

Melody Maker

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STEVE HILLAGE, the guitarist who left Gong and went straight into the chart with his solo "L" album, sets off on a 15-date British tour in October to mark the release of his new album, "Motivation Radio," on September 30.

The tour, which includes a concert at London's Rainbow Theatre, features noted American guitarist Glen Phillips as the support act, but the personnel of Hillage's own band will not be announced until September.

The dates are: Aylesbury Friars (October 15), Preston Guild Hall (17), Liverpool Empire (18), Manchester Apollo (19), Bradford St George's Hall (21), Newcastle City Hall (22), Edinburgh Leith Hall (23), Glasgow

Hillage shows

Strathclyde University (24), Sheffield City Hall (26), Birmingham Odeon (27), Leicester De Montfort Hall (28), Cardiff University (29), Bristol Colston Hall (30), Brighton Dome (November 1), London Rainbow (3).

Ticket prices are £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 and £1.00 at all concerts except the Rainbow, where the prices are £3.25, £2.50 and £1.75.

The new Glen Phillips album, "Swin In The Wind", the follow-up to "Lost At Sea", is released by Virgin on September 9. A single featuring an unavailable Hillage track and an available Phillips cut will be given away at the concert.

JOHNNY ROTTEN/STEVE HILLAGE

PISTOLS' ROLLING ANARCHY REVUE

THE SEX PISTOLS, for many months musical outcasts in their own country, are about to set out on a "guemilla" tour of Britain, playing about 20 dates under assumed names. The tour will start

later this month and carry on through October, with the band arriving unannounced at a venue, leaving only a few hours for word to spread on the local grapevine.

If word gets out before the day of the concert and the details are published, the concert will be scrapped.

The band's agency, Cowbell, has strenuously denied that the tour is taking place, but NME understands that about 20 dates have been arranged, with concerts in Birmingham and Swindon at least.

The band have been deliberately booked into low-key venues, mainly independent clubs off the big circuits. The aim is that word-of-mouth will avoid the vast crowds and possible trouble that advance publicity would bring.

This will be the first time the Pistols have played regular concerts in Britain for about ten months. After finishing the recording of their debut album, which is due out on Virgin at the end of September, they were forced by controversy to tour in Scandinavia.

A film-maker Russ Meyer, known for The Seven Minutes, Supervixens, and Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls, is in London this week following a visit to America by Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren. Meyer is thought to have agreed to make a Sex Pistols movie, written by film critic Robert Ebert.

Sons of the Pioneer

The dreamers and fighters who walked in Woody Guthrie's footsteps — and how things went sour. **TURN TO PAGE 26.**

PICTURED CENTRE: WOODY GUTHRIE. CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: BOB DYLAN, JOAN BAEZ, PAUL SIMON, JUDY COLLINS, PHIL OCHS, ARLO GUTHRIE

Intercity: reports from four major cities — page 34

King HARRY

You've never heard of
them before, because they've
had nothing for you to hear...



until now.



Divided We Stand EMC 3188 available on tape

EMI Records Limited, 20 Manchester Square, London W1A 1ES

IN 1966 a business consortium created the Monkees. They were so devilishly clever that within a matter of 18 months the band had amassed ten gold albums. By 1968, however, rigor mortis had set in and the weenyboppers craved new synthetic product.

The same year saw Mickey, Mike, Peter and Davy embark on a full-length movie called *Head* under the direction of Bob Rafelson, who subsequently went on to film like *Easy Rider*, *Five Easy Pieces* and *King Of Marvin Gardens*. Also involved was the well-known actor Jack Nicholson, who co-wrote the script with Rafelson.

Also the dynamic combination

proved a little too anarchic and why for the pre-pubescent who had religiously watched the cheerfully tame Monkees TV series. Head bombed horribly in the States, and wasn't even shown here, apart from occasional screenings in the more enlightened independent cinemas.

Well, nine years on, London's Electric and Other Cinema (yes, the two of the more enlightened independent) has dandered the film and it looks better than ever. The film, like the multi-colored psychedelia which grates something awful.

Often the cute, zany humour falls flat on its face, but despite these obstacles the

breathless episodes follow each other with a vitality and originality that gives the Beatles' *Help* a run for its money.

Rafelson explodes the whole man-made phenomenon that was the Monkees and shows the quartet as not only real human beings but also ADULT human beings.

For example, some gruesome documentary footage from the Vietnam war sneaks in during a while-sailed live performance by the band. It may sound clichéd but it's done with surprising force.

Mickey Dolenz smashes through the concert in a cowboy outfit, screaming that he's had

enough of all that. Small wonder that the parents of those 13-year-olds weren't too happy about their darlings being exposed to such madness.

As a contemporary footnote, Peter Dinklage played a rare set at New York's infamous dive CBGB's last week. Attired in a red beard and cowboy shirt, he ran through old Monkees favourites like *Pleasant Valley Sunday* and *Take A Giant Step* outside the venue, as well as new, original material.

He even managed a classical solo on piano. Peter's normal occupation is teaching English in a Californian high school. Head opens at both cinemas today (Thursday).



CAN nothing be done to stop the current wave of destruction caused by these pop groups (demands your Raver)? This week we are informed that Pekoe Orange, a strongly rhythmic ensemble, "tore the place apart" the last time they played the Golden Lion, Fulham. This causes considerable inconvenience to casual drinkers and the carriage trade. We haven't actually visited the Golden Lion recently, but one can imagine the scene. "I'd like a pint of bitter please." "Sorry sir, a glass left intact. Now tread carefully sir." Another came was reported of a group who "blew up a storm" and left customers drenched. Many were homeless after another band "brought the house down," and as for the group that "caused a great stink," public health authorities warn of a sudden epidemic. We demand an end to these outrages. This has been a Melody Maker Public Service Bulletin.

MANY claim that the rock business is a heartless affair, pitted by surly, short-tempered cats who snarl their way to some imagined prominence at the top of a hierarchy of brutal mediocrity. Actually, many are quite right. But here comes a heartwarming tale that shows there are still men of sensibility and moderate manners who dwell in enlightenment and elegance.

On or about 11th, reader T. Ruffian, Boston, writes: The fact is that B. P. Fallon, one of the great showbiz characters of our time, has fallen in love. Round of church to field of waving daffodils, close-ups of small animals romping in some woodland glade. Seems to us that two ladies called Mary and Gabby from Camden town at the Boomtown Rats gig at the Marquee last week. And old Beep would desperately love to meet them again, so ring him at 01-229 9212. (And DOH! ring up with a wily voice pretending to be Gabby when, in fact, you are none other than T. Ruffian.)

BOB MARLEY and the Wailers News American fans will have to wait until the autumn to see the band as Bob has gone into hospital. A eye on his foot has been plaguing him for months and has to be removed. Apart from anything else, it must have been interfering with Marley's foot and ankle. The new US Wailers' single, meanwhile, is "Waiting in Vain." Rather apt, what? John Martin (the singer of the new Wailers) and another who was in the band in Panama, played Sydney Town Hall last week and broke the box office record. At the end of the show he was interviewed and he gave a very interesting story from the point of view of the Rob Partridge News Service. It seemed silly when Wings took to the stage to record their new album. McCartney Productions hired three boats, including a charter yacht Fair Carol, converted into a 24-track studio, and set out for the Virgin Islands. A converted minisuper, Simala, was used to house the band while the McCartney family stayed aboard Elton. Eadly was spent swimming, watching flying fish, and recording between swigs of local rum. But then trouble began brewing amidst, and there was a yacht in the middle of the sea. The captain of the yacht to take their toll. Paul cut a knee and bruised a leg. Danny suffered severe sunburn. Jimmy McCulloch broke his knee and had to be taken off by water ambulance, and finally engineer Geoff Emerick electrified his finger. It was just as well they didn't decide to record inside the Bermuda Triangle. Title of the album "Water in the World."

WHEN the Rods, featuring dinky Barrie Masters, play five nights at the Marquee from August 21, EVERYBODY gets a numbered badge as they get in. Last night a LUCKY man drew the number and gets a FREE Rods album featuring rare unreleased material by the boys. Only FIVE albums are being released as they will be COLLECTOR'S items. Use collectors that is (Just a JOKE all you Rods fans).

Amazing! The Rods' drummer is Cliff Davies who used to be with Dick Morrissey in the Nostalgia 70s. Remember the dear dead days of the Sex Pistols and the Punk Rock Revolution of 1977? Where are they all now? Well, Johnny Rotten is now working as a butcher in Blackpool. Eater is a civil servant, and Rat Scabies is doing very well on the cabaret circuit.

KEITH "Merry" Christmas has assembled a band featuring Rod Coombes (bass), Keith Ellis (bass, ex-Boxer) and session guitarist Richie Brunton for a special gig at Dingwalls this Saturday. Keith Altam thanks all who sent flowers and best wishes last week after hearing of his recent heart attack.

One MM Reader, Pot Coupo, arrived with a zip, safety pin and cut out lettering for the address. Strangely enough, all the votes were for Bowie (Well, there were some for Clash too). The Great Retail Organisation are opening a new shop at 128 Charing Cross Road, London, called Live Music, stocking all leading makes of electric and acoustic guitars, keyboards and accessories.

ROCK IS... taking home the latest Strangers album and finishing 'The World Of Kathy Kirby' inside.

Well, that's probably something to do with the Colston Hall. Strummer replied somewhat wistfully. "I know it's that my throat hurts and tomorrow I'm going to go to the subject of the 101ers, you may have noticed that 'Keys To Your Heart', that realise the greatest share of applause in the reviews. The wick compilation, 'Foot's Gold'.

We wondered if Chawick, encouraged by the response to the track, would be searching through their archives for further recordings by the band.

Ted Carroll was enthusiastic — so what about it, Joe?

History is a Boom Boom Boom!

IMAGINE sitting in your bathroom with an audience whose claps echo emptily around the tiled walls, and listening at the plughole for a band who've forsaken the garage to play down in the sewer.

Okay, now you've got a fair idea of what it's like listening to the Pistols' booties, which arrived on our desks from parts unknown this week along with its Clash counterpart, which appeared from the same source. Punk For Pleasure.

Both labels bear the legend. All rights reserved. Unauthorized public performance, broadcasting, and copying prohibited. Real bunch of jokes, ain't they?

The Good Time Music of the Sex Pistols was recorded (sic) way back on June 6, 1976, at the Lesser Free Trade Hall in Manchester on a cassette machine that obviously couldn't cope with the full-frontal attack of everybody's favourite martyrs and returns like Radio Caroline on a stormy night.

Drums and bass are all but inaudible most of the time, and even Steve Jones' guitar is trampled on when Rotten enters stage-centre. Johnny's voice is also distorted into a wailing drone, seemingly lower in pitch than usual; which might indicate that what we hear is a little slower than it actually was.

On the plus side are the three early, non-original stage faves "Stepping Stone," "Whatcha Gonna Do About It," and "Substitute," which they probably won't ever record, and Glen Matlock's exuberantly inaccurate attempt at harmony.

The Clash booties, "Take It Or Leave It," was filmed from the White Riot tour at Manchester's Electric Circus on May 8 of this year. This time the sound's actually pretty good, and the performance as fully committed to kick-ass rock 'n' roll as you'd expect from the Clash.

But 14 of the 16 tracks are off the album, and the hard-core fans who'd consider buying a bootleg will surely have "Capital Radio," "Whatcha Gonna Do About It," and "Substitute," which leaves just an excellent version of Toots Hibbert's "Pressure Drop," and a chance to hear how often Joe Strummer goes out of breath or confuses the lyrics in concert.

Two corrections from last week's track listings: "A Lazy Soul" is included; and "Protest" is the album-track omitted from the Clash booties, not "Denny." Meanwhile, rumours of two more Pistols bootlegs, better in quality, being produced in London. One is "Burton 76," and "Bogart," one or the other of which is supposed to have a full-colour sleeve.

GIG OF THE WEEK (in our partisan opinion) — John Otway and Wild Willy Barrett at London's Roundhouse on Sunday. At the end of "Jet Speller," he leapt astride Wild Willy's custom built pedal steel guitar and drove the bloody thing off stage into a wall. Then he crawled back for "To Love Somebody." Stirling stuff.

- Modest lunch thrown for Muhammad Ali last Thursday by Arista, who've picked up the soundtrack of his self-congratulatory movie autobiography, The Greatest. Ali appeared subdued and tired after a gruelling round of promotional exercises designed to sell the movie.
- No hyperbolic speeches, no outrageous verbals, no excessive wagging of the old mouth meat. To anyone prepared to listen, he merely talked quietly about religion. There was also mention of a forthcoming light somewhere.
- At lunch he was surrounded by Arista execs, who applauded his every gesture (perplexing for those of us at the far end of the table who wondered constantly what verbal uppercuts we were missing). Ali picked with no apparent interest at a large steak, and left before the strawberries and cream were served.
- Before he did, though, he commanded a piano and treated us to an impromptu solo on the ivories (and how they must have been jealous of the Great Man's teeth) in the boogie-woogie idiom. Rick Wakeman he isn't.

PUNK Paranoia strikes again. The future of the Krazy, London, first pub venue was threatened last week after a group of local shopkeepers and businessmen demanded that the Metropolitan Police take immediate action against the club's new wave clientele.

They claim the punks regularly "terrorise" Covent Garden, where the club is situated. Punk shock squadrons have, apparently, been diving out of the club legless to the eyeballs at three in the morning some of them "big fellows," according to one report — when they proceed comprehensively to trash the neighbourhood, causing decent folk to shiver in fear behind barred and bolted doors.

The local residents who made the complaint want the club's liquor licence revoked and more heat on the beat. Kevin St John (40), one of the Krazy's owners, categorically denied that any of his "members" had been in trouble in these outrageous activities — when Roxy member was convicted of such a charge they would immediately be banned. So there.

The Old Bill, meanwhile, have promised extra patrols for the area. Had they nothing better to do? Like clearing fags off the streets of South London, for instance?



LEO SAYER, whose 19-date British tour in late September and October was revealed exclusively in MM last week, releases a new single, "Thunder in My Heart," next Friday.

The single is the title track from his new album, produced by Richard Perry,

which is released in September to coincide with the tour, which will be Leo's first series of British dates for nearly two years.

His last album, "Endless Flight", has been in the chart since November last year and spawned three hit singles.

Feelgood to tour

DR. FEELGOOD, currently in the studio with highly-rated British producer Nick Lowe, kick off a lengthy UK tour on September 22 that takes them through to the end of October, including two dates at London's Hammersmith Odeon.

The album is due for release on the United Artists label in mid-September, just before the Feelgoods start their tour in Belfast. They play two more Irish dates at Cork and Dublin, then start a 24-date tour that takes in the major Scottish and British towns.

The Lev Lewis Band will guest on the three Irish dates, but no support has yet been fixed for the rest of the tour.

The full concert dates are: Belfast Ulster Hall (September 27), Cork City Hall (23), Dublin National Stadium (24), Leicester de Montfort Hall (26), Bradford St George's Hall (27), Aberdeen Music Hall (29), Edinburgh Odeon (30), Glasgow Apollo (October 1), Newcastle City Hall (2), Sheffield City Hall (3), Hanley Victoria Hall (4), Manchester Free Trade Hall (6), Liverpool Empire (7), Birmingham Odeon (8), Bristol Colston Hall (9), Swansea Tip Rank (10), Cardiff Top Rank (11), Canterbury University Sports Hall (13), Brighton Top Rank (14), London Hammersmith Odeon (15, 16), Portsmouth Guild Hall (18), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (19), Oxford New Theatre (20), Cambridge Corn Exchange (21), Southend Kirksaal (22), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (23).

Tickets are on sale now priced £2.50, £2.00, £1.50, except for the Irish dates, which go on sale next week and are priced as follows: Belfast, £1.50, £1.00, £0.50; Cork, £2.50, £2.00, £1.75; Dublin, £1.75, £1.25, £0.75. Other price variations are Glasgow and Liverpool: bottom price, £1.00; Swansea, Cardiff, Brighton and Canterbury, £1.70 in advance; Cambridge and Southend, £1.00 in advance.

New Ronstadt album

AMERICAN singer Linda Ronstadt releases a new album, "Simple Dreams," on September 2. Since making Linda one of the hottest album releases, Dolly Parton, Don Henley and J. Geil's "Sweet Dreams" have included the Rolling Stones' "Tumbling Down," Bruce Springsteen's "Dancing Queen" and the album is produced by Peter Ascher.

CARLA FORMS NEW BAND

INFLUENTIAL jazz composer Carla Bley has formed a new band which is premiered on Sunday at London's Dingwalls. The ten-piece band includes former Soft Machine players Elton Dean and Hugh Hopper, and trumpeter Michael Mantler.

The full line-up of the band, which goes on to play a series of European dates, is: Carla Bley (keyboards), Michael Mantler (trumpet), Hugh Hopper (bass), Elton Dean (alto sax), Roswell Rudd (drum-bone), Gary Windo (tenor sax), Bob Stewart (tuba), John Clark (French horn), Terry Adams (keyboards), and Andrew Cyrille (drums).

Essex's one man band

DAVID ESSEX's new album "Gold And Ivory" is released by CBS Records next month and marks a split from producer Jeff Wayne as Essex pursues his self-professed aim of "complete creative control" — he has written, produced and arranged the album.

Although Wayne's name will still appear on the album, he and Essex no longer see eye-to-eye over recordings and despite CBS's initial surprise, Wayne agreed for the singer to go ahead with his new production.

Eleven of the album's 13 songs will be featured on Essex's BBC 1 TV series that starts on September 6, and guests will include Danny Lane, Ronnie Spear, The Real Thing, The Small Faces and Twiggy.

A new David Essex single, "Cool Out Tonight," from the new album, is released this Friday.

Townshend/Lane album out

THE PETE Townshend/Ronnie Lane collaboration album, revealed by MM in July, is released by Polydisc early next month.

The album, called "Rough Mix," includes performances by Eric Clapton and Charlie Watts, and was produced by Rolling Stones' engineer Glyn Johns and contains five Townshend songs, two written by Lane, one called "Annie," written by Clapton, Lane and Kit Lambert, and one co-written by Townshend and Lane.

Elvis gigs

ELVIS COSTELLO heads a tour being set up for October under the Bunch of Stiffs banner. Other Stiff label acts included in the package are Nick Lowe and Wreckless Eric, and more are expected to be added before the tour starts. About 20 dates are being set up by the Derek Block organisation.

VIBRATORS QUIT BRITAIN FOR BERLIN

THE VIBRATORS, one of the first new wave bands to hit commercial success with single and big album sales and a major record company contract, have quit Britain to live in Berlin.

The band, who were one of the surprise attractions for record company bosses at CBS's big-name convention a fortnight ago, have taken a flat in the German capital and are currently writing material for a new album.

They left on Saturday last week because they say they feel there is much more happening in the city than in London at the moment. Their new single, "London Girls," was recorded live in London and is released this Friday by CBS.

BACK IN STOCK

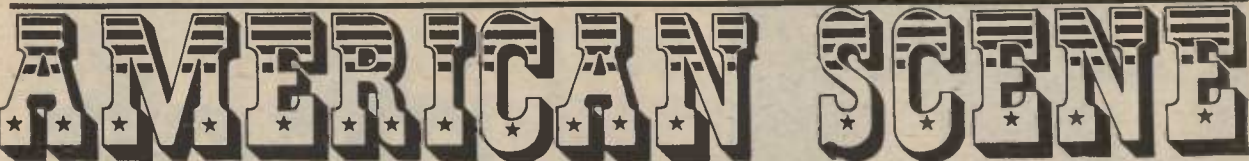


the Stranglers

RATTUS NORVEGICUS including the singles GRIP LONDON LADY PEACHES

Album UAG 30045
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Star sessionmen for Steely Dan

Los Angeles: Harvey Kubernik

STEELY DAN continue to draft members into their autumn tour. Jeff Porco (drums), Jim Keltner (drums), Victor Feldman (percussion) and Jimmy Diaz (guitar) are in the fold, which may also include Steve Lasker on guitar, who is currently gigging with Boz Scaggs. Tim Schmidt or Bill Champlin will play bass and some possible singers will be Marc Jordan and Tom Kelly, lead singer with Fools Gold.

Ray Orbison has generated the strongest mail order ticket business in the history of the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. An SMC apixian confirms that the record was set within a week of date's announcement, and prior to any advertisement. Here's how imaginative promoters purchased a mailing list of "people who had heard of special two-disc Orbison (to offer album a year ago, and sent the fans word of the appearance. A 3,000 seat sellout will greet Orbison on August 18.

John Stewart, who recently finished an album for the RSO label, has been playing regularly at the Palomino and last week fans got a chance to hear him again in an intimate setting of McCabe's in Santa Monica.

Stewart always gives a fine performance. His new material, including a tune about Jimmy Carter, "Sell 'Em The Lord And Promise 'Em The Wind" was applauded heavily. He still does the best Bob Dylan impersonation around and he has to be the first person in the world to do a Jesse Winchester imitation on stage.

Linda Ronstadt is putting the finishing touches to her "Simple Dreams" album, due out August 23. There's a couple of Warren Zevon songs including "Poor Little Me," Jagger/Richard's "Tumbling Dice," Buddy Holly's "It's So Easy," Ron Orbison's "Blue Bayou," and the title track penned by J. D. Souther among the selections.

Ronstadt headlines a Wolf & Rissmiller concert at the Selland Arena in Fresno September 16 and two days later is at the San Diego Sports Arena, along with former Eagle Bertele Leason and the Michael Georgiadis Band. A European tour is planned for the end of the year.

Paul Kantner and Grace Slick have formed an association with Michael Arcane's new York formed Filmatic Agency of Hollywood to package the Kantner album original, "Blows Against The Empire," as a feature film. The Filmatic Agency will also serve to provide Jefferson Starship with the film scoring and title song assignment.

Cherie Currie, having split from the Runaways earlier this week, is premiering with popular hard rockers Yesterday & Today. Currie will be there singing on "Tried In Show You," a song she wrote with Y&T on their still-in-progress work.

Flying solo in the face of the punk movement is Buckdancer, a group garnering a lot of attention from companies and celebrities alike. Latest to be involved is Stu Cook, former lead Credence Clearwater Revival, who assisted Richard Kaplan (Ollie Young, Buckdancer), during their recent live recording session at Capitol's.

The group, a four-man contingent, has evolved into a much harder sound since their initial demo session, produced by Bob Marzulli. Buckdancer's line-up includes: lead guitar, Mike Nash, formerly the drummer with Mason Proffitt; bass, Jim Moore, pedal steel; and Ken Ypsarilla, lead guitar, mandolin and fiddle. Joining the band for recent appearances were ex-Manson Profit players Kinky on lead guitar and Creeper on electronic piano and harp.

TWO major concerts filled Madison Square Garden this week: Bad Company and Yes. Yes made a bigger impression, though not necessarily at the box office. It's just that Rick Wakeman's return to the group for their first show in the city in a few years made for more talk than Bad Company's tried and true repertoire.

Wakeman's return was, in a stylistic sense, inauspicious, as he did not make a grand entrance in full cape or other rock regalia, but, musically, he added a little life to the group's otherwise academic tone. Yes played to sell-out crowds (two nights) as did Bad Company (one night).

One of the hits of the summer here has been the club appearances and new record by the Hextones. Though they were forced to cancel out one recent performance (it had Mick Jagger was on his way to the club in a limo full of friends), Leroy Sibbles and group redeemed themselves with a very popular record, "Party Time."

stay home more. Now it's boats and books and, of course, arguing.

"Not enough progress has been made in the movement I have been involved in, but just the other day I walked through Central Park for the first time in 20 years. There were musicians and artists and crafts people everywhere. Why, when Woody and me tried to just sing in the park they locked us up!"

All the excitement that attends a Newport jam session was squeezed into living-room-size quarters in the Village Vanguard when saxophonist Art Pepper opened a week-long stand. Prior to his Newport appearance (which drew unanimous praise from several feature stories), Pepper hadn't performed in New York for 20 years.

The session, which featured Elvin Jones on drums, George Cables on piano and Steve Rodney on bass, was a masterful job lesson, and Pepper's also playing was particularly inspired. In the audience was Don Schittlen, head of the New York-based profit-sharing record label, Blue Note. They'll be recording Art Pepper this week.

Impulsing Artists Inc. (26 Jane Street, NYC), who have produced an excellent recording by saxophonist Steve Lacy, have just released a rare album of Sun Ra's "Solo Piano" that is surprisingly tasty.

Yes triumph

New York: Stanley Mises

Even the New York Daily News, the city's premier tabloid, has gotten into the act by offering a Bob Marley — Exodus T-Shirt Iron-On in their Sunday comic strip section. One final reggae item: Max Romeo has been signed by Michael 'Butler (hair) to three new Broadway musicals about Rastan 'n reggae.

Pete Seeger made one of his rare appearances here this week, and his Central Park concert audience seemed grateful indeed that Pete decided to come down from his upstate New York digs for the show; that is, those who missed his cameo at Avery Fisher Hall last week, where he sang in a concert to end the Cuban blockade.

"I still love music but don't play many concerts any more. Those instruments seem to get heavier each time I swing them and I'm getting older before the show. I try to

SUN RA: surprisingly tasty rare release

STEELY DAN: recruiting a large line-up for their tour

Ally Pops

concerts

THE GREATER London Council is to run a series of four Sunday concerts, under the title of History Of Jazz, during September at North London's Alexandra Palace. The concerts, arranged by the Jazz Centre Society, will present a broad spectrum of jazz as portrayed by eight different bands.

On September 4, the headband in the Palace's Alexandra Room will be shared by Steve Lane's Southern Stormers and the West Country group, Hefty Jazz. On September 11 the bands booked are Stan George's London Jazz Big Band and the Tony Lee Trio. These will be followed by Ronnie Scott's Quintet, with Louis Stewart, and Henry Lowther's Quartet (18) and Barbara Thompson's Jubabi and Julian Bahula's Jubala (25). Tickets for each concert are priced at 80p and 10p and are available now either from the Palace booking office (personal application only, Monday to Friday between 10am and 5pm) or by telephone applications from the GIC Parks Department, 23 High Holborn, London WC1V 7DN (01-633 1707).

100 charity

A JAZZ evening in aid of the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, is being organized by Terry Dunton and Doug Deacon. Take place at London's 100 Club on Monday, September 5

London: Max Jones

KENNY WHEELER: the Don Rendell Big Band will be playing at Newcastle, with Wheeler on trumpet

October 21 to 30. Not all concerts are finalized yet, but bookings to date include: George Melly and the Feetwarmers (21), Ronnie Scott Quintet (22), Don Rendell Big Band (23), a blues evening (24), Kenny Ball's Jazzmen (25), Acker Bilk's Paramount Jazz Band (26), Stan Tracey Octet (27), an evening of jazz piano (28) and John Surman Trio with Albert Mangelsdorff (29).

The Don Rendell Big Band evening (23) is a special "one-off" event for which an Arts Council grant has been made. The Big Band will include George C. Chisholm (trombone), Kenny Wheeler (trumpet), Barbara Thompson (saxophone) and North East musicians including Nigel Stanger, (trumpet), which housed the Jazz Week at the 100 Club and of course play the above-mentioned charity show. Digby reports that his "one-off" for Sunday composition is completed.

The venue for the fest was expected to be the University Theatre, which housed the 1975 and 1976 jazz festivals. The theatre is, however, the "one of a kind" by actors currently, following the official closure of the theatre,

Pablo Cruise replacement

San Francisco: Joel Selvin

WITH the band's crash record, "Whatcha Gonna Do," riding high in the Top Ten, Pablo Cruise have found it necessary to switch bass players. Bud Cockrell, an original member of the quartet and one of the two lead vocalists on the hit, left the band amicably for both musical and personal reasons.

After auditioning nearly 20 singing bass players from all over the country, the band named Bruce Day as their new bassist.

A native San Franciscan, Day was born and raised in the Mission district. At age 16, he performed with Carlos Santana and toured Europe in 1971 as a member of a supporting act to the Grateful Dead. On his return, he and his brother and songwriting partner, Robert Day, formed Stallion, a local band that later changed its name to Revolver. Most recently, Day has been working with former Fish, Barry Melton.

Radio

With "Whatcha Gonna Do" breaking on the radio and no radio station in the country, Pablo's most recent album, "A Place In The Sun," has moved into the Top 20 best-selling LPs. Next week, both of the band's two previous albums return to the charts. The band will release its next single sometime next month, either "A Place In The Sun" or "Never Had A Love Like This."

Cory Lerios and Dave Jenkins, the band's main songwriters, are already working on material for the next album, which will probably be recorded late this year, after an extensive autumn tour schedule.

JERRY LEE LEWIS: first S.F. appearance in many years

Mimic

Despite the key role in the band played by C. Gershwin, Mimic's manager Bob Brown has no difficulties in the switch. "Bruce has done himself up to 40 pounds," he said, "to be able to mimic anybody, although this is his first time. We don't expect him to make his own contribution."

Producer Bill Graham presented what he called an Evening Of New Wave Music last weekend at Winterland. Appearing were New York's top punks, the Ramones and the Dictators, and San Francisco's own Mimic. Mimic's performance, which drew only slightly better than "mimic" at the house.

Salsa By The Bay Cuban percussionists Los Papines will be the first Cuban musicians to perform in the Bay Area since the renewed relations with the Caribbean. Power 101 will play a round of Bay Area club appearances this week.

Fania

Next weekend, the Fania All-Stars featuring Johnny Pacheco, Willie Colon, Larry Harlow, and Celia Cruz will appear at the 100 Club. Next month, Tower of Power will play the Tito Puente Orchestra at UC Berkeley's Greek Theatre.

Coming up this month at the Old Waldorf will be the first San Francisco appearance in many, many years by The Killer, Jerry Lee Lewis. Also appearing in the near future is the West Coast Salsita, Dwight Twilley Band, the Bee Gees' younger brothers, and the Heartbreakers, a country superstar, George Jones.

German Fest

THE ANNUAL jazz event at the 100 Club's Donaueschingen Music Festival will feature two dual reed players Ronnie Mitchell with synthesizer player Richard Teitelbaum and the duo of trombonist Blue will be heard at the Edinburgh Festival (August 29) to September 1).

his concert, produced by author Joachim E. Berendt, takes place on Saturday, October 22. Among others, the festival will present new compositions by: Hugues Dutoit, Barry Day, Vinko Globokar and Heinz Hutter.

Coventry gigs

JAZZ At The Bulls Head, presented by the Coventry Jazz Society, re-opens after the holiday with local group Quartet (November 17) and tonight (Thursday). Future programmes at the Bulls Head, Coventry, include the Mike Osborne Quintet (September 15), Ray Warleigh's Quartet (October 8), Bob Downes Open Music (October 27), Stan Tracey's Quartet (November 17) and Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia (December 8). The Birmingham Jazz Society's bookings at the Hotel include a Major urgency on September 25 a Coventry Brass Band in the Stan Tracey Octet on October 16.

Westbrook Brass

MIKE Westbrook's All-Star Brass Band plays four dates in this country before departing for engagements in Switzerland and Italy which will keep Westbrook away until late September.

The band will appear at Barnston Theatre, Wareham, Dorset, tomorrow (Friday) from 7.30pm, at the Dorset Arts Centre, Dorset, on Saturday (20) and Sunday (21), then at Longway Club on the Sunday evening from 8pm.

Westbrook Brass travels to Switzerland for open-air concerts at Baden on August 26, 27, and at Willisau Jazz Festival (28), and has a residency at the Swiss-German Radio Big Band in his compositions (September 1-16).

On September 16 the Westbrook Brass Band with Henry Cow perform in Milan,

Newcastle Fest

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Independents' day

Chris Brazier reports from Manchester

THE London companies, Stiff, Chiswick, and Step Forward, have received a lot of well-deserved publicity thanks to their proximity to us, the pen-and-ink parasites, but three labels that have surfaced recently in Manchester are interesting, too.

Of the three, only OHM...S, which was set up by the Drones solely to release their EP "Temptations Of A White Collar Worker," was established entirely independently by people who had no experience or knowledge of how to bring out a record. Both the other labels, New Hormones and Rabid, are intimately connected with Music Force, which was originally set up in 1973 as a Musicians' Co-operative, and though the co-op has been superseded by a three-man team, it still provides a vital, altruistic centre for the aid and encouragement of Manchester's musical scene.

Thus when Buzzcocks decided towards the end of last year to put out their own EP and start the New Hormones label, one of the first steps they took was to contact Music Force.

Since that organisation had just manufactured and shipped 10,000 albums for a guy who walked into their office with a master tape, their first venture of that kind, they were able to use that valuable experience to guide Buzzcocks through the recording process without too many hassles. The immediate success of Buzzcocks' "Spiral Scratch" encouraged Music Force to set up their own label, Rabid Records, signing first Slaughter and the Dogs, then the Nosebleeds, and now cult poet John Cooper Clarke.

Neither of these labels, then, were quite what I was looking for i.e. the self-vinylisation of a garage band who knew aitch about the recording process. But the Drones fill the bill admirably; their total lack of knowledge led them into problems all the way along the line, and they're anxious to tell the next bunch of kids how to avoid those pitfalls.

THEIR first move, back in the Spring of this year was to book studio



THE DRONES: anxious for others to learn from their mistakes

How the Drones made it work

time. Buzzcocks had recorded on 16-track because they wanted to separate the six components of their drum-kit, and to use at least two tracks for each other instrument.

By the time the Drones inquired, though, Indigo Studios had charged their 16-track equipment to 24-track and, that being too expensive, they were forced to opt for eight-track recording at Count-down, paying £85 for eight hours (they borrowed the money off the mother of manager/all-purpose organiser Dave Bentley).

Incidentally, they've since found out that the best place to go is Spaceward in Cambridge, who offer 16-track facilities at £85 for 16 hours.

Their first mistake was to spend six hours recording and only two mixing, which wasn't nearly

enough. The studio promised to keep the original tape for two weeks, but two days later, when the Drones had borrowed enough to buy remixing time, they found their work had already been recorded over.

First piece of advice, then, is to take someone with you who knows a lot about mixing, or, failing that, to buy the original tape from the studio if you're not satisfied with your own efforts.

Cutting

It's expensive — about 30 quid — but the two-track tape you're given to take away is obviously no good for remixing purposes. Next stage was the cutting of the tape, for which John Martin of Reading charged £70.

You should always go to hear your tape being cut — the Drones didn't because they couldn't afford the petrol, and the recording lost much of its treble and volume. They'd spent too much to turn back now, though, so the record went on to Linquaphone to be pressed at 11p per copy.

The trouble was, they didn't realise that the paper label can't be stuck on the record afterwards, its attachment being part of the pressing process. So in their hurry to get the labels ready they not only had to abandon the fancy design they'd planned (the special plate for which costs £20 and takes an extra week), but they also left off the title of the EP.

They had their sleeve produced by a local printer at £108 for 4,000, but they advise people to go to Dalga, who charge £65 for the first thousand and £25 for each further thousand (unless you want the added flash of graining or lamination).

DISTRIBUTION was the only area in which the Drones encountered no problems. The new wave fever gripping the country means that shops like Bizarre and Virgin are willing to take a first 250 copies of just about anything. In the three weeks since its release "Temptations" has sold 7,000 copies, and orders are now pouring in from big retailers like Lightning, so that, with a wholesale price of 50p, the band are already certain to emerge with a healthy

profit. Reviews (two bad, one mediocre) haven't affected sales: as Dave Bentley says, "You can literally sell anything you want." Later on, though, he qualified his remark with "while it lasts" — "It" being the punk revolution (cue disgusted letters to Mailbag). The advantages of putting out are great — no big company would even look at the Drones before, but now there's a lot of interest.

And, quite apart from that, Bentley says "the satisfaction is great because we did it, we made it."

THE renaissance of the small record label has coincided with, and been in part responsible for, the resurgence of the single. Obviously, if you haven't got much money an album is out of the question, both for the kid who's making the record and the one who's buying it. The single is so important again now that record companies are inundating us with picture sleeves and 12-inch limited editions (the profusion of the latter is quite incredible considering the acute vinyl shortage not so long ago).

This new care over the packaging of singles is largely due to the efforts of the independent labels, who imported the Continental practice of supplying a picture sleeve with every single. The Drones would even like to challenge the big companies' use of black vinyl: at the moment it still only costs an extra penny a copy to use coloured vinyl, and if all records were made in different colours there'd be no extra price.

Boring

So it's just lazy and complacent conservatism that gives us boring black records all the time. But the renewed importance of the single for me emerges out of the general atmosphere of directness and immediacy engendered by the new wave. The message of the moment is no longer gleaned from 20-minute cross-legged sessions — it's out on the street, it hits you hard and fast. Richard Boon, Buzzcocks' manager, disagrees: "The album is the concept now, just as the single used to be in the Sixties. The Clash album, for

instance, has the same effect that a single used to have." Certainly, Manchester's production of as many EPs as singles indicates that new wave people still think very much in terms of longer records. Ideally, of course, single and album should be equally strong — the album's been a depot for too long. Whatever the case, the renaissance of the single and the increase in the birth-rate of adventurous independent record labels are two of the most exciting things that have happened to the music biz for years. Let's keep it flowing.

● The following addresses and phone numbers may prove useful. Indigo Sound Studios, 72 Garrade Street, Manchester 3 (061-834 7001). Countdown Studios, 104 High Street, Manchester 4 (061-832 3339). Spaceward Recording Studios, Victoria Street, Cambridge (0223 64262). Linquaphone, Argyle Avenue, Slough, Bucks (0753 23205). John Martin, London Road, Rinfild, Bracknell, Berks (0344 51835). Dalga Press Ltd, Raglan Road, Bromley, Kent (01-460 0112).

"HEY boy, can't you show me nothing but surrender?" (Patti Smith). We all moan about the crap shoved at us by the big record companies, who inhabit the crass and sordid hinterland wherein the music is drowned by the sound of the cash registers (I'm thinking of distressing things

like Asylum in America promoting Jackson Browne's single "Here Come Those Tears Again," a song about the death of his wife, by issuing paper handkerchiefs with it).

The Beeb programme the other week that nailed the music biz as perhaps the last remnant of Victorian capitalism had it sussed. And the point is, we've all sat



When you're Desperate —do it yourself

YOU HAVE some finished songs, plus a frustrating excess of ideas for more. Joining forces with a few friends you can scrape together a Woolworth's guitar and one drumstick that you caught as a distant superstar hurled it into the bear pit. Every week your local record shop seems to display a new mosaic of picturebags and independent, do-it-yourself labels.

You want to be part of the action — but how? The major record companies have already rejected your raw demo tapes, leaving you confused and disappointed. The only alternative left is to create your own label, but the thought of doing so summons up a night gallery of untold terrors. Like the fear of producing turkeys that end up in remainered bins at 10p a throw, or being trapped in labyrinthine business contracts which will drain both enthusiasm and the bank balance. Twilight ghoulies of accountants, lawyers, publicists and sharks of unimagined horror crop up everywhere.

Take heart, because the path to your own label and single can be much less fraught. An ideal case in point is London band the Desperate Bicycles, who closed their first single, "Smokescreen," with the in-fallible advice: "It was easy, it was cheap, go and do it." And that is exactly what they did.

Ian Birch reports from London

them round the likes of EMI and Chrysalis with spectacularly unproductive results. Only Eno had shown a flickering of interest. Latest recruit, Dave Papworth (31) learns voluminously each time they assemble. He's on drums.

So in March they hired a four-track studio in London's Dalston area for three hours at a rental of £400 an hour, which included the use of equipment.

Between them they owned precisely one bass guitar with amp. A rhythm guitarist mate came along with his trusty axe to help out. Naturally, they panicked since they had nothing planned and had effectively never played together before. Recording meant rehearsal as well. Still, Denny had some songs and they managed to fashion out of the emergency and improvising two cuts which became the debut single on their self-styled Re-ill label.

The whole venture from studio time, mastering, pressing 500 copies, labelling to printing sleeves cost a princely £153.15 (inclusive of VAT). A rough breakdown should clarify matters some more. To achieve better sound

definition, the studio tapes have to be mastered, which a small company called Spectrum run by Brian East, handled.

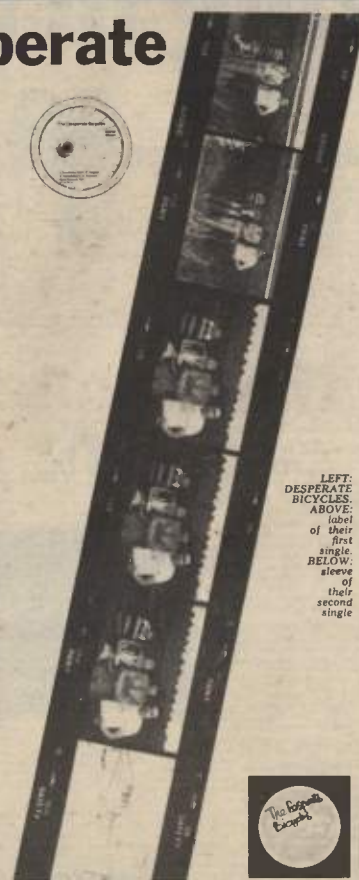
From this a trial acetate (a sort of run-in for the final product) was cut, also at Spectrum, though Roger now sees this as an unnecessary extra. It formed £400 of the £1700, after all.

The initial pressing of 500 cost £86.00 at another relatively small London based company called Lynetone Recordings, while the printing of the labels and the bags came to around £29.00. (The prices quoted were those in March, so don't be surprised if you have to shell out more now, knowing our hysterical cost of living).

A friend of the band designed the label's logo for a fiver. They economised considerably in two main ways.

First, instead of the traditional one number to one side format, they put both tracks on the same side, thereby cutting down the mastering and label printing bills.

As a result they saved a sizeable £60.00. Secondly, only one side of the bag sported an illustration, which was simply a blown-up version of the logo.



LEFT: DESPERATE BICYCLES. ABOVE: label of their first single. BELOW: sleeve of their second single



more than covered, and this was attained without any of the usual record company promotion gimmicks.

By June the band had settled down to a full co-operative four-piece and used their small profits to subsidise a second single.

Through a personal contact, they booked the four-track studio belonging to yet another small company called Silent PA Hire, which comprised the backroom of a house and cost £3.00 an hour; drums, organ and Fender guitar were all thrown in for good measure.

The Bicycles still couldn't afford their own gear, though they had amassed a pair of drum sticks!

They had hoped to do an E.P. but as the cookie crumbled only two songs finally emerged.

This time the operation cost £38.00 and the first pressing of 1,000 copies sold out within the week of release before you may be pleased to learn — any press coverage had appeared.

A follow-up batch of 2,000 was arranged during those very seven days. Once again the two cuts were run on one side, though the boys splashed out somewhat on the sleeve, paying an acquaintance £20 for a more elaborate cover design.

Printing 1,000 bags on both sides set them back £32.00. A glossier version, which, for instance, might mean thicker card or laminated surface, would have taken them into the £100 stakes. Roger justified this extra expense by stressing the eye-catching qualities of a strong picture sleeve.

Record shop presentation of new wave indies resembles that of reggae retailers. Rarely do you go into an authentic reggae shop and ask for a specific record.

You hang out there and wait for the single that tickles head and feet to come over the sound system. Then you buy. Likewise, in new wave meccas you can scan the sleeves which are invariably showcased together.

SO FAR the Bicycles have notched up sales of 2,000 from the two singles. But

but independent record label?

The new wave's spurred a lot of people to pick up a guitar/mike/drumstick, and a lot fewer to put on/promote their own gigs/hire a room in a pub for a night. (You could probably break even with just a hat and a hope). But how many of us even conceive of putting out our own records? MM speaks to some who did just that... and finds out how it's done.

OK, so what did Danny and Roger recommend?

● STEP ONE: buy your own tape because this avoids any question of ownership or copyright from encroaching valiantes.

● STEP TWO: Don't sign with anyone until all options are covered. Keep the arrangement between friends and on the level of trust.

● STEP THREE: if you do sign with a major label, make sure that your local community benefits in some way or another. Roger stressed how an input of the most skeletal facilities would, unless, a tidal wave of talents The Clash and the Pistols may deliver the get-up-and-do-it-yourself message, but without some "delivery system" the call to action will hit stony ground.

Continued Roger: "Because there is no vehicle for feedback, there is no completion of the circuit." Danny added "We've got something to say, but so have you." The Bicycles hail from London's Hackney district, and they

"don't want to go anywhere without the rest of Hackney coming with us."

Agree or disagree, they certainly demystify the whole process of forming a label and using it to promote whatever brand of lunacy is your wont — one chord wonders, spokeneering poetry, electronic meanderings.

The present state of shoe-string fanzines another parallel. In fact, in the words of the Bicycles again, all you have to do is: "Cut it, press it, distribute it." Xero music's here at last.

gong alive and living....

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Records & Tapes

Rock alive and well growing in Eastern Mass.

Bill Bruford talks to Chris Welch. Pictures: Barry Plummer

MANY admirers of that fine percussionist William "Traps" Bruford had grown worried in recent years that old Bill was not going to come out of the woodshed and lay it on us. For Bill has been determined to learn his craft with a variety of groups and has not really settled in any one format since the break-up of King Crimson.

As every Yes fan knows, Bill was a founder member along with Jon Anderson, Chris Squire, Tony Kaye and Peter Banks. He saw the arrival in the Yes ranks of Steve Howe and Rick Wakeman, and then in 1973 he dropped his bombshell and quit the band, just as they were on the verge of cracking America.

But for Bill, "cracking America" and the jargon and philosophies of the big rock machine have little meaning. He is primarily an independent musician for whom betterment does not necessarily mean a Rolls Royce, but a conviction that he is improving and learning more about drumming and music as a whole.

In recent years he has contributed to such diverse groups as Gong, National Health, Roy Harper and Genesis. He has been tempted by offers, urged to join super-groups.

But his apparently wayward and chancy approach is dictated by his firm concept of the role of a musician. "Why should I run away for years in the same group?" he protests.

Now Bill has assuaged fears that, in spreading his talents too thinly he might waste away. He has formed his own group, and he expounded his plans at his East Sheen eyrie, where, in a soundproof recording room, he has been busy writing the tunes and arrangements.

"I'm ready to make an album. That's what I've been doing for the last six months, and I've formed a band to make the album. I'm not sure if the touring bit will come off, but that is still under discussion."

"At first I was a bit nervous about telling people, because I wanted to make sure I had the music in me. But there are ten tracks written, mostly by me, with a few co-writes. It's also my first shot at lyrics, and it's all come together quite well."

"I've got a great band lined up—Annette Preacock (vocals), Allan Holdsworth (guitar), Dave Stewart (keyboards) and an American bass player, Jeff Berlin."

"I wanted to find some American musicians to play with at first, and I went over there looking, and Jeff was absolutely brilliant. He's ferociously young, only about 20 or something. So

he's coming over this week and we start work right away."

"I hate the word solo album, so we won't talk about solo albums. I prefer to talk about the group," said Bill emphatically. "A solo album is the kiss of death. It implies you are wading around on your own."

"And then if you say a DRUMMER's solo album, then you really have the kiss of death. Nobody in the world is going to buy a drummer's solo album."

Except me, I assured Bill. "Except Chris, but basically, they're a pain in the neck."

Bill seemed to have waited a long time before he put his own band together. Was that because he couldn't find the right musicians?

No, he replied — it still seemed a long time to get it together. "I know. I've been playing for ten years now, and in a way there has been this problem. People say, 'Well, Bill refuses a lot of people. So if he can't find anybody to play with, either there is something wrong with him, or he's got a better idea of the kind of music he should play.'"

"And that's true. I'm very choosy about who I play with, and I've always wanted to play with people from whom I can learn something."

"Hopefully you give them something and they give you something. So after ten years of that, I thought, time is up. I've gotta make an album."

"It's only nervousness that has delayed me to date and the feeling that the last thing the world needs is a 'drummer's solo album.' I didn't want to play a lot of other people's tunes and do a couple of drum solos. It's a composers and players album."

BILL says he is principally a composer as far as the album goes, but there is no doubt his crisp, abrasive and supremely intelligent drumming, with his lightning reflexes and attention to detail, is one of the key factors in the music.

He has been playing a lot of tuned percussion on the album, but there will be no Bruford vocals. He has tried singing with Yes and recalls that he was "hopeless."

He has been more successful in studying music theory and piano playing. "The music is very dry, short and fast," he says, which sums up Bill's normal conversation and lifestyle.

"It's very functional. There's no surplus fat. I'm very keen on rock as four lines. By that I mean four lines of music going across the stave. A lead line, bass, drum and maybe a middle line, rather than big block chords. It's the way a string quartet would work."

That's the way he plays drums. "It's absolutely snappy. The tunes are quite snappy and it's not really heavy riffing. Reasonably difficult music and quite challenging. I've done a couple of weeks'



rehearsal already. So I'm in shape and really can't wait to go on the road."

What happened to the much-vaulted band that was to feature himself with Rick Wakeman and John Wetton last year?

"Oh, that was a complete disaster and shambles. What happened? It was a mystery to me, too. Well, it was on the cards, but then your newspaper printed a story about it and that didn't help things. The politicians moved in very quickly, and it became politically impossible to form the group."

"Actually it was quite frightening, to tell you the truth. What was essentially a thing of good faith... come over to my place and have a blow... after a couple of days' rehearsals only, we are told we are in a group, right? Which is outrageous."

"If you don't get off on the right foot contractually, you can end up owing lots of people. One is not a free man. Certainly in Wakeman's department. Not so much in mine. You see, I've managed to negotiate my way through life. People grab my arms and legs, but I keep aloof."

"It's not a question of joining and leaving bands. You affiliate yourself for a while and then remove yourself. It's the old jazz approach, essentially."

"That's the only way I can live as a drummer. I can't settle into one enormous band and just rot there for the rest of my days. There is a feeling, isn't there, of rotting drummers around? Decaying flesh in some of the older groups. But the whole system is geared to your staying put if you are famous."

"I believe in Drummers' Lib. Get up off your haunches! They still feel inferior and that they can't write music, that they are second-class citizens, the guys who sit at the back. It's ridiculous."

BILL has some very strong views on rock as a crucible of ideas. "It's a very robust creature. It will take a lot of flak and all kinds of injections. All kinds of drugs and good music go into this great mixing pot called rock, which is why I like it."

"Principally, your own honesty as a musician is the essential ingredient. You know when you must reach for something, and you MUST reach for it. If you still believe rock is something to join to make a million in a year, then I'd recommend that you don't join at all."

"But if you are interested, as I am, in a fairly long-term thing with a gold watch at the end then you have to pace yourself carefully. Avoid being pigeon-holed. Always keep moving."

"Stay individual, like Johnny Rotten, who I'm all for. I dislike being a PART of something. I like rock because it is a lot of things. It means Dylan but it also means Billy Cobham, and God knows what else."

"Within this mass there are individuals. The way papers make a big fuss about people joining and leaving groups is quite cute, old-fashioned and Fifilish."

"I can play a number of styles on the drums and don't see why I should be tied down to one style. I've got some neat ideas up my sleeve for the album."

"I'm getting into tuned per-

cussion which will make a lead voice. I'm talking about vibraphones, marimbas and xylophones and that comes across as a very interesting sound. Vibes have this terrible cocktail image, but it's the original heavy metal sound!"

"The music is very dry. Quite quick and you'll hear it once, and that's it. I'm quite keen on short tracks, vignettes rather than a long piece. Maybe it's an anti-Yes reaction. I don't know. But it's kind of the opposite way of working."

"I THINK too many people are treating audiences like nincompoops. I've got plenty of friends around my age (28), and they're just not getting the music they like. Sixteen-year-olds are getting plenty. Twelve-year-olds are getting an enormous amount."

"But we poor old 28-year-olds who have grown up a little bit — we don't get a lot. There are plenty of people out there who want something better. Music with purpose."

"The funny thing about the new wave is the belief that energy equates with ranting and raving. It is, in fact, an unfortunate dissipation of energy. If you know how to handle energy, you can use it in a more creative, lasting way."

"Just because somebody jumps up and down, or is in a music stage, apparently he is full of energy."

"I really is the most simplistic equation I've heard in my life. All the philosophies of this punk rock stuff. It's as though we were all born yesterday."

"So — the tabloids put out a load of s—. Well everybody knows that, don't they? Surely they appreciate that by now. 'Vicar in dog scandal, see page nine.' It's as if the punk rockers are telling us something that's new."

"It's like all trends. The originators are great guys. I think Rotten's point of view is amazing. It's very clean and simple and honest, and I subscribe to that entirely."

"Underneath the leader of the movement, you get all the dross! So we have to have punk rock bands for tea, breakfast and lunch, saying the same thing but not half as efficiently as the leader."

"See what I mean? There is one guy who knows what he is talking about. The rest is a load of Kings Road s—. That's what I mean about moving out. Rotten has got something to say? Excellent, I like it."

"But let's move on, not dwell on it forever."

What about the trappings of punk rock, spitting, for example? "Well, it's a bizarre ritual, isn't it? I have no desire for rituals. David Attenborough should go down to the Vortex and do a World About Us on punk rock. It's funny how a good fresh idea gets completely distorted, repackaged and all the dross follows."

"I can understand anger entirely. But don't ask me. I'm mid-way between Chuck's, a Rolls Royce and Johnny Rotten. I know both sides and I've made a point of knowing both sides but I want to be a musician, which excludes me from being a punk star. I've treed for the album. I've applied for the job!"

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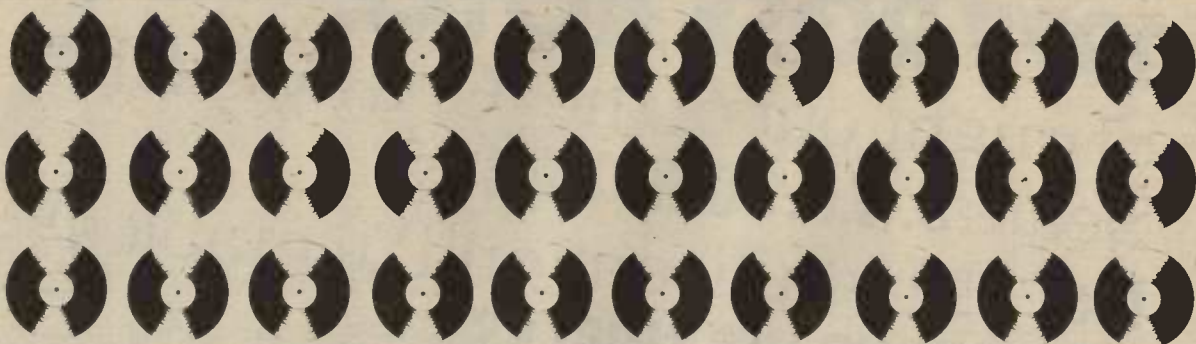
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Hot in the

JOHN KIRKPATRICK is standing backstage at the Oxford New Theatre listening politely to the verdict of a young lady from America. "It was very good, but you didn't do any of the old ones like 'Bachster Mail' or 'All Around My Hat,'" she says ruefully. "Er... no," agrees John with the faintest trace of a smile of triumph on his face. "We didn't."

That, perhaps, serves as an adequate commendation of the new Steelee. For even those not especially partial in their folk tastes had become increasingly disenchanted with the Steelees of old, with all their poppiest and contrivance. The news that this pop group was to be fortified by two musicians of unquestionable taste and integrity like John K and Martin Carthy left us all agog in unparalleled anticipation of the results.

There was, then, an unnerving atmosphere of tension and expectation as we waited, still somewhat incredulous, for the new Steelee to unveil themselves at the New Theatre last Thursday.

And suddenly they were there without ceremony, Carthy going straight into the lead vocals on "Fate Knight On Road" and one of the numbers rescued from his previous time with the band six years ago — and Kirkpatrick leading a delightful, extended instrumental break, with his melodeon supplying a totally contrasting flavour to that provided by Peter Knight's fiddle. An auspicious opening, and then on skipped Maddy prior and the band stepped up the pace with "The Gallies Farmer," on which Carthy briefly played Jew's harp. A couple of instrumentals — a polka instead of reels, and understated rather than explosive — and Maddy was back, her voice swooping freely through "The Saucy Sailor." Maddy walked out or slow-lapped, or even looked disappointed, suggesting that all were well-prepared to see an entirely different band to the one that perpetrated "All Around My Hat": for in musical style the WAS an entirely different band.

Spar: new, improved

It wasn't 100 per cent, but this was, after all, their first tour, and the artistic potential of this band is enormous. Whether or not they'll continue to be commercial is another matter again, and one that I hope they won't ponder on too much. — COLIN IRWIN.

ASHRA

REGENT'S Park Open-Air Theatre could well become habit-forming, with seekers after cosmic amplitude: what the music itself lacks, the atmosphere makes up for. Sunday night's concert at this London venue by Ashra, branch of Ash Ra Tempel men Manuel Gottsching, took off in a messianic ambience (yes, there was even a shout of "Hallelujah") that owed at least as much to this harnessing of nature to technology as anything.

The performance came complete with its own laser graphics, courtesy of a French crew who work with bands like Yes. Absolutely guaranteed audience satisfaction, even for those with no interest whatsoever in music. But there must surely be a limit as to how many green cloud formations you can sanely watch, and the music simply didn't conjure up enough mind pictures to compensate.

Apart from a few dazzling breaks from Manuel Gottsching's guitar and some assembly drumming from the

swish, eye-shaded Harald Grosskopf (by and large used only as extra percussive detail: synthesizer rhythm patterns ruled), the overall effect was one of stupefying boredom. The fifth school of music played at least several times over, with lasers pre-empting most of the dramatic potential. Lutz Ulbrich, synthesizer player/guitarist, laid down possibly the most inconsequential funk beat ever, only to vary it with incongruous slabs of sound — quite at variance with the beautifully sleek mixing on the recent Ashra album, "New Age Of Earth."

Their support, an English band called Steps, showed a deal more variety of style, if a similar scarcity of ideas: the disease seemed rampant. Only when Gottsching and Ulbrich came forward for a high-wattage guitar duet as an encore did they show much sign of life, but Gottsching's undisciplined skill, so subtly displayed on "New Age Of Earth," was wasted on the resultant low-level boogie.

No, I didn't like it. Yes, it did go there with an open mind. — MAUREEN PATON.

THE BOYS

I HAVE to admit I was predisposed to like the Boys before I saw them at London's Marquee last week because of their rebellion

against the conventional four-piece line-up. It takes courage to use keyboards on the new wave scene, even when they're inaudible, as Casino Steel's work was here.

I saw nothing to make me change my mind, whether I looked at Kid Reid's enthusiastically manic movements on bass/vocals or just revelled in their genuine sense of melody (no bastardised Lou monotone for these blokes). Most of the material was from the forthcoming album, though there were two new songs: the excellent "US!" (under-age Sexual Intercourse) and the rather characterless "Rock Relic" (about Juggers).

Their whole style seems geared towards the hook-lines, which are often impossibly catchy — they motor through the verses in rollercoaster vortex overdrive, but seem to live in anticipation of the hook, which they then dive into with wild and megalomaniac abandon.

They wait for the hooks, I wait for this truly wonderful slice of Seventies teen romance. Here the affair heads from dancehall, not to wedding bells, but to the bedroom. Yet instead of the lurid exploitation picture you might expect, the song is brimming with warmth and sympathy for her. "Oh — it's my first time/Oh — please be kind/Oh

More on 32, 46 — don't hurt me/I didn't know what to say/I didn't want to hurt her in any way/I looked in those big brown eyes/There were tears she tried to hide."

Classic Crystalline innocence, updated with none of its virtues lost, and all set to a gloriously catchy tune. The Boys haven't had enough exposure for this to be the monster hit it deserves to be, but hear/buy it if you can. If the band can follow this they've got a big future, at least on my timetable. — CHRIS BRAZIER.

ASHRA: flashy laser graphics in the open-air.

ASHRA: flashy laser graphics in the open-air.

LURKERS

The Putney White Lion is far from the city's scenic centre, where going comes as automatically as walking. It's probably closer to the heart of London, however unlikely that might seem.

First up were the Take-Offs, who were ludicrously untalented and whose guitars were monstrously out-of-tune. For a few glorious numbers, I cherished the illusion that this was deliberate, some sort of Velvetesque experiment, but that was licked in the head when they started trying to tune their instruments between every song and ended up worse than before.

But they certainly didn't care much anyway, and at times moved into a new dimension — avant-garde jazz? The joke is, they weren't so far away from the Beat Boom sound beneath the messy surface. I enjoyed them immensely.

The Lurkers are fun, too. Their management is worried that they'll be dismissed as Ramones copyists, but it's impossible to talk about them without mentioning Forest Hills' favourite sons. Straight-ahead buzz-saw chording with no frills; just enough tune to make the pieces grip, but not enough to make individual efforts memorable — they play faster than the Ramones, but lose those killer pop melodies as a result.

So no carping. They're a danceband, pure and simple, and everyone enjoyed themselves from the audience-participation vocals to the onstage popping. High point or set was an amazing version of "And Then I Kissed Her", at least ten times faster than the original. It clicks in at under 30 seconds.

My old man was with me, his first rock concert ever: "I don't see the point of a band that plays a limited number of chords over and over as fast and as loudly as they can, with a singer that shouts and maybe, just maybe, changes the words from song to song." I do. Do you? — CHRIS BRAZIER.

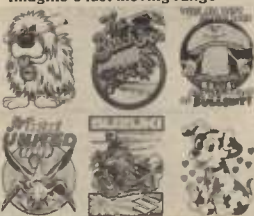
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Stranger in the night

ANDY PRATT, "Shiver in the Night" (Nemperor NE 443). Andy Pratt (piano, vocals, arrangements), Rick Schlosser (drums), Mark Doyle (guitars, vocals, arrangements), Andy Mendelson (synthesizer, clavinet, Fender Rhodes, organ). Additional musicians: Luther Vandross, G. Diane Sumner, David Lasley (vocals), Michael Brecker, Louie Marini, Lewis Del Gatto (saxophones), Randy Brecker (trumpet), Rubens Bassini (congas, percussion). Andy Newmark (drums) Hugh McDonald (bass). Produced by Arif Marden at Atlantic Studios, New York. Strings and horns arranged by Arif Marden. Import available through Virgin Records.

ANDY has always been a darling of the critics. His first two albums, "Records Are Like Life" and "Andy Pratt," started the juices to flow and with good reason. The latter was something of an off-the-wall masterpiece, containing one "Avenge" Annie which was destined for Fort Worth status: Virtually impossible to get (the Epic album has been deleted) and highly desirable.

Come the third album, the rock 'n' roll arbiters went completely over the top. Sure, "Resolution" was a painstakingly assembled work, breaking ground in that danger zone of quasi-classical orchestration spliced onto sophisticated pop. But to see it as a resurrection of rock as high art was not only a florid over-reaction but also put Andy under excessive pressure for the follow-up.

Here is that offering and it follows similar lines, though this time the skilled producer Arif Marden keeps the orchestral backdrop thankfully much more at bay. The spotlight falls incisively on Andy, his songs and band, who are near enough exemplary.

Rick Schlosser's drums are sharp and propulsive, Andy Mendelson's numerous keyboard capabilities consistently add rich textures and Gary Link's bass manages to be both sturdy and experimental. Special mention must go, however, to Mark Doyle whose guitar work, already outstanding on "Resolution," is even more fluid, economical and inventive as the mood demands.

Mood is crucial to the Pratt composition. The overall feel continues to be an exuberant paragon to that old chestnut, "True Love." But now the tempered optimism borders on either desperation ("All I Want Is You" and "My Love Is So Tender") or dewy-eyed lyricism ("So Flirt") and "Born To Learn"). My unease rests with the songs themselves. Centred around a forever changing structure, the parts may dovetail with effortless craftsmanship, but underneath this

vener there is finally not much to sink your molars into.

Plus almost every number is allowed to run on into a lengthy and overexposed fade-out. It's like being presented with a vast array of culinary dainties which dazzle the palate but don't actually fill the belly.

In addition Andy seems to be moving in the direction of high-class disco (funk as on "What's Important To You" and "I Want To See You Dance") instead of harnessing the form to his style, he has capitulated and come up with quality but formula material. Then again, maybe this is a premature opinion. In terms of vitality, ability and inventiveness, he leaves a whole clutch of his contemporaries light years behind — I.B.

PETER AND GORDON: "The Best Of Peter And Gordon" (EMI). Never was a great fan of P&G even during the Sixties, when they were hitting, with "True Love Ways" the old Buddy Holly song, and "World Without Love." Nice vocal harmonies of course, and they were jolly nice chaps, I'll have you know. They were 18 when they hit with the Lennon-McCartney song. Today Peter is a pop manager, producer and A&R man, while Gordon Waller slipped from the spotlight, to employ sleeve-note John Tobler's nifty turn of phrase. But if you're still keen, there're plenty more melodies to chase from here, like "Five Hundred Miles," "Baby I'm Yours," and of course "Crying in the Rain." If it's melody, with just a trace of rhythm, you are after, then this is the disc for you, beautifully recorded in mono and packaged in a firm sleeve, with gaily coloured pictures of the stars — C.W.

MIKE BATT WITH THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA: "Schizophonia" (Epic). Those familiar with the work of Mike Batt, albeit under the guise of Wombles, extraordinary, will not be too surprised that he has written, arranged, produced, played and sung on his own solo album. That is a work of such monumental proportions, incorporating the talents of the very best sessionmen, including Chris Spedding, Herbie Flowers and Ray Cooper, and the London Symphony Orchestra, that minor shock, Batt, to put it mildly, has left himself open to every cruel criticism. All of it is, of course, well over the top. Although Batt denies it, "Schizophonia" has a strong concept, coming across as a sort of contemporary rock Arabian Nights, and dealing in parts with the French domination of Morocco. But Batt has adapted his very commercial songwriting, style to the heaviness of his subject. There are three straight-up songs, namely "The Walls Of The World," "It Seemed Like A Good Idea At The Time" and "Railway Hotel," all of them surefire hit singles. The orchestra is let loose on "Berber's Prayer," "In Sahara," and "The Fires Of Rabat," all demanding and exciting pieces. On the other tracks, classical orchestra and rock and roll prove to be compatible bedfellows. "The Ride To Agadir," which exposes Steeleye Span's vocal influence on Batt, is a rousing number with a powerful Eastern feel, while "Voices In The Dark" turns out to be an adrenalin-



PETER AND GORDON: mop-tops from the Sixties, and jolly nice chaps, too

pumping rocker. It melts into Batt's version of "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood," the only song really to expose the artist's vocal deficiencies. Not everybody will like this album. Many will be put off by overpowering production

and orchestration, but on the whole Batt has kept it well under control. Ignore the self-indulgence and the Wombles connections and you'll find "Schizophonia" a fairly rewarding experience. — H.D.

The DADDY of 'em all.



Here it is, the new album from probably the most successful band of "musicians' musicians", The Sons of Champlin. Immaculately produced by Chris Bond, and recorded at the legendary Caribou Ranch, their new Aniola album "Loving Is Why" is the ultimate creative marriage of musicianship, entertainment and more than ten years of experience. Watch out for Sons of Champlin's "Loving Is Why," it's gonna father a brand new U.K. success.

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Albums

Reviewers: Colin Irwin, Bob Gallagher

LINDA RONSTADT: "A Retrospective" (Capitol CAPSP 102). Compilation from the albums *Stone Poney* (1967); *Stone Poney & Friends Volume 3* (1968); *Hand Sown Home Grown* (1969); *Silk Purse* (1970); *Linda Ronstadt* (1972); *Heart Like A Wheel* (1974); *Different Drum* (1977). Producers: Nicholas Venet, Chip Douglas, Elliot Maurer, John Boyland and Peter Asher. Mastered at A & M, Los Angeles, by Bernie Grundman.

I GUESS Capitol are entitled to their pound - and - a - half of flesh. They plugged away with Linda for a long time through the *Stone Poney*s to her slowly developing solo career, eventually losing her to Asylum as the momentum increased and she was well on target to become America's most successful lady singer.

You can't really condemn them for exploiting her back catalogue for all it's worth, and in its way this double album is tastefully produced, despite the cover photo depicting her as a brunette Myra Hindley.

Capitol did score well "When Will I Be Loved" and "You're No Good," but her best time has come since her career moved to Asylum, who have already issued their own "Greatest Hits" album.

This collection, following the label's earlier "Different Drum" compilation of re-released material, merely confirms that in the long run Capitol missed out. Linda is a rare case where a massive commercial breakthrough has genuinely coincided with the artist's best work, and most of the tracks included here barely stand comparison with her more recent stuff.

There are exceptions, of course. The 1974 "You're No Good" is perfection brilliantly produced (by Asher) and sung. There hadn't been too much evidence of it before, but it sounded as good as enough, but a little bland and cloying, with the result that much of this sounds monotonous now.

There's certainly a nifty about tracks like her sugary treatment of "Ramblin' Round" (72) complete with yodling fiddle. Mike Nesmith's "Some Of Shelby's Blues" (68), "Hobo" (69) and Dylan's "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" (69). This isn't helped by the difficulties she's had selecting suitable material: one noticeable point about this collection is an unhealthy reliance on re-vamping old hits, which is fine as an occasional surprise (Phil Everly's "When Will I Be Loved" and the old Springfields' hit "Silver Threads And Golden Needles" are superb), but it's not good when you get a retrospective filled with embarrassments like her version of "Will You Love Me Tomorrow" and "Rescue Me."

The highspot of her Capitol career was undoubtedly the *Heart Like A Wheel* album (though the title track is curiously omitted); the increase in her confidence and vocal range between these tracks and those from the *Stone Poney*s days is astonishing. The extremely benefited from resisting the innate country twang and surrounding herself with such producers as Peter Asher and Andrew Gold, who have brought to her records a welcome sharpness, crucial to her current extraordinary success.

The tracks from "Heart Like A Wheel" — "Faithless Love," "When Will I Be Loved," "You're No Good," "I Can't Help It" and the



LINDA RONSTADT: a truly great singer

Linda on my mind

old Buddy Holly hit, "It Doesn't Matter Anymore," uplift what is otherwise a tacky compilation, to say the least. She's now a truly great singer, but she wasn't always. And here's the proof — C.I.

AVERAGE WHITE BAND & BEN E. KING: "Benny And Us" (Atlantic).

It's ironic that both the billing and the title of this album should suggest that Benny is the star guest at an AWB party, because, in truth, "Benny And Us" is far more a platform for King than it is for the Band. On the songwriting front King wins two to one, having "The Message" and his "What Is Soul" aside to show against the sole AWB composition, Alan Gorrie's "Keepin' It To Myself." And the five other numbers (which include Philip Mitchell's "A Star In The Ghetto," Donny Hathaway's "Someday We'll All Be Free," Lennon's "Imagine" and Foreigner's "Cool For You Anyway") hint that the veteran had the final say in that area. Musically, the album isn't a case of the vamp versus the voice: Benny doesn't struggle against his illustrious backing group and never has to ward off those lethal AWB horns. He's given plenty of vocal room and he thrives accordingly, extending a mellow confidence on the slower tracks and handling the friskier stuff, like the "Get It Up For Love" US hit, with all the ease of a singer who knows every thing on his side. On "Keepin' It To Myself," a mid-tempo flirtation with Willie Mitchell's Memphis Sound, he even borrows a few first tricks from Mitchell's prime property, Al Green. He plays "Imagine"

dead straight, duetting tastefully with Roger Ball's alto sax through an arrangement of gathering orchestral splendour. The updated and toned-down "What Is Soul" is a cutie-die but "A Star In The Ghetto" recalls much of the smouldering tension that made "Supernatural Thing" a million-seller for Benny two years back. Ironically, "The Message" affords the AWB a rare opportunity to drag the spotlight away from King. But, to labour a point, "Benny And Us" isn't about a scramble to the centre of the stage. Nothing could be further from the truth. This album is about an unlikely alliance that works damn well — B.G.

BO KIRKLAND & RUTH DAVIS: "Bo & Ruth" (EMI International).

Duos are coming back strong. Marilyn McCoo and Billy Davis have the MOR soul buyers taped, Thelma Houston and Jerry Butler are doing predictably good business and Nickolas Ashford and Valerie Simpson get better with each album. Even Peaches and Herb are back on the trail of success, helped along the way by Van McCoy. In their home market, Bo Kirkland and Ruth Davis can't yet be called a first-class team because their "You're Gonna Get Next To Me" British hit never meant a great deal in the States. But in this country, they stand a fair chance of making their album for another hit, even though "You're Gonna Get Next To Me" is comfortably the most commercial of the eight duet tracks here. Come to think of it, "comfortable" isn't a bad word to describe the whole album (which includes a couple of solo duet Kirkland tracks) cut two years ago. There's nothing too funky and nothing too schlocky, while the track "Train Of Desire" is a nostalgic slow burner, is really delightful. And Kirkland's "Grandfather Clock" remains a fun example of effectively under-represented soulfulness. Definitely not an essential album, but nevertheless full of charm. B.G.

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Albums

Howlin' wOLF

DENNIS BROWN, "Wolf And Leopards" (D.E.B. Music MOP 1). Produced by Dennis Brown, Castro Brown and Ninoy. No musicians credited

AT THE age of 20, Dennis Brown already has an impressive career behind him. Enormously popular on the reggae scene, he fully merits the scale of attention given to such artists as Bob Marley and Burning Spear.

This album, his third in the last year, equals if not surpasses the power of the previous two. A British release on his own D.E.B. label, will presumably reach a wider audience than the others, which were imports.

His greatest asset is his exceptional voice, pure-toned and more controlled than many reggae singers, but with the passion of the best. He exerts an image, often his own compositions, which carry a strong and serious message but can also convincingly tackle lighter material. His version of Leroy Sibbles' "Party Time" here is better than the Heptones' own recent recording.

"Wolf And Leopards," which opens side one, is a plea to the more predatory elements in society to "leave the sheep alone." First appearing at the height of the Jamaican state of emergency, it remains a powerful, beautiful song.

"Emmanuel" and "Here I Come" are also pleas for peace, but performed in a more religious setting. "Emmanuel" is a hymnic song

with backing voices and a heavy drum beat giving the feeling of a rasta chant.

"Here I Come" draws its inspiration from the psalms. "Here I come with love and not hatred. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow I all the days of my life." With an unusual but effective backing track, this song attains a level of perfection unmailed by anything I've heard this year.

Nothing else on the album equal these three masterpieces, but there is no drop either. "Created By The Father" and "Rolling Down" (also known as "Rain From The Skies") are successfully updated versions of songs he recorded in his early days. "Whip Them Jah," "Children Of Israel," "Boasting" and "Lately Girl" are all fine songs and his vocals are



RONNIE DIO OF RAINBOW: among the lustier tonals of his generation

faultless throughout.

This is essential listening for anyone seriously interested in Jamaican music. Check out his import album, "Visions," on the Joe Gibbs label if this whets your appetite for his unique voice. — D.R.

RAINBOW: "On Stage" (Polydor). Rainbow are a heavy band. You remember heavy bands? Plenty of bass, thunderous drums, yards of lead guitar? Of course you remember, my little spiky head. Well, Rainbow had no real trouble getting gigs, and at one of them they took along a mobile recording studio and captured in realistic stereo everything that went on, and here it is, a record that is so successful in America that

the band has just blown out a whole series of British concerts to go over there for some gigs. As a heavy band, the guitarist was looked on as a hero, an electric wizard, and Ritchie Blackmore (you have heard of Deep Purple?) was reckoned to be one of the best. Certainly while these concerts were being recorded, there were times when Mr. Blackmore was almost subtle. The tumultuously received blitzkrieg of "Man On A Silver Mountain" slips cheerily into a restrained blues, and Ritchie's own "Mistreated" works through influences from medieval to jazz. Alongside Mr. Blackmore was Ronnie James Dio, a young singer among the lustier tonals of his

generation. To his credit his singing was distinctive in a field not renowned for individualism. Although the audience loved every minute, there are a few numbers that stood out that night as better than others. "Catch The Rainbow" moved from a slinky intro into passages that built in mood and power, giving the band's two main instrumentalists a chance to demonstrate their prowess, despite a facile and repetitive keyboard riff. "15th Century Green-evees" was a piece with a mock-medieval guitar start that slams rapidly into heavy metal. The rather tiresome "Still I'm Sad" went in headfirst and never surfaced. An odd thing about this

album, my little razor-bladed chum, is that apart from it lasting less than an hour — and there are four sides, remember? — the engineer got a reasonable recorded sound on the guitar, vocals and keyboard, but the bass falls flat, and the drums of Mr. Gary Buehler, never mean to hold back on power, sound empty and weak. If you listen to this album, you will understand more clearly why you turned to the frantic pace of punk power — you might also get an idea why so many of those boring old farts still like to wallow back and let a guitarist take them away. Me? Well, I found the whole thing a big, repetitious yawn, but that is, you understand, a purely PERSONAL point of view. — J.D.

DETROIT EMERALDS: "Feel The Need" (Atlantic). In 1972 the Detroit Emeralds' original version of their "Feel The Need" single spent what seemed like months in our Top 30. Two years later, for reasons not fully explained, the group broke up and, after personnel additions, two new outfits popped up. One was led by original Emerald Abrim Tilmon and kept the coveted name. The other went out as James, Carl and Ivory, and comprised the other two founder Emeralds, James Mitchell and Ivory Tilmon (Abe's brother), plus one Carl Johnson. Neither group prospered. Recently, a compromise was reached: Mitchell and Ivory Tilmon persuaded Abe back into the studio (although not onto the road) and, with the addition of ex-MD Marvin Willis, the "new" Detroit Emeralds appeared. This album, however, is hardly spanking-new product. It's made up of reissues of familiar Emeralds songs like "Set It Out," "Look What's Happened To Our Love,"

"Sexy Ways" and, of course, "Feel The Need." The vocals have all been recut, but the actual tracks are simply Tom Moulton remixes of the originals. But as a means of reintroducing one of the early Seventies' most popular vocal groups, the album succeeds. Be warned in "Live For You" and "Sexy Ways," it carries a couple of sinkers, but the delightfully boppy "Feel The Need." "Set It Out" and the moving "Love Has Come To Me" more than compensate. — B.G.

PARLIAMENT: "Chocolate City" (Casablanca). If you're still to tune into George Clinton's weirdly wonderful wavelength, the two-record set "Chocolate City" can be highly recommended as a (comparatively) easy-to-follow intro to funk. One of P-Funk's three Parliament reissues, it strikes a neat balance between gut immediacy and trickiness. Tracks like "Ride On," "Big Fun" and "Funk On" leave their mark after time play and try nothing fancy aurally. But other demands, and reward, concentration. The legendary title track features all sorts of instrumental quirkiness: thunderous acoustic piano figures hammer against elegant sheets of synthesizer, the same piano has a cacophonous single finger (L) saxer snar off into fragmented solos or just with each other at the edge of the rhythmic action. "Together" is an altogether more disciplined piece but the sudden appearance of an Eddie Calverton trumpet passage amid the precise funk soon undermines that discipline. "Let Me Be" is stranger than strange — a classical key-based nightmare. Like Jacques Loussier gone bananas on Bach on speed. — B.G.

Master Electronics in Music

Author: T. D. Towers 128 Pages

Musical instrument development in the twentieth century has been almost entirely electronic, and a bewildering variety of instruments has resulted, from the well known electric guitar to the robot drummer. Master Electronics in Music provides a fascinating insight into this 'new' music, which all of us have heard at some time, in most cases without understanding any of the techniques of its creation. Electronic 'special effects' and keyboard instruments such as the electronic organ are dealt with, as well as magnetic tape music, music synthesizers and computer music. The book concludes with a survey of the brief history of electronic music.

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Music and the Duke

Sidney Bechet, Fletcher Henderson, Otto Hardwick and Sonny Greer are followed by Duke Ellington, Coleman Hawkins, Whetsol, Juan Tizol, Jerry Rhea and, later, Will Marion Cook, Duke Ellington, Charles Shuman, Chick Webb, Charles Pinkard, Paul Whiteman and Richard Bowen Jones.

Ellington's first encounter with Lena Horne, Mary Lou, Kay Dorn, Mahalia, Ella, Alice and many other vocalists, performers and all are painted in soft lights, all looking or behaving angelic and/or of heavenly with dignity or grace.

This, after all, is the way Ellington himself saw it, so far as my experience goes in one song he writes: "Oh, how I love my lady, so pretty," a line he sometimes

used in life and which (he acknowledges in a footnote) he inherited from his father. Ellington's lyrics are so good that he knows the child you should look at the parents Duke Snare and the elegant and persuasive person.

The list of names in this Ellington gallery is enormous. Ellington's music is there, plus dozens of Europeans like Diango, Ray Charles, Duke Ellington, Boiling, Timme Rosenkrantz.

Charming tales are told of Ellington's life and complimentary stories about various players and "notable figures," especially the royal court of Ellington, who self repeatedly returning to Music In My Mistress to tell about his romance, Rex

Personality, and not defects, which make the document dull or, indeed, anything but musically, socially and historically valuable.

Duke written, in his golden age, and is a love-you-all style familiar to anyone who's had experience of his word-spinning, about childhood and early life and the teachers who made his musical break-through the way to his buddies.

The stuff about his buddies, known to me and unknown, is the most painful part, as it is to most at least, and when he gets to the personal he sketches the book becomes a marvellous collectors' bag.

The selection of characters is as random and thus often surprising. Mercer Ellington

But these are weaknesses (if weaknesses they are) of omission, significant, perhaps, for a researcher in Ducal

to feel sorry there isn't more about such vastly important Ellingtonians as the late Duke Ellington, Sam Nanton and Lawrence Brown. However, this is the fragmentary way Duke chose to work, with much help. I am glad to have a partner, Stanley Dance, and the book needs to be read in conjunction with Dance's *Ellington: An American Life*. Then Derek Jewell's Duke which draws pretty heavily (I feel) on both for information about Duke's private side of the line of private-life details.

Not the least interesting section of this book is that called "The Duke's Music," an invaluable list of Duke's compositions in order of copyright date. In fact the only real shortcoming of the book is that it omits, admittedly a massive job; and now I read that some brave soul in Australia has compiled one of these. I must get — M.J.
























might into the man himself and the motivation for his music, which is frustrating for those who would like to see a musician have more than a musical and general knowledge of the world. He has a great talent for creating an acute lack of information in his music. It is disappointing that Paris and Comber, having done so much to help him, haven't given us a more vivid picture of the man, his life, his loves, his problems in his life. They fill in little on what is already known, and the book does draw greatly on his wife's previous euphemistic biography, *My Darling*. The facts, Jimmie Rodgers, the Singing Brakeman, died from cancer at the state penitentiary, working on the trains until he was forced to give it up through ill health. He turned to his amazement, forged an alternative career for himself as a writer of "hillbilly yodels," bluesy music, and country-blues songs of his own. He wrote a lot of traditional songs to suit his own lyrics. He was revolutionary in his use of the electric instrument but use of black musicians, and his influence on the likes of Hank Williams as Johnny Cash and Woody Guthrie. There are hints of a broken marriage and he evidently had a few other loves. There are some hints in this book which is tantalising because it does not make any of the stories that caused his "Singing Brakeman" nickname. The book does make a good reading. Having said that, it's a very honest book and this is why it is so good. It is unnecessary romanticising and dramatising that biographers do. It is a very good, very tempting — C.I.

RECORD HITS: THE BRITISH TOP 50 CHARTS 1954-76 by Clive Solomon, Omnibus Press, £1.95. Did you know the Band Of The Blue Boys? Or the Bluebelles? Or the Sparkle label in 1975? That's right, "Scotch On The Rocks," and "Dance Of The Cuckoos," which spent a week at the top, respectively. You too can amaze your friends with your encyclopaedic knowledge of 20 years of pop music. Just pick up the book, browsing through this fascinating volume. A real labour of love, it has been compiled by Clive Solomon, a music journalist and the Martin Watson, who has added an index of song titles, and the artists who made them hit. The pair must have spent a long time poring over yellowing back issues of music papers to find such fascinating snippets as the fact Edmund Hoyle's *Football Song* was a hit in 1954, and *Johnnie* on Nixa in 1956 and

JIMMIE THE KID: THE LIFE OF JIMMIE RODGERS. Written by Chris Coomber & Mike Paria. Edited by Mike Paria. This painstakingly researched and thoroughly history of Rodgers' career, though slightly academic in its style. It's got to be said that Coomber and Paria have set about their task, for it's obvious a lot of sweat has been spent — lovingly, by the feel of the title. The book is a complete history of the man's musical career. Astonishingly, there's a listing of all Rodgers' recordings, and a host of exhaustive details of the sessions, including where they took place, when, and who was involved in the session. For all that, it's a pity you couldn't wish for more, and as an informative document it's invaluable, a must-read today that's a matter of course. What it fails to give us is much of an in-

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Singles

REVIEWED
BY

IAN
BIRCH

Hot zitz of the week

BOOMTOWN RATS: "Lookin' After No. 1"/"Born To Burn"/"Barefootin'" (Ensign). In what seems like no time, the Rats have become one of the most exciting acts of the nouveau flopsam and jetsam.

Bob Gelfond, songwriter/vocalist, knows what pop sensibility is all about: his welding of turbine smooth energy with distinctive harmonies is terrific. Nice to hear Robert Parker's "Barefootin'" given such a healthy amphetamine infusion.

GIZMOS: "Amerika First" (Gulcher Records). Second EP from the splendid Gizmos who hail from Indiana, USA. The seven titles should give some idea of their content: "Amerika First," "Human Garbage Disposal," "Ballad Of The Gizmos," "Kiss Of That Rat," "Pumpin' To Playin'," "Cave Woman (I'm Just A Regular Dude)." They might loosely be described as Zappa during his frailest phase meeting a twilight version of Jonathan Richman in a rusty tin can that someone mistook for a recording studio. Goodtime sleaze rubs shoulders with slapstick energy, fun and willingness to experiment.

Mainstream

MANFRED MANN: "Pretty Flamingo"/"The One In The Middle"/"Got My Mojo Workin'" (EMI); **BILLY J. KRAMER WITH THE DAKOTAS:** "Trains And Boats And Planes"/"Take My Hand/It's Up To You" (EMI); **PETER AND GORDON:** "True Love Ways"/"Lady Godiva"/"Someone Ain't Right" (EMI). Just like the n.w. is throwing up its share of garbage, so did the beat boom during the mid-Sixties. Of the three here (all samplers for forthcoming "Best Of..." compilations) only the Manfreds are worth investigation. Kramer looked and sounded terribly sad throughout a recent spot on Birmingham's diabolical Pop At The Mill as he death-rattled on "Trains." His other two tracks are awful.

Likewise Peter and Gordon's saccharine horrors. P&G belonged to that group of quasi-landed gentry who discovered rock'n'roll during the Sixties but always seemed petrified by the fact. After, of course, is now a red-hot producer manager for the likes of Linda Ronstadt, James Taylor and Andrew Gold.

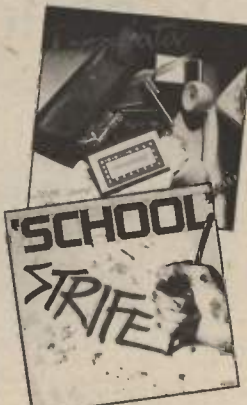
Unlike last week's Mann re-issue which is the original line-up — i.e. Paul Jones, Mike Vickers, Tom McGuinness, Mike Hugg and Manfred himself.

Paul pricks his narcissism on "One In The Middle," the band give the hardy perennial "Mojo" an effective work-out while "Flamingo" beats the lot. When Jones sings through his rubber-mouth leer: "Crimson dress that cling so tight/She's out of reach and out of sight," the magic lingers on even now.

BONNIE RAITT: "Three Time Loser" (Warner); **CHARLENE:** "I've Never Been To Me" (Prodigal); **NANCY WILSON:** "I've Never Been To Me" (Anchor); **BILLIE DAVIS:** "T.U. Dance The Ants Back In Your Pants" (Philips); **HELEN DAY:** "Love Sweet Love"



Hot Rats meet neo-Zappa



REGGAE

reviewed by Dave Ramsden

CICIL "GUITAR" SMITH: "Lead On Jah Jah" (Horse). Prominent but undistinguished lead guitar on this mediocre rasta bandwagon song. Sounds like an inferior Pablo Moses.

JAH STITCH: "Jah Jah Forgive You" (Horse). **BIG JOE:** "Dignity And Principle" (Horse). Two DJ versions of Leroy Smart songs, both worthwhile as the original songs are great. "Dignity And Principle" is the more dynamic of the two with a strong rhythm and lively toasting.

EARL GEORGE: "Opportunity" (Horse). More like wasted opportunity. The insistent, slightly off-key guitar riff running all through this dull song soon becomes irritating.

DINGLES: "Happiest" (Trojan Rockers). **LAMBERT DOUGLAS:** "Jah Jah No New" (Trojan Rockers). Two Clive

Francis productions with pleasant fresh sound though the songs are uninspired.

CARI MALCOLM/VOR: "Rebirth" (Grove Disco 45). Best in a long time from the man who made "Fatty Bum Bum" and "Miss Wire Waist" with a more serious song on the back-to-Africa theme. Both sides include DJ versions from the overrated Ranking Trevor, here on better form than usual.

DELROY WASH: "All The Praise To Jah" (Virgin Disco 45). Virgin's first venture into the 12-inch single market plays safe with this solid but unremarkable song. Unlike most disco 45s, it doesn't include instrumental versions, which is a pity as there's some good playing here.

VIVIAN JACKSON/ **TRINITY:** "Chant Down Babylon King-

dom" (Nationwide Disco 45). Two of the best tracks from the "Chant Down Babylon" album, with inspired versions from toaster Trinity. The exceptionally heavy bass rhythm could shake your house down along with Babylon.

JOHNNY CLARKE: "Age Is Growing" (Third World). Sub-standard effort from this good but over-prolific singer. His light voice needs stronger material to make any impression.

FERROL CAMPBELL: "Jah-Man" (Tempos). Best of the first three releases on this new label. A simple rootsy song with a powerful rhythm track, it needs playing loud.

REVOLUTIONARIES: "El Bambay" (Sky Note). Another fine instrumental from Jamaica's most reliable backing band. This mainly features key-

boards and has a light bouncy feel. Heavy dub side with lots of echo accentuates the unusual bass line.

JAH D: "Jah I'm Calling You" (Rovilla). Submerged vocals but strong bass on this rather muddy production. Version features a guitar solo from Oscar Acadam. A fair try but not totally successful.

RONNIE DAVIS: "Forget Me Now" (Venture). Good vocal performance from this consistent singer telling his girl to forget him now as he's found somebody else. Distinctive song and a lively arrangement.

BOB ANDY: "Slow Down" (Sky Note). Brilliant arrangement and a great song about the dangers of travelling through a district under curfew. Bob Andy's smooth voice has never been put to better effect. The

dub-side is amazing too.

MARCIA GRIF-FITHS: "I'm Still In Love With You Boy" (Lightning). The first of many (ten at my last count) versions of this Alton Ellis composition. It's a good song, and this and the Diamonds' version are the best, but with so many recordings I can hardly bear to hear it again.

TRINITY: "Three Piece Suit" (Lightning). An amusing DJ version to the above which at least shows how good the Joe Gibbs rhythm track is. Since followed in even more ridiculous fashion by Ranking Trevor's "Three Piece Chicken And Chips."

PRINCE JAZZBO: "It's A Natty Dread" (Justice pre-release). Latest and most boring version of that same song. Jazzbo can surely do better than copying Trinity and Ranking Trevor.

(Philips); **DONNA SUMMER:** "Down Deep Inside" (Casablanca). Bonnie wipes the board. Though the A-side struts along nicely, I prefer the flip, "Louise", with its more blues-based, easy intensity. One of the great women interpreters at the moment. (From the album "Sweet Forgiveness").

Charlene and Nancy share the same song — a dire amalgam of fearless confession and experience. Billie comes nowhere near the wonder of her 67 hit, "Angel Of The Morning," on this comeback effort. Poor song, blistered treatment. Helen tries for Tina Charles-styled disco pop and blows it.

Donna's "I Feel Love" must be one of the freak hits of the year. This theme from the movie The Deep (another aquatic romp in the Java vein) isn't in the same class, but it's timely and insidious enough to give her another smash.

STRIPE: "School" / "Feel So Good"/"Go" (EMI International). Maxi-single from industrious Midlands three-piece Banal, dead-end hard rock.

KURSAAL FLYERS: "The Sky's Falling In On Our Love" (CBS). The Flyers are in a tricky corner. They need (deserve) a hit to bolster the buzz created by "Little Drea She Know." But their genial pop is both at odds with the present climate and not distinctive enough to cut across it. If this makes the Radio One playlist, it could take off.

ORIGINAL ANIMALS: "Please Send Me Someone To Love" (Bare). Why do Sixties heroes persist in re-forming and trying to catch gone-dead trains? The results are inevitably embarrassing, as here. Chas Chandler, John Steel, Hilton Valentine, Alan Price and Eric Burdon have come up with some sparse bar-room blues which is about as lively as a mortician's parlour. Burdon is hideously flat throughout and the final pining on of Mellotron strings was a bad idea. From the album "Before We Were So Rudely Interrupted."

Sleepstream

SCUFFS: "Break The Ice"/"She Say Yes" (Power Play). Band and label are Memphis, Tennessee-bred. Much n.w. is simply three-minute heavy metal, which pinpoints the Scuffs. Capable but derivative, they nonetheless declare their liberation: "I don't wanna rule your life/or dominate you every night." No machos here.

NOSEBLEEDS: "Ain't Been To No Music School" (Rabid). Formerly Ed Banger and the Nosebleeds, the moniker still evokes alluring images — like pulverized bone and mangled tissue. Rabid's second and the group's first outing, it opens with some mischievous snatches from the Beethoven brigade, followed by siren guitar reminiscent of the intro to "Pretty Vacant." Then routine breackneck chaos takes over.

ROGULATOR: "Love And The Single Girl" (Virgin). The Rogs stand apart in their unique and crafted brand of cool swing. Their first for Virgin since leaving Stiff, its airy, jazz-inflected sophistication is probably too accomplished to make much of a commercial dent. Go ahead and prove me wrong.

ADVERTS: "Gary Gilmore's Eyes" / "Bored Teenagers" (Anchor). Two of T. V. Smith's strongest numbers, and they sound tighter than ever because of the discipline enforced by a studio.

What you see on your right is a group of very relaxed musicians making music somewhere in the Santa Monica Mountains.





Judy Collins Her double album & the definitive collection of her music

Side One is devoted to traditional music including "Pretty Polly" & "So Early, Early In The Spring"

Side Two reflects her political side and features "The Highway" & "Birds & Bees"

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Side Four is Judy singing her own songs, from "Born To Be Beaded To My Father"



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Hot albums

Reviewers: Richard Williams, Max Jones

The good life

MARC CHARIG: "Pipedream." Bellaphon. Haven't The Chance Of A Ghost; Vega, Ode To The Ghost Of An Improvised Past; Pipedream. (Ogun OG 710).
 Charig (cornet, tenor horn), Keith Tippett (piano, organ, zither, bell, voice), Ann Winter (bell, voice), St Stephen's Church, Southmead, Bristol; January 14/15, 1977
 NICRA: "Listen/Hear." Listen; Hear. (Ogun OG 010).
 Evans, Malfatti (trumpets), Tippett (piano), Buschi Niebergall (bass), Makaya Ntschoko (drums) Innsbruck, Austria, October 22, 1975.

HARD on the heels of Elton Dean's recent invigorating quartet album come parallel and highly contrasting recordings from his former mates in the front line of the old (and unforgettable) Keith Tippett Sextet.

The linking factor in all three cases is the unquenchable Tippett himself, who (for the moment at least) seems content to forego his erstwhile leadership role in order to pursue a career as a peripatetic and remarkably sensitive sideman to his old comrades.

Taken in series, the three albums (including Dean's, favourably reviewed here a few weeks ago) are especially notable for the way they amplify the characters of their respective leaders: played sequentially, immediately after something like the Tippett group's 1971 recording "Dedicated To You, But You Weren't Listening," they provide a fascinating extended portrait of three highly individual musicians.

We know immediately that Charig's album was recorded in a church, for it begins with an improvisation for cornet against the tolling of a steeple-bell. The somberness of the tintinnulation is exploited by Charig, who uses it to set off his own particular style of youthful elegance. He has a beautiful tone, smooth and almost "straight," but beneath the calm and rounded delivery lurks a quiet, impish humour.

On this track, "Bellaphon," Tippett eventually abandons the bell and moves to the pipe-organ, where he continues to complement the lively cornet with a variety of surprising colorations.

"Vega" is a brief and enjoyable duel for two over-dubbed Charigs, on cornet and tenor horn, while Ann Winter's ululating vowel-sounds make a fine contribution to "Ode," meshing with the lippy cornet and the more brazen tenor horn while Tippett works both inside and outside the piano, the cornet/organ partnership returns for "Pavane," a freer excursion featuring half-valve trills and wild keyboard thundering, all imbued by an unusual sense of forboding and resolved by a long spiralling finale.

Those last two adjectives could never be applied to "Listen/Hear," for Evans and Malfatti are both accustomed to using the inherent qualities of the trombone in a way that combines excitement and visceral thrills. They are two of the instrument's best-loved, their violence softened and mitigated by a cheeky humour which is also well within the instrument's compass.

This session was recorded for an Austrian radio station, and both leaders take the chance to do what they most enjoy, which is to blow long and hard. A bracing introduction, heralded by Tippett's deplorable simultaneous, builds intensify through more subdued some interplay around Tippett's. Timbre strumming after several minutes, Ntschoko enters and they begin to let rip.

Thereafter, throughout the 31 minutes of "Listen," they keep the burner turned right up solo, bang & 4 & "tree", a piano interlude like a

speeding musical-box, a stunning drum improvisation backed by low-register trombone blurps.

It's an ecstatic rough 'n' tumble with everyone coming out tripping. "Hear" is more reflective, with Niebergall again well to the fore, and is further proof of the way Evans and Malfatti have furthered the technical possibilities of their instrument. I've always harboured a secret fantasy of hearing Nick and Charles Mingus, maybe Malfatti should be in there too. Certainly Mingus would relish the high-octane turbulence of this album.

Unfortunately the sleeve doesn't identify the stereo separation of the two leaders; I think Evans is in the right-hand channel, but then my stereo could be wired up the wrong way round.

At the risk of assuming candour for Pseud's Corner (again), I'd say that the overriding and distinguishing qualities of these two albums are aptly reflected in the choice of sleeve colour: "Pipedream" is a light mauve, just as the music is exquisitely pastel; "Listen/Hear" has rich earthy browns and greens. Both moods are necessary for a genuinely full life. — R.W.

SAVOY SESSIONS

COLEMAN HAWKINS, BEN WEBSTER, ILLINOIS JACQUET, IKE QUEBEC, JOHN HARDEE: "The Savoy Sessions." Record One: Ben Webster: "Honeysuckle," "The Surrender," "Blue Skies," "Katie's Fur," "Body And Soul," "I'm Old," "My Dreams," "Jim Dawg's Scullin' Q," "Blue Skies," "Lunatic," "Can't Help Lovin' That Man," "Man Bounce," "Watch That Stuff," "Misty Blues," "Katie's Fur." Record Two: Illinois Jacquet: "Don't Blame Me," "Mood," "Jacquet In The Box," "Mood," "Jacquet In The Box," "Minor Rump," "Berry's," "Loddie Davis," "The Like," "Stop, Should I Flight Eleven," "Mood," "Fantasy," "Contestant," "September Song," "Can't Take That Away From Me." Savoy double album \$14.220 — Import

OFTEN on record sleeves and such, we read "the tough tenors" — these including Johnny Griffin, Jackie Davis and the like — but the men represented here are earlier and even tougher tenors.

The styles exhibited here are related in that they were all to greater or lesser degree, fathered by Hawkins, the daddy of big-toned, aggressive-sounding, firm-swinging tenor playing.

They belong, loosely speaking, to what was vastly influenced by Ben Webster, Chu Berry and Texas tenorman Herchel Evans, these three themselves beginning their jazz careers as disciples of the Hawk.



BEN WEBSTER: beginning his jazz career as a disciple of Hawkins

Byas, I fancy) can be detected in various performances by Hardee, Quebec and Jacquet.

The record hits a fine, swinging medium groove at once with "Honeysuckle," on which Ben sounds a good deal like middle-period Hawk; the dependable rhythm section contains Oscar Pettiford (bass), David Booth (drums) and versatile pianist Johnny Guarnieri.

The same team performs "I Surrender" (at slow and fast speeds), a "Blue Skies" notable for the bounce of the tenor and for the Basie-type solo piano, and a graceful swing-filled "Katie's Fur" (the last, a nice Webster original).

"Body And Soul," with a different rhythm team save for Guarnieri, recalls Hawkins but gets away from the image somewhat in the double-tempo passage. These all date from 1944.

Ike Quebec, again with the same pianist plus guitar, bass and drums, maintains the driving mood and Hawkins-Webster warmth and toughness on his four 1945 tracks — all first-rate tenor outings which have much of the fire, richness and blues feeling of Cobb's big blowing.

"I.Q.", which has rightly been called a masterpiece of its genre, and "Jim Dawg's" (Quebec's nickname) are striking and contrasting examples of playing by this under-praised musician who died in '53. These tracks were released here in an

"Angry Tenors" anthology, as were some others in this set, and the title is apt. Guitarist Bill De Arango is another who comes over strongly in this welcome reissue session.

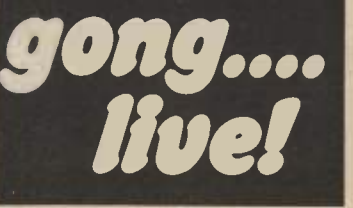
Next is the little-known John Hardee, another sturdy blower who was handsomely expressive on blues and ballads as you can hear on "That Man" and "Misty"; and who displayed a harder and more driving approach on the boppy "Red Man". He is heard on two different dates from the late Forties, and he rings the changes by singing confidentially on "Watch That Stuff".

Side Three returns us to the big-league players with satisfying early '46 sextet tracks by Jacquet in brilliant form: relaxed and melodic on "Don't Blame Me" and "Blues Mood," boisterous on "Jumpin' Jacquet" (Savoy were very partial to these slick titles), generally powerful and direct as he improvises over rhythm led by Bill Doggett (piano), Freddie Greene (guitar), John Simmons (bass) and Shadow Wilson (drums). Emmett Berry is the perfect partner in a sharp little group.

The final side is given over to a '54 Chicago session by Hawkins, world-with drummer Buddup Smith and others unknown. The great man strolls through a suddenly ended blues, an old popper, more blues, an old ballad or two and "September Song," all done in his virile Fifties manner, but then he once had been, and more angry in his phrasing.

It is not to be ranked with Hawk's finest performances but, as Feather writes in the notes, "any additional contribution to his recorded annals is to be treasured".

Next is the little-known John Hardee, another sturdy blower who was handsomely expressive on blues and ballads as you can hear on "That Man" and "Misty"; and who displayed a harder and more driving approach on the boppy "Red Man". He is heard on two different dates from the late Forties, and he rings the changes by singing confidentially on "Watch That Stuff".



MAM PRESENTS

Leo Sayer

IN CONCERT

Cardiff, Capitol,	Sept 29th
Peterborough, ABC,	Sept 30th
Ipswich, Gaumont Theatre,	Oct 1st
THE LONDON PALLADIUM,	Oct 2nd
Newcastle, City Hall,	Oct 5th
Edinburgh, Usher Hall,	Oct 6th
Aberdeen, Capitol Theatre,	Oct 7th
Glasgow, Apollo Theatre,	Oct 8th
Liverpool, Empire Theatre,	Oct 9th
Dublin, Stadium,	Oct 11th
Wolverhampton, Civic,	Oct 13th
Birmingham, Hippodrome,	Oct 14th
Manchester, Apollo,	Oct 15th
Blackpool, Opera House,	Oct 16th
Bournemouth, Winter Gardens,	Oct 18th
Portsmouth, The Guildhall,	Oct 20th
Brighton, The Dome,	Oct 21st
Bristol, Hippodrome,	Oct 22nd
Sheffield, City Hall,	Oct 25th

See local press for box office opening dates.
Postal applications for tickets will be accepted immediately.

Wednesday

Thursday

Friday

Saturday

Sunday

● **CAITHNESS FESTIVAL** Caithness, Scotland See Taking Off

Monday

Tuesday


Wednesday

Jazz extra

TAKING OFF

● **ENGLAND ENGLAND:** Jeanette Cochran Theatre, Southampton

on Thursday, August 18 — Saturday, September 20. Tickets £13.50 (Bancroft 01 217 1200). This is a ceremony of the greatest regional significance, presided over by the Royal Court, written by Saint-Julien and Kevin Costner. A historical tale set in the 17th century, this spectacular is set around the lives of two men: Eric Starvo Galt, an infamous pirate, and his brother, the young Captain of the ship, the *Golden Age*. Galt has written for the production, having been a member of the Virginia company — including America and the White House — and working in many years



● **KINGFISH:** London Mar
Friday and Saturday, August 3

Band starts playing 9.00pm, top
C1. With the Grute of a Dead
album "Thornhill Station" are
a rearrangement of teenage
band, this visit by Knighthood.
Although working for
years as a respected house
their own right, it goes the
sound free-wheeling possession of
dreadful that well be good to
some general population.
They have been a target of
students, they say that you
own lives — probably all
well themselves, the approach
are happy young Southern
and small white houses.

● **CAITHNESS FESTIVAL**
LAND: Friday, Saturday

August: Friday, Tickets: \$25.
weekend. Friday: Bodle, Rezillos, Alan Hull's R, Manray. Phase Saturday: wind, Codo Belle, Slik Charm, Blister, Ignatz, Sitt The Fence; Sunday: Jan v or some of the above bands ed for, unconfirmed at pres Scotland's only open air t which is coming, most interesting of the m had a lot of rain, heavy and wet. Heat and m



● CARLA BLEY BAN
Walla Dance Hall, London

August 21, 7:00 pm
All tickets \$150. This is
London appearance of
Barry Manilow by Catia
Manilow for her own
semi-private company con-
sistently the "Cats"
Over The Hill" team is
known they began a
European tour. It con-
sists in the world the
company's members.
The touring team has
been's goals to make
more and more profit
and rock experience.

Top Thirty Singles

- 1 (1) FEEL LOVE Donna Summer, GTO
- 2 (2) ANGELO Brotherhood Of Man, Pye
- 3 (6) FLOAT ON Floaters, ABC
- 4 (3) MA BAKER Boney M, Atlantic
- 5 (8) YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES Showaddywaddy, Arista
- 6 (5) WE'RE ALL ALONE Rita Coolidge, A&M
- 7 (10) SOMETHING BETTER CHANGE Strangers, United Artists
- 8 (12) THE CRUNCH Rah Band, Good Earth
- 9 (17) ROADRUNNER ONCE, ROADRUNNER
- 10 (9) IT'S YOUR LIFE Jonathan Richman, Bescrley
- 11 (13) EASY Smokie, RAK
- 12 (18) NIGHTS ON BROADWAY Commodores, Motown



JAMES TAYLOR: his resurgence continues as "Handy Man" shoots from 12 to 6

U.S. Singles

- 1 (2) BEST OF MY LOVE Emotions, Columbia
- 2 (1) JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING Andy Gibb, RSO
- 3 (3) WHATCHA GONNA DO Pablo Cruise, A&M
- 4 (5) YOUR LOVE HAS LIFTED ME (HIGHER AND HIGHER) Commodores, Motown
- 5 (6) EASY James Taylor, Columbia
- 6 (12) HANDY MAN Alice Cooper, Warner Bros
- 7 (8) YOU MADE ME BELIEVE IN MAGIC Bay City Rollers, Arista
- 8 (9) YOU AND ME Crosby Stills and Nash, Atlantic
- 9 (10) NOBODY DOES IT BETTER Carly Simon, Elektra
- 10 (11) BARRACUDA Heart, Portrait
- 11 (13) FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN Emerson Lake & Palmer, Atlantic
- 12 (17) DON'T STOP Fleetwood Mac, Warner Bros
- 13 (14) HOW MUCH LOVE Leo Sayer, Chrysalis
- 14 (15) BLACK BETTY Ram Jam, Epic
- 15 (16) GIVE A LITTLE BIT Supertramp, A&M
- 16 (18) TELEPHONE LINE Electric Light Orchestra, United Artists
- 17 (4) UNDERCOVER ANGEL Alan O'Day, Pacific
- 18 (21) SMOKE FROM A DISTANT FIRE The Sanford-Townsend Band, Warner Bros
- 19 (20) YOU'RE MY WORLD Helen Reddy, Capitol
- 20 (27) ON AND ON Steven Bishop, ABC
- 21 (23) CHRISTINE SIXTEEN Kiss, Casablanca
- 22 (25) STRAWBERRY LETTER 23 Brothers Johnson, A&M
- 23 (7) MY HEART BELONGS TO ME Barbra Streisand, Columbia
- 24 (26) SWAYIN' TO THE MUSIC Johnny Rivers, Big Tree
- 25 (19) I'M IN YOU Peter Frampton, A&M
- 26 (29) COLD AS ICE Foreigner, Atlantic
- 27 (28) SLIDE Shaun Cassidy, Curb
- 28 (22) DA DO RON RON London Symphony Orchestra, 20th Century
- 29 (—) STAR WARS London Symphony Orchestra, 20th Century
- 30 (24) DO YOU WANNA MAKE LOVE Peter McCann, 20th Century

■ The Melody Maker chart is used by the Daily Mirror, The Sun, Daily Telegraph, Sunday People, News Of The World, scores of evening and weekly newspapers throughout Britain, and quoted in papers all over the world.

BEST-SELLERS

Four-page MM Factsheet
US Charts courtesy Cashbox

U.K. Soul

- 1 (2) FLOAT ON Floaters, ABC
- 2 (4) LET'S CLEAN UP THE GHETTO Philadelphia International All Stars, Philly Int
- 3 (1) I FEEL LOVE Donna Summer, GTO
- 4 (5) NIGHTS ON BROADWAY Candi Staton, Warner Bros
- 5 (3) THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR Deniece Williams, CBS
- 6 (16) DREAMER Jacksons, Epic
- 7 (—) MAGIC FLY Space, Pye
- 8 (8) HOLLYWOOD Bruce Johnston, CBS
- 9 (12) DEVIL'S GUN Rufus, ABC
- 10 (7) DANCING EASY CJ & Co., Atlantic
- 11 (—) PINOCCHIO THEORY Danny Williams, Ensign
- 12 (15) EASY Bootsy's Rubber Band, Warner Bros
- 13 (5) MA BAKER Boney M, Atlantic
- 14 (—) IT AIN'T REGGAE (BUT IT'S FUNNY) Instant Funk, Philly Int
- 15 (16) RIGOR MORTIS/POST MORTEM Cameo, Casablanca
- 16 (—) VOYAGE TO ATLANTIS Isley Brothers, Epic
- 17 (11) DO WHAT YOU WANNA DO T Connection, TK
- 18 (18) FLOWERS Emotions, CBS
- 19 (20) I GOT IT New York Port Authority, Inviscutus
- 20 (9) TWO TITLES TIED FOR 2ND AND 13TH POSITIONS

U.S. Soul

- 1 (1) FLOAT ON Floaters, ABC
- 2 (2) STRAWBERRY LETTER 23 Brothers Johnson, A&M
- 3 (3) BEST OF MY LOVE Emotions, Columbia
- 4 (10) LET'S CLEAN UP THE GHETTO Philadelphia All Stars, Philly Int
- 5 (4) A REAL MOTHER Johnny Guitar Watson, DJM
- 6 (8) L.A. SUNSHINE War, Blue Note
- 7 (9) I BELIEVE YOU Enchantment, Road Show
- 8 (13) DEVIL'S GUN Rufus, ABC
- 9 (13) SLIDE Slave, Cotillion
- 10 (6) LIVIN' IN THE LIFE Isley Brothers, T Neck
- 11 (19) MAKE IT WITH YOU The Whispers, Soul Train
- 12 (14) PARTY LIGHTS Natalie Cole, Capitol
- 13 (11) EASY Commodores, Motown
- 14 (—) WORK ON ME O'Jays, Philly Int
- 15 (18) OVER AND OVER Ashford and Simpson, Warner Bros
- 16 (—) O-H-I-O Ohio Players, Mercury
- 17 (12) GOT TO GIVE IT UP Marvin Gaye, Motown
- 18 (15) I DON'T LOVE YOU ANYMORE Teddy Pendergrass, Philly Int
- 19 (20) THIS I FEAR Tyrone Davis, Columbia



O'JAYS: the "Backstoppers" are back with "Work On Me" at 15



GALLAGHER AND LYLE: airplay for "I Had To Fall In Love"

Radio's Top Spins

- CAPITAL: Float On (Floaters) You Got What It Takes (Showaddywaddy) We're All Alone (Rita Coolidge) Spanish Stroll (Mink DeVille) That's What Friends Are For (Deniece Williams)
- CLYDE, GLASGOW: I Feel Love (Donna Summer) You Got What It Takes (Showaddywaddy) We're All Alone (Rita Coolidge)
- LUXEMBOURG: Angelo (Brotherhood of Man) I Feel Love (Donna Summer) You Got What It Takes (Showaddywaddy) Float On (Floaters) Ma Baker (Boney M)
- BRIMB, BIRMINGHAM: I Feel Love (Donna Summer) Angelo (Brotherhood of Man) You Got What It Takes (Showaddywaddy) Float On (Floaters) Ma Baker (Boney M)
- HALLAM, SHEFFIELD: Don't Free Up (Flavor) Sara Smile (Eric Gale) Black Betty (Ram Jam) Smoke From A Distant Fire (Sanford-Townsend Band) Black Is Black (La Belle Epoque)
- FORTH, EDINBURGH: Down The Hall (Four Seasons) I Had To Fall In Love (Gallagher and Lyle) Come Back And Finish What You Started (Linda Lewis) River Road (Crystal Gayle) Hard Rock Cafe (Carole King)
- PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER: Float On (Floaters) That's What Friends Are For (Deniece Williams) Nobody Does It Better (Carly Simon) Something Better Change (Strangers) Spanish Stroll (Mink DeVille)

Singles Composers/Publishers/Producers

1. High Lory (Rumour/Melrose/Falco) M. J. J. Ballote, 2. Tony Mink, A.T.V. (Tony Mink/Love) J. J. J. Ballote, 3. Tony Mink, A.T.V. (Tony Mink/Love) J. J. J. Ballote, 4. Tony Mink, A.T.V. (Tony Mink/Love) J. J. J. Ballote, 5. Tony Mink, A.T.V. (Tony Mink/Love) J. J. J. Ballote, 6. Tony Mink, A.T.V. (Tony Mink/Love) J. J. J. Ballote, 7. Tony Mink, A.T.V. (Tony Mink/Love) J. J. J. Ballote, 8. Tony Mink, A.T.V. (Tony Mink/Love) J. J. J. Ballote, 9. Tony Mink, A.T.V. (Tony Mink/Love) J. J. J. Ballote, 10. Tony Mink, A.T.V. (Tony Mink/Love) J. J. J. Ballote, 11. Tony Mink, A.T.V. (Tony Mink/Love) J. J. J. Ballote, 12. Tony Mink, A.T.V. (Tony Mink/Love) J. J. J. Ballote, 13. Tony Mink, A.T.V. (Tony Mink/Love) J. J. J. Ballote, 14. Tony Mink, A.T.V. (Tony Mink/Love) J. J. J. Ballote, 15. Tony Mink, A.T.V. (Tony Mink/Love) J. J. J. Ballote, 16. Tony Mink, A.T.V. (Tony Mink/Love) J. J. J. Ballote, 17. Tony Mink, A.T.V. (Tony Mink/Love) J. J. J. Ballote, 18. Tony Mink, A.T.V. (Tony Mink/Love) J. 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WHAT'S NEW

Four-page MM Factsheet

Singles

- JONATHAN RICHMAN AND THE MODERN LOVERS: "Egyptian Reggae" (Berkley 8222)
- BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS: "Waiting In Vain" (Island WIP 6402)
- DONNA SUMMER: "Down Deep Inside (Theme From The Deep)" (Casablanca CAN 111) Her single success seems inevitable — this time the song was written by Donna with John Barnes, who produced the record.
- KISS: "Then She Kissed Me" (Casablanca CAN 110) A 12-inch single with "Hooligan" and "Flaming Youth" on the B side.
- DAVID ESSEX: "Cool Out Tonight" (CBS 5495)
- CAROLE BAYER SAYER: "Don't Wish Too Hard" (Elektra K12260)
- HARRY CHAPIN: "Danceband On The Terrace" (Elektra K12271)
- LAMONT DOZIER: "Going Back To My Roots" (Warners K16042)
- RADIO STARS: "Steele It" (Chiswick SW17) A seven-inch EP.
- STEVIE WONDER: "Another Star" (Tamla Motown TMG 1063)
- BILLY J. KRAMER AND THE DAKOTAS: "Trains And Boats And Planes" (EMI 2543)
- BOOMTOWN RATS: "Looking After Number One" (Ensign 4)
- SAD CAFE: "Long Will Survive" (RCA PB 5052)
- MARLENA SHAW: "Yuma" (CBS 5650)
- THE EMOTIONS: "Best Of My Love" (CBS 5556)
- OLYMPIC RUNNERS WITH GEORGE CHANDLER: "Keep It Up" (RCA PB 5048)

Albums

- ANDY PRATT: "Silver In The Night" (Nonesuch K 50286) Andy earned critical acclaim for his Revolution album last year.
- CELLS: "Monkey Island" (Atlantic K 50387) They used to be the J. Geils Band.
- MOTORHEAD: "Motorhead" (Chiswick WIK 2) Lemmy, the bassist from Hawkwind, and his power trio have managed to catch hold of the tail of the raw wave and have recently been spreading their popularity through a tour with Count Bishop.
- TIM WEISBERG BAND: "Tim Weisberg" (United Artists UAG 30113) As a singer he has been used on countless sessions, and his last solo album revealed a certain strength of musical character.
- MASS PRODUCTION: "Believe" (Columbia 95040) A relentless funk machine.
- RALPH MCTELL: "Ralph, Albert And Sydney" (Warners K 46399) A live album recorded in London and Australia showing McTell's recent stage act.
- ROSE ROYCE: "In Full Bloom" (Whitfield K 54394) A new from the "Car Wash" crew.
- VARIOUS ARTISTS: "Imperial Rockabillys" (United Artists UAS 30101)
- LEMMY WILLIAMS: "Choosing You" (Anchor AICL 8232)
- WING AND A PRAYER: "Babyface At Sticky Band" (Atlantic K 50401)
- MORNING NOON AND NIGHT: "Morning, Noon and Night" (United Artists 30114)
- DREAM EXPRESS: "A Million In 1-2-3" (EMI EMC 3193)

Imports

- BUDDY SPICHER AND BUDDY EMMONS: "Buddy Spicher And Buddy Emmons (Flying Fish 041) Emmons played steel guitar on the classic "Op" and "Gracious Angel" albums by country rock hero Gram Parsons.
- SONNY FORTUNE: "Savagely Minimal" (Atlantic SO 1625)
- STUFF: "Blues Stuff" (Warners 2061 BS)
- ISLEY BROTHERS: "Forever Gold" (T-Nack TZ 34652) Reliable compilation.
- MASS PRODUCTION: "Believe" (Columbia 95181)
- MICHAEL BLOOMFIELD: "Aniline" (Takoma 81059) Perennial bluesman switches to John Fahey's small label.
- STILLWATER: "Stillwater" (Capricorn 018)
- DONALD CLARK OSMOND: "Donald Clark Osmond" (Polydor PD/18109) Heart throb weenytopper becomes a man.
- FREDDIE KING: "1934-76" (RSD 3025) Old and new material with Eric Clapton backing.
- JAMES BROWN: "Mother's Nature" (Polydor B11)
- VARIOUS ARTISTS: "Let's Clean Up The Ghetto" (Philadelphia International Z 34653) This Philadelphia International disc, including Billy Paul and Herbie Mann and the Blue Note.
- MYLON LEFEBRE: "Weak At The Knees" (Warners BS 3070)
- CHER: "Cherished" (Warners 3046)
- EDDIE HAZEL: "Games, Games And Gutter Fange" (Warners 3028)
- THE STAPLES: "Family Tree" (Warners 3054)
- KENNY ROGERS: "Daytime Friends" (UA 756)
- ELVIN BISHOP BAND: "Peaking Hell" (Capricorn Z/CP 015) Double live from West Coast.
- THE ORIGINAL ANIMALS: "Before We Were So Rudely Interrupted" (UA JTLA 7906)
- ANOTHER SATISFACTION: "Palms Of Paradise" (White Label Pre-release)
- TRINITY: "Upstream Girl" (White Label Pre-release)
- LEROY SMART: "The Very Best Of Leroy Smart" (Channel)



GEILS new album: BOB MARLEY, new single: ELVIN BISHOP import

Coming events

HARRY CHAPIN: London Rainbow (September 3), Manchester Apollo (4), Dublin Stadium (6), Belfast Ulster Hall (7), Sheffield City Hall (8), Southampton Theatre (9), Glasgow Apollo (10), Newcastle City Hall (11)

DOBBIE BROTHERS: Reading Festival (August 28), Birmingham Hippodrome (28), Manchester Apollo (30), London Rainbow (31)

RY COODER: Birmingham Odeon (November 17), London Hammersmith Odeon (18, 19, 20), Manchester Free Trade Hall (22)

MIKE HARDING: Middlesex Civic Hall (September 1), Brighton New Exhibition Centre (2), Kendal Town Hall (3), Southampton Theatre (4), Warrington Wilderspool Leisure Centre (7), Buxton Playhouse Theatre (8), Oakenkates Town Hall (9), Halifax Civic Theatre (10), Blackpool ABC Theatre (11), Oldham Coliseum Theatre (12), Huddersfield Civic Theatre (13), Newark Palace Theatre (16), Decade Leisure Club (17), Batley Variety Club (18)

MONTANA: Liverpool Minster (August 25), New Brighton Empress Club (26), Liverpool Moonstone (September 3, 13), New Brighton Empress Club (21), Liverpool Moonstone (25), Southport Dixieland Show Bar (October 3), Preston Grapevine Club (7), Birkhead Digby's (13), Haywood Seven Stars (21)

GARY GLITTER: Batley Variety Club (Septem-



GARY GLITTER: hello, hello, he's back again

ber 25 for a week), Southport Theatre (October 2), Leicester Bailey's (3 for a week), Watford Bailey's (9 for a week), Bristol Hippodrome (16), Birmingham Town Hall (18), Stoke-on-Trent Bailey's (21, 22), Port-haul Stonleigh Club (23 for a week), Brighton Dome (31), Blackburn Cavendish Club (November 4, 5), Bradford St Georges Hall (6), Stockton Fletts (7), Manchester Apollo (10)

THE PIRATES: London Ballroom (September 9), Cardiff Top Rank (13), Wakefield Unity Hall (15), Manchester Electric Circus (16), Dudley 18's (17), Wolverhampton Lafayette (23), Wigan Casino (24), Stoke-on-Trent George Hotel (25), Blackpool Jenkins Bar (26), Southsea

BILLY OCEAN: Swansea Top Rank (September 7),ournemouth Top Rank (10), Southampton Top Rank (12), Cardiff Top Rank (14), Sheffield Top Rank (19), Plymouth Top Rank (21), Reading Top Rank (23), Eastbourne Kings Country Club (24), Brighton Top Rank (28)

Finger Paintings

Finger Paintings

If you enjoy albums of Django Reinhardt, Wes Montgomery, Joe Pass, and other guitar virtuosos... you may care to discover the talents of 24 years old Earl Klugh on his new Blue Note album.

Blue Note is a product of United Artists Records. Marketed by United Artists Records.

Album UAG 3011
Columbia YCA 3011

CHEW awhile on these: "My mind is like a plastic bag/ That corresponds to all those ads/ It sucks up all the rubbish/ That is fed in through my ear/ I eat Kleenex for breakfast/ And use soft hygienic Weetabix/ To dry my tears."

Or: "I wrenched the nylon curtains back/ As far as they would go/ Then peered through the perplex window panes / At the acrylic road."

Poly Styrene wrote them. Poly is 19 and sings lead with X-Ray Spex. Poly is also a gas. She chuckles constantly, seemingly amazed that an eager-haver interviewer wants to get to the root of her rum vision of the world.

"I just kind of pick up things that are around me and use the imagery of that. I like artificial and synthetic things. I mean, look at this," she looked around her manager's kitchen, replete with every mechanical household and considered vital today — "Fairy liquid and all this stuff."

A half-caste, she was born and brought up in London's Brixton area, a predominantly black community. But being a half-caste has its thrills and spills.

"I like it, really, because then you get the best of both worlds. The Jamaicans don't really like it because I suppose in their eyes you're light-skinned or half-caste you get the good jobs."

by Ian Birch

"The darker you are the more difficult it is to get a job. It's really bad, but they teach that you should want to be white."

"Where I grew up, all the whites would go 'black-b-' and the blacks would go 'half-breed.' So it makes you stand outside both."

Brixton was home until she ran away four years ago. "I'd never been outside Brixton before that so it was great to me. It was only exciting, though, while I was 16. As soon as I got to 16, it wasn't exciting because it was legal then."

The next few years were spent in various activities — a stint on the road, the fringe theatre groups, trying to start bands and generally "getting into trouble and enjoying it."

Last Christmas found her in Woolworth's typing pool, which, you won't be sur-

prised to learn, bored her rigid.

"Most of the songs I wrote while I was working, in the typing pool. I just used to sit and type out songs. Like to write in jumps because then they all have a certain kind of feeling about them."

Then in January of this year the plunge was taken. She assembled the band through ads (in the NME) and played their first gig in March at the Roxy.

There were personnel changes, but the present line-up seems to happily face the time being. Lora Logic on sax, Jack Stafford on guitar, Paul Dean on bass and B.P. on drums.

The men supply a capable-by-derived foundation, but

the real points of interest have to be Poly and Lora, whose sax appeal gives them that distinctive edge. She is hardly in the Kathy Stobart stakes (a jazz lady of "no little virtuosity," but the name of this game is enthusiasm, as she does battle with Poly's banishes vocals).

"The sax makes all the difference. Also, it's good to use it as a lead instrument. The lead guitar is a bit less interesting."

After wading through a side-and-a-half of chainsaw whine on the Roxy compilation, that sax snort on their "Oh Bondage! Up Yours!" sounds almost heretical.

Plus, visually, the duo are a hysterical knock-out. Lora is usually more subdued, whereas Poly's theatre involvement, refuses any half measures.

The first time I caught

the band, she was unobtrusively decked out in a GI's helmet and goggles, lurid yellow polo neck, what looked like a leather harness, skin-tight green glitter hose and black stiletto shoes. At the interview she couldn't decide whether to pin on her stinging vest or wear a slice of bacon or an egg-sunny side up.

"I wondered what she thought of the Roxy album. It's really terrible. I think they could have done a lot better with the amount of money they had to spend on it. They made it as cheap as possible."

"I don't like our track on it, but then I suppose I'm just very critical. It was only our second gig. I didn't like the idea in general. I don't like the cover or anything. It was the image of what you think it should look like."

Ironically, the hassles the band have encountered have been with their kith and kin. "I was dressing in my bitching forever keep out."

"A lot of the bands that have made it are a bit destructive. Some of the bands that are coming up. They say it's all crap now. The only other thing worth listening to are the bands that are coming up. They place. The ones after that are bandwagons."

"In one way I can understand that they don't want competition coming up and mucking up their scene and cashing in on it. If it's

On the rise of the wave

Continuing MM's series on the up-and-coming new wavers

just cashing in, then it's bad. But if they're contributing something different to what they're doing, then it's all right. You need that. "Otherwise, there would be a few main groups. It would be like the Rolling Stones who have been here for hundreds of years."

Poly is obviously ecstatic about the band; a dream finally realised. "If you want to do something, you

have to do it. Otherwise it's always hanging round in the back of your mind and you'll get fed up doing the things you don't really want to do."

"Then you just become destructive or self-destructive. Oh, philosophy! I feel like an old granny."

Lyrics reprinted by Poly Styrene. Copyright Poly Styrene.

BAD LUCK and trouble have dogged Skrewdriver whose baptism of fire in London included getting beaten up by teddy boys outside a gig and having their van bashed up in the process.

"We didn't know anything about the teddy boys until we came to London," said Ian Stewart, their lead singer. "This gang attacked us for no reason at all."

Their drummer, known solely as Gritton, needed 23 stitches and lost several teeth when he was hit. Stewart, a midget, but the biggest blow to the band's prospects so far, came last week when their van containing all their equipment was stolen from outside the Roxy Club in London.

According to Ian, they are now left with the grand sum of £2 new pennies and the promise of help from their record label, which says who will hire them gear for future gigs.

Why are they battling on despite all odds? Ian Stewart is convinced the band stand a chance of breaking through, and having

Screwdriver

fought their way out of an apathetic scene in their home town, are determined not to fall in London, the main punk battle ground.

"We started on the 19th of January," says Ian, "and we were inspired by the Sex Pistols. I saw them for the first time when they played a date in Manchester and I thought they were brilliant."

"Until then my favourite group was the Stones and I still think they are great. I like all the knocking they get. But the Sex Pistols were a revelation. I worked in the Civil Service and hated it — I had to get out and form a group."

The line-up includes Phil Walley (lead guitar), Kevin McKay (bass), Gritton (drums) and Ian

(vocals). All are 19 and, as proponents of punk rock in a holiday resort, found themselves barred from pubs and dropped from gigs.

"We were delayed in starting because we had no record contract. But my dad had a place where we could rehearse and we recorded some cassettes."

"We sent them to all the companies, but only Chiswick answered and seemed interested. We've signed to them, and Ted Carroll, who runs the label, is great. He helped us out with money to buy a new window for the van (this was before it was stolen

the following day), and help put the back door back on."

"The kids who attacked us were only about 19-21 and it was totally pathetic. I don't know why they need to attack people, but punk have been dubbed as weird so they pick on us."

"We got banned from gigs in Blackpool at first because we were playing our own punk rock club, on Saturday nights, and only punk people are allowed in."

"The whole thing is growing all the time, and I think a lot of kids who were into soul music are turning on to punk. It's funny, we used to fight with soul fans, and I knew

lots of teddy boys in Blackpool to talk to. Now it's turned the other way."

"In our set we play some Stones things like '19th Nervous Breakdown,' and some Sex Pistols rip-offs, but then all the new wave bands rip off the Pistols."

"We also do stuff by the Stooges and Patti Smith. We've nearly finished our first album with our own stuff on it."

"Our first single was called 'You're So Dumb' and it was pretty terrible. The record sounded nothing like the way we first heard it on the playback. Our new single is 'Anti-Social,' and is dedicated to the teds."

Were Skrewdriver a non-violent crew? "No, no, I actually enjoy fighting," said Ian, his menacing black leather aura contrasting with a pleasant Lancashire accent.

"Fighting was the only thing to do in Blackpool. There were no rock concerts. You had to travel miles to Liverpool or Manchester. And there were no gigs for the New Wave at all. Blackpool is for pen-

sioners. "In fact, I don't like the term new wave. It's a bit of a compromise. I think we should stick to punk rock because there's nothing more disgusting about punk rock than there was about Alice Cooper a couple of years ago."

But did Skrewdriver feel they were a much of a challenge to the established new-wave bands, as most critics had dismissed them with a terrible stalling? "We're a lot better than many of the punk bands," said Ian slowly, with the glint of battle in his eyes. "And we're gonna make a great album."

"I wrote eight of the tunes, including 'Confusion,' which was sung at Blackpool. We were going to do a free concert in the park there, and the next thing we knew was a story in the local paper with a headline from one of the councillors saying, 'Anybody who listens to this rubbish must be out of their minds.'"

"A lot of the kids who see us are not just punk fans, either. They are basic rock fans and they probably like the Stones, too. I love the Stones — I've got

every record they ever made. "I don't agree with all this criticising them. Okay, so they all live in mansions. How can they afford that? They would stay living in a squat if they got a lot of money?"

"We will make it, because our music isn't all about speed. We even have an acoustic number, which is totally different from anything the other bands are doing. Most of their numbers are all exactly the same."

"But we try to do fast and slow numbers and we like the lyrics to be heard, as they are supposed to mean something. People will hear them and eventually get a good idea. But we really are broke."

The following day Skrewdriver's van was stolen while they were out watching another group, containing all their equipment. Ian says they are extorting, robbery, assault and battery — Skrewdriver has accepted the challenge of the roughest end of the rock business. You have to admire their courage.

CHRIS WELCH

Next week: Johnny Curious, XTC

PETER FRAMPTON

ST. LOUIS: With drummer John Simon out sick and drummer Bob Mayo filling the vacancy, the self-styled show at Kiel Auditorium's (30,000-seat) Convention Hall amounted to a prime opportunity for solo guitarist, Peter Frampton to prove that he's more than just a pretty face.

On the whole, he succeeded in taking advantage of the opportunity and, as a reformed band in makeshift operation, Frampton, Mayo, bassist Stanley Sheldon, and road manager/occasional keyboardist Stanley Clopp pulled off an amazing coup.

From a soft and easy beginning, Frampton progressively stronger led, tightening up with each successive song and always keeping playing meticulously. For this worthy achievement, special credit is due Bob Mayo, who put a good deal of drive behind his own "Do You Feel Like Me Do" (during which Frampton took over — with less punch — an drum bit).

CAROL GRIMES

"I'd hate to have to follow the lead of the other Cinema Group members, but I did on Sunday as the screen darkened at the end of 'Janis'." The emulative film profile of Janis Joplin. It was a loaded remark since Carol Grimes and Sweet Feet were due to take the stage.

Sunday was the third in a highly successful season of films, music, and discussion. Originally planned to finish at the end of this month, the season has drawn such huge crowds that it has been extended into September.

Carol Grimes is one of our finest singers — equivalent in her stance, material and delivery to, say, Frankie Miller — yet her career has been a constant struggle against the policies of the worst side of the music industry.

She has mainly had to rely on scratch-backup bands of friendly "musicians" passing through. Often this situation has detracted from her pres-

entation. Carol normally gives to her work, it may have been a natural reaction to the emotional over-indulgence of Joplin on screen prior to her live performance.

She stuck mainly to hoarse notes of such musicians than usual on Sunday — Henry McCullough, Mick Waters, Paul McCartney among them — the six-piece lineup she worked with actually preceded her with her best vehicle yet.

If there was a holding back, a lack of the usual passionate involvement, Carol normally gives to her work, it may have been a natural reaction to the emotional over-indulgence of Joplin on screen prior to her live performance.

Bringing fellow-juggler Maggie Riley on stage for "Queer" and Bobby Bland's "Who's Fooling Who," she pinpointed the basis of Sunday's event and the already pointed out the wilder tends that it's an easy life as a musician. But it's been made a whole lot easier for me by the support of other women singers around.

That may be a personal complaint, but it remains a deplorable situation that a musician like Grimes' calling spine-tingling "Look All The Cases."

Without the industry's support she'd be a street singer. FRANK W. LENTINE

LOU REED

AFTER having been dubbed the Godfather of Punk, it was fitting that a Lou Reed performance should climax the Mont De Marzan First European Punk Festival. Despite much delay before he finally appeared, Reed was a more than adequate backing, his audience numbering some several thousand. Reed was here with the line of duetation which has been the staple of his weekend's waiting had been worth it.

Simply dressed in t-shirt and jeans, Lou kicked off with a bang. His set which consisted mainly of familiar album material from the past decade, included "Waiting For The Man," "Back 'n' Roll" and "Walk On The Wild Side." Throughout he was assisted by a quartet of keyboardists, with his band featuring Michael Parsons on keyboards, Ruth Yaw on bass and Michael Rubner on drums, all also men on the last album "Rock And Roll Heart," which he also released last year.

Since then, however, Lou has added guitarist Heinrich to his lineup, an excellent addition, with his lead playing proving his ideal foil for Reed's own rhythmic chard-chopping. The set included a number of covers, a couple of chicks, Karate and Jannet, on backup vocals. His appeal is more than "Lease." They performed several well-known songs like "Lease Me Alone."

This, the longest number played, was a series of things to come from the next album. During a quieter passage, he showed that Lou perhaps has a more than a taste for the past. This song also gave the band a chance to really go on and play. — MIKE NICCOLLS

by BOB
GALLAGHER

LIVERPOOL 8 — the area of the city more accurately but less widely known as Toxteth — wouldn't prompt many letters home.

To the sociologist, it's a prime example of a zone of transition, an inner urban area whose social character has changed drastically with the commercial and demographic growth of a whole city.

The text-book description of such zones tell of decay and deprivation and of people more familiar with capitalism's sticks than with its carrots. A trip along Princess Avenue and the infamous Upper Parliament Street, Liverpool 8's main drag, immediately adds an unwholesome flesh to theoretical bones. The large, shabby Victorian houses, originally the homes of entrepreneurs and now divided up into flats, grimy, deconsecrated churches, the boarded-up artisans' terraces; groups of young unemployed lads' playing football in the sidestreets — mid-afternoon — all the empirical proof is here.

Seemingly since the first interview they gave following the breakthrough of "You To Me Are Everything," the Real Thing have broadcast their ambition to sing about their Toxteth root, and in doing so, to gradually move away from derivative pop/soul and into tougher, more personal music.

When that number one single was followed, by the equally lightweight "Can't Get By Without You," they ate not a word, explaining that the only way to realise their ambitions was to make hit singles, singles that would sell adventurous albums.

And the first Real Thing album duly displayed signs of adventure. Produced by Jerome Rinson, it bore pop aplenty, and no mention of Toxteth, but certain tracks contradicted pretty effectively the singalong romanticism of the hits. Although "You'll Never Know What You're Missing," the third single choice, was barely less saleable than the first two, the album had enough grittiness to suggest that the Real Thing weren't bulling about their ultimate goal.

"Four From Eight" unashamedly repeats the approach of its predecessor its hefty pop content is epitomised by the groups current single, "Love's Such A Wonderful Thing," a precise facsimile of the New York disco sound. Similarly catchy are "Lovin' You Is Like A Dream" and "Lightning Strikes Again," while "Kathy" is a slight ballad whose initial charm soon wears off. But elsewhere Chris and Eddie Amoo, who have produced and written the whole record, have been true to their word.

The last three tracks on side two make up a Liverpool 8 medley — "Liverpool 8," "Children Of The Ghetto" and "Stanhope Street." To somebody actually acquainted with Toxteth, the songs' lyrics might appear a trifle gauche, but the trio's visceral power is undeniable. And at the end of side one comes a clever musically reworking of "Plastic Man," a song which Eddie Amoo penned in 1972 and which the original Real Thing cut a year later.

The Real Thing's second album won't leave the over-18s gasping for breath, it may not even sell as well as their first (a silver record) but, as Chris Amoo insists, it does reveal the quartet to be rapidly maturing.

"THE press aren't raving about us in any way because at the moment we aren't doing anything for people to rave about. But I do think they're seeing past the Real Thing image which sprang up with "You To Me Are Everything." They're now seeing us for what we are — a band with a lot of potential. By the next album, there won't be another black and British band to touch us."

One press attitude, however, still does irk the Real Thing's Chris Amoo: the inevitable comparison with Heatwave and the J.B.'s N. Band. "I resent always being categorised with them. Not that they aren't good bands, it's just that we're not in that bag. We're much more original. Heatwave play a funk, but the Real Thing, especially on this album's Liverpool 8 medley, have proved we're ahead musically."

Step

"In terms of black and British bands we're leading the way. Every step we take is watched. People expect things from us and you can't really blame them. I mean, I explain our plans and ambitions to people, and suddenly we release something like "Love Is A Wonderful Thing."

"It's just that some things are better for singles and some things are better for albums. It's no good being clever if the singles don't sell. Nobody recognises a failure. Get yourself hits and you're setting up people to listen to the good stuff on your albums."

"Four From Eight" represents the stage where we've gone into a studio and put down what we've written nearly exactly the way we wanted it. That's quite a step from the first album. Jerome Rinson's the funkiest guy I know, and we learned a lot from him, but on the first album he took too much away from our basic ideas."

"With this album, we know exactly what areas we went wrong in. That's a progression in itself. For example, I think we could have got better tones on some of the instruments. Nothing that would offend the average ear, maybe it's just that if you compared our album to one produced by a veteran, you'd hear more tonal subtlety. I think we could have listened more to other producers' work, and I think we will for the next album."

If Pye has its way, the next Real Thing album will be ready for release by Christmas. "Our plan for that is to broaden the Liverpool 8 concept. We've already written a hell of a lot of suitable songs, songs like "Street Child Running Wild" and "Vicious Circle" that were too heavy for "Four From Eight."

But, despite the Real Thing's determination to make albums on their own terms, don't expect their next single to sound markedly different from the previous four. "Basically, we still have to build up our hits before we step out musically on our singles. I think we need another big one before we start taking chances."

"When we start taking them, we'll definitely release 'Stanhope Street.' It will flip, but it'll be a grand flip."

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BRISTOL RADIO			
Forster Street, Exmouth	28th September	Clouds, Exmouth	18th September
RADIO CITY			
Anglo-Asian Centre, Glasgow	28th August	Anglo-Asian Centre, Glasgow	13th September
RADIO ORWELL			
14th Avenue, Ipswich	28th August	Frank's, Ipswich	18th September
RADIO CITY			
101 Sunday Street, Liverpool	28th August	101 City's, Liverpool	12th September
PRINCIPAL RADIO			
Principal Place, Manchester	28th September	Electric Circus, Manchester	16th September
RADIO THREE			
29-31 Castle Gate, Nottingham	28th August	Tilford's, Nottingham	28th September
PLYMOUTH SOUND			
Alma Road, Plymouth	28th August	Canaway's, Plymouth	28th September
RADIO VICTORY			
1st Salisbury Road, Portsmouth	28th August	Norris, Portsmouth	18th September
THAMES VALLEY			
1st Riverside, Reading	28th August	King of Clubs, Wokingham	11th September
RADIO HILL LIA			
Hill Road, Sheffield	28th August	Top Rank, Sheffield	11th September
SWANSEA SOUND			
Victoria Road, Swansea	28th August	Mariner Variety Club, Swansea	18th September
RADIO TEES			
74, Boulevard Street, Stockton-on-Tees	30th August	Frank's, Stockton-on-Tees	18th September
THE TOWN RADIO			
Market Square, Tynes	28th August	The Great Hall, Sunderland	18th September
BRISTOL RADIO			
20, Telford Hall Road, Walsingham	28th August	Lakeville, Walsingham	14th September
CAPITAL RADIO			
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P.O. Box 14, London W1A	28th August	New Mansions, Northway Street	19th September



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The makers of US, the anti-perspirant deodorant, are launching a Sound Spectacular to find the best new group of 1977 if you belong to a group, or know of a group that deserves to make the big time, here's your chance to make it happen.

The first stage is held at local level, one heat for every local radio station plus one extra for London, making a total of 18. From the applications received 5 groups will be selected to compete in each local heat, and the winning group HERE'S HOW TO ENTER YOUR GROUP

Just fill in the application form below and hand it in with your demo tape at your local radio station. Closing dates for application are shown on the list below. Capital radio area applicants please send photos and tapes to GP Productions, PO Box 47L, London W1A.

GROUP APPLICATION FORM

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

- 1 The group may not hold a current recording contract.

- 2 The tape must be with the radio stations by the date advised.
- 3 To obtain your tape after the competition please enquire at the radio station.

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- 4 _____
- 5 _____
- 6 _____

EQUIPMENT USED: please specify _____

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For the Heats, Regional Finals and Finalist Photographs, video, tapes and equipment not to be returned.

REAL THING: moving to a tougher style on album

Poetry corner

Manchester Andrew Harnes

JOHN COOPER CLARKE is 27, and works during the day in the electrical maintenance department at Salford Technical College. At night, John Cooper Clarke switches into something rather different. He's a poet.

He's already being described as a new wave poet, but is the first to admit that "I'm only new wave really because of the way I dress and because so many of my dates are now with new wave bands."

In fact, John's been writing poetry for years, and his poetic style is very much old wave, as he favours neatly structured stanzas and rhyme.

His work is cryptic and witty — and, strangely, he goes down best in a hot sweaty club that's packed with an audience that you would least expect to listen to him.

He has a mesmeric effect, although his live appearances have been almost solely confined to the Manchester scene. But he has been featured regularly on Granada Reports, the local nightly news show.

Cooper Clarke has been signed up by Rabbid Records, the independent Manchester-based label who also look after and record new wave band Slaughter and the Dogs. Both of the London record companies have been sniffing around.

An EP of four poems is expected in September, and he also plans a more extensive tour to bring his poetic delirium to other parts of the country. If you get the chance to hear him — don't miss it.

SAD CAFE, one of Manchester's most exciting new bands since 10cc, have their second single, "Love Will Survive," released this week. It's another of the band's own



JOHN COOPER CLARKE: by day an electrician, by night a poet

compositions and one of the highlights of their live act. It's their second release since they signed record deal with RCA in May.

Their first album, "Black Rose," was a big hit in the North-West, climbing high in the top ten of Manchester's Radio Piccadilly but narrowly failing to enter the national chart.

Their first album, "Tanx Tara" (a local phrase for saying goodbye to someone), is released in September, but the band are currently recording their next album at the Saw Mills Studio in Cornwall.

The last couple of months have seen them hard at work rehearsing at Belle Vue and playing selected local gigs. And when the new album is finished, they fly over to the States for a week in a club in

Long Island. Then they return for an extensive college tour.

REMEMBER the Ivy League? They're the vocal harmony band from Manchester who climbed into the chart in the middle Sixties with such records as "Funny How Love Can Be" and "Tossing And Turning."

Today they are one of the evergreens of the club circuit, but after some time without a record contract they've just completed a new deal, and a re-recorded version of "Tossing And Turning" has found them back in the Top 30 in Eire!

They are still based in Manchester and are hoping now to climb back into favour in this country. "Tossing And Turning" is back in the shops in Britain.

ONE OF the most successful of the new wave bands to have sprung from the Manchester area in the last year are the Buzzcocks. Their first EP, "Spiral Scratch," released on their own New Hormones label, has now sold over 10,000 copies, and the band are now very close to signing with United Artists.

The deal is expected to be finalised in the next week or so, and a new single will be released shortly afterwards. The future of the New Hormones label is uncertain, but is likely to continue in some form.

The band are also planning a gig with local rock and roll revival band the Rockin' One Percents. "It's aimed at proving to people that the new wave and the old are perfectly compatible," said Buzzcocks manager Richard Boon.



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"WELL I wrote... you can talk to them... since the shows started I haven't stopped listening. Trevor's amazing... I think they treat us as if we're really listening to what they say and they're interested in what we say... for me it proves, one thing — Notis rocks."

Nottingham: Mike Owen

radio... seems astonishing that, since 1967, 40 new radio stations have been set up in the UK. It should have meant a revolution in the listening habits of the nation. Here was a real chance to provide an effective range of musical broadcasting.

But any frequency fiddler, like me, who has tuned in around the country will be confronted by a wasteland of musical Babbage and computerised jargon. Oh for a breath of informal rock commercialism!

But there's a tiny space on the band where you can get all the comment you want, plus "significant" music and varied interviews — 197 Radio Nottingham.

"Our audience hear what they want to hear and what they should hear, in the sense of new music. If they don't like it, at least they've heard it. Play their Sabbath, Fleetwood Macs, Floyd and, and then say 'Now listen to Terje Rydvald'."

This description of the content of the shows comes from Trevor Dann, a driving force within Radio Nottingham for the exploration, on all aspects of the rock culture.

"I'm obsessed... I'm obsessed by rock music... its connotations. It is rock music since '68 that has sent me to all the manifestations of the culture — poetry, lyrics, films. I owe it everything because it opened doors for me as an individual."

care about it because I want people to share my obsession and because I think it has done me the world of good."

The people who make the shows work are the men at the microphone, the presenters. They have a varied background: Jaye C. is a disc-jockey with a wide range of disco and club work. John Briley is a former locally-based pro musician.

Jaye C. explains the planning process: "We work out together what we should play in any given show. Sometimes we do one-offs, all punk, all female singers. We did a Beatles week on the 10th anniversary of 'Sgt Pepper'. We do everything, the whole spectrum."

Trevor emphasises the variety. "I want to be able to say — and do say — and now here's Weather Report, the Ramones, Pete Atkins, 'Fanfare For The Common Man' — here it is — rock music."

Their healthy mailbag indicates that they have plenty of local bands with recorded material. Acoustic duo Six Hands In Tempo, runners-up in the recent MM Rock Folk Contest, are old friends of the show.

The delays also plug local gigs and extend the word of mouth network about venues, and bands. As Trevor Dann says, "It expands the framework of communication in the area. This is after all public service broadcasting — we are providing a service for people who otherwise are given no service whatsoever."



All round Britain, music is changing: new bands and labels forming, clubs opening, musicians on the move. This regular MM page, co-ordinated by news editor John Orme, reports the names making news, city by city.

Bristol: Simon Kinnersley

THE current success of the Corinas — their single has shifted to the best part of 20,000 copies — and at present they are on their first nationwide tour, has resulted in a sudden surge of punk bands in Bristol. A couple of weekends back saw the first positive signs of this at two separate gigs. The first took place at the Bear, in the central part of town, a location favoured by the local chapter of the National Front. The management, it seems, had some misguided notion that punk sympathies lay in much the same direction, so threw the venue open for their use.

A most noble sentiment. Anyway, at the time, too, the Android Paps and Social Security, made their first faltering steps across the floor (there wasn't a stage). Despite uncertain chord changes, and remarkable slow and nervous both bands displayed commendable commitment and enthusiasm. So short was the set that, as well as the usual SS set, and so well were they received, that they ended up performing many of their songs a second time.

Having been in existence for several months and played some seven or eight gigs, the Media were, by comparison, almost old hands, and it should be noted that they were considerably better than either of the aforementioned competitors.

They're one of the most oddball line-ups I've seen to date, the multimedia player and drummer look as though they've been binned from the nearest accountant's office, whilst the bassist of the band comprises of a stern-looking lady on bass and an appropriately lean and hungry-looking guitarist and vocalist. They hold undoubted promise.

Hottest property in Bristol at present is the Pop Group, who, after only two gigs, are without doubt the most talked-about band.

Formed around April this year, the intervening time has been spent in rehearsal and accumulating an intriguing array of material, and it shows. The story of how they blagged their first gig is in itself quite a tale.

On account of the seemingly inevitable dearth of venues, never mind the ones that only allow punk bands, they decided to book themselves into the local Tiffany's night spot, where tropical palm trees and pseudo-tropical props abound.

Nothing particularly startling about that, you may argue, but this particular branch of Tiffany's is owned by none other than the Media Organisation.

Staunch upholders of the British fashion line, the Media Organisation allow punks through their backdoor, but never mind punks.

The Pop Group successfully

SOCIAL SECURITY: went down so well they had to repeat their set

Signing on for Social Security

convinced the management that they were, in fact, a cabaret band, and such was their attitude of punks, that part of their set was spent ridiculing them!

Next step was to instruct all their friends and followers that, if they couldn't think of anything more original to wear than the usual punk regalia, then they shouldn't bother coming.

The gig, it seems, was a great success, and the manager, although somewhat annoyed by the takings, by all accounts enjoyed their set.

Although unfortunately missing them at that gig, I was fortunate enough to catch them the following night, performing at a local cricket club.

Remarkably, they eschew the more standard poses and attitudes of their London count

erparts, whilst musically they strike a refreshing balance between a multitude of influences — anything from Jonathan Richman to John Cale — but still wind up sounding like the Pop Group. I was most impressed.

The Pop Group, along with Social Security, Android Paps, the Media and the Pigs, will all be appearing at Barton Hill Youth Club, Barton Hill Road, this Saturday.

The much improved and most readable fifth edition of *InterCity* Briston's punkzine has just hit the street. And news of an independent record label about to be formed. Who says nothing ever happens in Briston?

THEY call Birmingham the Second City. That's probably because they don't live there. You won't convince a born-and-bred Brummy that a week in London can compete with a night in his hometown.

Naturally, new wave has hit Birmingham with the same breath of fresh air and opportunity that it has brought to every other corner of the country and the inevitable rise of new bands has brought together a wide spectrum of talent, ranging from the diabolical Shock Treatment or the inimitable Prefects — the unbelievable Model Maker — or the extremely good — the Victims and the Killjoys, who think like being the next major signing.

Word is out that a band called the Hobbs are going to break big too. I haven't seen them yet, but a tape of their material, sounding like a hybrid of the Sex Pistols and Jimi Hendrix plus Fairport Convention on speed, is very promising, especially number one called "Love You Diana, So Pass Me The Spanner" and "Ooh Baby You're So Beautiful."

The Suburban Studs, who have been around for years, have also made a name for themselves on the local Pogo label has sold well.

The new wave scene has also brought about the first Birmingham punk fanzine called *Censored* — the Sound Of Spagetti: a few duplicated sheets stapled very loosely together with the raw edge of enthusiasm running through every page.

The latest issue runs an interview with Robin Vais, rock boss on local commercial station BRMB. Vais's show, which runs five nights a week, three hours a night, both reflects and sets trends in the city, as well as highlighting his own

STEVE GIBBONS BAND national breakthrough

My own personal favourites are a seven-piece band featuring sax and lap steel, specialising in their own brand of Western swing and rock 'n' roll revival — Ricky Cool and the Icebergs.

I've not been to a dull gig, and the ever-growing crowd of fans suggests that no one else has either. Numbers like "Choo Choo Cha Boogie" or an amazing version of "Wild Rover" really set the joint a-swinging, as they say.

Birmingham bands also seem set to break through in the chart in a big way at the moment. Steve Gibbons has finally made the big time he deserves, and he's set to be followed by Muscles, a solid-sounding funk band on the local Big Bear label, and the delightful City Boy.

CB have a full schedule coming up, a single that should break them into the Club on November 1. The Hippodrome is under the economic shadow while the Queen's Theatre is under careful review. What that actually means is that the first few shows will be carefully scrutinised and heavier security will be employed to make sure people don't get out of their seats during gigs, except for natural causes.

Pass The Spanner it's the Hobbs

Birmingham Mike Davies

sometimes idiosyncratic tastes. He has a strong following, and plays an album on his show usually guarantees strong sales the following day, the only alternative rock show is Malcolm Jay's Heavy Pressure programme on BBC Radio Birmingham.

Both shows, Vais's obviously to a greater extent, are concerned with promoting local talent, a cause they share with another locally-based fanzine, *Nuggets*.

Up to number 8, it's very reminiscent of Zigzag or Let It Rock in its heyday, and scope takes in a variety of music, both British and American, mainstream and obscure, and has an eye to the Birmingham scene.

The current issue spotlight four major Birmingham bands that deserve to break through to the big time (memo to A&R men, bring your enthusiasm running through every page).

Hooker and Bullies are both aggressively dynamic rock bands with strong emphasis on lyrics; Hooker should be releasing a single soon in the Wild Dog label.

They're also headlining a BRMB charity gig at Cannon Hill this weekend, sharing the bill with the third of the big bands, Little Acie. Acie, who have been verging on a deal for some time now, are one of the best rock and soul bands I've seen in many a year, and the just been joined by ex-Nashville Teen Bob Brady.



Dead Stationmaster

KEITH OLSEN, who produced the new Grateful Dead album, 'Terrapin Station', talks to Joel Selvin in San Francisco

THE mysterious, ambiguous role record producers play is often difficult to understand, although producers clearly exert much influence on the final product. The results sometimes even surprise the artists being produced, as the Grateful Dead recently discovered.

After more than a dozen years of recording and 15 albums released — all produced by the band itself — the Dead decided to bring in the guiding hand of a producer to oversee the band's recently-released first album for Arista Records, "Terrapin Station."

A producer can supply musical, technical or philosophical direction behind the scenes. As the Dead learned, it is strictly a matter of personal style and the specific requirements of the producer's client.

Naturally, working with a major act like the Dead is a collaboration between the group and producer, although the producer still retains the ultimate creative judgment — a tricky matter with any group, but especially with a group as talented, experienced and strong-willed as the Dead.

Despite the band's international fame, the Dead never achieved spectacular success as a recording act. The group



KEITH OLSEN 'The energy of JERRY GARCIA (right) excited me'

sought a producer who would create an album with far broader appeal than any of its predecessors, at the same time retaining the Grateful Dead sound.

At first the band considered Bill Szymczyk (who does the Eagles and J. Geils) and Peter Asher (producer of James Taylor and Linda Ronstadt), before approaching Keith Olsen, who has been making records as an engineer and producer for more than ten years in Los Angeles.

He came to sudden prominence two years ago, however, with his production of the "Fleetwood Mac" album that turned the modestly popular group into superstars.

A member of the Music Machine (who had the hit "Talk Talk"), Olsen began producing records in the late Sixties with Curt Boettcher, including the renowned "concept album," "Begin: The Millennium," as well as records by the Association and Sagittarius. As an engineer, he worked on albums by Dr. John, Michael Fennelly, the James Gang, Emitt Rhodes and many others.

The Fleetwood Mac question is a "sore subject" with Olsen, who claims he has yet to be paid any of his producer's royalties on the album, whose sales exceeded three million copies. The case is currently under litigation.

Nevertheless, the Fleetwood album led Olsen to a number of interesting projects over the past couple of years,



including albums with Cibo Matto, Frank Zappa, Michael Danner, Rick Nelson and the Sons Of Champlin.

In fact, his exquisite album with the Dead's Marin County neighbours, the Sons Of Champlin ("Circle Filled With Love"), played a key role in the Dead's decision.

Already, the Olsen-Dead relationship has worked out so well that almost as soon as the Dead album was done, Olsen began work on a solo album by Dead guitarist Bob Weir, whom Olsen plans to pit against Hollywood studio players like guitarist Andrew Gold or Waddy Wachtel.

"When the band first called," Olsen remembered, "I was scratching my head thinking the Grateful Dead — they haven't done an album I liked in years."

Intrigued by the possibilities, Olsen flew north to meet with the band and spent six hours the first night talking with band members, returning at noon the next day for a second meeting at Weir's house. "Bob and I talked for seven hours while we waited for the others to show," he laughed. "Garcia never made it."

He finally met the Dead's lead guitarist, Jerry Garcia, the following week at Burbank Studios, where the guitarist was busy working on the recently released Grateful Dead movie.

"When I saw his energy — working on the movie — that excited me," he said. "Recording the Dead, however, required more than energy. 'The band had to break a lot of habits,' he said, 'and they also had to learn that, in recording, less is more.'"

The same thing that makes the Dead special as concert performers makes them difficult as recording artists.

Onstage, the band has always specialised in long, involved improvisations. In the studio, where musicians are called on to perform endless repetitions with flawless precision, the Dead lose their edge.

"The Dead are good musicians," Olsen said, "good musicians who have never been exposed on record as good musicians — especially Weir. He has never been able to play a rhythm guitar part because he always had to cover the chord for Phil Lesh, whose bass parts did tend to get a little esoteric at times."

The first two weeks were spent rehearsing in Marin County. "There were two drummers playing exactly the same part," he said, "and never once did those two drums hit like this (he slapped his hands together). Two bass drums actually weaken it. 'Oh, my God,' I thought, 'how are we going to record with two drums?'"

"Working on it in rehearsal, we started them on orchestrating their drum parts; Mickey, you be the pulse, Billy you be the colour, because that's your personalities and that's the way it's going to work best. It was several weeks before they really got the idea."

To help the rhythm section learn this new approach, Olsen held section rehearsals — the first such rehearsals in the history of the Dead.

Vocals, never a Grateful Dead long suit, played an important role in the new album, too. "Garcia has amazing colour in his voice," Olsen said, "if you place it just right, bridging the gap between Donna and Bob. He has a George Harrison quality to his voice that makes an incredible blend if you voice the parts correctly."

Probably most important of all, the Dead had to learn patience in the studio with Olsen. "At first, it was difficult to get six musicians to put out a good performance," he said, "a performance that I would accept 'cause I'm a critical son of a bitch. So I'd have them come in to listen and give them not-very-flattering playback."

The Dead spent six weeks recording the basic instrumental tracks to the album, an extraordinarily long time for Olsen. Accustomed to working with seasoned studio veterans, Olsen usually records basics in ten days, he said.

He joined the band later on tour in New York to record some additional overdubs, before flying to London to compose and record the orchestrations. It was several weeks before the Dead heard their album again.

A few weeks ago, members of the Dead assembled at Sound City to hear completed versions of songs the band left unfinished before going on the road. This playback was their first chance to hear what Olsen did.

"You better love it," he said amiably, "because there it is."

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Police and thieves

Chris Welch examines rock crime prevention



THEFT can strike anybody, any time, but the music business is particularly vulnerable when vast quantities of expensive equipment are constantly being trucked around the country. Showrooms and studios packed with gleaming goodies are an obvious temptation, but it is easier to strike at the trucking group on the road.

Nearly every week the MM has a call from a group or manager mourning the loss of gear which represents their means of survival in an expensive world.

While petty theft backstage has long been a common occurrence, with microphones, leads, pedals and cymbals "disappearing" there have been more and more cases reported of bands losing vans with all their belongings inside.

Expensive

Stuart Cold Sobers, a South London band, had nearly all their equipment stolen from their van in Blackheath recently, with Shaftebury double drum kit one of the most expensive items in it.

Sherwood, the Blackpool punk rock band, lost all their precious belongings (trousers when you're broke) when they parked their van near the Roxy Club in London last week.

The immediate effects of such devastating blows are the cancellation of gigs, loss of earnings, and eventually another big bill to pay for hiring replacements and eventually buying fresh.

TED CARROLL, head of the independent label Enthusiast Records who helps out Sherwood and used to manage Thin Lizzy when they first came to England, has often been called on to assist musicians hit by theft.

"I remember when we first came to London with Thin Lizzy, and Phil Lynott had his bass, and it was ripped off from behind the Marquee Club."

"We thought it was the end of the world, and we were going to go back to Ireland. It was a beautiful Panther double bass, but it was never seen again. In per cent of gear ripped off is never seen again."

"I imagine that many of the people responsible are highly organised. A lot of people say that it gets shipped out to the Continent, but I don't know how they would do that with carnets involved."

"Sherwood were silly to leave their van outside a club, because that is always a bad spot. There was one band I heard about recently who found their van had been crowded and an awful lot of damage was done, but fortunately they couldn't get in."

"I don't say the whole business is organised, but an awful lot of gear does disappear. I remember, again, with Thin Lizzy, Phil came back to the dressing room just in time to see his guitar that he used on 'Whiskey

In The Jar' literally disappearing out of the window."

"In the case the police found it later, but it had a different neck on the body and it was recognised as belonging to a shop in Putney."

"Somebody had been cannibalising guitars to make them unrecognisable. The effect on a band can be serious. You may have to cancel gigs until you can borrow some more equipment. It's a drag, especially for a young band just starting out."

"They're probably just labouring guys who have scraped all their money together so they can buy a van and not have the expense of hiring one."

"Very often, though, groups don't look after their vans properly. It's worth £100 spent on decent locking devices. Put deadlocks on the front doors and the rear doors, and always park the van in a different spot every night."

"Be choosy about where you park and don't forget to put bars on the windows, too. Otherwise you'll find all your stuff being prised through the secondhand dealers by people who don't even know it's been stolen."

"It's worth insuring your equipment, although you have to be careful not to break the insurance company's rules. The van should be garaged if possible and you should never leave things like guitars outside overnight, they should be brought indoors."

IT DOES seem as if the smaller groups are the most vulnerable, especially if their chaotic lifestyles don't make them particularly security conscious. But one band in particular claim to be almost experts in the security business.

Nut, the hardworking Liverpool group, recently had a narrow escape when their three-ton Ford truck containing £20,000 worth of instruments and amplification was snatched.

Says their lead guitarist, Mick Downport: "Our routine just happened to wake up in the middle of the night, looked out of the window and saw the truck had gone."

"We live in Liverpool, where a lot of that goes on, but we called the police anyway. In our apartment, at 6.30 a.m. we had a phone call from the police to say they had found the van."

Speeded

"They had chased a bloke when this saw him driving all over the place, and when they started to follow him, he accelerated and finally crashed into a lamp post."

"He jumped out and kept going, what looked like a four foot wall, but it turned out to be a railway embankment and he fell 20 feet and broke his leg."

"So we got all the gear back, and the truck, which was really lucky, because the next day we were due to start our third album. We would have had to pay the cancellation fee to the studio as well as the cost of the gear."

"We've had quite a bit stolen. At one gig they supplied 'humpers' to help our roadies. One bloke picked up a £300 slave amp and walked towards the van. Except he just kept on walking. We never got it back."

"At another gig, my girlfriend saw a roadie (the stage) pick up my wah-wah pedal and walk off with it. We told a bouncer and he stopped the bloke, who denied it all."

"But the bouncer hit him a couple of times, and he said 'All right, it's outside'. It does cause us a lot of problems, but in the end the record companies end up paying for it all out of our advances. Just hiring stuff costs a fortune these days."

"We'd like to thank the police, by the way, for helping us get our gear back in three hours. We often used to prumble when they'd stop us on the road at night and check all the stuff in the van, but now every time we see a policeman, we like to shake him by the hand!"

WHAT sort of precautions does Mick recommend to fellow groups?

"We've got alarms and welded locks, in fact, we've made a hobby of making our van thief-proof. Remember that a horn alarm in itself is no good, because the thief can just disconnect the battery and with a diesel truck it doesn't need an electrical starter."

"Once you turn the engine over, it just keeps going."

Disconnect

"The best thing is to have big air horns connected to a separate battery inside the body of the van, which they can't disconnect unless they open up the whole side of the van with a can opener."

"The worst thing is there isn't much you can do to stop people towing the van away. We heard of one Liverpool group who had their van towed away by a breakdown truck. The van was found three months later in a breaker's yard. That has happened to motor van service stations, too."

"With our Ford three-tonner, even a screwdriver will open the locks, so it is idyllic to renew the barrels on the locks and get new keys now and then."

"I've become more of a mechanic than a musician. If ever I get out of the music business, I think I'll go into the security business!"

INSURANCE is the obvious answer to the long term problems posed by a musician's equipment. One of the acknowledged experts in the field is Willie Robertson, who runs his own insurance company which specialises in handling the affairs of music business clients.

Says Willie: "We insure equipment for all risks, whether it's inside or outside the gig. But vans must be locked up and made secure. The insurance cover only costs two per cent of the value of the goods, so to insure £2,000 worth would only cost £40."

"We've had a few losses, I must admit, and I should stress that if the group is in tending to stay a long time in a safe or away home, they should immobilise the van."

"There are steering locks on most Transits, and if you immobilise the vehicle then it's going to be very hard to steal the whole lot. I don't think there is any organised theft of group equipment, but I do have a few small losses. If a group has to leave the van

overnight loaded with equipment, then it should be locked in a garage."

Willie's company is now called Robin Taux Taylor Insurance Brokers, and is based at 181 Cannon Street, London EC4. Apart from insuring groups and their equipment they have also been asked to insure Keith Moon and Elton John's hands.

THE Crime Prevention Section of New Scotland Yard have plenty of advice to offer groups about security. A spokesman told the MM on Friday: "We tell everybody to lock up their vehicles and keep any valuables out of sight, although with big instruments and equipment obviously that can be very difficult."

"But we ask groups not to leave their instruments in their van or car overnight, or at any time if the day unattended. It is obviously very tempting to see a lot of expensive instruments lying there and most small criminals are opportunists."

"With a van, we advise putting small bolts on all the doors, except the driver's door, which makes it a little harder to get in, and if it is an estate car or van, put bolts on the inside of the rear door."

"There are a lot of alarms on the market made by manufacturers like Wasa and Simba which go off when you open the door and are operated by special batteries."

Regulations

"You can have them fitted under the bonnet too and they cost around £20. All cars made in Britain since 1971 have had steering locks fitted under special regulations, and there are a lot more devices, like Crook Etics, which fit over the clutch pedal and gear lever, and devices to cut off the petrol, and put the tuning out."

"There is one device which lets the thief drive the car off and then it cuts out in the middle of the road and he's stranded."

"Ultimately, there is no way you can stop a determined thief from breaking into a vehicle, but, as they say in the security business, you can buy time and delay the thief."

"The most you can do is detect the blow and then you offer your sympathy to your neighbour."

"You try to make the thief's job harder. If they see a car with bolts on the doors then they'll go on to another one. An alarm can be very effective, especially if it is placed in such a way that the thief cannot pull out the wires from under the wing."

"Basically, groups should not leave their van in the same place every night, nor outside places like clubs, discos or theatres. And lock it up."

MEANWHILE, the toll mounts. The latest theft report to the MM comes from Birmingham band Stage Fight, who had their yellow 102 wheel Transit SDH 604K taken from outside the Robin Hood Club in Coventry on August 5.

Also taken was the group's Heiner Planet 'N' electric piano. Clive Horton of Sutton Coldfield would like to hear from anybody with information about the theft.

Evening all! There's been a nasty spate of thieving in the rock world recently, so...

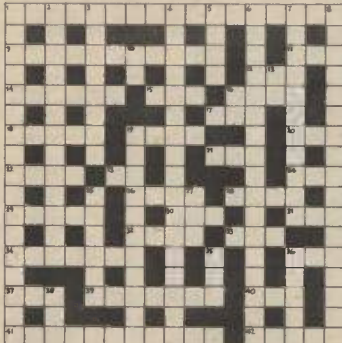
... NEVER leave your van parked in the same place every night ...

... WATCH OUT for fake roadies ...

... and MAKE SURE you're insured.



MM Crossword



- ACROSS
- 1 Universal jam (3, 6, 3, 5)
 - Any doll near? No, they wouldn't want to get mixed up with this pink transvestite! (6, 5)
 - 11 Baby was given permission to drive this (3)
 - 12 Rake-off point for a label (3)
 - 14 Who's puerile statement (2, 1, 3)
 - 15 Pleasure enjoyed three times by the Beach Boys (3)
 - 16 Keith, former Yardbird (4)
 - 17 Sweet dreamer's mood (3)
 - 18 Cooked in snow by camel? (5)
 - 19 Singular ability to see for miles (1, 3)
 - 20 Swung, it sounds, by Zepplin (3)
 - 21 Cocking the dogs (3)
 - 22 "Silence Is Golden" by Billy Joe Royal (4)
 - 23 Elv's relation to the ghetto (2)
 - 24 Knocked out shortly by me? No, twice by the Dixie Cups (3)
 - 25 Prudence comes expensive (4)
 - 26 Hay, lady! (4)
 - 27 Tracks left by the Miracles (5)
 - 28 Beatles' inland revenue man (3)
 - 31 Michael Holiday did it right down and wrote himself a letter (3)
 - 32 One of the Top seven gloomy places (4)
 - 33 Go on the wing with Mandy (3)
 - 34 Inventive relations (7)
 - 36 Kiki's river . . . (3)
 - 37 . . . and Stevens' pet . . . (3)
 - 38 . . . and the Stranglers' fruit . . . (3)
 - 40 Pointless semi-label (1, 1, 1)
 - 41 Used by 1 down for cheating at cards? (7, 4)
 - 42 Boulevard by the sea (5)

- DOWN
- 1 Third-rate romantics (7, 6, 4)
 - 2 She hastened down the wind (5, 8)
 - 3 Chuck's order to Ludwig Van (4, 4)
 - 4 "Yes," the resounding answer from Gary Glitter fans to this question? (2, 3, 5, 2, 2)
 - 5 Uriah's pile (4)
 - 6 Supremely important question to lost boyfriend (5, 3, 4, 2)
 - 7 Where little ladies make fools of themselves? (4, 7)
 - 8 Floyd album made of black or green cheese . . . (4, 4, 2, 3, 4)
 - 10 . . . and the French valley in which they found themselves (2)
 - 13 All-in Stewart (2)
 - 16 Todd's god (2)
 - 19 Freddie comprehends (1, 10)
 - 25 Western swing band at the wheel (6)
 - 27 McCartney's pet animal? (3)
 - 35 British band? Correct? (3)
 - 36 How to enter a "Car Wash"? (5)
 - 38 Drink for two (3)

Last week's solution

MODERN LOVERS
COCA COLA
ANIMALS HELLO
KIND W I W
PETER OSIBISA
Y DANN L I
ABC N GABRIEL
U O ELF E L
ESTHER IRA
I I HE THROW
IN LOVE L L I
E I DLE SUN
S N TIG
ISLAND OF DREAMS

CARLES EasAnt

"WHERE in hell have you been? America? Never mind that now," said Malcolm McTavish, manager of the Tics, "we've got to be at BBC Television Centre in half an hour. You've been invited to appear on a major discussion programme about Cad Rock with the Bishop of Ravensbourne. It's peak viewing time and the album needs a boost. I've been out with the boys in the van buying up tons and still the buggers isn't showing in the chart. It's the music press. The slags are all bent, if you ask me. Come on!"

There was no time to waste. Charles' adventures in America over, he was amazed on arrival back at Heathrow to find the Cad controversy still raging, even though he had renounced the creed a dozen times and broken with his old public school chums, the Tics.

At the studio, the audience were taking up positions on benches, while the presenter, Radcliffe Coleman, was arguing with the studio manager.

"No, I don't want to sit on that damp tubular steel chair. You'll be expecting me to use a cardboard Swine-meat net. I didn't spend two years on Whirlip to be treated like this. I want to WALK about amongst the audience. I want to be seen to be in touch with the people."

Now where's that bloody pop singer. Ah — Charles! It is Charles, isn't it? Now let's go down to the hospitality room and meet that bloody Bishop. Ah, Your Grace, so wonderful of you to come. Would you like a drink? I think we have a Double Diamond here, although it may be a little warm. A hall full of wanderers away in the small room where cans of beer are kept under lock and key, Radcliffe explained his need.

"I want you boys to come out fighting. No pussyfooting around. I expect direct confrontation. Our ratings are slipping, to be frank, and I mean to have that Montreux TV prize this year — or it's back to Test Card C and the Open University."

"So plenty of shouting and trying to involve the audience. They think they've come to see Seaside Special so they may cut up rough. First VTR will show clips of Cads fighting with Coth Boys, a spot of rebuttal hooliganism and then archive shots of street fighting in Potsdam in 1919."

"Now Charles, you're a pop singer, do you know Mick Jagger at all? I've always wanted to meet him. Tell me, is it true he's straight? Is that so? How dreadfully disappointing. Never mind boys and girls, let's have some fun and plenty of SOLID discussion. Charles here is a Coth Boy, did you know that, Bishop?"

"Yes, and at heart, you know, we are ALL Coth Boys," began the Bishop, zipping earnestly at his tenth can of beer.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Radcliffe, giving the Bishop a worried look. "Of course, of course. Now I think we should all return to the studio. No naughty language now, Charles, but let the Bishop have it. The last time, in his, he's going to need a good kicking."

Radcliffe swam on ahead and some late guests joined the panel. There was, psychiatrist Dr Ernest Worry and social worker Gwendoline Soap.

As the programme's theme tune, "The Television March," played faintly over the studio speakers, Radcliffe mopped his brow, rustled a sheaf of papers noisily and turned towards the camera.

"Good evening. Tonight we are going to discuss one of the most worrying developments in post-war Britain. In recent months the news-papers have been filled with news of the latest outbreak of teenage violence — Cad Rock."

"With its roots in the unemployment faced by our upper-class youth, we have seen the unedifying spectacle of young debutantes hitting each other with hockey sticks in low Soho night clubs, and public schoolboys engaging in the Eton Wall game in Slane Square."

After the flaming guests were introduced, the film clips rolled, including one of the Tics at a wild gig at the (famous) Seaside, one of Londoners.

Riots— society to blame shock!

"But these Cad Rock chaps are proving something of a problem. Maybe it's their upper-class, hammy ways but we just can't get through to them. Many of them have a serious habit. They stutter every time they start a sentence and it can get unnerving."

"What ab-ab-absolute tush," sniffed Charles haughtily.

"Just what do you think about it all?" said Radcliffe swinging round in his chair. "Why do you behave in this appalling manner?"

"It's the system — I blame the system," growled Charles. "The system that puts me onto the streets and prevents me getting a job as a croupier in the West End."

"Actually, I think I can help there," said Mr Soap suddenly. "We recently ran a check at Whitehall and it turns out there is no system at all. Apparently the Government run a health service and give out a bit of dote money, and they run a few schools, but there is no system about placing you in society."

"That's why you are a Cad."

The final adventure
of an upper-class
punk, chronicled
by CHRIS WELCH

Rocker, and not in the Cabinet. Must be something you said."

"Oh, of course there's a system," said Charles angrily. "There must be, 'cos I'm all against it."

"I have a very good system," chirped the Bishop dreamily. "It involves a Yankee and an accumulator. I had very good results at Catford."

The presenter was showing signs of impatience and the rustling of his papers reached such a crescendo it was virtually impossible to hear the speakers. "It's Open University for him, all right," the producer was foaming. "At 8 am on Sundays."

"Gentlemen, we seem to be straying from the point. Perhaps the audience would like to comment. You sir, the gentleman in the kiss-me quick hat and clutching the stick of candyfloss. Yes . . . yes? Can you get the microphone near him?"

The man was saying, "We thought this was live from Folkestone. Where's Cliff and the juggler?"

"Ear, ear," said a fat,

red-faced woman clutching a bucket and spade, "and where's my little Willie, that's what I'd like to hear!"

"Perhaps the psychiatrist would care to comment?" said Radcliffe faintly.

"Zee Cad Rock revolution is symbolic of the anxiety and stress caused by our urban civilisation. Zee swooping of the trolley buses in 1962 has made it all the more difficult to get about our cities and so we see this outburst of violence."

"But it is all purely a chemical reaction, like a sack of flour exploding in a flour mill. The boy eats a stick of bun, his brain cells burn with extra energy, he cannot get home because the trolleys and trams have been scrapped until he explodes with der frustration!"

"Yes, yes," said the Bishop eagerly. "You see we are all Cad Rockers. The trouble with society is that there are too many Cad Bishops, too many Cad Trade Unionists, too many Cad Probation Officers."

"I myself have been guilty of succumbing to violence. Some nights in our jive cellar I am carried away by the music of Charles Unpleasant and the Tics and begin tearing at my clothes."

"In fact, I find myself becoming more of a Cad everyday. Charles — might I have your autograph?"

"Sorry!" bellowed Charles. "This has gone far enough. If adherence to Cad Rock principles means the whole structure of our society crumbling away, with even our good Bishop here turning into some kind of wild man of pop, then for one renounce the Cad Rock creed, for good and all."

Away with pea shooters! Down with our sneering caddish ways! A pox upon outrage and controversy! I intend forthwith with to take holy orders and seek sanctuary in the church. Move over, Bishop, I'm heading your way."

The panel began to shamble uncertainly out of the studio. The audience had already departed in great anger looking for their coach driver.

Stop, stop, you can't walk out," said Radcliffe Coleman in desperation. "The show has only just begun."

"I'm sorry," said Charles, "but I'm afraid it's . . . THE END!"



News

WORK was launched this week on "The Transports", the epic folk opera masterminded by Peter Bellamy.

Few folk albums have inspired such anticipation as this one, which Bellamy has had in mind for several years and has had material prepared since 1975, and recording is finally underway. Various folk stars are involved in the production — a double album — which details the story of Henry Cabell, the first man transported to Australia at the end of the 18th century.

Bellamy found the story and composed songs in a traditional style to fit the characters involved in the project, the story being linked by a ballad sung by Bellamy, with arrangements in an 18-century style by Dolly Collins. The story charts Cabell's sentence to death for burglary which was subsequently commuted to transportation, his four years in Norwich Jail, and the eventual boat trip to Australia. Cabell is played by Mike Waterson, June Tabor is his mother, Norma Waterson plays Susannah Holmes, who was condemned with him, and Martin Carthy is a turnkey.

Several of the songs in the opera have already been aired in public either by Bellamy or the artists designated to sing them in the work, and the whole project is being scheduled for release by Free Reed in November. Free Reed have planned a big budget for the double-album, which is the first folk opera of its kind and promises to be a momentous step in the development of folk music.

THE backing tracks have already been laid down and the singers were appearing at the Livingstone Studios, London, this and next week. Martin Carthy broke into the Steeleye tour to record his part at the weekend, and the others, also including A. L. Lloyd, Nic Jones, Vic Legg, June Tabor, Cyril Tawney, Peter Knight, Martin Whisor and the Watsons as a full group were following them throughout the next two weeks.

Carthy and John Kirkpatrick, the new contingent in Steeleye, emerged from their third contract at Oxford both satisfied with the way the first year had gone, despite their self-confessed terror beforehand.

Hard-core folkies have been out in force for the new-look Steeleye and it's a relief all round now that the fuss surrounding the change and the harsh judgements made on the new members' cancellation of gigs has died down.

NOEL MURPHY set for the big time? Murf has signed a five year contract with RCA and is planning a concert tour in the autumn. It's a major change of approach for Murphy who has always resisted full-scale



PETER BELLAMY at Cambridge Folk Festival 1971: various stars involved in the production of his folk opera

Stars for Belamy's 'Transports'

stardom through a suspicion of the business side of the music industry and large record companies.

Now he seems to have had a change of heart though he doesn't wish to abandon the folk clubs, and hopes that by broadening his appeal he'll help to inject more interest into the clubs. "At last the man's going to be a star, we hope," said his manager Brian Adams this week. The deal is for at least one album a year, and there may be occasional singles.

His recent gigs have been deliberately kept to a minimum in preparation for the re-launch, and his supporters will wish him well for Murphy has put an awful lot into the folk scene. On September 20 he appears at the National Rooms in Kil-

burn, sharing the bill with Five Hand Reel.

There are also attempts underway to match him at golf with Bing Crosby in a showdown to decide show-business's greatest golfer. Murphy recently achieved his lifetime ambition by getting his golf handicap down to scratch. Another change for Murphy is his being signed to Colin Hogg's agency.

ROBIN and Barry Dransfield have been added to the bill of the Karl Dallas extravaganza at Kilburn's National Club on August 23. They join an already amazing bill including Fairport Convention, Paul Brady and Andy Irvine, the Cambridge Folk Group, Peter Knight, Steve Ashley, and Campell. Tickets are £1.50 and £1.

DICK GAUGHAN has been booked to replace Martin Carthy on the bill of St Albans Folk 77. He will be appearing at the festival's opening concert at the Abbey Theatre, St Albans, on September 9, along with Roy Bailey and Leon Rosselson.

Carthy withdrew after joining Steeleye Span, and the organisers are delighted to have got Gaughan as his replacement, having expected him at the 1973 event with Boys Of The Lough, but he left the Boys just before the gig. Fairport bass player Dave Pegaz, and former Fairport member Trevor Lucas — who is married to Sandy Denny — are planning to play regional folk club gigs together. They recently played at a couple of local

clubs and enjoyed themselves so much they want to do more. Bookings by the Winder/Oglesby agency.

Another star-making, small, low-profile folk club gig in the near future is Bert Jansch, more used these days to playing in large concert halls and at festivals, will be appearing in folk clubs at the Albion Hotel, Chester (September 7), Coronation Hall, Southport (9), Colehill, near Birmingham (10), with gigs also being lined up at the Rydard Hotel, Heaton Moor, Stockport, and Deepcar, Sheffield.

THE Winder/Oglesby agency has also just acquired Nic Jones at last, confirming their monopoly on the bulk of the singers performing in traditional material.

They've recently also taken over the representation of Michael Moore and Rag Mosa Trumper, the new band formed by Dave and Heather Brady of Swan Arcade, along with Janet Kerr and Dave Farrar.

The hand is designed to blend English and American music, for Janet Kerr plays fiddle in the traditional style of North Carolina and Farrar was brought up on bluegrass fiddle.

The new Robin and Barry Dransfield album, "Popular To Contrary Belief", has been completed and is scheduled for release by Free Reed in the autumn — the brothers' first album of traditional material in six years. Robin Dransfield's first solo album will also be forthcoming in the autumn, and Robin will continue to do solo gigs.

Folk Forum

Thursday

FOLK CENTRE, Harlowsmith
Prize of the Daffodil Road (last minute) Rehearsal Part 1a
STAN ARNOLD

Your hosts: Harrison, John
Buckford and John Newmans
Our theme: Die Daffodil for dropping in
last week. Hugs to see you again this
week. All thanks to Betty for a lovely
evening.

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JOHN SPENCER'S LOUITS
St. Club Calendar

THE COCK Tavern, 27 Great
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JO-ANN KELLY
+ PETE EMERY

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Road, Putney

DAVEY GRAHAM
ACROBAT

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Kings Head Hotel, High St. Rochester

BLUE ANCHOR
N.W. Rag Man's Trumpet (ex-Swan
Anchors)

RISEING SUN, FOLK & BLUES, 46
Tottenham Court Road W1

SHORT
STUFF
Your host: Rodney Lloyd

Saturday

GRANNYS FOLK/BLUES/
POETRY, Rising Sun, 46 Tottenham
Court Rd W1. Singers welcome

SPREDTHICK
KINGS HEAD HOTEL, CUCKFIELD

HECK SPECKLE'S
PHANTOM

SINGERS' CLUB, The Bull &
Mouth, 31 Brunswick Way, WC1
ALISTAIR ANDERSON, OLIVER
MULLIGAN, JACK WARSHAW

TROUBADOUR 9.30
285 OLD BROMPTON RD
MIKE MARAN

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HALF MOON, Lower Richmond
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BILL BOAZMAN
+ ALIMONEY

Tuesday

AT CATFORD RISING SUN
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DARTFORD FOLK, Railway Hotel
MARTIN CARTER &
GRAHAM JONES
N.W. Singers' Night

FLORENCE, Florence Street off
Upper Street, Islington
THREE MEN IN A BOAT
RESIDENTS BOB DAVENPORT
FLOWERS & FROLICS

HALF MOON, Lower Richmond Rd
Putney, Bert Jansch Band, Tuesday
September 6, all ticket performance

Wednesday

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12 Adelaide St. WC2

PETE QUINN
8 pm, 50p. Floor singers welcome 9.30
25p.

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GLENN HOWARD'S AD

1984

THE BAND WITH THE MOST

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IMPROVISING A "ROCKIN'

REVOLUTION" - FREE ADM

TO THE MINISTRY OF LOVE

Melody Maker Mailbag

WHY DOES THERE always have to be this pointless conflict and antagonism within the music world, highlighted recently by the appearance of new-wave music on the scene? One only has to look at your front-page headlines, although quite appropriate, to see evidence of this constant war, such as Pistols Retreat (July 9) and Teds Versus Punks (July 30).

Music is meant to be for pleasure and amusement, but criticism of others' music merely leads to rivalry and hostility; a manifestation of these is the extreme case of the ted-punk battle, but verbal warfare is just as unnecessary and harmful.

The heavy-metal freak may not like the record which the country fan listens to, but surely he should be broad-minded enough to appreciate how and why they might have appeal. Likewise, the country fan may detect the volume and pace of hard rock, but there is no reason why he should not understand the appeal to a particular type of listener.

Thus to call a certain sort of music "bad" is ridiculous, because, to my mind, if it has a following it must give pleasure and therefore is good. It is pointless to put forward comparisons between the ability of established groups and the raw simplicity of punk rock. The punk fan can probably appreciate the artistry of groups such as Genesis and Pink Floyd but, quite fairly, prefers his own.

Soul, pop, reggae, funk, rock, classical, jazz, punk rock, country, folk... there is enough music around for all of us to find

What's in a name?

pleasure in something without having to bicker and criticise others. — PETER CLARKE, Hamilton Rd, Oxford.

● LP WINNER

From the land of respected and important music, literature, imagination and warmth come the punks. Music generally mirrors a society — I

didn't realise it was that sick. Oh well, gentle folk of Merry England — to the guitar. — ANE CRESWELL, Villars-Dame, Versoignes, France.

The recent MM article by Martyn Sutton on commercial radio was entertaining and largely correct. Unfortunately, he missed



BEACH BOYS: cutting their own throats?

out one very important factor: a substantial nod in the general direction of the North Sea is surely permissible.

A great deal has been made recently about the

politics involved in the punk scene, without the slightest mention of the politics involved in stopping freedom of expression concerning which radio station one chooses to listen to.

The certain radio ship in question has a total listenership in the region of six million, far in excess of any of the little independent radio stations. — A. HOLLAND, Loren Rd, Forest Gate.

Sail on, sailors — but without a crew

AFTER hearing the rather low-key interview with Carl and Brian Wilson on Radio 1's excellent Rock On programme, it still leaves me astounded that the Beach Boys cancelled their proposed UK concert appearances.

I wonder why the band went to the trouble of giving the concerts full press publicity before they were certain that they were re-

hearsed well enough to tour? "Low advance ticket sales" (or Wembley — which no doubt, would have increased nearer the concert — were likely due to many Scottish/English fans (myself included) finding it easier to go to Manchester or Cardiff.

Concert-goers were not expecting the Beach Boys to be 100 per cent perfect. I feel sorry for Barclay James Harvey, Dave Edwards et al who would likely have benefited with respect to future success from the failure.

The CBS UK brass imagined themselves returned sales at their Convention, but if their supergroup all act like the Beach Boys, it will not be long before public opinion prevents such a situation by bowing its head towards parliament. — JIM R. PAULY, Auchencrew Street, Glasgow.

● LP WINNER

I don't like Little Feat at all. I don't like their music. I don't like their sound. I don't like their lyrics. I don't like their guitar. I don't like their bass. I don't like their drums. I don't like their anything. I don't like Little Feat. — K. MODABER, Lower Street, Haslemere, Surrey.

I left after 45 minutes to go home and listen to their albums. Let's hope it's the equipment and not just the sound of Little Feat fading away in the distance. — KATRINA NOBLE, Willes Road, London.

THE ADVERTS

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ANC 1043

GARY GILMORE

GARY GILMORE'S EYES
BORED TEENAGERS

TRY to picture my excitement I have just enjoyed Top Of The Pops for the first time in about five years. Could it be the programme is taking a new line?

I admired Kid Jensen's considerate way of introducing the acts as separate parts of the music scene — "meanwhile, back to the disco sounds".

Whereas I can't stand commercial pop, I think it's important to give a representative look at all types of music.

The fact that I enjoy Keith Jarrett doesn't stop me from really liking the Sex Pistols. In days of decreasing tolerance, rock fans have so much to learn about pop as vice-versa, such as the way a group like the Bay City Rollers have finally matured into better musicians.

If the BBC were to include a fair share of rock, soul and new wave acts, their audience would grow immeasurably — as well as craving the occasional morsels as gum chewing morons who only enjoy music the BBC choose to play.

We might all widen our horizons and find a good al-

ternative to the dry Whistle. Text attempt at preserving the decaying "old school" of British rock.

Stop embarrassing the groups by cutting the songs after two minutes, make the programme an hour long, and include some live clips, and there might appear a show that people can look forward to with the sort of excitement that Ready Steady Go around way, way back in the Sixties. — GRAEME HIGH, Millview, Sheringham, Norfolk.

HAVING read through your pages how the new wave aims to take music back to the people, all I can say is that I hope they hurry up before it is too late.

Do we have to tolerate big business in such an extent in what it supposedly a youth industry?

What with groups charging five or six quid a night at Wembley Empire Pool, and double album taping out at the almost million-price of £6 in £1, what chance does the average fan stand?

I went to see Little Feat at London's Rainbow. The seat cost me £4 — fair enough, I would have paid ten to sit in the circle, but you are better off listening to the music in the flyer than you are in the circle at the Rainbow, and there is probably more atmosphere there.

Ticket prices are rising steeply, yet I wandered around the foyer and ten bar, where I bought two 30p Doughnuts were 15p and 25p, depending on whether you like synthetic cream. T-shirts were £2.50.

When is it going to stop? — K. MODABER, Lower Street, Haslemere, Surrey.

Fade out fade-outs

IN THE frenzied exchange of opinion over punk, rock, tax exiles and compilation albums, everyone has totally ignored the real scourge of modern music. I mean the alarming increase in fade-outs.

This gradual closing of a record instead of a sudden ending has its advantages. The anthem-like quality of "Hey Jude" or the powerful, enduring rhythm of "No Woman No Cry" are just two examples of a record's effect being enhanced by a good fade-out. However, more and more these days, the fade-out is being used as an excuse for lack of creativity; a screen for shabby, unoriginal songwriting can appear

as "great disco music". Advocates of the fade-out must remember, first, that at live gigs, groups have to end their songs somehow; and secondly, that not all dance records are faded out. What about rock 'n' roll records, for example? Also, the ending of a record presents a considerable scope for creativity, just like the beginning.

If composers from Bach to Glenn Miller have managed to bring their music to a new, exciting climax, why should a record's Scherzer's symphony, I don't see why pop musicians can't follow in the footsteps of eminent predecessors. — MICHAEL BINAIM, Weed Lane, Highbate, London.