

# Melody Maker

NOVEMBER 18, 1978 15p weekly USA 75 cents

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On the Western Front  
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FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS: Sham 69, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Eric Clapton, Jean Michel Jarre, John Travolta, Roy Ayers and Wayne Henderson, Olivia Newton John, Sgt. Pepper (picture disc), Jacksons, Grippio Sportivo, Earth Wind and Fire, Duncan Browne, National Health, Road Stewart, E.L.P., Jim Morrison, Todd Rundgren, Emmylou Harris, Alice Cooper, Doobie Bros, Hi-Tension, Bob Marley, X Ray Spez, Sniff 'n' Tears, Jilted John, Cat Stevens, Rod Argent Police

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# ROTTEN TAKES PISTOLS TO COURT

# INSIDE STORIES

THE SEX Pistols are now caught up in legal action on both sides of the Atlantic, with an American Grand Jury preparing its murder indictment against Sid Vicious and the British High Court considering Johnny Rotten's plea to have the band wound up.

The opening shots in Rotten's battle to stop the rest of the band and former manager Malcolm McLaren were fired last Friday when his lawyers presented their application to have the group's former legal partnership wound up. He also sought an order to

prevent Vicious, Steve Jones and Paul Cook and McLaren's management company Glitterbeat using the name Sex Pistols on any recording or composition that does not involve him. Rotten is also asking the judge to restrain the restraining order to Matrichest, a subsidiary of Glitterbeat, that is making The Great Rock and Roll Swindle movie. The case was adjourned, and is likely to be heard some time next January.

McLaren told MM after the initial hearing that he hoped the case would not effect his plans for the Pistols' album and film. "Although this obviously does create pressures on us,"

He said the rift between the rest of the band and Rotten stemmed from "Rotten's unwillingness to fulfil his part of the contract to

make the film."

He also hoped any delays or problems in the release of the album would speed the band's move away from Virgin Records. "We would much prefer to work without another record company. I just want to get away from Virgin. Since we put out the Ronnie Biggs single there has been an increasing lack of support from Virgin, and we were very fed up with that at the time."

The fact that the single did so well without any real support from Virgin was great — it really was one in the eye for the record company."

McLaren said the film is now down to the final editing and dubbing stages, with a few scenes left to shoot with Steve Jones. "I am expecting final completion by January 1, with the release by the end of February. Despite my initial

thoughts about distributors being scared off, I have had no lack of takers from the major distributors, so there will be no problem there."

The release of soundtrack LP was scheduled before Christmas but will now be out early in January, preceded by or with a single, said McLaren. "We keep on adding new songs that have been written over the last few months and taking out old ones," he said. In New York, Vicious has now been released from Bellevue Hospital where he was confined under a judge's direction after slashing his wrists during methadone withdrawal. He is living in New York with his mother who is overseeing his efforts to get off the heroin-replacement drug. "He is doing fantastically," said McLaren. The first concrete plan for Vicious is to start work on

an album in January with Cook and Jones and one other musician, as yet unidentified.

"This will give Sid something to do, and it should go a long way, if not all the way, to help meet our defence bill of about a quarter of a million dollars," said McLaren. He said the Vicious case was not expected to start until next Spring, by which time the album should be out.

© Johnny Rotten and Public Image Ltd. set out next week on a ten-date series of secret gigs as warm-ups for their two London Rainbow shows at Christmas. The band will be using pseudonyms and booking into venues only a few days before they play, mirroring the secret tactics used by the Sex Pistols a year ago, when they were unable to get gigs under their own name.

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# NEWS FLASHES

**BILLY LYNN**, who is currently being lined up for a British tour next year, releases his new album, "32nd Street," on Friday (28). The album is a follow-up to Joe's "The Stranger" LP which spawned "Just The Way You Are" and "Movin' Out," features nine Joe songs including "32nd Street" which is released as a single on Friday.

**DOLL BY DOLL** have been confirmed as the support act on Dev's forthcoming British tour, to start at Edinburgh Odeon on November 26. The band, the last signing to the Automatic Record Company, have delayed the recording of their debut album because of problems in booking the right type of venues. Tickets for the tour are now available, priced £2, £2.50, £2, £1.50. Confirmed dates are: Edinburgh Odeon (November 26), Glasgow Apollo (27), Newcastle City Hall (28), Birmingham Odeon (December 1), Manchester Free Trade Hall (4), Liverpool Echo (6), Bristol Colston Hall (7).

**LINDISFARNE**'s new traditional Christmas show at Newcastle City Hall has sold out with predictable speed, and a further show, probably one of several, has been added. The sold-out dates are on December 20, 21 and 22.60 (platform) from Newcastle City Hall (30), Birmingham Odeon (December 1), Manchester Free Trade Hall (4), Liverpool Echo (6), Bristol Colston Hall (7).

**HINKLEY'S HEROES**, the ten-piece band featuring such rock refugees as Roger Chapman, Mike Pato and Mitch Mitchell, starts a short run of shows next month with two sets at London's The Venue on December 6. The band has had to cancel four dates at the end of the month because of other commitments by various group members, but they hope to re-arrange shows at Norwich, Newcastle, Leicester and Bournemouth in December.

**IAN MATTHEWS** has shifted his next series of British shows forward a month following an extended American tour. The new plays at Birmingham Barbican on January 23, Manchester Mayflower on November 18, and at London's Royal Albert Hall on January 31 and February 1. A new single, "King Of The Road," has been released on his "Stealin' Home" album and released as a single this week.

**THE POLICE**, who return from their first Amer-

ican tour this week, headline four British dates at the end of the month before releasing *Y Last Trios* Parlophone for a December tour. The album, which is in with the release of the Police's debut album, "Outlandos D'Amour" on A&M Records, are: London Electric Ballroom (November 26), Sheffield Limit (28), York Apollo (29), Manchester Russell Club (30) and then the Alberts tour: Bath University (December 1), Sheffield Port Rank (3), Oldham Civic Hall (4), Derby Assembly Rooms (7), Hull University (8), Glasgow Strathclyde University (9), St Andrews University (10), Cardiff Port Rank (17), Exeter University (18) and Plymouth Woods (19).

**THE KINKS'** single "Father Christmas," released for the first time last year, is being re-released this Friday, November 17, backed with "Prince Of The Punks."

**GARY MOORE**, who left the band *Warrior* in 1977, releases *Likey* earlier this year, then a solo album on December 1, called "Back on the Streets." The album features Phil Lynott, who wrote two of the tracks with Moore, and was produced by Moore and Chris Tsangarides.

**ALAN CLARKE**, former lead singer with The Hollies, releases a new album on November 24, "I Wasn't Born a Winner." The album features all the songs on the album, which was produced in Los Angeles by Spencer Proffer.

**THE OUTLAWS** release a new album on November 24, "Playin' To Win," produced by Robert John Long, producer of Graham Farrer and the Rumour, City Boy, the Boomtown Rats and the Motors. The Outlaws now have three lead guitarists — Billy Jones, Hughie Thomlinson and member Freddie Salem — with Monte Vibe and David Dixon on drums and Harvey Dillon on bass.

**STRANGEWAYS**, the Yorkshire band signed to Real Records, have been added as support act to the David Johansen tour, starting on November 18. The band enter the studio after the tour to record a new single with the band's new manager, who also produced the band's album. The single is set for release early next year.

**THE GREEDY BASTARDS**, the one-off band with Phil Lynott and friends, are preparing to play a show in northern Britain — when they can find the right venue. The show will include Lynott, Bob Geldof, Gary Moore, Simon Cowe, Brian Downey and Johnny Fingers. They are hoping to stage the gig before Christmas, and are currently looking for a suitable venue.

# Springsteen: not until the summer

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN will not now be playing British concerts until mid-summer, the east, despite indications that he was planning an early visit next year. Promoter Harvey Goldsmith, who will be working on the Springsteen tour, said the information is that he won't be early next year, probably be in the summer. He is involved in other things in America, including a new album. Early in 1978 is definitely out — they are talking about the summer.

CBS in New York, told MM that he finishes his current American tour on December 31, and is then taking a month off before starting work on his new album. "We are not sure yet whether it will be a live or a studio album, but it looks as if he will start on that in early February — so if there are any plans for an English tour it won't be for some time after that."

# MORRISON STAGE ROUGHS

VAN MORRISON recently pulled out of four American concerts after storming off stage at New York's Palladium in a fit of depression following a faulty performance that was met by an indifferent audience.

According to his record company in America, "he was very tired and it was a combination of a health problem and a head problem. He has always had a bit of an unstable character and about 45 minutes into the second show at the Palladium he just got freaked out. He was very tired, and the show was not going particularly well."

He cancelled the following four shows, including Chicago and Washington, but is now back on the road in America until December 2.

# Tapper Zukie visit

JAMAICAN DEEJAY Tapper Zukie starts a British tour in December, that includes a night at London's Rainbow Theatre. The tour is to promote his new album, "Tapper Zukie," released on November 24. A new single, "Oh Lord," is released on Friday, November 17, backed with "First Street Rock," which has been number one in Jamaica for the last ten weeks.

Zukie's band on tour features

Max Edwards, drums, George Fullwood, bass, Mickey Robinson, guitar, Gordon, trombone, and Keith Sterling, keyboards, and the support act, the Cygnus. Tickets for the Rainbow gig are available now, priced £3 to £1.50, other prices to be announced.

Tour dates are: Cardiff Port Rank (December 3), Manchester Mayflower (7), Dunstable Cornelia (9), Liverpool Echo (11), West Rington Pavilion (15), London Rainbow (16), Edinburgh Tiffanys (18).

# Nazareth tour set

NAZARETH start their first British tour in more than two years when they play Preston Guildhall on January 19. The tour closes at Brighton Dome on January 31.

Zai Clinefelter, former Sensational Alex Harvey band member, joined the band two months ago and the tour dates are his first live gigs. A new album, "No Mean City," is currently being recorded in Kent and is planned for release before the concert start, together with a single.

All concert start at 7.30pm and tickets will be available direct from the venues, priced £2.40, £2.40 and £1.40. More British dates are being set up, including one at London's Hammersmith Odeon. Dates confirmed so far are: Preston Guildhall (January 19), Glasgow Apollo (20), Edinburgh Usher Hall (21), Manchester Apollo (22), Sheffield City Hall (23), Hammersmith Odeon (24), Newcastle Mayflower (25), Leeds University (26), Liverpool Empire (28), Bristol Colston Hall (30), Brighton Dome (31).

# Member Yes on the air

A LIVE recording of almost the whole of one of Yes's Wembley Arena concerts forms the first edition of a new BBC radio rock programme going out on Friday nights from 10-12 p.m. The programme, which replaces the John Peel show on that night, is produced by Tony Wilson, former producer of the Alan Freeman show, and presented by deejay Tommy Vance.

It kicks off with the Yes show this Friday, November 17, but Wilson said this would not be typical of the normal type of

show, which would feature records and tapes of various artists, with an emphasis on the more successful heavy rock bands. There will also be live bands in the studio.

Originally, only half the first show was going to be given over to the Yes concert, but Wilson said this was changed because of the quality of the performance. The show goes out in stereo on VHF as well as on medium wave, which this week is on 247m, and then changes to 275m and 285m.

# Zep, Yes back tracking

THE GROWING lack of major new releases for the Christmas market, reported last week with the major release campaign spearheaded by the Beatles, ELO and Mike Oldfield, has been underlined by the launch of a £20,000 advertising campaign designed to tout the back-catalogue of bands like Led Zeppelin, Yes and the Eagles.

# STARSHIP SET TO REPLACE SLICK?

JEFFERSON STARSHIP look set to replace Grace Slick with singer Helen Schneider, who was in London recently recording material for television. The band, who signed with RCA, the same company as Starship, is better known in the cabaret field, but was asked to audition for the singer's role with the band by Paul Kantner and reports indicate that the teaming worked well.

# STARSHIP SET TO REPLACE SLICK?

The official response from RCA in London was "no comment," but it is known that after Kantner's approach she and the band have been considering recording together. The vacancy came after Grace Slick left the band for an indefinite period following this summer's European tour. She was killed in the collision that left drummer John Barbata severely injured. He swerved off the road to avoid a deer, and his passenger was killed in the collision that left Barbata badly hurt and likely to be off the road for ten months.

# Dead LP

THE GRATEFUL DEAD rush to release a new album on December 1, "Shakedown Street," their second album on their new label, Arista. The band cancelled three concerts at London's Rainbow Theatre last year because the album was completed in time to tie in with their current American tour, their biggest ever.

The follow-up to "Terrapin Station," "Shakedown Street" is produced by Little Feat's Lowell George and features the following tracks: "Good Lovin'," "Fire On the Mountain," "Mr. Tambourine Man," "The Heart of the Matter," "All New Mingwalewong Blues," "Had The World To

# Red tape halts cassette war

THE WAR being waged by British record companies on the millions of music fans making their own home recordings via cassettes is being ground to a halt by Government red tape — and the sheer technical problems of making recordings impossible. The record companies claim to lose £50 million a year because of home recordings, but a research scientist at Southampton University have been working for the past year to perfect the addition of a tone to the recording which would make tape recordings but is unheard when the record is played.

Geoff Bridge, director of the British Phonographic Industry, the association backed by all the major British record companies, said a report from the scientists was expected before the end of the year. Funds were available for more research, but this would depend on whether the Government would submit a submission for this has been with the Department of Trade since May, and Bridge expects an answer within the immediate future.

The BPI is also trying to impose a levy on tape recorders and the cassettes themselves, to recoup some of the £36 million, but a submission for this has been with the Department of Trade since May, and Bridge expects an answer within the immediate future.

# "To Impose a levy requires legislation, and the main problem is simply a shortage of Parliamentary time."

The struggle the BPI is having to obtain permission for a levy, has been a long one — it is now three years since the idea was first adopted, via the Whitford committee, which was set up to investigate copyright law.

A BOUTLEGGER, described by a judge as an "evil genius," who had been taken to court by bands including Be-Boo Deluxe, Genesis and Roxy Music, has agreed not to make or sell any more tapes and to hand over his recording equipment to the British Phonographic Industry.

Neil Corkindale, a 19-year-old from Worcester in Manchester, was raided by BPI investigators last year who found more than 200 bootlegged tapes. The judge ordered an inquiry into any damage suffered by artists and record companies involved and ordered Corkindale to give his suppliers and the names and addresses of his suppliers and customers to the BPI's solicitors.

The BPI investigation dates back to a raid on a lonely house in a cottage where evidence of up to 1,000 bootlegged masters and discs were found. Documents found there led the investigators to Corkindale, who was in Manchester where more evidence was found, including recordings of concerts by Mahogany Rush, Rainbow, and Motorhead, and a £170 tape recorder and £18 microphones.







# .S. news

## H/P/N/T/C BEEFHEART

**T**ICKING off his first major U.S. tour in several years, Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band held a sold out audience spellbound at the Old Waldorf Halloween night.

The new Magic Band specializes in different grooves — uncommon rhythms — that produced an hypnotic, trance-like state in the audience. Beefheart admitted, for instance, that the beat to "Bat Chain Puller" was inspired by the rhythm of a windshield wiper on his old Volvo.

The 75-minute performance comprised no less than 18 numbers, including a healthy selection of material from his recently released "Shiny Beast (Bat Chain Puller)", his first new album in some time.

Guitarist Jeff Tepper fashioned a humming, ringing sound of special interest with his belzoni — sort of an electric baski. Eric Feldman, who also doubled on keyboards, and Rick Reed also added guitar. Bruce Fowler provided snare and superb work on trombone and "air bass". Drummer Robert Williams was a marvel with his ease at handling the complex time signatures.

Beefheart contributed some whistling, some harmonica and a little soprano sax, in addition to his growling, blues-inflected vocals. In the intimacy of the 600-seat Waldorf, Beefheart created the room with his powerful personality and projection. After a solo reading of "Well," Beefheart greeted the ovation with a modest smile. "All this for me?" he asked.

**F**ORMER leader of the Bay Area's Sons of Champlin, Bill Champlin, made his solo debut the night following Beefheart at the Old Waldorf, where Champlin delighted the crowd with throbbing funk

## San Francisco: Joel Selvin

sounds highlighted by his torch-bright five-piece band and his own inimitable vocals.

Champlin moved to Los Angeles more than a year ago to pursue a career as recording session player, and recently released his first solo album, "Single." After more than 13 years with the Sons of Champlin has become a veteran of nightclub entertaining, and his vocals, guitar playing and keyboard work show the kind of virtuosity that only comes with that kind of experience.

**T**HE cancellation of three of her four scheduled shows this weekend at the Old Waldorf gave Kiki Dee a relatively full house for her Bay Area debut Saturday.

Despite notching a Top Ten hit on her own, "I've Got The Music In Me," in Heat, Dee remains largely an unknown addition to her number one duet with Elton John, "Don't Go Breaking My Heart." Her sterling five-piece band included the services of guitarist Davey Johnston from the Elton John band, bassist Bob Molloy from the Sons of Champlin, and keyboard player Blas Bossheld author of "I've Got The Music In Me."

Dee proved to be mainly unmemorable, despite her powerful singing and strong instrumental support, largely because of the mundane material she performed and the lack of any strong personality on her part.

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART (Pic. ROBERT ELLIS)

**G**ARY Busy, star of The Buddy Holly Story, will appear November 26-27 at the Waldorf, backed by a band that includes Rick Danko of The Band, who will also sing songs from his days with The Band and his own solo album. Opening the shows will be rock and roll legend Ronnie Hawkins, whom The Band originally accompanied.

## Los Angeles: Joel rips it up

Harvey Kubernik

**B**ULLY Joel has come a long way from the Executive Room on Western Ave. to a near sell-out performance at the Forum Monday evening. Joel played for two-and-a-half hours and was called back for four encores. "Bingo Man," "New York State Of Mind," "Until The Night," "The Entertainer," "Say Goodbye To Hollywood," and "I Love You Just The Way

You Are" drew the loudest applause of the programme. The lighting was dramatic, the sound was crisp and clear and Billy Joel delivered. He even played "Born To Run" during his sound check.

**E**LTON John and Rod Stewart have been signed to write and sing the music and star in a film musical comedy, Jet Las, which goes into production next year. The film will not be concert footage but a nod to the

Burby Berkeley era, with the script hung on two men who come to the U.S. to make the 11th remake of a musical. Budget for the flick is 10 million dollars.

**W**ILLIE Nelson makes his film debut playing The Electric Horseman for Columbia/Universal. Nelson is his own production deal with Universal and wants Robert Redford to star in the Willie Nelson Story, of which Nelson is the executive producer, along with a second feature length film, The Redheaded Stranger... Manhattan Transfer will play a whole week at the Roxy from Dec. 28 to Jan first, including a special New Year's Eve party... Captain Beefheart as usual was terrific at the Roxy earlier in the week. "The whole world is a stencil," offered Don Van Vliet

to a packed house opening night. Beef gave his service to most of the tunes from his just released "Bat Chain Puller" LP and some older classic material.

**P**ETER Frampton, who will end his tour of Japan November 26, will head back to L.A. and begin to record his next album currently planned for a late Spring, early summer release... Cheap Trick is at the Record Plant recording their fourth album for Epic.... The record label with a sense of humor, though few people understand their motives, Rhino Records, is gartering heavy airplay with the release of "Whole Lotta Love" by the Temple City Karoo Orchestra. The LP features the sound of kazooes imitating Jimmy Page's guitar licks and the vocals of Robert Plant. No lawsuits yet.

## GRIM VAN'S TREAT

New York: Stanley Mises

**A**Ll week long, the sun seemed to shine just for Van Morrison. Anticipation was high (after a three-year absence in New York) for Van at the Bottom Line: Van at the Palladium: Van at the Capitol Theatre: Van on Saturday Night Live; five broadcasts over WNEW-FM; you'd think it would cheer a guy up. I can report that Van worked, sweated, sang his heart out, but didn't smile once. Yet, grim as his stage demeanor was, his shows warmed up the audiences at both Bottom Line and Palladium shows (and at the Palladium, the memory of opener Rockpile dissipated soon). The club date was a real treat for fans, though not many got in after the WEA people bought up most of the seats.

His voice sounded fine, and grew looser as the show progressed, reaching little peaks here and there, particularly on "Hungry For Your Love," which was sexy and raucous, and "Kingdom Hall." His saxophone playing left a little to be desired, mostly because of his unsure tone, not his phrasing; at the Palladium shows he dropped the sax altogether. The real highlight of both evenings was the third encore at the Bottom Line, a truly spirited "Cyprus Avenue" which was worth the price of admission alone.

**D**ONNA Summer, the reigning queen of the disco set, proved to be quite a lot of fun in performance at the Palladium. With the exception of "I Feel Love," featuring some hypnotic synthesizer work, I've never been one for her breathy, campy recordings, but live she manages to pull this stuff off with a timely glamour that's shiny and attractive for the moment. Part of her appeal is her convincing role-playing — she's as good an actress as she is a singer, onstage, that is — and part of it is the total abandon with which her fans approach the whole scene. Fluffy, untaxing entertainment.

**W**EATHER REPORT's "Mr. Gone" doesn't quite live up to their previous albums but their recent live performances in the New York area have been the very best this excellent group has put across. Since bassist Jaco Pastorius joined the group, Weather Report's stage act has become livelier, more youthful in its appeal, and rockier in its musical concept. I only wish that Wayne Shorter would solo occasionally on tenor instead of integrating his blitting, clipped soprano sax into the group's framework.

Deader than ever RCA has released a new Elvis record, "Elvis: A Canadian Tribute," that is only a cut above bootleg quality and I predict its success might bring on a rash of releases of Elvis singing in bathrooms, airplanes, hotel rooms, and whatnot. Enough!

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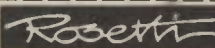
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# The charts

U.S. charts courtesy Cashbox

## Top Thirty Singles

- 1 (2) **RAT TRAP**  
Boontown Rats, Ensign
  - 2 (9) **HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU**  
Olivia Newton-John, RSO
  - 3 (4) **MACARTHUR PARK**  
Donna Summer, Casablanca
  - 4 (1) **SANDY** John Travolta, Polydor
  - 5 (3) **SUMMER NIGHTS**  
John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John, RSO
  - 6 (7) **DARLIN'** Frankie Miller, Chrysalis
  - 7 (14) **INSTANT REPLAY**  
Dan Hartman, Blue Sky
  - 8 (—) **MY BEST FRIEND'S GIRL**  
Cars, Elektra
  - 9 (18) **PRETTY LITTLE ANGEL EYES**  
Showaddywaddy, Arista
  - 10 (5) **BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE**  
Jacksons, Epic
  - 11 (17) **BICYCLE RACE/FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS** ..... Queen, EMI
  - 12 (27) **HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE**  
Blondie, Chrysalis
  - 13 (13) **GIVING UP, GIVING IN**  
Three Degrees, Ariola
  - 14 (6) **RASPUTIN** ..... Boney M, Atlantic
  - 15 (7) **THE PUBLIC IMAGE**  
Public Image Ltd, Virgin
  - 16 (12) **SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN**  
Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
  - 17 (26) **PART TIME LOVE**  
Elton John, Rocket
  - 18 (15) **DIPPITY DAY**  
Father Abraham and the Smurfs, Decca
  - 19 (30) **TOAST** ..... Streetband, Logo
  - (—) **I LOVE AMERICA**  
Patrick Juvet, Casablanca
  - 21 (10) **HURRY UP HARRY**  
Sham 69, Polydor
  - 22 (16) **LUCKY STARS**  
Dean Friedman, Lifesong
  - 23 (11) **DOWN IN THE TUBE STATION AT MIDNIGHT** ..... Jam, Polydor
  - 24 (29) **ALWAYS AND FOREVER**  
Heatwave, GTO
  - 25 (25) **GERM FREE ADOLESCENCE**  
X-Ray Spex, EMI
  - 26 (—) **DA' YA' THINK I'M SEXY?**  
Rod Stewart, Riva
  - 27 (20) **RADIO RADIO**  
Elvis Costello, Radar
  - 28 (19) **HAVE YOU EVER FALLEN IN LOVE** Buzzcocks, United Artists
  - 29 (—) **BRANDY** ..... O'Jays, Philadelphia
  - 30 (—) **ALTERNATIVE ULSTER**  
Stiff Little Fingers, Rough Trade
- Two titles tied for 19th position.


## U.K. Reggae

- 1 (1) **BABY I'VE BEEN MISSING YOU**  
Bunny Maloney, Gull
  - 2 (2) **EMPIRE ROAD** ..... Matumbi, Harvest
  - 3 (5) **IN LOVING YOU**  
Junior English, Burning Sounds
  - 4 (3) **BREEZING** ..... Tammington, RCA
  - 5 (4) **MIND BLOWING DECISIONS**  
Tyronne David, D-Roy
  - 6 (11) **OUT DEH LIGHT/WOODY WOODPECKER**  
Dillinger, Jamaica Sound
  - 7 (13) **PABLO MEETS MR. BASSIE**  
Augustus Pablo, Rough Time
  - 8 (—) **YOU SEND ME** Pat Kelly, Third World
  - 9 (7) **MY TUNE** ..... Cool Notes, Jama
  - 10 (10) **DUB STONE DUB IT**  
Ranking Joe, Greensleeves
  - 11 (8) **(YOU GOTTA WALK) DON'T LOOK BACK**  
Peter Tosh, Rolling Stones
  - 12 (12) **HEY YOU** ..... Abyssinians, Front Line
  - 13 (14) **WISDOM** ..... Ranking Superstar, D-Roy
  - 14 (7) **LET'S ALL UNITE**  
Hugh Mandell, Greensleeves
  - 15 (—) **YOU HURT ME SO** Jay Mack, Rite Sound
  - 16 (—) **PREDICTION** ..... Sival Pulse, Island
  - 17 (9) **NOW THAT WE'VE FOUND LOVE**  
Third World, Island
  - 18 (16) **ETHIOPIAN KINGS**  
Rod Taylor, Freedom Sounds
  - (18) **A LITTLE BIT OF REGGAE**  
..... In Crowd, Cactus
  - (—) **WICKER ARE TO BLAME** U Black, Hitrun
- Three titles tied for 18th position.

## U.S. Singles

- 1 (1) **MACARTHUR PARK**  
Donna Summer, Casablanca
  - 2 (6) **HOW MUCH I FEEL**  
Ambrosia, Warner Bros.
  - 3 (2) **HOT CHILD IN THE CITY**  
Nick Gilder, Chrysalis
  - 4 (3) **KISS YOU ALL OVER** Exile, Curb
  - 5 (5) **DOUBLE VISION**  
Foreigner, Atlantic
  - 6 (16) **YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS**  
Barbra and Neil, Columbia
  - 7 (9) **READY TO TAKE A CHANCE AGAIN** ..... Barry Manilow, Arista
  - 8 (4) **YOU NEEDED ME**  
Anne Murray, Capitol
  - 9 (11) **I JUST WANNA STOP**  
Gino Vannelli, A&M
  - 10 (12) **SHARING THE NIGHT TOGETHER**  
Dr. Hook, Capitol
  - 11 (8) **WHENEVER I CALL YOU 'FRIEND'** Kenny Loggins, Columbia
- 
- BILLY JOEL
- 12 (14) **I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE (DISCO ROUND)** Alicia Bridges, Polydor
  - 13 (7) **BEAST OF BURDEN**  
Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones
  - 14 (18) **TIME PASSAGES**  
Al Stewart, Arista
  - 15 (19) **ALIVE AGAIN** Chicago, Columbia
  - 16 (10) **YOU NEVER DONE IT LIKE THAT** Captain and Tennille, A&M
  - 17 (26) **(OUR LOVE) DON'T THROW IT ALL AWAY** Andy Gibb, RSO
  - 18 (20) **SWEET LIFE** ..... Paul Davis, Bang
  - 19 (27) **STRANGE WAY** Firefall, Atlantic
  - 20 (21) **BLUE COLLAR MAN (LONG NIGHTS)** ..... Styx, A&M
  - 21 (24) **DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT IT** ..... Pablo Cruise, A&M
  - 22 (23) **ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE**  
Funkadelic, Warner Bros.
  - 23 (25) **STRAIGHT ON** Heart, Portrait
  - 24 (13) **REMINISCING**  
Little River Band, Harvest
  - 25 (—) **MY LIFE** ..... Billy Joel, Columbia
  - 26 (29) **CHANGE OF HEART**  
Eric Carmen, Arista
  - 27 (—) **TOO MUCH HEAVEN** ..... Bee Gees, RSO
  - 28 (—) **THE POWER OF GOLD**  
Dan Fogelberg and Tim Weisberg, Epic
  - 29 (30) **EVERYBODY NEEDS LOVE**  
Stephen Bishop, ABC
  - 30 (15) **WHO ARE YOU** ..... Who, MCA

## U.S. Albums

- 1 (4) **52nd STREET** Billy Joel, Columbia
  - 2 (3) **LIVE AND MORE**  
Donna Summer, Casablanca
  - 3 (1) **GREASE** ..... Various Artists, RSO
  - 4 (2) **LIVING IN THE U.S.A.**  
Linda Ronstadt, Asylum
  - 5 (5) **DOUBLE VISION**  
Foreigner, Atlantic
  - 6 (24) **A WILD AND CRAZY GUY**  
Steve Martin, Warner Bros.
  - 7 (6) **DON'T LOOK BACK** Boston, Epic
  - 8 (8) **SOME GIRLS**  
Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones
  - 9 (7) **PIECES OF EIGHT** ..... Styx, A&M
  - 10 (11) **HOT STREETS** Chicago, Columbia
  - 11 (14) **TIME PASSAGES**  
Al Stewart, Arista
  - 12 (10) **WHO ARE YOU** ..... Who, MCA
  - 13 (9) **DOG AND BUTTERFLY**  
Heart, Portrait
  - 14 (12) **TWIN SONS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS** Dan Fogelberg and Tim Weisberg, Epic
  - 15 (17) **COMES A TIME**  
Neil Young, Reprise
  - 16 (16) **THE STRANGER**  
Billy Joel, Columbia
  - 17 (15) **ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE**  
Funkadelic, Warner Bros.
  - 18 (20) **BROTHER TO BROTHER**  
Gino Vannelli, A&M
  - 19 (13) **TORMATO** ..... Yes, Atlantic
  - 20 (30) **A SINGLE MAN** Elton John, MCA
- 
- TED NUGENT (Pic: BARRY PLUMMER)
- 21 (19) **STRANGER IN TOWN**  
Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band, Capitol
  - 22 (26) **LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY**  
Anne Murray, Capitol
  - 23 (18) **NIGHTWATCH**  
Kenny Loggins, Columbia
  - 24 (21) **IS IT STILL GOOD TO YA**  
Ashford and Simpson, Warner Bros.
  - 25 (—) **CRUISIN'**  
Village People, Casablanca
  - 26 (28) **BURSTING OUT**  
Jethro Tull, Chrysalis
  - 27 (—) **LIFE BEYOND L.A.**  
Ambrosia, Warner Bros.
  - 28 (—) **WEEKEND WARRIORS**  
Ted Nugent, Epic
  - 29 (23) **SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER**  
Bee Gees and Various Artists, RSO
  - 30 (—) **THE MAN**  
Barry White, 20th Century

## U.S. Soul

- 1 (1) **ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE**  
Funkadelic, Warner Bros.
- 2 (5) **I'M EVERY WOMAN**  
Chaka Khan, Warner Bros.
- 3 (3) **YOUR SWEETNESS IS MY WEAKNESS**  
Barry White, 20th Century
- 4 (4) **MACARTHUR PARK**  
Donna Summer, Casablanca
- 5 (2) **DANCE (DISCO HEAT)**  
Sylvester Fantasy
- 6 (11) **MARY JANE** ..... Rick James, Motown
- 7 (8) **THERE'LL NEVER BE** ..... Switch, Gordy
- 8 (6) **IT SEEMS TO HANG ON**  
Ashford and Simpson, Warner Bros.
- 9 (7) **TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT** Betty Wright, TK
- 10 (—) **LE FREAK** ..... Chic, Atlantic
- 11 (—) **GO TO BE REAL** Cheryl Lynn, Columbia
- 12 (12) **(OLIVIA) LOST AND TURNED OUT**  
Whispers, Anola
- 13 (18) **DON'T HOLD BACK**  
Chanson, Anola
- 14 (19) **DISCO TO GO**  
The Brides of Frankenstein, Atlantic
- 15 (17) **I JUST WANNA STOP**  
Gino Vannelli, A & M
- 16 (15) **EASE ON DOWN THE ROAD**  
Diana Ross and Michael Jackson, MCA
- 17 (16) **YOU FOOLED ME** Grey and Hanks, RCA
- 18 (10) **I'M IN LOVE (AND I LOVE THE FEELING)**  
Rose Royce, Whitfield
- 19 (9) **BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE** Jacksons, Epic
- 20 (—) **FUNK 'N' ROLL (DANCIN' IN THE PUNK-SHINE)**  
Quazar, Arista

## Top Thirty Albums

- 1 (1) **GREASE** ..... Various Artists, RSO
  - 2 (2) **NIGHTFLIGHT TO VENUS**  
Boney M, Atlantic
  - 3 (4) **WAR OF THE WORLDS**  
Various Artists, CBS
  - 4 (3) **IMAGES** ..... Don Williams, K-Tel
  - 5 (5) **THE BIG WHEELS OF MOTOWN**  
Various Artists, Motown
  - 6 (12) **EMOTIONS** Various Artists, K-Tel
  - 7 (15) **SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER**  
Bee Gees and Various Artists, RSO
  - 8 (30) **A SINGLE MAN**  
Elton John, Rocket
  - 9 (7) **CLASSIC ROCK**  
London Symphony Orchestra, K-Tel
  - 10 (9) **ROSE ROYCE STRIKES AGAIN**  
Rose Royce, Whitfield
  - 11 (10) **IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT**  
Status Quo, Vertigo
  - 12 (17) **OUT OF THE BLUE**  
Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
  - 13 (13) **IF YOU WANT BLOOD, YOU'VE GOT IT** ..... AC/DC, Atlantic
  - 14 (6) **BROTHERHOOD OF MAN** K-Tel
  - 15 (14) **ALL MOD CONS** Jam, Polydor
  - 16 (24) **TORMATO** ..... Yes, Atlantic
  - 17 (20) **25th ANNIVERSARY ALBUM**  
Shirley Bassey, United Artists
  - 18 (23) **LIVE AND MORE**  
Donna Summer, Casablanca
  - 19 (25) **INNER SECRETS** Santana, CBS
  - 20 (—) **PARALLEL LINES**  
Blondie, Chrysalis
  - 21 (27) **TONIC FOR THE TROOPS**  
Boontown Rats, Ensign
  - 22 (—) **WELL WELL SAID THE ROCKING CHAIR** Dean Friedman, Lifesong
  - 23 (—) **LEO SAYER** ..... Chrysalis
  - 24 (—) **NEVER SAY DIE**  
Black Sabbath, Vertigo
  - 25 (—) **EVERGREEN** Acker Bilk, Warwick
  - 26 (20) **WAVELENGTH**  
Van Morrison, Warner Bros.
  - 27 (11) **SATIN CITY**  
Various Artists, CBS
  - 28 (8) **STAGE** ..... David Bowie, RCA
  - (—) **I'M COMING HOME**  
Tom Jones, Lotus
  - 30 (19) **BLOODY TOURISTS**  
10cc, Mercury
- Two albums tied for 28th position

## U.S. Country

- 1 (1) **SLEEPING SINGLE IN A DOUBLE BED**  
Barbara Mandrell, ABC
- 2 (3) **SWEET DESIRE**  
Kendalls Ovation
- 3 (4) **I JUST WANT TO LOVE YOU**  
Eddie Rabbit, Elektra
- 4 (7) **ON MY KNEES**  
Charlie Rich, Epic
- 5 (5) **LITTLE THINGS** Mean A Lot  
Margo Smith, Warner Bros.
- 6 (2) **CRYIN' AGAIN**  
Oak Ridge Boys, ABC
- 7 (17) **BURGERS AND FRIES** Charley Pride, RCA
- 8 (10) **THAT'S WHAT YOU DO TO ME**  
Charley McClain, Epic
- 9 (11) **SLEEP TIGHT, GOOD NIGHT MAN**  
Bobby Bare, Columbia
- 10 (—) **THE GAMBLER**  
Kenny Rogers, United Artists
- 11 (12) **TWO LONELY PEOPLE**  
Moe Bandy, Columbia
- 12 (13) **HUBBA HUBBA**  
Billy "Crash" Craddock, Capitol
- 13 (14) **FADIN' IN, FADIN' OUT**  
Tommy Overstreet, ABC
- 14 (15) **YOU'VE STILL GOT A PLACE IN MY HEART**  
Con Hunley, Warner Bros.
- 15 (18) **BREAK MY MIND** ..... Vern Gosdin, Elektra
- 16 (6) **AIN'T NO CALIFORNIA** Mel Tillis, MCA
- 17 (19) **FRIEND, LOVER, WIFE**  
Johnny Paycheck, Epic
- 18 (20) **ALL OF ME**  
Willie Nelson, Columbia
- 19 (—) **DON'T YOU THINK THIS OUTLAW BIT'S DONE GOT OUT OF HAND**  
Waylon Jennings, RCA
- 20 (—) **TULSA TIME**  
Don Williams, ABC





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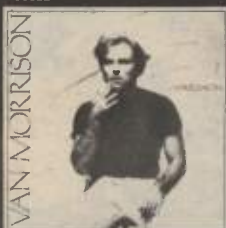
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(A conversation accompanied by sounds of hair of the dog).

"Hello. How you doin'?"

"Ahl Okay, actually. Pissin' on ice, to be frank."

"Saw you at The Venue yesterday, for the MM Pop Poll Awards."

"Yeah?"

"Not bad."

"No. Not a vintage year, though, perhaps. Remember the one at the Savoy, '70 or '71? Fell asleep in the bog afterwards, didn't I? Didn't wake up until it was opening time again. Then I went down the speak and fell asleep on their bog, too."

"Great days."

"Mind you, I saw they carried out three blokes from Advertising yesterday. Sparko."

"It's always a good fig."

"I went down Tramp later and didn't get 'ome till four. Had to drink a pint of water before I got to bed."

"Do you know why Bob Marley didn't get up for his award? I heard this morning."

"No, I saw Don Taylor, his manager, go and pick it up for him."

"That's right. Apparently, he refused to accept it from a man dressed up as a woman. Babylon, y'dig."

"Hal Peter Cook."

"Funny! In that black dress, red socks and glasses!"

"That dress was Janet Street-Porter's. She brought it along for him. They tried to get him a pair of novelty false teeth, too."

"He looked more like her than she did. Sure it wasn't her Marley was objecting to?"

"Know what you mean, ha!"

"I didn't think the pair of 'em presented it as well as when Cook did it with Dudley Moore. Carlton Tower, '76, wasn't it?"

"Yeah, but he was a piss artist then. He's given it up, hasn't he? Jane's the one who's getting the case of champagne."

"WHAT amused me was that Kate Bush talks exactly like she sings."

"Cor, that's really amazing. She brought the house down."

"Yeah. Tasty chick, though. Sort of child-woman, you might say. I wouldn't mind..."

"Nor would Harry Doherty."

"Careful."

"Well, she did give him a blatant name-check. Contributing to her success, ho. He'd just flown in with her from Amsterdam."

"Urry up, 'Arry, your dinner's in the oven!"

"Hal He should've won an award himself, for services to Irish pop music."

"Lynott and Geldof were bustin' with laughter."

"They would. When Jon Anderson went up for his award — best male vocalist? — Geldof shouted out, 'Enjoy it while you can. You won't be here next year.'"

"Meaning that Modest Bob will. That's what the opposition says every year about Yes."

"Course—if they don't sew Geldof's mouth up first. I think the Rats and Thin Lizzy spent the time goosing the fire-eater and trying to put that bloody snake between two slices



Wakeman — just in time



Kate gets street credibility

## Up the Poll



Peel & Pig



Jon Anderson



Chris Squire



Top producer David Hentschell



Fluff with black box



Liggers Lynott, Geldof and Gorham



Marley: despair in-a Babylon



Da Lizzies brazen it out



Genesis: greatest band in Solar System

of bread."

"Good idea that snake-charmer."

"Not as dramatic as Rick Wakeman's entrance, though. He must've been waiting by that door for 'all an hour just to catch the TV cameras."

"I wish his timing was as good onstage."

"That's what his manager said. By the way, I heard that Johnny Rotten was invited but he said that he knew it was just to have his blankety-blank photo taken drinking champagne with Acker Bilk."

"Worra rotter."

"Worra blankety-blank rotter, you mean. He might've come if they'd asked Bill Grundy."

"Mike Oldfield was gonna go until they told him the Miscellaneous Instrument category had been abolished. He would've had to fight Al Clark to receive it, though."

"There, but for the grace of God, goes God."

"At least all the winners turned up."

"Yes and Genesis, yeah. They should be reported to the Monopolies Commission. The punters were nowhere again."

"Well, the punk fans are still learning how to fill in the forms."

"You bloody snob."

"Listen, have you ever seen Spizz Oil?"

"Point taken."

"WHAT I liked was Alan Freeman having a crack at the BBC, calling that producer a wanker."

"He's not at the Beeb anymore, though, is he?"

Pause.

"Anyway, if they voted for Yes they also made the Punk's Friend, John Peel, the top disc-jockey."

"Yeah, I saw him there with The Pig — I wonder if she minds being called that. Do people walk up to her and say, 'hello Pig? How strange.'"

"Talking of that, they were gonna have a roast pig on a spit there. Then Marley heard about it."

"Not de Bob's favourite food. That's worse than a man dressing up as a woman. It's a good job Wayne County won nothing."

"Let alone Barry Humphries. Incidentally, what were those odd little black boxes they gave 'em as prizes?"

"Odd little black boxes. They light up. Last year it was moon rock. The Stranglers probably used theirs as offensive weapons. It'll take everyone a while to figure out what to do with this year's. Perhaps they'll put their stash in 'em."

"And then light up."

"Right. Anyhow, who's round is it?"

"Mm, well, let's wait until someone we know comes in."

"Okay."

"So that's another year gone. Wonder who'll win next year."

"Try Yes and Genesis. Or Led Zepelin."

"Leave it out!"

"As the actress said to the bishop... Ah, look who's here!"

"Hello! I don't mind if I do, thank you..."

—M.D.W.



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R.R.P.



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## THE RAVER

BRITISH fans of the noted American rockabilly artiste, Sleepy La Beef, were agast this week when they discovered that their hero, according to the bureaucratic hacks who control the immigration check-points, does not officially exist. What's this, we hear you ask? Cool heads, mee bravos: all will be revealed.

Janet Midwinter, one of our intrepid Yankee sojourners on the case, explains, can be directly attributed to the unfortunate fact that six-foot, 19-stone Sleepy was never issued with a birth certificate! Ooh,

## Somethin' to La Beef about

la la. And without a birth certificate, Sleepy can wave nada to a passport. Oy vey. Sleepy offered a further insight into his complicated problems at a recent New York concert. Towering over his reporter (Sleepy opps seven feet in his chestnut-trimmed stetson and cowboy

boots) the poor fellow explained that he was born in Somerville, Boston (a likely tale, me lad). A midwife delivered the infant La Beef at home, and a birth certificate was never obtained, and it was only when he was invited by Mervyn Conn to appear at the Wembley International Festival of Country Music in London next April that he realised he could be up to his boot-heels in bother. "I just never travelled overseas before," he stated innocently. "I've been to Mexico and Canada, but I don't need a passport for that." He's since applied for a birth certificate and expects to hear from the authorities before the end of the year. He will be disappointed if he can't make it to London. "I want to be a tourist," he said (we can imagine the earnest tones). "and see Big Ben and Westminster Abbey."

## BRANSON PICKLE

A WACKY night at The Venue last Saturday, when Virgin Records finally laid hold of the band, which featured producer Tim Westwood on vocals. Virgin always used to be a bit of a joke, and the band, which was a bit of a joke, was a bit of a joke. The band, which was a bit of a joke, was a bit of a joke. The band, which was a bit of a joke, was a bit of a joke.

A Dumbass "and Oldfield's own interpretation of "Pretentious". It was rubbish. But then, while a young lad named Bruce Springsteen was suddenly and quite unexpectedly making his name, the band, which was a bit of a joke, was a bit of a joke. The band, which was a bit of a joke, was a bit of a joke. The band, which was a bit of a joke, was a bit of a joke.

## NOTHING LIKE A DANE

WLODEK GULGOWSKI, our good friend and keyboard player with Al Dinkels, has complained about our apparently erroneous description (one in an endless series) of his nationality and his country of residence. Wlod, we foolishly stated, is a Dane based in Holland who works in America and has a Polish name. Now, as we know, Wlod's will quelling attest, he is, in fact, born in Poland, is a Dane in Sweden and lives temporarily in America. We were at least correct in assuming his name to be of Polish derivation.

## Eric: living up to the name

A NOTHER snatch of scurrilous gossip has reached us from the Be Stiff Route 78 Tour (will it never end?) It seems there has been some friction on the train between various warring factions, provoked by the disparate musical tastes of the assembled musicians: in the red corner, we have Wreckless Eric & The Four Rough Men and Mickey Jupp and the Cable Laxen; in the blue corner, the Lovers, Lone Levitch's band, whose tastes are inclined more toward funk 'n' soul; in the green corner, the band, which was a bit of a joke, was a bit of a joke. The band, which was a bit of a joke, was a bit of a joke. The band, which was a bit of a joke, was a bit of a joke.

FRANK PARSONS and John A. Barber, the ageing authors of the book, Looked At Johnny — The Country Of Rock And Roll, were not concerned, it seems, at the time of their lifetime fame by Simon Frith, which we termed in last week's issue. They were, in fact, moved to pen a parting shot to Frith, the author of which is typical of the literary style that has brought them such success. "Simple Simon, they laugh with admirable glee. You are an aged bald fat faggot — Yours sincerely, JB & TP, NME."

Simon Frith replies "I am not bald."

CHRIS SPEDDING, just back from New York where he's recently completed an album with Robert Gordon, turned up at the Music Machine on Friday to "jam" with Snips & The Video Kings. It was the first time El Speddie and Snips have shared a stage since the demise of Sharks (fondly remembered by some and completely forgotten by the rest of us). Phil Lynott and Gary Moore from Thin Lizzy, the part Irish group, and international celebrities Steve Jones and Paul Cook were also in the audience of several.

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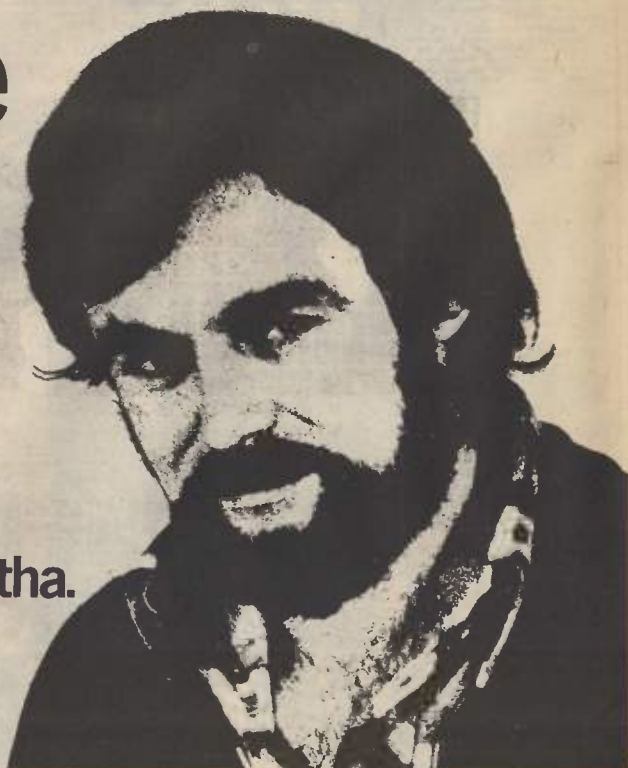
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Digby Richards and his band are  
currently touring Europe with Dolly Parton.





# THE HAWKLOIDS

"One of the main reasons why Hawkwind are still going strong these days is because the current scene has caught up with them." — Michael Moorcock.

"Akron is very middle class America. Most people there have never heard of Devo." — Rachel Sweet.

THIS article was not originally conceived as an apology for Hawkwind (or the Hawklords as they're now styled). However, David Blake's review of their HammerSmith show, carried in Melody Maker a couple of weeks back, forced a modification of approach, because it seemed to crystallize many of the prejudices and misconceptions that the media have about the band.

Although not a long-standing admirer of their music, especially in the days of the ear-blasting Sci-Fi rock, I have always felt that their concepts and ideals are more than worthy of support, especially since the release of "Quark, Strangeness, And Charm" last year. I point this out merely to show that this isn't a devoted fan mouthing off about their total cosmic awareness, but someone who is infuriated by blind put-downs of a very original and deeply thought-out concept.

Let's examine the two main slugging-off points of the review. Firstly, the tired old cliché of 'faded hippies' was thrown, not only at the band, but also at the audience — which was depicted as a bunch of drug-smashed drunken, unwashed louts. That was compounded by the accusation of ripping-off Devo's use of industrial themes and dramatic movements.

What the reviewer failed to notice was the fact that the audience went absolutely bananas and gave the band the kind of reception that hasn't been seen at HammerSmith for many a gig.

When I spoke to Bob Calvert and Dave Brock I was able to raise the points made in the review, and to take a more objective view. I also talked to writer Michael Moorcock who has had a close association with the band since their inception.

The Devo connection is not a totally unfair point to make, in view of Calvert's involvement with the industrial concepts that loom so large in the present stage set, but even on a very basic level that could be

## Q: Are we not hippies? A: We are not Devo, either

discounted by parallels of thought: it is not impossible for two people to have the same ideas independently. More telling is the fact that Hawkwind have been involved with industrialisation and technology for far longer than Devo have been wearing surgical masks, etc.

Without wishing to answer Blake on his own level, it should still be pointed out that back in 1973-74 one of Hawkwind's biggest strongholds in America was the area around Akron, and the band played there six or seven times during that period. Chicken or egg?

The "metaphysical factory" theme of the current album, and the stage settings, are merely an extension of the early space celebrations that Hawkwind were involved in during their middle period, a joyful awareness of the machine age glorified in their classic "Silver Machine" single, and which is self-evident in their use of industrial overtones on numbers like "Forge of Vulcan" on the "Quark" album.

To ease out a few more comparisons, there is an overtly Germanic note to the Hawkwind/Hawklords history, moving from an almost Wagnerian approach in the "Space Ritual" to a Metropolis scenario for the current show. That German connection could also be applied to the cold starkness of Devo, yet it's more than likely that the sources differ.

Calvert points out that "a lot of German bands like Neu and Kraftwerk have been influenced by early Hawkwind lyrics. Dave Brock, in fact, wrote the sleeve notes for Neu's first album." It's interesting to see that Buzzcock Pete Shelley continues a tradition by adding his observations to the recent Can double-reissue. Actually, the coldness of the industrial/factory approach owes far more to Bertold Brecht than it does to the Akronites.

Bob Calvert: "I was inspired by Brecht's 'sprechstang' — speech-song — which gives a very Germanic feel to our machine-gun lyrics."

Brecht is very much a city writer, and one can hear the influences showing through in the music, just as they acknowledged a debt to Heise on "Steppenwolf", from the "Amazing Sounds" album. "A lot of people who live in cities are influenced by what

goes on within them, but we're actually influenced by the cities themselves."

Next, there's the point about the use of movement. Calvert again is bitter about that.

"Last year one of the papers, I think it may have been Melody Maker, said that if one got bored with the music, you can always watch Bob Calvert's inimitable movements."

Now it seems that those movements are being interpreted with a curious use of hindsight. Certainly there are influences in the use of movement and dance, one of the most important in both Calvert's own movements and the choreography of the dancers being that of the Japanese Noh theatre, which Calvert readily admits.

"I go to fringe theatre quite a lot, more than to rock concerts. I don't listen to albums much, either; I try to keep my musical influences pure both consciously and sub-consciously."

THE venomous backlash against the whole concept of 'hippleddom' and the ideals it embraced is hard to understand. As Brinsley Schwarz sang, "What's So Funny 'Bout Peace Love And Understanding?" Surely certain ideals are not outmoded, even if the exterior fashions may be.

In many ways, the punk explosion owes a lot to the same awareness that prompted the initial hippie movement, and if Shakespeare's own "If The Kites Are United", isn't a '78 version of "Woodstock", what is it?

Nor does the audience composition bear out the image of 30-year-old long-haired drug fiends: a vast proportion of the crowd at the Hawklords' Birmingham gig were in the 14-19 bracket, and they have as much to do with Scott McKenzie and Donovan as do Sinusiae and the Banishes.

Michael Moorcock has been involved with the band since he was dragged along to see a very early gig. He has written for them and worked with them on stage.

His own books have always tended to pre-date the times, especially the Jerry Cornelius sequence, and they deal with technology and the city in the same fashion as Hawkwind. He is firmly convinced of the continued

relevance of the band.

"One of the reasons why Hawkwind are still going strong is because the current scene has caught up with them. One of the reasons I conceived the Cornelius books was to try and make technology ordinary — that's what I liked about watching Dick Mik and Del Delmar in the early days. That's why I liked Hawkwind, because they weren't anti-technology, they celebrated it — unlike a lot of science fiction writers and performers."

"When I first saw them, they seemed like barbarians who'd got hold of a load of electrical gear: instead of being self-conscious and pseudo-intellectual, they were actually of the electronic age. They weren't impressed by their own gear."

This was at the height of the swinging, Swiles and popular culture was attaining a level of excellence it had only ever hinted at before. It was becoming concerned with real things. It gave the lie to the whole Richard Hoggart thesis, in Uses of Literacy, that you can't be good and popular."

"You had a sudden sense of renaissance in genuine popular art, and you could actually make a living at it, and you were working in areas where people weren't looking over your shoulder all the time."

"I think that's what's gone wrong with rock 'n' roll now: there's far too much attention paid to it, too much criticism. It explains the whole punk movement, shifting away from areas where standards were being applied, as a reaction. It celebrates the city too, as does Hawkwind. I think nearly all their best stuff has been concerned with the city and technology."

Bob Calvert warns to the suggestion that the band are completely of their time, yet is reluctant to see them as prophets. I suggested that in a lot of respects they were a teleprint band.

"Yes, it is like that, I think we're probably more influenced by the news than anything else. At one time we were actually talking about having a point in the set where we could perform a spontaneous item directly influenced by a major news event."

"In '25 Years', which is about the small man, the average person's plight, there's a point where I read what's in the Daily Mirror on the day we're doing it. That's teleprint music, and

what's very interesting is that we often pre-date events. 'Urban Guerilla' was released just before the concerted IRA attacks on London and it's still relevant today. One does wonder about how much psychic influence is at work."

"Henry Miller used to think of the artist as an antenna. It's the same with 'Psi-Power' — these things are emerging now as more than just 'hippie' mystic concerns. It's fact, I'm not saying that we're prophets or anything."

"I felt that the early band was expressing what was going on, with the whole space programme and the concern with communication and industry. That's what people living now should be concerned about. It's no good coming on with a show about a revolutionary in the Peruvian Mountains."

"In spite of the New Wave, people are still singing about problems with their girlfriends. That's not enough. William Burroughs was right when he said that if man is going to become a space-age creature, he has to drop a lot of ties. The punk thing didn't do enough. Literature and other forms of art have abandoned those restricting and limited fields of vision."

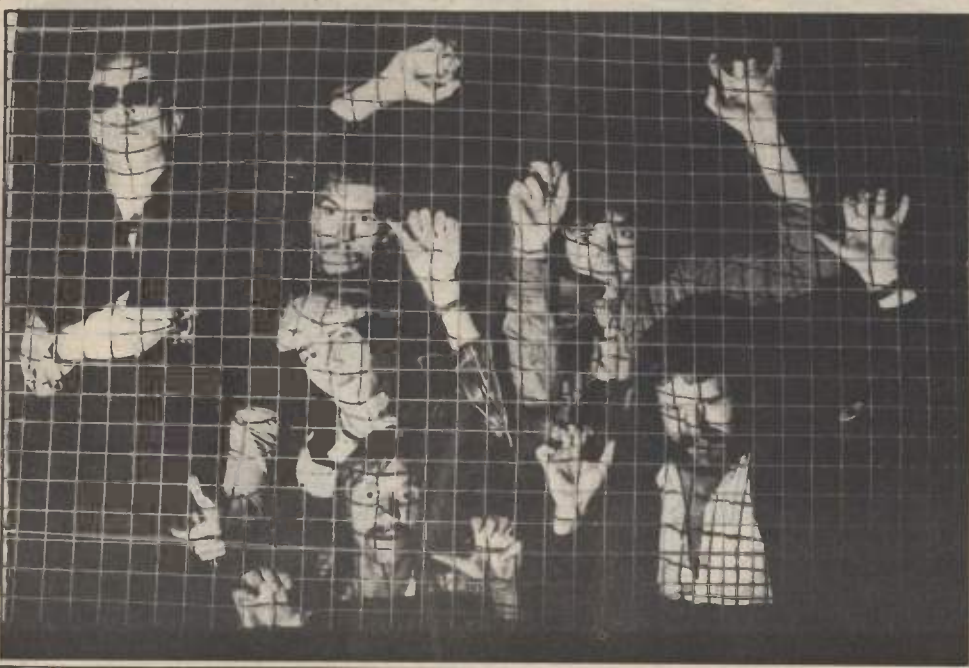
"I want to do a piece of music that reflects schizophrenic mania, rather like the Velvet Underground's 'Murder Mystery'. Modern writers use their materials in a far more adventurous way than modern musicians do. I think what we're trying to do is a form of modern art, rather than providing a cosmetic effect. We're trying to make music that actually reflects the way we feel about the world."

The material in the current set, drawn from early works as well as the present album and the as-yet-unreleased "PXR5", shows their concern with the present day rather than with the uncertain future: as Moorcock says, "the future is such an obscene idea". Listen to "25 Years", "The Age of the Micro-Man" (who "sees the detail but never the plan"), "Automaton" or the haunting "The Dead Dreams of the Cold War Kid", all from the current album, or — long-established stage numbers like "Robot" and "Rise-Rise Living" for proof of their commitment.

The success of their concerts clearly indicates that the Hawklords could well survive without another word being written about them — as Kid Strange said "those who know, know" — but perhaps the observations of Calvert and Moorcock have cleared away a few misconceptions and unclouded a few prejudices.

The Hawklords aren't a bunch of crazed anachronisms: sure they have influences, but at least let's recognise those influences for what they are and not place the burden of the media's current pet concept on musicians who've been developing their ideas over several years, and who have probably given more to the New Music than they've taken from it.

### Robert Calvert and Michael Moorcock talk to MIKE DAVIES





# THE CAST

**Herbie Hancock**  
HANCOCK is 38 years old. He is, if you judge such matters in terms of huge record sales, a pop star. He's been one since 1973, the year in which his "Headhunters" album sold 750,000 copies, a figure approximately ten times greater than that achieved by its immediate predecessor. He brought about this commercial transformation by wholeheartedly embracing the jazz/funk ethic and, in the process, caused much dismay to those critics who had previously rejoiced in his Sixties work with Miles Davis and his own post-Davis bands — and who had, despite his ever increasing use of synthesizers, hailed him as a pure jazz genius.

Hancock is still, five years on, primarily a jazz/funk practitioner, his output still generally raises two fingers at the "sell-out" chorus. He may have engaged in a temporary acoustic piano alliance with Chick Corea (two double albums commemorating their concert are due for release next year); he may have recalled virtually his entire career (with the personnel to match) at the 1976 Newport Festival and subsequently released the "V.S.O.P." record of the event; he may have gone on to tour the U.S. with Davis's late-Sixties quintet — essentially Miles Davis's late-Sixties quintet comprising Hancock, Freddie Hubbard, Wayne Shorter, Ron Carter and Tony Williams — and again, followed up with a live album (a second "V.S.O.P.") but he nevertheless remains above all a jazz/funkster, a fusionist, a cross-over.

He even sings on his current album "Sunlight", courtesy of the Semtex Vocoder, a synthesizer that follows the articulation of human speech to be encoded on the tonality of a musical instrument. He has scored an authentic hit pop single doing so, "I Thought It Was You". He will again employ the Vocoder on his next album, along with human voices.

His latest band is made up of three of the "Headhunters" complement — Paul Jackson, Bill Summers and Bennie Maupin — plus Alphonse Mouzon and two relatively new names, guitarist Ray Obiedo and keyboardman Webster Lewis. He will be bringing this line-up to Britain in the New Year.

The interviewer: I saw Ornette Coleman's set at Bracknell this year. I ended up with a headache. I saw David Murray too. I found that experience like watching a French comedian when you don't speak French. I sometimes listen to Charlie Parker but it usually takes a dip into Bird Lives to prompt me to fish him out from between "Parliament Live" and "360 Degrees Of Billy Paul". I once played a whole side of a Horace Silver album at 45 r.p.m. and didn't notice. I believe in the idea of and much of the reality of jazz fusion. I've come to regard "I Thought It Was You" as an exceptionally charming record.

## A publicist

## A tailor

## THE SET

The New Bond Street office of Hancock's Britain publicist, Hancock is sitting on a settee, drinking tea and looking as dapper as everybody always describes him. The publicist tells me, maybe seriously, maybe not, that the chief purpose of Hancock's trip to Britain is to have fittings with his tailor.

## THE DIALOGUE

Herbie, do you consider jazz/funk a worthwhile label?

I don't like labels too much but they're a necessary convenience. I use that label, or jazz/funk or fusion... I can usually get my point across using all those labels.

How do you personally define the music that comes under those labels?

Well, for the most part, there's some improvisation involved but it's not that clear-cut because there's im-

# Hancock's Half Hour

In which Herbie Hancock flies to London to meet his tailor. Script: BOB GALLAGHER

provision in a lot of music today that's non-jazz. For example, Earth Wind and Fire have saxophone solos and things, guitar solos. I think perhaps at this point the personalities themselves form the definition because they were pretty much the top jazz people that really started the jazz fusion area... Donald Byrd, Chick Weather Report.

At one time you said, "I want to play straight funk."

Yeah, it's hard to do, real hard. Maybe it's not straight related to what I would call jazz was "Do It" from "Secrets". "Sunlight", least part of it, fulfills that category. I think that the pop statement that there is real pop. There's a lot of jazz in there. I intentionally put a blend of elements on the album.

Who was the biggest influence on your crossing over in the first place?

So it was the music you listened to rather than the people you played with?

Right. Sly was the one who did it, it wasn't anybody in jazz.

You never talked to Miles Davis about it?

No. Miles listens to a lot of different types of music and so do I. He'd listen to Manitas de Plata, then Ravel, then Hendrix, anybody. I liked that broad taste in music.

It's been said that Michael Henderson, originally an R&B bassist, helped Miles in the process of making fusion music. Who filled that role with you?

Actually what I did was to hire people that had some experience of jazz but been involved with funk or pop records.

You once said that many jazz musicians think they can play funk but when it comes to it...

...they're kind of ignorant about it. Not so much now as when I made that statement, it was really true then. Now I think they've found out there's a lot more music and a slightly different standard of judging it.

I hired Paul Jackson. Somebody what I did was to hire people that had some experience of jazz but been involved with funk or pop records.

You once said that many jazz musicians think they can play funk but when it comes to it...

Can you put the making of "Headhunters" into a couple of words? Personal, artistic, financial?

Financial, since you mention the word. It was the biggest record I ever had and a record that sells a lot, brings in a lot of money.

But prior to making it?

Prior to making it? How? How were you off financially? Did you say to yourself, "I needed a big-selling record?"

Oh, to make money from the album. No, I was doing fine, I had the same things I have now. I had a house, then, I had my cars, the only car I've bought since is a small Volkswagen. I've bought more instruments. So, I didn't do it for financial reasons. I didn't need to. It's true that I couldn't support the band I had prior to "Headhunters". I had been pouring money in from other sources and I could never get it to be self-sustaining. But I can do a lot of things to make a living.

"Headhunters" had to do with, on the one hand, artistic reasons. I felt that that area of music was certainly a viable, valuable area that I knew something about, but not as much as I wanted to. It was an art that appealed to me as far as my own ears and tastes were concerned, and for visceral reasons because it's earthy and that's part of what I am. It was intriguing and interesting and something I felt I could learn a lot from. I thought I could learn things I might not have learned so easily in the direction of music that was in the same time, I felt that if somehow I was able to make the music that would catch on, that people would like, then could appeal to more than just the jazz audience, of reaching those people that had no way of hearing jazz or even realizing that jazz musicians have the capacity to play many types of music.

To pursue that point: what about your statement that one day you finally decided you weren't going to write the "Great American Masterpiece", that you couldn't become as great as Parker and the rest and that you

may as well make music to make people happy?

Yeah, I mean, if I happen to write something that's great, that's fine. But for me to go seek that seems on one hand, almost like a false goal and an arrogant one at that. I stopped trying to look for the Lost Chord, so to speak. I stopped trying to beat my head against a door, trying to pull out something that was so difficult for me to pull out. I just wanted to make something that was a lot simpler, easier to listen to, something that would present less problems to the listener but at the same time be interesting to listen to... and fun to play.

I realized that if I could make some music that the general audience could like, it could break down some barriers. Perhaps it could be a stepping stone to get into more traditional jazz... and it turned out that way and I was happy.

Do you think that jazz funk is an area where there exist many openings for humanitarianism?

There can be, but usually there's an awakening where the men are separated from the boys and the women from the public. They usually know what's good and what's bad in the long run. I do believe in people and, when it boils down, we all have pretty good taste. We've been extremely influenced by advertising, but I think somebody's picture all the time, seeing them on TV — I think that's a reflection of, of course, hearing their records all the time.

Did losing the regard of jazz's critical Establishment bother you?

No. They get their records free anyway.

What about the reactions of your peers?

No problem. I hear a few statements once in a while, I read a few negative things that Woody Shaw and Dexter Gordon said. About the jazz/rock position, but they're still friends of mine. That's their opinion, that's fine. I know there's a lot of musicians that would hear me play something more related to what I played in the Sixties and they'd put down what I'm doing now, they like this, too.

A lot of people were surprised when you returned to acoustic piano with Chick Corea.

I never really left it. I've used this analogy before: one can accumulate a wardrobe of clothes of different styles. One day, you might want to wear a suit, the next day something more casual and the next day something more... You might want to wear sporty things for a couple of weeks. Nobody pays that much attention to a person changing his clothes like that. I don't think they should pay that much attention to a person changing his clothes like that. I don't think they should pay that much attention to a person changing his clothes like that. I don't think they should pay that much attention to a person changing his clothes like that.

It would be like to happen is to make good music all the time, it doesn't matter if it's in different areas, just as long as it's good. If people like the music I do then it won't matter if it's jazz or if it's funk, if it's this or it's that. The unsympathetic critic would say you're already reaching the people and, in doing so, made a lot of money.

At this point, enter the tailor, maybe "Edward Sexton of Matters of Style, Bow Ltd." maybe not. He's carrying a pair of trousers for Hancock to try on. It's agreed that he'll hang on until Hancock has dealt with this final point.

That statement is not a claim. You think it's a criticism?

No, but the implication behind it...

Oh yeah, the implication that I'm doing it for the money and that all the other stuff is bullshit. That's their problem. If they don't believe me and trust me, that's their problem.

I know why I'm doing this and I'm telling them. If they don't believe me, they're stuck with the problem. If they ask me and I tell them and they don't believe it, I don't have to do anything about it. They asked me and gave them my honest feeling about it. (Hancock rises in preparation for his fitting. He catches sight of my copy of "Sunlight".)

There's some good jazz there, man. I played a couple of good solos.

HERBIE HANCOCK (Pic: DENNIS MORRIS)



".....UNDOUBTEDLY HIS BEST YET"

HUGH FIELDER - SOUNDS

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# Singles

REVIEWED BY



IAN BIRCH



## There are Four Singles Of The Week (phew)



### Pick and choose

● **JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS:** "Buzz Buzz Buzz" (Beserkley BZZ 25). "You are buzz, buzz, buzz got the honey, bee/and twiddle twiddle/ gives the bird that the sound of your little voice darling/ that's the sweetest sound I've ever heard!" ... aaargh. Richman has gone beyond the pule. When he stopped being the Velvet's greatest fan, after the first album, his appeal lay in the genial ambiguity of his intentions. Was he really that naive or was he just a master of power-faced humor? Now he sounds like a flabby parody of his poofy kindergarten antics. This isn't funny: it's downright embarrassing.

● **CHARLES JACKSON:** "Tonight's The Night (It's Gonna Be Alright)" (Capitol CL 10818)/"JUICE NEWTON: "Hey Baby" (Capitol CL 16022). Two depressing cover versions, both aimed at executive suite easy listening. Jackson selects one of Rod Stewart's most insultingly satisfied songs and sounds faintly like Garland Jeffreys. Newton selects the old Bruce Channel number and sounds like Linda Ronstadt. Save us.

**SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY AND THE ASBURY JUKES:** "I Played The Fool" (Epic S EPC 6828). The kind of record that Willy DeVille aches to make. Written by Steve "Miami" Van Zandt, the Southsiders deliver a near perfect example of opulent soul-strutting-street-music, the ideal counterpart to a movie like Mean Streets. You can just see the slick aggression of the big band as they sweat in their white suits before a Mafia-riddled audience that wears its wealth like

a clumsy digital watch. It's where the tough try to cover up their weaknesses with heavy-duty flash. "Fool" follows the pattern exactly: dominant bass and wonderfully chunky drumming, a spotlight sax solo, double-tracked vocals (it helps hide those blemishes), and syncopated Anglo-American horn section. Our Ed says it would go down a storm in Wigan Casino and he's right.

**BUZZCOCKS:** "Promises" (UA UP 36471). As

Magazine spiral off into glittering multi-textured European music, Buzzcocks further refine their pure pop formula. A beautifully crisp indie leads into a steady rhythm drive, a breezy drum thrash, an intoxicatingly simple riff, distant oh-oh harmonies and Pete Shelley's ingeniously wide-eyed words. There's nothing new but the standard is as high as ever.

**THE SMIRKS:** "Rosemary" (Beserkley BZZ 23). Another great pop record, it has a rowdy inventiveness and disrespectful sparkle that is finally missing in the contenders from the Yachts and the Rezillos. Not only will it get those Doc Martens moving, but it also pokes fun at all

sorts of pop clichés, undercutting and revitalising them at the same time. A smart one, fellas.

**CHRISTINA:** "Disco Clone" (Ze Records WIP 6466). What would you expect from a former theatre critic for the Village Voice? Artfully dumb disco? You would be right. The whole idiom is translated into a strip cartoon and the result is plum wonderful. Against frantically scraping strings, an (uncredited) wide-boy who sounds like a cross between a spivvy executive and a narrator on those Fifties ghoul singles trades sentences with Christina, who is a hybrid of Marilyn Monroe and Lynsey de Paul. Daft, danceable and, uh, desirable

is PURE tack.

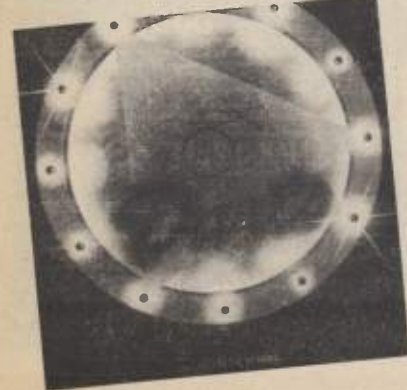
● **IAN MATTHEWS:** "King Of The Night" (Rockburgh Records ROCKS 208). If he weren't so well meaning, I'd be horribly vituperative. Soft, slinky, Habitat furniture. Let that suffice.

● **THE DODGERS:** "Anytime" (Polydor 2059 074)/"THE D.P.'s": "Television Romeo" (Barn 2014 125). Dull, dated and middle-lane pop. The Dodgers are still locked into Badfinger, enunciating perfectly but with no energy. The DPs aren't so much despicable as pathetic. When their peroxide punk phase didn't (clear) gel, they abbreviated their name and seem to be aiming at the market that the Motors created.

● **ROY WOOD:** "Keep Your Hands On The Wheel (Said Marie To The Driver)" (Warners K 17248). Well, he's still alive but not a whole lot else. It's a tired, depleted performance that feeds on the Wizzard hallmarks like rasping sax and fatismal percussion. The old is re-aligned and just looks older. A shame.

● **AVIATOR:** "Lay Down Your Weary Tune" (Harvest HAR 5171). Utterly depressing. Aviator marks the millionth time around for four of the hoariest liars in rock 'n' roll: Mick Rogers (ex-Manfred Mann's Earthband), John Perry (ex-Gringo, ex-Caravan, ex-Quantum Jump), Clive Bunker (ex-Jethro Tull, ex-Robin Trower, ex-Bodwyn Pig) and Jack Lancaster (countless session, ex—)

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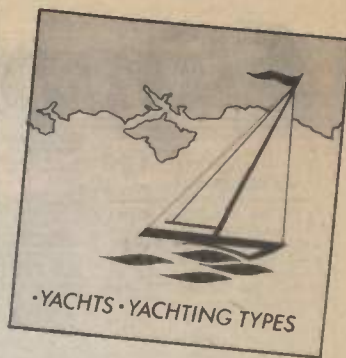
Blodwyn Pig too). They turn the Dylan song into an exceptionally pleasant experience.

● **CRY: "Sympathy"** (Virgin VS 234) Cry is in fact one bloke, the 32-year-old blind Mancunian called Tony Scott. The picture cover, by the way, is of an eye—draw your own conclusions. Tony reactivates the Rare Bird chestnut and doesn't add very much. Polite, genuine and carefully structured (with lots of synthesizer flourishes).

● **ALICE COOPER: "How Sou Gonna See Me Now"** (Warners K 17270). It's hard to believe that he once chewed off babies' heads. The golfing Alice has discovered a new soul brother in Bernie Taupin, and together with long-standing chum Dick Wagner they have come up with a truly nasty slab of sensitive melodrama. Not only does Taupin write awful lyrics (I bet his favorite line is *Strangers On A Train*), but he also exerts a powerful influence over his co-workers. This could easily be an Elton John out-take.

● **AC/DC: "Whole Lotta Rosie"** (Atlantic K 11007). Either you take the view that this running sore is the real music of the people (it's raw, it's direct, it's completely unpretentious) or you take the view that it squats in a corner, blocks all progress and reinforces some of the worst aspects of rock 'n' roll. I side with the latter.

● **CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR: "I'm Gonna Love You Forever"** (Mercury 6168 893) / **LEON HAYWOOD: "Party"** (full length US disco mix) (MCA 390). In Cleveland, Ohio, they have a nightly disco show called *Weekday Fever* which is a regional version of the celebrated *Soul Train*. Disco screams through the studio and the camera pans around



the passersbying audience. These two singles would fit that upmarket bill perfectly. Crown Heights soars along on some lovely high-pitched harmonies, a tumbling piano and an irresistible du-du-du-du-du chorus. In comparison, Haywood drags his feet as he beats on endlessly about getting on down, y'all.



● **THE JOHNNY RONDO TRIO: "Las Bicietas"** (Chiltern Sound Records Rondo 1). In which Lal Coxhill, Chris Wood and Dave Holland come up with a horribly twee instrumental soundtrack for an early silent movie.

● **SEAN WRIGHT: "Strange Situation"/"Silent Dreams"** (Ellie Jay Records EJSP 8824). Thin songs beefed up by a hard rock treatment and a little effect. "Dreams" inclines to the melodic shading while "Situation" rests on quasi-bare chested heavy metal. I don't think so...

● **SOME CHICKEN: "Arabian Daze"** (Raw 17)/**LOCKJAW: "Journalist Jive!"** (Raw 19)/**EYES: "Once In A Lifetime"** (Raw 29). Lee Wood's Cambridge-based indie prepares a '78 assault but, like the year, the product wobbles on its last legs. Some Chicken offer a juddering lumpen, DIY thump that speeds up



pointlessly all the end. Still, there's some endearingly tacky phasing that crosses gargeland with Sixties clubland. Despite their name, Lockjaw manage to flow more convincingly but it's still the same old hard pop bluster with fatty guitar, buried vocals and little else. Eyes go for a slightly more adventurous structure and slightly sharper production but excess garbage clogs the scant ideas.

● **TIENS COUTER: "Honey Bee"** (Big Bear Records BB18). Apparently Belgium's

answer to John Olway. It starts promisingly with daft words and a rough Brooklyn-meets-Belgium delivery against sprightly guitar. A Fifties pastiche along the lines of the Phantom Of The Paradise movie? No, as it turns out. A stupid yodelling chorus and sluggish momentum take over. Pity.



● **THE DOGS: "Slash Your Face"/"Fed Up"/"Are You A Boy Or Are You A Girl"** (Detroit Records DR 001 US import). They've drunk long and deep on all the attitudes and noises today's rebels should make—the song titles tell it all. Recorded live, it's an endless, heavy-handed, totally derivative, migraine whine with mangled guitar pyrotechnics thrown in for good measure.

● **THE STOPOUTS: "Strange Thoughts"/"Just For You And Me"** (Skeleton Records SKL 001). A Liverpool-based trio who include an ex-

member of Nasty Pop, Steve Grace. Pretty traditional and sparse melodic pop that doesn't have any distinguishing features to separate it from the neighbours.

● **THE ADVERTS: "Television's Over"** (RCA PB 5128). After countless listens, what



emerges most strongly is a feeling of listless sadness. The muffled shuffle and lost words (like "now we have no guiding light" or "now I feel no hunger") conjure up a requiem. For what, though? Punk? The Adverts? Tim Smith himself, who wrote the song as usual? I don't know. They still desperately need a producer who will take them by the proverbial scruff of the neck. Tom Newman does NOT fit that bill.

● **GRAHAM McLEOD: "That's Alright"** (Plastic Fantastic PF 010). A solid enough re-working of the Arthur Crudup classic. McLeod's voice approaches a photocopy of early Elvis. Nowadays, more is required.

● **TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS: "Wanna See Your Telephone Bill"/"Pioneering"** (Weekend Records DJS 10685). Lying somewhere between the Bowles Brothers and Pentangle (consult your A-Z of rock), the Operators put "adult" lyrics to an eclectic and lightweight mishmash of folk, swing and Tiffany lamp jazz. Sophisticated changes, a mountain stream lady vocalist and doubtless huge fun for the mature person.

● **UK SUBS: "C.I.D."** (City NIKS). The Subs didn't send

us a copy of the single so we naturally went out and bought one. The grapevine has it that they reckoned we'd either ignore the 45 or automatically slag it off. All I can say is that you're completely mistaken, boys. However, the Subs are part of the newest batch of grass-roots punk and roll bands and play like a more spacious Damned. I can't say I'm especially impressed but the dangers will certainly remain abated.

● **NEIL YOUNG: "Four Strong Winds"** (Reprise K14493). The obvious single on "Comes A Time", it's a veteran folk club number written by Ian Tyson Young (one of the few remaining GREAT figures) treats it with relaxed respect, the lyric being ideally suited to his view of the emotional, athen, macro-structure. Contained yet moving, simple yet full of resonances. I like him.

● **THE RECORDS: "Starry Eyes"** (The Record Company NB2). The debut from Will Birch's new band (absolutely no relation), it's a direct descendant of those Byrds-drenched items on Lenny Kaye's "Nuggets" compilation. The energetic pop structure belies some neatly expressed vitriol which, so rumour has it, is aimed fair and square at a former Kersall Flyer manager (whence the band sprang). It's good though they could have done with mizung up John Wicks' vocals. A fine cocktail mayhem cover to boot.

● **FUNKADELIC: "One Nation Under A Groove Part 1"** (Warners K 17246). The triangle of Parliament, Funkadelic and Bootsy's Rubber Band is completely unique... and completely addictive. The title track from the new album, Funkadelic weave in and out of one another with amazingly controlled ease. Once again it's a mixture of outrageous humour, glorious flash, supreme musicianship and irresistible sensuality. And anyway how could you resist such a ridiculous title?

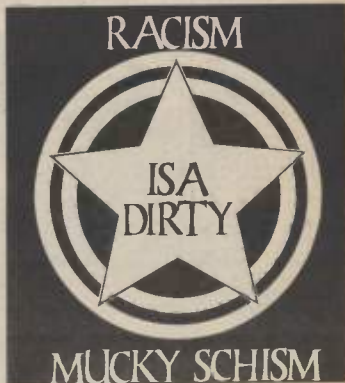
## INTRODUCING A GUITARIST YOU'RE GONNA HEAR A LOT MORE OF.



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# MARLEY: A LOST LEADER?



BOB MARLEY (Drawing: TONY RIOT)

**BOB MARLEY & THE WALLERS: "Babylon By Bus" (Island ILN 11, 2 LPs).**

**T**HE best record Bob Marley ever made was the live single version of "No Woman, No Cry." The reasons for its success were complex, but its chorus was simple: "Everything's gonna be all right!"

"All right" is the most important lyrical concept in rock. It was the key-word of the hippie Sixties. It summed up laid-back tolerance ("that's all right, man") and nodding self-satisfaction ("I don't care because I'm all right," were Randy Newman's words, "I'm all right because I don't care."

Marley's "all right" reflected hedonism and apathy—gangs is dope, after all—but it made other references, too. "No Woman, No Cry" was a religious song. The I-Threes gave the chorus a gospel meaning: everything's gonna be all right, trust in the Lord. And No Woman, No Cry was a political song. There was a government yard in Trenchtown, and Marley sang with the tender determination of a new recruit: don't take it, we'll fight; don't despair, we'll win; pessimism of the intellect, optimism of the will.

Finally, "No Woman, No Cry" was a record from those wonderful 1975 concerts when sharp black mingled with nervous white and police prowled and people kept patting their pockets and tension built until the Wallers played and we forgot. And now that moment was a pop song on Radio One, and suddenly "No Woman, No Cry" sounded like a love song, its promises made by the guitar solo fading away into the deejays' matter.

On the "Live" album, the promises

were really met. The guitar solo turned out to be a tedious exercise in rock convention, and it was obvious, despite the live exhilaration, that no one person could resolve all the contradictions that were being heaped on Marley's head.

His subsequent records have marked various sorts of retreat or compromise. "Rastaman Vibration" was black consciousness but for white audiences, an uneasy idea, and "Exodus," overrated, mouthed black clichés for white folks, the album's grace undercut by its vacuity. "Kaya" made more sense, Marley's Rasta slogans got a less portentous setting. "Kaya" was a soul record, with Smokey Robinson's or Al Green's sensuality. Rock critics called it bland, but it was the sort of love music that white rockers can rarely make without becoming self-pitying. "Is This Love" has been this year's most hypnotic hit.

"Babylon By Bus" is a double live album and much more of a retreat from greatness than "Kaya." Like most live albums (and all doubles) it reflects record company concerns more than musical ideas. It emphasizes Island's dependence on Bob Marley as their only potential world superstar.

The Island-Marley relationship is ironic, and not a simple matter of roots versus commerce. When the company started its Wallers strategy, in 1973, it was the group they were selling. Reggae was marketed as a sort of extra-funky soul—remember the Johnny Nash connection. It was "the third 'Natty Dread,'" which put Marley out front as a commodity, and it was "Natty Dread" which began to ram home the Rasta message. Marley the World Superstar has always been sold as Marley the Rastaman.

Four of the songs on "Babylon By Bus" are from the Wallers' first Island LP, "Catch A Fire." Otherwise there are two from "Natty Dread," three each from "Rastaman Vibration" and "Exodus," and "Kaya," and a single, "Punky Reggae Party." Only "Lively Up Yourself" is

ceptively simple riffs, often reminiscent of reggae in their jaunty lift, and they're done just justice by the band and the production.

X-Ray, Spex are a superior noise machine; Styrene's often shrill vocals are matched by the fine (in context) sax playing of Rudy with support from Ted Bunton. The choice of the cheap cassette which is playing this (the Tranny) test, the vocal and the sax have the same property: an abrasive creble. The top is mostly work in context, while on the more recent songs she starts to sing more, her voice relaxing to express emotion and compassion that was hard to detect in her more one-dimensional screeches.

There's only one track that she actively annoys: the otherwise amazing "My Mind Is Like A Plastic Bag" is burdened by a cumbersome straggled-out, nostalgic lyrics

been criticised: here the shrill vocals, on the earlier cuts mostly work in context, while on the more recent songs she starts to sing more, her voice relaxing to express emotion and compassion that was hard to detect in her more one-dimensional screeches.

her targets well—media and advertising conditioning and their effects, exploitation and, drawing in the synthetic, she hits them spot on. In "I Live Off You" she marks the vicious circle that grabs us all: "The cat ate the rat/While the pimp beat the whore/And she just screams/Far more and more: we've gotta be exploited: see we gotta be exploited: see we gotta be exploited by somebody." Or her comment on "Girl's Room Stuff": "When I put

on my make up/A pretty little mask not me/That's the way it's gotta be/in a consumer society." And it works! The album's most moving song, "Warrior In Woolworths" is direct from her and your experience, if you keep her eyes open. "Warrior In Woolworths/His roots are in today/Doesn't know history/He's through the way away" and "Warrior In Woolworths/Dips on Friday nights/Youths meet, their well tube/Weapons rule their

lives." In the accuracy of the lyrics, and the pertinence of the targets at which they're so successfully aimed, they add to up a sharp critique, all the more telling because coated in sugar.

But then, you just wanna be instamatic. OK — I like this album a lot. I hum the tunes. It's made me laugh out loud, and think a little. It's only rarely annoying. I don't know how long it'll last, but that's not really the point now, is it? Consumer wise, it's an attractive package (if calculatedly so), but then we all gotta be exploited... — JON SAVAGE.

## FINISHED TOUCH: "Need To Know You Better" (Motown 12095).

**I** SUPPOSE the Motown folk out in the West Coast must know what they mean by this release, but I'm damned if I do. You won't have heard of "Finished Touch" before but they're not what you'd call a new group: in fact, all they're not what you'd call a group. I'll explain.

"Need To Know You Better" contains ten tracks: eight songs and two instrumentals. Production on those ten tracks have been spread among five units familiar to Motown watchers: Kenny Wright, Larry Brown & Terri McFadden, Michael McClorey, Harold Johnson and Brenda and Michael Sutton. The songwriting credits are similarly distributed, and all those involved except McClorey and Terri McFadden get to sing lead on various tracks. Fudging matters further is the presence of no less than 21 musicians in the basic session rhythm section.

This is a group? The whole project came about, say Motown, when a couple of the company's big wigs considered songs submitted by these writers to be potential hits and decided to go ahead and record. The writer-performers themselves rather than wait for availability, previously committed Motown artists? No comment.

"Need To Know Better" is a decidedly unfocused collection, leaning towards the unlikely mediocre. If well arranged disco but also well-derived funk and a mildly relaxed guitar jam. Most of the songs are fine without it—BOB GALLAGHER.

## X-RAY SPEX: "Germfree Adolescents" (EMI Inters 3023).

**I** WANNA BE A FROZEN PEANUT. Don't Poly Styrene finally make it? Will she really dehydrate? Does she turn into a Tescamode? Will she...

The title has it! A neat catchphrase, the title of the current 45 (ever so slightly modified) and a statement of intent. Ad-O-Lescent! This is an unashamed pop album, aimed at the young, truly and suddenly "No Woman, No Cry" sounded like a love song, its promises made by the guitar solo fading away into the deejays' matter.

And, as such, easy to underestimate. The Spex come on not as packaged as savours of revolutionaries: neither do they aim for "credibility." They simply and quietly function and take care of business as a successful pop band: the last four singles have made the top 30 (if not the 20) and would have probably gone higher had it not been for airplay bias. The band themselves are constantly self-effaced, and Poly Styrene is usually celebrated more as a celebrity—someone famous for being famous—rather than for her talents as a song-and-lyric writer and hitherto garish stylist.

The album is basically the Spex set from early (Roxy/Motown) days and the first demo with a fair sprinkling of new additions: "Genetic Engineering," "Warrior In Woolworths," "Artificial," and the title track. Continuing the parallel with older-fashioned exploitation pop LPs, the album features an unforgivable proportion of material already released and well-worn five songs out of 12. Three A-sides. The Spex haven't been exactly prolific and, to be fair, much of this has been due to the delay on Poly Styrene, but then, as you may remember, "Oh Dreaming Up You're" was recycled four times: a little is made to go a long way in a made fair in love and marketing.

This doesn't detract from the album's playability. The sides are programmed symmetrically and sensibly: the new material is placed at the start and the middle of each side, leading to the payoff of the familiar with the hit singles—"Identity" and "Dayvo"—at each end. All the songs are built around catchy, de-

## SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY AND THE ASBURY JUKES: "Hearts of Stone" (Epic 35488 US Import).

**A** SIDE from his own excellent set for Spectrum, Bruce Springsteen is the fact that his emergence also forced attention on Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes, one of the most exhilarating live bands I've ever seen and equally dynamic on record. They've been gradually building awareness and admirers over here, and live sets, while the albums have continued to pick up healthy sales, and come up with a cracker of a third release, "Hearts of Stone" is even more confident than "This Time It's For Real" the band attack every inch of the way, using the soul-brother production of Miami Steve Vanus—who also contributes vocals and rhythm guitar.

The album kicks off in killer form with "Be a Better Man Home," with hard hitting drumming from Max Weinberg but I'm going to be a Kenny "Popeye" Pentafiori that launches the band into a no-nonsense pulled r&b bang. It's a freestom of a number that sounds like it'll be a guaranteed red-hot in the flesh. "This Time Baby's Gone For Good" slows down, typical of Southside's more laid-back ballads, with a gravelly vocals and complementary brass really lift

## SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY (Pic: SIMON FOWLER/LPI)

the song along—Ronnie Spector would love it. If "Played The Fool" is the third Van Zandt song in a row, and not one of the strongest tracks on the album, but features some neat baritone soloing and "Keep On Running" drumming. Still, even one of their weaker tracks is a minor wipe-out.

The title track is the first of two Springsteen songs, this one being a slow, simple ballad, but it's a soft, romantic treatment as Southside wraps himself dreamily around the

"last dance" lyrics. Christ—if Springsteen put all his spares on vinyl he'd have a boxed set. Some beautiful emotional guitar weeps its way to the climax, and the mood switches back to a Van Zandt mid-tempo soulful strut: "Take It Inside." Again, not one of the most satisfying numbers here.

"Talk To Me" is the second Springsteen number, opening side two with a feel which recalls the Drifters. "When My Little Girl Is Smiling" as a persistent bass

line and brass flourishes bounce the song along. Great stuff, and indicative of the variety at Bruce's command. "Trapped Again" is a collaboration between Springsteen, Van Zandt and Johnny and rings the changes again with a burning r&b number. Fairly apitting with frustration. It's surrounded by two Van Zandt ballads, and both "Next To You" and "Light Don't Shine" are worthy of whatever accolades were heaped at the band in their career. The latter takes the

album out in fine style with soaring vocals, haunting keyboards, gripping percussion, climactic trumpet, a compulsive chorus line and a weary acoustic fade.

There's a world of experience wrapped up in this album. Springsteen's not just about Southside, that he was the only white kid on the Jersey shore that you could stand to hear sing straight r&b five sets a night. Recommended. It's more than much higher than that — MIKE DAVIES.



# Reviews

## MAXINE NIGHTINGALE: "Love Lines" (United Artists 30179).

WHAT an odd recording career Maxine Nightingale has so far had. First of all, she makes a few duff pop singles, the names of which even she can't recall. Later, much later, she is discovered singing background on an Al Matthews session and records a thumping neo-classical Motown tune called "Right Back Where We Started From." The single is initially picked up by the Northern Soul scene and goes on to become a British pop hit. Six months later, it re-emerges in the States and becomes an even bigger hit there. There then follows another successful single and an album cut in London. Next thing you know, United Artists raid their safe and send Maxine out to Los Angeles to work with the big boys. The result is an expensively duff album produced by Denny Diante and most signally scarred by Maxine's unconfident versions of several sophisticated immortals. Still, her tie up with Diante and LA continues, which is where we all come in with "Love Lines".

Unfortunately, the outcome is once again a gloriously insubstantial work. The songs may be new and the likes of Larry Carlton, Paulinho Da Costa and Mike Brecker may play like angels, but neither Diante behind the boards nor Maxine behind the mike can invent the mixture of disco, poppy funk and slick ballads with any sort of distinctiveness. Even the two tracks produced by the currently red-hot Ray Parker (the Raydio man) fail to create a stir.

Come home, Maxine. Come home to the people who understand you.—BOB GALLAGHER.

## THE PIPS: "Callin'" (Casablanca 2031).

NOBODY actually expected great things when Gladys Knight's sidekicks finally cut an album off their own bat earlier this year, but

even the most modest of expectations were left unfulfilled by their "At Last" debut. Anemic productions, undistinguished songs and run-of-the-mill vocals characterized the venture and, while nobody actually came right out and said it, the Pips were once again to devote all their energies to assisting Gladys for the next 20-odd years.

For their second album, the trio have been placed with Bunny Sigler; pleasingly, the Philadelphia stalwart has contrived to present them in a markedly better light. There are flaws here, obvious flaws — none of Sigler's songs match the cream of his Philadelphia International output and a couple are pure filler, while the Pips still show little evidence of possessing a genuine lead voice — but, overall, the album works.

"Baby I'm Your Fool," a catchy clever piece of pop/disco, has already found favour with radio programmers. "The Lights Of The City" is likeable sing-along reminiscent of the Detroit Emeralds. "Anything" is a ballad that allows the Pips to parade their harmonising skills, and "I Don't Have The Heart," "Don't Stop" and "Love You Tonight" all share an infectious disco energy. By no stretch of the imagination will the album as a whole cause the O'Jays to worry about their status. It would, however, deter Ray Stevens from making another comedy record that portrays the Pips as merely the echoes of Gladys Knight's every sung utterance.—BOB GALLAGHER.

## MATCHBOX: "Riders In The Sky" (Charly CR 30157).

## CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS: "Crazy Rhythm" (CR 30156).

## THE RIOT ROCKERS: "The Riot Rockers" (CR 30158).

## TYLA GANG: "Moonproof" (Beserkley BSKR 16).

THERE are certain musicians whose burden in life is to carry the can for a mediocre past. Sean Tyla, late of Ducks Deluxe, is suffering from such unjustified victimisation — which is a pity because it means that "Moonproof," which has more going for it than against, will probably be ignored.

The Tyla Gang, like the Rumour and Ian Gomm, are still heavily influenced by American R&B, a trait that can often lead to accusation of second-rate imitation. But although this album is largely derivative of American sounds, the band adapt those influences so authoritatively and stylishly that comparisons become redundant.

Tyla may still be doing on the black R&B bands of the Sixties, but the music on "Moonproof" seems to lean more towards the approach of recent American bands like Mink DeVille, and there is also a track ("American Mother") that could easily pass as Dire Straits. Where that leaves Dire Straits, I'm not sure.



## THE KLLER IN THE SUBWAY

JUST to show that they're not only interested in releasing archive material from the Sun label, Charly issue three albums by three of Britain's leading rock 'n' roll revival groups. British is good, but American is better, but having taken that into account, these three albums on a fairly good rockabilly moments, as long as you read the liner notes and realise that they were recorded for the Dutch Rockhouse label between two and three years ago.

The bands have certainly tightened up since they cut these tracks, but I've still listed them in order of merit. Matchbox have moved from the pub circuit to supporting act on the last Carl Perkins tour and I know why; they retain the mood of the Fifties yet write most of their material without mainly relying on rehearsed versions of Fifties classics. Recorded in 1976, the album boasts an entertaining cross-section of their own material coupled with lesser-known oldies like "Race With The Devil" and Berry's "It Don't Take But A Few Minutes".

Their main assets are the flexible voice of Wiffle Smith and the intricate guitarwork of Steve Bloomfield, who appears to be the band's main author. He lists Scotty Moore among his favourite musicians and it shows. Conway Twitty's "It's Only Make Believe" always was a difficult song to handle, but Smith is in complete control all the time. An album to buy if you're of the rock 'n' roll revival persuasion, whether you've seen them live or not.

Crazy Cavan and his boys have built up a steady following on the pub circuit over the last couple of years, and this is an album that should appeal to their followers, even though it was recorded in 1975. Again, the band has tightened up since the recording, but the excitement of their performance has, in this case, been translated into was. Cavan Grogan possesses a good, hard, bally voice for revivalist rock 'n' roll, and he's ably supported by Lyndon Needs, who, like Steve Bloomfield of Matchbox, has got the Fifties guitarists, like Cliff Gallup, Scotty Moore, James Burton et al. going for it. As with the Matchbox album, this is a 15-minute, which runs the gamut from out-and-out rock 'n' roll through rockabilly to what is almost straight country music.

Lastly, the Riot Rockers. Lead vocalist Johnny Fox's writing has potential in the idiom but his voice is just too weak to carry any conviction. The album, recorded in 1976, is a mixture of self-penned numbers and rock 'n' roll standards such as "Bangin' The Blues," "Honey Hush," "Cast Iron Arm" and "Rock And Roll Ruby." There are enough of those numbers. They may well go down well (like the beer) in pubs, but on record... well, it's all been heard before. I yawned through their version of Carl Perkins' "Gone, Gone, Gone," but it might have been different if I'd heard them play it in a club on record — zero.

All three groups have improved since these recordings were made, but within the idiom it still finds Matchbox the most interesting and entertaining revivalists. "Riders" is not as good as their recent "Settin' The Woods On Fire" long-player, but I still rate it above many of the other rock 'n' roll bands' albums. — ROBIN GRAYDEN.

## SMOKIE: "The Montreux Album" (RAK SRKA 6757).

THE COVER of Jilted John's single shows JJ and girlfriend on the living room settee. Despite carefully displayed Roy Orbison and Domes Rousso albums in the picture, the whole set-up presupposes something like "Mexican Girl" playing in the background, because Smokie — like the Ivy League, Tremeloes, Marmalade and other Division Two British groups before them — produce what could loosely be described as teenage neeking music: the kind of record that gets the lights turned out because there's nothing else left to do.

Not a great theory, but sufficient illustration that Smokie's music, like the bulk of mainstream pop, is more interesting for its associations than for its content. The "oldies" business drops after all, primarily on its nostalgic value. Like their singles, the band itself has something of an air of built-in obsolescence. The personnel look less like rock musicians than professional footballers (cf Chris Norman's recent Kevin Keegan perm) smart enough to know that it isn't going to last. And their music? Like neeking, it's dead as far as it goes.

Though it's still Tyla's show, there are contributions from other members of the band, notably Bruce Irvine (lead guitar) and drummer Michael Desmarais. Irvine, indeed, concocted the killer closing track, "Flashing In The Subway," a prodding piece of heavy rock which comes as a pleasant shock after two sides of predominantly cool, controlled and laidback music. It's a track that wouldn't have gone amiss on Tyla's "Jailbreak" set, and the simple bass style seems to be copied straight from Phil Lynott.

"Flashing" is part of the superior second side of the album. Opening with "Spanish Streets," really Willy DeVille Noo Yawk street strut, "Moonproof" suddenly comes alive after a fairly ordinary and uninspiring first side where only the nastily-formed "Did You Hear It On The Radio" stands out.

The American influence is touted blatantly on the Tyla/Desmarais collaboration, "No Roses," with Tyla's throaty, gut-picked vocal going close to recreating the delivery of Bruce Springsteen. The only difference is that you can hear what Tyla is singing and the song doesn't sound like another reincarnation of "Born To Run," which seems to be now Springsteen makes his bread. "No Roses," with its catchy and lively melody, might make a good single for the Tyla Gang.

Of course Tyla's music is largely derivative, and it's often hard to distinguish where the influence stops and the originality begins. Despite that, "Moonproof" is an enjoyable album. — HARRY DOHERTY.

An album seems pointless coming from the current British formula chart group; their low profile pop hit lends itself to 33 rpm. As a singles group they are successful because their songs (often written by Chinn and Chapman) seep into the brain. But they are depressing, too, because their music straddles the dividing line between Radios One and Two.

Play a whole album, like this new one, and it's impossible to concentrate on it for more than three minutes. You soon find excuses to do other things, not even in the same room. The music is obtrusive — well mannered, even — to the extent of being entirely unremarkable. Mike Chapman's production serves the three Chinn and Chapman compositions well and carefully embellishes the limitations of the band's own songwriting efforts (particularly "Mexican Girl"). Two other singles are included ("For a Few Dollars More" and "Oh Carol") alongside a handful of the band's plain compositions, which makes the album poor value for fans. "Petesey's Song" shows that the Beatles are still unanswerable for establishing that exorcising precedent of letting each band member take a turn on lead vocals.

Foot-tapping is the word I've been looking for — CHRISTOPHER PEITZ.

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# Albums

SEX PISTOLS: "Gun Control" — Live at Winterland, San Francisco 14.1.78.  
SEX PISTOLS: "Live at the Rodeo" — Live at Tulsa 11.1.78.

**SKRITCH** skritch... The sound you hear is that of bootleggers taking over the coals; luckily for them and amusingly enough for us the dying embers provide flickers of interest.

Beating, while no doubt highly irritating for the artists and record companies concerned, is a sure sign of public image and interest: in the end, the promotional advantages outweigh any (minimal) loss suffered through hived-off sales. It tends to occur for various reasons; with, say, Devo and Sinusae, considerable interest and no product, or with Dylan, the Stones, Pauli Smith, and now the Pistols, a fanatical following who'll buy anything (hell consists of endless reruns of "Clonaz"), no matter how much "official" product there is. The customary principle of supply and demand, or, if no demand, supply and there'll be one. Conspicuous consumers always pay.

So here, nearly predating the Sex Pistols revival, are two documents of their headlong rush to self-immolation over the southern half of the USA. Apart from suitably censored observations in the nationals, the event was little covered in the music press, which had no doubt OD'd on their own overkill. The best pictorial record of the whole sorry scene is at present to be found in "Punk" 14 which, while perpetuating the myth — pretty pix obscure the pain — simply by being

## The discography of iconography

there and reporting gives the alert and the interested clues as to what went down.

The Tulsa album is a good performance ruined by shits remaining: the cassette in which the gig was taped overloads drastically and the sound reverberates in waves of distortion. Nest if you like with effects, but hardly essential. The cover — Rotten emerging from between gouache cowboys — is cute, but the complete set isn't included, and the murky sound means that the reporter which is the funniest part of the whole deal is lost.

The Winterland album, on the other hand, is appalling and hysterical. Although well recorded (for radio), the band are all over the place, out of tune, sloppy, uncaring. The opening cut — "God Save The Queen" — picks up only the bass, drums and voice; the ensuing racket has to be heard to be believed. The band run through their latter-day repertoire of 12 songs with no ceremony whatsoever, as each song disintegrates into a timeless rant: only Paul Cook's drums keep any sense of order.

Naturally, the best bits on the album come between the tracks, when one of the band rouses himself enough to insult the audience. Rotten enquires: "What's it like to

have bad taste?" and "Do you want your ears blown out some more?" The audience lap it up, reinforcing the band's disgust and making them play even worse. Rarely have performers and an audience sounded so totally alienated from one another. Compared to their norm (such as it was), this performance was the bottom line: the fact that the audience went apoplectic made it the end of the road: their largest and most critically enthusiastic audience heard their worst, most desperate gig.

The single already reviewed culls the two cuts of most "interest": "Anarchy In The USA", where they're so fucked up they can't get the title right, and the notorious but unheard "Belsen Is A Gas", the best played song, and a summit of vitriol, of an anger whose mode of expression has subtly shifted.

Yes, it's dated. In its black humour it's a paradigm of the immense distance between the ambiguous sophistication of the Pistols and Glitterbest's intent, and the simplicity and distortion of the resultant message as received by the audience. A very dangerous distance, as inevitable as it was irresponsible. The track ends: "Be a man — kill someone. Be a



From a picture by Joe Stevens

man — kill yourself". For all we know, Rotten's sick joke and black anger was Sid's reality. Certainly the tragic, pathetic and ultimately redundant events now occurring in New York are only the most obvious and extreme example of what happens when people believe their image, fostered by a sycophantic press and "rock 'n' roll" ghoulies. Please, no idolatry.

The band reach a pitch of comic disgust on the encore ("You'll get one number and one number only 'cause I'm a lazy bastard"). "No Fun", where Rotten intones the title over and over, you're disposed to believe him. The screaming audience is rewarded by a final taunt: "Aha ha ha. Ever had the feeling you've been conned?"

Well, everybody always said they couldn't play, and here's the proof. Writing at this length about an obscure album presupposes that it's "worth getting" or a "collector's item". It isn't. It's unlistenable except for nervous laughs the only saving moments are those of intentional and unintentional black humour.

There are, indeed, many more interesting things to do with your time than listen to records, let alone search after bootlegs. All you need to know is that it exists as a document the Sex Pistols (and Glitterbest) wanted to destroy rock 'n' roll; at San Francisco the combined forces of 'rock 'n' roll' — image, drugs, lack of understanding and the wish to understand — ganged up on

the Sex Pistols and destroyed them. As much as they destroyed themselves. Their failure reinforces the status quo and makes that particular battle much harder. Usually, I'm glad they tried — JON SAVAGE

**JOHNNY BRISTOL:**  
"Strangers" (Polydor 2383 511).

Should you have a penchant for mellow, unashamedly sophisticated singer-songwriter soul, there are currently in circulation two albums which deserve your immediate attention. One is Charles Jackson's "Passionate

Breeze" on Capitol. This is the other. Bristol, the former Motown producer and writer who, among other achievements, successfully manoeuvred Junior Walker into large scale orchestral soul on sides like "What Does It Take", "I Like Me Girl I'm Ready" and "These Eyes" doesn't adhere to the album every nine-months rule in fact, it's calculated correctly. "Strangers" is only his third LP release since his "Hang On In There Baby" breakthrough in 1974. No doubt his comparatively low output can in part be ascribed to the fact he still maintains his production practice: the new Margie Joseph album bears his stamp, for instance — but I suspect that it also results from Bristol's determination not to enter the studio until he's good and ready.

"Strangers" is dominated by seductively understated mid-tempo grooves dominated with pretty guitar, piano and synthesizer fills and set against the rich but sedate, rife-free string arrangements of Sonny Burke. Through them all, Bristol's abnormally limited but splendidly sensitive baritone combines with the music to produce some irresistible late-night listening. "You Can't Have Love (Without Complicating)" recalls "Love Taken Tears" from an earlier Bristol album. "I'm Waiting On Love" radiates optimistic zip while "When He Comes (I Will Know)" is, would believe, sensual disco-soul.

But the very best tracks to be found here are two of the slower songs, "Strangers In The Dark Corners" and "I'm So Proud Of You". One an appropriately atmospheric adult sermon, the other a tale of divorce that steers well clear of mawkishness, they both show Bristol at his most perceptive as a ballad writer and at his most touching as a ballad singer — BOB GALLAGHER.

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


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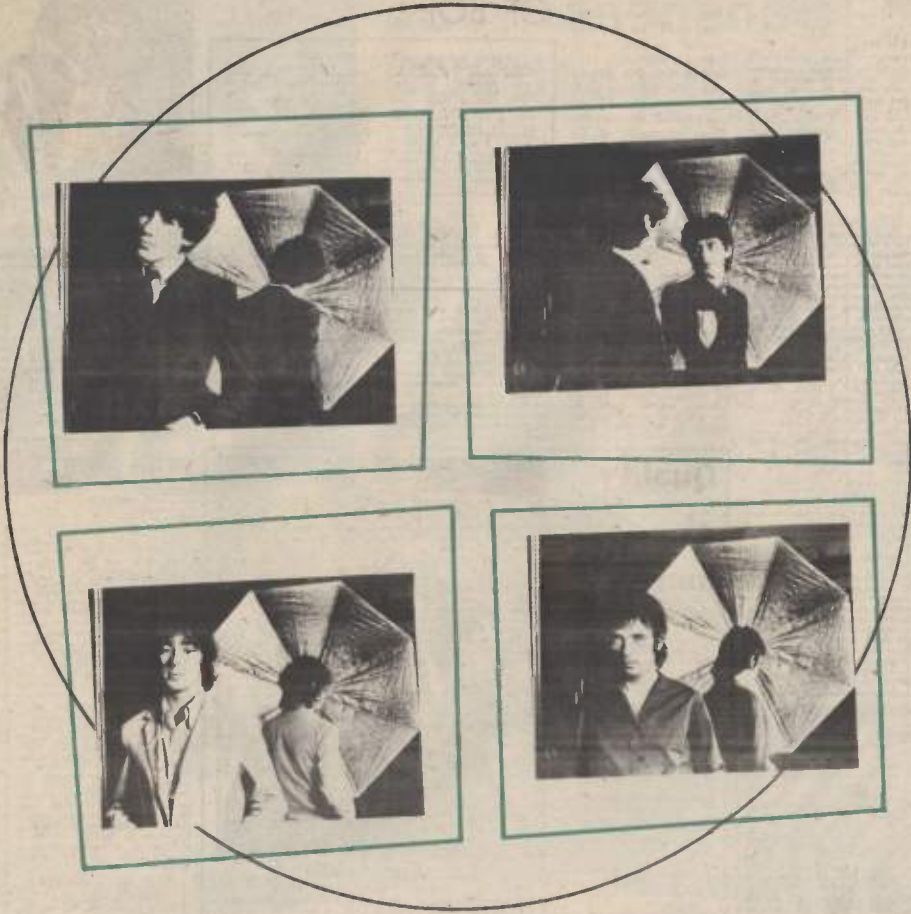


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# DAVID JOHANSEN

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HAVING discovered the delights of the Sensational Alex Harvey Band quite late in their life, and being of the opinion that the band's requiem, "Rock Drill," is one of the better of this year's hard rock albums, the prospect of witnessing the resurrection of Alex in concert with a new band was too much to miss. Unfortunately, such as absence makes the heart grow fonder, Alex's show at The Venue, London, on Monday of last week was a rendezvous that turned sour, a sad disappointment serving only to emphasise any yearnings for his old band.

The SAHB were an intimidating bunch, recreating, in their unique fashion, the street violence of their Glaswegian backgrounds and treating it in a sensitive and often amusing way. There were so many entertaining twists that they became more than just a hard rock band. Although Alex Harvey is still a largely intriguing artist, his set lacked the life and urgency brought to it by Chris Glenn and Zai Clevelinson in the past. Hugh McKenna, on keyboards, is the only old face in the new band — ironically, since he instituted the split of the SAHB by leaving before "Rock Drill" was recorded. Otherwise, the band is Don Weller (bass), Gordon Sellar (bass), Matthew Cang (guitar) and Simon Chatterton (drums). None of them matched their predecessors, either instrumentally or visually, and even McKenna lacked the breadth he has shown previously. The rhythm section hasn't the old steel of Ted McKenna and Chris Glenn, while guitarist Cang comes nowhere near making the same breathtaking impact as Zai Clevelinson. Don Weller's competent playing sounds a little out of place in the context of this rock band. Weller, mind you, did produce one of the few highlights of the evening in his own instrumental, "Don's Tune."

As a frontman, Alex still exudes that hypnotic godfather stance, holding court magnificently, enlightening his supporters on a range of strange subjects (whales, for instance, on "Will You Be Here Tomorrow"). His vocal, too, is as strong as ever, with that biting Scottish accent, but his current material does not match his excellence as either performer or singer, and as Harvey decided on a set of largely new, previously unheard ma-



ALEX HARVEY (Pic GUS STEWART)

## ABSENCE MAKES THE ART GROW OLDER...

terial, it didn't make for an inspiring evening. Apart from the opening number, a long, winding piece called "Nine To Five," the new songs were rather listless. Harvey's legendary versions of pop classics brought a touch of humour to the evening, with absurd, lyrical readings of "Tower Of Strength," "Shakin' All Over" and, of course, "Delilah." I hope that, someday, the original SAHB will get together again. They were the perfect vehicle for Harvey, but now that Zai Clevelinson has joined Nazareth (and, according to reports, is living up to that band), I suppose that's out of the question. A pity. — HARRY DOHERTY.

**RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON**  
Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London

FIRST RULE of a Richard & Linda Thompson gig: take nothing for granted. Come expecting the earth to crumble and the heavens to open in the wake of the messiah his devotees make him out to be, and you'll be disappointed; anticipate nothing and fear the worst, and you're in business.

Last time out, the Thompsons tripped round the country, barely acknowledging their audience, playing almost entirely unfamiliar material, and exuding a spirit that wasn't entirely fathomable to the majority of us. Drury Lane on Sunday was rather more epic. They bounced on with unexpected buoyancy and went straight into "I Want To See The Bright Lights Tonight". In reggae. Shades of Dylan and "Don't Think Twice, It's Alright".

There was Linda, shimmering around in sparkly jacket and long black skirt. John Kirkpatrick seated alongside her hammering away on accordion. Sue Harris puffing into an oboe, and a neatly-thorned Dave Pegg and Dave Sheen making up the rhythm line. And Richard, awkward and taciturn, striving amusingly to cope with the most primitive demands of presentation; yet playing lead guitar with absurd brilliance and economy.

For a while it all hung in the balance — Kirkpatrick's accordion on "Bright Lights"

was disturbingly overwhelming and neither "House Of Cards" or "Strange Affair" held sufficient passion, but the compelling insistence of "Don't Let A Thief Steal Into Your Heart" — much healthier live than on record — saw them more comfortable and at ease with one another. From that point they were in command.

Linda has never sung better than in her disconcerting rendering of "Pavanne", a harrier, more eerie song for its totally acoustic arrangement. Yet even this didn't match the night's classic spot, the instrumental "Choir Wife" drifting into another Thompson noveau, "Died For Love".

Alongside this everything else was trivial, though attractively quirky. A Ricky Nelson song, "Things You Gave Me", a Kirkpatrick instrumental "The Gas Almost Works", a hugely impressive clip into Fairport's history with "Genesis Hall", a bash of cajun music, and — as final encore — a vigorous treatment of "Then He Kissed Me".

Richard's apparent disregard for his own previous work inevitably leads to frustrations. "Bright Lights" excepted, there was no representation from any of the three albums that have preceded "First Light", which was aired in its entirety. But there were immense consolations: the band was ragged but frequently inspired (Sue Harris occasionally switching to hammered dulcimer, Pegg to mandolin, and John K to concertina); Linda's rapturous singing; and Richard's sporadic but exhilarating solos (his fiery climax to "Laysa" was the parting shot before the encores). — COLIN IRWIN.

**OSCAR PETERSON**  
Ronnie Scott's Club, London

WITH HIS flair for dynamics and bravura unaffected by his recent concert tour, a totally relaxed Oscar Peterson returned to clubland on Monday. If opening night was any guide, and Peterson is nothing if not consistent, piano pilgrims to Frith Street (at £7 a time) will experience the easygoing Oscar not exactly holding back but certainly giving no signs of a need to impress.

As Duke Ellington was fond of saying, "Don't push it, let it fall." Oscar is doing just that on such mid-tempo numbers as Cole Porter's "All Of You" and his solo feature, "Body And Soul", the latter with its touch of gentle stride.

The appearance of Louis Bellson (percussion) and John Heard (bass), when all the billing was for Peterson in the singular, comes as a true bonus, for this is a real Peterson trio — as opposed to Oscar with rhythm accompaniment.

The out-of-tempo introductions were a homage, as usual to Art Tatum, but even a casual listener must agree that this could only be Peterson playing. In the groove in stature, acceptance, he has become a master in his own right, deserving of his accolades. And my particular delight is to record that the Oscar Peterson (and, even a back, if indeed — despite some portentous TV solo appearances recently — it has ever really been away. — GEOFFREY SMITH.



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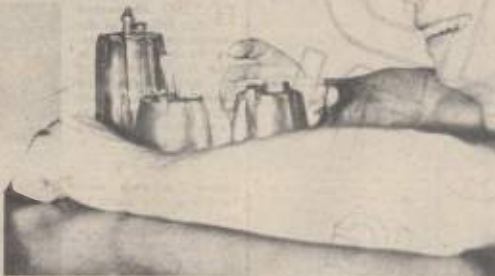


# The good-time boy

*'It's not hip to be ordinary any more. I'm not an alternative to anything—I'm a continuation of good-time rock and roll that has something to say.'*

*Jimmy Pursey has a problem: he wants to play Robin Hood, but people keep casting him as the villain. SIMON KINNERSLEY watched him at work in the West Country. Pix: Barry Plummer.*

OVER the past 12 months, as Sham 69's popularity has grown the length and breadth of the country, so the reputation of their fans, aptly named the Sham Army, has ascended with them. Under a front of great loyalty, they have revealed an alarming penchant for intimidation, with what has at



JIMMY PURSEY: 'I got nasty habits, I take tea at three . . .'

times seemed a genuine relish for violence.

Their behaviour is not based around what might be regarded as social norms, but essentially the rule of the fist. Their attitudes have been justified by their backgrounds of social deprivation and so on, but whether that can really warrant their hit-first-and-talk-later bigotry, or the open battleground of the Reading Festival, must stand very much open to question.

Their leader, Jimmy Pursey, has loyally stood beside them, and taken a great deal of stick as a result. Many of the reports, he claims (with some justification), have been exaggerated. So what better place to examine their activities and manoeuvres than the sleepy West Country, where a couple of coachloads could bring havoc within a matter of minutes?

TAUNTON had braced itself for their arrival. The pubs around the hall had put up their shutters till after the show started, whilst the empty streets

suggested that the local residents read their papers and weren't taking any chances either.

The Odium, far from being the local fleapit, seemed a positively forthright choice of venue. With its richly upholstered seats, wall-to-wall carpeting and unmistakable air of opulence, it seemed to beg for redecoration.

Tour manager Mike Stewart finds it impossible to disguise his nervousness. Four men have been brought down from London to supervise the local security squad of 20, but it doesn't seem anything like enough.

The hall manager meanwhile, seems delightfully unconcerned. "There wasn't any trouble with Lomax Donegan last night, so why should there be any trouble tonight?" Why, indeed.

Outside a few small clusters of fans have gathered, sheltering in odd corners from the chilly evening breeze. Curtains in the neighbouring houses are surreptitiously drawn back as two coaches pull in, and everyone retreats a couple of paces. But it's merely two loads of pensioners from North Pether-ton up for an evening's revelry. Up in his hotel room Pursey is hav-

ing a hard time dividing his disapproval between Siouxsie And The Banshees, who are bashing away on the TV, and me. It's patently obvious that my presence is far from welcome, and the atmosphere in the room, amongst the half-a-dozen fans that have congregated there, is distinctly unfriendly. Still, it's hardly surprising. If Sid Vicious is the bete noire of the national press, then Pursey has most certainly taken on that role in the music papers. He has suffered almost the identical backlash that befell The Clash earlier this year. From the widespread approval he enjoyed 12 months ago, Pursey can now do no right.

Whilst their new album has been greeted with a distinctly frosty reception, their live performances, always the band's forte, have been universally hammered. And, more importantly, Pursey has been deemed a big mouth, and hypocrite and has been accused of selling out. To be honest, I had expected worse treatment at his hands.

Pursey has undoubtedly changed. His manner is far more guarded, much of the old ebullience and engaging enthusiasm has departed.

"THIS thing we're in is called risk and roll, and what it's done with me is that it's making me worry about things. I've even started worrying about not worrying."

The pressures are getting greater all the time. Rock Against Racism, the kids, and yet trying to be myself, all at the same time, then people keep coming up to me and saying 'Don't worry Jimmy'.

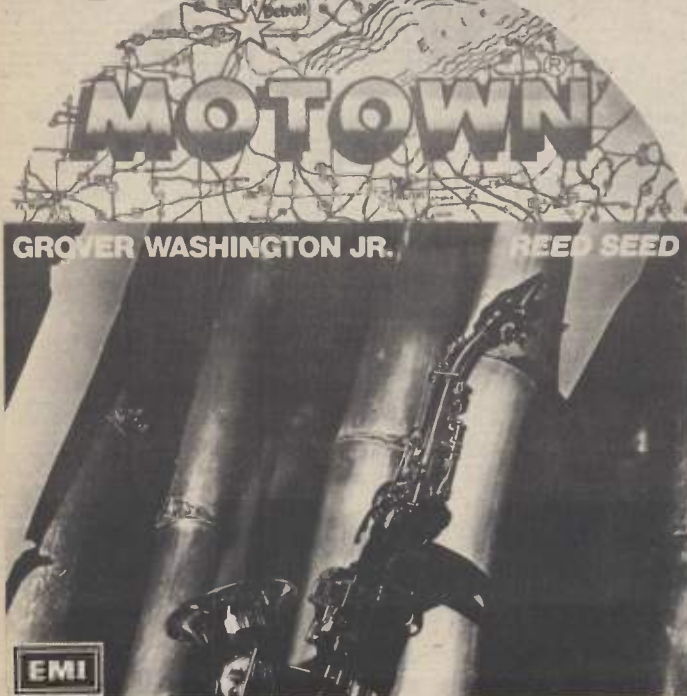
"I've not really bothered about what the papers say. They built us up in the beginning, so that's their problem. The kids that follow us don't read papers anyway, it's mainly students, and we don't appeal to them in any case."

"People say we're selling out, yet there's Siouxsie And The Banshees," he says, pointing at the TV, "riding around in a limo, and we're going around in a dirty old van."

"What are we supposed to do, for

continued overleaf

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IT'S cold that night in Stockholm. An angry, ferocious cold that devours you without pity. Regal Nordic beauties scurry into the Koncert Hall red-checked from the wind, coats drawn tightly round themselves, while Björn Borg fantasists feign arrogance at their sides.

The less-conscious clap and stomp in impatient anticipation of the night's recital. A few of the bolder amongst them even optimistically attempt to bluff their way back-stage. But what to find? Mr Rory Gallagher, of course, relaxed and affable, fresh in from Oslo, anxious for news of home. The Berwick by-elections? How about Liverpool and Everton?

It's not a night conspicuous for its subtlety. Stockholm erupts with undignified vigour as Gallagher, Gerry McAvoy and Ted McKenna trip on the stage and blast unceremoniously into their opening gambit. This night Rory — as the more colourful John Motson interviewee would tell you — is taking no prisoners.

The Swedes comprehensively blow their image of icy reserve. And Rory, the white blues hero who made it though the night, feeds avariciously from their enthusiasm; his solos blister through your body, and even his couple of solo acoustic numbers — including a supreme nod to Leadbelly on "Out On The Western Plain" — are undercut with a stirring passion. Sweat bucketing from him, he struts prodigiously around the stage, thick mane of hair spraying behind him. "Lemmetiawhat!mgonna DO... I'm goin' to my home town. D'ya wanna go?" "YEAH," they bellow back, word-perfect.

I BECAME a Rory Gallagher fan in 1972. Specifically after reading an article in these very pages by Roy Hollingsworth about the concert he played in Belfast on New Year's Day. It was at a time when nobody, just nobody would venture anywhere near Northern Ireland to play music, and with hostilities at an unprecedented pitch, it seemed that Rory from the South stood a fair chance of getting blown back to Cork for his pains, even though it was said he'd received an assurance from the IRA that no harm would befall him. At a time when Britain was in the grip of pooling drive like Bolanitis, it was overwhelmingly obvious that Rory Gallagher was a rare specimen of integrity

# An independent man

... is Rory Gallagher, the star who shuns stardom. COLIN IRWIN sympathised.

in rock 'n roll. And, I'll tell you some more about Rory Gallagher. That he's an inveterate musician who is occasionally to be found playing traditional music in obscure bars in the south of Ireland with old flute players and fiddlers. That, when his fogbound band failed to make a gig in Birmingham, he hastily assembled a makeshift band with brother Donal and a friend and played a two-hour set where others would have cancelled, returning to Brum a few weeks later to fulfil the gig with his real band. And that when invited to do a session for an album by one of his prime heroes, Muddy Waters, he was away on tour but drove back to London every night from gigs all over the country in order

to make the session. He made such an impression that Waters refused to start each recording session before Gallagher arrived, even though it was sometimes well into the early hours.

He has steadfastly refused to indulge in hype or gimmick of any kind. There's also been a constant aversion to short cuts — he says he'll never appear on Top Of The Pops in its present form — and tangible opportunities of broadening his appeal with a quick kill have been studiously avoided. For example, his approach to conquering America on a grand scale, his grandest ambition, has been to do it by working up through the smaller venues rather than allowing himself to be "launched" in a blaze of publicity at a prestigious venue.

THERE'S even his new album "Photo-Finish" they packed him off to the States to record it with big name American producer (Elliot Mazer) and the whole bit cost a fortune. But at the end it wasn't quite right. They re-mixed and re-mixed and the record company began to get a little anxious, but Rory still didn't feel it was quite him. So, despite the protestations that he needed a tour and an album to promote, he scrapped the whole thing and re-did it, producing it himself. That's why he's gone for two years without an album, and that's why it's estimated that "Photo-Finish" is the second most expensively produced record Chrysalis have ever put out (they're not saying just what it was that cost more). But that is the sort of guy we're dealing with in Rory Gallagher.

I'm not as avidly enamoured with his music as many who have sung his praises before, but honesty counts for much and this band — more primitive without keyboards since the departure of Lou Martin — overflows with it. And Rory Gallagher, reading this, will be acutely embraced.

BACK IN STOCKHOLM, mayhem. Absolute mayhem. It's the last night of the European tour — the first with the new band since Lou Martin and Rod de'Ath left (both now with Ramrod) and former Sensational Alex Harvey Band drummer Ted McKenna came in — and everyone seems to have gone a little crazy.

The Swedish promoter is elated — the 2500-seater hall was full — and the sound engineer content. "Nice night," he's saying. "Nice night. Not as good as Hamburg, that was great; that was the best, but a nice night." The band are too wiped out to reflect on anything but hit the nearest booze, which they duly do with full-blown determination. Rory stands there accepting compliments gracefully, and the backstage area is thick with people.

There's some dismay that the blonde girl in Abba — the one with the unbelievable bum and the unpronounceable name — isn't among them. She's a fan, it transpires, and said she'd be there when he came to Sweden. Abba once supported Rory in the States before they got into their world domination trip, and were apparently paralysed by nerves. They asked us to do support on one of their tours in Europe," says Donal Gallagher, Rory's brother/manager. "But we didn't think it was quite as somehow. Know what I mean?"

Frankie Miller, the well-known Scottish chart star, is appearing at a

continued overleaf

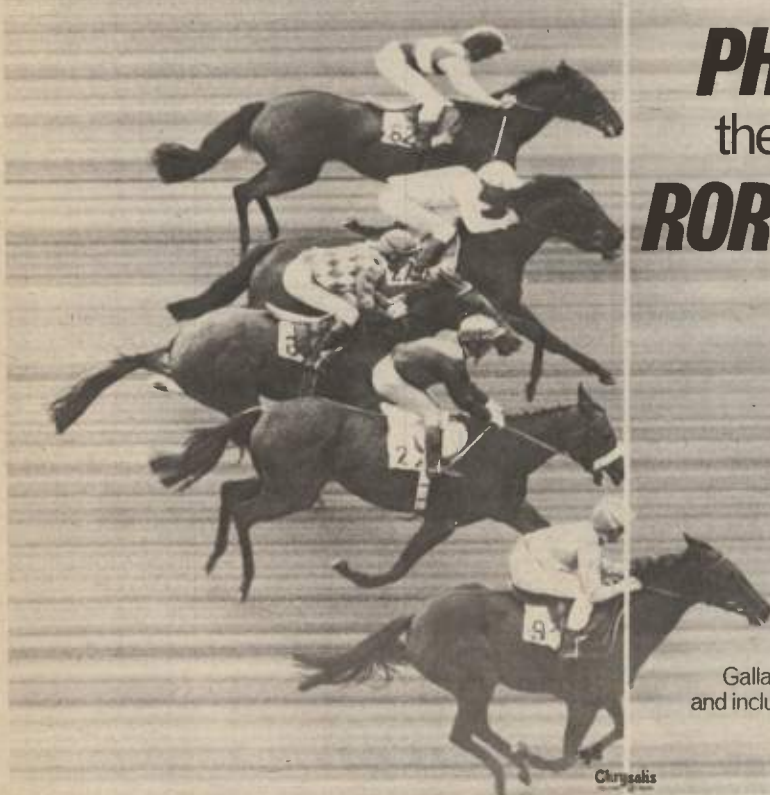


RORY in Stockholm (Pic: GEORGE BODNAR)

## PHOTO-FINISH

the new album from

# RORY GALLAGHER.



CHR 110

Under starters orders the Rory Gallagher Tour commences on December 8th and includes the NEC, Birmingham on December 9th. Box Offices Now Open! A Querry Promotion.

Chrysalis



The drinking begins to get more serious as the transfer to the hotel room. Donal tells of the time Dylan came to see Rory at a gig in the States. He came back the night after and Donal, not recognising him, would let him in the sitting room. "Well," says Donal, "He was just this, a damned guy, who looked like he was trying to look like Dylan and was wound up looking like ten times as nervous as he was. I thought he was a nut. I thought he was like that in the States. Dylan said he was nervous and was halfway down the stairs when he got frightened when he was last coming out. This and he turned round and I knew it was him. I just said it was a mistake and I shut the door."

**G**ALLAGHER carries the quietly beaming elegance that seems exclusive to natives of Eire. Though he lives in London, his home, very firmly, is Cork, and he returns there regularly. "I'm actually from a much more interesting part of Ireland than I'm writing in Ireland," he says.

He was in a showband—the Famous Four—between '63 and '68, a whole run of years that about the same time were a subversive showband, slipping in rock 'n' roll songs and playing a few of the songs that were attempting to be a little more serious, doing Irish themes, songs and the Top 30 of the moment. "I was in it for a while," he says.

During it, it was an opportunity to play through an amplifier. The only time he ever played live was in the States, and he was in a band called

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But actually, even the "I don't know" that got the most publicity was not the "I don't know" that Morrison had in mind. "I don't know" is not a positive statement about it. "I don't know," the problem here, didn't know how to react. There were all spirituals, blues, rock and soul, and Morrison was expressing something that was not necessarily "that" or even like a single soul-mate, what.

Yet his own, whilst it is correct for most, is certainly not universal. He is a man who stands at a distance from the "mainstream" — which is abundant in his principles of audience contact, and a sense of values that have no place for uniformity and the gross devaluation of music-making.

He takes authenticity of the "computerised world" and speaks urgently of "getting rid of bingo and disco". And warmly of the traditional music still played informally in pubs in Ireland, "the one natural honest thing we've got left."

Such philosophy sees us through as we come hurtling into Heathrow, and we both hold our breath. "I think," says Rory finally as we scream to a halt, "I'll have a few jars tonight."



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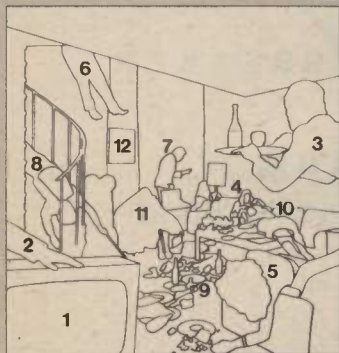
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# The Motown Machine

Next year, the legendary Motown Record Corporation will celebrate the 20th anniversary of its foundation by Berry Gordy, a disaffected Detroit auto worker who thought he could pick hit records. GRAHAM BETTS visited Motown's HQ in Los Angeles to meet the company's past, present, and future: veteran producer Hal Davis, current superstars the Commodores, and future investments High Inergy. What he found was the story of a company, started on \$800, which controlled the musical tastes of a generation—and in the process became America's biggest black-owned business.

**'It's what's in the grooves that counts'**

HAL DAVIS is writing a book. It's a piece of news that Hal often drops into conversation, partly as an answer to a particularly hard question, partly as an item of interest. Because of who and what Hal is, there is no doubt that, once completed, Hal's book will be interesting and informative. Just like Hal.

Hal Davis has been at Motown for nearly 16 years; producing and writing for the likes of the Jackson Five, Stevie Wonder, Thelma Houston, Diana Ross and Marvin Gaye and Blondstone. He came to Motown when they were already four years old.

Away back in 1957, Detroit offered its inhabitants only one real choice of employment: the Ford Motor Company. Cars have been synonymous with Detroit since 1896, when Henry Ford I built the first car to drive through the city's streets. In many ways Henry Ford was fortunate in setting up his company in Detroit; the ghettos provided him with many unskilled and untrained blacks who jumped at the chance of regular employment.

Working as a flow-production worker on one such assembly line was Berry Gordy, a young man then in his 20s, who did not like his work. He'd already tried his hand at a few other things, including helping out at his father's little seam and prize-fighting, but neither seemed likely to make him rich.

So Berry decided to turn to something he liked, which was music, and one day he skipped work at Ford's to go and help out in a record shop. Though it wasn't but a short while afterwards, it convinced Berry that music was the thing to be in. He set out writing some songs.

Somewhat, probably by a mixture of luck and judgement, Berry got two hits: "Pretend" and "I'm a Man." "Pretend" released in 1957, sold quite

well, and "Lonely Teardrops" released two years later, gave Jackie and Berry their first-ever million-selling disc.

WITH the royalties from these records Berry moved into producing, and saw "You've Got What It Takes" by Mary Johnson become another big seller towards the end of 1958. Around this time Berry came across a local high-school band known as the Miracles, consisting of William "Smookey" Robinson, Claudette Rogers, Bobby Rogers, Ronnie White, Warren "Pete" Moore and Mary Taplin. Gordy produced two tracks on the Miracles, both penned by Smookey Robinson, and set about getting some record companies to release them.

"Got A Job" (which, as was the "in-thing" then, was an answer to "Get A Job" by the Silhouettes) went to End Records, and "Bad Girl" to the Chicago-based Chess Records. Although both singles were successful they did not give Berry and Smookey the kind of money that they'd been hoping for, and so after a lot of thought they decided that Berry should start up his own record company.

At this stage there are two conflicting stories as to how Berry got the money Version number one, which appears in most history books, is that Berry and his family pooled their resources and scraped together about \$800. Version number two, brought to light by Rita James in an interview with Black Music & Jazz Review recently, claims that the money was borrowed from Leonard Chess, owner of the company that had put out "Bad Girl".

Interestingly enough, at this time Chess also distributed a label known as Anna Records, founded and owned by... Berry's sister Gwendolyn. However, from one source or another, Tammie Records was born.

Presumably for copyright reasons, Tammie Records did not last for long, but resurfaced shortly afterwards as Tamla. Given brought her Anna Records company into the fold and Berry slowly set about setting up his operation. To handle the publishing side of the thing, Berry set up Jobete (named after the first two letters of each of Berry's children: Joy, Berry and Terry) with his brother Robert at the helm, and early into 1959 Berry acquired two more labels, Harvey and Tri-Pri. Both owned

by Harvey Fuqua, and previously distributed by Chess.

Etta James claims that Leonard Chess wasn't happy about being cut out of the Tamla operation and "Harvey was sent over to supposedly straighten out their trip, but he ended up falling in love with Berry Gordy's baby sister, Gwendolyn. So then that made him leave Chess... and leave me, 'cause I was also his girlfriend."

ALONG with Harvey Fuqua came Junior Walker and the All Stars, writer Johnny Bristol and drummer/singer Marvin Gaye, giving Berry a fast-growing roster. The following year, 1961 saw the first national success for Berry, with "Money" by Barrett Strong reaching the top 30 on Anna, almost immediately followed by the Miracles and "Shop Around" on Tamla.

Hal Davis was to join three years later. Upon first entering his office in the Hollywood Boulevard office block, one is immediately impressed by the mass of gold and platinum discs around the walls, but Hal brings your attention first to a framed letter from Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff (who have created another of the most important black labels in America—Philadelphia International), thanking Hal for his great version of the track "Don't Leave Me This Way" by Thelma Houston, and for "making sure that this classic record doesn't remain forgotten."

Over the next hour one gets the impression that the whole of Motown revolves around his office, for anybody from his vocal arranger through to film company representatives either call up on the phone or make personal appearances. In between, Hal offers his thoughts on Motown.

"At the time I joined Motown, there was a clearly defined sound; the heavy four-on-four drumming, the bass lines, that kind of thing, in those days Motown was the leader, whatever we did everyone else would follow, whereas nowadays we do just about anything. Looking at that time the sound has definitely changed, some of which I've been responsible for, with the 'Love Hangover' and 'Dixie Leave This Way' type of thing and their different beats, deliveries, and the string, and in that kind of thing I ran the West Coast office before anyone got here, so it was doing the publishing, producing,

the Stones are doing that kind of thing then people are still listening to Motown."

"Well, I was a producer before I got to Motown, right here in Los Angeles, and Berry asked me to join him in Detroit. At that time the Motown thing had gotten off the ground, and everybody was going their way, you know, Harvey, Brian and Eddie (Holland) and so on, so I came into the family as more of an adopted son. I had to prove myself."

SLOWLY but surely, Berry Gordy set about getting the best writers, musicians, producers and artists that America had to offer. Over the next ten or so years Motown became the label that everyone admired.

"First hit I had was 'Little Little Blue Eyes' on Brenda Holloway, which was a smash, for Motown, 'cause I'd already had other hits before I got here. That record still sounds good, didn't even know at the time just HOW good it was, but I can't even cut a ballad that good now with that sound. Listen to the strings, and I was using an upright bass and a Fender bass. I cut that in a garage (laughs), in a garage over on Ferintosh. That record is a classic."

"Next thing was 'Castle in the Sand' on Stevie Wonder, and of course those films we did on him, like Stevie At the Beach, that kind of thing. Stevie was my artist at that time, people were for real. Now even the movie people are different. We'd hang around the beach, shoot the film, and afterwards everybody would get together to party. Now it's cold, 'okay, cut,' and everyone jumps into their cars and drives home."

"After Stevie I just drifted for a long while, I was into publishing and singing myself, and then I worked on the Supremes, on the 'Rodgers & Hart' album, and then I became a producer" on that, you know, "the kind of album that the adults would buy, 'cause the kids weren't buying the kind of thing. Then there was the Christmas albums, I did those."

In fact I did just about anything and everything. I did background on the 'Live Child' album, handclaps, that kind of thing. I ran the West Coast office before anyone got here, so it was doing the publishing, producing,

lighting. I'm probably the most qualified of all the guys here, mainly because, as I said, I was the 'step child' here, so I had to learn EVERYTHING."

AND then came the Jackson Five. The group, hailing from Gary, Indiana, were brought to Motown by Diana Ross by way of Gary's mayor, Richard Gordon Richter, and given to Hal Davis and a team known as the Corporation, consisting of Hal, Berry Gordy, Freddie Perren, Deke Richards and Fonce Mizell.

"At first the Jacksons didn't really like me, partly 'cause I always wore shades, and they could never see my eyes, but gradually they came round. I remember this one time I'd gone to the bathroom, came back and they'd put a sack on my chair. They'd already disappeared into the studio and I said 'okay guys, let's get back to recording' and I got ready to sit down, sat and I came back up real fast! Michael had a fit, he loved that!"

"Another time, they did the 'hot-foot' on me. We'd been working all day and I was real tired, so I dozed off in the chair. Whilst I was asleep the kids put some matches in my shoes and set them alight. I got up, and by all of them standing around me asking 'what do you want us to record now, Hal?' 'I'll run through it for you, know, hey, what's this? MY FOOT IS ON FIRE!' I mean, it's funny now, but I was in agony at the time. But of course they loved it. 'Course it wasn't all play, we had hits on 'ABC, The Love You Save, 'I'll Be There'. The Corporation was more like a factory then, turning out hit after hit."

"Then Michael Jackson had his own solo things out, and there were some great things that came out, like 'I Wanna Be There', which sold about a million-and-a-half and got to number one."

"After the Jacksons and the Diana and Marvin thing I changed my sound a bit, and got more into a disco kind of riff. Mainly it was because just when the Jacksons left everyone began to wonder what I'd be doing, you know, 'Hal's going to have some job trying to recover from THAT.' But, then along came 'Love Hangover', and everything was cool again. Then I did 'Don't Leave Me This Way' on Thelma, which got me a Grammy, and EVERYONE knew Hal was back!"

So what do Motown get involved with next?

Films! Undoubtedly, disco films, music films, all kinds of things. We've already been doing films for a few years (Lady Sings The Blues, Mahogany and Smokey Robinson's Big Time for example) and that's all coming along nicely. Then there'll be television, we want to get into that. I only wish someone would ask ME to do something in films!"

SO after 16 years at Motown, what changes had Hal seen?

"A lot of changes. Some for the better, of course, but there are still bits of the old days. Like when we would all get together for meetings. Now here in Los Angeles everyone has their own office, you can make an appointment to see anyone. But back in Detroit, well..."

"Our building used to be next door to a funeral parlour. I can remember turning up at the offices one day for a meeting and just as I was stepping out of the cab they were bringing this body out. You could hear the death march preceding it—there was, until someone put on 'Dancing in the Streets'!"

"You ever been to Detroit? You really want to go. You can FEEL the imagination that came out of there. Great. But when you go to Detroit, no one could walk around upright in there. And Berry's office was right below that. But when we had those meetings, everyone was at hand and nearby. 'Course, I love what I'm doing now, but I miss those old days, man."

SLOWLY but surely, Berry Gordy set about getting the best writers, musicians, producers and artists that America had to offer. Over the next ten or so years Motown became the label that everyone admired.

After Stevie Wonder and Paul Williams leave Birmingham, Alabama for Detroit, intent on re-joining a group previously known as the Primettes, other original members had broken off along the way.

At first they teamed up with Otis Williams and Melvin Franklin, two members of another defunct group, the Dismal, and together they became the Elgins. Somewhere along the way, as the Primettes, they'd formed a sister group and named them the Primettes. In 1960 both the Elgins, with an additional member in Elbridge Bryant, and the Primettes signed to the new and improved Motown Records.

Bryant's first job was to give them more appealing names; the Elgins he christened the Temptations, and the Primettes the Supremes.

At first Berry handled both the writing and the producing on the Temptations' "Dance With a Stranger" and the Supremes' "Faraway, So Close" appearing on the Gordy label in 1962 and '63. Smokey Robinson, who was an executive producer on that, you know, "the kind of album that the adults would buy, 'cause the kids weren't buying the kind of thing. Then there was the Christmas albums, I did those."

In fact I did just about anything and everything. I did background on the 'Live Child' album, handclaps, that kind of thing. I ran the West Coast office before anyone got here, so it was doing the publishing, producing,

continued overleaf



MOTOWN MEMORY: Little Stevie meets Tricky Dicky on the White House lawn.

# -from Detroit to America







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- 2nd SWANSEA Brangwyn Hall
- 3rd CARDIFF Top Rank Suite
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- 5th LIVERPOOL Empire
- 6th BLACKPOOL Opera House
- 7th To be announced
- 9th LEEDS University

- 10th STOKE-ON-TRENT Victoria Hall
- 11th PORTSMOUTH Guildhall
- 12th BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl
- 13th BRIGHTON Dome
- 14th PLYMOUTH Poly
- 15th BATH Pavilion
- 17th BRADFORD St. Georges Hall
- 18th SHEFFIELD City Hall
- 19th To be announced
- 20th NEWCASTLE City Hall
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# A NEW CAREER IN A NEW TOWN

*Somewhere between Tom Robinson and Henry Cow lie the Fall—the best underground band in the country'. OLIVER LOWENSTEIN investigates.*

**P**EOPLE use common words —'apathy', 'dead', and the like — to describe the current state of play in Manchester. It is said by those who should know, and by those who maybe do, that Manchester's spark and revered vitality has all but burnt itself out. By others it is suggested that whatever apparent scene existed was the fabrication of a few fertile but strategically placed imaginations.

Certainly the motivation, the short era of concerted action, random pitch into experimentation, and a search, however ill-equipped, for alternatives, has been thrown out with the garbage. Left only for the past to pick up on with a certain untidy disenchantment.

As usual what once ran you up has let you down.

Those who have succeeded, the Buzzcocks, a pop group, and Magazine, another pop group, remain in town, but only physically. No longer are they (wildly) interested in furthering that initial fervour now that commerce has both courted and caught them.

The Worst, for example, whose motto, so they say, was "we will never sign to a record company" Neither did they. Or, alternately they have passed along that routine route from interest in the possibilities, to interest in the straight and narrow of a . . . er . . . rock career.

The only band, though, out of Manchester's vaguely bordered first wave who haven't passed up on their initial ideals, reasons for forming, and on compromise is the Fall — out there with their hopes and intentions intact

**T**HE medium-sized room you enter has no dominant features to capture your immediate attention. Books are on the floor, and records too. Much played and ill-kept.

On the mantelpiece a postcard is noticed, a portrait of D. H. Lawrence. When, as he returns into the room, you look at the Fall's Mark Smith, the similarity strikes you at once, then, not again.

you as more than just possibility  
They, the Fall as a Manchester  
group, as a name, have been around  
some time picking up a shoal of  
affirmative press clipping, along the  
way. They in turn have conjured up  
ill fitting images far left of Chris-  
tian political subject matter.  
And here, in rim photo  
— in thing mur-  
— in it — the  
bird — minimal bleak.

nightmare-type doodlings

Initially, in the summer of '77, there was a group of people with roughly similar aspiration to the above. From there on, fired by the new wave, and brought together by shared tastes — the Velvet, Doors, Beefheart, again it was only a matter of time before conception was overtaken by practise, and a band was borne. It was also only a matter of time before The Outsiders, a temporary moniker at most, was ousted in favour of erstwhile bassist Tony Frie's persuasive suggestion of a more evocative title, the Fall, from Camus.

Apart from Mark, the singer and main lyricist, and Friel, that first group consisted of Una Baines, another words person and keyboards player — of whom much has been written about her feminist intentions, Martin Bramah on guitar (into Richard Hell and his surrounding vibe — if not the musical results); and a late addition in the form of the drummer, Karl Burns.

Too many arguments, too many divergent thoughts, split this band Friel, bored with the ensuing direction, left to start another band, the Passage (gathering momentum) whilst Una retrod her steps after experiencing, in sharp focus, the already encroaching music 'scene'.

**D**ESPITE the various internal difficulties, this version managed, before breaking apart, to make it onto vinyl. Aided by Richard Boon — Buzzcocks manager, both financially and spiritually (belief, care); — they recorded the until recently dormant single, "Bingo Masters Breakouts"

Since then, and since the split, up until recently, there has been a period of fluctuation, with a merry-go-round of players coming and going, staying a week or maybe two

Mark says the period was one of re-adjusting thoughts and focuses. A period to pull in the nets, beach boats, until the moment had been weathered, and until a longer-term line up came into place. Until, in fact, Marc — a former friend, roadie — was slotted in on bass, and Yvonne — a diminutive Nico confidante now on scratchy elemental keyboards — arrived from the deadends of Doncaster. Both are young — 16 and feeling their way.

Their second single, "The New Thing", a sly testament to things on the hipper side of the tracks, is also the first vinyl of the new band.

**L**IVE, too, while the group retain the aura of the ramshackle, the spectre of the anarchic they are beginning to move out of the somewhat limiting variations on a purely minimalist theme. Whether totally successful or not, most of the material is effective and powerful — though on occasion the sound drops lethargy into dirgelike mundanity.

Martin apart, the other focal point on stage is, of course, Mark. His movements and expression give his thoughts away; the sham of the spectacle, a disillusion that people can still believe in the shamanism the stage provides.

That he continues to mock — and so obviously so, rather than resign himself to some particular school of readymade rock poses — shows of course that he does care. Passionately.

What always sparked his writing in his old songs — "Industrial Estate," "Bingo Masters Breakout," "Steppin' Out," though culled from the drudgery of average life — was his complete inability to effect change, within that very drudgery.

**THINGS** have changed though. The Fall have become a fair to middling pop attraction, which lets Mark dabble in new environments resulting in new songs — "Envy Of The Music Scene", "The New Things", "Mess Of My".

"I am still in a real situation, but in a music situation, so I'm not going to write about oppression. Stuff like 'Steppin' Out', that I used to write about work, and how I resented it. When you get in different situations you should write about them.

"The music scene is just as stimulating as any other average working environment. The possibilities are endless. I thought I'd find it difficult, but . . ."

**C**OMPROMISE is the other major theme in Mark's mind. He worries a lot about it — that if he is going to get things through, is going to communicate, then a certain level of compromise will ensue. "I'm pulled two ways I don't agree with Tom Robinson singing anti-sextist songs against stale old Chuck Berry riffs That's farcical. But I also don't agree with Henry Cow singing political tracts in front of quasi-classical avant-garde music, even though I enjoy it. It's very

"ATV get into that a bit too far, and it's one of the problems with Henry Cow who says we won't have big publicity, we'll only play in Town Halls and colleges."

They don't remind one of any of those though. Don't remind one of Tom Robinson or Hens Co., and only slightly of Perry's court. The ill-fated Derelet, perhaps, at the best description I stumbled across was in one Farin, destined "to be the tall, best and grandest band in the country." They occur, because the reviewer won't accept us — strangely, quantitatively, — as a serious reference.

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Dick Godfrey.





**MR SNIPS** and his new band, The Video Kings, were none too well received during their recent tour with The Ramones.

De Brudders fans, with their frayed denims painstakingly embellished with a vivid assortment of biro graffiti, weaned on three-minute rock 'n' roll bruisers, were less than enamoured of the support.

The more demonstrative amongst their number hurled the occasional can impatiently across the stage, pursued by the inevitable hail of spit, whilst the remainder simply dispersed to the bar, or looked on in bewilderment.

Snips is faced with something of a dilemma. For those acquainted with his work with Sharks and Baker-Gurvitz Army, he seems to have been around since time immemorial, and hence has little fresh to offer. And to everyone else it's simply a name that's just crawled out of the womb. In point of fact Snips is neither particularly old, or particularly young. He's 27. A difficult age, in 1978.

His career with Sharks, a band that enjoyed a remarkably strong cult following and little else, with a line-up that included Andy Fraser and Chris Spedding, was essentially one of unfulfilled potential. Two albums never came anywhere near approaching expectations, and they eventually collapsed under the pressures of almost unending internal conflict and dispute.

"Sharks was a point of honour," Snips recalls. "The band was a real passion for all of us. We shed tears of frustration and disappointment, even Spedding cried when the end came. We all believed that Sharks were right and that the world was wrong, because what we were doing had never been attempted before."

His move from this relatively adventurous band to the exceedingly staid and drab Baker-Gurvitz Army seemed truly extraordinary. Snips explains it as being a necessary step. "I'd lived on the edge all the time with Sharks. When it came to the end I was exhausted. I couldn't possibly

# 27 is a dangerous age

... if half the world thinks you're 102 and the other half doesn't know you exist. **SIMON KINNERSLEY** struggles with the enigma that is... Snips.

have done the same thing again, I couldn't have handled that scene." "Baker-Gurvitz was really relaxing. It was very easy. They gave me the songs, and all I had to do was sing them."

**C**ONTRARY to appearances, Snips was never in fact a full member of BGA, but simply an employee on a weekly wage. "I couldn't join because there were many things that they were doing that I didn't agree with. I don't want to start throwing abuse around now, but in truth they weren't very good."

Not surprisingly, BGA never enjoyed anything more than mass indifference, with the result that they eventually fell apart.

Turning down the opportunity to join Billy Cobham (principally because it would have meant more of the same) in early '77, Snips began recording demos with an assortment of musicians.

One of the first things to come along was a publishing deal, and it was the publishing company that took him in hand. "I was just dabbling around, doing little in particular, and they were pushing me and getting me

organised".

By the time a recording contract had been finalised, Snips had assembled his band, The Video Kings, with guitarists Micka Dyche and John Bentley, along with a rhythm section of Jackie Badger (bass) and Graham Deakin (drums), and they were ready to move into the studio.

Not unlike the rest of his career to date, the debut album promises rather more than it delivers. Whilst there's no particularly outstanding or memorable song, its overall composition is solid, and between the lines there are a number of interesting ideas that seem worthy of a little further development.

Its reception has been less than ecstatic, gaining a generally mixed set of reviews, and there has been a universal reluctance to become involved with any real description of the music.

**E**SSENTIALLY it's hard-edged rock, with a smattering of diversions that occasionally recall moments of Talking Heads (a band, incidentally, for whom Snips professes considerable admiration) and Roxy Music in its earliest phase.

"The album was essentially a new set of symbols by which to establish myself," he says, somewhat enigmatically. "I think the focus of the album is a little too wide, and in retrospect I tried too many things."

"But that's the way I wanted it. I had a mass of songs, and I wanted to see what worked."

"There's no doubling over or touching it up. It's pared right down to the bone, just like it used to be with Sharks, a sound that we can reproduce on stage. There's not a lot

of drama or passion in it, though, because I didn't want to oversell it. That'll come next time."

Nothing should be read into the fact that they toured with The Ramones, he claims.

"In the States you have to tour with any crap-arse, so it doesn't mean a thing. As to whether we're new wave, well, I saw our single sandwiched between Siouxsie & The Banshees and Sham 69 the other day. I don't know if that means anything."

"For once I'm in control. I feel I can push my career either way. It's not how the music goes, it's how the whole thing goes. I go out on stage and I don't know what I'm gonna do. The band are frightened, they don't know what's going on. Well, a frightened band is a good band."



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# Echoes

AT THE beginning of the Fifties, when Atlantic Records were establishing themselves as the hippest of the small independent labels, it was a frequent practice of co-founders Herb Abramson and Ahmet Ertegun to drive uptown to Harlem and head towards Bobby Robinson's tiny record store on 125th Street. There they would wait around listening to records until he shut up shop around midnight. Wining and dining followed, after which the three men would go back to the Atlantic studios and sit up for the rest of the night listening to tapes.

Robinson's function in the operation was to take notes on the product and make suggestions for improvements. With a finger firmly and squarely on the pulse of the black record-buying public, his advice was invaluable. For such expertise, however, he apparently received no compensation. And this despite the fact that it was frequently on his advice that a single was released, often making its way into the charts.

Atlantic's fortunes began in 1949 with Slick McGhee's "Drinking Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee," which was a nationwide best-seller. This was rapidly followed by a string of hits from Ruth Brown, Joe Turner and the Clovers, and, ever faithful to tradition, these productions were copied by the major companies who used white singers and chalked up million-sellers in many cases. But the material had to be good in the first place, and the link Atlantic had with Bobby Robinson was invaluable. Robinson is, in fact, a legendary figure in the rock and roll industry, a status he both appreciates and resents. As an archetypal New York hustler, his eye is firmly on the future. The past he regards with a mixture of pride and a slight shrug of the shoulders.

FROM his early beginnings as a record salesman, Bobby Robinson went on to own, or co-own (with brother Danny), at least eight different labels. In many cases the original issues on Fire, Fury, Enjoy, Everlast and so on have become collectors' items. His hits included several million and near-million sellers among them "Kansas City" by Wilbert Harrison, "Fannie Mae" by Buster Brown, "Ya-Ya" and "Do-Re-Mi" by Lee Dorsey. Gladys Knight's first recording, "Every Beat Of My Heart," appeared on his

## LEGEND OF THE BACK STREETS

*Bobby Robinson's reputation as a rock and roll hit-picker is second to almost none. Yet he still operates from a small Harlem record store and is very far from being a millionaire. Report and pictures: VALERIE WILMER.*

Fury label and notched up over 900,000 sales. Today, Robinson still runs the same record shop in the heart of Harlem where he does a steady turnover and bears no resentment at the way his ability to "recognise a gem in the raw" was used by Atlantic and others. "I liked the music and I enjoyed it," he said, "I suppose I rather enjoyed the fact that people came to me as an

authority. I don't know how I got to be an authority, but it just turned out that way."

Robinson has enjoyed a special status in Harlem dating back to just after World War Two when he established his record shop. At the time it was, unbelievably, the first black-owned business on the street. It was strategically located between the Apollo Theatre and Frank's, one of the large Harlem restaurants, and this meant that every artist who appeared at the Apollo had to pass the store on their way to eat.

As time went by, they started to stop in the store to check on their record sales and find out what was going on. The word soon spread: "Whenever you're in New York, stop in and see Bobby." And this soon became "Bobby knows." Before long the production side started to follow suit.

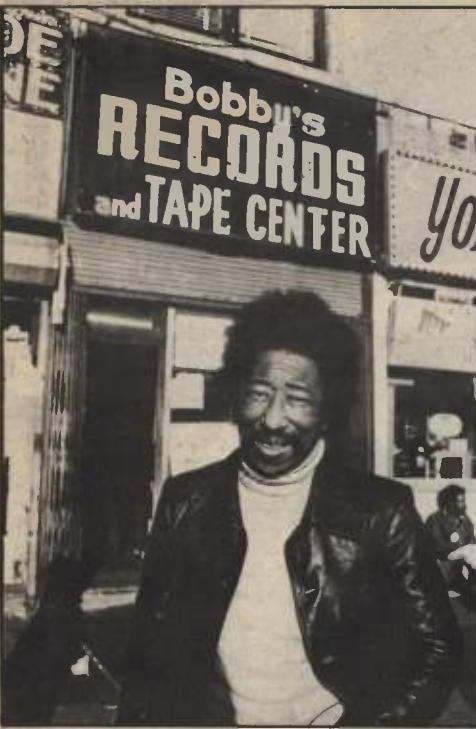
"The next thing I knew, I was swamped with A&R men and producers all coming with demos and whistles, asking me for advice." Amongst those who came by regularly were the Bhari brothers, who owned Modern and its subsidiaries RPM, Crown and Flair, Eddie Menner of Aladdin and Amp and the Chess brothers from Chicago.

AS he continued to hand out advice, Robinson reasoned that he ought to go into the recording business himself. So in 1953 he formed his own label, Red Robin. Every night he would lock the door of the shop and rehearse local groups. His first recording was done with a vocal group called the Mellow Moods ("Where Are You Now That I Need You?"), and it was a minor East Coast hit.

The list of artists recorded by Robinson is phenomenal: Elmore James ("The Sky is Crying," "It Hurts Me Too"), Bobby Marchan ("Something On Your Mind"), King Curtis ("Soul Twist"), Tarheel Slim and Little Ann, Tins Turner, John Taylor, Willie (Sic) Jackson, Tiny Grimes and Red Paycock, as well as doo-wop groups like the Chantels whose "The Closer You Are" with lead singer Earl Lewis was another big seller. No less impressive are the names who have slipped through his fingers: Otis Redding, Gladys Knight and Ike and Tina Turner among them.

TO illustrate his special flair for turning a potential talent into a hit product, the case of King Curtis is a good one. During an eight-year stay in New York, the Texas saxophonist had built up a substantial local reputation. His exceptional playing was constantly in demand for sessions with the group amongst them, but despite a couple of albums and a handful of singles, he had failed to make it into the charts.

continued overleaf



BOBBY ROBINSON outside his record store on 125th St.

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23 To be confirmed  
24 To be confirmed  
25 Salisbury, Salisbury  
26 Exeter, Exeter  
27 Bristol, Bristol  
28 The Old Vic, Newport  
29 Cardiff, F.E.  
30 North, North  
Dec 1 Bangor, Bangor  
2 Manchester, Manchester

3 Liverpool, Liverpool  
4 Bolton, Bolton  
5 Birmingham, Birmingham  
6 Ipswich, Ipswich  
7 Chelmsford, Chelmsford  
8 London, London  
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Pat's good, when he's got a few more (17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 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## Even Lone Rangers love their mothers

**DAVID KUBENIC** — you won't know the name — collapses dramatically into the comfort of the expensive settee, considering, for a second, his future. He can see no further than the next 24 hours, such, he muses, is the nature of rock and roll.

"As a career, it's all very dodgy," Kubenic, whose soft, middle-to-upper-class accent is awfully authoritative, says. "But I think that as a way of life for me, I couldn't envisage anything else at the moment. I'm still young and just coming up to my best years, I think. Until I'm maybe 35 or 36, I'll have all the physical attributes of youth and development of maturity. I wouldn't want to do anything else anyway. I love this."

**THIS** — Kubenic's first interview — is conducted in the Kensington office/home of his manager, Trevor Beaton, whose fruitful association in the past with Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel is immortalised by the glittering array of gold and silver albums that decorate the walls. When Beaton and Harley split ("That was after his last hit two-and-a-half years ago," the manager reveals, implying sound economic sense), he was put in touch with Kubenic through a mutual friend. He was impressed ("I like arrogant people"). Beaton was struck by the same sort of tingling (cash registers?) sensation that afflicted him in his early encounters with the brash young Harley.

Kubenic, he felt, had a similar potential. "In a sense, Kube had the same sort of arrogance as Harley but it was more feet on the ground rather than Harley's up-in-the-air. 'I'm God' conceit. Frankly, I think he's got a better singing voice than Harley."

Kubenic's break came last year when, for a change, he decided to record a demo tape consisting purely of voice and guitar, instead of using a full backing band. It was only when he did that his manager realised the depth of talent he had at his disposal. Previous tapes, apparently had been laden with hard rock and didn't attract interest from record companies. As a singer-songwriter, Kubenic revealed a more imaginative side of himself with much emphasis placed on his lyrics. Beaton took the tape to A&M, who were immediately interested, with the result that Kubenic's first album, "Some Things Never Change", produced by John Cale and featuring, among others, Olivia Husli and Chris Spedding on guitars, is released next month.

It'll be interesting to see the reaction to Kubenic's debut, because that it'll either be staggered off as sub-standard English art-rock (a la Bowie) or be hailed as heralding the arrival of a genuine new creative source.

"Some Things Never Change" has an indisputably British sound, stemming from Kubenic's quaint, distinctly educated, English tones mingled with an intriguing tinge of wit from his Welsh birthplace. That European identity is further distinguished by the structures of the songs, flexible enough to slide through time changes without losing coherence.

**DAVID KUBENIC** is, to put it mildly, a man of the world. His mother was Welsh and father Czechoslovakian. Both are now dead.

*This one did, anyway.*

*David Kubenic may*

*be the next Steve*

*Harley—or Bowie—*

*or Jagger—but he sure*

*loves his Queen, his*

*country and his TV.*

**HARRY DOHERTY**

*probes the mind of*

*rock 'n' roll's latest*

*armchair rebel.*

He has travelled around Europe many times, often with his mother, who was a headmistress, and even more often as a member of a rock band.

Kubenic never knew his father. His mother fled from the approaching Communism in Czechoslovakia, taking David with her. His father, a property owner, decided to stay on and paid the price when the country became part of the Eastern Bloc. He was arrested and incarcerated.

Earlier this year, Kubenic discovered that his father died two years ago. "A free man," he added with bitter irony.

These episodes were undoubtedly instrumental in shaping his opinions on many things, not least his cynicism towards politicians and trade unions, both of whom he refers to with calculated contempt. He gives the impression of being an extreme Communist, the result of a combination, presumably, of his family trauma and his life at a public school. He talks enthusiastically of importance of retaining "the family unit and the values that go with it."

**I AM** a great believer in tradition, I suppose, he says. "Tradition means stability and the family unit is a tradition. The Queen is the head of the country and is a figurehead of stability, and can always relate to somebody like the Queen. How can you relate to people like Harold Wilson?"

"Politicians," he says, "are just downright dishonest." And he hasn't got much time for trade unions either.

"They're communist-led, by and large, and they've got too much damned power. All right, they were very necessary thing about a hundred years ago and even today you quite obviously need a trade union but whether you need militant trade unions, like we've got, I very much doubt. The only reason the left wing get into power is that they are very politically orientated and they bother to attend the meetings and voice. The average guy doesn't bother. He isn't interested in trade unions. He joins it as a matter of course and because he doesn't want to create any trouble."

"I do belong to the Musicians' Union, but there again you need to be a musician by, and large get

a rotten deal. Of all the unions, we're the most ill-treated."

So what does he suggest as an alternative to this big bad world of ours?

"Menarche. Lower it up to the Queen. She's honest. Obviously, it's totally impractical and impossible — but as a pipedream, I enjoy it."

The world, unfortunately, can't exist on pipedreams.

"Can't it? I've been living on dreams all my life and the odd steak tartare with a side salad. This is a dream coming true now. I'm lucky even to have a chance."

"Obviously you have to have the basic talent to start with, to make it, but I think that perseverance creates success as much as anything else and being in the right place at the right time."

**KUBENIC** has been through the whole glossy trip of releasing albums before, so he knows he mustn't pin his hopes too high. In a previous band, Kube and the Rais, he recorded two albums on Goodson Records, the second of which never even got released. The band meant nothing, due, claims Kubenic, to being an average loud rock band and having poor management.

Earlier, at the age of 16, he played keyboards in a band called Pieces Of Mind, growing up fast playing three sets a night in Hamburg clubs. "It was a revelation. I didn't even drink until I went to Germany. I went out a boy and came back a man."

At the age of eight, Kubenic knew what he wanted to be, "a pop singer it was called then". His mother forced him to stick to piano lessons, and from there he progressed to playing rock 'n' roll and writing his own songs.

Kubenic stopped playing keyboards a few years ago to concentrate on becoming a front man. It wasn't an easy transition, he says, and his style of propulsion often dictated by the self-consciousness he feels in being without an instrument.

**"SUDDENLY** I felt totally naked. I didn't know what to do with my hands. That's why I'm always moving them around now. People say 'You wave your hands about like Len Saye'. Actually, it's a shame when people say that you sound a bit like this and that because I haven't consciously set out to sound or look like anybody else. People say that I sound a bit like the singer out of Smokie. Lots of people say David Bowie, and other say Jagger."

"But they're not influences. I haven't got a record player so I never listen to other people's music. I very rarely go and see other bands, unless I'm wanted and loved, as much as I used to at all. I got fed up with the club scene and all the parties, so now I stay at home and watch TV."

"As far as all that partying goes, I did all that when I was in Germany, just going out and having a ball. I have, of course, always wanted to be a ROCK 'N' ROLL star. I never got to be in music and I wanted to see my name in lights."

**DAVID KUBENIC**, you might have gathered by now, is quite a cynically perceptive character who controls tightly in his songs. Kubenic's attitude is best summarised in "Even Lone Rangers" one of his own songs. The theme is of a man torn between the desire to be popular, wanted and loved, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, resenting the compromises he has to make to achieve that. It concludes: "I'm just another lone ranger/Riding into the dust/With a heart full of anger/And a sense of distrust."

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# The cost and problems of being a Dead Head

I'M HAPPY TO say I was one of the lucky few to make it out to Egypt in time to see the Grateful Dead live in the desert — however, trying to see them in England was another cup of tea! At the end of August this year I discovered that the Grateful Dead were due to play 13 concerts at the Rainbow at the end of September. I immediately sent off my postal order and stamped addressed envelope for tickets for every night; which duly arrived a week or so later.

It was only a few weeks after this that I found myself writing to the Rainbow again, this time to return my tickets as all the shows had been cancelled. I was told they were going to show the film of the Dead at the end of October "to make up for the disappointment".

So I requested the box office to send me tickets for the film when sending my refund for the live concerts — once again sending a.s.e. The Rainbow sent back my refund, but no tickets for the film. I phoned the box office who told me to send them again — but the postal orders they sent me were crossed, which meant buying new ones.

So I sent off another postal order. A few days later my money was refunded once again with a brief note saying the matinee was cancelled — please re-order!

This I did, after buying another postal order and a.s.e. In the meantime I phoned the box office again — they said the matinee would still be on if there was enough demand, but that they weren't bothering seat-wise at that time.

Finally my tickets for the evening performance of the film arrived. On the day I travelled down to the Rainbow hoping to get in to see the matinee as well, only to find the film had been postponed (exactly the same as when the film was due to be shown there the summer before last). I was told my tickets would still be valid when the film is shown, but that it will probably not be until next year.

I haven't counted up what I spent on stamps, telephone calls, petrol and postal orders — but looking back, it seemed less hassle to go down to witness their concerts at the pyramids — which, incidentally, were incredible every night — PHILIP HOE, Newnham Road, Cambridge.

● LP WINNER.

## Applause for 'The Clap'

HAVING READ KARL Dallas' review of the Yes concert at Wembley, I am prompted to write in and defend one of the greatest instrumentalists of all time — Steve Howe's "The Clap".


Firstly it is not merely an elementary warm-up exercise for ragtime guitarists — as Ton Van Bergeyk would certainly get his fingers in a twist if he attempted to reel off "The Clap" — first thing in the morning. Secondly, as John McLaughlin has been proving for years, difficulty and speed alone do not make for a great piece. Many rock classics — "Stairway To Heaven", "Layla", "Moonlight Sonata" — are fairly simple but, owing to remarkable phrasing and expression, are incredibly effective.

Thirdly, Steve Howe did write "The Clap" and, as is the case with all creators of works of art, it is thus his right to show it off in the presence of an appreciative audience.

Lastly, I would like to add that we agree with the comments concerning Jon Anderson's clothes and lyrics — PETE JACKSON AND CHRIS HOLIFIELD, Cripps Hall, Nottingham University.

## Whitesnake with bite

I'D LIKE TO say a very big Thank You to David Coverdale and his Whitesnake for the marvellous concert they gave us at the Brighton Dome in November. Coverdale promise a good concert despite the poor attendance, and he manipulated the 150 or so of us into frenzy, forcing us to participate as much as possible. Whitesnake, I felt put everything into it and we even had some Jon Lord magic, as he improvised "On I Do Like To Be Beside The Seaside" into his solo. CHRIS COWLEY, Claremont Road, Seaford, Sussex.

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## Fun & understanding

NICE to see you writing about the Doctors of Madness. It seems such a long time since you and they last met. Pity you didn't understand them better this time than before. Your wonderfully eloquent crossover critic Jon Savage's précis of their last gig was dangerously dumb in so far as he applied his intelligence to hide what he did not know instead of putting forward what he did. Judging by his sparing references to anything concrete about the band's last concert, you'd think he'd never come across them before. And with such a lousy grasp of their raison d'être his judgements would appear to be invalidated.

Sad, because even if his initial confrontation with the band was a little difficult, the Doctors operated alongside the sort of music Jon has admitted to liking. Falling in a European tradition, the Doctors consciously avoided more acceptable American rock and roll rhythms (maybe that's what threw Jon). If some of their language was drawn from Americana and B movie myth, it was its presentation in unusual juxtapositions which made it so attractive to those who bothered listening that far.

And if their music occasionally approximated such forms as heavy metal. It could never be defined as such — perhaps that threw Jon too. It's a shame Jon took his role as critic so seriously that he could not enjoy the elements of kitsch and satire behind the band's bizarre presentation of themselves, down to their odd names, stage clothing and lighting. Maybe it'd have been better if they stood with their backs to the audience, but a little bit of fun is always a good starting-off point for getting the people interested, as Bernhard and Kurt would emphatically point out.

Sure, the Doctors' music wasn't attractive, nor was it particularly easy to listen to, but then, a little effort usually carries its own rewards, doesn't it? And if the band were occasionally erratic, a little perseverance was always worthwhile, just to catch such moments as when the whole band would frantically chase after Kid Strange's voice to the song's conclusion or when they slowed the pace right down so the full impact of such songs as "Network", "Marie And Joe" or "Mainlines" could be felt.

Shame Jon didn't have any fun that night. A lot of us did. Maybe he just wasn't listening properly. — TONY HARRINGTON, Peckham Park Road, London.

# The Old Grey Whistle Nightmare

I WAS alright until I watched the Old Grey Whistle Test on Tuesday night. I stared at Dean Friedman plus girlfriend in mute horror, gibbering quietly as his finger prodded maniacally at the piano and a ghostly wail issued from his mouth. I had thought that love songs were supposed to provoke romantic visions of misty rolling gently over the hills, holidays in the sun with the one you love, sweet nostalgia.

Not for me. I was now. He should be grateful he's shaking violently, my eyes wild with terror, trying to dismantle the television set with a mallet and dreadful thoughts of lemon meringue pie and death duties. "I've had enough!" Friedman was yelling — what about us?

Then Garry Osborne dismissed the entire English language because of its inability to supply a suitable rhyme for the word "love".

## PAVLOV'S DOG — A SAD LOSS

I WAS VERY pleased to read the excellent article on Pavlov's Dog by Chris Brazier in last week's MM. I only purchased "Pampered Menial" and "At The Sound Of The Bell" a few weeks ago and was extremely impressed with the quality of both.

Maybe if Chris Brazier had written such an explanatory article at the time of "Pampered Menial" the British public may have given this excellent band a chance, but, as he stated, they have disbanded, which is a sad loss to all the people who discovered them in 1975, and others, like myself, who are still discovering Pavlov's Dog. — JON SEWELL, Glen Fern Road, Bournemouth.

## Just who's unhip?

SEVERAL YEARS AGO MM ran an article by Chris Welch entitled "How To Be Unhip". According to this, one of the first things to learn if you really want to be unhip is always to add an 's' to the surnames of Cliff Richard and Keith Richard. The writer of the front page article on the latter (MM November 4) must be superunhip then, for he managed to do this no less than five times. It couldn't have been Mr Welch himself, could it? — STEPHEN BAKER, Furness College, Lancaster University.

● Close, but no cigar: Keith was born Richards, dropped the 's' when the Stones began, and reinstated it a short time ago. Better luck next time.

FOLK NEWS in association with AMBROSE DONOHUE presents

# The Mulligan Roadshow

UK WINTER TOUR 1978

featuring Mulligan recording artists

Paul Kevin Micheal Matt  
BRADY BURKE ODOMHNAILL MOLLOY  
HEAR THEM DOWN YOUR WAY!

Thursday, Nov. 15: Trinity Community Centre, Old Market, BRISTOL  
Friday, Nov. 17: Hammersmith Town Hall, LONDON  
Sunday, Nov. 19: Forum Hall, Wythenshawe, MANCHESTER  
Tuesday, Nov. 21: Irish Centre, Wilford Street, NOTTINGHAM  
Wednesday, Nov. 22: Trinity & All Saints College, Horsforth, LEEDS  
Thursday, Nov. 23: University Theatre, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE  
Friday, Nov. 24: St Peter & Paul Hall, Liverpool Road, CROSBY  
Monday, Nov. 27: Phoenix Building, SHEFFIELD POLYTECHNIC  
Tuesday, Nov. 28: National Club, Kilburn High Road, LONDON









# Light in the Act

## JOHNNY SHINES

100 Club, London

I HAVE often wondered how the acoustic guitarists of the past managed to make themselves heard in juke joints without the benefit of amplification. All was revealed at the 100 Club last Sunday. They didn't.

For most of his first set, the excellent blues artist, Johnny Shines, fought a losing battle with the drinkers at the bar. Despite the absence of dancers and the presence of a couple of microphones on stage, little amplification was evident. Such lack of attention to detail made the guitarist's discomfort obvious. A pity, for this set contained many items heard only by the privileged few at his feet.

A mere two hours from the start of the proceedings, someone introduced a couple of knobs and the mood changed for artist and audience alike.

For someone indubitably associated in the public's mind with Robert Johnson, Shines offered an impressive and varied repertoire. He played a couple of rag-time songs in their original versions (no more than one occasion he interpreted the Johnson numbers — "Dust My Broom", "Steady Rolling Man", "Stone in my Passoway" — with portable blues ballad, at one time even going into a lengthy jig. But the mixture of styles in his actual guitar work came as quite a surprise. On one number alone, he made an incredible switch from the taconna and urgency of Robert Johnson to turning chords with the pitter-patter lyricism of another Johnson, Lonnie.

As he got going, they seemed to be little this Shines could not attempt, although many collectors were amazed when he played between sets a short piece based on "Long Lanesome Blues" in pure Blind Lemon Jefferson style.

Shines' slide work on the Johnson numbers cannot be faulted, for he is, nothing if

not a skilled musician, but it seemed to lack some of the vital, hysterical edge of the original. His voice is a different matter, though, full, proud and lusty. Shines has a way of wrapping it slowly and seductively around lyrics, compelling the listener to hang on to his every word.

Johnny Shines' career began when he played between sets on a Howlin' Wolf gig. His vocal composition, "Little Wail", was allegedly written as a tribute to his mentor. He sang it at the 100 Club, a masterpiece of lyrical construction and expression that I would have hated to have missed. — VALERIE WILMER.

## MATCHBOX

Hope & Anchor, Islington

IT MAY come as a surprise to some, but there must be at least 150 bands around at the moment playing a British equivalent of Filter rock 'n' roll and rockabilly. Though many of them are destined to spend their existence in work-house clubs — or, at best, to subject the general standard has risen somewhat over the past couple of years and a select handful are destined to go into wider territories, finding an audience far removed from young free and easy.

Matchbox, once they have managed to turn a strong and raw following along the way. To be fair, the Hope & Anchor wasn't packed, but the mixed-bag of singles that made up the audience last Monday night were there just to make up some good time, probably and that's exactly what they got.

Matchbox, succeed where others fail simply because they have given time and thought to the construction of their set, and have come up with an alchemy of material old and new that warrants their relevance as a Seventies band.

After neatly coping through Johnny Carroll's "Crazy, Crazy

Lovin'" for openers, they tore into "Circle Rock" without pause. Only when an original from their second album came up did lead singer and general rambler Graham Fenton say anything. "Gunning For The Dog" was introduced as being written by their talented lead guitarist Steve Bloomfield, and it came to pass in their statement offering yet, after another stab at a scabiously stalwart Clyde Stacks' "Joy Hey", bass-player Fred Pike exchanged his Fender for an ungainly looking upright, with a hand-painted crown. "Plus-Ten" finish and a suitably positioned Confederate flag wrapped around it.

Much to the delight of the staunch ones, the band leapt into "Settle The Woods On Fire," the title song from the aforementioned album, and the string bass was retained and mandolin and banjo were added for a skill-styled reading.

id Johnny Duncan's "Reachable Banjo." This variety of instrumentation was kept up for several songs, and succeeded in keeping the crowd interested.

Graham Fenton, a longstanding admirer of Gene Vincent, wallowed in a spot of self-indulgence when they turned to a routine of Eugene Craddock standards, and the band came to a conclusion with "Tore Up," the Hank Ballard song that Ray Campi has done so much to popularize.

For me this is the one point where Matchbox go wrong. How I'd have loved to see them finish with one of their own songs — or something totally obscure and different. But enough. "Tore Up" went down well, but they'd worked so hard and got the crowd sufficiently on their side that they were able to close with virtually anything they liked and still go down okay.

If they refine their show ever so slightly, settle their recording career once and for all, and arrange a string of up-market gigs around the country, then I think the coming year is going to be fairly healthy for Matchbox. — STUART COLMAN.

## THE SKIDS

Marquee, London

I DON'T think that Virgin Records brought down a couple of coachloads of rabid Scots fans to fill the Marquee, so the excited reaction of the crowd must have been due solely to the fact that the Skids really are a good band. Correction: they are a very good band.

The main strength of this Dunfermline band probably lies in their originality — and, believe me, they are original. In a refreshingly natural and unforged way.

Stuart Adamson's guitar sound takes no small part of the credit. His fluent playing doesn't rely on power-boosted thrashing, but is based on melodic chords and phrases. And it's in stereo as well. In fact, Stuart's playing, and the Skids make as a whole, brings to mind the legend Paul Weller used to have emblazoned on his amp: "Fire and skill."

What's more, the band really seem to care about what they are doing. For instance, one song in the set is called "Night and Day" and Richard Johnson, the singer, explained that it is about a girl the band knew who was attacked and raped; and it's a powerful song, to match its powerful sentiment, but the point is that both the song and his explanation have feeling.

Thankfully, during the introduction to "Night and Day" there wasn't a repetition of what happened at a Skids gig at the Nashville about two months ago, where a few stupid people cheered at the mention of "rape."

Other highlights of the night were the meandering rendition of "Crazy John," the swing beat and looping, descending bass lines of "Dossier"; and the first encore, a song in which the lyrics consist entirely of the names of famous TV soap opera characters, and which has the chorus words of "Al-

bert Tatlock."

It looks like the Skids might have a hit on their hands with their new E.P. and I'd like to see them have success, because they've got a lot of great hooks and material with quite a bit of edge. — DAVID MCCARTHY.

## MOST/NOTO

Donte's, Hollywood

JAZZ HAS always had its share of artists whose talents have been obscured by circumstances beyond their control. Such is the case with Sam Most and Sam Noto, who were in town last week recording an album for Vanadu Records, under whose auspices they were presented by Donte's.

Though they have been seen in service with name bands (Sam Most with Louis Bellson and Buddy Rich, Noto with Bellson, Basie and Kenton), both men have put in more than their share of time in the stuffy atmosphere of Las Vegas.

Justice should demand that the history books document Most's role as the first truly creative jazz bandleader. His credits go back to the early 1950s. Though his sound may not be as original as a modernist standard as a traditionally engaging performer whose poppiness, witty style may take hold of a set of chord changes and never let go for a half-dozen beautifully constructed choruses.

"I Love You" was Most's tour de force. The other tunes in an energetic, informal hour-long set were "Star Eyes", "But Not For Me" and a blues. In all of these, Sam Noto reminded the audience that he is not to be discounted as a jazz artist, even though his scene nowadays is the commercial music world of Toronto. His sound is clear and strong, his style cast in the Clifford Brown mold. If

he were free to play jazz full time, he might well develop into a major force on the horn.

The accompanying rhythm section comprised three musicians similarly deserving greater recognition. Pianist Dolin Cofer, a bebopper of the Bud Powell school, knows the value of understatement, often holding his considerable technique in reserve. Monte Budwig is everybody's handsome bassist, supple and swinging.

Frank Butler pulled off a coup during the closing minutes. Working under a handicap — his cymbals had just been stolen — he created a magically subtle solo playing on the snare with his bare hands. He is conceivably the most under-rated drummer in Los Angeles. — LEONARD FEATHER.

## FAB POODLES

Nashville, London

POODLES are fuzzy, irritating, yapping brutes, whom I have never associated with anything less than a fuddled eye. "Fabulous" is the last word I'd use to describe them.

Thus, whenever the band group known as the Fabulous Poodles have leaped on the horizon, I have in the past tended to duck into my nearest cinema, church or bar and waited until the all-clear sounded. But last week I stepped over the battered punks that litter the streets in the vicinity of North End Road and gave myself up to the safety and comfort of the Nashville Room, there to sample the delights of a band that perhaps deserve greater respect than their name suggests.

The Poodles commanded a packed house. A sure sign of success and acceptance in rock music is when serious girls in bulging tee-shirts sing along in restrained fashion to the lyrics, in-

dicating they have been following the band since that first half-hour set supporting Jao Jax upstairs at Ronnie's on that cold Boxing Day afternoon in 1974.

And the Poodles have about them that aura of a band with a mission — to introduce into the mainstream of events their own humour, ideas and concepts, and have enough pouters turn Poodle fanciers.

First in their favour is that the Poodles don't yap or whine: they can play and deliver rock and roll with a serene ferocity. True, they adopt poseur names like Tony de Meur (lead vocals) and Bobby Valentino (violin), which recalls the follies of such groups as Deep School, but after a certain amount of studied trotting about the stage, the chords actually get down to the hard work of hashing out an honest, working beat.

Bryn B. Burnings is a committed drummer with great reserves of strength and efficiency, and Valentino's use of violin enhances the romanticism of songs like "B Movies," a sympathetic tribute to cinema fans of the fifties.

Tony de Meur introduced this with a dedication to Les Cohen, maker of black and white B pictures, and I share his enthusiasm for the genre. The Poodles have a penchant for sorrowful, if not lamentable themes, like "The Photographer Blues," and their death-defying "Suicide Bridge," which proved a powerful opening number to a set which gathered momentum, until any cries of dissent were swamped by waves of approval.

The Poodles need watching closely. At present one gets the feeling the tail is wagging the dog, but if they can strengthen and focus their image, their ideas and expertise will carry them forward to chunky morsels of appreciation drenched in the rich gravy of success. — CHRIS WELCH.

# James Brown's Nature

To dance to his new single.  
**JAMES BROWN'S 'NATURE' Parts I & 2.**  
 Appearing at Hammersmith Odeon Nov.24, Manchester Apollo Nov.25.

Concerts promoted by Straight Music & Asgard, by arrangement with Brian Miller

polydor











# Jazznews

**BARBARA THOMPSON'S** nine-piece "Latin-rock-jazz" band Jubiaba begins on Sunday (18), a 12-day tour of the country. The November tour has been organised by the Arts Council's Contemporary Music Network. Included in Jubiaba's ranks, along with Barbara (saxes, and flute), are such noted musicians as Henry Lowther and Ian Hamer (trumpets, etc), Derek Wadsworth (trombone) and Bill Le Sage (vibes, percussion).

Barbara has written a piece specially for the tour and the programme will include, in addition to her music, original compositions by Wadsworth, Hamer, Le Sage, pianist Peter Lemer and percussionist Glyn Thomas.

Jubiaba's dates are as follows: The Sables, Wavendon (19), Black Box Inn, Nottingham (20), York Arts Centre (21), Hartfield Campus, Sheffield (22), Band On The Wall, Manchester (23), Leeds Playhouse (24), Bishop Grosseteste College, Lincoln (25), Grand Hotel, Birmingham (26), Phoenix Theatre, Leicester (27), Pavilion Jazz Club, Sweeney's in Brighton (28), University of East Anglia (29) and Bull's Head, Coventry (30).

During the Chris Barber Band's most U.K. tour, which begins at the Hugh Christie



EDDIE PREVOST

## Jubiaba, Barber, Prevost tours

School in Tonbridge, Kent on Thursday, November 23, the band will notch up its eight thousandth live gig since its formation in 1954. This milestone will be reached at Bir-

ingham on December 17. After the Tonbridge date, the Barber Jazz And Blues Band moves on to the Civic Theatre, Northampton (24), Pavilion Gardens, Buxton (25), Grange Arts Centre, Oldham (26), Birmingham, for a Pebble Mill TV programme (27), London's 100 Club (28), Bull's Head, Harlow (29), Viking Club, Salsburgh (December 1), People's Theatre, Newcastle-on-Tyne (2), Key Theatre, Portsmouth (3), Wadsworth Bay Hotel, Bude (4), Merlin Theatre, Frinton (5), Civic Theatre, Camberley (6), the Miles, Greenwich (7), Station Restaurant, Great Chesterford (8), Brewery Arts, Kendal (9) and Silverman Hall, Nelson (10).

The band then visits Perth, Durham, Nottingham, Bury St Edmunds, Penryn and Birmingham, where at the Repertory Theatre (17), the eight thousandth gig takes place. The tour winds up with engagements at the Red Lion, Hatfield (18) and Jesters, Braintree Hotel, Leicester (19).

● Percussionist Eddie Prevost's band goes to Germany next week for a short visit (from November 20 to 25) during which the group will spend three evenings in the Ploz Club in Berlin. On Monday (20) the band plays at the British Council Centre, Berlin, then moves into Ploz. With Eddie (drums) will be Gerry Gold (trumpet, flugelhorn), Geoff Hawkins (tenor), and Marco Mattoz (bass).



BARNEY KESSEL

**THE** Great Guitars package — Barney Kessel, Herb Ellis and the Charlie Byrd Trio — are to return next year. Agent Robert Masters tells the MM that, following the enormous success of the guitarists' recent British tour, it has been agreed that they will tour major cities here again in October, 1979. And the Kessel Trio is to start

## Bath winners jamboree

**A** JAZZ presentation titled the Bath And West Evening Chronicle Poll Winners Session takes place on Thursday (23) at Tiffany's in Bath. Organised by Jack Pennington, who writes a weekly jazz column in the Chronicle, the session will feature some 40 musicians and run from 7pm to midnight. Most of the musicians involved were winners in the West of England Jazz

Popularity Poll recently conducted by Pennington in the Chronicle. Among those who have agreed to appear are John Critchinson (first in Piano, Modern and Top Musician), Frank Evans (first Guitar, Modern), Donny Sheppard (first Soprano, Modern, and second Modern Small Group) with his Quintet, Roger Bennett (first Soprano, Traditional), Ian Hobbs (first Drums, Mod-

a ten-date tour on November 24 in London.

Kessel's Trio, meanwhile, are in Switzerland today (Thursday) for a TV show, after which they go to Austria for some concerts. Drummer Tony Mann and bassist Jim Richardson, who complete the Trio, then return to this country while Barney travels to Paris to give a solo recital and two-day guitar seminar.

The Trio's British dates commence at the Pizza Express, Dean Street, on Friday (24) and continues at Princes Theatre, Aldershot (25), Theatre Royal, Lincoln (26), Recreation Centre, Bridgend (27), the Engine House, Tardebigge (28), Riverside Hall, Lewisham (29), Abbot's Holme Arts Society, Rochester (30), the Playhouse, Harlow (December 1) and the Hoe Theatre, Plymouth (2). Barney then returns to the Continent, where he has concerts in Paris, Copenhagen and Aarhus, before going home to the USA on December 15.

## Tyneside Savannahs at Gottingen Festival

**TYNESIDE'S** Twenties styled big band, the Savannah Syncopators, are to play the Gottingen Jazz Festival in Germany on November 24/25. On Friday (24) the Syncopators are in concert at Gottingen Town Hall, when they will perform Duke Ellington's "Creole Rhapsody" which they premiered in Britain this year (in Newcastle with a Northern Arts grant for transcribing and scoring).

For this piece they are to be augmented by

members of Gottingen's Blue Roseband Orchestra. On Saturday (25) they play a jazz band ball with the Blue Roseband Orchestra and two other German bands. The Artistic Director of the festival is Claus Jacobi, leader of the Blue Roseband Orchestra.

Newcastle's Tyneside Cinema presents an evening of jazz films on Wednesday (23). Films include On the Road with Duke Ellington, Jazz The Intimate Art and Harlem Jump, the last featuring Louis Jordan.

# If it comes from Chicago it's got to be good.

Hot Streets... the superb new album from Chicago that sees them move deeper into the realms of seamless, solid rock. The result is one of the most dynamic, abrasive sounds you've heard in a long while.

The Chicago logo is the mark of great music — and on 'Hot Streets' it's never been better.

The album features the single 'Alive Again'.

# HOT STREETS



## Jeff Atterton: New York

## Abbie Brunies dead

FROM Jeff Atterton in New York comes news of the deaths of three jazz players: Abbie Brunies, Bingie Madison and Ralph Marterie. Albert Brunies, veteran cornettist and member of a famous New Orleans musical family, died at his home in Biloxi, Mississippi on October 2. His age was reported to be 78. Asbie, as he was known, joined his first band at a very early age and played in a succession of New Orleans clubs and dance halls through the Twenties and Thirties and also made records, notably those by the Halfway House Orchestra (reissued and currently available on the VIM label).

Max Jones writes: Abbie was the brother of Henry, Merritt, Richard and George Brunies, and George — who in later life changed the spelling of his name to George Brunis on the advice of a numerologist who obviously had theories about the letter "e" — was by far the most renowned of the clan. In 1945 Abbie moved to Biloxi and bought an eatery he called Little Abbie's Diner. Later he formed a jazz band with his four brothers and toured the Gulf Coast with it for years. The Brunies Brothers Band made an album, recorded in Biloxi I think, and this was released as a 12-inch American Music LP.

Bingie Madison, who was originally a piano player, became quite well known to record collectors as a tenor man and clarinetist with Louis Russell, Louis Armstrong and other big bands of the Thirties and Forties. He was born in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1902 and worked as a pianist in California and Canada during 1921. Among bands in which he played are those of Bernie Davis, Lew Henry, Elmer Snowden, Sam Wooding, Lucky Millinder, Edgar Hayes and Alberto Socarras.

Marterie, whose recent death was also reported briefly by Jeff, was a band-leader and trumpet player brought up in Chicago, though he was born in Naples, Italy, in 1914. After years of local band work and studio playing, Marterie formed an orchestra for ABC in Chicago and commenced recording.

## Kohlman dates

ARRANGEMENTS for drummer, perovocalist Freddie Kohlman's short U.K. tour, already reported in these pages, have now been completed. The schedule for the visit of this

New Orleans musician is as follows:  
Kohlman arrives here from Italy on Friday, December 8 and opens that evening at London's Pizza Express in Dean Street. He is there for three nights (8, 9 and 10) with a support band of Dick Cook (clarinet, alto), Teddy Fulleck (trumpet), Alvin Ship-ton (bass) and Richard Simmons (piano). Freddie then plays at the New Crown Hotel, South Shields, with the Heritage Hall Stompers (11), Rockingham Arms, Wentworth, near Rotherham, with Dave Brennan's New Orleans Jazzmen (12), and in Newark, Nottingham with the Inter



FREDDIE KOHLMAN

Cities Jazz Band at a venue to be confirmed (13).

## Guitarama

ON SATURDAY (18) Michael Webber presents Guitarama, a concert featuring three aspects of guitar music, at London's Royal Festival Hall. Carlos Bonell will play classical guitar, Paco Pena takes care of the Spanish and Flamenco parts of the proceedings, and Ike Isaacs and Denny Wright — with Velvet, the group completed by Dig Fairweather and Len Skeat — look after the jazz side of the performance. The concert starts at 8pm and ticket prices are £1.25, £1.50, £2, £2.50, £3 and £3.50.

Chart supplied by DOBELLS, 77 Charter Cross Road, London, W.C.1.  
1. HOTTER THAN HADES Midnight Folies, EMI  
2. MR. GONE Weather Report, CBS  
3. ARTIE SHAW AT THE HOLLYWOOD PALLA-



PEANUTS HUCKO

## Hucko back in Britain

U.S. clarinetist Peanut Hucko will be back in Britain in December to make another concert tour with the Syd Lawrence Orchestra, plus seven solo dates with local jazz groups. The engagements with big bands are at Poole on December 3, Southport (10), Blyth (11), Derby (12), Wembley (16) and Stevenage (17).

Peanuts appears as a solo artist at the College of Music in Leeds on Wednesday, November 29 and at the Mitz, Greenwich (December 1), Sir William Borlases School, Marlow (4), Witney Jazz Club (5), for two nights at the Pizza Express in Dean Street, London (13 and 14), and finally a Dublin date with the Fair City Jazzmen on December 18.

## Best sellers

DRUM, HIP  
4. PARAPHERNALIA Barbara Thompson, MCA  
5. THE ESSENTIAL VIC DICKENSON, Vogue  
6. IMAGES Crusaders, ABC  
7. ON MR. GOODMAN Benny Goodman, Swing House  
8. SOUNDS AND STUFF LIKE THAT Quincy Jones, A&M  
9. HOW LONG HAS THIS BEEN GOING ON Sarah Vaughan, Pablo  
10. JUBILATION Bobby Wellins Quartet, Vortex

## Jazznews

## Tribute to Eubie

NINETY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD composer-pianist Eubie Blake was honoured by Mayor Ed Koch in a special ceremony at New York's City Hall. Blake received a framed official certificate of appreciation from the city and was thanked by Koch for "the wonderful songs he has given to the world". Blake is the subject of the Broadway hit musical "Eubie", a revue based on his many songs. Accompanied by three members of the "Eubie" cast, Blake sat down at the piano and played several ragtime tunes and before he was through he had changed the words of his popular song to "I'm Just Wild About Eddie". Then Koch said, "We New Yorkers are indeed fortunate that Eubie Blake put down his roots here with us".

THE Swiss Chulet Restaurant in Miami, Florida, which now converts into a jazz club every night, recently sponsored the Miami Jazz Festival. Among the performers were Arnett Cobb, Nat Adderley, Frank Rosolino, plus Pete Minger and Danny Turner, soloists with the Count Basie band. The highlight of the ten-day festival came when the stars sat in with bassist Chubby Jackson's 17-piece big band, the resident house band at the Swiss Chulet.

THE Heath Brothers — tenor saxophonist Jimmy and bassist Percy — are currently appearing at New York's Village Vanguard. Rounding out the group are pianist Stanley Cowell, a new young guitarist Tony Purrrone and drummer Keith Copeland. Columbia Records has just put out the Heath Brothers' first album, titled "Passing Thru".

BARTON saxophonist Gerry Mulligan and his exciting new big band were scheduled to open a two-week run at New York's Storytowne — the jazz club which has been closed temporarily due to the newspaper strike — on Nov. 8 with Mulligan as the welcome-back attraction. Mulligan's band drew rave reviews after an appearance at Carnegie Hall during this year's Newport Jazz Festival.

THE oldest established permanent floating jazz group in New York has found another home. The Jazz at Noon group, made up of businessmen-musicians, can now be heard every Friday at Mary O's on Manhattan's East 37th St. Recent guest performers sitting-in included tenormen Zoot Sims and Stan Getz and drummer Butch Miles. Jazz at Noon was formed in 1935 by public relations man Les Lieber, who also happens to be a fine alto sax player.

BILLY TAYLOR was saluted with a concert at Jack Klein-Loeb Student Center, paying tribute to the composer-pianist were fellow musicians Ted Curson, Jon Fadda, Frank Foster, Frank Wes, Harold Mabern, Victor Gaskin, Freddie Waits and Vocal Jazz Inc.

JOHN LEWIS, Joe Henderson, Tools Thielemans and Slide Hampton were invited to perform at the eight annual University of Pittsburgh Jazz Seminar and Concert which took place at the Carnegie Music Hall and Pitt Student Union in Pittsburgh. The three-day event featured workshops, lectures, films and concerts.

DIZZY GILLESPIE was honoured recently at the Berklee College of Music in Boston for his major contribution to jazz. He was presented with a gold plaque during a concert at Berklee.



Also available on cassette



**SAXOPHONIST** Benny Waters joined Charlie Miller's Orchestra, his first musical job outside the family band, just 60 years ago. Which makes him a veteran by anybody's reckoning. But like those other celebrated waters, he just keeps rolling along — broad and cheerful and always on the move.

Whenever I hear Benny, and it has happened fairly often since I met him here in 1952 on his way to the Continent with Jimmy Archey's Band, I am struck by his resilience of mind and body, his continuing expertise and knack of sounding good in the most mixed of musical company. For although he was born in 1902, this is no elderly survivor fumbling through a fast piece or repeating the same solo almost note for note night after night. Always a more than competent sax and clarinet player, he has grown in his playing with the years in my opinion.

"Incredibly Benny has lost none of his inventiveness and strength," wrote jazz enthusiast Dave Bennett, who arranged Benny's current British tour. "To hear him is an unforgettable experience."

No empty hyperbole, that. It certainly is a gratifying experience for anyone who is partial to warm-sounding confident, straight-ahead sax playing in a mainstream style which smacks of Hawkins or Carter here and there, maybe Pete Brown or Earl Bostic, but which is individual. Naturally a complete pro, Waters takes pains to acquaint his various and younger accompanists with his tricky codas and things. The progressions if they need to be told, the keys and routines, and sets out to do the very best job he can.

**OBVIOUSLY** there must be hassles sometimes; if so, the customer is not aware of them. Benny is something of a perfectionist and can be critical of another musician's performance. It is, though, an opinion for private consumption. He doesn't let it show in his playing in public and, indeed, is a remarkably uncomplaining man.

He is, as I say, a perfectionist himself — about instruments and mouthpieces as well as chord changes and intonation — but also a realist. Once he has got the accompaniment as right as he can get it, away he goes on his professional task of entertaining the audience by showmanship, musicianship and pure hard work.

If faced with what he thinks of as a jazz crowd, he

doesn't hang about, he isn't half making us work tonight."

**ON** this particular opening set in the Pizza room the saxophonist had impressed especially with his tone and fluency on a version of "These Foolish Things", on which the tenor work spoke of his love of the early Coleman Hawkins ("You know, when I first got to New York I used to listen to Hawk all the time," he said afterwards), and with a final tearaway "Avant" on which he played clarinet and tenor and demonstrated conclusively that he was not only untroubled by very fast tempo but could swing too at such challenging speeds.

When Benny sat down for a drink and a breather, I asked about the round, voluminous tenor sound and he explained with his usual modesty that everybody had their own peculiarities.

"I've always had a big sound," he said. "I had a big sound on all instruments. He plays alto and soprano as well as tenor and clarinet. I had an even bigger sound on clarinet but lost my best one. Also all my favourite mouthpieces and my Mark 6 also earlier this year. They stole the damn things on the metro, took the case from me while I was standing up, you know, and when I reached down for it when we got to my stop, the horns were gone."

Was the wide, full sound a natural product of circumstances in the Twenties when, for instance, Hawkins was with Fletcher Henderson in various ballrooms and theatres and Waters was with Charlie Johnson's Band, and amplification was all that hot? Benny didn't know. "I don't think what you say had anything to do with it because the boys had big sounds, then and they have big sounds now." Some I replied, but some saxists have rather thinner tones today.

That, he stated, was because they tended to play in the upper register. "I was just talking about it to Stan Getz. Stan has always played in the high part of his horn; he had beautiful control of it and so it sounds good. And he had many guys following him, and of course, if they follow Stan they're going to play in the high part of the

# Jazzscene



BENNY WATERS at the Pizza Express, Soho. (Pic: DAVE BENNETT)

## COOL BLUES DRIVE

horn. You see? Stan used it that perfected style. But that's the reason for it — he was playing in the high part of the tenor. If he used the big part of the horn more, it's going to sound big."

**AND** what of the high-speed playing? "Well, I like up-tempo playing and guys I've been doing it quite a lot. Now fast tempo pieces with two things: the condition of the horn and how much harmony you know. That you can pass through those chords. Yes, I was at the Conservatoire in Boston for five years, but not studying saxophone. I studied harmony and theory and some piano. I became pretty good with the chords and I kind of praise myself for that."

"I have no problem with chords. If I don't know a key I can easily find it because I play a little piano as it anything sounds a bit difficult I go over to the piano and work it out — if I don't feel too busy that is. And that's an advantage, of course, to know what's going on."

Another admirable thing in Waters' playing is the ability to create new patterns in his solos, even when playing a number — such as "Body And Soul", "Cool Blues" or "Foolish Things" — we've heard him do many times before. The overall conception may be familiar each time, but the improvisation differs in many details.

Benny smiled hugely at this observation and suggested that the reason his solos didn't sound the same each time round was that he was never a "stereotyped" player.

"I never did play stereotypes. First thing, I never knew what I'm going to play when I go up there. So if I don't know what I'm going to do, the people will never know what's going to come out. It stands in reason, I don't know myself. And that makes for chance, see what I mean?"

It was about 25 years ago that Benny Waters settled in Europe for a good long stay and he's been still

centred on Paris, France. People often believe that emigrant American jazzmen in Europe cut off from the source of inspiration and inspiration, must sooner or later run out of artistic steam. Benny, while appreciating the proposition, thinks that lack of stimulus was a problem today for expatriates.

"Not now. You see you have so many records available, you have radio and television, and of course you meet the guys from back home all over the place, and often play alongside them. Years ago, it may have been true, and it may still be true for people who don't travel and live and hear different things."

"Some musicians don't get around as much as I do. See, I go and hear pop music and free jazz, I go every place I can. Coleman — and that's one extreme to the other — I'll go round to those guys who are playing the gubbucket stuff on three rock 'n' roll things, these saxophone players. I don't mind how bad the saxophones sound, there's always something — there may be a little crack I don't know."

"So I listen to any kind of music I can hear. I don't have to take it, but I've seldom been to anywhere that I didn't find something I would like to do. That's the way you keep up, you know. If you don't go to places, well, it's like the wall around China. If you don't hear what's going on you stay in one category and play in a stereotyped manner."

And when you can always go back to America any time you want to. In my case I've found it difficult to make the time since I settled in Paris and became associated with La Cigale, where I played regularly until the late Sixties. And I've been busy ever since then. But I sat there over to New York in June this year."

**SO** after all these years Benny paid a visit to his homeland for a week during which time he did a few dates, one night at Eddie Condon's, he played at the Blue Bird and a festival in New Jersey for George Wein.

And wasn't there some sort of reception for him? I remember reading of a reception in Europe for a good long stay and he's been still

after 25 years. Yes, he said, he was invited to that, an all-star benefit for The House That Jazz Built at Vincent's Place on Harlem's West 125th Street. They made it a reception for me."

The primary reason for going back to the States was a family one. "I went to see my brother who was living in Washington and I'm glad I did because he died about a month ago. So I'm pleased that I saw him again last year, you know. He was around 83 years of age. This was older brother, Clarence, who had his own band in the locality where the Waters brothers were born — in Brighton, Maryland — and gave Benjamin his first music lessons."

How did Benny react to the American jazz scene, so far as he was able to take it in, after his long absence. Well, he said, as far as New York is concerned, there seemed to be a lively enough club situation.

"A lot of clubs there: more than I remember being there when I left. But Harlem was terrible, really let me tell you. Yeah, there was a lot down there. Not much jazz up there now, and then the houses, all look like they're falling down. Really terrible. But downtown, with the clubs, it's quite scene. To tell you the truth, at home I have a list of, I suppose, to say about a hundred clubs that's going in New York every week."

**I** ASKED if the trip home had inspired Waters with any strong desire to return on a more permanent basis. He had to tell me that if it were not for the amount of work he was getting in Europe, he'd be back there now.

"I'd return like that." He snapped his fingers to indicate alacrity. But I took all the time, see? I'm working now as a soloist and I go all over Europe by myself. I'm going from this country to Oslo, from there to Stockholm, and from there to Copenhagen. I'll be back to my new flat in Paris in January, then I'm supposed to go to Poland, and there's something coming up in Austria, but I haven't worked out the contracts for that, and I have other important gigs lined up."

"In April I'll be going again to New York, but this time to play. I'm going to tour with Clyde Bernard's Band, and I'm going to the New England States, that part of America. Yes, I've been to Poland before, to do a festival, also I've played a festival in Czechoslovakia. And I've been to Denmark five times. Russia I haven't ever been to, but I do have a 15-day tour to East Germany coming along in June. That'll be the first time for me there. So you see I'm not busy, working all through the year."

The mobile existence, is it satisfying for Benny, leaving aside for a moment the matter of financial considerations?

"Well, I'll tell you how I get my kicks. I like to drive and like to travel. I have two things I really like doing, and I want I am doing. One is driving. Benny certainly is a keen driver, as anyone can tell from the fact that he's been arriving at or leaving various Continental festivals such as Dunkirk or Nice. I recall him packing his stuff in the car in the early Dunkirk heism and heading for Paris."

And with a smile on his face, he reminded me. "Sure," he agreed. "I'll be all over, go all over Europe and drive there and back. But of course I don't have my car over to England. The driving part is one of his reasons for preferring to work solo."

**ON** his visit Benny brought three of his horns, the clarinet, alto and his Buffet tenor. That old Buffet, as most of the recordings I've done so far can attest, is a good one. The Buffet. But I have a Selmer at home, I have two tenors. The Selmer is a good one, it's a little bit lighter in tone than this."

Previously he has brought only two instruments here with him, clarinet and tenor or alto and alto for a while. I remember, and Dave Bennett hopes to persuade him to pack the soprano as well next time. And the next time should not be far off.

Everywhere Benny Waters has played, there seems to give given satisfaction, and many of the venues are making a return engagement. "It's been a great success," said Bennett, "and it was a pleasure to bring him ever again to March."

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**Rise Up Like The Sun**  
Their album





**M**INDFUL of the constant fragility of folk music within the media, I write with reluctance and caution. Trepidation even. But whatever reserves of understanding and tolerance you draw on, however many excuses you contrive to find, and no matter how earnestly you pray for a dramatic transformation, there's no escaping the fact that the BBC's weekly gesture to the folk world, Folkweave, is a disaster area.

It comes to us on a Thursday evening brimming with diffident charm and cosy innocuousness, beaming on in a laconic manner from Manchester. The man with his hands on the strings, Peter Pilbeam, and his "front man", Tony Capstick, creep stealthily into our living rooms and apologetically join the bank manager in the cupboard, before creeping apologetically out again at 10pm. What chance have they against The Spinners?

A national folk radio programme is imperative, and has a crucial role to play in the folk tradition. There are, after all, precious few opportunities for an overall link in the genre and for spreading the popularity of a national style. That is why it's so important the programme should be good; it should be critical listening for anyone remotely interested in folk music and hopefully attracting a few innocent bystanders as well. That it fails so miserably makes it deserving of the harshest judgment.

Its predecessor, the Jim Lloyd-Francis Line creation, Folk On Friday, took its last impact when the Beeb started messing around with its spot, fulfilled most of its requisite functions, and Folkweave certainly suffers in comparison. Just as it is informative and entertaining, without any of the limp self-consciousness that pervades Folkweave.

So what is it that's so bad? Well, the ingratiating bedside manner of Capstick for one thing. As a singer and front man and drinker, he has earned much acclaim and attention, but as a radio presenter he exudes the irritating sycophancy better suited to Listen With Mother. It's as if he comes into the studio shortly before recording and whips through his

# Folk

## The great Folkweave turn-off

*The Beeb's top folk programme is a pathetic attempt to cater for enthusiasts and should be given a face-lift or replaced by something fresh, says COLIN IRWIN.*

script with one eye on the Beeb, and then beats it. But the faults lie much deeper than a personal dislike of Capstick's manner. When the programme was first conceived, it was intended to be a festival in the form of a tape, and as a result Folkweave has come up with some vintage tapes.

The Copper Family at last year's Brighton Festival, their last major public appearance with Ron Copper, is a prime example. And last week they had some brilliant recordings of Tom Anderson, Aly Bain and the Shetland Fiddlers. Quite often the recordings they get are outstanding—one of the freshest points about Pilbeam's approach is his disregard for obvious commercial preconceptions and willingness to delve into areas of comparative obscurity.

Yet this enterprise is repeatedly wasted, simply by carelessness and shoddy programming.

His penchant for broadcasting recordings of festivals that took place from anything up to two years ago is laughably absurd, and usually totally incongruous. The impression given by Folkweave is random and haphazard; it's as if the choice of what goes into the programme is random and haphazard; it's as if shortly before the show goes out Pilbeam scans the archives for a tape that will fit the time available, and puts it in irrespective of its relevance.

I recall one festival a couple of years ago which

had a superb bill, and Folkweave chose to play from it extended extracts from a set by a rather uninspiring singer. The idea of building a programme around a single band or festival is, in itself, full of potential, but it needs to be considered and planned much more closely. Folkweave appears to tumble together by some weekly accident.

The other main point of contention is that there just is no point of reference, no unity about the programme. Where it ought to be a central focal point of the folk community, it could all be pre-recorded six months in advance and nobody would notice. I wonder sometimes if that's not what happens. There is a feature in the programme, euphemistically called Folk News, which consists merely of a list of dates that people have sent in. There is rarely any mention of current issues or occurrences, in fact rarely an indication that there is a community beyond a few scattered clubs who occasionally put on folk music.

I think I finally began to despair of Folkweave in the early part of this year, at the time of the Steeleye split. Steeleye, you might have thought, were prime figures in the folk world. Indeed, whatever you might have thought of them — the public face of folk, and the news of their split of some interest to listeners of Folkweave. A full month after their pending break-up was officially announced, and in-



TONY CAPSTICK (left) and PETER PILBEAM in the Folkweave studios. (Pic: CHRIS HILL)

depth requests conducted in this and other papers, and the band were already into their farewell tour, Martin Carthy and Tim Hart went into the Folkweave studio to be interviewed by Peter Pilbeam.

Seemingly unaware of all the publicity surrounding the announcement, Pilbeam went straight in and asked them about the "rumours" of a split. Any programme worth the news during the week of the announcement, but Pilbeam, neglecting to ask why they'd come to the decision, merely passed a little inoffensive conversation about the tour they were currently

engaged on and that was it. No attempt at an analysis of their career, or retrospective consideration whatsoever. I don't ask for a vigorous news service, but a little awareness wouldn't go amiss now and then.

But the pits has been reached in recent weeks with Fingerstyle Folk, an arduous series hosted by Jed Hison concerned with teaching us to play guitar. "Tune the guitar commands Jed and there's a moment or two of plucking strings. "Good," he says suddenly. "I'm in tune. Now... let's sort out those three major scales I mentioned last week." Gringe Dial-twiddlers might have

thought they'd stumbled on a broadcast to primary schools. You almost expect him to say, "Are you sitting comfortably? Good... then I'll begin."

I've no objections to a series on how to play guitar, but it should be a specialist programme in its own right. A Radio Three job, I reckon, is more appropriate than driving Folkweave listeners to extraction. There have been good offbeat features in the past, like the music of the canals, but any stray listener whose imagination has been captured by what has gone before surely dashes frantically off in search of a phone-in when they're hit by

that. Basically the only healthy regular feature of Folkweave is Tony Foxworthy's review of record releases. Despite his goodly uncle manner and his earnest endeavour to be glowing about everything, Foxworthy usually keeps fairly up to date with releases and his selections are interesting and unpredictable. He's as likely to pick an obscure home-recorded album as much as the latest big prize by an all-conquering superstar. Enough of course there's a strong argument that the superior should still be reviewed. Even if the records are bad. Despite that, Foxworthy's few sentences

to write a put-down (we saw a valiant about a dozen units), or an opinion of the programme in recent weeks and apart from one, all have been utterly devastating. In the face of such hostility it's amazing that the BBC have persevered with it for so long. They've watched a round frequently but it's no better though the constant danger is of course that the BBC will simply remove it and leave it at that, abandoning folkies to the clutches of Ray Harvey's Folk 76, which, in fact, is rather better than a public image would have us believe. It has improved beyond recognition from the time, shortly after the demise of Both Sides Now, when it seemed to be continuing the Beeb tradition of giving blanket exposure to the Spinners, ignoring everything else. Harvey's list of artists for the half-hour slot is increasingly impressive.

The Beeb's hesitancy in Folkweave may be down to the fact that it comes out of Manchester. The Annan Report was emphatic that more national space and opportunity should be allocated to regional programmes, and as one of the few existing regional shows getting airtime, the BBC is wary of dropping it. Which is an incredibly crazy reason for keeping a programme going, especially when some of the better local stations programmes wipe the floor with it, though folk isn't especially well endowed in this direction either.

The three London local stations, for example, can muster a regular folk programme between them. The depressing fact remains that Folkweave, embarrassingly amateurish and parochial, should either be given a drastic shake-up or replaced by something fresh, lively and alert. That or George and Regan will wipe up.

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**THE ALBANY, Station Yard, Twickenham**

10.00-11.00

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10.00-11.00

**THE CRUISERS**

10.00-11.00

**JEFF SCOTT QUINTET**

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**THE CRUISERS**

Longbridge Tavern Hall

10.00-11.00

**THE CRUISERS**

10.00-11.00

**THE CRUISERS**

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+ THE DANDIES

CHELSEA SCHOOL OF ART

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**PAZ**

JAZZ ROCK CENTRE THE KINGS HEAD HIGH ST, ACTON, W3 8 PM TO MIDNIGHT

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# Entertainment Guide

**THE Venue**

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Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing  
7 p.m.-3 a.m. (Sundays 7 p.m.-10.30 p.m.)

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+ SPECIAL GUESTS

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 17th  
2 Shows: 8.30 and 12.30  
**RACING CARS THE INTERLUKUALS**  
+ SPECIAL GUESTS

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 18th  
1 Show: 8.30  
**ALBION BAND**  
+ SUPPORT

TUESDAY NOVEMBER 21st  
2 Shows: 8.30 and 12.30  
**DAVID JOHANSEN BAND**  
+ SUPPORT

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 22nd  
1 Show: 8.30 p.m.  
**MOON MARTIN**  
(Fresh from European tour with ERIC CLAPTON — + Support)

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 23 + FRIDAY NOVEMBER 24  
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## CAROLINE ROADSHOW ROCKS ON

Wed., 22 Nov. BOOGIE HOUSE, Norwich  
Thurs., 23 Nov. COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION,  
Fri., 24 Nov. St. Peter's St., Lowestoft  
Sat., 25 Nov. DISS CORN HALL, Diss, Norfolk  
Thurs., 30 Nov. INSTITUTE, Braintree, Essex  
Fri., 1 Dec. CORN EXCHANGE, Cambridge  
Sat., 2 Dec. KEMPTON MANOR, Ashford, Kent  
Thurs., 7 Dec. WOODS SPORTS CENTRE, Colchester  
Fri., 8 Dec. KING GEORGE'S HALL, East Grinstead  
Sat., 9 Dec.

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TUESDAY, 28th NOVEMBER, at 8.30

presented by

**Judas Priest**

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Barbara Dickson	Nov 18	Drvo	Dec 2/3
Gene Pitney	Nov 19	Olivia Newton John	Dec 3
Jerry Lee Lewis	Nov 19	Hi-Tension	Dec 4
Esther Phillips	Nov 19	Liza Minnelli	Dec 4/9
Cleo Laine	Nov 20/25	Boyz n the Moor	Dec 7
Third World	Nov 22	Muddy Waters	Dec 8
James Brown	Nov 24	Child	Dec 9
Bethnell	Nov 25	Spinners	Dec 9
Dillinger	Nov 25	Sacha Distel	Dec 10
Gordon Giltrap	Nov 26	Al Stewart	Dec 10/16
The Invaders	Nov 27	Celina	Dec 17
X-ray Specs	Nov 27	Ian Dury	Dec 17/23
Darius Razzouk	Nov 28	Elva Costello	Dec 18/24
Olivia Newton John	Nov 28 Dec 5	Peter Gabriel	Dec 20/23
	Nov 28 Dec 9	Rory Gallagher	Jan 12/14
Bonny M	Nov 30 Dec 1	Johnny Cash	March 13/16
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Tues. Nov 21st

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Fri. Nov 24th

**HOPE & ANCHOR**

Sun. Nov 26th

**YOUNG BUCKS**

Thurs 18th

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Fri. 17th

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Sat. 18th

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Wed. 22nd

**THE BRECKKNOK**

**REDNITE**

Thurs 17th

**THE THREE BABY'S** Fri. 20th

1st 18th

**THE STAPLETON**  
Crouch End

1st 18th

**THE SELL**  
1st 20th

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**SPURS**  
1st 20th

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FENDER Super 6 reverb, 6x12" closed JBL	£350
FENDER Vibra-Log 40 watts	£215
FENDER Vibra-Log	£260
FENDER Bassman 12 Combo	£265
FENDER Bassman 135 Head	£185
FENDER 100 Bassman Cab	£190
FENDER 70 Bassman Amp Top	£150
FENDER 60 Shimmer Cab	£275
FENDER Shimmer 4144 reverb	£260
FENDER Vibra-Log D130 cab	£250
<b>VEBO C&amp;C</b>	
FENDER Champ	£65
VEBO AC30	£280
VEBO AC30 10 watt Combo M/P	£220
MARSHALL 30 watt Combo M/P	P.O.A.
MARSHALL 50 watt Combo M/P	P.O.A.
MARSHALL 100 watt combo M/P	P.O.A.
MARSHALL 100 watt 10" amp	P.O.A.
MARSHALL 100 watt 12" amp	P.O.A.
CARLSBERG Hornet Custom	£115
<b>FENDER RHODES</b>	
Stage 70 male	£370
Stage 80 male	£365
LESLIE S Large head 760	£295
S. Langedal's Electric harp monix effects at discount prices.	

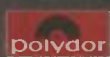






# SILOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES



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THE SCREAM