describe pure improvisation. Rather it's a kind of 'shorthand' within the group, specific or non-specific, to denote different levels of planning — whether we're doing something that's been pre-planned or whether we're doing something where we've no idea of what each other's up to . . ."

So it would be wrong to assume that they offer no more than pure, unstructured improvisation. Although, as they say, their ideas arise out of improvisation.

This Heat's music definitely operates within some kind of structure, which is often dictated by their use on stage of pre-recorded tapes. They veer from the harsh and rigid in a song like "Makeshift Swahili", to the amorphous and sinister unpredictability of a number like "Diet Of Worms".

This Heat's own descriptions of their music are as apt as they are open-ended, and though doubtless less colourful than an indulgent barrage of descriptive prose from my quarter, are less likely to burden the prospective audience member with unnecessary preconceptions. Tell the readers what your music is like, lads . . .

"Fast, slow, loud, quiet, high, low, embarrassing, exciting, rough, smooth, muscular, weedy, interesting, boring, difficult, easy, yes, no . . ." and the list goes on.

There's one word out of that list, however, that I'd single out as not applying to this band's music, and that word is boring. Certainly their intention isn't to make people fall asleep. For the most part, they are riveting by virtue of their sheer intensity — a quality which they manage to achieve without resorting to the excessive volume levels of their punk contemporaries.

The fact that This Heat are frequently quite disturbing to listen to, both musically and lyrically, might perhaps be attributed to their 'experimental' approach, though when pressed further on the subject, Charles Bullen was heard to mumble something about "the intensity of daily life" — after which he became loath to pursue the issue any further. So I'll resist the urge to paint too black a picture of their music with any anguished sermons on contemporary angst, or the industrial wasteland. In fact, some numbers, like "Aerial Photography", are calm and relaxed, whilst "Rough With The Smooth" (referred to by Gareth as a "weedy and embarrassing Country & Western tune") comes across almost as funny when the group leave their instruments and mime to a tape of themselves.

All of which makes for a set full of contrasts and contradictions, with no one particular musical focus.

A passage of nightmarish intensity may dissolve into a watery instrumental with Charles Bullen superimposing haunting clarinet over tapes of bird noises . . .

Occasionally these polarities may be combined, the harsh with the delicate, the ungainly with the exquisite. At no time do they allow the listener to settle down — a characteristic which possibly demands a less passive audience mentality than the benign foot-tapping and polite, self-congratulatory applause at the ICA.

Which brings me back to the problems of suitable venues. Though they admit to being selective when it comes to gigs, This Heat's choice of venues in the past has been forced on them mainly by economic necessity and the inability of existing places to accommodate the band's large amount of equipment and the stringent requirements of their intricate sound balance.

In fact, the band almost requires as much of a reappraisal of entrepreneurial values, as listening to them demands a change in musical ones.

This Heat's refusal to play along with 'the business', while making life more difficult for all who deal with them — journalists, promoter and listener alike — at least has the virtue of integrity, and beneath it lies an extraordinary commitment to their music which must in the long run pay dividends.

No, This Heat don't do themselves any favours.

STEVE WALSH

THRILLS

EARTHLINGS! WE HAVE COME TO CHANGE YOUR VIEWING HABITS!

Wonder Woman LYNDA CARTER

cinema over the past twelve years.

There was a time when both TV and cinema existed in separate but similar controlled and cosy worlds. The big screen gave us Doris Day/Rock Hudson sanitised comedy while the telly pumped out equally sanitised quiz shows, sitcoms and westerns.

As the movies were forced to develop to survive, and a trip to the pictures began to mean Peckinpah, Polanski, Clint Eastwood and Bruce Lee, it was plain that television would have to adapt accordingly even though the convention that films should not be shown on TV until five years after release did give the telly programmers a certain amount of breathing space.

Not that they really availed themselves of this advantage. Integration of harder edge and more explicit films into TV programming was, as a rule, piecemeal and haphazard. Instead of the controlled and rather unreal world presented by TV systematically evolving, it mainly stuck to the bland formula as before, only it now and again found itself invaded by large, if censored, chunks of *The Godfather*, *Repulsion* or Woody Allen.

The combination of the changing face of movies and the need to get rid of the gratuitously violent TV show meant that the time had come to rethink the entire theory of what goes out on the box.

To all appearances, the people behind network TV don't really excel in the rethinking department. One of the first ideas as a substitute for the violent cop show was the hospital show: maybe the public would go for life and death coming from the surgeon's scalpel rather than the barrel of a .38 magnum.

Mercifully, the hospital shows didn't even get close to the public imagination. Options on medical shows were quickly dropped and those already made were relegated to either afternoon or late night slots. Kojak and his ilk still reigned supreme.

The next idea was the best seller. This TV quasi-blockbuster introduced the Harold Robbins touch to the small screen. It provided the opportunity to use fading movie stars like Kirk Douglas, Rock Hudson and Joan Collins, and also elevate stock TV players to semi-star status. There was the chance to employ lengthy and superficially complicated plots based on gosh wow, audience catching themes. Best of all, though, there was also the space to insert gratuitous, if low key, sex as a substitute for violence.

From *Rich Man — Poor Man* onwards, the viewers seemed to lap up the best seller. Since that first one, loosely based on the Kennedy family, this type of series has covered the military, Watergate, banking, the Detroit auto industry, high class prostitution (not to mention *Roots*), and thoroughly proved that for better or for worse, it is one of the new faces of television.

At the same time as the best sellers were hatched, another innovation was being cooked up on the Hollywood TV lots. Basically, they were about to turn your television set into a live action comic book.

The start of this movement was, of course, the various bionic persons and Charlie's less than plausible angels. They were the first to replace the tedious hardware preoccupation of shows like *S.W.A.T.* and *The Rookies* with a measure of out and out fantasy.

The second wave of shows, however, borrow directly and unashamedly from the most classic of comic books.

At this moment, *Wonder Woman*, complete with bracelets, lasso, invisible plane and patriotic red, white and blue bunny style costume, rights wrongs on BBC1. *The Incredible Hulk*, suitably green and massive, rampages acrosss Southern TV and is scheduled to spread to other regions in the course of the next few weeks. Soon *Spiderman* will add his acrobatics and teenage angst to the mixture.

All this starts to add up to the new faces of less violent and more escapist television. On one hand you have the best sellers providing a kind of overblown soap opera as a counterpoint to the staple diet of old movies; on the other you get the comic book spinoffs substituting unashamed fantasy for the now dwindling cop shows.

In addition to all this, a few other innovations make the prospect on the box a little brighter. There is certainly more rock and roll, and flirtations with ballet and some of the less obvious sports add a certain zip where you wouldn't normally expect it.

Needless to say, a lot will go on unchanged. *Crossroads* abideth, the awful British comedy shows will doubtless continue to inflict themselves on us, and the bread and butter of sport, news and documentary will go on so much as before that there seems little hope of being rid of Jimmy Hill and his beard for a long time to come.

Some of the American comedy offerings show a little promise. *Rhoda* makes the bold step towards *Mary Hartman* territory by getting a divorce. *M*A*S*H* gets weirder and weirder (who caught the episode where Hawkeye found himself impotent?), and *Laverne And Shirley* look set to take over where the Fonz leaves off.

If you wanted to be uncharitable, I suppose you could say that any change in TV is a change for the better.

The fact still remains that the most powerful communications medium we've got is run almost totally on a production line basis that can't think of entertainment without the word MASS in very large letters before it. Until that changes, there really isn't too much to cheer about.

MICK FARREN

THRILLS

PUNK BLACK-OUT

CURTIS KNIGHT (the man who made Jimi Hendrix famous) *(very droll — Ed)* is spreading the word on Pure Hell, a band who he describes as "the first all-black punk band in America". Predating — claims Knight — even Detroit's infamous Niggers, Pure Hell have been together some six years, and used to share a loft with The New York Dolls back in '72.

"They ain't just some jive soul band puttin' on leather 'n sneakers. They're pure punk," Knight insists. Patti Smith and Richard Hell are big fans of Pure Hell, he adds. Their record will be released by Golden Sphinx Records (distributed over here by Spartan) and they are threatening to invade the U.K. within the next three months. Don't hold your breath.

R.U.X.PERIENCED THRILLS

LOWRY

"Hold hard a minute lads and listen to my ghastly tale. I'm the Ancient Rocker, doomed to carry this Mini-Moog Synthesizer around my neck for the rest of my days."

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

"What do you reckon to all this black punk then, Kenny?"

"Shit, Sioux, I dunno — I'm too wound up wondering what Nick Kent says about us in On The Town. I mean, we were really there this time so we've got no excuse . . ."

THE END

Watch out for the balloons.

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They said our love (C) 1978 Ten Tracks produced and 4 tracks re-mixed by Andy Arthurs

By TONY STEWART

Pix: DENIS O'REGAN

MARK KNOPFLER: The artist contemplating his career . .

A FAIRY TALE OF THE NEW AGE

That was how it started for DIRE STRAITS. But for last year's 'instant champions of real music' the fairy tale is being replaced by a rather more pedestrian reality. Like, when you're mobbed by only two fans at Lowestoft the effect is dampening. Still our heroes remain undeterred.

You say I'm the greatest, bound for glory
Well the word is out and I learned
I got the latest side of the story
You're pulling out before you get burned

— Setting Me Up

BY A SIMPLE twist of the imagination Mark Knopfler's lyrics could have been tailored in anticipation of tonight's gig.

They weren't, but last summer's euphoria of being hailed as the champions of 'real music' fades fast into the murky past as Dire Straits experience the dismal reality of life on the road.

Apparently captured by philistines, Lowestoft's Talk Of The East provides a crushing combination of apathy and the ridiculous which just couldn't be more demoralising.

Visualise a midnight appearance facing an almost deserted hall, compounded by having to compete with ringing cash registers and the constant clink of glasses — which causes the band to over-compensate by playing aggressively hard.

Then a dark corridor, down which Dire Straits retire to a musty dressing room, where only two fans chose to follow.

The excited enthusiasm of these two fans only reminds the band of the rest of the audience's indifference as the disco-bass reverberates through the walls.

The two guys talk deliriously, drink the beer *and* want autographs. Perhaps under different circumstances they'd be welcomed warmly, but now they're treated with reserve and sometimes outright cynicism as one of them lavishes praise on the Straits and their debut album.

". . . Incredible! . . . Excellent! . . Sod the production. . . Hahahaha . . the whole sound of the album, to my mind, is just right . . . I mean, I'm not just saying it coz you're here — I've been saying it since I bought it! . . Y'know, there isn't one duff track on it . . .In fact, we've come 40 miles to see you. . ."

"Well, you better have another beer then," a Strait suggests dryly.

"No, that's all right. . ." the fan hurriedly answers before breathlessly continuing. "The album's a totally *different* sound. . . definitely JJ Cale influenced. . ."

"Who's JJ Cale?" asks bassist John Illsley with mock-indignation. "Our milkman's called Ry Cooder."

"HAHAHAHA! . . . Excellent! . ." Your man responds unruffled. ". . .Excellent!"

A COUPLE of days later, Lowestoft has been shuffled to the bottom of the memory deck, and back within the comforting confines of his record company offices, Mark Knopfler is more philosophical.

"We have communicated," he states simply, "and I suppose that's part of the success. If you write stories your piece is published, and these people. . ." he indicates the racks of records around us — ". . . have been published. They're on the shelf.

"And the idea of being on people's shelves, especially if they come home and put the record on, is a really big *thrill*."

To most people Mark is Dire Straits: gravel and mustard vocals, guitar virtuoso and songwriter. Now 28, he's a BA (Hons) and formerly a cub-reporter and teacher. Brought up on Dylan, BB's blues and R&B, he got his first guitar, a red Hofner V2, when he was 15, having rejected formal study on violin and piano.

Born in Scotland and raised in Newcastle, he went from school and Dylan to journalists' college in Harlow to discover the wonder of Pittman's and the blues. After a brief spell on a Leeds evening paper, he studied English at university and uncovered the vacabulary of National Steel guitars.

He claims, probably correctly, that he was conditioned into believing you didn't *seriously* aspire towards becoming a rock 'n' roll guitarist. And it was just over a year ago that he quit his teaching job in a London college and formed the Straits with his younger brother David — finally realising that music was both past-time *and* profession.

A *thrill* is one thing, but this natural ingenuousness inadvertently disguises a certain levelling of support for Dire Straits that occurred when they released a debut album which for many people was a disappointment. Partly, this was because so much was expected of the group.

Certainly a year ago, when the elite of the New Wave were developing both artistic and commercial momentum (and *before* it all became anti-climatic), few people expected a cub-reporter and teacher. Brought up on Dylan, BB's blues and R&B, he got his first guitar, a red Hofner V2, when he was 15, having rejected

London show, *Honky Tonk*, record companies were eager for the Straits signatures on a lucrative contract, even though the band had only just moved out of their make-shift rehearsal den in a Deptford council flat.

Cale, Dylan, Morrison and BB influences positively dripped from the band, and the format of two guitarists (Mark and David) and Illsley and Pick Withers on bass and drums respectively, wasn't staggeringly innovatory. But superlatives gushed, the Marquee heaved and perspired when they played there, and Mark was singled out as something of a guitar-hero.

Being a musical anachronism should have worked against them, but initially it did little to dilute the press and public's optimistic encouragement. And even now Mark is still bewildered by this whole fairy tale of the new age, which earned them a place on the "Hope & Anchor Front Line Festival" for the mediocre "East Bound Train", alongside XTC, The Stranglers and X-Ray Spex.

So was the timing *right*?

"It's hard to know about that, really," Knopfler croaks.

"I wasn't conscious of it being a good time in terms of what was going on, no. Because what was going on wasn't comparable with what we were doing.

"It was much more what was right for me and for David at that time.

"It seems a strange thing to a lot of people, and I guess it was. But for the past year it's been getting even stranger."

Ironic would probably be a better description, as during this year prejudices against anything reeking of the old buffers have eased considerably. Musicians, brave lads that they are, now openly admit their influences and so the Straits are no longer the glaring exception in that respect.

But to suggest they're precursors of more liberal attitudes would be an injustice to The Boomtown Rats, Elvis Costello and particularly Graham Parker, if not a gross inaccuracy.

They've just come in from a different angle: more overt, not in the least contrived and consequently less original stylistically. Doubtless it was this approach that stumped most reviewers in assessing their album, and unfortunately led to some hasty conclusions.

Yeah, the old JJ parallel was revived as if it was going to result in some kind of major revelation; which was as about as illuminating as a comparison between Parker and Morrison would be now.

A nodding acknowledgement to Cale, particularly for the inspiration on "Water Of Love", wouldn't be out of order though.

"There's no smoke without fire," Knopfler chuckles, "but it doesn't bother me because the truth will out one way or another. What you create is yours, and what I create is *mine*."

The album is certainly a lot better than most of the reviews would have you believe; not least of all because criticisms of Muff Winwood's production are completely unfounded.

True, there's little on the first side that's of major importance, apart from the harsh urban love song "Down To The Waterline", the sinister analogy in "Six Blade Knife", and the thin conceptual thread of tortured, tormented and teased emotions linking the other three songs.

Side two, however, offers four excellent songs —

■ *Continues over page*

■ From previous page

superbly structured and with incisive lyrics. "Sultans Of Swing" and "In The Gallery" are indictments of artistic biogtry; wheras "Wild West End" and "Lions" are descriptive, partly humorous songs about city-dwelling isolation.

Perhaps what niggles most is Knopfler's reluctance to exercise his startling ability on guitar beyond the strict confines of the songs.

Guitar-hero? God bless his Hofner V2 and BB's "Live At The Regal", not bloody likely!

"I'm not trying to make the thing a platform for guitar playing — as being separate from the unity," he explains.

"I prefer to make the guitar talk; help-speak. But it's got to be something that's part of the song.

"Of course everybody wants to communicate in one way or another, even if it's just flinging a brick through a window; that's a statement of sorts. But our idea is to share things in a band format.

"And I think the aim is to give people that feeling: the shivver in the face."

Obviously Knopfler doesn't subscribe to Image, as he could so easily do with his talent and menacingly spooky stage persona. A lesson in humility learned from Clapton, perhaps, with the eventual hope that the stage will swallow him whole?

Not really; he's eager to remain, well, mundane so that attention will be focused on Dire Straits' music and not on his presence. And it follows that he isn't about to suffer the verbal wasteland of complex song analysis, and actively discourages the conversation from bumping along these tricky tracks.

"It's easy," he explains in a low North-eastern growl, "to get on a trip which becomes too self-important.

"Even the problems we face are very often immediate, real and very earth-bound. So what's actually going down, if you like," he adds with a cryptic snigger, "is a combination of earth-bound things and space-bound things.

"But the fact is we're not going into a music-by-mind-and-body-trip at all. I haven't got the time, or the patience, to throw out all this pseudo-crap that's going down at the moment."

How do you mean?

"Tokien don't figure as far as I'm concerned," he laughs. "Getting a synthesiser and playing a few notes just because I've a read a book by Hesse don't make it either.

"To me Patti Smith's 'Because The Night' was far, far more important, and far better. It's just a much more, ahem, *spacey* statement. Or Bob Dylan singing 'To Ramona' or anything is *far* more human than a lot of stuff that you usually associate with *Star Trek* and *Dr Who*.

'I strongly believe it's what you produce that actually counts.

"Things tend to get a little bit wrong when the perspective's directed more towards the artist than what he's actually doing.

"What counts," he adds more lightly, "is what a friend of mine would call your two per cent: *What you produce.*"

GHOSTS EXORCIZED and Knopfler's party policy stated, it's inevitable we swing full circle back to Dire Straits' music. OK, at first listening an unsatisfactory album — perhaps because their potential and scope are far greater — but eventuallly side two is seldom prised off the turntable.

But for all their excellence it may only be a trick of the light, and maybe their sudden appearance was manipulated: timely only as a contrast to the angry and often poisonous diatribe of the less-articulate teen-musicians.

Back at a Marquee gig the thought that we'd been conditioned by the New Wave and unwittingly exploited by the industry never even occured to me. Until, that is, Pete Brown (lyricist to Cream/Jack Bruce and bandleader) came over between numbers and said they only *seemed* that good because of the trash that had unbalanced our critical faculties.

The suggestion is flatly passed on to Knopfler: not surprisingly his eyes narrow with indignation.

"I think there's a lot of great music around," he replies tetchily, "and I think he's wrong. It's better now than it has been for a long time, and there's lots of really good music coming our of Britain and the States.

"Talking Heads, Graham Parker, Dylan's as great as he ever was, Springsteen, Patti Smith. . ."

The list goes on and on; so perhaps that was *why* their show at Lowestoft didn't attract the crowds — they were listening to all this other good music.

Heatwave conditions in British Jazz!

It's summertime and the livin' is easy. New British jazz is going from strength to strength and in our August number there's a 6 page feature on the best of the new, young bands and profiles of the personalities behind the new independent record labels. Bootsy Collins, who recently made his long awaited UK debut talks to Geoff Brown about his amazing 'Rubber Band' and we interview Brimstone, The O'Jays and Platinum Hook. Plus an article on Burning Spear, one of the foremost reggae artists, who was such a huge hit when he played the Rainbow Theatre last year. And all the latest news, views and gos...p from the jazz, soul and reggae worlds.

BLACK MUSIC & JAZZ REVIEW

...because there's more to jazz than meets the ear

August number out now. 40p.

CLINT EASTWOOD

ROCKERS TIME

By JOHN GRAY

TYRONE DAVID: Susie Wong/Version (D-Roy). Question:- What am I doing raving over a record that's about a bloke crooning the praises of a girl he met "Up China Way"? Simply because it's amazing and the best thing in sentimental reggae or soul since nothing at all. If the radio stations played this it'd go straight to the top of the rotting pile. There's not a dread term in sight. It melts prejudices away. And don't think I'm crazy.

CAROL KALPHAT & CLINT EASTWOOD: African Land/African Melody (Hiran 12"). Slow plodding affair featuring Carol singing like Horace Andy. Really kinda special. Happy Clint repeats loveable cliches (we'll forgive him). Savour the line; *"Well crucial, original-ah woahhh!"* A dub to die for. Dr. Pablo makes serious threats to life with this DANGEROUS trip to the brain-cell centre. Totally exhausting music, ensuring terminal central nervous system wreckage. Approach with care and loud volume.

DELROY WASHINGTON: Memories. EVERARD THOPSON: Rasta Roots (Burning Sounds 12"). Faith restorer. My favourite song from Delroy. Why? It's not about Jah, Ladbroke Grove or anything remotely Rasta. It's hard to explain a record where they start putting dub behind the lead vocals right from the start (like Greg Issacs' "Mr. Know It All"). Plainly, fantastic music.

Everard's song is of predictable Rasta content, and is 'fairly alright' — a derogatory description in comparison to Delroy's triumph. Superstar raps over the tail-end in unexciting manner.

BRIMSTONE: Final Judgement/Final Dub (Grove). Please Brimstone get it together to the impeccable dread-heights of this masterpiece. Similar in sound to The Sons Of Jah, this deserves to be a great success, proving to this young band that we need them out here in apathy-land. Stumbling version adds to the adventurousness of the group sound; the direction in which they should head — FAST!

V. JONES & DR. BIRDS: Black, Green And Gold/Version (Freedom Sounds). Like his last single "Jah Music" (on White Rum), this has a highly addictive and enjoyable A-side, even if ever-so-slightly lyrically derivative. Common also to its predecessor is the utterly demolishing dub on the flip. Produced by Jack "Burning Spear" Ruby, it's an essential purchase. Great voice, whoever V. Jones is.

SANTIC: No Justice For The Poor/Dub For The Poor (Santic). I've seen this, the third single from personal faves Santic, on another label (Tip Top) and credited to K. Christian. Very confusing, but who cares as this follows "Suffering" and "Bloody Eyes" to make me wish they'd take over the world. That singer and those arrangements! Who needs them? You do!

PRINCE FAR I: No More War/Version (Front Line). At last the Prince redeems himself after that disappointing album for this same label. I was right after all — he *is* capable of following his past masterwork singles, "334 Shank", "Zion Call", "Heavy Manners" and "Message From The King". He gives thanks for peace (at last) in Jamaica in such a sincere way it mash-up a-tear ducts. Emotive stuff; I'd swear he's crying at the end of this. The dub pushes the total playing time up to just under eight-and-a-half minutes. I feel sorry for you if you don't love this.

TE TRACK: Only Jah Jah Know/Jah Jah Dub (Greensleeves). Slavery song performed in same unique pleasant rockers style as their last U.K. hit "Let's Get Started" (on Hawkeye). All is revealed on excellent dub. Well worth investigating pronto.

ROOTS: Mash Down/Solja Man Shank (Greensleeves). Intro very similar to Jnr. Delgado's "Sons Of Slaves", then drifting, inventive harmonies.

"We gonna tear down principalities and wickedness".

Very much a grower, but once you're addicted there's no substitute/antidote. The dub had the potential to be much better than it's turned out. Still worthwhile, though.

MISTY: Oh Wicked Man/Version (People Unite). Southall rockers release their second single on their own label. There are the usual "Rumours of war" lyrics, surprisingly uncommitted for such an active band in the 'Fight Babyloo' stakes. Step it up Misty! Inconsequential version on the other side. Dub it up Misty! Still very catchy.

WINSTON JARRETT: Spanish Town Road/Version (Write Sounds). Similar to his "Sleepers" tune if not as pleasing. Sax, horn arrangements, percussion and the typically unusual vocals, all add to a subtle, almost old-fashioned sound. Bongo-dub. I check fe Winston.

JEDUTHUM: When You Gonna Stop/Stop Ranking Dub (JBC). Black Slate by any other name, or so it's rumoured. Interesting vocal composite of every popular Jamaican singer going, namely Clarek/Smart and Barry Spence. Still extremely enjoyable even though it does tend to plod along — reminds me of their "Live Up To Love". If it's them of course. *Must* be Ras Elroy on bass.

ERROL SCORCHER: Engineers Affair/Engine Man (Cancer). Slow paced, heavily dubbed talkover with a dip-and-fall-back beat. The music moves the hips, but Scorcher leaves the mind ice-cold numb. Works in smokey dark places. Yawn anti-dub.

DENNIS REID: Land Of The Rising Sun/Version (Greensleeves). Good self-produced tune which struck me as verging on snoozerville for the first few listenings. Now I wallow in the great delivery, weird percussion effects and its strange atmosphere. 'Grower' is an understatement.

HORACE FAITH: Rich Man Poor Man/No More (Ultra). Complicated/confused rockers cymbal backing track. The usual cliched lyrics. Amateurish drums in places. Strange horns, not neccessarily fun either. The other side shows that Horace can't sing (in the way that we know it), but the music is sufficently odd to make me like it. Strictly not for forking out though.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

BRYAN FERRY: Sign Of The Times (Polydor). Ah, *this* is The Modern Dance: Ferry's post-Roxy band taut and fluid, incessant and incisive, his lyrical frame of reference loaded with fragmented, subliminal imagery, overwhelmingly contemporary — your fantasies and realities realized! Echoes of the '70s, all your brain and body needed, it's very good indeed.

"Lipstick and leather/Wear and tell/Of another sign of the times/We change around/Hard Lines/Crack down/On stony ground/Here is a taste of here and now/Red is the bloody sign of the times/The bride stripped bare/Of all despair/Wake up/And we don't care/Here is a rainbow for your hair/Here is a — CLAP! CLAP! — sign of the times/Right up in anger/I'll be there/Fight for — CLAP! CLAP! — sign of the times/Bent on a life between the lines/And on a — Clap! CLAP! — sign of the times . . ."

If your grand-children ever ask you what it was like when we were young, just play 'em this record and let the little bleeders use their imagination.

BOB DYLAN: Baby, Please Stop Crying (CBS). "Street Legal" has been erroneously compared to the ineffable "Blood On The Tracks" when in actuality the record's heavy-handed use of trite metaphor is much closer in content to the superfluously soporific "Self Portrait". Just goes to show, don't it, what Dylan can get away with when he's in town for a few weeks spending all his time grovelling around journalists down Dingwalls, the 100 Club and the Music Machine, begging to be interviewed.

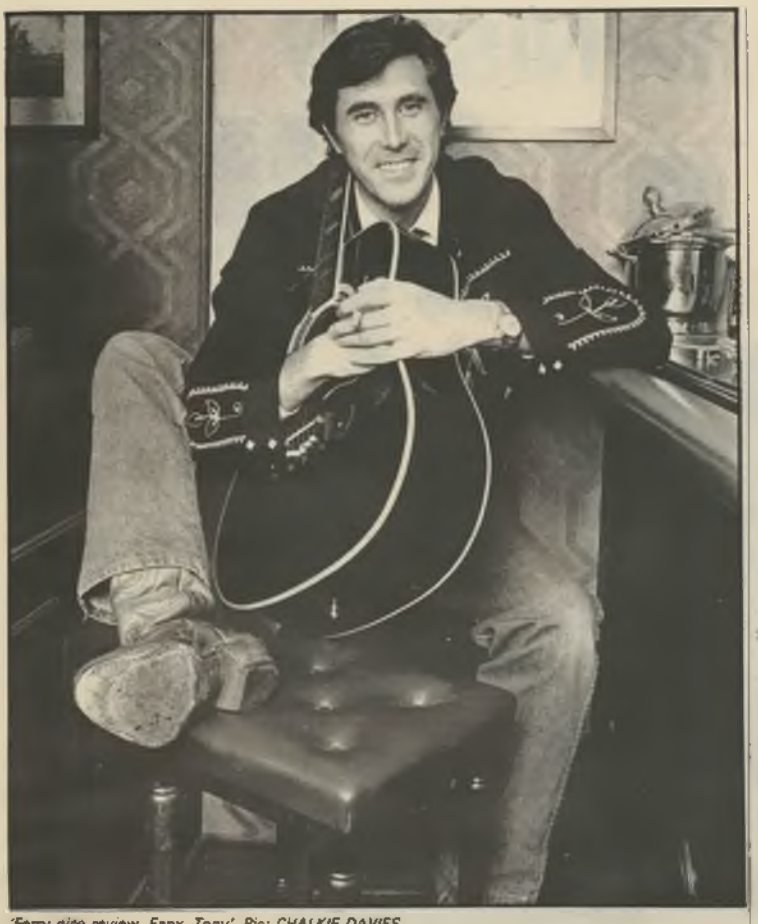
"Baby, Please Stop Crying" is so simplistic, not to mention simple-minded, that it makes Chinn and Chapman look like French Symbolists in comparison. Dylan sounding like Jack Jones with piles, his back-up singers worried in case you think they're white, the grossly overstated hookline wondering where the next alimony payment is going to come from . . . oh, Bobby, please stop whining (stop whining, STOP WHINING, stop whining, STOP WHINING, etcetera).

JUST WATER: Singing In The Rain (Stiff). THE STRANGLERS: Walk On By (UA). Standard, smug, ordinary rock treatment given to a brace of timeless gems. Really irreverent stuff, man, that doesn't "butcher" the originals, or whatever else they're supposed to do — just merely makes you appreciate the Dionne Warwick and Gene Kelly versions all the more. Larf? I thought I'd never start. How right I was.

LENE LOVICH: I Think We're Alone Now (Stiff). And add The Rubinoos' monicker to that of Gene and Dionne's, will ya?

RINGO STARR: Tonight (Polydor). *"Is it really you here tonight?"* croaks the poor-man's Cozy Powell, sounding about as torrid as Clive Dunn getting fruity with his hot-water bottle. Eeeee, chuck, what a liability on the music industry you turned out to be.

SAMONA COOKE: One Night Affair (Mercury). Tinny, mundane, hip easy dance-floor fodder, the Gamble/Huff number hardly recognizable as the same song that Harold Melvin and The Bluenotes cut veritably *bursting* with feisty-funk urgent vitality a few years back. She may be Sam Cooke's daughter, but when it comes to singing Samona sure ain't no Teddy Prendergrass.



'Ferry nice review. Fanx, Tony'. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

SINGLES

Reviewed this week by TONY PARSONS

JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS: Abdul & Cleopatra (Beserkley). Gentle Jonathan touches up his roots, ripping off the chord changes from "Hospital" on the first Modern Lovers album (which remains one of the few truly Great records of the '70s) and filtering them through "Egyptian Reggae" while crooning mournfully about the Camel humper the Cairo coquette left bent in Lent back in the tent.

"Abdul's not seen Cleopatra, it's been almost now a year/How I wonder where she's at/a and I wish the old girl was here/Cleopatra take my patience and test it/Cleopatra take your time as you may/My time has been well spent/I done cleaned out my tent/You'll like it when you see it some day/I will wait for Cleopatra for I know my time must come/I'm getting ready for wherever she'll be at/a/Coz I'm getting stronger now and not so dumb."

Holden Caulfield alive and well in the Sinai Desert, taking the piss out of Arabs with too much money. You remember jokes, don'icha?

X-RAY SPEX: Identity (EMI). Poly Styrene's finest song, the band's best record, but — as showbiz pressure takes an ever-increasing toll on Poly's mental health — the lyrical content takes on a sadly ironic perspective that will prevent me personally, as much as I love X-Ray Spex, from deriving any degree of "listening pleasure" from the record.

REZILLOS: Top Of The Pops (Sire). A rock 'n' roll soap opera; Linda Stein is married to Seymour Stein who owns the record label Sire which has among many others a band called The Rezillos. The Rezillos have a singer called Faye Fife who last week adorned the head of Mrs Stein with a bowl of trifle. Mrs. Stein was not amused. This augured ill for the future of The Rezillos. Only commercial success can earn a wayward combo forgiveness; The Rezillos release a single called "Top Of The Pops". The reviewer in the world's biggest selling rock weekly *Can't Stand It*. He thinks the band have released sharp, witty, infectious singles in the past. He thinks this isn't one of them, not by a long shot. He reckons it's a dire, cornball, overstated wasteland of punk cliches that have been well-scrubbed behind the ears to glean airtime on Radio One, that the band are extracting a urine sample from something they yearn to be a part of. Moral of this story; *never* trifle with an unidentifiable head. It could belong to you.

10cc: Dreadlock Holiday (Mercury). White man in the Jamaica Hilton ordering up an insipid travesty of reggae from room service. Dedicated followers of fashionable geographical location slumming through the Kingston ghetto.

"Concentrating on mucking right." "I Tourist Muzak that nearly experiences some black-and-blue-beat as dark faces appear in the doorways of the tin-shacks requesting in no uncertain terms the silver jewelry that was a gift from mater. 10cc have their wretched pink hides spared when they strike up an empathy of almost soul-brother intensity with their would-be muggers by bleating, *"I don't like cricket, I love it/I don't like reggae, I love it!"* Thus it is that the hapless honkies are free to return to the swimming pool of their hotel to be solicited by a local toasted strumpet. *"She said, 'I got it, you want it?/My harvest is the best./And if ya try it, you'll like it./And wallow in a Dreadlock Holiday!'/And I say, 'I don't like Jamaica, I love her!'* Sometimes I think 10cc are so much more *alive* than the rest of us (the offensive, slobbering assholes).

THE RUNAWAYS: Midnight Music (Mercury). Kraut import lifted from The Runaways' second and worse album, "Queens Of Noise". Lita Ford's H.M. tendencies heave the abysmal dirge one way, Cherie Currie's parody of a 30-year-old singing cocktail-waitress yank it t'other. Cherie is hamfistedly husky and unintentionally hilarious as she breathes like a clip-joint B-Girl pretending to be on heat, *"Singing, rock and roll sawngs,"* rolling her R's all over the show in a most tasteless manner. A Kim Fowley/Cherie Currie composition, both of whom have long since departed The Runaways for much browner pastures.

PLASTIC BERTRAND: Sha La La La Lee (Vertigo). *Est-t-il ne Small Faces pas? Non, il est Petit Faeces!* Pure, undiluted *merde, mes pauvre braves*, frantic, feeble and really quite desperate. Plastic Bert successfully makes the transition from one-hit-wonder back to immediate obscurity.

THESE WE HAVE RE-ISSUED CORNER TWINKLE: Terry (Galaxy). Put a gallon in him, Alan! Pass the claret to him, Barret! Yeah, you tell him, Nervous Norvus!

Blood and brains on the bozo's bicycle-clips funeral song torched by the little piece of leatherette who abused the good faith entrusted in her by the twin-pipe popper's fraternity pin. Although I'm too young to remember myself, Julie Burchill (now 19) informs me that Twinkle was prohibited from appearing on *Ready, Steady, Go!* when this was number one in 1964 because she was a rocker and as such *persona non grata*.

Twinkle cheated on Terry the night her greasy geezer burned out his twin-carburettors for all time and can only hope and pray that double-parked outside the gates of *Chez Jah* there waits a solid mess of contusions, his red corpuscles in mass confusion. The disembodied dismemberment must be buried in Saint Peter's parking tickets by now because last year, 13 summers since that fateful smash hit, Twindle (a.k.a. Lynn Ripley) attempted and failed to make a comeback by recording a duet with her father, Conservative M.P. Arthur Ripley. Don't hold your breath waiting, moonbeam.

DAVID McWILLIAMS: Days Of Pearly Spencer (EMI). When first released in the days of kaftan-chic this sounded like a brooding, malevolent, menacing slice of urban paranoia that made I and I want to finish me paper-round before it got dark. Sad to say it now sounds merely wet and wimpy. Ain't that just like a Grown Up?

DANNY & THE JUNIORS: At The Hop (ABC). Twenty-one-year-old juke box gem from an age when teenagers thought that manual labour was President of Cuba. Buy it and cherish it. Ain'tcha got *no* innocence?

TROGGS: Wild Thing/A Girl Like You (Lightning Old Gold). MR. BLOE: Grooving With Mr. Bloe (Lightning Old Gold). CHICORY TIP: Son Of My Father (Lightning Old Gold) PYTHON LEE JACKSON: In A Broken Dream (Lightning Old Gold). LINDISFARNE: Meet Me On The Corner/Lady Eleanor (Lightning Old Gold). SHOCKING BLUE: Venus (Lightning Old Gold). CLIFFORD T. WARD: Gaye (Lightning Old Gold). DANIEL BOONE: Beautiful Sunday (Lightning Old Gold). GARY SHEARSTON: I Get A Kick Out Of You (Lightning Old Gold). FLOWERPOT MEN: Let's Go To San Francisco (Lightning Old Gold).

The very first handsome package of ten tried and tested titles to be re-issued by the very first label to be exclusively devoted to re-releasing platinum product culled from myriad independent sources. Available collectively or individually, the fun for some of the family some of the time predictably veers from occasional moments of the sublime to a norm that is ridiculously redundant.

The Troggs sound as furiously sexless, as lovably inept and as effortlessly brilliant as ever, but I've saved the worst till last . . .

Clifford T. Ward resembles Leonard Cohen, albeit not so raunchy while **Daniel Boone** (with Japan's biggest-selling single of ALL TIME, kidz) sounds like he wants to tie a yellow ribbon (or a HUNDRED yellow ribbons!) 'round the old Tony Orlando. The equally impressionable **Flowerpot Men** (good God) second Scott McKenzie's emotion from a distance of 6,000 miles and **Gary Shearston** is redolent of Bryan Ferry down on his luck and trying to make Cole Porter's corpse cough up blood out of sheer spite.

Chicory Tip's nod to the Power Pap bandwagon was penned and masterminded by Gorgio Moroder in his pre-Munich Machine/Donna Summer days. **Lindisfarne**'s Geordie version of "Waiting For My Man" is definitely NOT the same record that was released in 1972 — if I ain't mistaken it's been re-recorded as well as "re-issued" and the off-key vocals totally destroy the ambience of drugged tranquility that pervaded the original platter. **Shocking Blue** and **Mister Blue** are both catchy enough in an insipid sort of way while there's nothing the least bit memorable on the **Python Lee Jackson** plodder — where sloth is mistaken for soul — apart from the unknown identity of the lead singer (possibly Bonnie Tyler when she was still doing session work).

And that's yer lot. In conclusion — great concept, beautiful packaging, lousy selection of product (must try harder next term).

Oh, well. Happy birthday, mum.

SUPPORT THE NEW MINISTRY OF CULTURE

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Harder Than The Rest!

Dread Propaganda: PENNY REEL

HAUGHTY CULTURE: Joseph Hill asks 'Is that the right way for a Human as a policeman?'

ON AN EARLY Saturday evening, when there is but little or even less activity generating in this man's discomix — prior to a blue wave Blast Furnace engagement at the Marquee, followed by Dread & Dread Affairs in Mare Street's Mayfair Cinema — I decide to step it on to an address in SWS for the purpose of paying my respects to the Jamaican trio Culture, who are presently ensconced in a service flatlet thus, consistent upon the group's current tour of the UK.

Now the reason I am making this call when I might otherwise be occupying my leisure in the idle conviviality of the Green Banana cafe off Old Compton Street, sipping tea and spinning old Bluebeat records on the jukebox, is that I find the Culture group of interest at least equal to that of the past glories of Eric Morris, Derrick Morgan, Stranger Cole and other legendary Jamaican artists as fulfil the greater majority of the Green Banana's disc selection.

In fact, I personally rate Culture as the best vocal phenomenon to emerge from the Isle of Springs since the advent of Burning Spear — not that I rate the rest of the competition of any particular mention — and as such am favourably disposed towards bestowing my greetings re the same.

Furthermore, Joseph Hill, Albert Walker and Kenneth Paley are a three-in-one and one-in-three as command considerable respect in the conversations of my idren, such as has been the case ever since their prophetic "Two Sevens Clash" release of 1976, the LP of the same name, a succession of superior singles, and two of the best albums — "Africa Stand Alone" and "Harder Than The Rest" — to come forward in this present *iwah* of 1978.

Not merely are Culture harder than the rest, but in addition are more original, inventive apd, for want of a better adjective, *cultural* than anyone else on the reggae recording circuit, JA-wise, bar the already-mentioned Winston Rodney.

When I eventually reach Earls Court this night I am talking of, which is around six o'clock, I-man find two of the brethren, namely lead-singer Joseph Hill and tenor vocalist Albert "Ralph" Walker, of a very relaxed and welcoming disposition, as it seems that the pair are taking a break from their performing commitments for the weekend, having arrived back from the city of Manchester the same morning.

Pertinent to which, I reason with the I and I to the following conclusion:

"Do you ever get weary, Joseph?" I broach the ensuing conversation with this fatuous opening question.

"Natty never get weary, man," comes the inevitable reply. "You know, out of nothing I-man make a song. Just draw idea to idea, justice to justice, injustice to injustice, and make it a song. This is quite hard for some people, but seems so easy for me. It just like clicking my fingers.

"If I want, I can leave my house not writing a word inside the brain or inside a piece of paper, and when I reach the studio call the bass and say 'Let's get together and play this, just use them few chords.' And anytime he finds himself on the right track, gets the gig going, all of my song is like there. In my head from years.

"I appreciate every type of music. Every music carries its own taste; every music have its own flavour."

How did it all begin? And where?

"I individually started with Coxsone Downbeat in the year 1974, myself and quite a few brothers down in Jamaica called the Soul Defenders. At that time, the name Culture never come about, but the inspiration was in sight. I was unfortunate that I was one of the first members and I was pushed out of the band first. I still never get weary. I went on, pressing on with different bands, playing drums sometimes, guitar sometimes, bass

"I also do a tune for Dodd called "Behold The Land", which him recently release, and which we do over for our new LP, "Harder Than The Rest".

"In 1976, this group now come about, you know. Kenneth and Ralph, they were living together in one district — that was St. Andrew, Golden Hill — and they wanted to do some recording."

Ralph: "First it was just me and Kenneth. We said, right now we'd like to do some nice recording — singing for the pe ple; and the people they all tell us that we good and we could do some recording for ourself.

"Anyhow, one day I said to him: 'Never you mind, brother, I have a cousin in the country named Lloyd and I will go for him.' And when I go for Lloyd, on that day we all sitting down rehearsing, we make this first tune named 'This Time'. I wrote it.

"We all went down to Joe Gibbs, late down in '76, and it the first tune to come. We going around and all moving together, same way, but it never a make no great move, so we come with a next tune: 'Jah Jah See Them A Come'."

How much material has Joe Gibbs left of yours?

Joseph: "About two albums."

Ralph: "So after the second one come and it make a nice break, you know, man and man start move and take this thing serious; say we can make bigger move now. And then our third release — "Two Sevens Clash" — it make the right move."

Joseph: "The first name we give the group was The African Disciples. One day we were laying nine records at Gibbs and we start this song: *'down in Jamaica where Garvey come from'* ("Garvey Rock"), and immediately we was asking Jah to fall some rain, here comes a ball of lightning and rain falls immediately.

"The engineer Errol T said: 'But no, these men are serious, they are prophets. Don't call youselves African Disciples, we'll publicise the group as Culture' — and all the other singers out there say Yeeeaah!"

So Errol Thompson named the group?

Ralph: "It the people, the people give us the name man."

I FUMBLED in my bag and brought forth a copy of Culture's I-fficial "bootleg" set, "Africa Stand Alone". Joseph and Ralph exchange a mutual nod. What is the story behind this I wonder loudly.

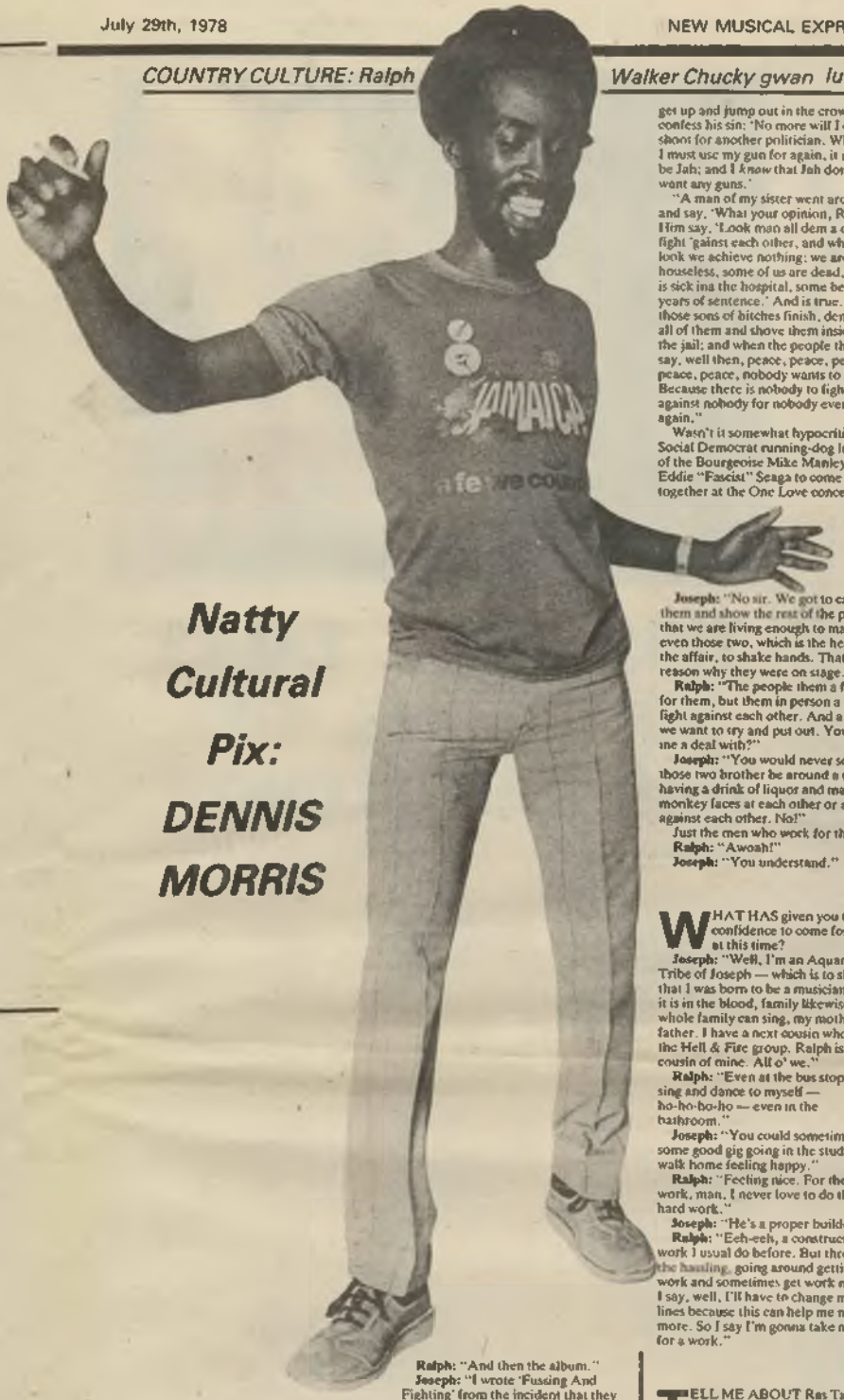
Joseph: "Well, it is that we were under an amount of financial oppression by Joe Gibbs."

You mean you weren't getting any money!

Ralph: "Soon. After the first tour to New York we find the hassles very rough, and we say, well, we'd like to sign with a group to make it differently, for Joe Gibbs not handling we the right way. After the tune them selling bags top o' bags, and telling us that the money a deh but we cannot get it.

"We went to New York and we meet these fellers and they all showing us thing; we still never have that full confidence in them still, but

COUNTRY CULTURE: Ralph Walker Chucky gwan lucky.



Natty Cultural Pix: DENNIS MORRIS

we all try a thing to see what could happen."

Joseph: "And they sent down this agent from the Dragon International Company, Seymour Cummings, to check on us. He went all the way behind our back and took the tapes . . ."

Ralph: "And finish."

Joseph: "Really, to be frank, I do not take home that album in my mind to one of my album, because the work is not yet finished."

Ralph: "They steal it away from us and we don't get no pay."

Joseph: "If I should die and the door on the lid of my coffin should be locked, I'm still not proud of the LP there."

Disillusioned with Gibbs, Culture trod on to Treasure Isle studio in Kingston's Bond Street, where the trio teamed up with the production team of Ms. Sonia Pottinger and Errol Brown — dread at the controls. Subsequent to their departure, Gibbs has issued "I Am Not Ashamed", "Zion Gate" and "Baldhead Bridge", in addition to the "Two Sevens Clash" LP, not to mention a number of toasts utilising Culture dubs.

Joseph: "Stuffs that we done with Pottinger: first "Work On Natty", second "Fussing And Fighting", third "Trod On", fourth "Never Get Weary"."

Ralph: "And then the album."

Joseph: "I wrote 'Fussing And Fighting' from the incident that they tried to shot Bob Marley. It came way down in my mind knowing that Bob Marley is my friend and my bosom friend, and to know that a man did him a thing like that, bwoy, that was too bad!

"And there was no-one we could box and kick up because we know not ourself; so the most we could do was build a song."

Do you think music like "Fussing And Fighting" helped bring about the Peace?

Joseph: Yeas, it gives a great help to the people, because it even bring to the mind of Marley himself, and the public who was fussing and fighting, to organise this peace concert. We were the first artists to be invited on that show with Bob. Then Jacob Miller, Peter Tosh, Trinity, Dennis Brown and Big Youth. They just put us all in a bag and call us "The Peace Veterans". Down in Jamaica, they call we Culture the Father of Love.

"That is what all true Ras Tafarians are trying to get through Earth today, the One Love. We were trying to get everybody together, get all the gunmen standing on stage.

"I tell you something, a grounation keep down in Jamaica and when I look I see a man who get shot in the Revolution, that when you look his hand been eaten off; he have to just get up and jump out in the crowd and confess his sin: 'No more will I ever shoot for another politician. Whoever I must use my gun for again, it must be Jah; and I *know* that Jah don't want any guns.'

"A man of my sister went around and say, 'What your opinion, Rasta?' Him say, 'Look man all dem a do a fight 'gainst each other, and when we look we achieve nothing: we are still houseless, some of us are dead, some is sick ina the hospital, some bear years of sentence.' And is true. When those sons of bitches finish, dem take all of them and shove them inside of the jail; and when the people them say, well then, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, nobody wants to hear. Because there is nobody to fight against nobody for nobody ever again."

Wasn't it somewhat hypocritical for Social Democrat running-dog lackey of the Bourgeoise Mike Manley and Eddie "Fascist" Seaga to come together at the One Love concert?

Joseph: "No sir. We got to call them and show the rest of the people that we are living enough to make even those two, which is the head of the affair, to shake hands. That's the reason why they were on stage."

Ralph: "The people them a fighting for them, but them in person a not fight against each other. And a that we want to try and put out. You see me a deal with?"

Joseph: "You would never see those two brother be around a table having a drink of liquor and making monkey faces at each other or sex against each other. No!"

Just the men who work for them.

Ralph: "Awoah!"

Joseph: "You understand."

WHAT HAS given you the confidence to come forward at this time?

Joseph: "Well, I'm an Aquarian — Tribe of Joseph — which is to show that I was born to be a musician. Two, it is in the blood, family likewise. Our whole family can sing, my mother, my father. I have a next cousin who is in the Hell & Fire group. Ralph is also a cousin of mine. All o' we."

Ralph: "Even at the bus stop I will sing and dance to myself — ho-ho-ho-ho — even in the bathroom."

Joseph: "You could sometimes get some good gig going in the studio and walk home feeling happy."

Ralph: "Feeling nice. For the hard work, man, I never love to do the hard work."

Joseph: "He's a proper builder."

Ralph: "Eeh-eeh, a construction work I usual do before. But through the hassling, going around getting no work and sometimes get work no pay, I say, well, I'll have to change my lines because this can help me no more. So I say I'm gonna take music for a work."

TELL ME ABOUT Ras Tafari — your interpretation of it.

Joseph: "Ras Tafarian life is a separated, clean life; a clean way of living; a specific way of living. Right? You just can't do what the rest do and still be comfortable in yourself.

"Well, you may ask maybe a three-quarter section of the world what the words Ras Tafari mean, and they just can't tell you clearly from the top to the bottom. I can say it generally means the holy, divine Trinity, three-in-one, one-in-three, the Father, Son and the Holy One of Creation. And when I and I use the reverent, I would not really check it as any common word. The reverent: Jah! Ras Tafari! Father of Creation. Jah!

"If you turn to *Psalm 68*, it say you must praise Him with a loud noise; praise Him on an instrument of ten strings; even exalt Him by his highest reverence — JAH. Three capital letters among the rest."

What do you understand by the king on the white horse in *Revelations?*

Joseph: "Well, I have seen come to pass the Revelation of the white horse, which is Emperor Haile Selassie, the only king that really rides a white horse in Earth until this time. And he sits forth on the throne that is coming straight from King David time to King Solomon's time, right on down. As far as I can see, kings shall fall down before him and crown him King of Kings . . .

Ralph: ". . . Lord of Lords."

Joseph: "So, I'm on the right track. I'm not ashamed to say that I'm on the right track.

"Two: the righteous Rastaman who lives up, lives roots and lives traditional, generally uses a chalice. Right! Many guys, even guys who are not Rastas, use a chalice. But ask them the reason why they use a chalice, they don't know."

Why do you use a chalice?

Joseph: "A chalice is a form of praising God without making an altar out of yew and stone. Because the same Bible say that the voice of the bottom of the chalice, which is the cylinder that takes the water, the bubble of it is like the voice of many waters. And the incense of the smoke takes my prayer up.

"So whenever time I use my chalice, I use it for a special reason. I have time of the day when I eat and when it is special called to my duty to use my chalice while I'm not working around enemies or policemen or any adversities. It uplifts my spirit, right? It keeps my mind on the reflection of Jah at all times; and I just can't live without Jah, it is out of the world.

"Two: whenever time it reaches any celebration day, whether the Coronation of the King or the reminder of the release of the Bond slaves in the West Indies, then you would find all Rastas get together and do a thing called grounation; meaning we bring every spirit to One. Our special way of giving praises in that time, each man takes a chalice, and we make groups of twenty-four."

WHEN DO YOU have a grounation? A special time of the sun, or . . . ?

Joseph: "A special time of the season."

With whom do you congregate?

Joseph: "Ras Tafari brethren all over the island. Sometimes we leave St. Andrew and go away over in St. Ann . . ."

Where Garvey come from . . .

Joseph: "Right!"

Ralph: "Alright!"

Joseph: "Right on!"

Ralph: "Eeh-eeh."

Joseph: "Where we can get more herb, more land space without disturbing anyone. It is always in a wilderness or a community centre. We meet on the spot of ground, every man grouping themselves in groups of seven, and each man give a chant, which means saying the words of prayer. Then we make a fire, a very big fire, and we sit around and get together in full grounation — all man's hat off and all woman's head covered, according to the traditional instructions.

"Right now, what Rasta is trying to show, is that one should not put on a pot and eat it all off and never know if your neighbour have a little saucer of food to eat. It's not right. After your tummy full, you don't call the neighbour and ask them how many of the kids get dinner. It should be so. That's what we are trying to emphasise to the world: all the people to oneness, black and white.

"When Rasta cook a grounation, the example we show to the people — we all eat out of one. And we have the Elders among the Rastaman take care of all the little ones *first*. Then all the big

◗ *Continues page 36.*

ROOTS & CULTURE: Kenneth Paley Does The Natty Dread Skank

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13 Cuts REZILLOS

Pic: RICHARD BROOKS

THIS. PAGE. TALKS. SOMETHING. LIKE. THIS. (BUT SLOWER.)

INTERVIEWING Howard Devoto, you tend to feel like Dan Dare putting questions to The Mekon. With his eyes flashing and his forehead gleaming, Howard seems determined to maintain the impression that he's just stepped out of a UFO.

Midway through a long conversation, I ask him how old he is.

Howard says: "I'm not going to tell you."

Why not? It can't be vanity can it?

"Vanity?" says Howard. "No, vanity doesn't come into it. I just don't want to get it wrong, that's all."

Don't you know how old you are?

"I do know," says Howard, "somewhere right inside me".

Well, how about telling us something about your background? University? Art College?

"No, never been to an art college".

Did you leave school early? What sort of school did you go to?

Howard doesn't answer. Or at any rate, one of his long pauses goes on to infinity.

I tell him that I'd hate to destroy his enigma by asking such questions, but I'm sure people would be interested in the answers.

Howard says: "Well, does that tell them something about me?"

It gives them a means of comparison. It shows that Howard Devoto didn't materialise from nowhere.

"Oh, I don't really want people to be interested in that kind of thing. I don't want to whet people's appetites, at all."

But, I persist, you're a public figure now.

"That's a bit shaky," says Howard.

At least tell us whether you're a middle class person or a working class person? Was your Dad a lawyer or a bricklayer?

Howard shakes his head, revolves his eyes, and flutters his long eyelashes.

"Oh, you're asking me all these questions. Oh, really, really."

I AM sitting in the lobby of the Kensington Hilton Hotel in West London, very slowly sipping a half pint of lager that cost 50p, when there is an explosion by the front door.

A small, but very active bolt of energy bursts into the room like a champagne cork popping from a bottle. It is Howard, making an ordinary entrance.

He bounds down a flight of stairs, dances into the hotel's bookstall, pirouettes among the books, finds nothing to interest him, and bounces out into the lobby again.

He is dressed in a nondescript jacket, bright red pants, and a matching red Albert Tatlock cap, pulled down over his brow. The cap is no doubt intended as a disguise.

You must be Howard, I say.

Howard says that is true. We order more lager, and switch on the cassette player.

The reason for picking the Kensington Hilton is that they have a very good Japanese restaurant, and it seemed a good place for an interview as Howard aspires to be inscrutable (ha!).

In the event, Howard eats a bowl of peanuts provided with the lager and announces he is not hungry, anymore. Oh well . . .

The obvious first question is how does Howard Devoto, a former punk, get away with singing intellectual lyrics and leading a progressive rock band?

"I think people have listened to our music a little bit and worked at it a little bit and are reasonably happy with it.

There's no way that somebody in my position thinks of it in that sort of way. That's a very — uh — formal way of looking at it."

But Howard takes very formal decisions about his music. Magazine are very different to The Buzzcocks.

"Yeah," Howard concurs. "But that's got to do with the different musicians I'm working with. Like, getting involved with punk was a reaction against everything that was in the air at the time, so getting Magazine together was a reaction against punk."

Why were you reacting against punk?

"I don't like movements. I'm just perverse."

So, on those grounds, you abandoned something that was radical, and adopted something that was conservative? Is that right?

"No, I can't see how you can look at it that way. For me, it's just awkwardness. I mean, what was radical about doing what several hundred other people were doing, all of a sudden? It started off radical. But it — uh — stopped."

Did Howard feel that his individuality was being lost among all those punks?

"Oh, that precious commodity! Individuality! No, I was in no way embarrassed about it. I was just getting pissed off with it."

Because it was going nowhere?

"Yeah, apparently. It takes some time for my songs to worm their way into people, and there was no musical recognition for me at the time I left The Buzzcocks.

"I left more or less when 'Spiral Scratch' came out. Once that record came out people could hear it for themselves, and things got a little bit better. But it was done by then. I'd left. I don't regret it at all."

Did you have to suppress your ideas a bit in The Buzzcocks?

"No," says Howard. "I just didn't have very many. The main idea was just to step out on the stage. That was the big thing."

The Buzzcocks were Howard's first band. Before that, he just used to "whistle the occasional tune to myself."

I say that on the whole Howard's tunes are very difficult to whistle.

Howard, who is supposed to be answering the questions, asks: "Why's that?"

I suggest that perhaps he could tell me.

"Well, I think of my music as really very simple. There's nothing ornate about it. There's nothing superfluous about it. Every bit's serving a purpose."

The arrangements on Magazine's album, "Real Life", seem nevertheless fairly elaborate. Who actually wrote them?

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

Pic: PAUL WIRDNAM

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

Yes, HOWARD DEVOTO is a man who thinks before he speaks — which takes a little time. BOB EDMANDS is a man who tries to make his half of lager last until the end of the interview.

Howard explains that how it works is that he fools around on guitar or keyboards.

"I get little bits of tunes, progressions, things like that. And at the same time, I'm working on words. Wrestling with them, caressing them, etc, etc. And then maybe Dave (Formula) or John (McGeoch) has a bit of music, and we mess around among ourselves.

"And then," he continues, as though running through the alphabet with a child. "It's a matter of the words and the music together.

"Often the final form is determined by the words. It becomes a matter of measurement. I need so much here. Does that work in that way? Okay, so we change that bit here, alter the colour of that bit, pull that in, push that out."

This sounds a very academic, careful approach. Not quite the spontaneous flow of creative adrenalin as in the punk myths.

At this, Howard says: "Uuuuuuurgh". A sound not unlike the Mekon being sick.

"I dispute academic. But the thing with 'Real Life' is that we want that record to stand. When you're giving people a permanent piece of music, you want everything to go into it, so it's worth them living with it, whether they're one month listeners or for years.

"I don't think *all* music should be like that at all. But with what the album was about — a summing up of a series of moods — it did have to be worked on fairly carefully."

This explanation makes "Real Life" sound even more like old-fashioned progressive rock, and indeed Magazine have been compared to both Roxy Music and Genesis.

Howard doesn't think such comparisons have any significance. But I say that he does appear to favour a musical style rejected by his contemporaries.

"All that sounds like is that somebody has listened to it, and thought: 'Hey, this could be successful music. How very outrageous of them'. That makes it all sound very measured, and I'm not just that good as a writer or musician to write measured things."

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

TO GET the full flavour of Howard Devoto's conversation, it's no good reading what he has to say at your normal speed. Put full stops after each word, and you'll get something of the pace. On occasion, people sitting nearby hold entire conversations in the time it takes Howard to begin to answer a question. You can't deny that he does a lot of thinking.

Since it's difficult to whistle Howard's songs, or even sing them in the bath, I ask Howard if much of his appeal to the punters lies in his "intellectual mystique".

Howard promptly denies that he's an intellectual.

"That word means to me that you've got a certain academic approach to life. It means you go around making references to other people's work. You're very uuuuuuurrgh."

That Mekon vomiting noise again.

"You pull things apart, if you're an intellectual. And there's no way I'm into all that."

But, Howard, isn't one of the songs on your album called "My Tulpa"? I looked up the word "tulpa" in the Oxford Dictionary, and it's not there. A word that obscure must be intellectual.

Howard explains that he came across the word in some magazine somewhere.

"It's a thing that Tibetan monks make for themselves. It's like an adult's version of an imaginary childhood friend. Like, they make a spiritual companion that is sometimes in the image of their god or goddess and sometimes looks like themselves and sometimes can be seen by other people."

I subsequently wonder whether Tibetan monks hold tulpaware parties. But Howard is continuing with his explanation:

"I just used the idea as the sort of person you want to be or your better half or your worst half. You know, your image of yourself. As distinct from your real self."

Does the song apply to you?

"Yeah, it's pretty much about me. It's very hard to write honestly without writing about yourself. Or it gets very very difficult. You can get very phoney, if you're trying to be something else."

The idea of spiritual companions created by Tibetan monks seems a bit esoteric.

"Oh yes. But that's only the title of it. The song is more about trying to see yourself when you sit back in your chair and think: ah, what am I doing here, why am I acting like this? That's really all it was about."

Why does Howard think rock music is a suitable medium for that kind of insight? I can't hear everything he's singing on the album, and I wonder if poetry might not be a more suitable outlet for him.

"I'm not interested in poetry at all. Poetry is — I dunno — it's smelly. If it's not dead, it's rotting. I can't think that it really lives for a lot of people — and what I'm writing about is things that a lot of people go through."

For example, the problems of growing up, and becoming an adult?

"Oh no," says Howard. "I've done all that. I've passed all that with flying colours."

Well, what things are you writing about? Generally speaking, the themes on the album seem to be paranoia, persecution, depression, and the like.

"I wouldn't list them," says Howard. "I wouldn't do a thing like that."

In that case, what new insights do you think there are on the album?

"It's not my job to say that. All I can say is that I haven't really heard other people talking about the things that I'm talking about. Or at least in the same way."

HOWARD'S ON record as admiring the work of Iggy Pop and Lou Reed, and it's probable that he's aiming for the same league. But has he got the right background?

Part of the appeal of Iggy and Lou Reed is that they've gone through a lot of heavy experiences and that's reflected in their songs.

Has Howard done anything comparable up in Manchester?

"Like got myself wrecked, and dumped myself in the road, and got myself strung out on chemicals and things like that?"

Yes.

"I've done that in my own little way. Somewhat privately."

So you think what Iggy and Lou have to say about it is true?

"Yeah, I think they're people who deal with real experiences. They deal with their lives and they make sense to other people."

The range of experiences, though, would seem to be more limited in Manchester than it is in New York.

Howard says: "I think there are people in terraced houses in Blackburn, people in luxury flats in Knightsbridge, country cottages in Dorset, who go

■ Continues page 42

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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

BOOKS

CRITIC'S CHOICE TOP 200 ALBUMS

CRITICS' CHOICE: TOP 200 ALBUMS
Ed: Paul Gambaccini
(Omnibus, £2.25)

IT'S A tempting idea, of course, putting together a list of the outstanding rock albums of all time — readers will doubtless recall *NME's* own some four years back.

Paul Gambaccini has polled many of the most influential voices — either in print or over the airwaves — in rock in Britain and America, and compiled a Top 200 from their individual Top 10 selections.

Such lists are inevitably controversial, and almost equally irresistible; people examine them if for no other reason than to vent some righteous spleen, and while my particular grouses are probably that "Grievous Angel" and "L.A. Woman" each finish about 170 places too low, the placing that aroused most widespread amazement was the appearance of Bruce Springsteen's "Born To Run" at No. 10. (Otherwise, the top positions are predictable — no prizes for guessing Nos. 1 and 2.)

While you can hardly please all the people, there are one or two problems that might have been overcome, if Gambaccini was really intending to provide a guide to the basic rock record library (which he says he was).

For example, it might have been convenient to nominate a representative compilation album for some artists, since those who have had their work recycled too often, and sometimes even in different transatlantic forms, are inevitably falsely represented.

The Who, the Stones and Presley all suffer in this way, but none more so than Chuck Berry, who has four albums altogether in the 200, but none higher than 75; clearly a travesty.

Also, with this kind of poll, you need to leave some room for individual eccentricities — but not too much, else it can become absurd.

It does here. Supertramp are grandly ranked with the legends of the business; they appear at Nos. 63 and 108 — yet solely on the strength of votes from one writer, Ritchie Yorke.

To avoid this kind of illogicality, Gambaccini should have sampled many more opinions (though not so many that idiosyncratic favourites were ironed out altogether), and also allowed each writer to nominate 20 albums - 10 is just not sufficient to list all those albums one regards as "classic".

As it is, there isn't a large enough spread of votes, something which Gambaccini has vainly tried to conceal by giving each album a separate position, when in fact many of them tied.

In any case, the refusal of the massively influential John Peel to participate scuppers any claims to authority that may have been made for the book. (For the information of *NME* readers, Nick Logan and Nick Kent both declined, for personal reasons, to tender their votes).

Another decisive shortcoming is that Gambaccini has provided but few textual commentaries (anecdotes about each album would have been worthwhile), so that there's little here actually to read. (Gambaccini's piece in last week's *Sunday Times* was more interesting than the book itself, for that very reason.)

Both the grammatical error in the title on the cover of the book, and the capricious choice of photographs, only serve to underline its disposability. *Critics' Choice* has what American publishing companies doubtless refer to as High Browser Potential; it's fun to flip through, but I wouldn't suggest that anyone actually purchased it.

Bob Woffinden

GENESIS. THE EVOLUTION OF A ROCK BAND.
Armando Gallo
(Sidgwick & Jackson, £4.50)

A BOOK about Genesis was long overdue; after all, it's some time now since the band made it into the rock hierarchy.

Italian-born Armando Gallo, now resident in California, is a fully-paid member of the Genesis fan club; if he has any criticisms of the band, then he doesn't let on here. It's all undiluted gush — warm, guileless and affectionate, but not quite sycophantic.

I would have preferred to have seen an attempt at some kind of critical appraisal of their music, together with other theorising — say, some kind of thoughts as to why they remain very much a people's band, despite their public school background and their by-now considerable wealth.

There isn't even any kind of analysis regarding Genesis's capabilities to succeed where others (Yes and ELP) have dropped resounding clangers, still less any kind of critical consumers' guide to the band's albums.

What consideration is given to Genesis's music is provided by the odd press clipping from other writers or quotes from the group themselves, but while Peter Gabriel's description of the paranormal experience that led him to write the genuinely epic "Supper's Ready" is interesting, a musician is seldom the best judge of his own work.

Parallels have been suggested before between Gabriel and Bowie, but Gallo doesn't even mention the latter in connection with Gabriel.

In fact, he doesn't begin to examine Gabriel seriously. All right, so he's no longer in the band (his solo work is brushed aside), but he's still easily the most interesting and important personality in the band's history.

On the positive side, Gallo's narrative is well-researched (he recorded over 100 hours of interviews with assorted Genesis-people) and readable, if occasionally clumsy.

With the exception of the obligatory family album snap-shots, all the photographs are by Gallo himself; they're of a decent standard too, particularly the colour ones.

Still, since the band — unlike Dylan, The Beatles or the Stones — are not yet of universal interest, perhaps all that is needed is Gallo's book, elaborate fanzine that it ultimately is.

The band won't take offence at what's written here, and neither will the hordes of Genesis fans.

Whether a more serious piece of rock journalism was required remains a moot point.

Steve Clarke

MERSEY BEAT: THE BEGINNINGS OF THE BEATLES
Bill Harry
(Omnibus Press, £2.50)

THERE HAS never been a publication quite like *Mersey Beat*. Rock's first and most successful underground paper (published fortnightly), it was established on a £50 loan in 1961, by a Liverpool Art College Student named Bill Harry.

During the magazine's most active years, it not only anticipated the biggest upheaval in rock and roll, accurately reporting its every development from the front line, but also went so far as to give its title to a particular style of music.

As far as Harry and his loyal readership were concerned, the centre of the universe revolved around Merseyside.

Mersey Beat enthusiastically championed local bands as if they were already international superstars, affording them the kind of editorial coverage that other London-based/chart-obsessed music mags were reluctant to devote to provincial artists without recording contracts.

As it transpired, Harry's judgment wasn't misplaced.

In retrospect, *Mersey Beat* not only proved to be an invaluable grass roots documentary of a movement which was to change completely the face of popular music; it also demonstrated that London didn't hold a monopoly on the music press.

Apart from giving yours truly plus a former *NME* Editor our first crack at rock journalism, Bill Harry persuaded the likes of John Lennon and Paul McCartney (particularly the former) to act as regular contributors. Indeed, it was through these pages that Lennon discovered a following for his personalized style of wit.

Harry has wisely chosen *not* to re-write the events but to re-print actual pages from the first four years of his paper's existence. (Though there is a fascinating, anecdotal introduction).

Apart from the Lennon prose, there's stories detailing Stu Sutcliffe's untimely death, Ringo Starr replacing Pete Best, The Beatles being signed by Bert Kaempfert to German Polydor, the group's subsequent contract with EMI, and, finally, readers complaining that The Beatles were turning their back on their home town.

Such revelations are juxtaposed with dozens of local club and ballroom ads: Cavern all-niters with The Beatles either supporting a couple of trad jazz bands or Shane Fenton (Alvin Stardust) or playing second billing to Bruce Channel (admission 5/6) or Little Richard (10/6) at mid-week Tower, New Brighton marathons.

As someone who has written a Beatles book (and religiously read all the others), if asked to recommend other tomes that offers a genuine insight into the early years of The Fab Four, I'd unhesitatingly recommend Michael Braun's *Love Me Do* for the Beatlemania era, and this work for descriptions of the genesis of the band.

Roy Carr

'...A MOST SATISFYING LISTEN. WITHOUT SOUNDING FLAMBOYANT, IT'S A PIECE OF STUNNING VIRTUOSITY... THERE'S NOT A HINT OF PRETENSION...'

Paul Brett:
INTERLIFE
Composed by Paul Brett
Produced by Tom Newman
(Producer of Tubular Bells, Hergest Ridge)
Record PL 25149
Cassette PK 25149
RCA

ALBUMS

Pulse on line: Birmingham's V7 engine.

PULSEBEAT—PULSEHEAT

STEEL PULSE
Handsworth Revolution (Island)

BIRMINGHAM'S STEEL Pulse have always appeared a slightly puzzling bunch. And, if anything, the long-awaited release of this their debut album tends to confirm their enigmatic status as Britain's motor city rebels.

The impetuous lyrics, the overtly political stance (Steel Pulse are as concerned in the songs here with others as they are with themselves) and the brazenly militant outlook would seem to need a strident musical backdrop for the dreadest impact.

But no. Just as Aswad's very underrated debut album owed something soundwise to the grating, chunky reggae of "Catch A Fire" period Marley, so Steel Pulse look to come pretty damn close to the silky smooth "easy listening" reggae of the selfsame Trenchtown soul rebel's "Exodus" set.

The overall initial impression of "Handsworth Revolution" — while perusing the misty watercolour on the glossy white gatefold sleeve — is that of a very middle of the track, very laid back, very subtle album. The choice of as discreet a producer as the (Mighty) Diamonds' Karl Pitterson would also seem very much in keeping with such a mood — "white man's reggae" as some snides might scornfully term it.

But first impressions do not tell the whole story, and Steel Pulse can rest assured that this critic is not about to chant 'em down.

Despite the initially unappealing, indeed glossily extravagant veneer and the inclusion of both the "Ku Klux Klan" and current "Prodigal Son" singles (. . . and I thought they really cared!), "Handsworth Revolution" is a laudable achievement: a fully-realised first album, well worth its wait, even though it'll sting your pockets to the tune of four crisp sheets.

The Pulse have certainly cultivated one of the most distinctive reggae sounds around; the Pulsebeat is given its character by both the brawny organ work of Selwyn Brown and, more than anything else, by the decidedly rock-orientated guitar of Basil Gabbidon and lead singer David Hinds. Gabbidon's searing licks in particular sounds at times like Ernie Isley at his best — and there was a bloke who himself copped a lot off Jimi Hendrix.

And the fact that the band are not as impressive vocally as, say, Matumbi or a good many of their JA counterparts is all but lost in a wonderfully dense percussive undergrowth of drums, sticks, blocks, toms and tambourines — not as much of a trademark as they are live, but there all the same.

Meanwhile the eight songs on the record should be well recognisable to any of you who have caught the Handsworth clan onstage during these last twelve months.

Side one opens with the title track and two more consecutive blinding aces in "Bad Man" and "Soldiers", all in all the three outstanding tracks here.

On "Handsworth Revolution" itself the ardent message is one of optimism and hope. Hope that a change is gonna come and raise the people of the singer's native "dread town" above the injustice of the badlands. It bubbles buoyantly to the chanted climax: *"We will get stronger and we shall conquer/ And forward ever and backward never/ Revo-Revo-Revolution."* "Bad Man", on the other hand, stands alongside The Clash's "English Civil War" and Costello's "Night Rally" — a powerful warning of impending conflict:

"Tomorrow is too late to leave town/If you're still here at noon/There'll be one big big big showdown."

The accapella section towards the end features melodies unashamedly lifted from two early Marley songs with "Nice Time"(?) segueing into "One Love" — a veiled but effective tribute. Better still, however, is "Soldiers", on one hand a heartfelt assertion of black rights, but at the same time a pained outcry against the atrocities of war: *"Is there a need for war? . . Bodies in mutilated condition/Faces scarred beyond recognition/Is this what civilization means to me/Then without it I'd rather be".*

Set against a simple yet striking melody and a magical minor chord change in a middle eight that will surely sweep you all off yer pegs in its orgasmic splendour, this provides the platter's most moving moment. Elsewhere there's the sloppy "Soundcheck", the frisky "Makka Spliff" (far superior to the dreary cut on Virgin's Electric Circus album), some neat flamenco guitar on "Prediction" and, of course, "Ku Klux Klan", still sounding like one of this year's most worthwhile singles.

For subversive music, it's all commercial enough to worm its way onto Radio One and disco turntables, which is great.

Just check their soul and suss them out — I find myself constantly flipping back to those three killer tracks on the opening side: pure rebel music. And with more young blacks — as well as young whites — becoming actively involved in organising the fight against racism and fascism on their own doorstep, Steel Pulse have their finger firmly on the mood of a generation.

Feeling high, high, high.

Adrian Thrills

Specimens before treatment . . .

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band — Soundtrack (A&M)

TO CAPITALISE on the commercial success of his controversial 'epic' production of "Tommy", the late Lou Reizner retained the same formula and commenced recording "Sergeant Pepper" with both the LSO and The Bee Gees as principal performers.

For reasons which I never discovered, the almost-completed "Pepper" project was temporarily postponed before being expanded into the overblown "All This And World War Two" monstrosity. Actually, apart from duplicating 18 titles, this new double-decker isn't dissimilar to Reizner's concept in that not only does it embrace a vast portion of "Pepper", but also large segments of "Abbey Road". The only other common denominator is that both ventures are prize turkeys.

Precisely why Barry, Maurice and Robin Gibbperson have allowed themselves to be coerced into participating in such an abysmal charade is beyond me. Where's the logic, especially when one remembers that, at the very beginning of their career, The Bee Gees had to fend off accusations of being nothing more than a nasal surrogate Beatles?

The problem is further aggravated by the common knowledge that, during The Bee Gees' pre-"New York Mining Disaster" period, they had regularly cloned Lennon and McCartney compositions. The real irony of this dreadful exercise is that, having long since shaken off the Beatles' mantle, they should choose to return to square one and team up with Frankie Avalon, oops, I mean Peter Frampton, to pass themselves off as a pale imitation of The Fab Four. Four they may well be in number, but Fab they're not. Instead of manifesting themselves as John, Paul, George & Ringo, all four emerge as Pete Best.

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With George Martin (arranger / producer) and Geoff Emerick (engineer) adhering to the innovative blueprints which they originally helped to design, no conscious attempt is made to either restructure the original format or approach it from a different angle. As a result, the individual performers (with the exception of Bee Gees' solo shots) are totally bereft of any real empathy or commitment.

For example, "Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds" is devoid of the psychedelic surrealism which transformed Lennon's original into a youth anthem; Dianne Steinberg and Stargaard dilute it into a supper-club singalong. "I Want You (She's So Heavy)" lacks the tortuous tension of this agonising plea, whilst Aerosmith's stab at "Come Together"'s exaltation of simultaneous orgasm possesses all the eroticism of a budget-priced supermarket cover job.

It sucks and that's it. Not only does it dissipate the magic of The Beatles but renders it fit only for consumption by Las Vegas lounge bar audiences with nothing more than a passing interest in popular music of any persuasion. And to think we fought the psychedelic wars for this! *(Did we, Roy?—Ed.)*

Roy Carr

No Money Back Guarantee!!!

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Grease (RSO)

"DEODORANT" WOULD be a better title for this sanitised distortion of the '50's. That was, after all, the decade when rock'n'roll was invented, but you'd be hard pressed to realise that from this tedious double set.

. . . And after.

Essentially, "Grease" is no more than a staid Broadway musical of an old-fashioned sort. The music from the show has very little to do with rock, and much more to do with satisfying the original conservative theatre audiences. Now, of course, it's been turned into another multi-million dollar earner for the Stigwood Organisation.

Reports from America suggest that the film, starring John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John, is something of a turkey, but doing the same sort of business as *Saturday Night Fever* despite that. This soundtrack album is said to be out-selling the "Fever" set over there, and it's already in the British charts.

If you like "You're The One That I Want", which has been the number one single here for weeks, then you'll love the rest of the songs from the original show. They're exactly in the same limp mould. What's most distressing, though, is the involvement of a band with a reputation for handling '50's music in the spirit with which it was written.

Sha Na Na perform six of the songs here — five classics from their repertoire, including "Blue Moon" and "Rock'n'Roll Is Here To Stay", and one song from the show. Alas, they sound thoroughly enervated and lacklustre, as though they no longer believe in what they're doing. Maybe the commercial weight of the enterprise proved too much of a burden.

There's a clue here that someone twigged how shaky the "Grease" music really was, and attempted a remedy. Barry Gibb from The Bee Gees was drafted in to write a new title track, and the great Frankie Valli co-opted to sing it.

Sadly, it's no more convincing than Sha Na Na's efforts. Still, Gibb has lent his name to the project, and that should help move the units. Particularly as Gibb's the only person to get writing and production credits on the back of the sleeve. It's only when you spot the tiny asterisk that you realise he was involved with only the one song. A bit naughty, that.

Bob Edmands

BUDDY GUY
Hot And Cool (Vanguard)
FENTON ROBINSON
I Hear Some Blues Downstairs (Sonet)
OTIS SPANN
Cryin' Time (Sonet)
OTIS RUSH
Troubles Troubles (Sonet)

THANK GOD IT'S THURSDAY

Buddy Guy & Junior Wells

Before The Heat, Before The Fever,
COME THE BLUES

AFTER THE drought, the deluge. Buddy Guy, Junior Wells, Koko Taylor, the Chicago Allstars and Etta James are all either in town or have just departed: the memory of Muddy Waters' last UK appearance is still fresh and vibrant (as is the man himself) and it's just been announced that B.B. King is on his way back.

Meanwhile, a few record companies are still pumping out blues albums of all shades and intensities. Apart from Peter Shertser's indefatigable Red Lightnin' label, Pye are firking around in the Vanguard catalogue and Sonet are channelling the products of such labels as Alligator, Rounder and Nashboro into our record stores. This takes a certain amount of courage, as there are few recorded instances of people getting killed or injured in the rush to purchase blues albums these days.

"Hot And Cool" is a compilation of '60s material recorded after Buddy cut loose from Chess, and is a more than fair cross-section of his skills as a guitarist, singer and showman. The "hot" side is live, and catches him on a hot night in Berkeley backed up by a tight rhythm section and a blazing brass section as he works his way through fast and slow blues, a devastating version of "Fever" and a sweaty, tuff-enuff soul boogaloo version of "24 Hours Of The Day".

On the "cool" side, we get a smorgasbord of slow blues, with the late Otis Spann's rolling, pounding piano virtually stealing the show on three of the four tracks. "Cool" is something of a misnomer, however, since Buddy Guy is *always* hot, whatever the tempo. He is one of the most exciting of all bluesmen and plays the most violent guitar imaginable. Guy's trademark is the cluster of hail-throttled, hail-screaming clusters of upper-register notes, the graphic depiction of almost ungovernable degrees of emotion held imperfectly in check and periodically erupting. His singing carries the same feeling of suppressed violence, alternately low and menacing and psychotically squawking.

In the absence of new recordings of Buddy and his teammate Junior Wells (it is unbelievable, but sadly true, that the duo have made only two albums in this decade, one of which was an inappropriate and almost wholly misconceived acoustic album, and that they are currently without a record deal), "Hot And Cool" is a more than welcome recording. It is to be hoped that Hammersmith hasn't smothered interest in this most charismatic of younger bluesmen.

It is possible that what has kept Guy from achieving success commensurate with his musical and historical stature is the idiomatic purity of his blues. Fenton Robinson, like Albert King and B.B. King, has skilfully blended all the essential virtues of blues vocal and guitar styles with an urbanity and awareness of current tastes in black music that keep his records selling outside the strict confines of the blues audience (older blacks and young whites).

"I Hear Some Blues Downstairs" pits his smooth, mellifluous vocals and deft, jazzy guitar against the intelligent horn charts and snappy soul rhythms. The witty title track and the simultaneously danceable and emotional "I'm So Tired" could almost build their own with the more open-minded constituencies within the disco crowd. I can't quite see John Trevira going through his well-drilled paces to it, but that, one hopes, isn't everything. "I Hear Some Blues Downstairs" is modern blues in the best sense of the term.

As B.B. King is to blues guitar, so the late Otis Spann was to the piano. Unlike King, however, Spann functioned principally as an accompanist — most notably to his half-brother Muddy Waters, most of whose classic records were graced by Spann's incomparable piano. Regrettably, he was less than prolific as a solo artist, which makes "Cryin' Time" all the more disappointing.

Spann is a few notches below his towering top form, which is no hardship in itself, since even on an off night he was still leagues above what most other blues pianists could ever hope to be, but the fly in the ointment is the presence of Barry Melton, then of Country Joe and The Fish, on lead guitar. The album was cut in '68, and presumably producer Sam Charters — then also producing The Fish — considered that Melton's presence would help sell the album to white rock fans. Either that or Charters included Melton on the session as a favour.

It was certainly no favour to Spann or to the listener, unfortunately, as Melton's half-assed psychedelicisms and Buddy Guy cops verge on the offensive and seriously impair enjoyment of what is otherwise a commendable album. Spann's finest achievement was the ABC Bluesway album "The Bottom Of The Blues", cut that same year with the Muddy Waters band (including Muddy on guitar), but since Anchor, ABC's distributors, have little interest in exploiting their considerable back blues catalogue, "Cryin' Time" will serve for the time being.

Another artist who has been severely under-recorded throughout the years has been guitarist Otis Rush, at one time one of the finest and fiercest of West Side bluesmen. Best known for his Chess single "So Many Roads" (one of the most intense and scarifying performances ever cut in the Windy City) and for covers of his early material like "Double Trouble", "All Your Love" and "I Can't Quit You, Baby" by the likes of John Mayall and Led Zeppelin a decade or more ago, Rush's recorded legacy consists of "This One's A Good 'Un" (a Blue Horizon collection of his work for the Cobra label), "Door To Door" (a compilation of Chess material shared by Rush and Albert King) and "Mourning In The Morning" (a rather uncomfortable Atlantic album produced by Michael Bloomfield and Nick Gravenites which teams him with Muscle Shoals sidemen). Sadly, "Troubles Troubles" is little more than a comfortable, competent album of mainstream Chicago blues.

Unlike white rock and roll, where success and acceptance is what often dulls the creative edge, the bluesman's worst enemy is neglect and indifference.

Charles Shaar Murray

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VINYL CAMP—

Qu'est-ce Que C'est?

PLASTIC BERTRAND
An I (Sire)
PATRICK JUVET
Got A Feeling (Casablanca)
SAILOR
Greatest Hits (Epic)

NO DOUBT everyone else will think the pea-brained Plastic Bertrand terrifically fash, but I'm almost sure that this is the most irritating record I've been subjected to in my short life.

"Ca Plane Pour Moi" was a wheeze until a person heard Elton Motello's "Jet Boy, Jet Girl", rendering Plastic totally redundant. But the album isn't even up to *that* single's poor standard. For what it's like, hear Bertrand's follow-up "Sha La La La Lee" on the radio. That's what a disaster he is: he can make Small Faces songs sound as if they came straight from the undistinguished pens of Deprijck and Lacombiez, authors of such wacky japes as "Dance Dance", "Pognon Pognon" and "Wha! Wha!". Take what Bert has done to "Sha La La La Lee", invent ten titles, turn the beat around ten times and you have one expensive, disgustingly disposable Sire joke.

Plastic Bertrand is a younger, dumber Singing Nun, whose shoddy synthetic aesthetic is no more than a hook on which to hang his transparent lack of humour, talent and selling-power. This record is too fast and Bertrand is too slow — speeding so he won't seem uninspired, singing in French so no one can understand how bland he is.

He could well teach Patrick Juvet a thing or two. Patrick is Casablanca's lastest disco protege, whom they sincerely hope will shift a lot of units.

He's another hideous, heavily-painted French blond coiffed like a Heavy Metaller, dressed in punk leather, track shoes round his neck — and sings like a seedy Bee Gee. And even his split personalities have schizophrenia!

He had a French hit record with one of the three tracks on side one called "Where Is My Woman?", but I reckon women are the last thing on this chappie's mind. The album is produced by shrill mentor of The Village People, Jacques "Macho Man" Morali, and the sleeve is aimed squarely at the groin of the masochistic (male) homosexual disco audience — which is *always* a pushover.

I doubt if the most nit-picking disco dilletante could find anything toe-teppingly perverse about side one, but side two's sole 14-minute saga "I Love America" should be divinely sociological and sick enough for all you discintellectuals to do a stoned shuffle to, ha ha. Had it been played when I was a dancer we would have stared blankly into space and sat it out till The O'Jays came round again, but then all this white disco is put out for middle-class oldsters to feel decadent to, not for working-class kids to dance to. That's still black.

"I Love America" is about what fun American nights are if you've got a life full of limos waiting outside one club to drive you to the next *ad infinitum*; all the old familiar stuff that the kid in the street can really relate to. I daresay they'll have a wild, weird, gloriously inhumane time dancing to it down Studio 54 but if YOU want to hear some REAL disco music buy Evelyn "Champagne" King's "Shame" on RCA, and Taste Of Honey's "Boogie Oogie Oogie" on Capitol and you'll still have a wagonload of money left.

Give Bertrand and Patrick a couple of months and they'll be back in their lonely hovels with a little card in their local newsagent's window advertising French lessons.

Victims of camp, you're not so far apart . . . when even first-rate jokes like Sparks ended up as relevant as a coil in a convent, how could Sailor hope to survive? The best second-division camp joke of the 70's, in their year — '75 to '76 — they made much more money, were much more funny and much more famous than Bertrand and Juvet will ever be.

Here you get three pre-hits, six hits — "Traffic Jam", "Girls Girls Girls", "One Drink Too Many", "A Glass Of Champagne", "All I Need Is A Girl" and "Stiletto Heels" — and five *apres* hits. They were never anything more than a novelty band, but for a while they had big enough hits to pretend that their humour wouldn't eventually bury them.

Like capitalism, Sailor carried the seeds of their own destruction; that name, that nickelodeon, those pullovers.

Goodbye, sailors.

Julie Burchill

UFO
Obsession (Chrysalis)

PEOPLE WITHOUT blotting paper or thin air between their ears who've had the misfortune to see the band live will doubtless regard the release of another UFO LP as an event they can well ignore.

For many of us, UFO are embarrassingly old hat and monumentally cliche ridden. The fall-out of dandruff at their gigs causes snowdrifts almost as high as the brass they're coining for being so hugely successful.

UFO are one of the few remaining Heavy Metal bands and, once away from the hedonistic terrain of the concert hall, make albums that are euphemistically called "artistic statements". This time out the ghost of Free painfully collides with the corpse of Queen; you can, I'm sure, well imagine the kind of production required for these redundant riffs.

Phil Mogg is the stereo-type HM vocalist — knackers trapped in a mousetrap and you're never sure whether he's impassioned or in pain. Meanwhile, errant guitarist Michael Schenker squirts squealing lines through the eye of a needle, rarely showing any degree of restraint apart from on the 'medieval' acoustic instrumental, "Arbory Hill", and when he's directed to a parking lot and told to play through a megaphone on the reprise of "Lookin' Out For No. 1".

Not even as good as their "Lights Out" set — and that's the obvious paradox of their sudden success.

Tony Stewart

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NO STAR

BIG STAR
The Third Album (Aura)

THREE YEARS on and the "Third Album" still sounds lacklustre, ultimately both frustrating and depressing, principally owing to leader Alex Chilton's 'downer' period coinciding with its creation.

Recently Max Bell wrote at great length about the album's qualities and, while he pinpointed the blazing sense of despair and melancholy that is at the root of the work, he also argued persuasively that the set presented a worthwhile perspective on those twin emotions and that it was in essence a suitably evocative postscript to Big Star's first two recordings.

The sole reason for this review however resides in my simple but devout contention that this album isn't what Max claimed at all — that in fact it is Chilton undeniably out on the edge but, unlike others who've found themselves in the abyss and detailed the experience, the man has no real understanding of his hapless circumstances whatsoever and chooses instead to wallow self-indulgently in the pit, dragging his music down with him.

When Chilton was involved with the first two Big Star albums, the forthcoming music was almost always intoxicatingly melodious, even when it dealt with neurosis. This third chapter is particularly saddening because it has Chilton either incapable or unwilling to construct the stirring melodies and taut rock action of his work on "Radio City". Instead he lets everything fall to pieces. Thus one has to put up with Chilton's ugly and squalid paean to quaaludes in "Downs" — which sounds just like what it is: a musician totally over the top and making an extremely unpleasant spectacle of himself. Similarly "Holocaust", a funereally paced dirge of despair, is nothing more than unbearably unbearable.

Only on two occasions does Chilton attempt to grasp hold of his once devastating talents. "Thank You Friends" has a bracing chord progression; Chilton seems positive although his lyrics and vocals smack of leering condescension in places. "Stroke It Noel", replete with string section, finds Chilton vamping through an agreeably tuneful piece which slips in and out of homage to Bobby Freeman's immortal "Do You Wanna Dance". Both efforts at least remind me that Chilton can write songs of stature under the right circumstances.

Otherwise, like its creator, this album sounds like a mess — a mess that all Chilton's subsequent solo work has only helped perpetuate. It scarcely deserves to be released at all as it does a mighty disservice and, I can only imagine, will repel those attracted to the band by the first two sets. What once bore all the fine traits of strong, emotive rock action no way deserves to be spotlit at this stage by the latterday sloppy, maudlin self-indulgence of the group's wasted leader.

Nick Kent

IMPORTS

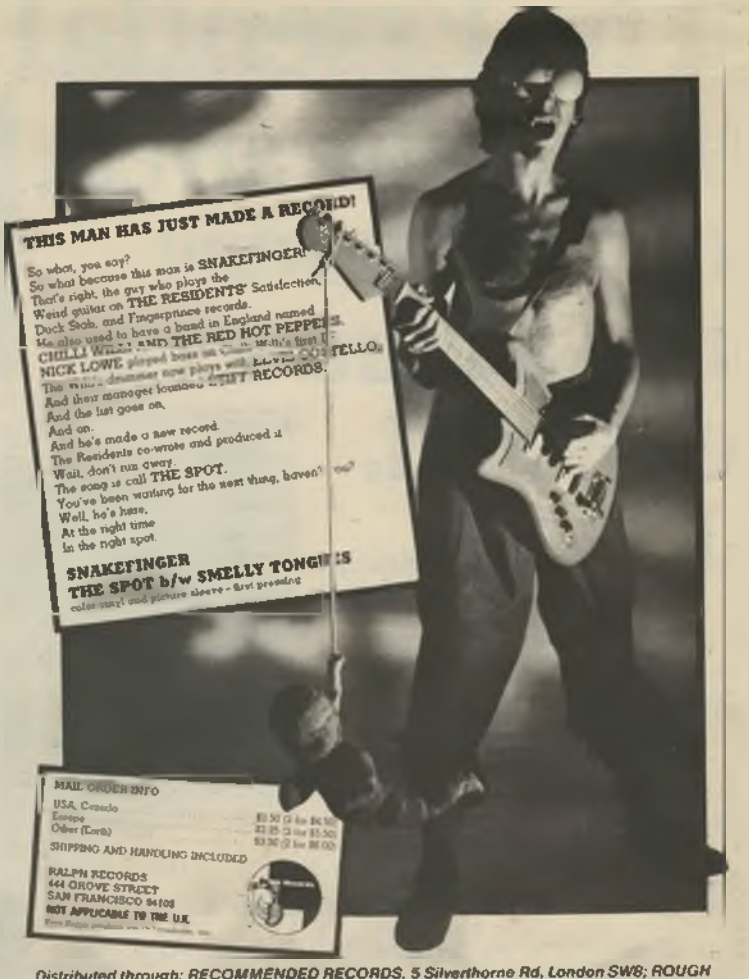
NO DOUBT about *Bonnie Koloc* being eclectic. Along the way I've seen her described as a jazz singer, a folkie and a country chanteuse. And now, six years on since Decca released her first Ovation album over here, Bonnie, a one-time bar singer in Chicago's Old Town area, remains as un-pin-downable as ever.

Apart from "Lie Down Beside Me", a good ease-on-down chunk of '40s nostalgia that could make a single, I wouldn't give a confederate dollar for the chances of "Wild And Reckse" (Epic). But then, how often have sales figures been a guide to musical values?

Whether singer-songwriter *Bim's* wares are of any real musical value I really wouldn't know as I haven't yet had an opportunity to tune into "Thistles", his debut Elektra album. And while I'm on the subject of lower case names on record sleeves, I note that the moniker of accredited Grace Slick stand-in Mary Balin is listed as "director" on *"Jesse Barish"* (RCA), an album by the singer who has contributed a sonnet or two to recent Starship enterprises.

Both *Johnny Winter's* "White Hot And Blue" (Blue Sky) and *The Dictators'* "Blood Brothers" (Elektra) are scheduled for a speedy release on home-pressed vinyl and therefore are not worth more than a name-check here — but there could be more delay with the release of *Shel Silverstein's* "Songs And Stories" (Parachute), which comes in a sleeve depicting Playboy's answer to Isaac Hayes laying on a bed having apparently just read the life of Machiavelli (thinks — could there be something of deep significance here?).

Fred Dellar



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JAZZ

"Maybe in 20 years the public'll give me credit." LEROY JENKINS: pic, VALERIE WILMER.

By BRIAN CASE

THIS YEAR'S Bracknell Jazz Festival hop-skip-and-jumped in and out the thunderstorms, packing the cats under canvas until there wasn't room to swing a boy scout. On stage, the music was as diverse as handwriting.

There was Ornette, the sharp jig of his alto bounding off the rubbery repetitive near Near-Eastern backdrop of guitars and drums while the rain pelted against the marquee. There was dapper and dynamic David Murray, solo tenor, sprinting inside a circle of microphones, stirring a stew of sonics to extremis while making occasional and delicate adjustments to the hang of his jacket.

And lastly, closer and clincher, Leroy Jenkins the violinist sent melodies streaming and shivering across that button-mushroom field of berets to unravel somewhere among the drenched trees and steeples of rustic Bucks.

Leroy talked to me at his hotel in Ascot. A small, slightly-built, volatile and voluble man, he resembles a mandarin. The Revolutionary Ensemble, a co-operative trio of Leroy, bassist Sirone and percussionist Jerome Cooper, broke up last October after seven years, and the trio that Leroy fielded at the festival comprised the fast-rising pianist Anthony Davis and veteran AACM drummer Thurman Barker.

Leroy Jenkins and Bo Diddley started out together studying violin under O. W. Fredrick back in Chicago. Their paths separated, and then some. Leroy's chosen instrument has laid him open to accusations of European classicism from some of the wilder critics.

"I don't think I'm European at all. I listen to the European players, and they don't sound like me and I don't sound like them. There's no comparison. Of course I'm classically-trained — I mean, gypsy violinists, these violin players playing on the street, man, they're ALL classically trained. Nobody went any further to find out that all the teachers I studied under were black except one, and we didn't go along too well because he wanted to change my thing."

With Leroy, you don't ask questions so much as light the blue touch paper and retire. Anguish and pain, racialism's legacy, poke through his conversation like bone fragments, raw and recent . . .

Had he consciously tried to strip the violin of its straight connotations?

"At one time I did. Not now. I don't think I stripped that much. I just started to invent new ways of bringing out what I wanted to do. I had to develop a new technique, and in the process maybe I did lose some of the classical things.

"I don't think I ever reached the stature in that field of, say, Isaac Perlman — I never got up to that level in classical violin. I studied for years and went through a lot of repertoire, but I never really became a professional or made any money at it until I joined the AACM.

"When I graduated from college I was a string major, but in order to pay my tuition I had to play bassoon in a concert orchestra, and I played saxophone to get my extra money. The violin, all I did was study it. That's the way it was.

"I was playing R&B on one hand, and Bach and Beethoven with the orchestra — I was like a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, you know. I was split for such a long time it sorta retarded my jazz progress."

After college, Leroy taught music in Mobile, Alabama for four years. He gave a classical violin recital before 6,000 teachers which was well-received, but a similar project sponsored by a black organisation failed to attract the black community. After that, Leroy taught in the day and gigged at night playing Hard-Bop in the taverns.

"I was a complete flop as a teacher. The only reason they kept me was because I was a sorta status thing down South — I was one of the few blacks playing violin, and they kinda used that. They didn't care their kids were getting under-educated. I could've stayed there and shucked if I'd wanted to.

"I'm 46. Everything was always late. I mean, I was involved in narcotics for a long time which wasn't anything rare because most black guys my age were involved in it. It was a plague. I compare it to the Jewish holocaust of Germany — you know, how they exterminated the Jews? That's how I equate the dope in our communities in America.

"They don't publicize that, but they put the dope in, they killed off a whole generation. I'm lucky. It took me quite some while to get over that because I'd used it most of my life. I started using it at 16, and then on and off till I was, shit, 29, 30. I mean, I never faced the problem.

"Chicago was my nemesis. That's the place I always had to stay away from, Chicago. I was coming back to Chicago from Mobile when I met the AACM. I thought I could go back and be straight, right. My life changed with the AACM, because I was the only one — nobody in the AACM used dope. I was a closet dope fiend — you'd know it if you looked at me hard, which I think most of them did after a little while. They were against it, but in the ghetto, man, if a cat can hold it on, most people say that's all right. I was so lucky. If it hadn't have been for music, I'd probably have gone down the drain."

Between 1965-69, Leroy devoted himself to Muhal Richard Abrams' Association For The Advancement Of Creative Musicians, composing, teaching and playing with the cats. He made his recording debut for Bob Koester's Delmark label, on Anthony Braxton's "Three Compositions Of New Jazz" and Muhal's "Levels And Degrees Of Light".

"I really got loose when I went on the international scene with Braxton and Leo Smith — we went to Paris in 1969, and then I was really off of it. They didn't have anything to do with dope at all because they came up in another era. I felt like if I'm gonna measure up to these cats, dope is a liability. I guess I used my problem to try and build character in a way — all the people who escaped the holocaust are like that. It's the mentality that they accumulate. It's a survival thing, you know. You say, Oh man — you're JUMPIN' outa here! And that's what I've been doing. I got in the habit of running early."

Leroy showed me his arm. "There look — I got my scars just like those Jews had their numbers. I've been clean for 10 years."

Didn't he find it tragic that — having established standards of self-reliance, experimentation and a clean scene — AACM music pulled a mainly white audience?

"It's very upsetting," said Leroy, "but I understand what it is. It's like now they've taken the dope out, they've taken the music out. The blacks have been thought of for so long as the heel of the people of the world — everyone looks down on blacks, or tries to — so there's always something they'll try to do.

"For instance, so-called jazz became a commodity so big that Miles couldn't appear at the local places he useta play, and the whites didn't wanna come to the black neighbourhood. They didn't wanna be bringing the economy to the black community. They took it away for their own satisfaction, and as a result, the younger blacks didn't know what was happening. They didn't think it was hip anymore.

"I mean, we're not respected amongst blacks like Pres was. It started getting away around the time of Charlie Parker, but then I read an article where Roy Eldridge said he's never had a black audience.

"All the AACM guys are in New York. Trying to make Chicago the centre didn't work, that's why I don't think it really succeeded in what we were trying to do. To have some kinda monument to it there — we don't have nothing. We didn't leave anything.

"We had a so-called revolution in America, and we found out that we could go just so far, but when the shit got too far, they just stamped us down. They snuffed out the revolution. The whites went through a lotta civil rights moves because they felt a little guilty, but now they're coming back even nastier, and saying, This is the way it is — take it or leave it.

"Harlem now is in worse shape than ever. Harlem, Chicago, Detroit — all the black communities are like they've been bombed out. You think that's by chance?

"All of us are waiting for them to do something for us. It permeates throughout the whole race. They're not gonna do it. You SEE what they'll do for us — they'll do us IN. Our strong point is we're innovators — I mean, we HAFTA be innovators, we hafta carve in new things in order to survive. As a result of that, we excel in the arts.

"After a while, they're gonna take over the music I'm doing. It's like that's how it's been going on for centuries, there's nothing we can do about it really. The thing is to realize the shit and get as much out of it as they do. That's where the trick is, because nobody's gonna do nothing. How can we expect mercy when most people don't even have mercy among their own race, their own family?

"Throw your hat in the ring, my man — that's what I say. That's my new philosophy and I guess that's my age. I used to be very idealistic, oh my God... but reality has wiped it all out of me. I'm not talking Black Power, I'm talking music. I'm not putting down the Black Movement — we got a lot out of it — but now the world is so fragmented. That's what the music's about. We predicted it!

"When Ornette and Cecil came in, they predicted it. They were ahead of their time like all musicians. I expect to pay the price I'm paying. I figure, what the hell, this music I'm playing isn't for the average dondo, he's not gonna track it. Maybe in 20 years when I'm an old man, then the public'll give me credit, but in the meantime most of the people I'm dealing with are professional listeners. That's where my audience is."

Leroy got up to get me an ashtray — my main contribution here, smoking — and came back with his palm lifted. "I'd like to make a statement. Since I've been here in Europe, there's a big nationalistic thing going down with most European musicians. Free Music, right? I think nationalism is blinding them. Right now, the innovative music isn't coming from nowhere in Europe — it's coming from America. For the last 40 years it's been coming from the black American. It's just our period now.

"I've always felt a little bad about having to be so possessive with those terms like Great Black Music. I felt it was a little braggarty to say that, but it's true. There's no ill-will in it — it's just saying that's what's happening. I listened to Stockhausen, Zanakis. They don't turn me on. I admire Glass, Reich and Riley, but nothing's happening except repetition, and to play repetition the melody has to be super-strong.

"I do this, say this to keep my head clear," said Leroy, with the weight and gravity of a man concluding his will.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

Anthony Braxton, "Three Compositions Of New Jazz" (Delmark); Muhal Richard Abrams, "Levels & Degrees Of Light" (Delmark); Archie Shepp, "The Way Ahead" (Impulse); Alice Coltrane, "Universal Consciousness" (Impulse); Creative Construction Company (Muse); Leroy Jenkins and The Jazz Composers Orchestra, "For Players Only" (JCOA); Leroy Jenkins, "Solo Concert" (India Navigation); The Revolutionary Ensemble, "Vietnam 1 & 2" (ESP), "Manhattan Cycles" (India Navigation), "The Psycho" (RE Records), "The People's Republic" (A&M), "166 = 1TIC" (Enja); Rashied Ali & Leroy Jenkins, "Seeds Are The Words Of Life" (Survival).

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BRIAN B. would like to congratulate his adversary, FRANK LAMB, on his new baby daughter NATALIE, which was produced on Tuesday by his wonderful and beautiful wife BERNADETTE. Although slightly on the heavy side (taking after her Father already), BRIAN B thinks that the youngster is a fine example of Human extravaganza. Ring BRIAN B on 01-261 6153 to congratulate his congratulations.

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Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

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No.1 on the folk scene: Cambridge Festival is here again

There's more than just traditional folk at Cambridge, though the purists are well catered for by DAVE SWARBRICK (left) and many others. But the organisers have tried to attract a wider range of tastes by lining up such popular artists as RICHIE HAVENS (right) and BILLY CONNOLLY (far right).

THERE ARE more festivals in Britain than all the rest of the open-air music events put together. But the really big one, as far as folk enthusiasts are concerned, is always the Cambridge Festival. It crops up unfailingly each year, and is virtually the Reading of the folk world. This year's event is the 14th to be staged in the grounds of Cherry Hinton Hall, and it assumes a new importance with the cancellation of next weekend's proposed Wakes Festival. It begins on Friday and runs for three days, and weekend tickets are still available at £6 each, plus 20p for camping. Or if you don't fancy staying overnight, you can go along for a day's outing on Sunday for £3.50. There are literally dozens of groups and soloists appearing, to maintain the tradition that there's never a dull moment at Cambridge.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

BIRMINGHAM Barbarellas: BEACON RADIO ROAD SHOW (for three days)
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Small Heath The Sydenham: MODEL MANIA
BRISTOL Granary: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE
CHELTENHAM Whincheombe Youth Centre: BANNANA MOON
EASTBOURNE Gold Room: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
EASTWOOD Sibley Bolt: RACE AGAINST TIME
EXETER Timepiece: JAH MOLE
GLASGOW Maggi: ZHAIN
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
ILFORD The Cranbrook: JERRY THE FERRET
LEEDS Viva's Wine Bar: BLACK CAT YARD
LINCOLN A. J.'s Club: THE WHIZZ KIDS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: SPIDER
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: PANTIES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE BOYFRIENDS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE CLASH/ SUICIDE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: WARM JETS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: SOME CHICKEN
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: WHITE CATS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: BILBO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STAR JETS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: 999
LONDON KILBURN The National: CLANNAD/DAN CRARY
LONDON Marquee Club: THE ADVERTS
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: CULTURE
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH Trafalgar: JOKER
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: FINGERPRINTZ
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE EXTRAS
MIDDLESBROUGH Marimba Club: FRINGE BENEFIT for three days
NEW BRIGHTON Grand Hotel: BODY
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
OLDHAM Pennine Lounge: SEPTIMUS S.F.W./GREMLIN
PAISLEY Three Horseshoes: CHARLEY BROWNE
PLYMOUTH Metro: WHIRLWIND
POYNTON Folk Centre: TOM SHEPLEY'S BAND
READING Target Club: SAMSON
ROCHESTER Nag Head: HOTLINE
RYDE Isle of Wight Carousel Ballroom: THE MOTORS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE SMIRKS
SKEGNESS Festival Pavilion: GUYS 'N' DOLLS
SWANSEA Circles Club: THE INVADERS
THORNABY The Club: SON OF A BITCH
WORCESTER Hideaway Club: CO-CO
YEOVILTON Heron Club: WICKED LADY
YORK Munster Bar: THE MEKON

Friday

BELFAST The Pond: ADVERTISING
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: BAD EARTH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Selly Oak Bournbrook: MODEL MANIA
BRADFORD Star Hotel: CUT THROAT JAKE
CAMBRIDGE Folk Festival at Cherry Hinton Hall: BILLY CONNOLLY / RICHIE HAVENS / TOM PAXTON / DAVE SWARBRICK / THE McCALMANS / FIVE HAND REEL / STEFAN GROSSMAN & JOHN RENBOURN / MUCKRAM WAKES / NA FILI / FRED WEDLOCK etc (for three days)
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE MOTORS
CHESTERFIELD Brimington Tavern: RACE AGAINST TIME
DONCASTER Stainforth Club: STRANGE DAYS
EXETER Timepiece: SKYRIDER
ILFORD The Cranbrook: JERRY THE FERRET
KINGHORN Cuzzie Nook: CHARLEY BROWNE
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: THE LATE SHOW
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: BOB FOX & STU LUCKLEY
LEEDS Compton Arms: SALFORD JETS
LEEDS Viva's Wine Bar: DEADRINGER
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: THE ACCELERATORS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE FALL
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RACING CARS
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JOANNE MACKELL / DEADRINGER
LONDON EDMONTON Picketts Lock: MATCHBOX
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: PHIL RAMBOW
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: WHITE CATS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: 999
LONDON Marquee Club: CHELSEA
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: CULTURE
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FUNKTION
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: CRAZY CAVAN'N'THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: PRESSURE SHOCKS
LONDON W.9 Factory Club: MISTY
LONDN W.10 Ackham Hall: LIGHT OF THE WORLD / RITUAL / BASEMENT BAND
MANCHESTER The Factory: SUICIDE / THE ACTORS / JOY DIVISION
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: SORE THROAT
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: MARSHALL HALL EXPERIENCE
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: STEVE BROWN BAND
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: JUGGERNAUT
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Megalomania at the Sandpiper: THE LURKES/THE TWO TIMERS
OXFORD Corn Dolly: SAMSON
OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: DIAL 192 / KEN LIVERSAUSAGE BAND
PLYMOUTH Metro: THE REZILLOS / THE MEKON
PORTHCAWL Stoneleigh Club: GUYS'N'DOLLS
RETFORD Porterhouse: JENNY DARREN BAND
SANDWICH Admiral Owen: RIGHT HAND BAND
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: JOHNNY MOPED
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: MUSCLES / THE NEXT BAND
STEVENAGE The Swan: ROGER THE CAT
SUTTON COLDFIELD Mariners Club: THE UTENSILS
TAIN Duthec Centre: IGNATZ
TORQUAY 400 Club: WICKED LADY
WALLASEY St. Mary's Hall: SPIDER
WHITEHILL Royal Oak: PTARMIGAN
WORCESTER Hideaway Club: CO-CO

Saturday

ASCOT Club of Youth: ZOUNDS
AYLESBURY Friars: THE MOTORS
BELFAST The Pound: ADVERTISING
BIRKENHEAD Rascals: SPIDER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: NEIL LEWIS
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cock. MODEL MANIA
BRIGHTON Alhambra: DANDIES
BRISTOL Granary: BUSTER JAMES
CAMBRIDGE Folk Festival: See under Friday
CARSHALTON St. Helier Arms: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
CORBY Shaft's: RAY KING BAND
CROYDON Red Deer: DESPERATE STRAITS
DERBY Spondon Wood Farm: STRANGE DAYS
DEVIZES Corn Exchange: THE SMIRKS
DINGWALL Town Hall: IGNATZ
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE YOUNG BUCKS
GALASHIELS Privateer: CHARLEY BROWNE
GOOLE Station Hotel: THE VOID
HARLOW Spartiers Town Park: HOTLINE
HILLINGDON Sports & Social Club: THE INJECTIONS
KINGSTON The Grove: RAISED ON ROBBERY
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: STEVE BROWN BAND
LEEDS Staging Post: THE BOF BAND
LEEDS Viva's Wine Bar: JAILER
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Leighton Youth Centre: GNASHER/CONVENT NUNS
LETCHWORTH Pelican Club: MATCHBOX
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: THE RICH KIDS/THE WHIZZ KIDS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: SUICIDE
LIVERPOOL Le Metro: THE EDDYS
LIVERPOOL Shipperies: JUGGERNAUT
LONDON CAMDEN Electric Ballroom. THE GREEDIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RAMROD/CHINA STREET
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: WHITE CATS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: DOGWATCH
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SORE THROAT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RAMBOW
LONDON HAMPSTEAD E.G.A. Studios: BLACK SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: SOUNDER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: 999/SOME CHICKEN
LONDON LADBROKE GROVE St. Mark's Park: MISTY
LONDON Marquee Club: STRIPS
LONDON SOUTHALL Hambro' Tavern: ROGER THE CAT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: PRESSURE SHOCKS
LONDON Upstream Theatre: FISH CO.
LONGSDON Rowley Gate: RAY KING BAND
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: THE REZILLOS/THE MEKON
MATLOCK Black Rocks: RACE AGAINST TIME
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE LATE SHOW
MILTON KEYNES Navigation Inn: LEFT HAND DRIVE
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: LITTLE ACRE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BOUND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE DODGERS
NUNEATON 77 Club: SOUL DIRECTION
OLDHAM Grange Arts Centre: SPHERICAL OBJECTS
OLDHAM Tower Club: KRAKATOA
PORTHCAWL Stoneleigh Club: GUYS'N'DOLLS
PORTSMOUTH Sultan Club: WICKED LADY
REDDITCH Tracey's: SALFORD JETS
ROCHESTER Isle of Grain: REBEL
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE NEXT BAND
ST. ALBANS Civ Hall: JENNY DARREN BAND
ST AUSTELL New Cornish Riviera: GOLDIE
WATFORD Red Lion: SAMSON
WHITEHAVEN Cleator Moor Club: LINDA QUINCEY
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS

999, fresh from their European tour with The Stranglers, are playing three charity gigs in London to help One-Parent Families. It's a worthy cause, so give 'em some support at The Nashville on either Thursday, Friday or Saturday . . . and remember that The Rubinoos are back in town for an open-air concert in Regent's Park on Sunday.

Sunday

BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: WICKED LADY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: NEWTOWN NEUROTICS / GANGSTERS / RABBITS
BLACKPOOL Imperial Hotel: CO-CO
BRADFORD Chicago Express: THE KAY RUSSELL SHOW
BRADFORD Royal Standard: EMERGENCY
CAMBRIDGE Folk Festival: See under Friday
CARLISLE Border Terrier: CHARLEY BROWNE
CHESTER Valentino's: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
FRASERBURGH Station Hotel: IGNATZ
GLASGOW Burns Howff: THE DEFT JERKS
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: THE JAM
High Wycombe Nags Head: THE CHEATERS
HUCKNALL Youth Centre: RACE AGAINST TIME
HULL Tiffany's: THE REZILLOS / GANG OF FOUR
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: SALFORD JETS
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: KRAKATOA
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: OVERLORD
LEICESTER Mallory Park: DARTS
LINCOLN Brant Road Club: STRANGE DAYS
LIVERPOOL The Shipperies: BODY
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: HOTLINE
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: ICEBERG
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GENTRY
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: DICK MORRISSEY — JIM MULLEN BAND
LONDON GREENWICH Well Hall Open Theatre: JACK PARNELL / KENNY BAKER / DON LUSHER etc
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: RAMBOW
LONDON Marquee Club: THE BANNED
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Open-Air Theatre: THE RUBINOOS / THE SMIRKS
LONDON S.E.1 Hole In The Wall: THE VIPERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: WHITE CATS
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: MAGAZINE
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
MACCLESFIELD Bears Head: JUGGERNAUT
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: SPHERICAL OBJECTS / PASSAGE
MARGATE Winter Gardens: GUYS'N'ROLLS
NEWPORT Club & Institute: WHIRLWIND
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: ARTFAILURE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: THE EDDY
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: BERNI FLINT
POYNTON Folk Centre: OSSIAN / HARRY OGDEN
READING St Andrew's College: THE ENID
SOUTHEND Shrimpers: THE RECORDS
STOKE Jollees: LOVE MACHINE (U.S.A.) / JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS
TORQUAY Princess Theatre: THE WURZELS.

Monday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: ROGER THE CAT
BRISTOL Crockers: STAR GAZER (for three days)
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD AND THE NYLONS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: THE ACCELERATORS
CLEETONVILLE Queen's Hotel RIGHT HAND BAND
DONCASTER Outlook Club: KRAKATOA
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: SUICIDE
EXETER Routes: THE DODGERS
HULL Scamps: R.B.Q.
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Viva's Wine Bar: JOHN HEDLEY HAGGETT
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: SOUNDER
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE SNEAKS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: VALENTINO/PINUPS/THE DIRECTORS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JAPAN/ WHITE CATS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: KEVIN COYNE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: THE RECORDS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: DESPERATE STRAITS
LONDON PUTNEY Star and Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: DIZZY GILLESPIE QUARTET (for two weeks)
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SHOOTER
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: ADAM AND THE ANTS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: WORLD SERVICE
MANCHESTER Fagin's: CO-CO (for a week)
MARGATE Bowlers Arms: REBEL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
OXFORD Corn Dolly: HOTLINE

CONTINUES OVER . . .

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

ST ALBANS Horn of Plenty: JOKER
SWINTON Duke of Wellington: SALFORD JETS
TORQUAY Town Hall: THE JAM

Tuesday

BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: THE HEAT
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: ROKOTTO
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: RAPED / WURLY BIRDS
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE RICH KIDS
CHESTER Smarties: BUSTER JAMES
CLYDACH Globe Theatre: RACING CARS
EXETER Routes: SCRATCHER
LEEDS 'F' Club: SUICIDE
LEEDS Haddon Hall: OVERLORD
LEEDS Viva's Wine Bar: THE STANCE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: WHITE CATS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: KEVIN COYNE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: ADAM & THE ANTS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: SAMSON
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: BLITZKRIEG BOP
PENZANCE The Garden: THE DODGERS
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: THE JAM
PLYMOUTH Metro: THE ACCELERATORS
SOUTHEND Talk of the South: J.A.L.N. BAND
TORQUAY Town Hall: THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
YORK Munster Bar: THE VOID

THE REZILLOS finally hit the road this weekend, after various delays in their record releases. But everything's sorted out now, and the Scottish band's new album and single are in the shops. They start promoting it at Plymouth (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Hull (Sunday) and Newport (Wednesday), fronted as ever by the delirious Fay Fife who's pictured above.

Wednesday

ARUNDEL Folk Club: RIGHT HAND BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Hall Green The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's Bar: HOT STUFF
BOURNEMOUTH Village Band: THE JAM
CHADWELL HEATH Greyhound: STRIPS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
LEEDS Viva's Wine Bar: THE DENTISTS
LONDON Acton White Hart: WHITE CATS/SATELLITES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: D.K.
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ANGELO PALLADINO
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: KEVIN COYNE
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: DOGWATCH
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: EARTHBOUND
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: THE YOUNG BUCKS
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: THE REZILLOS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: THE DODGERS
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
UXBRIDGE Load of Hay: STEVE ASHLEY
TORQUAY Town Hall: THE RICH KIDS
WORTHING Balmoral Bar: SHORT STORIES

BRIAN B. would also like to thank MARTINE for a wonderful evenings entertainment at the weekend. Dogwatch accessories always stick together!

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and
at THE ROYAL, Worplesdon Rd., Guildford
on Friday, July 28th

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Monday July 31st £1.50
JAPAN
+ White Cats

Tuesday August 1st £1.00
JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
+ Showbiz Kids
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm

Wednesday August 2nd £1.00
PRESSURE SHOCKS
+ Giro
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm

Thursday August 3rd £1.50
GLORIA MUNDI
+ Support

Friday August 4th £2.00
RICH KIDS
+ Support

Tuesday August 8th
STEVE GIBBONS BAND
+ Autographs
Tickets £1.50 in advance from Box Office. £2.00 on door

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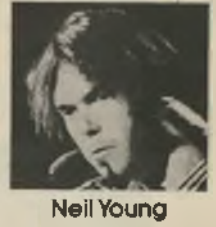
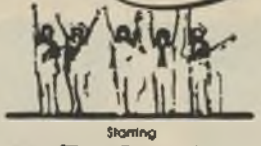

Neil Young

Emmylou Harris



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SEE LOCAL PRESS FOR DETAILS

If you are a bouncing baby or a Dogwatch accessory, or anything of any significance, phone BRIAN on 01 261 6153 & chat about the live page.

STOP PRESS!
14th CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL
TICKETS ARE GOING FAST
and in the interest of crowd comfort WEEKEND TICKET SALES will probably cease at MIDNIGHT ON FRIDAY JULY 28. A limited number of one day tickets will be on sale at 10am Sunday July 30.
BOX OFFICE, Central Library, Lion Yard, Cambridge. Tel: Cambridge 57851.
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THE BASEMENT, SHELTON ST., COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2
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SHOOTER
Tuesday August 1st
PEKOE ORANGE
Wednesday August 2nd
MONOS

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FREE CONCERT WITH
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JOHN DENTON
LIFE IS LOGIC
Refreshments — Licensed bar — Hire boats
Car parking 30p

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Royal Shakespeare Company in Pete Atkin's
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A play with rock music
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FRIDAY AUG. 4. JOHN BULL (CHISWICK)
SPLIT RIVITT
Chiswick High St., W.4.

CULTURAL CONTINUITY

From page 21

natty dread get together; I and I taste this: "but dread, this one eat nice — taste it!" That's Love.

"We all know that no-one is perfect, huh? All have sinned and come short of the glory of God. But nevertheless, we know that it is not right to fight against each other. The slogan — the pledge we make among ourselves — is: we Africans will fight, *but only if it's necessary*. Seen! Like, you'd see two baldheads go in the street and they'd catch a fight and cut up each other. Now, if we ever catch two Rastaman in Jamaica fighting, then we suspend them from the House of Dread for a period of years, to repent."

Ralph: "And trim them, let them grow their locks again."

Joseph: "Right! And let him know himself. Then if he loves Jah, he comes again, he being a fresher plant.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the council of the ungodly, nor standeth in the ways of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful; but I and I and I delight is in the law of the Lord God, Jah Ras Tafari; and in His law do meditate day and night. I and I shall be like the tree planted by the rivers of water and bring forth fruit in due season. I and I locks also shall not wither; but whatever I and I do, it shall prosper through the presence of Jah. The ungodly are not so; but they are like the chaff which the wind driveth away, which means the wages of sin are death . . ."

And the gift of God?

Joseph: "Eternal life, seen! So there's no hiding, there's no shopping around: it's the best way of living. For the animal that is not fit, is not fit to be eaten; and within the time of Lent, you should not eat any meat."

WHAT DO YOU mean in the song "Dog Ago Nyam Dog"?

Joseph: "If the leaders of the world keep taking the money which is to mind the needy, take care of the blind, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and use it any more to make speceship, people shall hold people, and eeat people, and eat.

"Malachi III said: 'dog shall nyam dog, and man shall eat their own dung and drink their own piss'. All for what? No matter what they achieve from the earth as a blessing, they waste it. There is no use for a spaceship. It's no need for it. The money that build a spaceship could build five hundred schools."

Ralph: "They buy many guns and all them things there. Guns and ammunition."

Joseph: "The rich have always and the poor have not; the little that they have shall be taken away, according to the translation. Look, I wanna say if that should be the case always, I do not know what will become of Earth; because no matter how a man rich, you waste every day, you are growing a little less.

"There in Jamaica, I can see man is going here, he is going there, doing this and doing that, yet the hungry's not yet taken care of; there are still naked people which needs clothes; there are still shelterless people which are living in houses not made of any strong, reliable material; there is still some children and adults cannot read you a common 'a' from a capital 'A'; there are still some people which grows up to be adult and they have no form of intellect.

"Right now, what they should do I see down in Jamaica the Chinese know their language, Cubans know their language, some of the Indians know their language; and the Africans, which are retired slaves, grandsons and daughters, do not even know a first line in the African language, *and that is what hurt me so much*."

How are you going about re-establishing Africa culture?

Joseph: "Well my brother, the same way that the Government can agree to take a course in Latin and Greek, and they're teaching the Spanish also in Jamaica. Why not teach the black people *their* language? Amharic. I want every man to sit on his own symbol, which mean every man should know his culture. Repatriation is a must."

Then the people become divided. If I cannot speak your language and you cannot speak mine, we would not be able to sit and reason like this. Tribal war we don't want no more of that.

Joseph: "It's not that I wouldn't like to use your language, but for you to be educated enough that if I use my African language to you, you will understand, because I am just another human which is under the globe, and to see the runnings: using money, eating food, wearing clothes, right! I speak my language to you, you know what I say. You speak your language to me, I know what you say."

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Fri 28th July EDINBURGH Clouds
Sat 29th July LINCOLN AJ's
Sun 30th July HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall
Tue 1st Aug. CARDIFF Top Rank
Wed 2nd Aug. TORQUAY Town Hall
Thur 3rd Aug. PLYMOUTH Metro
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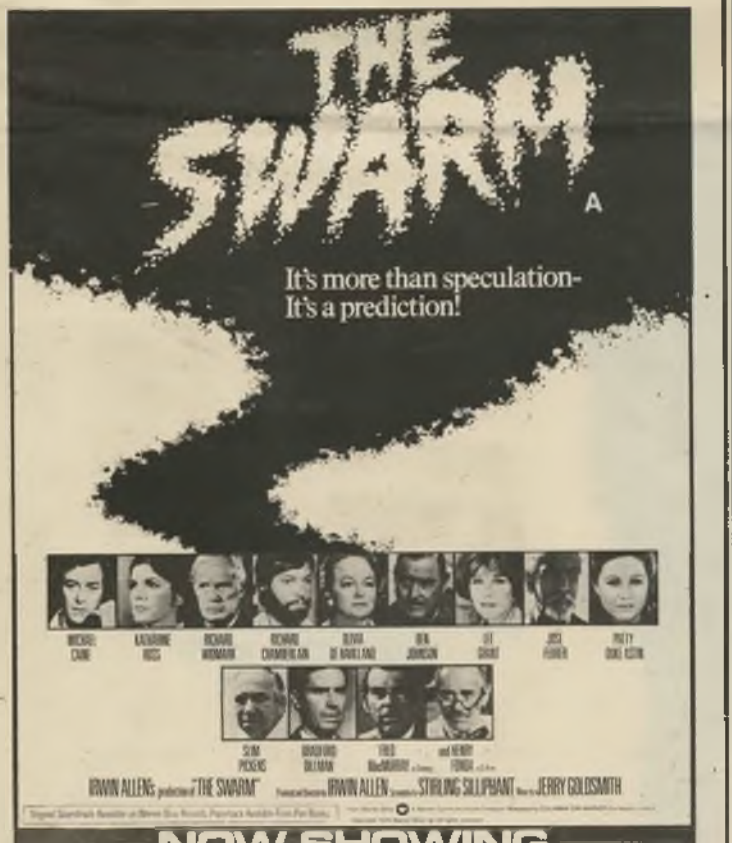

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ON THE TOWN

EDDIE CLEARWATER (the one who moved . . .). Pic: PENNIE SMITH

JUNIOR WELLS 'n' BUDDY GUY sittin' it out. Pic: PENNIE SMITH.

Let's hear it for The Interval...

Junior Wells
Buddy Guy
HAMMERSMITH ODEON

GOT TO KEEP the show a-rollin' . . .

David Myers repeats his Blues Festival '78 litany for the umpteenth time, and the show keeps on a-rollin' ladeez an' gennum, gradually turning into one of the most bizarre spectacles to greet this po' boy's eyes in five long years (or more).

Fiasco? Chillun, you jest don't know the meaning of the word less'n you seen Mr Junior Wells conducting the massed ranks of Chicago blues rhythm guitar players and Mr Buddy Guy conducting guitar seminars to an audience of desperately hooting and whooping blues-lovers whose enthusiasm so irks The Master that he has to stop every now and then and tell them to be quiet . . . some fiasco.

To begin at the beginning. The Chicago Blues All-Stars. Odie Payne, drums, veteran of innumerable sessions for the Wolf and his ilk (okay, so the Wolf didn't have any ilk, but you know what I mean); Dave Myers, former Little Walter sideman and suave ringmaster for the evening's events — he kep' that show a-rollin'; Jimmy Johnson, smooth BB King acolyte and restrained rhythm player; and Hubert Sumlin, legend in his own lifetime, Howlin' Wolf's incendiary and inseparable guitarman for most of his career.

Odie starts the proceedings with a "novelty" song, Jimmy plays an unmemorable blues and then — putcha hands together — Hubert steps to the mike. His voice is a kind of Jimmy Reed whine, but his guitar pops those notes out *almost* — not quite, but if you strain your imagination you can recreate it — *almost* like "Louise" and those other Wolf classics.

He's into his second song now, we're starting to get into it, when suddenly he ups and unplugs his guitar and ambles off mid-song. Huh???

Bye, Hubert. He doesn't return (Seems his lead came adrift, and the poor bloke was so embarrassed he had to leave).

Never mind, got to keep the show a-rollin' . . .

Dave Myers introduces "another young man", one Eddie Clearwater, who swaggers on in a huge white suit, sticks his jack into Hubert's socket, and KAPOW! The place catches fire.

Little do we realise, but this isn't the warm-up, this is the highlight of the show. Clearwater is some crazy nigger!

He does everything but burn his guitar. For three hilarious, spectacular numbers, including a superb "Johnny B. Goode", Eddie plays his guitar on his head, sings at the same time, does head over heels backwards . . . He's a star.

Next guest on the stand is Mr Big Voice Odum, a legend who passed me by in the past. He's got a great crying blues voice, lacklustre material and an under-rehearsed band. It's okay, but nothin' special . . . and suddenly, after fillers from Myers and Johnson, it's interval time.

In the bar, I meet people I haven't seen since Muddy or BB last played in Britain. See you next year . . .

Koko Taylor keeps the show a-rollin' with a set — rehearsed, no less! — of competent but unexciting blues shouting, backed by The Chicago Blues All Stars (Eddie Clearwater and his literally smoking amp replacing Hubert Sumlin) plus her own guitarist Johnny B. Moore, another fine swinging Chicago stylist who fails to set the stage alight.

She hits "Wang Dang Doodle" just in time not to overstay her welcome, and then . . .

Interval time! Again? This is getting out of hand.

Finally . . . the moment for which we've all been waiting for years . . .

Look, I last saw Junior Wells in 1966. He changed my life. Junior was *the* man — the hippest cat you ever did see, skating his way across the stage blowing searing harp and singing so-o-o sexy . . . As Hendrix was to rock, as Little Rickard was to rock'n'roll, as Sly was to soul, so Junior Wells was to Chicago blues.

And now here he is with his longstanding Siamese twin, the most innovative, versatile blues guitarist on the planet, Buddy Guy — boy, this is going to be *the goods!*

Or is it Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee? Buddy & Junior come on and *sit down*, then tickle their way into a slow, slow and terribly quiet quasi-country blues *a la* their early '70s album "Buddy And The Juniors".

Seemingly improvised, it warbles along pleasantly and *incredibly* quietly for five minutes, ten minutes . . . The storm of applause at the end sounds like relief.

So are they really going to do it now? Nope, they're gonna do another country blues.

By now, though, the audience is getting somewhat restive, and Buddy has to give a little lecture. He makes them a deal: they stay quiet through this acoustic number, and he promises he and Junior'll bring on the band real soon.

Which, at long last, they do. Again, it's Messrs Myers and Payne, plus Jimmy Johnson. A 12-bar instrumental ensues, with Junior Wells sticking one of his ridiculously elongated endings onto what amounts to little more than a warm-up romp. (So far, mind you, bar Eddie Clearwater, the whole shows been a warm-up.)

And then . . . and then . . . Buddy Guy plays the blues.

"Hold That Plane" — taken slow and mournful and featuring the most astonishing, explosive guitar solo. The house erupts with such unbridled enthusiasm that the band play a whole verse while they wait for us to quieten down.

Great stuff — except Buddy's not too happy up there. See, he reckons that while he's been playing people have been yelling for Junior, and while Junior was blowing that 12-bar folks was yelling for Buddy.

Personally, I think he's mistaken, but anyway, Buddy's upset. What's more, his idea of what a blues crowd should do fails to correspond with the audience's idea. They want to whoop and holler, just like they do on "Live At The Regal" (trouble is, so many of them want to whoop these days you can hardly hear any music any more), whereas Buddy has honed his foible for playing at minimum volume down to such an extent that anyone in the audience just *coughing* is enough to put him off his stride.

So straight after this unbelievable solo, Buddy ups and delivers another lecture. Not satisfied with this, he then proceeds to turn it into a song, and the rest of the number is a *"What do you people here in London want me to do?"* improvisation

And then he goes *off*.

EDDIE CLEARWATER

Junior steps to the mike, plays his "Help Me" tribute to Sonny Boy Williamson, dismisses Jimmy Johnson from the stage for no apparent reason, brings on Johnny B Moore (who he refers to as Koko Taylor, shorthand for Koko Taylor's guitarist), plays "Hoodoo Man". It's all very average, and all very puzzling.

I mean, he made the original Hoodoo" with Buddy. It makes no sense.

To round off the evening (yeah, I know it hasn't even got started yet, but Junior seems to have taken charge around here), Wells announces the grand finale, and drags each of the cast on in turn, announcing Hubert Sumlin as Koko Taylor comes on, calling out Big Voice Odum as Eddie Clearwater enters, and hits into the "What'd I Say" riff after a false start which he decides is too slow.

The massed guitars — Guy, Sumlin, Moore, Johnson and Myers riff interminably as Wells and Odum make complete idiots of themselves and Taylor and Clearwater, sans mikes, make the best of it by doing the jitterbug.

Wells and Odum turn out the most pathetic James Brown imitations, until by the end you wouldn't expect to see anyone left in the auditorium *at all*, let alone a still packed house trying gamely to enthuse. Masochism is not the word. And still it's not the end.

For an encore Buddy Guy comes on and shows how quiet he can play . . . then shows how even *quieter* he can play . . . and then shows how he can play *even quieter still!* In fact, he plays a real fine number, including some lovely off-mike singing, but it's hardly suited to an audience that's on its feet and wants to reach its rightful climax.

Cheers go up when Junior Wells comes back on to join Buddy, but he's only come to tell us all to go home. Which we do.

If it were so funny it would be tragic.

Phil McNeill

Radio Stars
MARQUEE, LONDON

ONE ALBUM clocked up and a clutch of superior singles to their name, and Radio Stars are moving into the second phase of a career that's promised a lot but, so far, only delivered half as much. Taking a break from studio work tonight they offer an expectant Marquee crowd a glimpse of where they'll go from here.

But later for the Future; for the present we've got the Past to get through in the guise of support band "The Backbeats", alias The Boyfriends incognito. 'Tis said that those who refuse to learn from History are condemned to re-live it, and this was never truer than of this act: cabaret-copy Golden Greats of the last, decayed, decade.

So clear the decks for Radio Stars. Tomos bored they troop on like the final four in an Iggy Pop lookalike contest. There's a new face at the back on the front of a head belonging to one John Mackie, drummer, who used to be a Sloka but it's all over now. Really Necessary?", one of the stronger "Songs For Swinging Lovers", wherein the Mackie beat locks neatly in with the bass of Martin Gordon.

Andy Ellison looks to be on fine form upfront, gymnastic as ever and sporting his habitual knee-protectors. Working up a sweat on the unfamiliar "Let's Call It Rock'n'Roll" he refreshes the parts that other beers cannot reach by the simple expedient of pouring the glass over his head. The punters gob affectionately.

"The Beast Of Barnsley" is followed by the newer "Sex In Chains" — gutter-press sogus remains an evident inspiration.

The Stars are, as ever, lacking in 'stance', perhaps because they're legless, and they're unwilling to plumb the depths of lyrical profundity ("Boy Meets Girl"). Not to worry, though, for their engaging humour will see them through.

The music won't do them any harm, either. Under-whelming in its individuality on occasions, maybe, but it's an attractive and accessible a package as you're likely to find.

Three cheers, then, for "Nervous Wreck", "No Russians In Russia" and "Dirty Pictures" respectively. It seemed that half the Marquee knew the words. Given time they might not be the only ones.

Paul Du Noyer

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SIOUXSIE. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

BANSHEES MAKE THE BREAKTHROUGH

Siouxsie & The Banshees

ROUNDHOUSE

IF PUNKS are currently being brushed off by 'official sources' as a speedily-becoming-extinct species, why then is it damn near impossible to find a comfortable location here in the Roundhouse on a blisteringly humid Sunday night in order to watch bilitoppers Siouxsie & The Banshees rising victorious before a capacity crowd?

Why the "sold out" sign spread grandly across the bill which, aside from the imperious Siouxsie & Co, has nothing *that* striking on offer (The Shirts from New York scarcely warrant a fraction of this turnout, while The White Cats, Chris Miller's past persona notwithstanding, are still bound to club level status)?

That this was the Banshees' big breakthrough shot was obvious when John Curd first announced the billing for this gig, coming as it did hard on the heels of their record deal with Polydor. But I, for one, certainly never held out expectations for such a tumultuous turnout, nor did I expect to be as impressed by their current musical form.

From their initial baptism as non-musicians — the Bromley contingent plus Sid Vicious on drums — skittling through a cacophonous 20 minutes at the 100 Club during that official New Wave week in the summer of '76, the group have consistently maintained a feisty hard core punk image that, combined with their own musical deficiencies and particularly icy visition, has created them a niche that few other bands can lay claim to.

Parallels with Adam & The Ants seemed initially agreeable until said band became bogged in a shallow outrage schtick. They were transcended by the Banshees when the need to simply shock was overpowered by the founding of a musical ambience and attitude that cut far deeper.

The Slits are another group the Banshees have been compared to, but the former's apparent lack of direction paired with only the barest hints of musical progression can now be viewed as being directly at odds with the Banshees' career thus far of constant gigging and self-improvement.

That's what hit home most forcefully on Sunday, see? Not merely that the Banshees' maverick attitude has reaped an army of support, but that the support is totally warranted. Here is a group in the intriguing position of having started with all manner of musical shortcomings but with a coherent vision, who've worked consistently to overcome their liabilities and who've succeeded moreover in forging a style that is at once riveting and absolutely their own.

The air of amateurism apparent in the initial stages of The Banshees' career has been peeled away like so much dead skin to reveal a group whose music is stark but deadly effective, drawing the listener irresistibly into its aural cocoon.

Parallels and comparisons can now be drawn with gothic rock architects like The Doors and, certainly, early Velvet Underground.

The latter's sense of constructing a music implementing monotonous phrasing with icy granite-hard precision, each instrument forming a complementary layer, is certainly a strikingly kindred form. The Banshees' current repertoire contains material that sounds close to a mating of "Venus In Furs" and the juggernaut power of "Sister Ray".

Individual titles of these self-penned songs were hard to catch, although "Switch" certainly fitted the latter description well while "Hong Kong Garden", with its oriental guitar riffs, is the perfect introductory single as well as an inspiringly accessible example of the Banshees' particular musical pitch.

In fact, although their own songs now sound far more potent, the Banshees' chosen encore of The Beatles' "Helter Skelter" showcased just how far they've advanced this past year. What once seemed a number merely chosen for shock-horror associations with the Manson gore-in is now wielded out at the audience like it was created solely for the Banshees' style of vicious 'heart-of-glass' rock action.

In conclusion, Sunday was memorable, not primarily for the lemming-like kamikaze stupidity of those clowns sequestered directly in front of the stage, or even for disproving any notion that punk is dead (the police outside the gig demonstrated that the force is still acknowledged and a cause for concern) but for the cool, clear victory scored by this band.

A word too about Siouxsie herself: forget all those facile performance comparisons with Blondie or any other female rock star extant for that matter, and start thinking in terms of a woman with the potential of a female David Bowie.

A more impressive coming-of-age celebration I've never witnessed.

Nick Kent

DREAD AFFAIR — NO TRUE?

Aswad

MAYFAIR CINEMA LONDON

I ARRIVED one hour late for this anniversary concert for Emperor Haile Selassie I and expected the place to be already throbbing with a sound-system battle.

Unfortunately, the equipment hadn't even been set up!

It was 2 am when the lights were dimmed and Moa Ambassa managed (at last) to get their speaker stacks operational for spasmodic blasts of heavy reggae. But flow was ruined because there was only one turntable — hence deafening gaps of silence between cuts.

One line struck an appropriate note: "*Forgive them Jah for they know not what they have done*" (to my head).

Half an hour . . . then the Drums Of Rasta take to the stage. Alright, I know this is spiritually motivated music, and this event is patronised by Rastafarians, but reaction to an intense, arduous set could hardly have been less enthusiastic.

All around me brethren were nodding-off to the endless chants and heavy-on-the-beat African drums.

It reminded me of High Mass when I was eleven.

At 3.30 am: Alba. After the first number, featuring dread bass and weird sax, another seven of the same . . . An extremely dull band.

Aswad's appearance at 4.30 was preceded by the sound system playing "It's Not Our Wish That We Should Fight" from their soon-to-be-released 12" single.

Over it, the deejay chanted the praises of "THE most forward reggae group ina England".

Under normal circumstances I'd agree. Alas tonight their short set was plagued with feedback, and Aswad seemed well pissed-off with the whole affair.

"It's Not Our Wish", "Behold", "Foreigner" and "Natural Progression" all have the potential to be much greater when presented in a more sympathetic environment.

On "Behold" they replaced Donald Griffiths' flash guitar parts with piano instead, a shame.

The Sons Of Jah materialised at 5.15 and ran through five numbers, including "Psalm 72" and "Save The Children" — the last three featuring toaster Ranking Reuben, without a doubt the lifesaver of the night.

Bouncing around the stage like a man possessed, he cheered up the proceedings with effervescent phrasing delivered over a backing of magnificent live dub.

Dread flash him locks and a weak heart drop!

Of the group themselves, I wish Trevor Bow would come forward more because his voice is truly great.

At a quarter to six I'm feeling like death and in no mood for Jah Woosh. His albums I may find mildly attractive, but after seeing him make a clown of himself at the 100 Club and now here, I doubt if I'll repeat the experience.

Looking like the proverbial Mr. Cool, he 'performed' only three numbers; an awful vocal atrocity, the once OK "I'm Alright" and the abysmal "Love Me Always".

The concert was due to finish at 6 am, and by that time Alton Ellis, The Blackstones and King Sounds etc had not appeared. I left while pointless dance group Roots & Culture were skanking it up to the system sounds.

At the bus stop I was thinking of the Blackstones song I wouldn't get to hear, "We Nah Go Suffer", or Alton Ellis' "Confusion". Together they seemed to sum up the evening/morning gig's worth of bad organisation shambles.

And to think I left a trendy party to suffer this; I must be mad.

John Gray

ASWAD. Pic: MURPHY/HERSHMAN

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NEXT WEEK IN THE NME — THE KEITH RICHARD INTERVIEW

CULTURE GET READY TO STORM SOUTH

Culture

EDINBURGH

MARRED ONLY by the thickening spectacle of the police charging anybody found selling Anti-Nazi League stickers outside, Culture's first British visit opened here in — to borrow a phrase from label-mate Ranking Trevor — fine style.

In a brave attempt to bring reggae to a bigger audience, the promoters had hired Edinburgh's vast Usher Hall, and their bravery seems to have been well rewarded. The hall was filling out admirably when UK reggae band Tradition opened the proceedings, with a lively and energetic 40 minute set, much of which came from their recent "Moving On" album.

Despite a lack of vocal clarity, they were very warmly received by the crowd.

In an almost unbelievable feat of organisation as far as Jamaican musicians are concerned, The Revolutionaries took the stage at exactly the time appointed, and performed a rousing instrumental prior to the evening's heroes taking to the stage, resplendent in very sharp military uniform. The audience treated the trio like stars and they loved every second of it.

First observation was the greatly athletic dancing of leader Joseph Hill and Albert Walker — the more . . . uh, laidback Kenneth Patey lacking the energy of his companions.

During a fairly long set the

CULTURE'S Joseph Hill

trio sang, jumped, danced and ran through extended versions of many of their JA and UK hit singles, opening with "See Them A Come", and performing favourites from their two official albums as well as surprising many of us by playing their old Joe Gibbs disco 45 "Baldhead Bridge".

For me the highlights were the diamond-heart and ice-cool renditions of "Stop The Fighting" and "Natty Dread Take Over", which brought even the most self-conscious of punters to their feet to dance in the aisles, a rare sight indeed in this staid, bland wedding-cake of a hall.

Another highlight was "I'm Not Ashamed", during which a woman leapt out of the audience to play Sticky's bongos.

The trio's harmony work was almost as stunning as their foot work, although it must be admitted that the PA was a little too small for a 2,500 seater hall, not that the dancing masses seemed to mind.

Another storming instrumental break closed "Natty Never Get Weary", before the Cultures returned for their sole encore, "Work On Natty".

The gig was over all too soon, but everyone left happy. On this form Culture will be unstoppable by the time they reach the South, so if you can, see them soon, seen? Catch the beat.

Dougie Thomson

ANNE LENNOX. Pic: GUS STEWART

Tourists

MARQUEE, LONDON

WHEN YOU see a pair of guitarists fresh from the wilds of Sunderland, a Scottish lady vocalist, a drummer by the name of Jim "Do It" Toomey, and an Oriental bass player pioneering a new line in drooping moustache and King Fu top-knot ponytail, it makes you wonder how the hell they ever met up in the first place.

But such a line-up, large as life and twice as interesting, are currently doing the rounds under the fitting title of The Tourists.

Their songs are bright, catchy, very varied, and every one a tribute to exquisitely good taste.

Anne Lennox is the obvious focal point, sharing the vocals with Pete Coombes (and voices more custom-made for harmonies than theirs must be in short supply).

Her tones occasionally border on Grace Slick; her Vox keyboard once belonged to John Lennon; and she throws herself into every number with boundless energy and a grin that you could probably read small print by.

It doesn't take long to realise that The Tourists can handle just about any style with consummate ease. "Ain't No Room" is straight reggae, with Anne Lennox on flute, and "Exclusive" eases into a full Carribean-swing version of "Island In The Sun".

Songs like "Circular Fever" and "Things Are Gonna Change" seem the most characteristic of the band's music. They have a hard-driving new wave base, cut with sections that sound like early Lennon/McCartney, and are fronted throughout by immaculate twin vocals.

Rarely have I seen an audience react so fast. They were your average foreign summer crowd, all blood hair and phrase books, none of whom I doubt had ever heard of The Tourists before. But after two encores, they were still howling for more.

They are, in fact, an excellent band — one of the most refreshing and entertaining that I've seen in a long time.

And if I was an A&R man, I'd be camping on their doorstep, and stuffing rolls of banknotes through the letterbox.

Mark Ellen

Stiff Little Fingers

BELFAST

THE HARP Bar is packed for the return of Ulster's most popular and notorious modern rock band, Stiff Little Fingers.

Support band Rhesus Negative have improved since the last time they oiled my ear-buds, but the musical structures are often drab, failing to match the singer's strange Siouxsie type inflections. The highpoint of their sparse grey and unendearing set was the cutely titled "My Baby Left Me For Some Snotty Nosed Kid."

So to the Fingers, who partially ruined a blockbuster 40 minute set by attempting to play for twice as long and degenerating into a plethora of cover versions.

Lyrically they sometimes broach repetitiveness, which raises doubt over how long they can continue to sing about Belfast's heady street climate, especially when they seem destined for mass acceptance which will inevitably mean being based in London.

But while there is an obvious need for a greater scope in their songwriting, their current repertoire consists of 11 craftily constructed shit-hot group/management composed songs wrought from a bass/drum axis of both subtlety and tautness and coloured by the multifarious guitar skills of front man Jake Burns who has attained a brash onstage confidence to back up the songs' vehement content (whether said content will have the effect they desire is another matter).

Their rendering of "Johnny Was" shows a tremendous ability to tackle the reggae genre. It drips with confusion, rage and despair and it's very adaptable to the blood-stained Belfast street consciousness that emanates from their own songs.

"Breakout", "78" and "No More Of That" are memorable, showing distinct commercial possibilities yet avoiding the twin evils of H.M. lobotomy and spineless shallow pap that seem to have enveloped so many groups.

On tonight's showing they're essential listening and viewing, fired along by mainline vigour and enthusiasm, which, eighteen months after the punky waver explosion, is once again thin on the ground, and when they purge themselves of those pointless cover versions they could be in the first division at least or promotion challengers.

Gavin Martin

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PARROT RECORDS

The Human League

SHEFFIELD

THE NOW Society, a university-based organisation, has been putting on gigs featuring local, predominantly experimental bands (such are the local mores) for some time now; first on tonight are Vice Versa, a bizarro threesome who show occasional flashes of promise, but whose pretentiousness becomes ultimately quite tiresome.

I could, I suppose, make a few pertinent comments about how much sheer *garbage* is currently being accepted without question under the "new music" banner. Instead, I'll just point out that Vice Versa's vocalist — who, if my ears do not deceive me, is going on about *"not wanting your fashion scene"*, or something like that — used to run a fanzine called *Steve's Paper*, the main subject-matter of which (besides licking the Clash ass), was the availability and price of plastic sandals in the Sheffield area. Such vacillations, in one so forthright?

As it is, it looks as though he spends more time combing his hair than playing the guitar.

Besides him there's a small keyboard player (small keyboard, small player), and another guitarist who's responsible for most of the promising sounds being made. He and the front-man swap guitars and basses around a bit, resulting in a noticeable decline in quality when he's not playing guitar.

To be blatantly honest, I distrust their motives.

The Human League provide a pointed contrast with Vice Versa, in that they perform *competently* (and with good intentions) a brand of music which could, perhaps, best be described as "experimental disco muzak for the humorous of heart".

Another threesome, this time two synthesisers and a singer (Martin Ware, Ian Marsh and Phil Oakey respectively), they use a backing tape of percussion tracks (electronic, natch), on which they build some quite beguiling — and tuneful — musical structures, operating in an area not a million miles removed from Kraftwerk, but without the latter's economic and technical capabilities or sense of visual and musical unity.

As backdrop for their performance, they show a random series of slides of heroes, anti-heroes, monsters and the like, the logic of which defeats me. As, maybe, it's meant to. Whatever, it complements the offhand eccentricity of their songs quite nicely, thank you.

"Dance Like A Star" is a deliberately banal disco thing done dead straight, the title both an example of the song's lyrical content and a possible tongue-in-cheek reference to the needless sociologising that goes on about disco. Phil, whose vocals generally bear more resemblance to Bowie's, here sounds uncannily like Jim Morrison, especially on the lower parts.

"The Path Of Least Resistance", an anti-herd plea for individual expression, is followed by "Being Boiled", a funky little number dealing variously with silk manufacture and the generation gap, which has just been released as a single.

The single's B-side, a curious story set to an undulating synthesiser figure, is the menacingly-titled "Circus Of Death"; as far as I can make out, the story deals with a clown who takes a drug which gives him unlimited power. Things get out of hand, and McGarratt of *Hawaii Five-O* is called in to sort out the problem (?). More than that, I can't say.

The only non-original piece The Human League perform is a slowed-down version of "You've Lost That Loving Feeling", which, apart from a nagging high-pitched whine worrying away in the background, is identical to The Righteous Brothers', right down to the last vocal inflection.

They're a fine, fun little outfit whose humour doesn't stoop to facile punch-lines and sleazy innuendo, but relies more on undercurrents of eccentricity and parody. When, in between songs, they put their arms in front of their faces and mutter knowingly *"Kabuki*, y'know — ancient Japanese theatre", it's a fair bet they're taking the piss out of Bowie's dilettantism; when they do it between *every* song you *know* that's the case.

Andy Gill

WINWOOD PLAYS IT SMALL

Fame/Winwood

CHELTENHAM

THE TRIUMPH and tragedy of Stevie Winwood's surprise Cheltenham gig was that he performed with the elegance and taste befitting a musician of his calibre — but only sang three songs.

He took the definitive back-seat at the Winwood/Georgie Fame rustic romp; off-stage for most of the set, and later fidgeting nervously behind unobtrusive keyboards while Fame took the vocals spotlight.

The one-off show was a heartening if strange affair, typified by the venue, Cheltenham's Pavilion Club, an over-sized shed, stock slap-bang in the middle of the town's opulent flower garden, with nearby tennis courts still thriving from the post Wimbledon euphoria.

Winwood and Fame are both Gloucestershire villagers. Winwood has apparently been toying with the idea of forming an organ-based band. Bibury supremo and friend of the stars Mark Palmer — Sir, no less — knows them both. So, crunch — a gig.

The band — loosely described as The Blue Flames — are also locals. Speedy Acquaon congas, snazzy hat, and track-suit bottoms, doesn't look a million miles from flamboyant Rebop, a veteran from Stevie's Traffic jams.

Fame and band slam into a series of jerky, jazzy jaunts, as instantly danceable as they are forgettable. There's some delicious horns (Malcolm Griffiths, trombone, and Steve Gregory, tenorsax) and a lovely loping bass (Badger Odgeis). The execution outvibes the content. Yeah, Stevie's gonna fit in a treat.

Thirty minutes into the second half — still no Winwood — and Fame's pursuing his penchant for calypso — "Don't Stop The Carnival" and "Zulu".

No-one recognises the skinny kid with tight khaki spray-ons and curly cropped hair who slides through the audience and onto the stage. But there's no mistaking the quivering, leathery voice as it soars into "Gimme Some Loving".

The choppy, stuttering rhythm rolls like thunder under Stevie's squeaking keyboards-work, as he strains out the joyous chorus that won a thousand hippy hearts at Glastonbury half a decade ago.

Then it's blues time with "No One Loves You When You're Down And Out" — another number from the high-flying Spencer Davis days.

That voice cuts the thick smokey atmosphere like a razor through a tunnel.

Fame does "Champagne", with a neat, clipped organ run in the middle by Winwood.

And then he pulls the knockout punch with "Vacant Chair" from the solo album. The mini-Moog playing, buzzing round the churning rhythm, was exemplary. Sheer class — magic even. And Winwood, grinning like crazy, knows it.

There's no more, except a swift duet with Fame on a brassy good-time, goodbye tune, plus some more mooging around when he takes a final bow.

And that's what's so bloody annoying about Winwood. He won't push himself; he's bursting with talent, nay genius, but he lets it out carefully, and gradually.

Barry Leighton

Rich Kids

LEEDS

MAYBE GLEN Matlock didn't have severe reservations about leaving the Pistols, but if he ever had fears for his future in rock and roll he can wave them bye-bye from here on in. The set the Rich Kids delivered here at the Leeds Fan Club was a tour de force in creative rock music, and as such, it was also a total vindication of Matlock's exit — he stood up for what he stood for, and he did it his way, too.

The Rich Kids impress on every level, not least musically. As a bonus, they look good without trying *too* hard. Steve New (guitar, Brylcreem, Mary Quant and honest sweat), Matlock (bass and pageantry) and Midge Ure (rhythm and sunshine) — fronting drummer Rusty (anything but) Egan — are a line-up perhaps characterised by Ure, but never dominated by him.

The writing credits, split between Matlock, Matlock-New and Ure, show that the band has what Matlock calls "democracy at work". And while Ure — whose metamorphosis is thoroughly (in)credible — almost exclusively monopolises the vocals (and solo-wrote "Marching Men", the band's new single and dramatically compelling opener here), both New and Matlock feature on larynx when their numbers are called.

What all this amounts to is the most potent product of the new tunesmithery to be witnessed so far. From "Marching Men" through "Here Comes The Nice" through "Empty Words" and "Young Girls", there's not one dud number in the repertoire, nor one dram of superfluous action.

When you'd have been expecting Matlock to be calling the shots (if you weren't expecting him to be arrogant; let's face it, the guy isn't without historic importance), The Rich Kids' decentralisation arrangement appears to work perfectly. Ure and New take most of the eye-witness credits, while Matlock maintains a relatively low-profile.

Probably not unaware that he *could* be seen to be the band's premier asset, Matlock goes out of his way to prove it isn't so; to his credit, he obviously knows that you're not going to get the best out of a band if you leave any one of its members unfulfilled or with inhibitions. Which is why each Kid has maximum scope for personal invention within the collective rock brief.

That the Kids are something special and not just another acceptable product of the times is more clearly denoted by their newer songs "Cheap Emotion", "Burning Sounds" and "Ghosts Of Princes In Towers" in which they effect (with producer Ronson's encouragement?) some eccentric — or, at least, non-standard — instrumental juxtapositioning and remarkably memorable hooks. But they're valid, thoughtful enterprises rather than gratuitous shots at bizarrerie.

More than anything else, The Rich Kids oroiect as a band who have really tried to get it right. Having gigged everywhere *but everywhere*, they've developed a mature, purposeful musical empathy way in advance of those bands who might at one time have been considered contenders for the same market.

And if in retrospect, Matlock didn't quite cut it (policy-wise) with his former band, that's because he was really here all along; whatever dreams (old and wise and young) he and Ure have inside their heads right now must surely be theirs for the taking. Forever and Ever.

Emma Ruth

Devoto

■ *From page 23*

through hell every other week . . . Surely."

Has Howard ever "gone through hell"?

"I've had a taste or two of it, yeah. It's not necessarily anything to do with shooting up three tons of smack, or anything like that. It can be nothing to do with that. You can wake up in the morning and see through walls and see nothing.

"That's what the song 'Motorcade' on this album is essentially about. A man with all the power, all the assets anybody could ever desire."

A politician?

"Probably a politician. And what does it add up to for him? He can sit in the back of his big car and feel nothing.

"He can feel that the most significant, the most exciting thing he can do is to choose whether he's gonna have tea or coffee with his next meal. That's not a jokey observation. You've either felt it or you haven't."

Is that going to happen to Howard eventually?

"It has happened to me. You can be living the most luxurious existence, and go through that. Alternatively, you can be the proverbial housewife at the sink, who's absolutely sick to death of doing the dishes again."

If Howard's saying that rich people and poor people experience life in the same sort of way, that seems to be a reason for not attempting to right injustices. Is he suggesting that changes doesn't benefit people?

"I'm not saying that as any statement or creed at all. You can look as desperately as you like for things to be committed to. People spend their lives doing that. They'll go to meetings, read books, listen to their friends, talk themselves. But, you know, it doesn't always work."

Is that a reason not to try?

"No, not at all. All I'm talking about is what I see and what I have felt at times."

Does Howard feel any sense of injustice over people who can afford Rolls Royces? (No doubt he'll soon be in that class). Or anger over people who can afford to stay in the Kensington Hilton for a week?

"I can get offended by those things, yeah. Of course I can. I'm not saying we're all equal because we're all living in hell. Maybe it's the person who's the happiest who should pay the biggest price. It all depends on the scale of values you apply."

ON THAT thought, the interview comes to an end. We ask for the bill for the lagers, and I go over and pay. Not because I'm necessarily happier than Howard, but there are no record company people around to provide lavish hospitality.

Howard apparently feels it's more meaningful that way.

I ask him why it seems to be such a complicated business talking to him. Every interview he does seems to end up in the realms of ethics and social psychology. And that's true of his songs, too.

"A lot of people say I'm complicated," Howard admits. "But I can't understand that. I think I'm utterly transparent. And my song's are as close as you can possibly get to nakedness."

He's not smiling as he says that. But it was surely his first — and only — joke of the afternoon.

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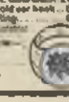
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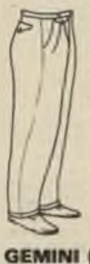

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Sing if you're scared to be gay?

Tom Robinson

BRISTOL

"GAY BRISTOL Festival" said the huge banner, looming in a decidedly intimidatory manner over a stage empty but for a piano and a small P.A. — through which were blaring the strident slogans of "Up Against The Wall". About to give his third solo performance in recent weeks, Tom Robinson, famous rock star and world famous homosexual, confessed to being "scared shitless" at the prospect.

Unlike the previous clandestine club gigs recently reported in *Thrills,* which were small, low-key affairs, this evening's show was taking place in a large hall and had been advertised outside the gay community with the consequence, as Tom apprehensively pointed out, that the crowd would be closer in composition to the usual TRB audience and thus especially difficult to please without the support of the band and "Motorway"-type palliatives.

Moreover, this was strictly a benefit occasion; far from trying to engender a lucrative solo career Robinson was appearing for the nominal fee of £50, with the rest of the money (approx. 400 people at £1.50 a throw) going to help the gay cause in Bristol.

As he predicted, at least a third and probably more of the crowd were non-gays but there was no heckling and only a few sniggers as he eased into his set with a couple of gay power / oppressed minorities songs, accompanying himself on acoustic guitar.

Although not strained, the atmosphere was strange. Half the audience sat enraptured, radiating awe at the front of the stage, while the other half stood at the rear and threw up a continual background buzz of chatter and clinking glass.

Robinson maintained control, however, by employing his customary technique of off-setting the grave and intense poltical parts of his set with easily digested chunks of sugar-coated entertainment. So on the one hand he sang "Blue Murder" (about Liddle Towers), "Glad To Be Gay" and a song — played at the piano and written the day before — called "Machine Gun", a fast and aggressive strike-back at society which should prove to be very powerful with the weight of the band behind it.

In contrast, he did a very funny theatrically camp impersonation of Noel Coward including singing "Mad About The Boy"; coaxed the audience into playing The Pointer Susters to his Lou Reed for "Walk On The Wild Side"; and sang a gently singalongaluv song "You Turn Me On" and a sequel to the brothers Martin and Dave saga called "1967 Seems So Long Ago" — melifluous pop in an up-tempo English Paul Simon fashion.

What is extraordinary about Tom Robinson is the facility he has for changing from a light humorous mood to teeth-clenched passion and anger without making the switch seem in the least bit incongruous, wherein needless to say lies his strength as a leader.

His prompting the communal singing of *"Who do you think you're kidding Mr. Johnson, when you say you're Col. B"* encapsulates his character: English Music Hall combined with the underdog credibility of a "street-fightin' " politician, a one-man tonic for the troops, giving encouragement to those who need it and provoking thought in those who don't.

It would be very easy (and necessary) to adopt a cynical attitude towards him if it wasn't for the fact that he is always ready to deflate the martyr image with a self-deprecatory joke.

Personally I'm not a great fan of the TRB; I find the predeliction they share with The Clash for crowd-catching chants, choruses simplistic to the point of inanity and lyrics forced upon pedestrian rock riffs dissatisfying and unpalatable. But I shall continue to root for Tom, for it is undeniable that both he and The Clash are striving to achieve something, the attainment of which is far more important than whether or not they play good rock music.

Here's to you Mr. Robinson, a remarkable man. Write on, eh Tom?

David Housham

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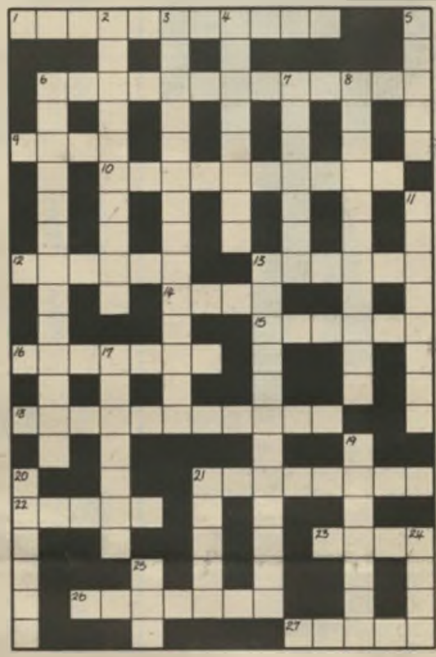

ACROSS

1 & 20 Like "Two-Way Family Favourites", pin-ups of Racquel Welch, Vera Lynn singing "White Cliffs Of Dover" . . . that kind of thing, Mr Geldof? (5, 3, 3, 6)
6 Thamesbeat powerpoppers — do they line up as Mr Right, Mr Right, Mr Right and Mr Right! *(Geddit?)* (3, 10)
9 See 6 down
10 J. Richman's cruisin' classic (4, 6)
12 ". . . . Waves"
13 Moptop jokers in Beruit lesbian disco!
14 Neil Young song which recorded the student shootings at Kent State University
15 John Travolta's next starring 'vehicle', as we movie buffs say
16 & 26 He was the leader of Tamla's answer to The Osmonds
18 Producer of Roxy albums and Sex Pistols singles (5, 6)
21 Monthly, weekly or Devoto-edly!
22 & 23 A hit single a few years back for Golden Earring
23 See above
26 See 16
27 Famous U.S. blues/R&B label founded by two Jewish immigrants from Poland — Chuck Berry cut his best tracks for them

DOWN

2 B.Boys cruisin' classic, backed by the sublime "Don't Worry Baby", which was their first UK hit (1, 3, 6)
3 Like the 'passage' of the sun . . . like Voyage's current disco jerkaround . . . (4, 4, 2, 4)
4 Egan was the *other* half of Stealers Wheel
5 Formed in the image of Cream, Rory Gallagher's old band
6 & 9 Elvis Pee's first-ever single, now a costly and much-sought-after collectors' item (5, 3, 5, 4)
7 Follow up to "Frampton Comes Alive" — dirty talk, if you ask us! (2, 2, 3)
8 More debauchery *("Tear their limbs off!" — M. Whitehouse)* — but whaddya expect from The Stranglers? (4, 1, 6)
11 Pseudonymous weed/Or to Abbott what Jerry is to Tom!
13 Founder Byrd — he used to call himself Jim 'til he got religion (5, 7)
17 & 19 Becker and Fagen's story of knot-undoing in exotic parts
19 See above
20 See 1
21 Buddy/ . . . /Davis
24 The poor man's stereo set!
25 Perform/Performance/Sub-section of a play/Sorry about this one but it's summer and we're off to the beach ta ta . . . *("Come back 'ere" — Ed)*

Answers

ACROSS: 1 "The Biggest Blow"; 7 Amboy Dukes; 8 (Robert) Wyatt; 9 "Love Is The Drug"; 12 Akron; 15 Buddy (Holly); 16 David Cassidy; 19 Troggs; 20 Charlie (Watts); 21 Supertramp; 23 "(Hard) Rain"; 24 (Buddy) Holly; 25 "Hard (Rain)". **DOWN:** (John) Travolta; 2 "Boogie Oogie Oogie"; 3 "Gaudete"; 4 Stevie (Nicks); 5 "Lazy Sunday"; 6 (Charlie) Watts; 10 Debbie Harry; 11 Tyla (Gang); 13 Kraftwerk; 14 Rush; 17 CBGBs; 18 "Help"; 22 "Aja".

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MONEY BAG

. . . in which NME's fearless fiscal agent

sniffs around for other likely candidates on the money-go-round: £20 to Fiona Richmond for Thrills, £10 to Buddy Holly for Gig Guide, taxi fares to Bianca Jagger for On The Town and a colouring book to Steve Jones for the Crossword.

LES MISERABLES, down on his luck after the power pop bubble burst: "Lissen, Bub, jes' give me a bottle of hooch and a couple broads and I'll do the whole damn paper for nuthin'."

WHAT'S ALL this crap about The Clash then? I don't really get off on their music, but I applaud them for at least having a go in the face of hype from all directions. Those that moan seem to choose to forget that until very recently The Clash were keeping prices down to 80p a gig and that it's not usually the band who sets prices for gigs anyway. I really feel sorry for those guys — if they don't play, they're accused of deserting their fans. If they do play, they're accused of playing gigs where the bouncers are morons (where else in Glasgow could they have played?). Up your revolution, lads. Don't let the bastards wear you down.
JOHNNY MOREBASS, Gloucestershire.
P.S. Can I have a snide comment, even if you agree with me? Please? Huh?
Of course you can't. Do you think you've got rights just 'cause you're right? — CSM

LET NO BLAME fall on The Clash for the appalling state of their tour. Although Fashon were given a contract to play at the Birmingham venue, the promoters Stardate Enterprises told us that if we try'd to enter before the gig we would be removed by their guys, then palmed us off with a couple of free tickets for the gig. We spent the rest of the fated day organising another venue (at one point even trying to play in a scientology book shop, but thought better of it) and played a small theatre in Birmingham which we advertised as a free alternative on local radio for any who specifically wanted to see us.

It was also the promoters that upped the price before the band went on — which they knew nothing of. Stardate also organised the Steel Pulse gig in Birmingham, which was also over-priced and which the band could do nothing about although they tried, and for which their fee still hasn't been settled.

So small wonder Strummer was in tears having to deal with Stardate and what's more they'll probably get ripped off too.
FASHON.
I'm glad someone's staying off the clash-with-The-Clash-wagon. Thanx — CSM

SO THERE were 50 or 60 Clash fans outside the Apollo eh? *NME 15.7.78*) . . . Bollocks — more like 300. I was there, where I was thrown to the ground by one of the local constabulary, cut all my face and hands and was later arrested for breach of the peace. In the cells a chorus of "The Prisoner" was sung once, by myself and about two others and that was that.

When chatting to Joe and Paul they were really alright, but fuck, they can walk out the court laughing, I can't. When I appear in court in a month or so I'll probably get about both their fines joined together (if I don't go down). No joke when you're on the dole.

The Clash gig won't even come into it, just another Glasgow kid drunk causing trouble. So Joe, when my fine comes up and I can't pay it (I don't wanna be the prisoner, maaan) I'll send you a letter and you can help me out.
JOE MORIN, Rutherglen, Glasgow.
Say it again: there are NO EASY ANSWERS. I'm still glad that Strummer & Co. are doing their best. — CSM

A LITTLE while ago I, as manager of Crazy Cavan and The Rhythm Rockers, Flight 56 and Shazam, rang Eric's club in Liverpool to try and score some gigs. Speaking to Roger Eagle there I asked if he would like some '50s r'n'r and rock-a-billy. He said he loved it and he was sure it would pull a good crowd, but that he would not book it in to his club because of a bunch of race haters pretending they are fans of '50s music who use rock-a-billy nights as an excuse to strut their white supremacy stuff. This amazes me, for the one form of rock that more than any other should not have room for any prejudice is original rock 'n' roll. For it was r'n'r that first smashed the race barriers in the early and mid-'50s, with white teenagers not only dancing to black music but to black artistes, with integrated groups like the Del-Vikings socking it out on prime time TV. With the whole damn rock and roll movement knocking the crap out of the American establishment. The black cats made rock and roll when they put rhythm to the blues, the white cats made rock-a-billy when they played black songs their way, dig it all 'cause there's a lot to dig. And if you have to be a Nazi go take a look at some of the newer rock stuff — maybe there's room for you there, I doubt it. I reckon if you really are into a race hate bit you best fuck off out of rock and roll.
PAUL BARRETT, Penarth, S Wales.
Damn right, Paul. Let's bear it for Rednecks Against Racism — it matters that *everybody* gets the message. Shall we try the Heavy Metal fans next? — CSM

WITH REGARD to your article in the *New Musical Express* of 22.7.78 entitled "Music from the Death Factory", concerning Mr Genesis P. Orridge.

May we congratulate you on an interesting and informative article. We represent an organisation known as Art and Death, which aims to channel the energies of violence to produce worthwhile pieces of art. Your article has captured our imagination and stimulated us to such an extent that we feel we owe it to Mr Orridge to involve him in our next major work. This involves certain activities which require the use of a human body (maybe his?) over a protracted period of time. Any resulting sounds, i.e. screams, crunches, moans, etc., will be taped with a view to producing a record. It is our conviction that this can only help to bridge the gap between rock and true art which has noticeably widened over the last few years. Mr Orridge has given us new hope and with his help we feel we could reach our ultimate goals, i.e. the celebration of Death, Rock and Art.
MR & MRS G. FRESH (aged 48), Brighton.
Awww . . . everybody plays Death, Rock and Art(s) — CSM

AFTER THE Dylan review everything else in last week's issue seemed quite lame. I had to re-arrange their faces and give them other names.
STUART TODD, East Oakley, Hampshire.
Who's a witty boy, then? — CSM

GROVEL, GROVEL! Creep, creep and lick, lick. So Poncy Paul Weller writes in to 'ave a dig at *NME* and CSM falls to his knees, "Thanks for writing, I look forward to your next album just like I looked forward to the last two". You stupid creep! Just when we all thought you were the master of snide, corny and hypocritical (not to mention naive) answers to the 'BAG'. Well you've just proved you're in the same stupid league as Parsons, Burchill, Smiff and Kent. You're all scared of the artists but you're "Oh so cocky" to us punters, the people who buy your mucky little rag and who only write so's you can donate the stamps to Oxfam.
MIF BRILLIANT, Dagenham.
The reason I gave Paul a Nice Answer was that he wrote a Nice Letter — reasonable, friendly and polite, unlike the kind of hectoring rants that 10cc used to sent us. Plus I *like* Paul Weller 'n I dig The Jam. Write a stupid letter, Mif, you get a stupid answer. Awright? — CSM

PREVIOUSLY the transition by *NME* from ass-licking to abuse was reserved for the release of a band's second album — after their debut had established them as "The Future of Rock and Roll". Devo have now issued two singles and since the critics (Tony Parsons eat your heart out) have got their hands on "Satisfaction", this band has run the gamut from "The Future, etc." to Last Year's Model.

I know that music now takes second place to a band's philosophy/politics but I personally should like to hear the album before writing Devo off. After all, the singles ("Jocko Homo" and "Satisfaction", stupid) have been two of the most interesting and imaginative of the last year and certainly point toward at last the possibility of a bloody good album.

Are we not O-P-E-N M-I-N-D-E-D?
JOHN McBRIDE, Derry, N. Ireland.
Sure we are. I never bought Devo's P-H-I-L-O-S-O-P-H-Y in the first place: I just dug the singles 'cuz they were witty and made me L-A-U-G-H. Still looking forward to their album for M-O-R-E of the S-A-M-E (or maybe different) — CSM

I DON'T believe it!! The Boomtown Rats, The Jam, Penetration, Sham 69 and Tom Robinson at the Reading Mud Festival!!! Nothing changes, the final sell out, here comes the New Wave same as the Old Wave.
JOHN HOW-ON-ARTH (Not right wing, not left wing, just an old fashioned centre forward).
Cynic! — CSM.

IF I said Ozzy Osbourne was a peat, would it offend Black Sabbath freaks?
JONTY THOMPSON, Byker, Nr. Stanley.
Only the ones who can read — CSM

Letters edited by Charles Shaar Murray

T-ZERS

GETS THE WILLIES

Don't fret, it's not another tasteless T-Zer pic of Keef — the above specimen is one KLARK KENT, maker of melodius sounds and — God, Perry White and Roy Carr willing — the feature of a feature, so to speak, extremely soon. Well, it's more visual than a bleedin' plain old Next Week Box, innit?
Pic by P.R. PRESS BAYLIS

HARD ON THE heels of the **Stones** billing themselves as The Great Stoned Out Wrestling Champs on their Stateside tour and both **Alex Harvey** and **Steve Marriott** (see *Thrills* page 12) appearing under nom des plumes at low key gigs, there are mutterings, indeed rumours, that **Led Zeppelin** *(Who? — Ed.)* will shortly do the same. That is, play a series of pub gigs under an assumed, and probably very silly, name. While we're on it, just thought you'd like to know that Zeppelin were, claims a reliable source, all set to open for **Maggie Bell**, another Swan Song recording artiste, at Sunday before last's fab Royal Festival Hall gig, but cold-feeted at the last moment. Seeing as Swan Song's press office is on holiday *(Like most of its artistes. — Ed.)* until the end of August, *T-Zers* can neither confirm or deny the above . . .

Okay so we said we'd never mention **His** name again. What's more we don't believe a word of it, but **Generation X's** publicist has it that one **Robert Zimmerman,** not content with just ripping off **Willy DeVille's** fashion tips (see last week's *T-Zers*), cornered X's **Tony James** at Blackbushe to ask him where he bought his natty black and white leather. With the information firmly secure in the Zimmerbrain, Bob hi-tailed it up to Camden Town market the following day (Sunday) and bought three of the jackets. Has he no pride, wonders *T-Zers* . . .

We wuz wrong, blushes *T-Zers*. Last week we reported that **Clash's Mick Jones** had been busted for possession of t'herb, mon. Not so. Jonsey boy was busted for possession of cocaine . . .

Talking of which, a story in last week's national press had it that the man some girls love to hate (more of that later), full-time Rolling Stone **Mick Jagger**, 'fraid that **Mother Nature** is at last taking her toll on the boss Stone's corporeal whatsit, has given up drugs and drink. 'Tis not so, but The Ageing One does work-out before each show with his keepfitperson **Jimmy.** More on Jagger; former-*Hair* singer **Marsha Hunt** is taking Jagger to court on account of the fact that he only pays £8.50 for the up-keep of daughter **Karis** who, claims Ms Hunt, Jagger sired. She wants £300 a week and a Los Angeles judge has frozen Jagger's share of the £250,000 gate money the Stones earnt from two LA gigs last weekend pending settlement. Some girls, huh? More still on Jagger: possibly in a bid to emulate the **Lone Groover,** surely it wasn't **Ian Anderson,** Jagger now wears a cod-piece onstage. **Etta James,** support act for some of the Stones' American dates, told the London *Evening News:* "Nobody knew until it fell down to his ankle on stage one night." And last words on ole rubber lips from **Patti Smith** who says in latest ish of *Rolling Stone:* "If anyone qualifies to be a nigger, it's Mick Jagger . . ."

Just in case you forgot, there are other **Rolling Stones,** and **Keef** himself is keen to put out his apparently dynamite version of **Chuck Berry's** "Run Rudolph Run" this yuletide. He almost has an album's worth of solo material in the can . . .

Neil Young, meantime, with 175 songs in releasable form, has in the region of 20 albums of material stashed away. Shame he always takes so long in releasing it. The latest one, "Come A Time", has now been put back until August. One of the albums Young never released is an elpee made up entirely of songs whose titles other people have made famous, including "Born To Run", "Sail Away" and "Greensleeves" . . .

Recently printed in *Black Music:* "Upcoming artists to appear in the series include **Bill Haley** and other leading black acts" . . .

At a recent visit to the dentist, **Patti Smith** refused Novocaine on the grounds that it's un-American, because they didn't have it in the Civil War . . .

Back in the realm of 'ooman bein's. Stiff personage and Dury acolyte KOSMO VINYL pulled yet again at that picnic wotsit thrown for American pop singer B. Dylan when he picked up some tinted bint backstage. She seems quite keen, doesn't she?
Pic by NIGEL DICK

THIS WEEK'S *T-Zers* bunch of grapes to **Poly Styrene,** who's somewhat under the weather of late . . .

Chaotic (non-) organisation and **Junior Wells** turned Friday's Blues Festival at Hammersmith into a fiasco. The audience still lapped it up though, even when **Buddy Guy** played a scornful "Sunshine Of Your Love" because the crowd weren't quiet enough for his taste. Among the disappointed were **Wilko Johnson** and **Deke Leonard.** Full report page 37 . . .

Haven't these men anything better to do with their time! Along with **Spike Milligan, The Who** are campaigning for the life of a 200 year-old tree at Shepperton film studios . . .

That **Jagger** ain't the only one who gets a name-check every week in *T-Zers,* which is one way of saying that it's time for this week's obligatory ex-**Sex Pistols** bit. Expect first single — called "Public Image" — from **John Lydon's** new band in around six weeks time . . .

Pistols **Paul 'n' Steve** in Madrid working on Pistols flick. **Taley Maley** has apparently hired an actor to play **Rotten** in certain scenes . . .

FBI informer or not, in the last year **Elvis** has generated at least £500 millions' worth of business, of which 80 per cent has been down to record sales. One of the most recent pieces of Elvisploitation has been to sell at £3.50 a square inch two acres of Elvis's Mississippi retreat, the Circle G ranch. If all the land is sold, it means that six million people will have a share in it . . .

Sylvester *Rocky* **Stallone** is mulling over an offer to play the King in a movie of Presley's life. Snag is that Stallone has zilcho musical ability and if he accepts will either have to take singing lessons or mime to Presley's records . . .

Rolling Stones Records considering releasing the soundtrack to reggae flick, *Rockers* . . .

EMI'S increase in record prices now means that albums on the label and its licensees (Island, MCA, Bronze, Stax and Tamla Motown are amongst those affected) will cost you less than a pint under a fiver. Or to put it more bluntly, most EMI albums, from August 1 onwards, will sell at £4.70, super deluxe albums *(There's precious few of them — Ed.)* are a snip at £4.99 while singles go up by 10p to 90p. *T-Zers* remembers when you could buy three singles for exactly a quid . . .

Siouxsie stopped mid-song to stop fight at London's Roundhouse, complained about heat and asked promoter **John Curd** for a fan *(Who'se she think she is? Greg Lake or someone? — Ed.)* And in the deluge at the stage-front one punter threw up over *NME* pixperson **Denis O'Regan . . .**

In this week's *Sunday Times* **Gordon Burns** wrote about **Dylan** playing "Tangled Up In Blue" at Blackbushe. At the Blackbushe *NME* attended, Dylan played no such song . . .

Missing guitarist **Jeff Beck** has formed a tentative power-trio with fusionists **Stanley Clarke** and **Lenny White** . .

For next **Linda Ronstadt** album the mixture is much as before. **Peter Asher** at the board. Among the songs are **El Fent's** "All That You Dream", **Smokey Robinson's** "Ooh Baby, Baby", **Elvis's** "Love Me Tender" and **C. Berry's** "Back In The USA" . . .

NME grovels to all concerned regarding the publishers of **Miles'** Dylan book which is published by **Big O** and not, as wrongly reported, **Omnibus** . . .

Freddie Mercury on his teeth: "I don't like the way they protrude. I'm going to have them done, but I haven't had the time. Apart from that, I'm perfect." There speaks a prat . . .

Generation X's Del Wood and **Tony James** after having accommodation problems have booked into the Hilton for the week. Surely they could have chosen something a little less tacky like say, Claridges or The Dorchester . . .

Last Wednesday's bland **Elkie Brooks** documentary *Elkie And Co.* and Monday's *In Concert* means that in just six days tough-talking Elkie has had two hours of television time . . .

Revolver, meantime, has done little to brighten up rock-TV, this Saturday getting off to an inauspicious start with seemingly haphazhard selection of bands and atrocious linkmen. Careful scrutiny of the archives will show that *Ready Steady Go* was never like this . . .

In Manchester **Howard Devoto** was briefly and uneasily reunited with **Buzzcocks** for Granada TV Devoto documentary. The Bald One joined Shelley for just one number, "Can't Control Myself" . . .

Nice facilities 'ere, guv! Barnet beat power combo **The Crooks** red faced at Stoke Newington's top-ranking Rochester Castle when The Man from *T-Zers,* going about his business, discovered the band changing in the gents. . .

And finally, happily, it's hello to all 8lbs 1oz of young **Natalie Lamb,** born on Tuesday morning and begot by *NME's* resident ad sharpie **Frank Lamb** and his missus, **Bernadette,** who was too knackered to talk to *News At Ten* after 21 hours labour. We here at *T-Zers* are delighted for everyone concerned, especially since Frank'll be setting 'em up at the pub tonight. . .

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