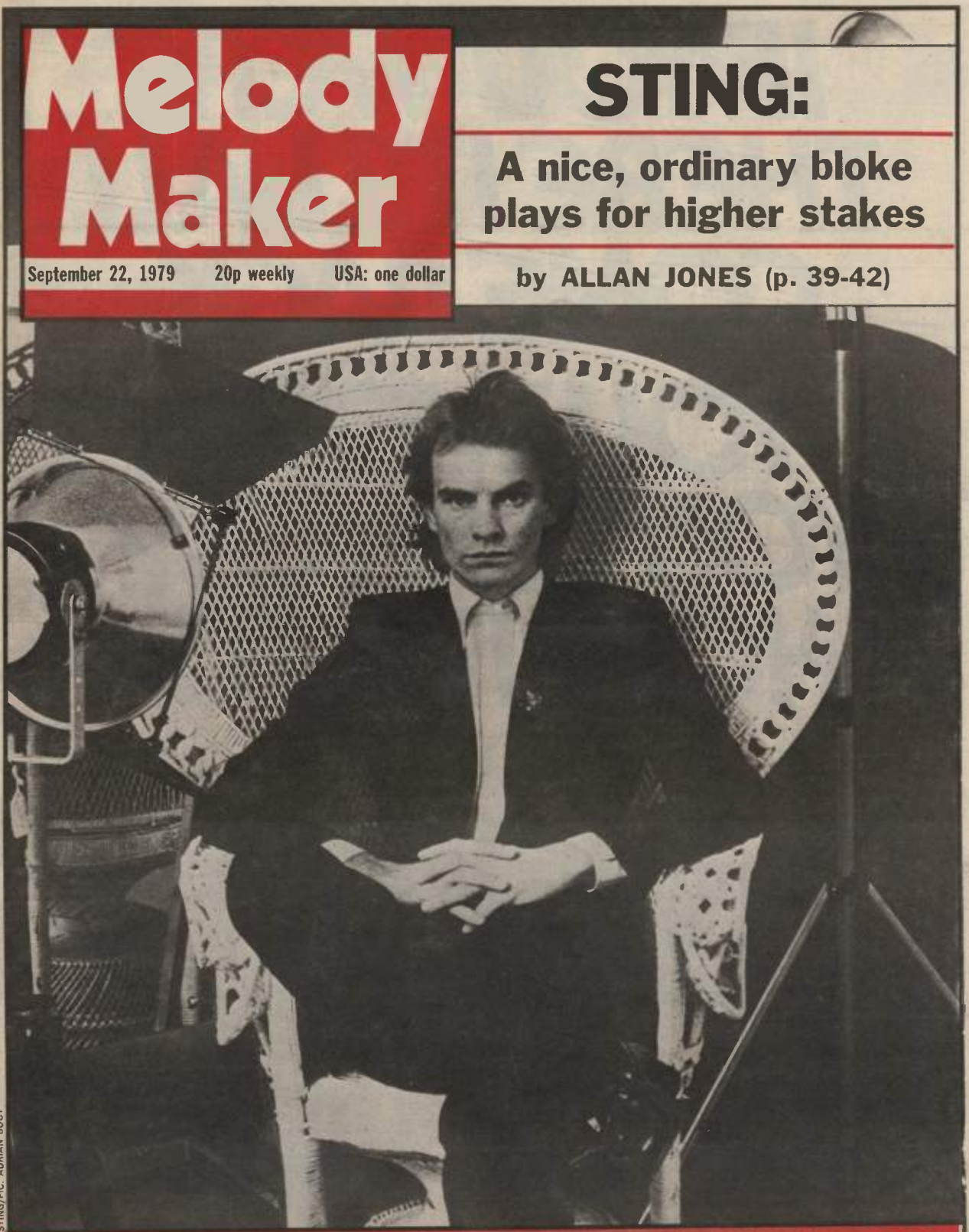
Melody Maker

September 22, 1979 20p weekly USA: one dollar

STING:

A nice, ordinary bloke plays for higher stakes

by ALLAN JONES (p. 39-42)



STING/PIC: ADRIAN BOOT

BLONDIE: 'EAT TO THE BEAT' REVIEW (p.30)

IF YOU WERE THERE IT'LL ALL COME BACK.

IF YOU WEREN'T YOU'LL KNOW HOW IT WAS.

QUADROPHENIA

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ALBUM & CASSETTE

QUADROPHENIA. THE FILM ON GENERAL RELEASE FROM 23rd SEPTEMBER.

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For information and readers' queries ring 261 8480 or 261 8315.
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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Ray Coleman

EDITOR: Richard Williams

ASSISTANT EDITOR: Michael Watts

NEWS EDITOR: John Orme

REVIEWS EDITOR: Ian Birch

TECHNICAL EDITOR: Kevin Black

CHIEF SUB EDITOR: John Barton

EDITORIAL STAFF:
Max Jones
Chris Hayes
Colin Irwin
Allan Jones
Harry Doherty
Robin Grayden
Brian Case
Chris Bohn
Jon Wall

CONTRIBUTORS:
Jeff Atterton
Chris Brazier
Karl Dallas
Leonard Feather
Simon Frith
Bob Gallagher
Steve Gett
Vivien Goldman
Peter Guralnick
Max Harrison
Mary Harron
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Mark Williams
Valerie Wilmer
Pete Wingfield

PHOTOGRAPHERS:
Adrian Boot
Barry Plummer
Kate Simon

ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER:
David Curtis

Advertisement department phone: 01-643 8040

Subscription inquiries and orders should be sent to IPC Business Press (Sales & Distribution) Ltd., Subscription Department, Oakfield House, Perrymount Road, Haywards Heath, Sussex RH16 3DH. Phone: 0444 59188.
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GEORGE BODNAR

PAUL McCARTNEY took the stage for the first time in three years on Friday when he appeared with fellow Wings Linda McCartney and Denny Laine during the Buddy Holly memorial show at London's Hammersmith Odeon. On stage are: Joe B. Mauldin, bass player with the Crickets, Don Everly, Paul, Linda and Denny.

GOLDSMITH MAY SAVE KNEBWORTH

THE KNEBWORTH festival, apparently doomed as a result of the collapse of promoter Freddie Bannister's company and opposition from the licensing authority, could be saved by promoter Harvey Goldsmith.

Goldsmith, who has often booked concerts in rivalry to Bannister, said this week that he is interested in stepping in to put on a show at Knebworth if the owner is interested — and David Lytton Cobbold, who owns Knebworth House, is quoted as welcoming the idea of the festivals continuing, as they contribute to the upkeep of Knebworth.

Whereas Bannister has apparently lost money on the two Led Zeppelin shows in August, which forced him to put his company, Tedoar, into voluntary liquidation last week, Goldsmith thinks he can turn the festival, which has been running since 1974, into a profitable venture.

A low overall turnout for Zeppelin is believed to be the cause of the financial shortcomings for Bannister and Tedoar, but Goldsmith saw no reason why a combined festival the size of Knebworth should not be profitable — he attracted similar crowds to his open-air show for Bob Dylan at Blackbushe last year.

It is understood that Bannister held a massed count of ticket stubs from the two Zeppelin shows at Hitchin Town Hall last week to get an accurate picture of the attendances, but he has been unavailable for comment.

FAITH, HOPE BUT NO CHARITY

THE "BEATLES re-form for charity" rumours which spread rapidly last week, have been turned down flat by the Beatles themselves, despite the involvement of United Nation's Secretary General, Kurt Waldheim.

Waldheim was reported as having sanctioned the plan to reunite the Beatles for a concert in Geneva that would be televised and recorded to bring in an estimated £130 million to aid the Vietnamese boat refugees, and promoter Sid Bernstein, who first took the Beatles to America to play the Shea Stadium, tried to contact them.

Last week he was reported to have had agreement from all except John Lennon, but MM discovered that both Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr have turned down the invitation — which, with Lennon's reported lack of enthusiasm, makes the plan a non-starter.

Siouxsie carries on

SIOUXSIE and the Banshees got back on the road this week after last week's disaster when half the band walked out only two nights into their British tour.

As Siouxsie and bass player Steve Severin took the stage with temporary new players Robert Smith from tour support band the Cure, and drummer Budgie, formerly with the Slits, manager Nils Stevenson was preparing to take legal action against former Banshees John McKay and Kenny Morris for the recovery of money lost on the first week of the tour following their sudden departure in Aberdeen.

The tour re-opened at Leicester on Tuesday this week, and the following changes have been made — the Bradford St George's Hall concert is now on Monday next week, Oxford New Theatre is on Wednesday next week, Taunton Odeon has been cancelled and Liverpool Empire is now on September 30. Tickets bought for the original gigs will be valid for the new dates, and refunds can be obtained for box offices.

Floyd LP date

PINK FLOYD are close to finishing their new album, which is being lined up for release in November, but it now looks as if the group's plans to tour Britain will be postponed until early next year.

The double studio album, "The Wall", has been earmarked for release in two months time by EMI, and Roger Water has taken the tapes from the Cannes studios, where Floyd recorded, to Los Angeles for the addition of strings before final mixing.

CLAPTON: WORLD TOUR

ERIC CLAPTON has put together a new all-British band for a world tour that takes him behind the Iron Curtain for the first time, before closing in Japan, and British concerts are planned for early 1980.

Clapton retains Albert Lee, who joined him for his last UK concerts this year, and has added keyboard player Chris Stainton, bassist Dave Markee and drummer Henry Spinetti.

The tour, which starts early next month, includes Poland, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia as well as Israel and Austria before closing in Japan after Siam, Manila and Hong Kong. Clapton then starts work on the follow-up album to "Backless", and the record is due for release in the spring of 1980 to tie in with the British dates.

Arden sues Beeb

DON ARDEN, the head of Jet Records and manager of ELO, is suing a number of musicians and the BBC for libel following Radio 4's Rock Bottom programme, reported in last week's MM.

Arden has employed American lawyer Marvin Michelson, who has fought Lee Marvin and Mick Jagger in their divorce cases, to handle the case, in which he is suing Roger Cook and his producer, plus LynseyDe Paul and other participants in the programme, which made various allegations about Arden's business reputation and tactics.

Southside back

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY and the Asbury Jukes are set to tour Britain in October. The full details of the tour have not yet been announced, but the band starts with a show at London's The Venue on October 4 and includes a night at London's Rainbow on October 27.

The problems facing the band's record company and the promoter include the size of the Southside Johnny group and entourage — it was the cost of running the ten-piece group that led them to be dropped by Epic — but it is hoped the full tour will be tied up next week. A new album, "The Jukes," has just been released by the band's new label Phonogram.

Musicians Only

WHAT are the legal pitfalls facing today's musician? Why is Rick Wakeman returning to the music he played ten years ago? These are among the questions raised and answered in Musicians Only, a new weekly music paper launched this week by the publishers of the Melody Maker.

Musicians Only aims to cover the worlds of professional, semi-pro and amateur musicians in rock and all contemporary music fields. Regular weekly features will be exhaustive, easily-read tests of new instruments, and there is a full news and reviews service.

Musicians Only is 20p, available every Wednesday from newsagents.

BOOK NOW FOR 1980

JUDAS PRIEST have decided to try and beat the rush for next year's box offices by announcing their spring 1980 British tour six months early.

The band, who have just released their new live album, "Unleashed In The East", will be playing throughout March next year, and should have their next studio album ready for release by the time the tour starts at Bristol. The first 25,000 copies of the live album contain a free three-track live EP.

The tour starts at Bristol Colston Hall on March 9, and continues: Manchester Apollo (March 10), Sheffield City Hall (11, 12), Leicester De Montfort Hall (13), London Hammersmith Odeon (14, 15), Southampton Gaumont (16), Aberdeen Capitol (18), Edinburgh Odeon (19), Newcastle Mayfair (20, 21), Glasgow Apollo (22), Liverpool Deeside Leisure Centre (23), Stoke Trentham Gardens (25), and Birmingham Odeon (27, 28).

Tickets are £3.75, £3.25, £2.75 and £2.25 except for Leicester (£3.50), Hammersmith (£4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50), Newcastle (£3) and Stoke (£3.50). Postal applications are accepted now, with personal application from October 1

INSIDE STORIES

NEWS FLASHES

LONDON'S Electric Ballroom re-opens at the end of the month as a regular rock venue after a £40,000 investment in soundproofing and one court case to its name. Straight Music promoter John Curd has done a deal with the venue to provide two concerts each weekend for the next year, and he starts with Adam and the Ants supported by Classix Nouveaux, Echo and the Bunnymen and Teardrop Explodes on Friday and Saturday next week.

Tickets for the 1,500 capacity ballroom in Camden will range between £2 and £3. A full tour for Pere Ubu, due at the Electric Ballroom on November 10, is being put together by Asgard Agency for November, but no further dates have been confirmed.

THE FOUR TOPS, George McCrae and the Drifters are part of a US soul/disco invasion during September and October which sees the three acts playing separate club tours. The Four Tops wind up their shows at London's Theatre Royal in Drury Lane on November 4 after kicking off with three nights at Westcliffe on Sea Queens Cabaret Club on September 27, 28 and 29.

The tour continues: Windsor Blazers (September 30 to October 6), Sheffield Fiesta (October 8 to 13), Birmingham Nite Out (15 to 20), Purfleet Circus Tavern (21 to 27), Nottingham Commodore Club (28), Stoke on Trent Jollees (29), Cleethorpes Bunnys Place (31), Poole Arts Centre (November 1), Usk Stardust Club (2), Eastbourne Kings Country Club (3) and London Theatre Royal (4).

George McCrae started this week at Leicester Balleys (to Saturday), followed by Brighton Sherrys (September 24), Doncaster Romeo and Juliets (25, 26), Leysdown Island Hotel (27, 28 and 29), and Birmingham Baileys (October 1 to 6).

The Drifters, who have just released "Pour Your Little Heart Out", a single produced by Biddu and featured in the Joan Collins movie "The Bitch", started this week at Birmingham's Nite Out (to Saturday), followed by: Wakefield Theatre Club (September 23 to 29), Stockport Quaffers Club (October 1 to 6), Farnworth Blightys (3 to 6), Usk Stardust Club (10 to 13), Dunstable Caesars Palace (14 to 20) and London Grosvenor House Hotel (21).

THIN LIZZY have now confirmed the inclusion of guitarist Dave Flett, exclusively reported in MM recently, together with Midge Ure on keyboards for their forthcoming Japanese tour. Flett, who came to notice with Manfred Mann's Earth Band, has been heading his own outfit, Secret Agent.

Lizzy, who release a new single, "Sarah", backed by "Got To Get It Up" from their "Black Rose" album, plan to tour Britain early next year, following their Japanese excursion. Before setting out, Lynott will produce a single for Ensign Records by Roy Sundholm, and is due to finish work on his solo album when the band returns.

PIL—high price for canned music

THE NEW Public Image Ltd album, "Metal Box", is released by Virgin Records in October at the staggeringly high price of £7.45, with a limited run of 50,000 albums.

The venture is so costly because the album, which is out on October 12, takes the form of three 12-inch records that play at 45 rpm, packed in a metal box similar to a movie film cannister.

The three discs give the record a longer combined playing time than the average album — Virgin estimates more than an hour — but the future of the music after the 50,000 pressings have been sold is not yet clear.

No decision has been made on whether the music will be re-pressed as a double album with a standard sleeve, or whether the metal box set will be the only issue.

A single from the album, "Memories", is pencilled in for release on October 5, but the release date may be changed.

GARY MERRIN

BLUE OYSTER CULT

BOC to tour

BLUE OYSTER Cult fly in to Britain in November on the crest of the heavy metal revival to play a compact UK tour that peaks with a run of four nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon.

The band's new album, "Mirrors", has just been released in Britain, with the title track out as a single, and it is possible that a new single will be released as a build-up for the tour.

BOC, whose stage show is noted for its use of extravagant lighting and effects, were last in Britain a year ago, and kick off their new tour at Brighton Centre on November 1 (tickets £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50).

The dates continue: Stafford Bingley Hall (November 2, tickets £4.50), Leeds Queens Hall (4, tickets £4.50), London Hammersmith Odeon (5, 6, 7 and 8, tickets £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50), Manchester Apollo (11 and 12, tickets £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50), Leicester Granby Hall (13, tickets £4.50), and Edinburgh Royal Highland Exhibition Hall (15, tickets £4.50).

Two more concerts are likely to be added to the tour, but no details are yet available.

Tickets for Stafford are available from: Birmingham Cyclops Records, Wolverhampton Sundown Records, Hanley, Tunstall and Newcastle-Under-Lyme Mike Lloyd Record shops, Stafford Lotus Records, Manchester Picadilly Records and Bingley Hall.

Edinburgh tickets from: Glasgow Apollo, Edinburgh Usher Hall, Carlisle Pink Panther Records, Dundee Cathie McCabe Records and Aberdeen Other Record Shop; Leicester tickets from the Town Hall box office and Leeds tickets from Leeds Queens Hall and Virgin.

Tickets for these venues can also be obtained by postal application from Stiff Music Ltd, 1 Munro Terrace, London SW10, with a postal order and sae.

MERTON PARKAS: OCTOBER TOUR

THE MERTON PARKAS are now set for an October tour that ties in with the release of their second single, "Plastic Smile", and their debut album for Beggars Banquet, "Face In The Crowd".

The tour starts at West Runton Pavilion on October 5, and continues: Halifax Good Mood (October 6), Jacksdale Grey Topper (7), Cardiff University (9), Nottingham University (10), Bath Pavilion (11), Keele University (12), London Chelsea College (13), Poole Wessex Hall (14), Nottingham Romeo and Juliets (15), Nottingham Trent Poly (16), Blackpool Norbreck (18), Dundee University (19), and Glasgow University (20).

More October dates, including a London show, will be announced shortly.

KOTTKE ONE-OFF

LEO KOTTKE has been lined up for a one-off London concert at the Dominion Theatre to follow up the release of his new album.

The date is October 21, and tickets are available from the box office and usual agents priced £4, £3 and £2. Kottke's new album, "Balance", is released by Chrysalis Records on Friday this week.

After The Fire back on the road

AFTER THE Fire get back on the road later this month to follow the release of their debut album, "Laser Love", with a lengthy tour through to mid-November.

The album was produced by Muff Winwood and is out on Friday this week, following the single of the title track. As well as the tour, the band will be appearing on BBC 2's Old Grey Whistle Test on October 9.

The tour starts at Folkestone Leascliffe Hall on September 29, and continues: Horsham Capitol Theatre (30), Cardiff Institute of Higher Education (October 2), Uxbridge Brunel University (3), Hull Institute of Higher Education (4), Durham New College (5), Sunderland Poly (6), Southampton University (7), Wolverhampton Poly (10), Oxford Poly (11), North Staffs Poly (12), Bristol University (13), Glasgow Strathclyde University (16), Dunoon Queens Hall (17), Edinburgh Astoria Cinema (18), Aberdeen University (19), Dundee Tech (20), Arbroath Condor Club (21), Norwich Cromwells (30), Harrogate Ripon College (31);

Manchester UMIST (November 2), Keele University (3), Portsmouth Poly (6), Poole Institute of Higher Education (7), Barry South Wales Poly (8), Lampeter St Davids University (9) and Sheffield University (10).

ATKINS COMING

CHET ATKINS arrives in Britain next month for his first British concerts for a number of years, and the short tour will tie in with the release of his new album.

The tour starts at Middlesbrough Town Hall on October 22, and continues: Sheffield Seaside Big Top (October 23), Belfast Grosvenor Hall (25), Southend, venue to be confirmed (27), London Palladium (28) and Slough Fulcrum Centre (29).

The new Atkins album, "The First Nashville Guitar Quartet", will be released in October.

Three Degrees hallmarked

THE THREE DEGREES play a one-off concert at London's Royal Albert Hall on October 8. Tickets, priced £8, £6, £4.50, £2.75 and £2, go on sale now, either by post with a stamp addressed envelope or by personal application. Meanwhile their new single, "Jump The Gun", comes out on September 14, followed the first week in October by an album, "3D".

Lene says when

LENE LOVICH has put together a new band to support her European tour that brings her to Britain in mid-October, with Jane Aire and the Belvederes, and new EMI band, the Meteors. Her new group is: Les Chappell (guitar), Dave Skinner and Dean Klevatt (keyboards), Mark Chaplin (bass) and Justin Hildreth (drums).

The tour opens at Sheffield Poly on October 12, followed by: Loughborough University (13), Swansea Top Rank (14), Malvern Winter Gardens (15), Exeter Routes (16), Norwich University (19), Bristol Locarno (21), Birmingham Odeon (22), Hanley Victoria Halls (23), Liverpool University (24), Glasgow Apollo (26), Aberdeen Capitol (27), St Andrews University (28), Edinburgh Tiffanys (29), Newcastle Poly (31), Carlisle Market Hall (November 1), Manchester Salford University (2), Leeds University (3), Dunstable Queensway Hall (4), Guildford Civic Hall (5), London Hammersmith Palais (6).

A new Lovich single, "Bird Song", is released by Stiff on September 28, the day that Jane Aire's first album, "Jane Aire and the Belvederes", is released by Virgin. A single, "Breaking Down The Walls Of Heartache", is released on Friday.

Baker forms band

GINGER BAKER has now completed the line-up for his new band, which will make their debut at London's The Venue on Friday this week. New lead guitarist with the band is John Mizarolli, who worked with bands like Canned Heat and the Platters in America before coming back to Britain to teach music.

MEKONS READY ALBUM

THE MEKONS, who have just been signed by Virgin Records, are in the studio with Bob Last of Fast Product working on their debut album for their new label.

Their new single, "Work All Week" backed by "Unknown Wrecks", is released on October 5, and the band goes on the road for a short tour in October to promote the single.

The dates start at London's Marquee on October 9, followed by Plymouth Clones (10), Portsmouth Poly (11), Liverpool Erics (12), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (13), Edinburgh Tiffanys, with the Gang Of Four (15), Sheffield Limit (16), Chesterfield Fusion (18), Leeds University (19) and Birmingham Redditch College (20).

U.S. news

New York: Davitt Sigerson

Panto time with Sun Ra

SUN Ra and several dozen acolytes he's termed the Arkestra have been performing at Squat, a small theatre. The show is part panto, part jazz, suggesting a Las Vegas for intermediate technologies.

Twenty musicians dressed in homemade yellow satin wraparound shirts, crocheted shower-caps and plastic sunglasses, began a sweet, shambling rhythm. A primitive string instrument commenced, soon joined by congas, bells, bass and vibes, then the vibraphonist embarked upon an impressive, harmonically rich solo as the rhythm gained fullness.

Finally a noisome, prayerful tide of reeds washed him out, and a series of middle-aged lady dancers executed amateurish Egyptianesque movements. They wore shiny costumes and silly hats, and one danced with a huge sheet of aluminium foil, while another recited some mystical lines about myth and reality. It was all a wonder to watch and preposterous at the same time, and the Arkestra seemed to know it, encouraging — indeed programming — the alternation of wrapt gazes and belly-laughs.

A light was switched on near the stage and the musicians chanted "Here Comes The Sun". Sun Ra emerged in festive robes and a pink crocheted shower-cap. At first he walked around the hall, peeking through the small hole in a scalloped golden disc he held in front of his face. Then he turned to conduct the trumpets and saxophones in a great fanfare to their leader. They blasted away energetically, seeming to ignore his stately sweeps of the arm.

After a succession of spectacular solos (first bass, then a pair of duelling altos, then trumpets), Sun moved to the organ, where he zoomed around the keyboard, striking poses and making lots of noise. He built it to a great blare and then cut straight into a gritty, elementary two-chord groove, supported by bass, drums and congas. The sax players then took up flutes and walked off the stage, playing a simple unison figure and dancing cheerily with each other and members of the audience. They returned to the stage and Sun launched into a soothing solo piano segment: then everyone got together and swung on a last big number.

The Arkestra show is funny, diverting and intelligent about a whole range of complex ideas: a thoroughly successful exercise in cultural cannibalism, self-deflation and the communication of joyful purpose.

SIMON FOWLER/LFI

EDDIE MONEY: upstage and embarrassing.

KATE SIMON

SUN RA: part panto, part jazz.

BILLY Joel and Jerry Wexler turned up at Trax (independently) to see Blue Angel, an unimpressive rock band Polydor seems poised to pen. Raitt-able lead singer Cyndi Lauper joined a post-show jam fronted by Eddie Money, who did his best to upstage and embarrass those assembled: Richard T. Bear on piano, Gene Cornish (once of the Rascals, and now of Photomaker) on bass, and especially Miss Lauper.

The same night saw a big party at Hurrah's, music provided by the Lounge Lizards and James "Blood" Ulmer. The Lizards started well, with a clean synthesized bass riff under Cool School send-up tenor. The hacksaw guitars intruded, promisingly, but the show soon collapsed, owing to thoughtless blowing and long delays between numbers. They've been much better in the past.

More exciting was Ulmer, who straightened up rhythms, slowed down tempos and even did some singing to fine-tune the crowd of willing tyros. Michael Zilkha (boss of Ze Records) sighed: "If he were ycung and white, he'd be huge." Sad but true.

Fripp and Eno were present, as were August Darnell, Debbie Harry and Chris Stein. Ian Gomm and Pick Withers, in town on the strummific Dire Straits tour, were brought along by Warners' Karin Berg. Gomm's "Hold On" will be one of the year's biggest-selling singles, according to one CBS exec, "If we haven't screwed ourselves over this returns business". He was speaking of the retail trade's heated opposition to CBS' modification of the sale-or-return system. Poor Gomm.

PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY

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INCLUDES "PUPPET LIFE"
"THE MESSAGE"
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ALBUM UAG 30258
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"...the LP they have always promised — a brilliant one fab" SOUNDS 15.9.79

"...this album debut turns out to be as exciting and rewarding a venture as it is ambitious a work of quite extraordinary power..." N.M.E. 8.9.79

Dates are
Sept 21 PENTHOUSE
22 ROCK GARDEN
23 SHEFFIELD
28 MAYFAIR
29 NEWCASTLE
Oct 4 BIRMINGHAM POLYTECHNIC
5 PORTSMOUTH
10 COLWYN BAY
11 RHYL
12 GUILDHALL LONDON POLYTECHNIC
13 [illegible]
17 [illegible]
18 [illegible]
19 [illegible]
23 [illegible]
24 [illegible]
25 [illegible]
26 [illegible]
29 BATH UNIVERSITY
31 MARQUEE

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

The charts

U.K. REGGAE SINGLES

1 (1) POINT OF VIEW ..... Matumbi MR
2 (2) YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'VE GOT Me and You, Laser
3 (10) BREAKFAST IN BED Sheila Hylton, Ballistic
4 (3) RING MY BELL Blood Sisters, Sound City
5 (5) CONSCIOUS MAN ..... Jolly Brothers, United Artists
6 (20) GOODBYE LITTLE MAN Sister Love, Cool Rockers
7 (—) OK FRED Errol Dunkley, Third World
8 (4) THE BORDER ..... Gregory Isaacs, GG
9 (9) MY TUNE ..... Cool Notes, Jama
10 (19) BARNABUS COLLINS Lone Ranger, GG
11 (13) DON'T LET IT GO TO YOUR HEAD True Harmony, Freedom Sounds
12 (11) EARTH, WIND AND FIRE ..... Paul Blackman/Augustus Pablo, Daddy Kool
(16) JAH LOVE IS WITH I Johnny Clarke, Greensleeves
14 (7) SITTING IN THE PARK Cassandra, D-Roy
15 (8) BIG, BIG POLLUTION Barry Brown, Third World
(—) MIGRATE Earth and Stone, Third World
17 (6) PLASTIC SMILE ... Black Uhuru, DeRoy
18 (18) LOVING YOU ..... Janet Kay, Pye
19 (13) YOUTHMAN PROMOTION Ranking Joe, Sufferers Heights
20 (12) CRISIS ..... Israel Vibration, Harvest

Two titles tied for 12th and 15th positions.

U.S. SINGLES

1 (1) MY SHARONA ..... Knack, Capitol
2 (4) SAD EYES ... Robert John, EMI America
3 (2) GOOD TIMES ..... Chic, Atlantic
4 (6) DON'T BRING ME DOWN Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
5 (10) SAIL ON ..... Commodores, Motown
6 (8) I'LL NEVER LOVE THIS WAY AGAIN Dionne Warwick, Arista
7 (5) LEAD ME ON Maxine Nightingale, Windsong
8 (9) LONESOME LOSER Little River Band, Harvest
9 (14) DON'T STOP TILL YOU GET ENOUGH Michael Jackson, Epic
10 (12) BAD CASE OF LOVING YOU (DOCTOR, DOCTOR) ..... Robert Palmer, Island
11 (13) POP MUZIK ..... M, Sire
12 (3) AFTER THE LOVE IS GONE Earth, Wind & Fire, ARC
13 (15) HEAVEN MUST HAVE SENT YOU Bonnie Pointer, Motown
14 (18) RISE ..... Herb Alpert, A&M
15 (7) THE DEVIL WENT DOWN TO GEORGIA Charlie Daniels Band, Epic
16 (11) THE MAIN EVENT/FIGHT Barbra Streisand, Columbia
17 (—) DRIVER'S SEAT Sniff 'n' Tears, Atlantic
18 (16) GOODBYE STRANGER Supertramp, A&M
19 (—) BORN TO BE ALIVE Patrick Hernandez, Columbia
20 (17) LET'S GO ..... Cars, Elektra

U.S. COUNTRY SINGLES

1 (—) COCA COLA COWBOY Mel Tillis, MCA
2 (4) JUST GOOD OL' BOYS Moe Bandy and Joe Stampley, Columbia
3 (5) IT MUST BE LOVE ... Don Williams, MCA
4 (6) FOOLS Jim Ed Brown and Helen Cornelius, RCA
5 (1) I MAY NEVER GET TO HEAVEN ... Conway Twitty, MCA
6 (8) LAST CHEATER'S WALTZ T. G. Sheppard, Warner Bros.
7 (11) THERE'S A HONKY TONK ANGEL (WHO WILL TAKE ME BACK IN) Elvis Presley, RCA
8 (9) ONLY LOVE CAN BREAK A HEART Kenny Dale, Capitol
9 (12) BEFORE MY TIME ... John Conlee, MCA
10 (13) FOOLED BY A FEELING Barbara Mandrell, MCA
11 (2) TILL I CAN MAKE IT ON MY OWN Kenny Rogers and Dottie West, MCA
12 (16) DREAM ON ..... Oak Ridge Boys, MCA
13 (17) IN NO TIME AT ALL Ronnie Milsap, RCA
14 (—) ALL THE GOOD IN CALIFORNIA Larry Gatlin, Columbia
15 (—) YOU AIN'T JUST WHISTLIN' DIXIE Bellamy Brothers, Warner Bros.
16 (—) SWEET SUMMER LOVIN'/GREAT BALLS OF FIRE ..... Dolly Parton, RCA
17 (—) ROBIN HOOD Billy "Crash" Craddock, Capitol
18 (—) I DON'T LIKE THAT NO MORE/NEVER MY LOVE ..... Kendalls, Ovation
19 (20) IF I FELL IN LOVE WITH YOU Rex Allan Jnr., Warner Bros.
20 (7) YOUR KISSES WILL Crystal Gayle, United Artists

TOP 30

Singles

1 (2) CARS Gary Numan, Beggars Banquet
2 (1) WE DON'T TALK ANYMORE Cliff Richard, EMI
3 (3) STREET LIFE ... Crusaders, MCA
4 (9) DON'T BRING ME DOWN Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
5 (12) LOVE'S GOTTA HOLD ON ME Dollar, Carrere
6 (10) IF I SAID YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL BODY WOULD YOU HOLD IT AGAINST ME Bellamy Brothers, Warner Bros
7 (4) BANG BANG B. A. Robertson, Asylum
8 (6) ANGEL EYES Roxy Music, Polydor
9 (7) GANGSTERS ... Specials, 2-Tone
10 (8) JUST WHEN I NEEDED YOU MOST Randy Vanwarmer, Island
11 (5) MONEY ... Flying Lizards, Virgin
12 (18) STRUT YOUR FUNKY STUFF Frantique, Philly Int
13 (21) REGGAE FOR IT NOW Bill Lovelady, Charisma
14 (23) CRUEL TO BE KIND Nick Lowe, Radar
15 (14) DUCHESS Stranglers, United Artists
16 (13) GOTTA GO HOME Boney M, Atlantic/Hansa
17 (26) TIME FOR ACTION Secret Affair, I-Spy
18 (22) GONE, GONE, GONE Johnny Mathis, CBS
19 (25) SAIL ON Commodores, Motown
20 (—) THE PRINCE Madness, 2-Tone


LYNN GOLDSMITH

The POLICE float in at 21.

21 (—) MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE Police, A & M
22 (15) OOH! WHAT A LIFE Gibson Brothers, Island
23 (16) LOST IN MUSIC Sister Sledge, Atlantic
24 (29) TOMORROW'S GIRLS UK Subs, Gem
25 (11) AFTER THE LOVE IS GONE Earth, Wind & Fire, CBS
26 (—) NIGHTS IN WHITE SATIN Dickies, A & M
27 (—) SLAP AND TICKLE Squeeze, A & M
28 (—) DON'T STOP TILL YOU GET ENOUGH Michael Jackson, Epic
29 (—) YOU CAN DO IT Al Hudson, MCA
30 (—) ON STAGE (EP) Kate Bush, EMI

Albums

1 (3) IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR Led Zeppelin, Swan Song
2 (1) DISCOVERY Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
3 (7) SLOW TRAIN COMING Bob Dylan, CBS
4 (5) STREET LIFE ... Crusaders, MCA
5 (2) I AM ... Earth, Wind & Fire, CBS
6 (8) VOULEZ-VOUS ..... Abba, Epic
7 (6) BREAKFAST IN AMERICA Supertramp, A&M
8 (14) REPLICAS Tubeway Army, Beggars Banquet
9 (4) THE BEST DISCO ALBUM IN THE WORLD ... Various Artists, WEA


CHRIS MORRIS

GARY NUMAN shows pleasure at album's progress — in at 11.

10 (9) DOWN TO EARTH Rainbow, Polydor
11 (—) THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE Gary Numan, Beggars Banquet
12 (11) OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR Police, A&M
13 (10) MORNING DANCE Spyro Gyra, Infinity
14 (16) PARALLEL LINES Blondie, Chrysalis
15 (—) JOIN HANDS Siouxsie and the Banshees, Polydor
16 (—) ROCK 'N' ROLL JUVENILE Cliff Richard, EMI
17 (15) NIGHT OWL Gerry Rafferty, United Artists


ADRIAN BOOT

SLITS — slicing in at 27.

18 (12) HIGHWAY TO HELL AC/DC, Atlantic
19 (28) TUBEWAY ARMY Beggars Banquet
20 (17) WELCOME TO THE CRUISE Judie Tzuke, Rocket
21 (22) INTO THE MUSIC Van Morrison, Mercury
22 (13) SOME PRODUCT, CARRI ON SEX PISTOLS Sex Pistols, Virgin
23 (18) BEST OF THE DOOLEYS ... GTO
24 (26) MANIFESTO Roxy Music, Polydor
25 (19) BRIDGES ... John Williams, Lotus
(—) MIDNIGHT MAGIC Commodores, Motown
27 (—) CUT ..... Slits, Island
28 (—) MANILOW MAGIC Barry Manilow, Arista
29 (—) STRING OF HITS Shadows, EMI
30 (29) FEAR OF MUSIC Talking Heads, Sire

Two albums tied for 25th position.

U.K. SOUL SINGLES

1 (1) STREET LIFE ..... Crusaders, MCA
2 (4) YOU CAN DO IT ..... Al Hudson, ABC
3 (3) FEEL THE REAL David Bendeth, Sidewalk
4 (2) LOOKING FOR LOVE TONIGHT Fat Larry's Band, Fantasy
5 (8) DON'T STOP TILL YOU GET ENOUGH Michael Jackson, Epic
6 (12) SWITCH Benelux and Nancy Dee, Scope
7 (5) STRUT YOUR FUNKY STUFF Frantique, Philly Int.
8 (9) DANCIN' AND PRANCIN' Candido, Salsoul
9 (6) OOH! WHAT A LIFE Gibson Brothers, Island
10 (10) LOST IN MUSIC Sister Sledge, Atlantic
11 (7) MORNING DANCE ... Spyro Gyra, Infinity
12 (11) WHEN YOU'RE NUMBER ONE Gene Chandler, 20th Century
13 (13) AFTER THE LOVE IS GONE Earth, Wind & Fire, CBS
14 (16) GONE, GONE, GONE Johnny Mathis, CBS
15 (—) I DON'T WANT TO BE A FREAK Dynasty, Solar
16 (—) DEJA VU ..... Paulinho DaCosta, Pablo
17 (—) SAIL ON ..... Commodores, Motown
18 (17) YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'VE GOT Me and You, Laser
19 (—) FOUND A CURE Ashford and Simpson, Warner Bros.
(—) CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOUR LOVE Tamiko Jones, Polydor

Two titles tied for 19th position.

U.S. ALBUMS

1 (1) IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR Led Zeppelin, Swan Song
2 (2) GET THE KNACK ..... Knack, Capitol
3 (3) CANDY-O ..... Cars, Elektra
4 (4) BREAKFAST IN AMERICA Supertramp, A&M
5 (5) MIDNIGHT MAGIC Commodores, Motown
6 (6) RISQUE ..... Chic, Atlantic
7 (8) OFF THE WALL Michael Jackson, Epic
8 (7) DISCOVERY Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
9 (9) I AM ..... Earth, Wind & Fire, ARC
10 (10) FIRST UNDER THE WIRE Little River Band, Harvest
11 (14) SLOW TRAIN COMING Bob Dylan, Columbia
12 (12) RUST NEVER SLEEPS Neil Young and Crazy Horse, Reprise
13 (11) BAD GIRLS Donna Summer, Casablanca
14 (16) DIONNE ..... Dionne Warwick, Arista
15 (13) MILLON MILE REFLECTIONS Charlie Daniels Band, Epic
16 (17) STAY FREE Ashford and Simpson, Warner Bros
17 (15) CHEAP TRICK AT BUDOKAN ..... Epic
18 (18) TEDDY ... Teddy Pendergrass, Philly Int.
19 (19) THE BOSS ..... Diana Ross, Motown
20 (20) SECRETS ..... Robert Palmer, Island

U.S. SOUL SINGLES

1 (1) DON'T STOP TILL YOU GET ENOUGH Michael Jackson, Epic
2 (2) FOUND A CURE Ashford and Simpson, Warner Bros.
3 (4) DOING THE LOOP DE LOOP Lenny Williams, MCA
4 (5) I JUST WANT TO BE Cameo, Casablanca
5 (7) SING A HAPPY SONG O'Jays, Philly Int.
6 (8) MAKE MY DREAM A REALITY G.Q., Arista
7 (13) (NOT JUST) KNEE DEEP Funkadelic, Warner Bros.
8 (3) GOOD TIMES ..... Chic, Atlantic
9 (10) STREET LIFE ..... Crusaders, MCA
10 (11) RISE ..... Herb Alpert, A&M
11 (6) AFTER THE LOVE IS GONE Earth, Wind & Fire, ARC
12 (12) WHAT CHA GONNA DO WITH YOUR LOVIN' ... Stephanie Mills, 20th Century
13 (17) SAIL ON ..... Commodores, Motown
14 (14) FULL TILT BOOGIE Uncle Louie, Marlin
15 (9) TURN OFF THE LIGHT Teddy Pendergrass, Philly Int.
16 (16) WHY LEAVE US ALONE Five Special, Elektra
17 (15) THE BOSS ..... Diana Ross, Motown
18 (18) BAD GIRLS Donna Summer, Casablanca
19 (19) I'LL NEVER LOVE THIS WAY AGAIN Dionne Warwick, Arista
20 (—) OPEN UP YOUR MIND (WIDE) Gap Band, Mercury

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AFTER DARK 1

BARRY PLUMMER

SONNY CURTIS gives a little speech while a platform of Holly friends, Crickets and Maria Elena (right) look on.

BARRY PLUMMER

MARIA ELENA signs Holly souvenirs

Ravin' on with Buddy

That's what they've been doing this fourth annual Buddy Holly Week, and mingling with the Crickets, Bob Montgomery and Maria Elena was JOHN PIDGEON.

OL' four-eyes is back. Well, he was last week, in spirit if not in specs, as the faithful kept the flame alive with a fourth annual celebration of Buddy Holly Week, an event that commemorates neither the day-the-music-died nor Paul McCartney's acquisition of the British publishing rights to Holly's songs, but the birth on September 7, 1936, of Charles Hardin Holley (the 'e' got lost on his first recording contract) — the one member of an entire generation of early rock 'n' roll stars who might have felt inspired rather than threatened like the rest by the rise, just a few years after his death in 1959, of the Fab Four.

It was a short week — Thursday and Friday, in fact — with the first day given over to a Buddy Holly Fan Fair, held in a banqueting room above the bars of the Clarendon Hotel in Hammersmith, a pub that stands between tube and bus stations on the busy Broadway.

Were it not for the music, this might have been a wing of almost any historical exhibition, for there were few quiffs perched upon the receding hairlines of the crowd that browsed the memorabilia, and more pinstripes than drapes. And not a set of horn rims to be sighted until a youngster, who undoubtedly arrived half-fare, strode in with the studied air of a candidate for the role of young Buddy.

A moment's surprise, even disappointment, at the absence of more exotic homagers was dispelled by the recollection that the boys at school (older, of course, by some years than this hack) who had most closely identified with the gawky wearer of glasses were the seven-stone weaklings, the short-sighted, the swots.

Others were into his music, but this lot modelled themselves on the man. Mind you, it took an anthropology professor to tell a Hollyite from a Hank B. Marvin lookalike. And these were they, twenty years on. Only the frames had been changed.

And here was Tony Day, anyway, in his custom-knit Buddy Holly cardie, announcing himself in pearl and plain as a member of the Memorial Society. And here, too, was a man in cowboy hat and shades, with a trim, greying beard and flares that flapped a trifle high about his ankles, standing in a manner that might have passed for inconspicuous were it not that his whole being somehow cried out for attention.

Then someone asked him for his autograph; he signed. Others offered paper and pen, while still more shuffled behind his shoulders to gander at the name he wrote before taking their place in the queue.

"Be happy. Have a ball!" was what he wrote. "All the best — P. J. Proby." Unlucky Jim, his hits seem so much more remote than Buddy's. Was it bad management? Booze? Or is he happy simply to have been there once? Certainly he seemed happy enough, scrawling his way to a case of writer's cramp, because he surely can't have written those evocative initials so often since the Sixties.

THE prize exhibit of the afternoon was not part of the official display. Dave Harvey had only brought it up on the tube from Clapham after dinner.

Behind glass, in a gilt frame big enough for the boy-with-a-tear-in-his-eye, Dave had a poster of Buddy bearing signatures of the Holly family and friends; around its edges were tucked the calling cards of Buddy's colleagues and colour shots of Dave himself genuflecting at the graveside in Lubbock City Cemetery.

Yet these merely formed a sapphire setting for the most precious gem of all, the koh-i-noor of every collector: a snap of Buddy, Jerry and Joe B., signed by all three. It was the most genuine relic on show, because many of those mounted for inspection were related to Holly only at second hand — like the photograph of an American fan reputed to own one of Buddy's old jumpers —and, not surprisingly, Dave stood at its side, proudly and protectively.

A diesel driver on the short run from the Junction to Waterloo and back, he's only been a Holly fan for ten years, but then the registrar was rubber-stamping his birth around the time the Crickets were signing that pic. He made the pilgrimage to Lubbock in order to be there last February 3, twenty years to the night since the plane ploughed up the cornfield outside Mason City, Iowa, yet he's not affiliated to any fan club—and Tony Day's Buddy Holly Memorial Society is only one of several dedicated to the preservation of the man's memory and his music. To be honest, he reckons he could run a better one of his own. But he doesn't have the time.

It was the upstart Heartfelt Holly Society that provided the MC when the time came to introduce the evening's special guests, Buddy's widow, Maria Elena Holly Diaz, the Crickets, and Bob Montgomery. "I don't sing and I don't tell jokes," warned the Society's Tom Hammond, as he announced their imminent arrival for a third time, and there were few signs of disbelief among the patient audience, which had earlier heard him sternly snap at those who failed to clap each of a score of raffle winners.

There were no slow handclaps as the stage stayed empty for all of an hour. The tape wound on, the slide show flashed up shots both back-to-front and the right way round, making Buddy out to be ambidextrous with his Strat, and everyone sat happily, waiting.

Maria Elena came out first, looking fit and neat, more like a former tennis star than the only one among us who'd been to bed with Buddy, and was applauded before and after her hesitant speech. Next Bob Montgomery, once the other half of the pre-Crickets Buddy and Bob and now a Nashville publisher and producer, read a note from Buddy's parents while flash cubes popped and instamatics clicked.

Then Sonny Curtis stood up, moustached, balding like Jerry Allison and Joe Mauldin, and wearing faded jeans and a black T-shirt stretched taut across a belly as broad as his Southern drawl. "Hope y'all're comin' to the show tomorrow night," he said, and was answered by a volley of hoots and hollers as bank clerks turned good ol' boys, "'cause we're gonna try an' rock your socks off!"

The last to talk before they left the stage to shake hands with the fans was Rick Grech who, along with Albert Lee, was there at the Crickets' request. If the crowd was reluctant to listen to this Englishman, who fiddled with the microphone and confessed he hadn't known who Jerry was before he met him, they loved the way he finished. Talking of his playing days with the group, not so long ago, he declared, "I came into contact with some of the best people I've ever met in my life — and they're sitting right here behind me!" More hooting and a-hollering, and a standing ovation for the lot of them.

NO-ONE could accuse Paul McCartney of exploiting Buddy Holly Week for his own self-aggrandisement, because he kept out of sight on Thursday and left the Hammersmith Odeon stage to the Crickets long enough on Friday night to remind the audience that they were no mean musicians and that the man whose songs they were playing was a genius.

He came on, of course, before the end with half a dozen cohorts including the wife, the rest of Wings, Ray Thomas, Rick Grech and Ronnie Lane, but after "It's So Easy" and "Bo Diddley", he left the encore fittingly to the Crickets (and Albert Lee), only reappearing for a final curtain call with the entire cast when he got his knees up with the man who had made the night magic, Don Everly; for Don had come on after half an hour or so, plumper than before, but vocally unaged, and with the admirable Albert Lee playing the part of brother Phil, had revived a string of hits whose obvious enjoyment by the audience had to do with much more than mere nostalgia.

It was a grand night, a celebration of the eternal life of Buddy Holly's music rather than a remembrance of his untimely death. As Sonny Curtis had put it on Thursday, "Buddy would be happy to know this is a happy and not a sad occasion." Rave on

SCOOTER BOOTER

HARRY DOHERTY meets the 'Quadrophenia' star who hates motor scooters.

IMAGINE our surprise when four scooters, driven by characters looking more like extras from "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" than new mods, invaded our celestial SE1 portakabin last week.

Imagine our further surprise when we spotted that *a passenger* on one of the scooters was none other than Phil Daniels, who so convincingly portrayed mod fanatic Jimmy in "Quadrophenia".

But where's your own dream machine, Phil? Still at the bottom of the cliff?

"Me? Drive one of these?" Daniels quaintly responded. "You must be joking. I'd kill meself. To tell you the truth, I prefer a Lamborghini to a Lambretta. Much safer."

This, from the man who gave "Quadrophenia" one of its finest lines after he crashed into a post office van: "You killed my scooter."

Phil Daniels, we find, is 20, has been acting since the age of 12 and most of you will probably remember him as the kid in the Olympus camera advertisement featuring David Bailey. ("David Bailey? 'Oo's 'e?" Remember?) Phil's from London's King Cross, where his father is a caretaker and his mum an accounts clerk.

"I've always been a bit of an exhibitionist, I suppose," he says of his early introduction to acting. "I always watched the telly and thought 'I could do that.'"

And he did. His first television part was as a gnome in the opera "Falstaff", and from there he quickly progressed to children's series, like "Raven" and "Four Idle Hands".

He's now appeared in six feature films, among them "The Class Of Miss McMichael", "Zulu Dawn" and "Bugsy Malone", but has recently come to prominence through his excellent performance in "Quadrophenia", and the attention should be sustained when "Scum", a controversial view of life inside Borstal, is released later this month, in which he plays Slasher Richards, the right-hand-man to the leader of the inmates.

So, in his two major movies, Daniels plays society outcasts. How much did he associate with the roles?

"Very little, actually," he replies. "I've just seen those type of characters about. I've kept away from that sort of thing. I've had some trouble, but I've kept away from gettin' into all that. I don't believe in violence."

He refuses to clarify "some trouble" and, when asked if there are any convictions, he cheekily shakes his head and says: "Too quick."

He relates to the character he played in "Quadrophenia." "It reminded me of a couple of years ago. I was goin' through the same sorta situations. I was always into that album. It was there on paper to read. A lot of kids could've played that part."

But as much as he associates with Jimmy, he's suspicious of the current mod movement: "I don't trust anyone or anything. I believe that you have to follow your own instincts or else you just get sucked up.

"Actually, it took me about two months to get out of that part. I had terrible withdrawal symptoms. I was goin' out all modded up, tie on, the lot. Now I find myself trying to defend both sides of me, sayin', 'Look, I dig the mods, I'm into 'em, but no way am I a new mod.'"

Daniels' feet have barely touched the ground this year. With "Quadrophenia" and "Scum" under his belt, he's set to make another film, this one concerned more directly with the music business. It's called "Breaking Glass", and he plays the young manager of a girl singer. "It's a British movie, and I dig that," he proclaims in an unprompted burst of patriotism.

And, oh, before he scoots off again, Phil would like you to know that he has his own band now. They're called Phil Daniels and the Cross, and they'll have an album out in November on RCA. As the beloved and mysteriously absent B. P. Fallon might say: "Promo, Promo, Promo."

TOM SHEEHAN

PHIL DANIELS and mod mates outside Stalag Meymott

AFTER DARK 2

Still lacking vision

Reporting on the show Britain can't view.

FANCY seeing Nils Lofgren and Southside Johnny on the same bill? Yes? Well, all you have to do is buy a plane ticket to either France, Norway, Germany, Sweden, Austria, Switzerland, Yugoslavia or Bulgaria. When you get there, you can see them *free*. On television.

Nils and Southside, along with Detroit rock legend Mitch Ryder, are featured in the forthcoming German in-concert programme, Rockpalast, which will be televised live throughout Europe next month by those wonderful satellites in the sky. But, once more, the wet rags up at the BBC have decided not to plug in their Eurovision links and so we miss the programme.

Last April, we reported, with some concern, that a Rockpalast programme starring Patti Smith, Johnny Winter and the late J. Geils Band had been similarly ignored by our national broadcasting corporation.

HARRY DOHERTY bemoans the BBC attitude to Euro TV rock.

The format of the next Rockpalast remains the same, starting at 11 p.m. on October 6 and finishing at 5 the next morning. Again, it will have the bonus of stereo simulcast.

When we spoke to Peter Ruchel, Rockpalast's producer, on Monday, he was unsurprisingly peeved by the BBC decision not to take up their option on the programme. He said that our report on the last edition had prompted the Beeb's Eurovision and Satellite Department to make an enquiry to WDR, Rockpalast's German network.

"We sent them a complete video of the whole show, but I haven't heard a word since then," said a mystified Ruchel. "As always, this one has been offered to them, *free of charge*. All they have to do is plug in, but they don't seem to be interested. The situation hasn't changed much since the last time you were here."

The BBC was typically vague about Rockpalast, other than to confirm that there was no Eurovision broadcast scheduled for October 6. They could not give a reason why it had been rejected.

Maybe you should write personally and ask why our national broadcasting body isn't taking advantage of this facility. The address is: BBC Television, Broadcasting House, Wood Lane, London W12 7RJ.


NILS LOFGREN. For Europe only. CHRIS WALTER


ADRIAN BOOT

THE ORIGINAL MIRRORS: IAN BROUDIE, PETE KIRCHER, STEVE ALLEN, PHIL SPALDING and JONATHAN PERKINS.

REFLECTIONS ON AN IMAGE

JOHN ORME takes a looks at the Original Mirrors, a new band emphasising songs rather than riffs.

SUCH a *nice* place to to work, the music business. As a reward for services rendered, books balanced, and precognition beyond the call of duty, Phonogram A&R wiz Johnny Staines (he who courted and won Dire Straits quicker than a pint down Lee Brilleaux's neck) is shortly off to Lost Angeles for a spell as talent tipster for Phonogram offshoot Mercury.

Before packing his toothbrush, gold chest medallion and bucket and spade, Staines signed another group to Phonogram, again just on the strength of their tapes.

They have still only played a handful of gigs, but the future for the Original Mirrors is already looking rosy.

First off, they are *not* the next Dire Straits. These boys don't feature limpid lead guitar or pay homage to The Groove, and they haven't cut a few sessions for the Almighty's next waxing.

Nor are they just a group of guys with modest musical pedigrees trying to muscle in on the next wave of printer's ink.

The Original Mirrors played at London's Nashville last week, and the gig was used by Phonogram to introduce the band and their music to employees in relevant sections of the company. With only one support spot at the pub the previous week, the band pulled a healthy — sized crowd and played a formidably impressive set.

They are not a mod band, a ska or bluebeat band, a neu electronic band or a prepare-to-meet-the-apocalypse outfit. They're a group who've isolated the inherent strengths of rock music, and focus their attentions on building songs around those foundations.

THE first thing you notice is the voice. Steve Allen, formerly with Deaf School, sings with kind of positive assurance that looks you squarely in the eye, and the slight use of echo gives his powerful vocals a full, early-Sixties feel.

After the voice, you hear the harmonies, accompanying voices that don't merge in a CSNY bonhomie but hit the space well above and below Allen's dominance, creating a wide, tough and flexible body of sound.

Then you hear the band — Pete Kircher's crisp, zesty drumming churning neatly with Phil Spalding's bopping bass that suddenly cuts from underlining Kircher's footwork to rapping out a pared-down disco run.

It's the joyful communion of Kircher and Spalding (ex-Shanghai and Bernie Torme Band, respectively) that gives guitarist Ian Broudie (formerly with Big In Japan) and keyboard player Johnathan Perkins (ex-Stadium Dogs) the chance to offer sharp musical punctuation, comment and other embellishments that give the music a feeling of exhilaration and surprise.

The set started with "Sharp Words", a song so muscular and rippling in concentrations of texture that I found it difficult to see how the band could get better during the evening, but they managed to maintain the standard with songs like "Flying", "Feel Like A Train" and "Could This Be Heaven", a rousing, anthemic song that is already destined to be the band's first single.

TUCKED into the set was, for me, the only disappointment of the evening — a juddering, laboured version of the Supremes' "Reflections". The song's inclusion is an indication of the kind of music which has fed the Original Mirrors' imaginations, as co-founder Broudie explained.

"We're very influenced by soul music, especially the Four Tops, and if anything we want our music to be like modern soul music — not a bastard form, like mod music, but soul with a real rocking feel.

"All the records we admire were produced with a very strong concentration on the voice — often all you can hear is the vocals and snare drum, and that's something to do with our approach to our music.

"Our direction is definitely through songs, rather than just finding a riff and putting some vocals to it. We try to put the music together so that the bass and drums really carry the songs along, so that the guitar and keyboards aren't really necessary to the shape of the song. That leaves Jonathan and me free to colour the music over the top of the rhythm."

The Original Mirrors came together after Allen and Broudie, who used to play football together in Liverpool and have known each other since childhood, started writing songs together about a year ago.

They decided to build a band around themselves and their songs, and through auditions and friends found Perkins, Kircher and Spalding.

That was about four months ago, and within a couple of months the band's first demos were in the hands of Johnny Staines. They were signed without a single gig to their name.

So why? "The demos came out very well," said Broudie. "I hope that what we're doing is a bit special, and not like anything else at the moment.

"I hope people go away from our gigs singing some of the songs, and thinking that we're a really good live band. That's what we are trying to be." Believe them — or, even better, see them

AFTER MIDNIGHT

"Very Zen," muttered JEAN-JACQUES BURNEL as he retired to the pavilion after performing for the Forces of Darkness in a Stranglers v. The Media charity cricket match in London on Sunday. Despite Jean-Jacques' alarming physique (on display in the changing-room) and his team's 20-odd fielders, The Media won. Of course.

Sniff 'n' split

ON the eve of an American tour and with "Driver's Seat" roaring up that country's charts, SNIFF 'N' THE TEARS have suffered a major split. Drummer and producer LUIGI SALVONI has left the band "at least temporarily", according to a Chiswick Records spokesperson, "due to pressures within the group." Sources close to Salvoni contend that the band's leader / singer/songwriter PAUL ROBERTS was, in fact, the catalyst in a series of arguments during rehearsals for the upcoming tour, although Chiswick say his departure is essentially amicable. Anyroadup, a new skinsman has apparently been found and the tour will not therefore be delayed. Salvoni, who encouraged the disenchanted Roberts to return from France two years ago and resume his musical career, will be joining another ex-Sniffer, bass player CHRIS BIRKIN, in a band called the QT's.

THEY CAME TO DRINK: A&M were also well on the ball with their après concert soirée for NILS LOFGREN at the Rainbow on Friday. Dehydrated liggers were kept waiting at the bar for 15 minutes while sullen barmaids opined that thirsts could not be slaked until they got the word from new A&M pressman MIKE HALES. And when he finally did turn up, they didn't even have any of Nils' mandatory Perrier water, so off he stomped justifiably miffed.

ADVERTS DON'T WORK (OFTEN ENOUGH): Last week's appearance by the ADVERTS at Dingwall's was apparently rather a last-chance occurrence, what with manager MIKE DEMPSEY pleading with his bank manager to increase their overdraft yet further so a van could be hired to transport their equipment there, and the plumptious GAYE having trouble getting out of bed in time — a cruel Finger reckons she might as well've stayed there, judging by her supra low-profile performance. Maybe she was saving her energy for promotion of her solo single, "Cut Ups", an anti-vivisection ditty written by T. V. SMITH which will be preceded by the Adverts' own "Cast Of Thousands" single/album late this month.

SHOOT THE GUITARIST: Following revelatons that ELVIS PRESLEY received an unquestioned supply of drugs from a Dr Nicholopoulos, famed child-abductor JERRY LEE LEWIS also admitted scoring narcotics from the same source. Possibly in a state of distorted perception following a visit to the good doctor, Lewis wounded his guitarist, NORMAN "BUTCH" OWENS by unloading a revolver at a bottle lying near him. A Memphis court ordered the ivory-tinkler to pay Owens £60,000 damages. And there was more gratuitous violence when old GINGER BAKER got into a spot of bother last week after trying to break into his girlfriend's abode in North West London. Vigilant neighbours alerted the Old Bill to the attempted illegal entry, and they promptly chased Mr Baker around the streets of Harrow. When they finally caught up with him, a fracas ensued during which one policeman hit Baker on the head and broke his hand! Always said he was a tough nut to crack. And talking of drummers, we can't stifle a snicker at the much-fanfared NOW! magazine's reference to ELVIN JONES' "beautifully restrained percussive accompaniment" in their first issue, which is rather like calling KEITH MOON "mild-mannered".

THE CARS THAT ATE BRIXTON: "Dread At The Controls", the ethnic Limey equivalent of "Rockers", is due to start filming in Brixton next month. The screen play is by DON LETTS, famed for his eight-millimetre epics on punk and reggae. The flick will chronicle the efforts of an all-black mini-cab company (a cabal?) to thwart the efforts of their sinister all-white New Frontier rivals (New Frontier = NF, geddit?) to close them down. Director MATTHEW CHAPMAN says that Don may well have a role in the film, and "will certainly assist with the shooting". Total budget will be over £1 million and a soundtrack album, featuring the cream of the indigenous reggae acts, will accompany its release next spring.

ROLL OVER IN YOUR GRAVE, BEETHOVEN: Hot on the dotted crotchets of the SILICONE TEENS' "Memphis, Tennessee", ELTON JOHN has committed a disco version of CHUCK BERRY's "Johnny B. Goode" to vinyl, with producer GIORGIO MORODER. Yuk.

WHO SAID OLD HIPPIES NEVER DIE? Nostalgia didn't bring out the freaks for two major Sixties revivals held in America last week. Only about 3,000 turned out for CHET HELMS' Tribal Stomp, an attempt to re-live the legendary 1967 Monterey Pop Festival — despite the billing of PETER TOSH (who we'd have thought were hardly a substitute for the JEFFERSON AIRPLANE). And just 17,000 made the trek to the WOODSTOCK Reunion Concert held, after much site-changing, at Parr Meadows in New York State. Most of the audience were in fact too young to know who half the performers were, according JOHN SEBASTIAN, COUNTRY JOE and CANNED HEAT a rather flatulent response. Only JOHNNY WINTER really managed to lift them out of their torpor, largely because he still sells reasonable amounts of plastic.

TOM WARREN

STIFF RECORDS IN MAJOR CUTBACKS SHOCK: *Though still valiantly signing new acts, Stiff are obviously encouraging their artists to reduce equipment and recording costs. Here we see two members of their latest acquisition, THE FEELIES, who a reluctant Finger was arm-wrenched along to an NY recording studio to see, laying down the drum tracks for their forthcoming elpee. Further examples of penury are evinced by the label's request of passport-sized photos from MADNESS fans to be sent a.s.a.p. to Stiff HQ at 28 Alexandra St, London W9, a composite selection of which will be used for the group's first resultantly cheapo album cover.*

CONSUMING PASSION

Cash from chaos becomes profits

"YOU think it's funny, turn-rebellion into money" — so the Clash somewhere sang, and Tom Robinson duly recorded it on the back of his second album. The boy scouts, as usual, were romanticising it something rotten. Granted, it was about anything you wanted it to be (and people feel free to give their endless interpretations in print), the "rebellion" was as much about money as anything else.

The Sex Pistols have a new album out now. There's no music — but who cares about music, anyway? There's a lot of talking, by the Sex Pistols and some funny grown-ups, and even more advertisements.

Mainly, the Sex Pistols talk about themselves and attempt to coast through the grown-ups' idiocy with some native wit; they're either funny or boring, especially after a few plays. They give lots of clues of course, but, Pistol-watchers, the conversations have been edited by that fiendish Glitterbest and former Virgin employee, John Varnom, so there's no telling what crimes of distortion have been committed.

All the ads were banned by the IBA, for various reasons, so they couldn't sell things: now that they're on this album, they can sell things —mostly other Sex Pistols records. All the other Sex Pistols albums are selling still.

What is interesting about "Some Product" is that, for a record that contains no music, and that is quite frankly and openly not about music but about marketing, it has sold remarkably well: entering some charts at number six, it's now sold (according to Virgin) about 65,000 copies and is still in the lower teens at the time of writing. (The other two Sex Pistols albums, incidentally, are still in the 50s.) Whether or not the market is down from last year, it's still making someone a lot of money — no studio fees, remember. The Sex Pistols, it seems, just won't lay down and die like all good defunct pop groups.

YOU won't have read much about it: the pop press, as usual, got "Some Product" all wrong, comprehensively.

The record was reprehensible — note the moralising tone — not only because it wasn't *music* (and thus not aesthetically approachable and criticisable) but also because it was openly a gimmick — like the merchandise pictured on the sleeve, total junk product. Uncool. And it was by a once-"proper rock group" which had split up and given its quota of interviews for the time being. Worst of all, it wasn't *honest*.

Basically, hogwash. Pop journalists are prepared, endlessly, to discuss "personalities" (What junk does Sid use? Is Johnny really nasty?) and "ant" (Is it kool to do an Iggy number?), each writer applying his own recognisible, yet shifting, criteria. And that, of course, includes me just as much as anyone else.

But we consistently refuse to get our own house in order: throwing the charge of "marketing" at "Some Product" is meaningless when every album release relies on some form of "marketing" or another (i.e.—the mediation between record companies and public), whether it be the "honesty", "art", "alternative", "new thing" hype, and when the journalists themselves actively connive at the process whereby records pass from the companies to the public.

Whether or not this is a bad thing doesn't matter here: what does is that the press consistently mystifies the process, and in a woolly hypocritical manner pretends that it isn't getting its hand dirty, that it isn't, in fact, the industry's handmaiden.

Record companies don't really give a shit about "art" at all, unless it can coexist with profits; pop writers talk forever about "art" — I wish they'd talk more about *commerce*.

"SOME Product" is just as much a "proper" Sex Pistols record as "Anarchy In The UK" — but not under the double standard operated by the press.

On the album the Pistols hardly discuss their music at all — that being a functional noise — because it simply isn't that important, beyond being the means to an end. The album is about exploitation, money —the relationship between industry, "artist" and consumer.

The Sex Pistols were an explosion in the heart of the commodity because they had to be: no point in creating your own label and remaining in a safe, alternative ghetto—sign with EMI and enter the heart of the industry.

At first, the effect was enormous: they dragged the music-biz spectacle right out into the national press and, not to put too fine a point on it, substantially gummed up the working of EMI Records who — overruled by their superiors, EMI Record Division — watched their embarrassingly discharged signings have hit after hit and make lots of money for someone else: it's no wonder they lost their nerve.

The best thing of all though, was the cash: the whole episode revealed how naked, how vulnerable the music industry is in its need for youth, for novelty. Unlike the "alternatives", cash wasn't a four-letter word, nor an embarrassing by-product of the wonderful "art" they were doing, but the eventual result: under advanced capitalism, it wasn't to be spurned but grabbed, used, inverted and celebrated for its power to annoy.

What really got up people's noses, apart from the "revolution" in pop aesthetics, apart from the trashy "Wild In The Streets" rhetoric and Queen-bashing, was the run of front-page stories showing the group receiving £40,000 for doing nothing (except to vomit) and *grinning!* Fucking spent it, hadn't they?

ALL of this is after the event, mind. At the time, the whole project ran on lightning, brilliant reflex rather than theory. Eventually, of course, that reflex was overloaded by pressure — and the Pistols blew it.

Some people would say that the project *failed* because of its lack of theory. However, its probable that if the Pistols had had a rigid theory, they wouldn't have got nearly as far, and that in spurning "the alternative" (labels, etc.) they were all the more effective — they understood that the music industry's foundations are built on shifting sand. It was up to Virgin Records, probably the cleverest, most efficient operation in the music business (which, actually, isn't that much of a compliment) to catch the bull by the horns and tame the beast.

With hindsight, the court case between Rotten and Glitterbest appears even more crucial — as the moment at which control over the Sex Pistols project went out of Glitterbest's hand, effectively to one of the bodies it seemed to be attempting to mess up. McLaren spent that luvly cash on the movie, and the movie was taken from him. Virgin's apparent victory over the "scourge of the music business" has helped them to attain the strong position that they're currently in: market-leaders.

The Pistols' success was extraordinary — they're still irritating, still potent. But their failure was to revive good old rock 'n' roll for another whirl on the merrygoround — the companies have often been the winners. Hence the ultimate irony is that, although it's a very sharp critique, "Some Product" represents pretty much pure income profit . . . for Virgin Records.

Cash From Chaos — into Profits. The explosion has been contained—or has it?

JON SAVAGE

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All mod con

ON August 20 I went to Barnsley Civic Hall to see the March of the Mods tour.

The gig started with Back to Zero and there was a lengthy interval before a good set by the Purple Hearts. Until then everything seemed to be going according to plan.

About three-quarters of an hour after the Hearts set, a gent came on stage and announced that Secret Affair had been recording a session for Top Of The Pops, and would hopefully arrive later to perform. He then stated that this was not the promoter's fault.

Secret Affair didn't arrive, and at about 12.30 it was announced that they wouldn't play.

I paid £1.75 for an advance ticket, and many paid £2 on the night. I got the impression that most were there for Secret Affair.

The two bands I did see I could have seen in London for 75p, so I feel that I've been ripped off.

In addition to this, I'm incensed by the statement that the promoters are not responsible.

In my opinion, it shows that the band are more concerned with making money than honouring their commitment to an audience. — **PETER AGNEW, 18 Westwood Court, Huddersfield Road, Barnsley, Yorks.**

Rock is dead

CONCERNING Paul Philo's letter in the September 1 MM, he couldn't understand why the new wave groups and other such British sounds have not caught on in America.

Being an American who has spent the summer in England I too, have often wondered, but more often lamented, about American music now as compared to the Sixties, and have longed for that golden past. I have despised disco from the beginning and have felt utterly deprived of anything worthwhile that is current to get excited about.

"The Seventies' equivalent to Progressive Music," Philo alleges, is punk/new wave. I suppose he is correct, because it's the only thing that really is new, but I view it as a big fat leap into nowhere. I find it completely uninspiring, boring and annoying.

I have recently come to the conclusion that rock 'n' roll simply died a long, slow death in the Seventies and punk was merely the end; as monotonous as the dial-tone at the finish of a particularly inspiring telephone conversation.

But I know that that's where it's at in Britain today, and much prefer it to disco. But for Philo to expect another "British Invasion" in America today to rival the one in the Sixties, he's almost demanding the impossible. I think the question comes down to a comparison of the Sixties and the Seventies, and not American and British tastes.

This has been a lousy stinking decade, and we should all be glad it's almost over. — **JAN LOFTNESS, Malda Vale, London.**

Priorities right?

DESPITE having read your review (September 8) of the new Rory Gallagher EP "Philby", I have bought the said record and having played it several times, I'm sure that Jon Savage and myself haven't been listening to the same record.

Along with the review of RG's "Top Priority" album the previous week, I regret that here's another case of slagging an artiste, not on the grounds of quality, but on the question of being fashionable. Would the records have been fairly treated if they had been the work of someone in vogue, such as Police, B-52's, or would you prefer Mr Gallagher to cut his hair and attend a few R&B concerts, etc? — **P. ELSHAM, Beckingham, Doncaster, Yorks.**

ELVIS & THE ATTRACTIONS — the music or the message?

Listen to the music

I READ Melody Maker infrequently, but not so infrequently to have escaped the apparent inference that I'm too old at 17. Without sarcastic intent, I can say that those impressions of the role and purpose of music, of relative quality, and so on which seem to inspire so many today, leave me confused and saddened.

It may be that the infrequency with which I read the MM had led to a jaundiced impression in my mind, since I haven't read a wholly representative sample. But sometimes it seems I'm not reading the MM but some sociological weekly or autistic political journal. Whatever happened to music?

Why do the Gang Of Four, who had a good single with "Tourist", need to boost sales with a feature article of side-splitting hilarity? Excuse me for being blinkered, naive, unenlightened and so on — blame it on my play school — but it always used to be that music was for enjoyment and entertainment. If it so wished it could make a point, and very acutely (Bob Dylan through Stevie Wonder), but the point was never more than equal with the music, and the music and politics, knowing that without has bitten the dust, and both the music and the music press has suffered for it.

The music has fallen prey to bawled slogans and the blind support of any cause in one side of the political arena without subjecting the matter to any analytical thought. (Thankfully Tom Robinson, having experimented with music and politics, knowing that without one he could never get away with the other, has realised he's no good at either, which we all knew anyway, and has knocked it on the head.)

What (new) acts are doing anything musically worthwhile and new? Plenty are turning out good music — often very good — but are just re-frying what's gone before. Thank goodness for Joe Jackson, Elvis Costello, even the Silicon Teens and the excellent Zones.

All tolerance and musical awareness have been replaced by a discomforting "everything is politics and politics is everything" attitude which can't see the gaping holes in its armour for the glare of the silver-plating. Take Rock Against Sexism. . . is not "encouraging women musicians" a sexist, discriminatory aim in itself? (Why does anti-sexism need music anyway? They're too stiff to dance.)

If they're good, then they'll succeed — e.g. Joan Armatrading, Judy Tzuke . . . even Siouxsie, if you will. They'll have to bottle through like the rest of us. If they're no good, then supporting them solely because they're female is both sexist and a disservice to music. And the MM is supposed to be supporting musicians — I mean real musicians, not poseurs. People who can play. Fashion-followers and sociology students can go elsewhere.

Could you not spend valuable column inches more wisely than by encouraging the pseudo, bandwaggon-jumpers, et al, by propounding the views of misguided idealists with their sub-sixth-form-debate speeches thinly disguised as worthwhile criticism, and by searching for a message, a warning or a political stance when all that is needed is an appraisal of the music (does the music do its job — make you laugh, dance, cry, smile, respond, think?).

Music pages don't need anything but music. Music needs good musicians with original ideas. — **JIM HAWKINS, Arlington Avenue, Leamington Spa, Warwicks.**

● **LP WINNER.**

Confusion confounded

I'D like to clear up Allan Jones' apparent confusion at the Edinburgh Rock Festival.

I do agree with his review of Steel Pulse. If they'd finished their set after three numbers we'd have heard it all. The Undertones came and went and got more than a few boogying Squeeze looked more like Juke Box candidates than a serious band. The nonsensical ditties they churned out makes one wonder how they ever made it out of the London pub circuit.

Talking Heads now this man must have reviewed them from backstage since 45 per cent of the punters left for the bar. The cold static rock suited the leaden skies. Everyone I spoke to was completely bored and baffled by their repetitive tunes. As for Van Morrison's reluctance to follow Talking Heads, it was generally known that the Chieftains' plane had been delayed and that those staid gentlemen arrived shortly before they went onstage.

It was a cold, wet evening and after the dreary American band the Chieftains' warm personalities and fine music soon had lifted a dispirited audience, setting them jigging and reeling and generally enjoying themselves. Does Mr Jones remember the extremely enthusiastic encore, or was he again in the liggers' bar?

On came The Man with a fine tight set; a selection from the new album and a few old favourites pulsing out into the night. Now, I don't know about reproving glances, but Van certainly encouraged Toni Marcus into a couple of solos. The lady may have some flamboyant dance movements but she was infinitely more pleasing to the eye than the immobile torsos of Talking Heads. Katy Kissoon was the surprise of the night with her tight, session-type vocals complimenting Van Morrison — a very funky lady.

Yes, Mr Jones should have stayed in the bar or, even better, in London. One would have been forgiven for thinking it was a rerun of the Loch Lomond review — only the names have been changed. Please, the next time you send someone to Scotland, don't send a descendant of the Duke of Cumberland. — **MICHAEL KELLY, Hamilton Lane, Bathgate, West Lothian.**

AS A participant in the proceedings, may I correct first-hand the odd flight of fancy in esteemed colleague Allan Jones' jaundiced if droll account of the Edinburgh Van Morrison "Big Day Out" (MM, September 8)?

1) Yes, they did apparently need 17,000 to break even. But the turnout was a darn sight more than 9,000-15,000, in fact, a slight difference.

2) Interesting comment on "The Healing Has Begun" — but we never played it . . . *(Allan never said you did, Pete . . .)*

3) Allan states baldly that "the day's running order had been shuffled to accommodate Van's reluctance to follow Talking Heads". This is just fiction: the reason for the reshuffle was simply that bad weather had delayed the Chieftains' flight into Edinburgh and Van never even knew about it. As for his "paranoia" on the subject: so far as I know, VM is only dimly, if at all, aware of the T. Heads' existence — and he certainly wouldn't give a damn anyway when or how they'd played. Van can follow anybody, anytime — and he knows it. — **PETE WINGFIELD, Combemartin Road, Southfields, London SW18.**

Man of integrity?

SO CHRIS Brazier can't reconcile the two worlds of "opulence and poverty" (Rickie Lee Jones interview, MM September 8), yet somehow he manages (by projecting his guilt on to others?) to live with the self-acknowledged hyprocrisy of working within a capitalist industry and enjoying, to his shame, all the various advantages and accoutrements that accompany his elevated job as a rock critic. Still, I expect that having now expiated his self disgust by confessing his sins in print, at least he's been able to sleep better these last few nights.

Slightly more offensive than this attitude, however, was his declaration of how his enthusiasm for Ms Jones' album had been "blunted" by "everyone's liking it, instead of it being a private discovery" (!). I wonder how he can reconcile this elitist, egocentric and totally puerile attitude with any kind of love for music as a political force, either as a means of arousing social consciousness or of heightening personal awareness. Sure, everyone receives music on a subjective, even emotional level, but is that any reason for one to lose one's objectivity and respect for one's fellow man?

Why doesn't Mr Brazier go out and destroy every tape or edition of this record. At least the next time he sits down in his own little room to play his own little copy of the album, he'll have the smug satisfaction of knowing that he would be the only person in the whole wide world who would be capable/able of appreciating the talents of Rickie Lee Jones?

Or better still, why doesn't he go back to Harlem and do some social or community relations work over there, if he finds his precious integrity so compromised? You see, Chris, "Right now I can't read too good/so don't write no more articles no/not unless you mail them / From Desolation Row . . . . . ' — **TONY HENNESSY Herbert Gardens, Kensal Rise, London NW10.**

GARRY PLUMMER

RICKIE LEE JONES

MM—where were you?

YOUR reporter at Brixton Carnival Against Racism certainly knows a good story when he writes one . . . violence, British Movement, stretchers etc. What he lacks is a brushing acquaintance with reality.

The stage invasion did not end the Carnival, nor make it collapse into "pockets of violence". There was a 40-minute gap while the stage was cleared and equipment set up and then Misty closed the event with a really goood set. Your reporter missed them . . . he obviously wasn't there for the music . . . just as he missed the other 5 bands, the theatre groups, and everything else that 15,000 people came to see.

As for the British Movement! Talk about paranoid. It's worse than paranoia, it's incitement. Of the 40 Stiff fans involved there were perhaps 3 hard cases, one of whom was incoherently jabbering about Mountbatten.

The truth is that the security fence was inadequate and when it broke people got on the stage. Boring isn't it? It happens all the time.

As for your caption "a stretcher is prepared for one of the injured", one woman was *winded* when she fell from the stage.

Which side are you people on? — **SIMON WHITE, Brixton Carnival, 79, Venn Street, London SW4.**

Non-violent reaction

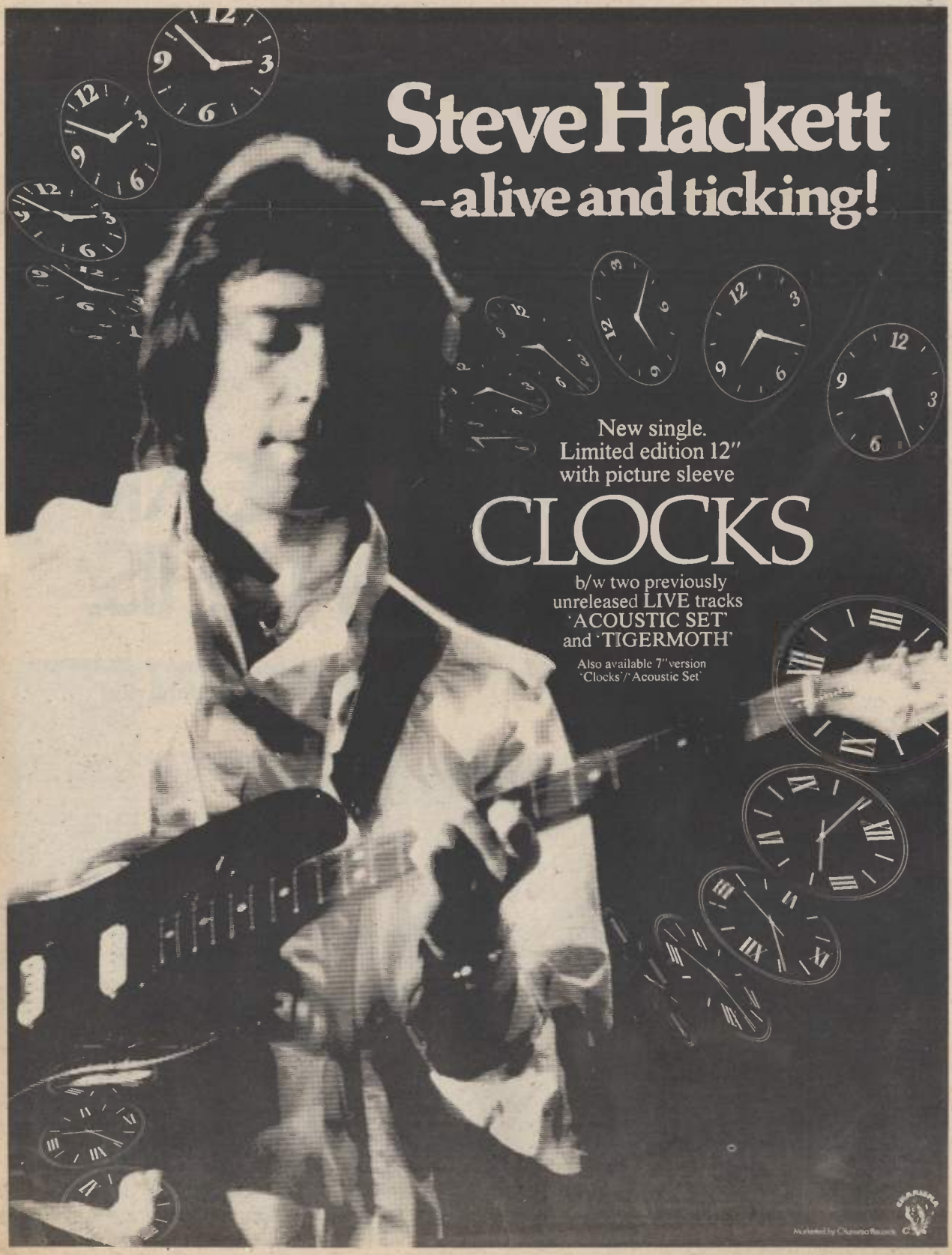
GUY Perry of Solihull may have been pleased to find that Melody Maker reported on Fairport Convention's farewell gig at Cropredy, but I am not pleased to see that Melody Maker did not even mention last week's Greenbelt Music Festival near Bedford.

You gave more than two pages coverage to the Reading Festival which you say had 20,000 in attendance. Greenbelt had marginally less, (16,000), but it also had a much more notable line-up.

I mean, can you dismiss the fact that Cliff Richard, sitting at number one in your charts, played Greenbelt on Sunday night?

Even Radio 1 put on a special one-hour programme last Monday night to investigate Greenbelt, and you, supposedly the best music paper on the market, don't even mention the festival.

The only reason I can see for the lack of coverage in your paper is the fact that you don't like Christians. OK, it was a Christian Festival and appealed only to a minority of people, but is 16,000 so small a minority that they are not worth giving a sentence to? — **DAVID WORKMAN, Belfast.**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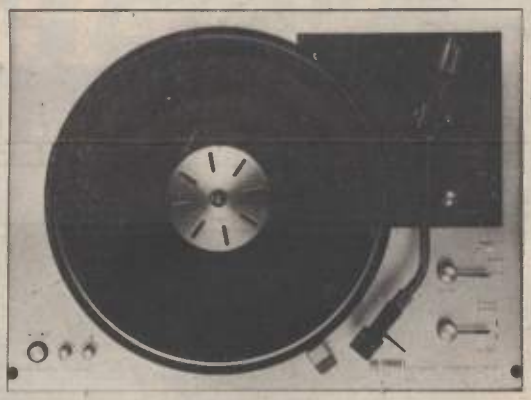

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WRH

Photos is a group

WENDY WU

Does Britain need a Blondie? Will Wendy Wu be on your bedroom wall next month? Is this fair? HARRY DOHERTY discovers why most of Britain's record executives were willing to hock their gold jewellery to buy the Photos.

THE PHOTOS: STEVE EAGLES, WENDY WU, DAVE SPARROW and OLLIE HARRISON.

THE set had just started when Ollie Harrison noticed the poster on his left: "Thursday — The Photos — England's Answer To Blondie." At a convenient break, he shuffled from his drum stool and ripped the offending literature off the wall.

"We are *not* England's answer to Blondie," he instructed the two dozen patrons of the Canning Town Bridge House.

It was too late by that time, anyway. I'd changed my mind. The Photos are not, as originally interpreted, Blondie; they are, in fact, the Undertones. Wendy Wu is not Debbie Harry, she is the woman that Fergal Sharkey and Joey Ramone would have wanted to be.

There is, anyway, a demo tape that further undermines the Blondie parallel. It contains nine songs that establish the Photos' own identity as a thriving pop unit with resources in abundance. Behind the voice is a band bubbling with ideas: Steve Eagles, a guitarist in the mould of the UT's John O'Neill, producing a beefy chord texture that breaks from the sprint to deliver a brief, delectable and sensitive solo; Dave Sparrow, a bassist with the good sense to hold the beat but inventively improvise occasionally; and Ollie Harrison, a drummer of considerable scope.

The material is enough to send any record company rushing for the cheque book. They have at least three hit singles: "Maxine", "I'm So Attractive" and "Je T'Aime". If their first single, "Irene", takes off, it'll be a bonus. And there's a smart version of Dusty Springfield's "I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself" which might also make the grade.

THE Photos go into Utopia Studios in London next week to record their debut single for CBS. The confirmation of their link with CBS ended a hectic race that included nearly every major label in the country.

The financial size of the deal has been the subject of much speculation in the music business, as always. One source put the price at over £300,000 for a four-album deal, while the £100,000 quoted by another participant in the auction is probably nearer the real thing.

"We played one support gig with Radio Stars at the Nashville, and it was packed with A&R men," Dave Sparrow said. "As soon as we went off stage, the place just emptied. It was getting ridiculous."

The band's manager, Oliver Mills, didn't mind the attention. He'd spotted the band when they were playing around Evesham, their home town in Worcestershire, and a rough demo tape convinced him of their potential. And they were young — 19, 19, 21, and 22.

Eagles, Sparrow and Harrison had been playing together for some time, in a notoriously bad band called Satan's Rat. They had a deal once with DJM, who gave them £6,000 and released three (flop) singles. It was calculated punk, almost parodying the ethnic London version.

"We were just in it for the laughs, really", says Eagles, who was the inspiration behind the project. "I was at college, and the punk thing had just taken off, so I thought it would be good to get a band together and do just one gig. It wasn't very professional, but we did a demo and sent it off — and along came DJM. Then the vocalist left to join the Navy."

DOWN to a trio, they rehearsed for three months in Harrison's front room. They never considered splitting up. "We had a lot of confidence," Sparrow continues. "Not so much in the material but the band itself. The musicianship We'd been playing for months together. We rated each other. It's the only thing we've ever wanted to do, anyway."

The band needed a new singer — and they were also finding that they couldn't get gigs, thanks to their nasty name.

"We'd tell people that we actually played nice little pop songs, but for some reason they wouldn't believe us." That's when they became the Photos.

Eagles had his mind set on a girl singer, and the one he wanted wasn't Wendy Wu. He had heard that the Liverpool band Big In Japan had split up, and wondered if Jane Casey, their singer, would be interested in joining up. No good. She'd formed another band. Then he remembered Wendy Wu.

They'd first met her when she managed a Dudley band called City Youth, who'd supported Satan's Rats. "It didn't really get anywhere," she sighs. "I got them a couple of gigs. I got them *paid*, which was more than they ever did themselves. They were a bunch of animals."

Wendy became their manager in a last-ditch attempt to become involved in the new wave explosion. She'd tried, unsuccessfully, to form a couple of bands. One of them even had a name — the Strumpets.

"It only got as far as the rehearsal. We went through three guitarists in one rehearsal; it just ended there and then. Some of the girls were still at school, and mummy and daddy wouldn't let them mess about in bands. They had to study for their O-levels."

When Eagles came along with the offer, Wendy had just started her first job, after a long period on the dole. She'd been working as a receptionist, and agreed to join up.

"It's much easier to write songs for a girl vocalist," Eagles considers. "You can really get away with pop clichés and still make it sound good. With a male singer, it just sounds awkward. You can get away with pretty tunes and people won't accuse you of being trite."

The songs accentuate the comparisons with the Ramones and Undertones. While the music clings to the raw essence of the Undertones' wall of sound, the lyrics are particularly close to the basic intimacy of the Ramones. In "Tell Me", Wendy's singing: "And now you tell me that we're through/And I'm so sad that I hate you". In "I'm So Attractive", she purrs: "She's so stunning/She's so heavenly"; and in "Je T'Aime", the chant is: "Je t'aime, I wanna see you again."

"We haven't got anything to say about politics that hasn't been said before," Sparrow says. "In fact, we really have nothing to say at all."

"All the songs are about girls," Wendy adds. "But that's significant in itself. It's something that we can relate to."

Eagles closes the subject: "People make the world go round. We write about people."

THE Photos played their first gig just 12 days after Wendy joined, and were soon playing three or four times a week. Wendy, in the meantime, was still holding down a job and the band would ferry her 20 miles to and from Worcester every night. It was at one of these local gigs that Oliver Mills spotted the band, later hearing the demo that they'd recorded in Harrison's front room. A more professional demo was recorded a little later, in a small local studio.

Mills got on the case immediately. The plan was to put the band in a studio and concentrate on two of the stronger songs, "Irene" and "I'm So Attractive". Cherry Red, the Kingston independent label, had shown an interest in the Photos when they came along with the original demos, wanting to do a singles deal, but then came the sudden interest from the major companies and the policy changed.

It was around this time, when Mills placed the band as unadvertised support at many of the London venues, that the comparison with Blondie was first mooted. It surprised the Photos.

They don't take to the Blondie connection. Says Wendy: "If anything, I see it as a disadvantage. It annoys me. I personally don't think I sound a bit like Debbie Harry. I really don't see it. The idea with Blondie is that Debbie Harry is Blondie, whereas we're actually a band. That's where I think we're really different."

I'd disagree. Just as the Photos are a group, Blondie are a group. Through circumstance, when their first album failed to make it, the record company — without objection from the band — projected Debbie Harry as a glamorous front person. Who's to say it didn't work?

"Maybe," Sparrow replies. "But Blondie are actually pissed off about all that. I would be if everybody went to see Wendy and didn't take the rest of the band in".

Like Debbie Harry, Wendy Wu seems to be aware of her sexuality, and projects it. The alternative would have been to go the other route and adopt an asexual image, like Siouxsie.

Wendy: "I'd prefer to be like Siouxsie and the Banshees than Blondie. The whole thing with us is the music, not the ritzy image. I've never considered myself as a sex symbol. No way."

Mills reveals that Chrysalis, to whom Blondie are signed, made a late bid to sign the Photos. He hadn't even approached them because he thought that such a connection would only have fuelled the Blondie comparison. "Deep down," he says, "I was afraid that they might bury us."

"There's obviously a market for that type of material," he says. "What I'm afraid of is that radio stations will get singles from Blondie and the Photos in the same week — and if the quality is reasonably even, it's inevitable that they'll choose the one by Blondie."

I don't think he has much to worry about. Once the Photos release records, they'll establish their own identity.

'HEAD GAMES' THE NEW ALBUM FROM FOREIGNER

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ATLANTIC

NEW SINGLE "DIRTY WHITE BOY"

Pogo-ing on the fault line

Forcing a split?

ANN SUMMA

If Los Angeles is the future, how come its bands all sound so backdated? MARK WILLIAMS puts the case for the defence

IT'S generally considered bad form to criticise another writer in print, though music weeklies constantly snipe at one another's dropped editorial clangers. However, a report in a recent issue of New Musical Express wrote off the Los Angeles new wave scene in an unjustifiably negative and reproachful manner, discouraging anyone's further interest in a virtually unknown phenomenon and thereby doing a great disservice to a lot of people trying very sincerely to bust through an apathy barrier maintained far more assiduously than anything we have here in England.

For five of the past ten months, I've found renewed spirit amongst the people who make LA's underground music scene (and that's what it is) anything but "a cheap fake, shiny on the outside, empty inside," and I have to shout a protest.

Yet, inevitably, it seems that any faith the outside observer invests in the LA new wave is laughably futile. Four weeks ago I stood in the incongruously ornate Hong Kong Cafe, the latest in a series of temporary punk romper rooms, trying to enthuse a visiting British guitarist about the band that'd just begun their set. He was unimpressed. Said they sounded like bands he'd heard in London two years ago. And in something approaching defensive rage, I tried unsuccessfully to explain why the band, X, had merit his ears failed to appreciate. The trouble was, I don't think he understood Los Angeles, and he obviously isn't the only one.

LOS Angeles is a strange incandescent lotus-land that half a century ago was so much desert dust. Atlantic-Richfield boss Robert O. Anderson, one of the world's richest men, calls it ". . . the city of the future. I'm not sure I *like* the future, but it lies on the Pacific Coast." And therein also lies its captivating ugliness.

"Go West!" was the hackneyed slogan of countless hucksters, ambitious zealots, desperate losers and other dangerous fools who really had nowhere else to go. They began moving to LA en masse at the fag-end of the 19th century, refugees from the mid-western dust-bowls. The invention of the movie camera accelerated their influx between the world wars, when God-given natural lighting and backdrops blessed Hollywood with conditions ideal to the production of cheap movies and the laisser-faire lifestyle of those who made them. By the Fifties, Hollywood Blvd had turned from a sandy orange grove into a bloated Soho for a city of four million people.

The city hastily built freeways and ticky-tacky housing to accommodate its swelling population of outsiders, and it did so unhindered by any precedent of traditions which might give it form, or even any sense of itself. Yet the very speed of its development attracted imaginative architects like Irving Gill, Frank Lloyd Wright and Charles Eames, who dotted isolated shrines to their eccentricity wherever there was space and money, which was everywhere.

Further down the social ladder, a similar disregard for custom nurtured gross parodies of the commercial institutions of Europe and the East Coast.

All the while the Chandler family were devising the ground rules for West Coast business opportunism, building an enormous empire of property and irrigation. Their powerbase was the Los Angeles Times — which created its own political leaders, influenced an increasingly corrupt and violent police force, and made life hell for the Mexican population (who currently account for half of the city's eight million or so residents). The Chandlers encouraged Howard Hughes and others to establish a massive aircraft industry which, with movies and (later) record making, welded together an industrial triumvirate of incredible wealth and glamour, but one singularly vulnerable to economic fluctuations.

And so affluence abounds, merging with the sun and sea to ease the pain of defeat or the cruelty of the chase . . . and everyone here is running away from something, even if it's only their own shadow.

California's state motto is "Eureka". It should be "Consume and go forth". Unfortunately that particular concept of civilization is draining the last few barrels of oil from the planet, polluting the air and the earth, a process apparently beyond anyone's control. So where better to watch it tumble headlong into the dumper than in a city that is its own illusion?

ALREADY there is unease in the smoggy air of Los Angeles, for every day there are warnings.

Two months ago the gas lines were half-a-mile long and queue-jumpers were getting shot. Today there is still rationing. (Not only is personal mobility vital to this sprawling city's demography, but celluloid and vinyl — both oil-based products — are its industrial lifeblood.)

Three weeks ago a major earthquake, 5.9 on the Richter scale, shook nearby San Francisco and they're *building a nuclear power station* on the same fault line, just north of LA.

In 1970, freeway overpasses and office buildings collapsed in another serious 'quake. Last April, Los Angeles magazine predicted a disaster that would claim up to 25,000 deaths within 20 years.

But the city hides its fears with a well-rehearsed thespian savvy . . . an edgy, humid calm pervades its leafy boulevards, and pina-coladas are still served for lunch on the stained-glassed sundecks high above Laurel Canyon. This is surely no place for punk rock — it's too agreeable, too clean, too *tanned*.

INDEED, the *real* sound of Southern California blasts out from dozens of radio stations in a conscious effort to reflect its well-founded wishful thinking. The Beatles, Kinks, Stones and Beach Boys recall the boisterous charm of the Sixties, while the Eagles, Kansas, Toto and Fleetwood Mac serenade the dying Seventies.

Of course, some kids with bratty manners and loud guitars are going to kick up a fuss about all of this, and, irrespective of nomenclature, the noise they make isn't going to be a trite facsimile of what went down in Britain.

The LA new wave is far from empty, but it *is* about a society where values are probably emptier than anywhere else on earth, it's about 24-hour supermarkets jammed full of jumbo-packed junk food, creaking plasterboard tenements in Watts and Orange County policed by gun-happy cops, adult motels rubbing shoulders with fringe churches, neon, cars, sweat and waiting for it all to end.

It also provides the ideal release for audiences shot-full of AOR glop and the myth of the sun-drenched good life that comes at you from every quarter of So. Cal — a gorgeously turbulent antidote — peculiar to the area but essentially no bigger deal than the quasi-rebellious anthems of Bromley or Brooklyn.

Except for one thing. Although Los Angeles is the entertainment capital of America, no-one in the industry took any notice when the first awkward rumblings were heard nearly three years ago, and still only one of the 50-odd new wave bands in LA have been signed to a major label, the Dickies.

In murky basements and obscure Chinese nightclubs, you can hear some of the most desperate, jarring rock 'n' roll in the world. A crude, white-knuckled swansong for apocalypse now, LA punk is not the gratuitously adolescent sound of the suburbs, it's a furious blast of accelerating decay. And if you can't take your medicine in strong doses, then there are plenty of experimental and more conventional rock trade-offs. Lots of bands, and lots of fun too, because the necessarily self-supportive nature of the scene begets the sort of comradeship which is invariably diluted whenever big-time promoters and record companies move in. Which is why . . .

"PUNK will never be big here", smiles Claude Bessy, taking a chug on his Colt-45, "because there's no money in it for the industry."

Bessy, a bug-eyed little Frenchman with a promising career in housepainting and dishwashing behind him, is co-editor of Slash, a monthly newspaper fundamental to the situation in a way that no corporation-owned, mass-circulation pop paper could ever be.

Slash galvanises the activities of the few hundred malcontents rocking the West Coast boat with a cute mixture of tongue-in-cheek conceit, anarchic sloganeering and self-indulgence, inspiring fierce loyalty from readers and musicians alike. Or the opposite. "There wouldn't be a punk scene here if it wasn't for Slash," contends Lee Ving, singer with Fear, "but sometime I feel like punching Claude out."

Launched two years ago, Slash promotes its own benefit concerts, runs a fledgling record label and somehow struggles onto the stands every month thanks to the determination of staff and writers who somehow hold down other jobs to support their rock 'n' roll habit. This is a lifestyle they share with almost all LA punk bands, for there's no money riding on the West Coast's new wave. Yet Bessy doesn't gag on sour grapes.

"As long as we still get to party and don't go bankrupt, we'll carry on," he says, "but anyway, it's slowly getting better."

Of the vinyl-pushers, Dangerhouse are the most interesting, with a singles catalogue several dozen thick and a one-sided compilation album, "Yes, LA", with titles and credits hand-screened by label owner David Brown on the obverse. Some Dangerhouse titles are available via Rough Trade.

Of course it's tough maintaining the correct punk pose in a city where boogie and glam-rock still dominate the club circuit. Venues like the Whiskey, Starwood and even the Troubadour all flirt with new-wave, but apart from visiting royalty like the Damned, 999 or the Clash, few of the hard-core

continued overleaf

from previous page

punters can afford to pay up to $9 to sup expensive drinks and politely applaud their heroes.

Lawlier gaffs, like the delightfully tawdry Club 88 (it used to be a strip club and my favourite venue in the whole world) and the Blah Blah Cafe, support the music more regularly, but the real cauldron was always the Masque. This was a monolithic feast of manic entertainment pursued from venue to venue by landlords screaming for back rent or the sheriff's department on the tail of under-age drinkers.

Brendan Mullen ran the Masque (he also drums with the Satin Tones), but three weeks ago he gave up on the Masque's last stand, a warren of garishly painted cellars beneath a porno movie house on Hollywood Blvd. "It was an uphill battle dealing with the Mafia," he says and he's not kidding.

THE last night at the Masque, like many before it, was officially run as a "party" to sidestep the licensing law, bring your own booze and pay a contribution to the bands.

This didn't deter the Fire Department from raiding the place for being too crowded, though, and just for good measure they brought along nine car-loads of cops with them. Amongst those arrested for the cardinal crime of being slightly out of control was Claude Bessy, but the charges were miraculously dropped when his case came up in court a week later.

"They (the cops) generally come up and ask what's going on," Mullen explained, "and I explain that it's just like the Fifties . . . the kids like like to dress up in leather jackets, but they're not really violent. The police seem to understand and leave us alone. That's why what happened at the Elks Building was such a surprise."

The Elks Building affair was a bloodstain on the Los Angeles Police Department's copybook. Several hundred cops in full riot gear turned up at a Labour Day punk concert in downtown LA following alleged complaints "about bottles being smashed", and proceeded to use their billy-clubs in a creditable display of modern peace-keeping tatics.

Lt Bushey of the Ramparts Division claimed his men found 150 people "engaged in lawbreaking activities", but an LA Times reporter who happened to be at the concert "didn't see any incidents in the hall that would require police attention."

JULES BATES/SLASH

Down at the Masque

For days afterwards the media was full of outrage over the beatings and doubtless as a result of such pressure, charges against many of the 11 arrested were waived.

FIVE months later, the situation seems to have improved. Slightly. Earlier this year Paul Greenstein started booking new wave bands into Madame Wong's nightclub in Chinatown, but the diminutive (and, of course, inscrutable) Madame Wong soon modified her policy in favour of the increasing number of wimpish pop-rock bands emerging in the wake of the Cars and the Knack.

Then after ex-Mercury Records A&R man Barry Seidel and his partner, Kim Turner, persuaded the management of the Hong Kong Cafe, which is across the square from Wong's, to let them run new wave gigs, a nouveau "Battle of the Tongs" developed.

Madame Wong made it known that any band who played the Hong Kong would never play her club, and took out ads proclaiming that hers was the "first and finest club" in Chinatown. Seidel responded with ads, saying that the Hong Kong was "the biggest and best — just a pogo-hop away from Madame Wong's". He also managed to get a taped message played over the rival club's PA between sets which advised patrons to cross the square for some *real* rock 'n' roll.

"I like the feud," claims Seidel, "it's good publicity, but I think she took things too far." Although when pushed for an explanation, police claim it was "complaints from neighbours, close neighbours", Seidel points to Madame Wong's balcony as the likely source of a phone call that brought the LAPD vice-squad streaming into his club on June 20. They arrested the Plugz' dummer for under-age drinking and cleared the room after a few scuffles, but Seidel was able to do a deal with the cops which he reckons will guarantee his business for at least a little while longer.

"We assured them we'd stop under-age drinking," he explains.

His optimism may be short-lived, though. The police prowl round outside the Hong Kong every night, and would've undoubtedly have put their best boots forward had they seen the Germs' lead singer shatter one of the cafe's huge plate glass windows with an ashtray.

The audiences are also getting older and sparser as the drinking ban starts to bite, but in the meantime other venues are readying themselves for yet another club casualty. Paul Greenstein is opening an after-hours punk club in Blackie's, on La Brea Ave, which used to feature gay sex shows, and a converted roller rink in Culver City gambles with fate later this month when it opens with a trio of viciously malevolent groups, the Mau-Maus, UXA and the Germs.

AND so it goes. The bands will continue to make nuisances of themselves, they will progress with the same resolution that's got them this far, and whatever they come up with will be characteristically theirs and played for an audience that appreciates it.

If the San Andreas Fault doesn't get to them first, I guess a few panicked A&R departments will eventually bring some of this to your ation — and if Robert Anderson was correct in claiming Los Angeles as the model for future urban centres, then the city's new wave is irrefutably the music of kingdom come.

And even if *that's* an ill-founded assumption based on my own peculiar desire to be hanging around Madness Central when the sevens finally clash, there are still some bands here that would surprise the hell out of you.

Of those, an arbitrary listing of some of the better ones now follows. Time, space and a decent set of values excludes other favourites like the Go-Gos, UXA, the Weirdos, Fear and a whole slew of San Francisco groups who regularly play LA. Be sorry for what you're missing.

The Alleycats

RANDY Stodola. Uh? Randy Stodola! Hardly a glamorous name then neither is Hank B. Marvin. But this guy could outplay half the studio guitarists in Los Angeles before they'd even plugged in, yet he's chosen punk rock for a living instead of all-purpose pap. His girl, Diane Chai, looks so gentle and sweet that when you see her handing out leaflets in front of the Whiskey or the Troubadour you get the impression she's dealing propaganda for some Calvinist church. In fact she's drumming up trade for the next Alleycats' gig where she herself creates mayhem behind a giant Fender bass. It's plain incredible that Chai, Stodola and drummer John McCarthy could be responsible *for* redefining the power trio, but that's the deal. Worse still that they could've been driving a sledgehammer through the guilty Los Angeles night for two years without the vinyl jackals demanding anything more than a poorly produced, though undeniably awesome single on Dangerhouse.

The Bags

AS you might expect in these curious times, this band started out playing with paper bags over their heads. That had to stop when singer Alice's face coagulated into an unattractive mush of sweat and brown paper. "When I first saw 'em playing like that, I knew that this was the group for me," says lead guitarist/songwriter Craig Lee. Largely under his tutelage, the Bags have developed not only into one of the more musically interesting bands around, but also the visual banquet of the decade.

The Controllers

CHIEFLY famous for their black female drummer, Karla Mad Dog, who lives up to her name with quite the most furious skin-slapping you're ever likely to hear. However, one's attention is often too rivetted to her flailing limbs to notice that Kid Spike's guitaring and Stingray's bass are considerably more than adequate.

The Germs

THE Germs are the cosmic soulmates of Sham 69, only singer Darby Crash has a rather more intellectual approach than Jimmy Pursey: "As far as pigs go, I'm a genius. I also like blue circles. Blue circles and hard drugs are everything." He used to adopt Iggy Pop's early habit (no, not *that* one) of lacerating his chest with broken bottles, but nowadays confines himself to fighting with members of the audience and breaking windows. The rest of the Germs aren't exactly mummies' boys and girls, either.

The Germs are banned from almost everywhere they've ever played (at a private party they once caused damage estimated at $1,200 *before* they'd even played a note) and most of their performances end in carnage of one sort or another. But for all Darby's gleeful violence his vocal efforts are distinctly top-line and he expresses his ennui with an oddly wistful clarity.

The Germs christened Slash Records with their "Lexicon Devil" single, a crudely recorded item which nevertheless sounds classy, and their first album, also due out on Slash, is a classily recorded item (prod: Joan Jett) that nevertheless sounds crude. Which, in the Germs' case, is how it should be.

The Mau-Maus

SECOND only to the Germs in the applied turmoil division, my first contact with the Mau-Maus was as the unwitting beneficiary of one of their liquormart-looting sprees. Although their name is spray-painted on just about every wall in Hollywood, the Mau-Maus do relatively few gigs; this is because their instruments are usually in hock. When they do get to play, their calling card is classical speed-rock.

Black Randy & His (Elite) Metro Squad

TASTELESS, vulgar, obnoxious and worse, Black Randy's main role in life is leading a white parody of a black R&B bandshow. The band frequently changes personnel, but usually includes the fine keyboard work of David Brown, who as well as running Dangerhouse used to typeset Slash during his nightshift at a US Govt Aircraft Agency — so much for subversion!

The Plugz

NOW that they're managed by expatriate Tony Secunda, the world might very well get to hear the first Chicano punk rock band. Stocky little Tito Larriva commands a following which includes several of Los Angeles' Mexican gangs. The Plugz play fast, catchy rock with great instrumental / vocal interfacing and smart stripped-down lyrics.

The Screamers

SURELY the only band to've successfully made the transition from outlaw punk to night club sleek within 12 months flat? The Screamers have in fact been peddling their synthesizer-laden art-rock since May '77, when the ubiquitous David Brown was their chief keyboard technician, and his arrangements still feature heavily in their act. Their sound is stark, yet insidiously compelling (even if you hate synthesizers), and above it all a spikey-haired Tomata Du Plenty bawls and screams songs that relive your worst night mares.

X

BILLY Zoom, guitarist, used to be a pro-rockabilly player until he hung up his cowboy boots and formed the quintessential LA new wave band with Exene Cervenka (vocals), John Doe (bass/vocals) and Rand McNally (drums). Dan Bonebrake has since replaced McNally and the band have emerged as one of the most original, if muscular outfits playing anything in LA.

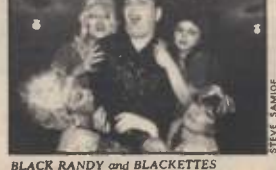
X are erroneously compared to Siouxsie & The Banshees (Exene, whilst lacking her Fiorucci chic, is ten times more rivetting than Siouxsie) and Penetration (X have better material).

Suburban Lawns

THE Lawns have assimilated the rich social fabric of Long Beach, and regurgitate it in a jerky tirade of smouldering rancour. Think of the B-52s with a little more soul, add a strangely aloof, mesmeric chanteuse who doubles on organ and bass (why are there so many female bassists in this town?) and you have Sue Tissue and the Lawns.

MELANIE NISSEN

ALLEYCATS



BLACK RANDY and BLACKETTES

STEVE SAMIOF

ANN SUMMA

EXENE

DARBY CRASH of GERMS

MARK WILLIAMS

MELANIE NISSEN

TITO of PLUGZ

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Fri 16th · West Runton Pavilion
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'Sunnyvista' CHR 1247 Also available on cassette

Chrysalis

Black gypsy, folk dreams

VIVIEN GOLDMAN

DON CHERRY

Probably the only person who isn't surprised to find Don Cherry playing on the Slits' tour is Cherry himself. Since his apprenticeship with free-jazz guru Ornette Coleman, the trumpeter has pursued a fascinating multi-ethnic career which centres around his house in Norway. VIVIEN GOLDMAN watched him work and play.

ONE of trumpeter Don Cherry's various musical involvements is with a group called Old And New Dreams, an evocative enough name for the group of former Ornette Coleman co-players.

The following conversation took place more than once while I saw them in Oslo recently between Cherry, lean, lithe and bouncy, and Charlie Haden, the bass-player. Charlie would be sitting in the back of the car, dolefully balancing the double bass over the back of the seat. "Old dreams, that's what we are," he'd say.

"No, Charlie, no!" Cherry replied, rubbing his hands gleefully, fidgeting excitedly in the front seat. "New dreams. Always new."

Cherry refers to himself as a "black gypsy". The man's in his forties, but you can safely say he's forever young; when he concentrates, he's a kid still, straining with all his being to understand where the musical ball's going to fly next, to field it soaring, in mid-air, and bounce it back in a graceful arc of inspiration.

At supper, Haden and fellow band members Dewey Redman and Ed Blackwell (the drummer whose kidney condition necessitates Old And New Dreams' tours being structured around access to hospital kidney machines) quietly sit round chewing over the day's events with the fish stew. Cherry bursts through the swing doors, twitching for action.

"Where's the disco? Who wants to go to the disco? I want to *dance!*"

WE'RE in a big, bare studio in Oslo, and Old And New Dreams are recording their second album.

Things are going well — put it this way, things *have* to go well, since unlike rock musicians, jazz players can't afford the luxury of studio experimentation as a general rule. It took the Slits, to name a recent example, seven weeks to record their "Cut" album; Don, Charlie, Dewey and Ed knock their second O. & N. D. opus off in three days, two for recording and one for mixing.

ECM's Manfred Eicher is at the controls. A tall, thin, gangling man, with a moustache that looks like he's grown it to appear older, he makes sporadic efforts to be friendly, but warmth does not come easily to him. He likes there to be no-one in the studio but himself and the musicians. I pretend to be a microphone.

Being used to dub-style mixing intricacies, Eicher's methods seem staggeringly simple. He gets a sound, then whams straight through — and on to the next tune. No time for niceties, except when Haden's unhappy with his bass sound on his spectacular tribute to the whales track.

Whales have been recorded talking to one another under water; Haden has uncannily re-created the whales' conversation on bass — anguished bellows, wistfully rising to a shriek. It's eerie, all the more for being overwhelmingly emotional. The shrieks and wails rise to a hubbub, Haden sawing furiously on his bow, and the sound of strings slapping against wood makes you *feel* that you're on board an old wooden whaling-ship, the whale's tail thrashing, threatening to crack the boat in two. ..It's almost a relief when Blackwell's drums flurry in, and the horns drift a melody you suddenly realise was implicit in the whales' cries all along — that's all part of the way Old And New Dreams play, in accordance with the theories of their mentor Ornette Coleman.

Haden, whose roots are in country music (his parents played at the Grand Ole Opry, and that's where he made his pre-teen debut), told me that until he met Ornette he'd never been able to express himself fully — to "free up", as Jamaicans say.

Later, when I ask Cherry if he'd had the same experience, he says: "I've been open to learn all my life, but Ornette's particular concept of music is where you're reaching for pure sound. I'm not thinking of style, because style's a strait-jacket, in a way, because it means you've always got to sound the same way to be recognised. To reach a certain quality, there's got to be a sameness of something that's always going on; the change in the cycle of night and day is something that's always going on, music is something that's going on just as steady as that. But only if it's *quality;* there's something relative in the quality of John Coltrane playing something, and a great African musician playing. It's something to do not just with the person, but with the spirit of the music coming through him . . .

"Ornette's harmolodic system . . . when Old And New Dreams plays a composition, it's very bright and brilliant in *form* and *swing*. Swing first, then form. For Ed Blackwell, with his conception of rhythm, he can hear a sound and know what to do with it to make it swing. That's a special state a musician must reach for. The melody's brilliant enough that when you come to improvise after playing it, the music keeps rising. That's the whole concept of the music.

"Just because I come from Watts, I don't have to talk the same way they talk in my neighbourhood." — Don Cherry.

CHERRY arrives later than the others on the day they're mixing the album. He saunters in, lighting the first of a string of Gauloises, looking ready for a stroll on the deck of a luxury liner: crisp white jacket, open sandals, a red T-shirt emblazoned with "Don Cherry — Organic Music" in black velvet, around a symbol that looks vaguely mystic and oriental — it's one of his wife Moki's designs. The elegance is misleading — far from travelling with a lavish wardrobe, Cherry just packs a small red knapsack — trés Beat. You feel he plays pocket trumpet because it's so portable.

Cherry says I should try and visit his and Moki's house, Tagarp, on Sunday, that every Sunday they have concerts there. Since 1970, they've lived in a rambling old Swedish schoolhouse, all slats of red wood, way out in the country. That's when he's not in his Long Island, New York loft, right above his pals the Talking Heads.

CHERRY is constantly enthusing about other musicians: Africans or Orientals with unpronounceable names he forgets to write down for me, an American blues musician living in Italy who had to quit the States "when they were trying to denigrate the Black Panthers, which they could never do".

He also expresses a love for certain rock musicians, notably the Talking Heads, Ian Dury, and Lou Reed — he played on Reed's last album, "The Bells", and played with him at New York's Bottom Line. The Happy House Band that's currently backing him on the Slits tour are Reed's N.Y. musicians. Cherry starts dancing wildly when I play him a tape of Lora Logic's next album — "I love the way she *attacks with it!*" he cries after one prolonged sax riff.

VIVIEN GOLDMAN

DON CHERRY & CHARLIE HADEN

Cherry's eclecticism began when a cousin in the Marines brought home Afro-Cuban discs. By now, it demands varied outlets, hence working with Reed's rock musicians, releasing an ethno-jazz album called "Codona" with Colin Walcott and Brazilian percussionist Nana Vasconcelos, and cutting a harmolodic jazz album with Old And New Dreams — all in the space of two months. So it's no surprise when the Swedish band playing in the next hall to Old And New Dreams in the tiny Swedish community centre the night after the studio inspire him. "Check them out, man, they're great! I've asked them to play at home tomorrow!"

THE next day's a Sunday, concert day. By the time I wake up the garden's full of Swedish hippies in clogs and peasant skirts, their blond children swinging from tree branches.

The regular Sunday concerts get a lot of coverage in the Swedish press, where the Cherrys' efforts to make Tagarp into "a working free space, also a platform for a lot of things going on in the arts in Sweden," are duly noted. The old school-house is a school again, and Swedish TV is just recording a series of shows featuring the kids — notably Cherry's sharp and sagacious 11-year-old son, Eagle Eye, cast as a detective in shades and a big hat.

The band has 14 people, and they play a very Cherry-eclectic series of sets, one after the other — a folk set, a funk set, a Latin set, with varying approximations of authenticity. The folks mill around eating Swedish pastries and drinking cups of tea. It's halfway between Glyndebourne and Woodstock — no mud, though.

Before dusk, the guests disappear into the forest in Volvos, and the house guests eat garden-fresh veg before retiring. The whole day has brought to life the childhood memory Don tells me about the next day: "It was a community happening, which jazz has always been."

"I left America because I was never, like, ambitious to be the Number One Trumpet Player. I always wanted to develop in music, and I thought of the trumpet as a voice. I'm not a great musician, never will be, but I feel to play — sing — on the trumpet. I feel for the trumpet to fly with movement, like I know it can with sound." — Don Cherry.

THIS is how Don Cherry remembers his childhood, a tale from a secret garden:

"The first instrument I played was a drum I made myself out of a barrel, and I'd beat on the drum and sing. I had a strange little life, because I was raised next to a vacant lot with a big eucalyptus tree, and I had a tree-house, and we had tunnels in the vacant lot. I had a Huckleberry Finn-type life, trying to catch rabbits. That has a lot to do with me listening to ethnic music and playing guitars from Mali and instruments of bamboo and wood . . . "

Cherry was raised in Oklahoma. He's part Indian (Choctaw tribe). His grandfather was "an educated black man in his community, he worked being able to fill out certain papers and do bureaucracy for the American Indians and blacks in the community".

Later, Cherry moved to Watts, Los Angeles' black ghetto.

"Our institution, where we got educated, was the streets," Cherry says. Specifically a record shop run by a saxophonist called Charles Cunard, who'd let all the budding musicians listen to the old Charlie Parker Dial 78s, Thelonious Monk, Bud Powell, Dizzy Gillespie, Fats Navarro, Stanley Turrentine and Billie Holiday records for free while they bought reeds for their instruments.

The other vital institution was, of course, the church. "Gospel music, from the beginning. The main thing is that everybody in church would feel it and go into what they call speaking languages," i.e. talking in tongues, "where the Holy Ghost takes over. Being able to play like that is what you're reaching for."

Old And New Dreams' recent U.S. tour played to mostly white audiences. This depressed Cherry slightly; he saw it as proof that black America isn't checking its culture, its roots.

"Everyone in music plays one thing all night, whether it's free or funk or what. I like to play different things — that's when it's fun." — Don Cherry.

THE evening after the concert, in the big school room, Moki Cherry is an artist, she works with fabrics. Poles hang from hooks set overhead, and Moki suspends different hangings like stage sets from the arched wooden ceiling — a different environment every night, if you want, a fairy castle or a pillar'd hall.

We've finished supper, and before Don puts Eagle Eye to bed, he's having a drum session with him on the kit in the corner. The Cherrys' 15-year-old daughter Nana is a punk bass-player, his son David plays keyboards and tuba, and another daughter, Jan, plays violin.

Firmly, Don leads Eagle Eye to double, then fracture the pace, then add cymbal frills. He tells Eagle Eye again how Blackwell makes rhythms by playing it one way with one hand, and backwards with the other. He directs him towards interplay between hand and foot cymbals. He tells him, earnestly: "Everyone has their own rhythm, but the essence of what I hear — I always hear the *shuffle* first."

Return to DIY

Revillos or Rezillos or . . . whatever. Fay Fife and Eugene Reynolds have got a new set of backing players (?) and some fledgling singers behind them. What next? No albums, they tell PAULO HEWITT.

BARRY PLUMMER

CHRIS HORLER

REVILLOS (nee Rezillos) FAY FIFE and EUGENE REYNOLDS.

EUGENE Manzi, new press officer of Virgin subsidiary label Dindisc, staggers into the third of Richard Branson's riverboats, where the Revillos are esconced.

All around him at this party to launch the label, people are struggling to come to terms with hangovers and the blazing sun.

Fay Fife sits in a corner of the boat, answering the incessant phone calls and wondering out aloud how come she's got a hangover without getting drunk.

It's not the best time in the world to be interviewing these people. I'm given a cup of tea at about the same time that Eugene Manzi disappears to find someone, and Fay Fife and Eugene Reynolds fortify themselves with scrambled eggs before facing up to the Sony. Finally they're ready to talk.

It's now been ten months since the Rezillos, that fab wacky beat group, split asunder in a sorry mess — and, quite understandably, Fay and Eugene are reluctant to go over that time again, preferring instead to pick up the threads from the period where they were bandless.

"Basically," says Eugene, "we ended up with nothing from the Rezillos." "Well, minus nothing, actually," Fay insists. "We didn't have any equipment, and we didn't have a group."

They went ahead auditioning for new members, who turned up in the guise of Robo Rhythm, Eugene's brother, on drums, Hi-Fi Harris on guitar, Felix on bass and Babs and Cherie on vocals.

Fay: "We just wanted a crowd of people onstage, everybody doing different things . . . very visually exciting.

"Some of the songs I write are to do with girlie things, and I wanted that sort of sound — but much cruder.

"Neither Eugene nor me can play instruments very well, Hi-Fi Harris isn't the most fantastic guitarist that ever lived, neither is Robo the best drummer — only Felix sort of plays fairly competent bass. The backing singers only started singing three weeks ago, but we just wanted it to be like, eh, everybody getting up and doing it."

In fact, the whole philosophy of the band is still rooted in the values of way-back-when.

Fay: "It's not an ordinary group. Everything's set up a lot differently from any other group."

How do you mean?

"Well, for a start, we're not doing any tours — we're just doing like weekend gigs. We're using an eight-track studio, staying up in Edinburgh all the time, and we've set up a distribution with Dindisc where we do everything up there and just send it down. Plus we manage ourselves."

On the subject of songwriting Fay still believes that you don't have to play an instrument well to compose a song. "In just a couple of months pottering about on an organ, you can learn enough to write a song. Anyone can do it.

"This may sound like old hat to cynics, but the whole organisation of the Revillos has been based around the DIY punk ethic."

On albums, for instance: "Don't know if we'll be bothered to do them. They're like a throwback to the hippie era. Singles are where it's at. Singles you put on the turntable and it's two minutes 50 of what that group's about."

On gigs: "When we do get bigger, which we will, instead of playing a big place we'll just play more nights at a smaller place."

There's an air of excitement and honesty that seems totally lacking in most of their contemporaries. As Fay puts it: "We've set ourselves up now, and that's that."

PAULO HEWITT

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Brand X: committing disco suicide?

Phil Collins tells STEVE GETT how Brand X produced their album on a shift-work system, and why he doesn't take holidays.

"WHEN Brand X started, it was rather like masturbation! It was good fun, but the audience tended to be left behind a bit. They got off on the music because everyone in the band was a good player. Since then I feel that the group has grown up a lot. The material on the new album is a lot more concise: in some areas it's become much rockier, whereas in others it's more sophisticated — it's more mature."

Phil Collins' assessment of the gradual metamorphosis of Brand X over the years since their formation came up during a chat with him and guitarist John Goodsall on the eve of their mini-tour of England and the release of a new album.

The record, "Product", was made during April and May and marks a calculated move by the outfit into new territory. Indicative of the change is the current single, "Soho", lifted from the album, which places the group in a disco/pop vein. That's quite a surprise when you remember that, on a previous studio effort, a track called "Disco Suicide" emerged with its roots deeply in a jazz groove. "Soho" becomes even more interesting in the light of the knowledge that it was recorded at Phil's home rather than in the confines of a studio.

"We recorded it on an eight-track system which I have at my place," he explained, "and since the transfer from eight to 24-track was successful, I'll hopefully be doing some more work there.

"At one point the song was dying because everyone became so pissed off trying to get a good feel in the studio; it was a relief that we were able to do it in a single day in an informal atmosphere. Particularly as we weren't under any sort of pressure."

BRAND X came together back in 1973 when Phil, John Goodsall and bassist Percy Jones sessioned on an album for singer Eddie Howell, then being produced by Robin Lumley. The relationship was cemented over the ensuing years until in 1976 "Unorthodox Behaviour" was released, featuring Collins, Goodsall, Jones and Lumley, with production by Dennis Mackay.

Twelve months later "Moroccan Roll" emerged, and subsequently a live recording was released, titled "Livestock". During this time, of course, Phil was still very much involved with Genesis (as he still is) so there were few live appearances by the band. Most of the live album was taken from the group's two-week stint at Ronnie Scott's Soho club, and it wasn't until 1977 that the band went out on the road, with guest drummer Kenwood Dennard.

"The first band was very much a casual thing," Phil said, "and we just used to do gigs when I wasn't working. But ultimately it reached the point where the group had to tour, so I decided to opt out. Since then the band has had a series of drummers."

Was Collins first attracted to the idea of the band as a form of escape from the pressures of Genesis?

"Yes," he admitted. "It used to be partially that way, but now I do it simply because I like it. It's good music, and good fun to play."

As the band reached the mixing stage of "Moroccan Roll", Collins had to split to rejoin Genesis. Then Brand X went on an American tour.

At the end of 1977, Robin Lumley, up till then on keyboards, also decided to leave in order to work more on production. Consequently Stanley Clarke's keyboard player Peter Robinson was recruited. Robinson has stayed with the group, allowing Robin to become absorbed with their production work. But both Peter and Robin are heard on "Product" and they'll be playing together on stage during forthcoming gigs in Britain and America. Collins, too, is going on tour.

ADRIAN BOOT

BRAND X: shift work?

"PRODUCT" sees Brand X excelling themselves; musically they have never shown such diversity. Percy Jones' bass is supreme, especially on "Wal To Wal", and John Goodsall's guitar work throughout is mesmerising.

One unconventional aspect of the recording is that it took place in two shifts. Phil remembers: "We had two weeks down at Startling booked solid, with two engineers and two line-ups — John, myself, John Goblin (who plays bass on the dayshift gig), and Robin on keyboards; and Percy, Peter Robinson and an American drummer, Mike Clarke, doing the remaining work with John putting on overdubs to their work. Two separate groups, one working during the day and the other through the night. We'd be having dinner while the others were getting up for breakfast. Total lunacy."

Thanks to Phil's dual association with Brand X and Genesis, he never really seems to have a break from music. John Goodsall comments: "Yeah, Phil's the only one who doesn't get a holiday."

Do the other members of Genesis resent his deep involvement with another band?

"The guys in Genesis like the fact that I do it 100 per cent. There's never been any jealousy or envy at all.

"The thing is that I would get bored if I just had to do one thing. And I even do things outside of Genesis and Brand X. If you play in one band, or concentrate on one specific project, then you tend not to look anywhere else. This album is a fine example, because of the inclusion of tracks like 'Waves' and 'Soho'. If we were totally into what we're doing, and nothing else, we couldn't do justice to the songs. And because everybody listens to a lot of stuff, and plays a lot with different musicians, it's easy to adapt."

Goodsall agreed: "I've been influenced by listening to radio in the States and to bands like Boston and Toto, which I really get off on, and which comes out through my writing."

This explains the appearance of "Dance Make Waves", the opening track on "Product", which sees Brand X in a much heavier vein than ever before, and emphasises how they've broadened musically: they've committed "disco suicide", and there's an immediate song like "Waves" alongside the more typical, complex Brand X music. In the past they have always tended to concentrate more on exploiting the individual musical skills of each member of the band instead of producing a more mainline system of delivering individual songs. Always hard to define, their music has now become even more difficult to categorise. Phil Collins dislikes the term "jazz rock", and agreed that too often people are over obsessed with labels.

"People like to put bands in boxes. They say, well, Brand X are jazz rock, so they can't do things like 'Soho'. I hate that phrase 'jazz rock' — it's so crass."

Nevertheless, Brand X have had identity problems in the past, as John pointed out: "The identity was totally lost in America. In fact the guy in the New York management office said that he didn't sign a band but a logo."

Now that the basic, original line-up has both recorded and made plans to gig together, perhaps Brand X will be better recognised as a separate entity rather than the "greatest session band of all time".

WHILE talking with Phil Collins it was impossible not to question the current state of affairs with Genesis, which must surely be his prime concern.

"Since December we haven't really been seeing each other because they've been doing their own albums. As a result, we've only been communicating now and then. But we're going to start work on the new album, which will take us through until May."

And how about the possibility of live appearances in the future?

"I can't tell you that!" he exclaimed, before revealing: "The tour is all booked. It's a big one, and we're definitely going back to smaller places."

So good news for Brand X fans is accompanied by equally glad tidings for Genesis addicts — and it looks like Phil Collins won't be booking a package trip to Torremolinos next year, either.

ADRIAN BOOT

BRAND X (from left) ROBIN LUMLEY, PETER ROBINSON, JOHN GOODSALL, PHIL COLLINS and PERCY JONES

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Singles reviewed by IAN BIRCH

The very famous

PATTI SMITH GROUP: "So . You Want To Be A Rock 'n' Roll Star" (Arista ARIST 291). In which Patti moves closer than ever to becoming what she originally set out to destroy with "Horses". The tell-tale signs abound. When you're unsure of your ground, both commercially and artistically, you delve into the past and cover one of those songs that shone like a beacon during the teenage-wasteland period. And if that song is all about the trials and tribulations of the rock biz, so much the better. Famous people love to sing about how hard it is to become a star — it flatters their massive egos something rotten. In addition, the PSG and producer Todd Rundgren turn the original's taut but light feel into a thick-set and meandering clodhopper. It's time you started your memoirs, Patti.

STATUS QUO: "Whatever You Want" (Vertigo 6059 242). Status Quo are a bit like the Rock of Gibraltar. They just stand firm in the face of fashion, a classic indication of the hard-core conservatism of rock'n'roll. Their formula is fail-safe. They know precisely what they're capable of, they know what their audience wants, and they deliver accordingly. This one is no exception. Written by Rick Parfitt and Andy Bown, it steamrollers along in the time-honoured tradition and nothing will stop it steaming into the charts.

ELTON JOHN: "Victim Of Love" (The Rocket Record Company XPRES 21). Reg, thankfully, is one of those few mega-stars who realise that survival depends on re-generation, constant self-appraisal and experimentation. Of late he's been juggling with a number of new possibilities — like the song-writing partnership with Gary Osborne, a one-off collaboration with Tom Robinson and a fresh look at the originally-junked Philly sessions with Thom Bell — but none of them have really provided the spark to ignite a different kind of fire. Nevertheless, he's trying . . . "Victim" sees another such shot. Pete Bellotte, Sylvester Levay and Jerry Rix penned the tune and Bellotte, Giorgio Moroder's comrade, produced. It's hardly surprising, then, that "Victim" sounds exactly like a hybrid of Musicland studio trickery (syndrums a go-go) and vintage E.J. rockaballad material. But that still isn't enough, Elt. A pleasant professionalism is no substitute for the real thing.

JILL MUMFORD

BLONDIE — when you gonna wake up?

BLONDIE: "Dreaming" (Chrysalis CHS 2350). Bernard Rhodes, erstwhile Clash manager and anarchist about town, came into our tin hut last week and declared that CONSOLIDATION was going to be the word for the early Eighties. You find out who your friends are, determine the extent of their commitment, and then take action in a subtly subversive way. He might just have a point. In music terms, the bands who'll become the platinum strike forces of the next decade are more or less following this line of attack. The Police, Cheap Trick, the Rats and Blondie use Sixties pop as their launch-pad, filter it through the business tactics they've learned from the Seventies, and are consolidating all these strands for the Eighties at the moment. "Dreaming" bears out the argument. An obviously instant smash, it hits that perfect balance between naivety and experience. The pre-planning has been masked — doubtless by killer producer Mike Chapman — in such a way as to sound guileless and spontaneous. The band's increased technical expertise has been given the kind of production that makes it smack brilliantly of a beginner's zesty roughness. In a nutshell, they have their digits firmly on the jukebox mentality. The future is theirs . . .

THE KNACK: "Good Girls Don't" (Capitol CL 16987). Another monster hit. The Knack's phenomenal success isn't due to talent or anything like that. It's simply that they've perfectly distilled the adolescent end of the new Sixties - based pop, with — yet again — Mike Chapman producing. They produce the musical equivalent of those pin-up posters in teenie mags: instant, bouncy and utterly artificial. It's early Sweet minus their distinctive melodrama. God, Mike Chapman must be making SO much money at the moment — even Paul McCartney's probably getting jealous.

THE EMOTIONS: "I Should Be Dancing" (CBS S CBS 7869), GLORIA GAYNOR: "Let Me Know (I Have A Right)" (Polydor PD 2021). The Emotions try to follow in the stupendous footsteps of "Boogie Wonderland" — one of THE singles of '79 — but fall disastrously by the wayside, even with Maurice White in the production seat. A pallid and confused performance. Gloria comes off better with a taut, implosive swirler that immediately brings to mind that roller-disco dancer in the "Top Of The Pops" video of "I Will Survive." It'll take a few plays for the fuse to catch fire, but when it does the airwaves will be saturated. There is a very COOL trumpet solo from Doc Severinson, and Gloria sings with her usual sophisticated verve. A must for today's young cocktail drinker.

FLEETWOOD MAC: "Tusk" (Warners K17468). Is this really the record that's going to re-energise sales in the world marketplace? Don't get me wrong: I like F.M. a lot, but this one would strain the conviction of the most devoted. Bizarrely, they blow a totally insignificant song up to huge proportions. Recorded live at Dodger Stadium, the opening "noise" is presumably the hum of the crowd, although it sounds more like a BBC airport-hustle-and-bustle effect. Mick Fleetwood's clopping percussion then enters and becomes the anchor of the tune. The scope broadens as the bass drops by, and Stevie and Lindsey's twinned voices gradually climb in intensity. Suddenly the momentum is halted by a very ill-fitting and boring drum break, only then to collapse into a general knees-up with the horns of the University of Southern California Trojan Marching Band. Maybe it improves with exposure but, at the moment, "Tusk" is a plodding, indulgent embarrassment.

Guerillas (of sorts)

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS: "Straw Dogs" (Chrysalis CHS 2368). Hum . . . without a doubt, this has a classy SOUND. It's tightly constructed and cleanly produced hard rock with everyone concerned straining at the leash to give their utmost. But there's an unsettling friction between the lyrics and music. As normally happens with SLF, their manager, Gordon Ogilvie, has contributed the verbals but, this time, they just don't ring true. They feel like a person in is late 20s trying to recreate the righteous indignation of someone in his late teens, and floundering somewhere between authentic fury and New Society-styled comment. The generation gap shows, which doesn't help anyone.

SKIDS: "Charade" (Virgin VS 288). The star of this particular screen is producer Bill Nelson, who has clearly won the band's confidence. Otherwise they would never have allowed him to overlay his own personality to such an extent. The song is basically a pretty mediocre rant, but Billy salvages the proceedings with a carefully planned and succinctly embroidered backdrop that ensures a healthy level of vitality and interest while *still* letting the group's identity come through.

SPIZZ ENERGI: "Soldier Soldier" (Rough Trade RTSO 3). Like Stiff Little Fingers, SE castigate the armed forces — but they do it in a way that sounds totally genuine. Over a wonderfully simplistic Silver Convention bass line, Spizz himself rails like a natural lunatic, his voice one long, monotonous shriek. It's ridiculous hysteria, but it has a kind of irrespressible charm. The same applies to the flip, a re-make of "Virgina Plain", which is delivered with ramshackle affection.

SWELL MAPS: "English Verse" / "Monologues "/" Real Shocks" (Rough Trade RT 021). Take Two. Swell Maps have a similarly irreverent hi-jinx approach, but don't be deceived into thinking that this is one of those artful attempts to redefine "music". It isn't. It's a bunch of people out to enjoy themselves. Such an activity happens to include tearing strips off fossilised traditions, poking fun at all and sundry, and banging away at whatever instruments are on hand.

RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES: "The Lull" (Oval 1013). Now this one really does try to create a new "musical context". It hiccoughs all the over the shop, stumbling from one fragmented clutter to another.

MERTON PARKAS: "Plastic Smile" (Beggar's Banquet Beg 25). The nouveau mod band that all nouveau mods love to hate . . . and it's not difficult to see why. Trite and calculated, it has none of Secret Affair's sharp narcissism or the Purple Hearts' fizzy punk-in-parka panache. Still, with Beggar's Banquet behind it, a chart entry is virtually assured.

WALKIE TALKIES: "Rich And Nasty" (Sire SIR 4023). They come from Liverpool and used to be called the Ded Byrds. There are five of them and they make a noise that purports to be different but is, in fact, a congealed mishmash, nicked and regurgitated from bands like XTC and Talking Heads. A heavy drum slap, a scurrying bass line, some Caribbean horns plus annoyingly scrambled vocals is what you get. File alongside Fischer Z?

BAUHAUS: "Bela Lugosi's Dead" (Small Wonder TEENY 2). A composite of all the currently-fashionable "underground" obsessions. First you have the name — which, of course, comes straight from that pioneering Teutonic School of Design and Architecture during the Thirties. You should already be getting the picture . . . Next is the subject matter, and that revolves around the pulp-horror fixation, further reflected in the film-still picture-bag. Then there's the music itself, which works off monochromatic repetition shattered here and there by dub studio techniques. The vocalist evinces the proper degree of undead alienation through a hefty layer of echo, sounding like a cross-fertilisation of the Human League and Monochrome Set. I must add, however, that despite all the staginess, I do have a sneaking liking for the record. Poseurs unite (smirk, smirk)! And so on to . . .

PERE UBU: "The Fabulous Sequel (Have Shoes, Will Walk)" (Chrysalis CHS 2372). Excised from their new album, this hasn't a hope in hell of even sniffing around the lower ends of the Top 50. Chubby David Thomas and the boys take a jubilant ride into Beefheart territory. A strident scramble, Allen Ravenstine's synthesizer and David's yelping larynx add radical cross-cuts to a thumpingly insistent rhythm.

Odds & sods

ELLEN FOLEY: "We Belong To The Night" (Epic S EPC 7847). A gorgeously over-the-top neo-Spector ballad from the lady who duetted with Meatloaf on "Bat Out Of Hell". Everything — and the drums in particular — is in excess and, for once, it works.

BRUCE WOOLLEY AND THE CAMERA CLUB: "Dancing With The Sporting Boys" (Epic EPC 7829). Smartly tailored pop-rock in which Bruce's attractive voice glides easily over a sinewy background. A definite hint of pre-disco Sparks.

THE CARS: "Double Lift" (Elektra K12385). An immaculately assembled plodder.

DAVID JOHANSSEN: "Melody" (Blue Sky S SKY 7827). Dreadfully disappointing. Cumbersome production makes a weak song sound even worse. It's like a shoddy Ian Hunter out-take.

THE RASS-ES: "You Gotta Have Love (Jah Love)" (UA BP 315). Lifted from their latest and much lauded album, "Experience," "Love" certainly has a compact sensuality that relaxes and invigorates at the same time.

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES: "All I Want Is Everything" (Mercury 6167 837). A Light Infantry belter marinated, as usual, in their superbly controlled uptown R&B and Southside's unique voice. The song might be a mite slight, but the performance more than makes amends. One of the few singles this week, with REAL FLESH AND BLOOD!

VARIOUS ARTISTS: "The London Boys" (Decca F.R.13864). Poor ole Decca limp onto the mod bandwagon with their only possible contribution — namely re-issues from the original early-Sixties era. Actually, out of the four on show — the Small Faces and "Hey Girl" (1966), David Bowie and "The London Boys," the Birds and "Leaving Here" plus Dobie Gray and "The 'In' Crowd" — only Gray's is the truly authentic anthem. First-edition mods scoffed at most rock 'n' roll. Their real obsession was with Tamla Motown and soul. Still, it's an interesting collection.

Albums

ON THE RIGHT LINES

BLONDIE: "Eat To The Beat" (Chrysalis CDL 1225).

I WAS hoping for a perfect pop album. Blondie haven't quite delivered that, good though this is.

What would perfect pop be, anyway? The line dividing pop from its more serious offspring, rock (nouveau riche highbrow yearnings?) was blurred by the new wave, of which Blondie were a part, but there's no doubt that the two areas are judged according to entirely different criteria. Mud, Sweet, Suzi Quatro and Smokie, for instance, have all made a few good pop singles each, but they make very poor rock artists, and they've been at their worst whenever they've tried to turn themselves in that direction. And they are particularly pertinent examples, since their rock yearnings (and failures) were usually indulged only at the cost of renouncing their dependence on Nicky Chinn and Mike Chapman; while Blondie, of course, linked their fortunes to Chapman's with last year's "Parallel Lines".

Blondie, whether consciously or not (and I think they're too astute to be unaware of it), stand on that notorious tight-rope between pop's circus crowd applause and rock's "artistic aspiration", with that astuteness as their safety net. They have, of course, magnificent pop credentials: considerable melodic gifts, ease with the three-minute form, together with (you can't ignore it) the instant, if reactionary, image-impact of Debbie Harry's face.

And, perhaps most of all, they have a great deal of suss as regards pop tradition.

Perhaps that's why part of me hoped for a perfect pop album, because probably only someone as on top of the form as Chris Stein and Debbie Harry could come up with such a thing, though possibly the calculation would mar the perfection.

I was led to this unusual desire by the nature of my response to Blondie's first three albums. I always liked their sound, from the fairground innocence of their first tour onwards (though it could never move me for anyone!) to passion. There's always been something slightly clinical and artificial about it.

But those albums were frustratingly uneven. On the debut that didn't matter, considering the promise of "X-Offender", and it maybe even derived a certain amateur, minor-league charm from its unpredictability. "Plastic Letters" was schizoid, showing impressive new depth and range on the first side, but "I'm On E" and the second side were very poor. "Parallel Lines" was in part a blossoming, and Chapman's production was very sure, exactly what the band needed.

Yet here, too, there was a frustrating inconsistency — "I'm Gonna Love You Too", "One Way Or Another", "Just Go Away" and "I Know But I Don't Know" were all annoying, especially the last, and it seemed like they were falling whenever they blundered towards "hard rock". It could have been an admirable refusal to play safe and take the line of least resistance. Or else a calculated attempt to stay on that tightrope, something in the manner of the early, infinitely less sophisticated, Buzzcocks — hence the importation of Robert Fripp for "Fade Away And Radiate", balancing the enlistment of Chapman, and the self-consciously "experimental" nature of the track itself (was it a message to the Monroe of "The Seven Year Itch" from her Seventies equivalent?).

So, at last, to "Eat To The Beat". The components are similar — an ever-increasing facility with pop forms, a couple of harder rock songs, and a very minor element of experimentation — but this is, at the very least, Blondie's most consistent album.

True to pattern, the biggest flaw is the fastest piece, the title-track, an uncomfortable gallop about sweet teeth and tummyache that only draws when harmonica and guitar supplant voice. Yet the song only jars so much because the four tracks that precede it are so immaculate — the album begins with a relentless excellence rivalled only by the middle of the first side of "Plastic Letters".

"Dreaming", the single, leads the assault with a flurry of guitar and drums and an inevitably immediate melody that falters only in its middle variant. More significantly, "The Hardest Part" is, despite the popcorn disco synthesizer, perhaps Blondie's first credible attempt at hard rock, a song about a heist from an armoured car that's lifted by the kind of gutsy vocal that (as you could tell from "Picture This") Deborah Harry enjoys unleashing.

But the fun really begins with "Union City Blue" and "Shayla", both of them mesmerising jewels in the casing of the universe (or at least of my back-room). For the former Chapman brings out his first aces, and the band arrive at the epic density that's bound to suit a voice like Harry's best to the ears of a Spector-conditioned collective pop

DEBBIE HARRY and CHRIS STEIN of BLONDIE

unconscious (incidentally, Ellie Greenwich sings back-up on two cuts here, and the group will be well aware of the significance of that, too). "Union City Blue" is completely obscure lyrically, but I defy you to resist it.

Better still is "Shayla", which predictably comes from the pen of Chris Stein and leads from resonant guitar doodlings into another beautifully measured melody. If Blondie have a lyrical *mise-en-scene*, it's one of supernatural electricity against which lovers meet, and here Shayla, who "worked in a factory/She wasn't history/She's just a number", undergoes an experience nearer Close Encounters than "Presence, Dear" — "Suddenly some subtle entity/Some cosmic energy brushed her like shadows/Down here we stopped to wonder/Cars on the freeway/Bright lights and thunder."

The preternatural carries over into "Accidents Never Happen", with its "precognition" and divination, but it seems slightly strained after the natural divinity of earlier events. And the same might be said of side two's starter, "Die Young Stay Pretty", which leans towards white pop-reggae, that horrible monster, and thus probably does well to be only slightly annoying. Never mind: the dance-hall pop of "Slow Motion" is so effortlessly delightful, and if there's a better voice for this kind of thing than Debbie Harry's, then there doesn't need to be.

"Atomic" completes a triptych of popular song styles with a faultless foray into the new disco which is anchored, with a typically sure sense of balance, by a simple guitar-riff. As elsewhere, the command of the form is stunning, as you realise when a short but surprising bass solo rebuilds into the mechanical shimmer of the synthesizer, which in turn gives way to Harry capturing the facelessness of the metal maidens as she re-intones the only words: "Tonight make it magnificent/Tonight make me tonight/Your hair is beautiful tonight/Atomic." Silly in themselves, certainly, until you recognise what a perfectly apposite comment on the form they are, from the obsession with fun-here-and-now through the focus on external appearance to the title-word, which sums up everything else, including the dangers.

"Sound-A-Sleep" is like an electronic lullaby, luminously soporific, its peace intentionally shattered by the extraordinary "Victor". Bells ring, guitar fractures, the band chant like pantomime Cossacks, and Debbie screams dementedly, "Please don't leave me alone/I don't want you to go", before singing the whole story behind the song in about 15 seconds, a compression which is all the more interesting for comprising extracts from three different letters — two from an outlaw leaving his mistress to escape across the border, and one from her which is enough to explain the anguish at both ends of the song.

After that, "Living In The Real World" seems a very orthodox new wave song, interesting mainly for words — which I take to be Debbie Harry's reaction to her image, though that may be wishful thinking, a search for *meaning* in Blondie songs when really they're astonishingly proficient in writing about nothing (perhaps the best pure-pop qualification of all). "Every day you gotta wake up and disappear behind your make-up . . . Hey, I'm living in a magazine/Page to page in my teenage dream/Hey no Mary, you can't follow me . . . 'Cos I'm not living in the real world no more." It was only given this review on condition that I didn't deliver "a thousand words on why Debbie Harry should wear a sack on stage", but if that really is a plaint there's an obvious answer — she asks for it.

Conclusions? Two from "Union City Blue", "Atomic" and "Slow Motion" to follow "Dreaming" as hit singles (but then I wouldn't have had the suss to see "Heart Of Glass" as a number one). And, though still flawed, this is Blondie's best album yet. — **CHRIS BRAZIER.**

Coming off the ropes

THE POLICE: "Reggatta De Blanc" (A&M AMLH 64792).

ONLY a year ago I had to talk the editor of this paper into taking a feature on the Police. I don't recall who got the cover the week the piece was in, but it wasn't them. Only a year ago "Can't Stand Losing You", the Police's second single for A&M, was selling like Mr Softy at the South Pole, stiffing just like the first one had four months before, the single of '78, "Roxanne."

As far as the public's concerned, the story only started with the success around time around of "Roxanne", as the Police are now in the enviable happy position of being able to follow two recent smash singles with a brand new album instead of having to walk music from the old one, as they would have undoubtedly been obliged to had they hit the front from the off.

That their music took so long to appeal to the public must initially have been discouraging for the group, especially as they knew they'd put out a couple of classics, but must ultimately have proved a more solid source of satisfaction than selling records on the strength of a massive sales campaign. Because once the punters took their fingers out of their ears and listened to the music, they made up their own minds about the Police.

If the record company kept it low key, the press — until lately — hardly helped either. Stewart Copeland has been sneered at for his affair with Carwash Air, Andy Summers for being old enough for his dilettantism, and all three of them for bleaching their hairnets and jumping on punk's bandwagon.

Punk was indeed Stewart's inspiration, and Sting did at first play his own role reluctantly, finding the mile-a-minute material composed by Copeland at odds with his jazzer's sensibilities. All the same, he enjoyed the energy, and once Andy had joined in place of Henri Padovani he found the three-piece more a springboard than a straitjacket and began to introduce other influences and ideas.

"Outlandos d'Amour" was, in fact, well on its way to being a predictably punkish set due for release, like their very first single, "Fall Out", on Stewart's independent Illegal Records (funded by brother and manager Miles Copeland), when Sting turned up at the studio with a love song whose cleverness was only less obvious than its inappropriateness for the Police.

They had a go at it, though, buttressing the verses with a reggae beat and the chorus with the hardness of humid heavy metal and created "Roxanne". And when manager Miles returned from the New King's Road with dotted lines to sign after playing to A&M, the album underwent what must be one of the most momentous remodelling jobs since the Who put down an album's worth of R&B before discovering Pete Townshend could write better songs than the ones they'd already recorded.

Which might explain the slight, yet far from disconcerting air of unfinishedness about that first album, though the cause is just as likely to have been the explosion of ideas that clearly occurred in the studio after the inspirational "Roxanne" had been recorded.

So the Police's true musical identity only emerged with the issue of "Outlandos", whereas "Regatta De Blanc" now stands or falls according to its effectiveness in consolidating the sound and the style that has become, in the minds of the record-buying public, the Police.

Anticipating the opening grooves of the second album finds a band of which you're a fan, and whose first was a winner, is as unnerving as it's exciting, because you badly want it to be at least as good, if not better. And "Message In A Bottle" is an excellent start, familiar as it is via radio en route for the charts.

It's all there: the spare, layered sound that makes complete separation between bass and kit — the influence of Surrey Sounds' engineer, Nigel Gray, in this and other matters is acknowledged this time by a co-production credit — while voice and guitar highfly above them; and a song with a hook in the chorus that would land a whale and enough subtler ones besides to make you want to put it on again as soon as it stops.

But before the first side finishes the single is reduced in retrospect to the stylish opening round, well won on points, of a fight that ends with a devastating knockout at the end of the fourth.

The second, which gives the album its title, is the softener. It starts on its toes, throws the first punch as the son-of-Masoko vocals begin, and winds up landing enough body-blows to have the ref step in. "It's Alright For You" gets off the stool with the force "Reggatta De Blanc" finished with — and builds from there. But the killer is "Bring On The Night", which comes out (if I can keep this punch-drunk metaphor on its feet for another three minutes) with all the sweetness of Ali's double-shuffle and floats until it stings with a ferocity that would stand a second's hair on end . . . KO.

Those first four tracks ought to be enough to convince even cloth-eared sceptics that the Police are about to be the biggest trio since Cream. Whatever the current competition, it's impossible to imagine anyone combining the strength of those songs with the power of their performance.

The second side is a shade less coherent, its hint of schizophrenia brought on by an apparent change in Police policy. The songs on the first album were all Sting's, apart from one co-composition with Stewart. "On Any Other Day", and "Sally", Andy's monologue which was bracketed by Sting's "Be My Girl". The group's earlier material, mostly Stewart's, got rowed out because it stuck in Sting's throat, but a solution was found in the creation of Stewart's cultish alter ego, Klark Kent, whose "Don't Care" gave the drummer a solo hit after it had been discarded by the band.

Now here on side two of "Reggatta De Blanc" are three Copeland compositions, of which at least one, "On Any Other Day", would have served Klark Kent better than the Police. Which doesn't mean it's not a strong enough song, merely that its quirkiness perhaps is wrong. The others fit better: maybe because Sting was persuaded to sing. And the piano on "Does Everyone Stare" is a sympathetic intruder in the established instrumental sound.

Among Sting's songs, "The Bed's Too Big Without You" is his most infectious flirtation with reggae's rhythms, as irresistible for Andy's hauntingly insistent guitar figures as anything else.

The point about the Police is that there's only so much to be said about what they do and the way they do it, because critical analysis sells them inevitably short. So don't read — listen. — **JOHN PIDGEON.**

Albums

TOM SHEEHAN

WEATHER REPORT: outlook unsettled

WEATHER REPORT: "8.30" (CBS 83671).

THE basic premise of jazz-rock fusion has rarely been well founded, excepting the disco doodlings of Hancock and Donald Byrd, simply because it is so rarely a true hybrid between the two forms, in the way that, say, rockabilly blended R&B and country styles to lead the music in a completely new direction from anything that had preceded it.

What we do have, much of the time, is a business hybrid, a blend of attitudes, in which jazz phrasing is presented with all the showbiz schtick that has become associated with high-tech rock, best epitomised by the spaceship launch, complete with dry ice fog, which took the last Weather Report tour to its nadir in taste and musical irrelevance.

That exclusively visual device, already a cliche before Zawinul did it on the tour, is trebly irrelevant when it recurs on this primarily live album, because not only can you not see what is going on, and not only do the synthesizer noises have no musical relationship with what follows, but unless I have missed some extra-terrestrial significance in the title of "Scarlet Woman" (is the red lady perhaps meant to be a Martian?), there is no literary justification for its presence, either.

If you didn't see the tour, the listener's mystification at the excitement engendered in the audience by a fairly standard set of sound effects must be doubly irritating.

But the good news is that, far from being just a slightly sloppier recreation of studio product, as is the case with many live albums, the first three sides consist of readings of Weather Report standards which for the most part extend or build upon the originals. The material is drawn from the last five albums, stretching back to "Sweetnighter" in 1974, but also going back to the roots of the genre with a revamp of the tune Zawinul wrote for Miles Davis in 1969, "In A Silent Way".

It is also remarkable for the fact that Jaco Pastorius's bass is mainly restored to a more balanced relationship with the rest of the band, and one can sense again the sort of ability which made his working of Charlie Parker's "Donna Lee" as a bass solo such a revelation at the outset of his solo album. Even his 4½-minute bass solo here comes across as an interesting exploration of the potentials of the instrument, including use of delay line, rather than the ego-trip it had become on stage.

And though I have fond memories of the Acuna-Badrena percussion section of "Heavy Weather", I've got to admit that the addition of ex-Stan Kenton discovery Pete Erskine on drums is a definite plus. His playing has a lightness that is as exciting and enlivening here as it was in the big band context.

As might be expected, the album confirms the increasing dominance over the group of Joe Zawinul's keyboards, and — with three exceptions — the virtual eclipse of Wayne Shorter, which are definitely two steps in the wrong direction. There is a Germanic heaviness about the former's playing, with a lack of melodically-inclined inspiration, which makes it singularly inappropriate for any kind of jazz, even this would-be hybrid form.

By recasting his melodies, and keeping his playing as a backwash of sound under the lines of Shorter and, of course, his own horn, Miles was able to lift them out of the chocolate-gateau goo in which they now get bogged down, but it's instructive to compare "In A Silent Way" here with what Miles made of it to see their point.

This is particularly evident in the fourth side of the album, which, in the way it manages to be inconsequential as well as portentous, may unfortunately indicate the way the band is likely to develop in the future.

The title-track (the significance of which also escapes me, since it actually lasts only two minutes 55 seconds, and is over-long at that) is typical of half of the remainder, the key point of which is the moment in "The Orphan" when a chanting children's choir, punctuating the words "No more, no more" with hand-claps, sounds as if we have suddenly strayed into a David Bedford arrangement of a piece by Mike Oldfield.

The exception is the final track, "Sightseeing", a light, boppish piece by Shorter, which is for me one of the highpoints of the album, along with his lyrical playing on "A Remark You Made" on side two, and his unaccompanied solo on "Thanks For The Memory" on the middle of side two. The problem is that, for the most part, what he does sounds so out of context with the rest that he begins to seem more and more like an outsider. Further outlook unsettled, and prognosis gloomy. — **KARL DALLAS.**

PENETRATION: "Coming Up For Air" (Virgin V2131).

OH DEAR . . . so soon second albums . . . dear me. To be polite, this isn't very good. To be truthful, it's plain inadequate and, as a successor to last year's excellent debut, hugely disappointing.

In the beginning it all looked so promising: five young people from a remote Northern village, unaligned, untainted by London fashion, fuelled by the spirit of a movement in its prime (an early Sex Pistols gig) into collective action. And it got better. Simultaneously naive and accomplished, forceful and resourceful, "Moving Targets" was an potent a confirmation of that spirit as anything that came out of 1978.

Not even the band's occasional lapses into heavy metal on the album (rarely) and on stage (too often) could detract from the light, infectious charm of the songs. Nor did they hint at the aimlessness or erratic lack of new ideas that surface on "Coming Up For Air."

It may be no more than a severe case of second album depression, a reaction to the pressures of having to produce another 40 minutes' worth of material in a short space of time and, where necessary, fill in the gaps with previously discarded tracks. It may be the more fundamental problem of being faced with nothing to say and a contract that demands it be said.

Whatever, the problem is evident from the start. 'Shout Above The Noise," along with the majority of the songs on side one, constantly threatens to burst out into the delicious cascading chord sequences of the best Pentration, but doesn't. Instead, beneath a fairly insubstantial melody, it degenerates into a muddy, overproduced mish-mash of guitar overdubs and clattering dustbin lids, possibly cymbals.

"She Is The Slave", "Last Saving Grace" and "Killed In The Rush" are similarly overburdened with excessive arrangement, denying the songs the clarity they need to make any impression. Pauline Murray's fanciful, fairy-tale lyrics aren't too hot either, and in places unbearably precious.

The last track, "Challenge" and the first on side two, "Come Into The Open", are the twin peaks of the album, though unfortunately they seem to share the same tune, albeit differently applied on each. But both have sharp, catchy choruses, driven by a more restrained, melodic performance from the band and a less cluttered production.

Without Pauline's soaring vocals, "What's Going On?" would be a standard piece of heavy metal. With them, it's a sub-standard piece of heavy metal. Only marginally preferable.

"Party's Over" is a fairly silly slice of electric nursery-rhyme / baroque pop, depicting some sort of nightmare fantasy in a maze of special effects and unnecessary ornamentation. "On Reflection", "Lifeline" and "Reflection" are all puny, ineffectual attempts at forming "progressive" pop songs out of endlessly repeated, unmemorable guitar riffs.

And that's it. I'd like to think it wasn't, but there's really nothing on "Coming Up For Air" that suggests either a return to previous form or a new and worthwhile departure. Penetration need to have a major re-think. I need an aspirin. — **JAMES TRUMAN.**

CHEAP TRICK: "Dream Police" (Epic EPC 83522).

IT'S ironic that Cheap Trick, having recorded a song called "ELO Kiddies" on their debut album almost three years ago, should now be setting themselves up as the Electric Light Orchestra of the Eighties. Their strategy isn't so different from that of Jeff Lynne, inspecting a wide range of proven principles and adapting them for their own purposes. And, like ELO, it's a strategy they employ with stunning success.

It's impossible to sit through any Cheap Trick album, and particularly this one, without noticing the trademarks of their peers; and so at the conclusion we have a list that reads like the perfect Reading Festival — T. Rex, the Move, the Stones, the Who, the Beatles (inevitably) and John Lennon in particular, and a touch of vintage Bee Gees, while even AC/DC are given a nod.

"Dream Police" sees Cheap Trick firmly back on the right track again after two albums that had them faltering. With their second album, "In Color", they set a standard that "Heaven Tonight", the follow-up, never stood a chance of equalling. "In Color" established the band's identity: a hard rock band with neat, imaginative pop tendencies, and material to match. On "Heaven Tonight", they failed to deal the same hand, packing it with mediocre low numbers instead of aces. Then a trip to Japan precipitated an unexpected live album, "At Budokan", which took off in the Far East and, subsequently, America. "Dream Police" had, in fact, already been recorded, but was put on ice.

The rest, as they say, is history. Cheap Trick are stars, but "At Budokan" was not a true representation of their power, falling foul of far too many live-album clichés. With "Dream Police", faith is renewed. Cheap Trick *are* a great band.

Here, they have identified their assets, and the result is a greater consistency. Drummer Bun E. Carlos and bassist Tom Petersson continue to confirm their status as a firm but imaginative rhythm section, with Petersson especially producing runs that are overshadowed only by guitarist Rick Nielsen's adroitness. Neilsen displays a whole series of fret athletics throughout "Dream Police" and, although he might not be the most original player to emerge in recent years, his tongue-in-cheek application of everyone else's style more than compensates for it.

The schizophrenia which Cheap Trick propagate as their public image (the smooth sophistication and cuteness of Petersson and singer Robin Zander contrasted with the awkward stabs at contemporary style and less-than-handsome looks of Nielsen and Carlos) takes a firmer grip on "Dream Police." It's in the arrangements, with Zander's seductive bedroom-pop voice almost wrestling with the armoured strength of a hard rock 'n' roll trio, and in the songs, when a polite verse is often confronted by a rude, uncompromising chorus, a tactic that especially marks "I Know What I Want".

The songwriting reaches a new peak — although in perusing Nielsen's lyrical predictability, it's often hard to decide whether he is parodying the simplicity of pop words or actually doing his best. If he's doing his best, I'd start worrying.

But, thank goodness, Cheap Trick don't depend on words to convey the message. "Writing On The Wall", on which they attempt to recreate the raucousness of the Move's "California Man" and the Beatles' "Revolution", "The House Is Rockin'", a real roaster, and "Gonna Raise Hell", with a passionate vocal nicked from Lennon's "Mother", are the best rockers on the field, while "Voices" is conceivably Nielsen's best song yet, something that could stand on its own without the overdub frills.

Cheap Trick, then, are important — not because of any great innovative qualities, for on the evidence of their five albums they have little that they can genuinely patent, but purely on the strength of entertainment value, and "Dream Police" is their most pleasing effort in that direction. — **HARRY DOHERTY.**

BRAND X: "Product" (Charisma CAS 1147).

FOR once the title, one of the more overly-cynical descriptions to have crept into the pop vocabulary, is a misnomer. "Collection" would have been a more generous description of this slightly disconnected assemblage of Brand X music.

The aim is interesting — gathering the group members past and present to indulge in whatever musically interchanges they find acceptable — and the result as much of a mixture as the intent.

When Phil Collins adds vocals, the blink-and-it's-Genesis effect is eerie, especially on the robust, swaggering "Soho", which would make a great single for Collins' regular band as well as Brand X.

"Don't Make Waves", an ironic plea for conformity and caution, is more of a riff-rocker, showing guitarist John Goodsall's love of speed and flash, but again Collins' voice lends the illusion that the song could be slotted into a Genesis set.

The particular Brand X sound is really derived from Percy Jones' influence, his bass either prodding and stabbing at the tempo on "Dance The Illegal Aliens" and "Not Good Enough", or cruising with a caressing spread of dusky harmonics on "Wal To Wal", the gentle duo feature with fellow bassist John Giblin, who takes over on the album's other five tracks.

By careful selection of material, the Brand X collective have ruled out the danger of excess inherent in such an undertaking, and while it is difficult to find a common thread or feeling running through the album (you can be halfway through a track before finally working out the particular combination of players involved), they've achieved a common standard of playing and composition, with the light Spanish air of Giblin's "Rhesus Perplexus" being the only track close to disappointment the does effect a recovery with the atmospheric floating river feel of "April").

It takes Phil Collins to come up with the winner — "... And So To F ..." is a simple theme rooted somewhere in Genesis-land that the individual talents of Brand X make their own, with Robin Lumley's keyboards laying a bed of dreamy textures as Collins slowly stokes the wrist-rattling tempo under Goodsall's flowering instrumental.

The linking of "Wal To Wal", "... And So To F ..." and "April" provides the most satisfying section of "Product", an example of a band's ability to use discrete elements of the jazz they love to play and the rock they need to play without the potential audience alienation of one or banality of the other. Perhaps that's why Brand X remain one of the few fusion bands worth plugging into. — **JOHN ORME.**

RICHARD AND LINDA THOMPSON: "Sunnyvista" (Chrysalis CHR 1247).

THIS Thompsons package tour is a fine irony. Its visuals signal a break from the couple's traditional melancholy, replacing it with a sarcastic, partially threatening, jollity; its subject matter is a trip around urban alienation — a radical departure for the Thompsons, if not for rock in general. And rock is the musical context in which you judge the Thompsons' output these days.

In some respects, "Sunnyvista" could be said to pursue two musical strands: one a post-punk attitude to the urban 'environment' (not as strange as it sounds, since Richard Thompson has always been acutely aware of all musical trends); the other further develops the tendencies of their last album, and first for Chrysalis, which signalled a new direction for the pair away from their uniquely "folk" sound and more firmly into the mainstream (with, as Richard has been ready to admit, a certain amount of subtle plagiarism).

If "Sunnyvista" is a disappointment, then the fault lies almost entirely on the first side of the album. Here Thompson's derivativeness almost borders on the crass (particularly on the chorus riffs of "Borrowed Time" and the more successful but Dylanesque "You're Gonna Need Somebody").

More problematic is his determination to enlarge on the "band" feeling of the last album — here successful to the point of risking ordinariness. Thompson's exalted, near legendary position as a musician has understandably caused him problems: he has always seen himself as simply a rock 'n' roll man, even if the rest of the world hasn't. Equally his talents always extended past superb writing and brilliant playing into a finely-honed sense of presentation for both his own work and, especially, Linda's measured but emotive voice.

This sense of dynamics is missing on most of the first side. The sleeve credits indicate that once again he's been meticulous in his use of other musicians for their particular qualities: hence Kate and Anna McGarrigle provide back-up vocals for Linda on three tracks, most effectively on "Traces Of My Love".

But, in pursuing a group spontaneity without the sloppiness which sometimes passes for that feeling, Thompson has made the early tracks far too busy. The result is that lyrics quite obviously written to evoke a contemporary Orwellian nightmare fail to find the correct response, thanks to contradictory music.

Such criticisms have, of course, to be seen in the context of the Thompson's past work; compared to most rock albums, "Sunnyvista" is way above average. Indeed, it's the title track itself which first makes you feel so cheated by the first side. On this Richard and Linda take a leaf from the Westbrooks by paying direct homage to Bertold Brecht and Kurt Weill, with Linda proving that there are parts of her voice she hasn't used before: here it's a slightly nasal drawl that could easily have come directly from "Mahagonny". From this point on, Thompson at last makes concessions to the qualities he's renowned for.

It's on side two that the strengths of past work are employed satisfactorily, with Richard's actual use of language and a fine slow-burning guitar solo (one of the few he hasn't mixed back). Overall, while the album places the Thompsons even more firmly in the mainstream (I could sing most of the numbers after the second play), it shows dangerous signs of submerging much that is unique about them. For moments of intense musical and lyrical drama they've always been hard to beat, but the problem with "Sunnyvista" is that there are none of the thrills or chills one expects. You could argue that that's the final alienation, but I think it's more likely that they're moving too far into rock 'n' roll for their own good. — **PENNY VALENTINE.**

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Albums

Legendary recall

SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS: "Legend" (EMI NUT 25).

ROGER SCOTT, Britain's only disc-jockey (no, that's not a misprint — it's a fact) put this into what they call "heavy rotation" last week. It sounded so great that I had to go right out and buy it — and now I'm wondering why I didn't buy it nine years ago.

"Legend" was originally released in 1970, when Shakin' Stevens and the Sunsets were trying to climb onto an early rock 'n' roll revival wagon. Produced by Dave Edmunds at Rockpile, it just disappeared — maybe we were all too busy listening to Crosby, Stills & Nash.

I don't know why it's been reissued now, but I'm glad it has because it's the album that The Band tried to make three years later, with "Moondog Matinee". It may be the best revivalist album ever, and it's a lot more than that besides.

Shakin' Stevens has always been a good singer (Sam Phillips would certainly have groomed him alongside Orbison and Charlie Rich) and the Sunsets were adequate veterans of the boogie-shuffle battlefront. But Dave Edmunds turned them — and this album — into something else again.

Together, they travel through a whole mess of styles, including New Orleans R&R on Jerry Byrne's "Light Out", doo-wop-rockaballad on Conway Twitty's "I'll Try", New Orleans R&B on Smiley Lewis's "I Hear You Knocking", uncut Chuck Berry on "Thirty Days" and "School Days", and straight piano boogie-woogie on the sole original, pianist Trevor Hawkins "Hawkins Mood".

It's on the rockabilly selections, though, that the partnership flowers most fully. As someone who's always enjoyed the Presley Sun sessions but finds rockabilly almost as dull as stamp-collecting and grand opera, I was astonished when I heard what Edmunds, Stevens and the Sunsets made of some of these old songs, like Jack Scott's "Leroy", Billy Lee Riley's now-overdone "Flying Saucers Rock 'n' Roll" and Johnny Burnette's "I Believe What You Say".

The crux of these tracks' success is the band's approximate musicianship. Early rock 'n' roll sounded great because of the tension between the musicians' crude techniques and their desire to hit the notes accurately. (The Kingsmen's lead singer really wanted to come in at the right place after the guitar solo on "Louie Louie" — it was a mistake that, presumably, they couldn't afford to correct.) Punk — from the Stooges to the Clash — never had that tension because the musicians were *trying* to be crude and approximate.

The Sunsets — pianist Hawkins plus Carl Petersen (guitar), Steve Percy (bass), Rockin' Louie (drums) and Paul Dolan (tenor sax) — reproduce that old tension: they're good, but never exact in the way that The Band became, and Edmunds turns this quality into magic by swamping them in marvellous echo effects which not only cover up the grosser goofs but also add a curious soft-focus quality which, at its best, is the aural equivalent of sepia-tinting on a Victorian photograph.

SHAKIN' STEVENS: ready for his share of the credit.

The finest example is "The Train Kept A-Rollin'", which is the track I first heard on Roger Scott's show. After a brief, jagged, "Move It"-style guitar intro, the song hits exactly the right pace (like a big diesel choogling through the Mississippi Delta) to tell its funny double-entendres. The bass walks, the electric guitar strums, the piano boogies, the drums thud, and Edmunds doesn't forget to add that incessant clicking noise, like a cross between rim-shots and a "slapped" bull-fiddle. The song's atmosphere is dark, mysterious, sensual — like a teenage white boy's version of one of John Lee Hooker's hypnotic sexual mantras.

Perhaps I'm making too much of "Legend", but it seems to me to sum up, in a most pleasingly unaffected manner, a kind of rock 'n' roll which made a particularly strong and lasting impact in Britain. It's no accident that the likes of Edmunds, Lowe, Costello, Jackson, Knopfler and Gomm are waking up America: these are the roots they share, the roots which America chose to forget. And, after all these years, it would be nice to see Shakin' Stevens get a piece of the action — **RICHARD WILLIAMS.**

ASHFORD & SIMPSON: "Stay Free" (Warner Bros K56703).

HERE'S a disappointment, an album from two of America's best composer-performers of soul music which doesn't contain a single song of lasting worth.

With two classics bequeathed from their last album, "It Seems To Hang On" and "Is It Still Good To Ya", Nickolas Ashford and Valerie Simpson are still in credit, but what's particularly disturbing about this latest collection is an all-too-obvious homogeneity of sound and performance. Most of their previous work, classic or otherwise, has at least been distinguished by varieties of tone and instrumentation which gave it depth as well as superficial sheen. On "Stay Free" I've yet to pick up on anything that I didn't notice on first hearing.

While it may be too easy to ascribe this lapse to the detrimental influences of disco style, there's no denying that the album's dominant sound is the thump of bass/syn-drum, and that five of the seven numbers are aimed at the dance floor.

On the first of these, "Found A Cure", the harsh disco motif is softened and adapted by the tone and structure of the song. Essentially a triumphant love song, it punctuates the montony of the rhythm by having the verses 'fill in' behind regular, rousing chimes of the title. It's also helped by an occasional, irresistible ripple of horns deep in the background. The similarly-paced "Stay Free" doesn't really have such internal supports, with the result that it sags long before the end.

At this point, the first side badly needs a ballad to enrich it, and "Dance Forever" starts wonderfully with Valerie singing alone over a touring piano, to be joined by Nickolas in a swelling, portentious chorus. Sadly, this just leads us smack into a joyless, syn-drum-dominated plodder on which neither of our heroes have time or space to breathe, let alone sing.

Much the same criticism applies to side two's "Nobody Knows" and "Finally Got To Me", although they are split by a sumptuous ballad, "Crazy". Over a gentle, lilting rhythm, the voices blend beautifully, and it's the one song on the album whose lyrics actually register. The final track, "Follow Your Heart", is an oddity — a percussion-less ballad, its would-be hypnotic style finally defeats the ear, leaving it sounding like a school hymn.

The pressures of their success in America must almost certainly force Ashford & Simpson to come up with the occasional pot-boiler, and it's perhaps hadnot to regard "Stay Free" as such. But when something of the as "Is It Still Good To Ya" makes little impact in Britain, this sort of under-achievement may in severe damage to their chances of popular acceptance over here. — **STAN HEY.**

Books

Brother Ray: soul survivor

"Brother Ray: Ray Charles' Own Story," by Ray Charles and David Ritz (The Dial Press, £5.95).

THE limitations of "Brother Ray" are immediately suggested by the book's sub-title and the fact of its co-authorship. Although David Ritz, an American in his thirties, appends a comprehensive discography and a brief (seven-and-a-half pages) account of his meetings with Ray Charles and the writing of the book, his essential contribution has been to tape and edit Charles' rambling recollections. Charles admits that he has never kept any notes or diaries of his career.

"Brother Ray", therefore, is hardly a critical biography, and it will not be the last word on the performer who has been called "the high priest of soul".

HANS HAIDEMENN

RAY CHARLES

Charles' crucial relationship with Atlantic Records, for instance, which broke him to a wide public just as it helped influence the direction of Atlantic, is not rounded out by quotes from the Ertegun or Jerry Wexler. His departure from the same label is dealt with in less than a page: Charles simply quotes Ahmet Ertegun as saying that Atlantic would not match the offer for him from ABC Records because "it was a little too rich for his blood".

It is, however, a convincing self-portrait of a black American who has been through the school of hard knocks — a dirt-poor and fatherless childhood, seeing his only brother drown before his eyes, and then a few months later having those same eyes dim from the effects of glaucoma — and emerging the other side as an ambassador for his music and his race.

This is not a ghosted book: it's neither sensational and superficial, nor carefully doctored. Charles comes through with apparent authenticity. In fact, it is an engaging book about a man who's obviously been a bit of a bastard, and who, whilst commanding immense respect from fellow musicians, has not always been much liked by them. Charles tells a revealing story against himself involving Al Hibbler, the Duke Ellington vocalist, who is also blind. He recalls how, during a heated argument in a hotel that got out of hand, he was prepared to let Hibbler fall down an open elevator shaft — and Hibbler would have fallen if a girlfriend had not prevented him. "When someone's trying to hurt me, I lose my sense of restraint," Charles declares. "I wasn't mad; in fact, not being enraged was what enabled me to plan my [illegible]."

This attitude is of a piece with Charles' fearsome sense of self-preservation, which withstood even a long heroin addiction and the consequent busts. The privations of his earlier years, which climaxed with his mother dying when he was 15, made him extraordinary tough, both in mind and physique. Alone, but undeterred by his blindness, he was wandering across America throughout his teens, finding his own gigs and places to stay. It's against this background that one has to set his less admirable traits: his tendency to be anti-social, his stinginess, his disciplinarian treatment of his musicians, whether he sought compensation for his hardships in sexual rapacity, but much of "Brother Ray" is certainly given over to a restatement of his liking for pussy. Although Charles doesn't have the eloquence of Charlie Mingus (who also wrote his autobiography) in describing sexual exploits, he's equally frank and often humorous about them.

Charles dutifully records his heroes and influences (Art Tatum, gospel, Nat Cole and Charles Brown) and credits his sidemen and members of the Raelets, and yet, perhaps because he is an egoist, it's anecdotes such as these that enliven his book and leave the most impression. There's an intriguing description, for instance, of the medicinal remedies practised by poor blacks in Greenville, north Florida, where Charles grew up, that range from eggshell skins for drawing boils to [illegible] cuts.

"Brother Ray" is a bitty book, not nearly in the same league as the co-authored work of another jazz musician, Mezz Mezzrow's "Really The Blues". But surfacing through its colloquial, matter-of-fact style is a story of the social revolution in black America and of a man who's not so much a winner as a survivor. — MICHAEL WATTS.

Breaking the mould

"Some Of My Best Friends Are Blues" by Ronnie Scott, with Mike Hennessey (W. H. Allen, £3.50).

"Jazz At Ronnie Scott's" by Kitty Grime, Photography by Val Wilmer (Robert Hale, £5.80).

RONNIE Scott has always reminded me of Jack Webb, the Sergeant Joe Friday of "Dragnet" — the fast, flat delivery, the coolth, the hipness. It's a great persona for the smart-ass one-liner, but a bit of a restriction over the longer haul of the chronicle. He has obviously taken this into account in the form of his book, keeping the chapters short and cross-cutting interludes of his club patter and Mel Calman cartoons into the narrative.

The material, of course, is fascinating. We move from Aldgate and the five bob unplayable cornet through the semi-pro dance bands of the Forties: "The band played 'Honeysuckle Rose' or 'Lady Be Good' — one of the half-dozen tunes we could play with swaggering inexactitude." The Ted Heath Orchestra, Geraldo's Navy and the discovery of bebop along 52nd Street, the hilarious drug bust at the Club Eleven in 1950, that fine Early Modernist madness.

Starting the club in Gerrard Street in October, 1959, Ronnie Scott and Pete King bought the current Frith Street premises in November, 1965 — and, by turning over the Old Place to the younger generation of musicians, were instrumental in the development of British Free Music.

In 1961, the first of the American guest artistes arrived — Zoot Sims in exchange for Tubby Hayes — and the whole preposterously ambitious show was on the road. "Jazz," as Stan Tracey says, "is a bit exotic for the English."

There are plenty of anecdotes about the greats, but no real behind-the-scenes confidences. Stan Getz, for example, is "a shade temperamental". In the words of Larry Coryell: "Ronnie himself: number one, he's a gentleman." His love for Ben Webster, Zoot Sims and Rahsaan Roland Kirk comes through, and the confrontation between Gypsy Larry and the Miles Davis entourage, and Mingus and the taxman, are classic encounters.

It's a lighthearted book, and it doesn't pretend to be anything else. I laughed a lot. To adapt S. J. Perelman, just before they made Ronnie Scott, they broke the mould. — BRIAN CASE.

IN THE introduction to her book, Kitty Grimes expresses the universal discontent of the jazz interviewer — "I wish I could give you the sound of the voices". She has less cause to mope than most, since what emerges from the text is as animated a chronicle of the jazz life as any I have read, and the characters will not lie down.

Musicians who have been interviewed often, naturally tend to present a pre-packaged self in interview. In this collection, there are no bland-outs, and the deadest bat — Joe Farrell: "What's the best thing about being a musician? Jesus, if you'd asked me all these things about ten years ago, I'd have had all the answers, I've been kind of living off my original thought" — vibrates with encounter.

Dexter Gordon's comment on the death of Bird draws blood: "He probably got tired. Could be that being a performer is disgusting in the end, I don't know." The similarity of the deaths of Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster and Lester Young — the will to live gone, the almost Red Indian ritual of giving up the ghost, facing the wall and refusing food — gives substance to Dexter's remark, and the section on the stresses and loneliness of the road, the rip-offs, the boredom, the self-doubts that grow in the workless months, shows that the price-tag on that infrequent hour of epiphany has not altered.

There's a spectrum of personalities here, all right. The indomitable Betty Carter — "Maybe they don't like it, but they have to respect it. They know damn well that ain't no cheap stuff up there and I've worked on it" — and the pungent Ruby Braff — "Music a healing thing? Don't be silly. It didn't do much for Hitler, did it?"

The dint of battle is here, too, and the arguments about race are run like a tennis match: Getz gives the lie to black supremacy — Getz owes everything to Lester — Lester owes everything to Adolphe Saxe — Africa invented the instrument.

Compiled from original material and interviews, the book is a triumph of editing. Most of the musicians here have played at Ronnie's, and if the mosaic of wisdom, elation, depression and dedication to jazz does not start a stampede to the club, then the public is an ass. — BRIAN CASE.

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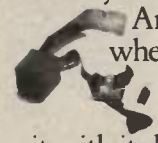

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Sting:

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STING on STING: "You're either the best, or you're not. I only want to be the best. I wouldn't go on stage if I wasn't."

ADRIAN BOOT

He's lucky. He's talented. He's a good person. And he never fails. Like his manager says, it's a rare combination. ALLAN JONES looks behind Sting's PR campaign and finds a broad grin concealing what may be the widest streak of professional ambition since Lady Macbeth. Or is it the other way round?

IT'S a basement flat in Bayswater, just beyond the casbah rowdiness of Queensway.

Sting is in the small front yard when I arrive. He's leaning against the whitewashed wall of the house, his arms folded across his chest, the telephone receiver cradled between the side of his head and his shoulder. Beneath the open window of the living room sits a movie director's chair. The red canvas is stretched loosely over a wooden frame. Sting's name is printed boldly in large white letters across the back. Sting continues his telephone conversation. Two shy schoolgirls pass. One looks down into the basement yard. She recognised Sting, giggles. She shouts to him, waves through the iron railings.

Sting barely notices. The telephone is ringing again. He apologises for the interruption, takes the call. It's someone from the Police office. The band's new single has been voted top of Capital Radio's Hit Line. Sting conveys the news with glee. A roadie arrives with plane tickets. The Police are flying out to Holland the next morning for a television show at the weekend. They'll be back in London the following Monday to finalise preparations for their British tour. There's another telephone call. Sting smiles again. He's just been told that "Outlandos d'Amour" has gone platinum in Holland.

The afternoon is full of such distractions. Sting enjoys the bustle. He seems to come alive, to thrive on the constant activity. The attention is, after all, another kind of flattery; a further acknowledgement of the Police's success.

The flat is not especially grand, certainly no ostentatious advertisement for Sting's recently won affluence. It is tastefully, almost soberly furnished and decorated. There is a colour television in one corner, a stereo in another. Prints, photographs and paintings hang from the walls. Shades of brown dominate, giving the room a comfortable warmth.

Sting falls back into a luxurious velvet armchair, immerses himself in its embrace. He has strong, handsome features; a broad forehead, high, perilous cheekbones that give him an imperious look. The mouth is wide; it could be cruel, but he is quick to laugh. His laugh is a sandpapered chuckle and its softness finds an echo in his voice, which is seductive, coloured by his Newcastle accent. It seems to float you into its confidence.

He's relaxed here; clearly, he enjoys the security of his home. It is, one suspects, a retreat whose privacy he defends zealously. He lives here with his wife, Frances, and his three year old son. The air of domesticity settles easily on him. He seems unselfconscious about it. He relishes it, in fact, and makes no secret of it.

"As you can see," he says, waving a hand around the room, "I do want things around me that I wanted as a kid. I wanted a house of my own. I wanted a car. I want to send my kids to a good school. I don't think there's anything phoney in those aspirations. There's a humourous side to it, too . . . I mean, I'm aware of the middle class caricature — the ducks on the wall, you know. But I haven't got them yet.

"But all this is part of me. I try as far as possible not to disguise the fact that I am a home-loving, average house-husband. I have a wife. I have a child. I do have a family life that is quite normal. And I don't see any point trying to disguise it. I don't see any profit in trying to promote an image of myself as a kind of rebellious playboy."

He chuckles at the idea. "I mean, someone like Phil Lynott has this wonderful playboy image — you know, a girl in every bed and all that. I think it's very funny. But people eventually start seeing through it. One day the world catches you with your hair in curlers and there goes the image, blown away."

He pauses for a moment, then smiles, teasing.

"I really do feel rather ordinary," he says. "Sometimes."

WHISPER the name Mont de Marsan. It was at the second of Marc Zermati's mad punk binges in the south of France that I first met Sting. The Police were so far down the bill at that festival in the summer of 1977 that their name barely made the posters.

The festival headliners — the Clash, the Jam, the Damned, the London punk elite — were all flying into Mont de Marsan from Blighty. The supporting cast of English bands — among them the Police, the Boys, the Maniacs and the Tyla Gang — and a detachment of intrepid rock hacks travelled by coach to Mont de Marsan. The journey took 37 hours. In Paris, 16 of us shared what was basically a single room divided by hardboard partitions. The hotel was so dreadfully seedy it brought tears of disbelief to our tired eyes.

The drive from Paris the next day was horrendous — 17 hours in a clapped-out old banger of a coach driven by a speed freak. There was no air-conditioning, less food and a drink was out of the question. We arrived in Mont de Marsan feeling like a ragged platoon of boat people. And the worse thing about reaching the village was the terrible knowledge that two days later we'd have to suffer the same appalling conditions on the weary journey home.

continued overleaf

Sting: can't stand losing

ADRIAN BOOT

STING ON "QUADROPHENIA": "It transpired that I was going to appear in a two-million dollar movie. And I'd never even been in the school play."

STING on STING: "I'd like to be considered a major force in music. I think we're going the right way about it. I can see all the pitfalls. They're quite plain. And I'll avoid them."

ADRIAN BOOT

STING on STING: "I don't see any profit in trying to promote an image of myself as a rebellious playboy. One day the world catches you with your hair in curlers and there goes the image, blown away."

from previous page

Sting can recall that terrible adventure now and savour marvellous ironies that fate held up its grimy sleeve. The Police were virtually unknown then, they were disliked and frequently dismissed. Their future was as bleak as a gravestone on a Yorkshire moor and without any sign of immediate promise. Two years later he has gold records hanging on the walls of his lavatory and a bank balance that must send his bank manager into paroxyms of delirious delight.

"It's undreamed of," he says. "Just this last year we've been presented with financial problems that are just bizarre. Shall we become tax exiles? Shall I buy an estate in Ireland? It's unreal to say. I mean, I'm not complaining. It's just that because we're a small group we've been able to keep costs down and make an *extraordinary profit.*

"People criticise us for being a nice little business. Well, we *are* a nice little business. We're a damned good business. And we've made money because not only are we a great band, but we're also very intelligent. We're not in debt up to our eyes, like most groups. The mindless spending of £100,000 on one album is something we avoided because we recognise that it's so mindless.

"Most bands just don't make money. They just squander it on producers and cocaine and lots of other bullshit, and it's disgusting. There's so much idiotic excess. It goes beyond enjoyment, you know . . .

"Like, I heard this absolute horror story about X (drummer with a multi-platinum heavy metal band). He apparently has this huge bag of cocaine on stage and at each gig, at the start of each number, he'll reach down and dig up a handful of coke and just sort of spray it all over his face. Just to get through the number. So at the end of each gig the roadies are crawling all over the stage, sniffing the Persian carpets which have got, like, thousands of dollars of cocaine all over them . . . The waste is appalling."

STEWART Copeland had been nursing the idea of the Police throughout most of 1976, but his idea only began to assume a coherent identity when Curved Air — whose drummer he was then — played a concert in Newcastle. Phil Sutcliffe, a local journalist and a contributor to Sounds, took Copeland to see a Tyneside band called Last Exit who were playing at Newcastle Polytechnic. The story has been told before, but a little elaboration will do no harm.

"It was a terrible gig," Copeland remembers. "The band was a sort of sophisto Newcastle Chick Corea affair. Everybody was in their mid-thirties and balding, and taking it all very seriously. And the numbers were all seven minutes long and very intense. They'd moved the venue from a small hall to a smaller classroom and everyone was standing at this bar wondering where the band was supposed to be playing. There was no stage. There were two reading lamps on a desk — that was the light show. Everytime somebody walked into the room you could hear their footsteps echoing on the floor. It was absolutely, incredibly awful.

"But they went down a storm. Just because of Sting. Because of his raps with the audience. Because of his singing. Because of his presence. The group was dire. They'd do these really jazzy numbers that started with little swishes on the piano or the cymbals . . ." He holds his head in his hands and laughs loudly at the memory. "But Sting," he continues, "had then what he has now. This fantastic presence. It was really pretty obvious that he had enormous potential."

The commercial emergence of punk — of which Copeland was an early champion — allowed the drummer the opportunity of liberating himself from the redundant confines of Curved Air. He found a young guitarist, Henri Padovani, and persuaded Sting to move down to London to join the Police. Padovani, whose musical talents were restricted, was subsequently sacked. Andy Summers was enlisted in time for Monte de Marsan.

I don't remember anything specific of Sting from that nightmare excursion, though we were introduced by Andy Summers. I'd known the guitarist for two years, as a member of Kevin Coyne's band, and, more recently as a Kevin Ayers sideman. I was more bemused by Summer's unexpected appearance in what I took to be just another group hopping on the punk bandwaggon than I was interested in Sting. The Police had just had their hair dyed blond, I recall, and frankly I thought Summers had lost his marbles.

"A lot of people thought I'd lost my marbles," Summers reflects. "I think when I first announced to a circle of friends that I was joining this new wave group called the Police, there was definitely a certain amount of sniggering behind my back. Especially when the dyed blond hair appeared. That really was the big snigger. They might have laughed, but I didn't give a shit. And, obviously, I'm having the last laugh now. At first there were a lot of jokes. Now there's actually a bit of cap-doffing. I think we've earned it, actually."

Summers surrendered a secure career as a session guitarist and freelance musician to join the Police. There were times, he now admits, when he doubted the wisdom of his commitment. The first year was especially depressing, he remembers. The Police played a mere dozen gigs in the six months that followed his arrival. He recalls gluing up posters in the freezing snow for their gigs at the Red Cow. The group was starving and he was being supported by his wife.

"I felt like I'd just put my balls in my mouth and taken a big bite," he says.

What pulled him through that period of desperate uncertainty was the conviction and confidence of Stewart Copeland and Sting. He was impressed and carried by the sheer force of their personalities.

"Stewart's great enthusiasm and drive was immediately conspicuous," he observes. "He and Sting were overwhelming in their preoccupation with the Police. You just don't meet that many people with that kind of drive and energy."

Miles Copeland, Stewart's brother and manager of the Police, also remarks upon the extraordinary conviction and self-confidence displayed by Stewart and Sting during those grim, unfortunate months.

"Sting on his own, but especially under the influence of Stewart, was not about to be put down by anybody. Sting has a very strong opinion of himself. I don't mean he's wildly egotistical, but he has tremendous self-confidence. Stewart is exactly the same. And with the two of them, the confidence in the group was doubled. It didn't matter to them that people were putting them down, that they were unfashionable, that most of the other punk bands looked down on them. They knew that one way or another they would survive, that they would come through.

"Sting always knew that he was good, and if someone came along and said that he was a talentless sonofabitch he thought there was something wrong with them, you know. If somebody came along and said, 'Hey — you're a loser, you're full of shit . . .' He'd feel sorry for that guy, because he knew that guy must be an idiot. He knew that he had the ability.

"Sting always knew he was going to be a star. Like he knew and Stewart knew and I knew that the Police were going to be successful. Anyone could have seen that Sting was a person of obvious talent. An idiot could have seen it. But the trouble with this business is that it often takes the idiots a lot longer to open their eyes."

STING was born in Wallsend, a working-class district of Newcastle. His recollections of his childhood there are mostly affectionate, but never sentimental. His earliest memories are of a street dominated by the Tyneside shipyards. He remembers his amazement as a child watching the skeletons of ships rising above the streets, gradually taking shape above him.

"We'd watch them being built," he says, a faint taste of incredulity still apparent in his voice. "Then, after about six months, they'd fall into the river and sail away."

His father was an engineer, ambitious and eager to improve his family's fortunes. When Sting was five the family moved into a better, middle-class, neighbourhood. "I knew we'd taken a step up the social ladder," he smiles, "because we had a house with a garden."

If the move took him away from his earliest friends, his parents' ambitions took him even further away from his original background. They encouraged his academic promise. He was a bright pupil: one of two students in his class to pass the 11-plus and qualify for grammar school.

"Immediately," he says, "all your friends and contemporaries were shaved away. Your friends considered you an outsider because you went into the town to the grammar school and you wore a different uniform. They were at secondary school, you weren't, so you were different. In a way, I grew up not having many friends. They didn't want to know — they were all preparing to leave school and get jobs. Down the mines. In the shipyards.

"I was totally bewildered, caught on this academic treadmill. I wished that I was at a technical school — somewhere where they taught you something practical. Iron work or metal work. Then I would have had something obvious to aim for. I could've gone to work in a factory, or become a draughtsman. Grammar school was so nebulous, you know. It was just a good status symbol for my parents, having their son at grammar school, going to university."

He recalls feeling jealous of the freedom his friends seemed to enjoy. They were all working, earning money, buying flashy suits, riding motor bikes and scooters. He was still in his school uniform, taking more exams, trying to win a place at university.

"I felt less mature, less sophisticated. I was really tempted to leave school, to get a job." He didn't. He passed more exams and went to Warwick University to study English. He was there for a term.

"I was lost, totally lost," he confesses. "I decided that it just wasn't for me — I mean, I thought that leaving school meant getting rid of your uniform, I thought it meant freedom. Being at university wasn't freedom at all. It was more of the same in a different uniform. So I decided to leave."

He returned to Newcastle, worked for six months on a building site and then joined the Inland Revenue. He clutches at his hair in mock desperation at the memory. His career in the Civil Service was not illustrious. He was threatened with the sack and decided to leave gracefully. He enrolled at a teachers' training college in Newcastle.

"It was a total lack of imagination on my part that took me back to college," he says. "I just didn't know what else to do. My life was falling apart around me."

THERE was, he thinks, one central focus for his life at this time: music. An uncle who had emigrated to Canada had left behind a guitar. When the uncle returned to Newcastle five years later he found that Sting had requisitioned the instrument. He taught himself to play, strumming along to records.

"I'd listen to the Beatles, the Stones, the Kinks. Learning the chords to 'Dead End Street' was a major breakthrough," he laughs.

He was determinedly catholic in his listening. When he was 14 he borrowed some jazz albums from an older friend at school: "I didn't like any of the records, but I thought it would do me good. I'd listen to album after album of Thelonious Monk piano solos and I thought — this must be doing me a world of good because it's just so awful. Gradually it grew on me. It was the same with blues. I'd listen to loads of blues albums, and I just didn't like them. But I persevered because I thought they were doing me good. It was like having to take some kind of medicine.

"Eventually I grew to love things like that. But at first it was a real effort. I just endured them because I desperately wanted to be hip, you know. There was an elite group of us in the sixth form. Very snobbish, we were. We knew who John Fahey was. We'd heard of Thelonious Monk. We'd heard Jimmy Witherspoon. We were *horribly* precocious."

He didn't start playing in bands (at least none that he will admit to) until he was 18, after returning to Newcastle from Warwick University. By this time he was thoroughly disenchanted with rock music. He often found himself drinking at a pub called the Wheatsheaf, Newcastle, he explains, has a tradition of Dixieland jazz. The bands play in the clubs and pubs, and the musicians used to congregate regularly at the Wheatsheaf for informal sessions. He remembers all these old guys sitting at tables with their drinks and instruments, swapping solos, getting drunk. There was a resident rhythm section in one corner. The bass player's name was Ernie and occasionally he'd allow Sting to sit in with the band while he went off for a quick jolly-up.

"He had this big double bass. I used to get up, play two numbers and get blisters that wouldn't go away for three weeks. Eventually I got the hang of it, learned to play."

One night Ernie failed to turn up. The group asked Sting to play. He brought along his electric bass and plugged in. "The band jumped into the modern world that night. It was the first time they'd ever played with an instrument that worked on electricity. They went crazy."

He was subsequently invited to join Newcastle's premier traditional jazz band, the Riverside Men, which he regarded as a considerable honour. "It was great. They all wore blue suits. The band had been together for about 20 years, which was the same age as the suits. They were a great band. Trad jazz is regarded as a bit of a joke, I know, but it can actually be very exciting. Especially really fast rags. I really loved it."

He felt little sympathy for the current mood in rock. Led Zeppelin and heavy metal and hard rock dominated the time. He thoroughly abhorred such music. In many ways, he says, he was a musical snob. He disliked all the local Newcastle bands, who were all surrogate HM dervishes.

"They all had long hair and flared trousers, looked terrible and sounded worse," he says. "I was only 20, but I didn't have any time for them. I was mixing with much older musicians, people who'd worked for years at their craft. I felt really proud to be playing with them. It was a great experience. If I'd been in a rock band with long hair and loon pants I wouldn't have learned anything like as much as I did.

"I was conscious that there was some sort of apprenticeship being served. I learned to read music, worked hard practising every day. I was very enthusiastic. I was still a student at the teacher's training college, but I was earning a fortune every night. I had a brand new car. I was," he says, laughing, "very definitely the face of the college. Everyone used to come and see me play . . . There was, uh, a ratio of seven girls to one guy at the college . . . You could say that I was well looked after."

AFTER graduating from college, Sting worked for two years as a teacher at a primary school in Cramlington, a small mining village outside Newcastle.

"The kids in my class," he recalls, "were about nine or ten years old. You might laugh, but they were real delinquents. I loved them, though. They were lovely."

The affection he felt for them is implicit in his voice as he recalls taking instruments into the class for music lessons. Few of them had ever seen a saxophone or a trumpet; they were all thrilled.

"I'm not sure they ever learned anything from me," he says, "but I'm sure they had a good time. I never gave a fuck about teaching them maths or logarithms, I just wanted them to enjoy themselves while they still had time. I'm not sure what I accomplished as a teacher, but if one kid in that class becomes a musician or plays in a group somewhere, I think he'd have to be thankful to me for encouraging him.

"Actually, when I was on teaching practice once at a secondary modern school in Newcastle, I got one kid really heavily into the guitar and another kid really heavily into the clarinet. They used to write me letters when I went back to college, telling me how they were getting on. Their parents had bought them instruments of their own, you know. I think *that's* the most useful thing I accomplished as a teacher."

He was not often enamoured of the approach of his fellow teachers, though. Especially those he encountered at the secondary school in which he briefly taught. "It was just a job to them. They didn't care for the kids at all. I felt really frustrated there. It was a very reactionary school, very conservative. It was hell, actually. No way were the kids there going to feel anything but resentment for school. I felt the same. I hated that school as much as they did."

He was still teaching at Cramlington when he formed Last Exit. The members of that band were young, but had served the same kind of musical apprenticeship as Sting. They were all accomplished musicians, with aspirations toward jazz-rock sophistication. For the first time Sting started writing and singing.

"I was listening to female singers like Cleo Laine and Flora Purim," he says. "I had a naturally high voice with a wide range — I tried to model myself on them. I never tried to disguise the high voice. I never felt embarrassed about it. I used to love voices like that. McCarthey has that kind of voice — I loved him. It just cuts through everything. Slices through the whole band. It doesn't matter if the band is playing at a thousand decibels — it's the kind of voice that cuts straight through."

The local success of Last Exit encouraged him to bring the band down to London, in an attempt to win the attention of a record company. They played a series of support gigs at the Nashville and the Red Cow, supporting groups like Plummett Airlines — "I remember we blew them off stage at the Nashville." They also managed to secure a gig at the LSE with Kevin Coyne and John Stevens' Away. He remembers that gig especially, because it was the first time that the group ever received a review in one of the national rock papers.

"Karl Dallas reviewed it in Melody Maker. I remember there was a sentence about us in his review. I was thrilled. I remember thinking — 'At last we're a tiny microcosm in the rock business, at last we've been recognised!' I've still got the review. I've got loads of press cuttings now, but that was the breakthrough."

Last Exit touted their tapes around the companies. No-one seemed overwhelmingly interested. Virgin, though, offered Sting a publishing contract. He accepted. "It wasn't a good deal, but I was so excited that I took it. I thought, 'I'm a real songwriter' — it was like a trophy that proved I was a songwriter. I could talk to people about *my publishers.* It was another great thrill."

AL JOHNSON

STING on the POLICE: "We crawled and then we walked and now we're running. And we'll keep on running till we fall."

STING on "RADIO ON": "It's not exactly 'Ben Hur' . . ."

Last Exit were forced to return to Newcastle through the lack of interest and available work in London. They were making a reasonable living as the most popular and respected group in the North East. They were offered the support gig at most of the prestigious gigs at the Newcastle City Hall and once played on the same bill as the Manchester Symphony Orchestra, who performed the orchestral version of "Tubular Bells." The MSO was conducted that night by David Bedford. Mike Oldfield was understudied by a guitarist called Andy Summers. Ohh, sweet irony!

Sting wasn't satisfied, however. He had been to London and wanted to return. His ambitions had been fired, he was convinced he could make it in the capital. He tried, unsuccessfully, to persuade the rest of the band to accompany him. They were reluctant to forsake the security of the North East, but he decided to go.

"I packed in teaching. Packed everything I owned into a car and drove off. I'd just got married. The baby was six weeks old. It sounds dramatic and it was. My life suddenly just turned over. I said, 'This is it.' It was the only way to do it. We were all in this car with the dog and we didn't have anywhere to go. We had a friend who had a flat in Battersea, so we went there. We slept on the floor of his living room for two months. It was awful.

"The only thing that looked hopeful was this group that Stewart Copeland had called me about the week before we moved. I told him I'd see him in London."

STEWART Copeland was living in a two-storey appartment in Mayfair at the time. He had a small rehearsal studio there, and he and Sting and Henri Padovani would meet and discuss the musical strategy of the Police.

Sting, Stewart Copeland remembers, was initially dubious about the project. "He was a typical provincial boy," Copeland says. "He thought he was going to get ripped off by everyone. He wasn't at all sure about the music . . ."

"Musically, I thought Stewart's ideas were shit," Sting recalls. "But the energy, the dynamism of the guy really affected me. I thought straight away — this is the bloke for me. Yes, I suppose I did see something of myself in Stewart.

continued overleaf

Sting

from previous page

He's very egocentric. Very, very energetic. Very determined. Very intelligent. He realised what was happening at places like the Roxy. He's an opportunist. Like me."

Copeland admits that he was concerned that Sting's background in jazz would alienate him from the kind of raw aggression he was intent upon harnessing in the Police's music. He remembers coaching Padovani before Sting came down from Newcastle to join them.

"Henri only knew about three chords. I used to say that in the very early days, when we first started gigging, that we had a 20-minute set and a 20-minute guitarist. He had a nice feel but he wasn't technically very proficient. I knew that Sting was a sophisto jazz musician and was going to freak when he met Henri. Henri had never played in a group before, and here was Sting about to turn up having played for years with all these old jazzers. God, I thought he'd go crazy. I don't know how we managed to pull it off, but we impressed him enough for him to come back to rehearse the next day."

Copeland, by this time, was fully immersed in punk; in its music and its attitude. Sting wasn't so quickly impressed.

"He was a dreadful reactionary," Copeland says. "And it really showed in the early days. Which was one of the reasons we were never accepted by the punk elite. One of the first gigs we did was at the Nashville. Everybody on the punk scene turned out for it. And Sting . . . Sting did this thing where he said, 'Alright — we're going to play some punk now, which means that the lyrics are banal and the music is terrible . . .' He just totally blew it. He didn't understand what he was doing then. God knows what he thought he was up to."

"I was reactionary," Sting agrees, "but that was just because I wasn't sure where we stood with all these punk bands. It took me a while. Stewart's enthusiasm carried me along for quite a while, until I actually started to contribute something to the group."

"I knew it was going to take some time to acclimatise Sting," Copeland says. "For those first few months Sting hated everybody he saw. We did some gigs with the Heartbreakers, I remember. Sting hated them. We'd wander down to the Roxy and he'd be going, 'Jesus Christ, what the fuck is this all about? Who are these people?' And a band would come on and he'd be totally freaked out. But the crucial thing was that he was immediately competitive. He'd see these guys and say, 'Look at these guys — they're causing all this media attention and they are shit. I can do better than this fucking lot.' And he'd get wilder and wilder. He became very aggressive, very determined."

Both Miles and Stewart Copeland become antagonistic when the hostility and indifference of the Police's punk contemporaries is mentioned. Miles, especially, rants belligerently at the audacity of the group's early critics who condemned them for being merely opportunistic. Stewart is more reasonable. Sting says that it never really bothered him, though he was aware of it.

"I met a lot of those punks . . . Joe Strummer. Paul Simonon. Rotten. We were never incredibly chummy or matey. I don't think we ever had much in common with those people. I never got to know them very well. We were sort of untouchables as far as they were concerned. We weren't allowed to mix with the in-crowd. There was an inner circle which we didn't belong to, and which we didn't try to penetrate. I wouldn't have minded being part of the in-crowd. But at the same time I wasn't going to lose my temper if Dave Vanian refused to speak to me one night at the Roxy."

It becomes clear, though, that he does allow himself some small grin of self-satisfaction, having now become considerably more successful than those individuals who once shunned the Police.

"I like the irony of the fact that we've stuck to our guns and eventually won through. Our success in America is especially ironic. We were forced to turn to America, because here virtually every door was locked to us. And then we went there and we did it, where all the elite bands from England totally failed. And will continue to fail, I think. They have nothing to say to America that America wants to hear. They don't want to hear the Clash. There's a minority on the coasts, maybe, who think it's very fashionable to like the Clash, but the heart of America is the Mid-west. That's the reactionary, conservative, Ted Nugent territory. That's the area you have to break to break America. And they don't want to listen to bands like the Clash out there.

"You know," he says, warming to his theme, "I really think groups like the Clash and the Sex Pistols had it too easy. They had such an easy victory. It was a walkover for them. I'm sure it's not as satisfying as having been right down there and then swimming up to the surface through all the shit like we had to. In many ways that's probably why the Sex Pistols split up. It was all too easy for them. They were just catapulted up there without any problems. They were their own biggest problem. They just couldn't cope.

"We've been through it all and we've grown with it. We crawled and then we walked and now we're running. And we'll keep running until we fall."

STEWART Copeland says that his principal difficulty with Sting in the early days of the Police was simply keeping up his morale. They were playing gigs at first for a fiver a night, the press was against them (they say), they were without a following. It was like one long shout into the dark.

"There was only one real crisis, though," Copeland mentions. "Sting was offered a job with Billy Ocean for 90 notes a week. We were starving at the time. We were playing with Cherry Vanilla for a fiver a gig and sometimes she couldn't even pay us that. But I really put her over a barrel. I forced the money out of her. Just to keep Sting. He would have gone, I know. 'Cos he's a real breadhead. And he goes for the money. If it had looked to him like the Police was about to fold, he would've taken that job.

"I'm glad that happened, 'cos whenever he now says, 'Shit — I wrote "Outlandos", I'm the Police' — I can say, 'Oh, yeah? If it wasn't for me, mate, you'd have joined fucking Billy Ocean.' The guy who turned him on to the gig actually joined Billy Ocean. The gig lasted four months. So, four months later Sting could've been back in some pub in Newcastle in a jazz group."

The tenacity of the group — and Stewart's overriding determination that they would succeed despite the odds stacked against them — carried them through those months of doubt and disappointment. And slowly the circle began to turn in their favour. Andy Summers joined, Sting realised that the songs he had been withholding from the Police because of Padovani's lack of technique could now be played. He would no longer have to compromise his more sophisticated inclinations to accommodate a musically backward guitarist. And, just as important, he made a significant connection with reggae.

"I'd always wanted to make a connection between the energetic music of punk and more sophisticated musical forms," he explains. "There was this amazingly aggressive music full of energy on the one hand, and I wanted to take it and bridge a gap between interesting chords and harmonic variations and this wild energy. And what eventually allowed me to do it was listening to reggae. Bob Marley, especially. I saw a rhythmic connection between the fast bass of punk and the holes in reggae. I got interested in trying to write songs that combined these apparently diverse styles. I think we succeeded with 'Roxanne'."

Andy Summers has touching memories of the afternoon that Sting presented the Police with the song.

"We were rehearing in this piss-awful cellar in Finchley. It was freezing cold and the rehearsals were going dreadfully. I knew that Sting had had the chords for 'Roxanne' for ages. I remember him playing them for me once in Paris.

ADRIAN BOOT

STEWART COPELAND on STING: "He's a real breadhead. If it had looked to him like the Police were about to fold, he'd have taken the job with Billy Ocean . . . and four months later he'd have been back in some pub in Newcastle, in a jazz group."

We weren't getting very far with anything, so we said 'let's have a go at that song' . . . Sting had written the lyric by this time and he sang it and we messed about with the chords. We changed it around, played it backwards and thought, 'Mmmm. Not a bad song. Rather good, in fact.' Then Miles came along to see how we were getting on. He had had this real punk-religious glint in his eye. So we played him all the more obvious songs and he told us that mostly they were shit. Then we played 'Roxanne' and he flipped."

"I thought it was one of the fucking great classic songs of all time," Miles Copeland says now.

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IT WAS A GIFT

DRUMS supplement
ELECTRIC ALMANAC

ANDRE CSILLAG

I used to go to sleep and think perhaps it would be gone in the morning

Ginger Baker is back behind the kit with a new band. Here he tells KEVIN BLACK about the drumming gift he was given.

LEGENDS don't die! Isn't Jesse James still alive and well in Missouri despite that bullet in the back from cowardly Mr Ford?

Isn't Elvis still throwing silk hankies into the throngs of disciples at some glittering rock 'n' roll temple in Las Vegas?

Isn't Ginger Baker, once the power in the drumming seat of Cream, giant of all British blues bands, down off his polo horses and back behind the kit to show us all that he's still a man to be reckoned with?

Well, yes, Ginger was alive and well and loping around Acton Vale in London, this week with a new band assembled to hit the road and had a few beans to spill about drumming his way; the riotous, thundering style which helped him and Bruce and Clapton to become a legend in their time.

And in Ginger's office, the gold discs that are now silent tributes to Cream's contribution to music line the walls. As you look at them you can hear "Toad", "Spoonful" and "Sunshine Of Your Love" burst out to blow the top off your head as they did so long ago (or so it seems). Think of them and you can picture yourself in another ten years standing in front of the silicon chip fire, puffing your silicon chip pipe and telling the grandkids: "I remember when music was music." The chances are the kids won't remember putting cream in coffee, never mind the band!

So there I was, studying the gold and dreaming about Clapton's screaming axe, when in bopped Ginger explaining that the reason he didn't look so well was because of a sleepless night and ceaseless rehearsing with his band. But he was still willing to talk drums.

"One thing I hate," he said, lighting what was to be an endless stream of cigarettes, "is people coming up to me in a club or pub and saying 'hey man, you're Ginger Baker aren't you? Man, you inspired me to play drums and I want to be like you'. Drummers should play like themselves. They should be themselves. They can't be me."

A glint of venom appeared in Ginger's eyes. There's only one Ginger Baker.

He's been around a long time and, at 40 years of age, appears to be enthusiastic about his latest project.

The band — Henry Thomas (bass), John Porter (guitar) and Michael Leslie (vocals and rhythm guitar) — has come together after what Baker calls a "long search to find the right musicians".

Baker has been fairly inactive since the demise of Blind Faith and the setting up of a studio in Lagos, Nigeria. He did try to get Cream back together again but that fell through.

"I've got the right guys now," said Ginger, "and I'm looking forward to going out and enjoying myself again. I always did like playing in front of an audience."

(We enjoyed it too, Ging!)

"Trouble was I got disillusioned with the music business. Most people do at some time or the other. But I'm back."

GINGER began drumming about 25 years ago. "At school I'd bang on the desks and all the kids would dance round. Sometimes I'd get singled out as being all the cause of the trouble, but I was basically a nice little chap," said Ginger, with a mischevious little-boy twinkle in his eyes. It has to be said that he's been a pretty controversial character during his career. As he, himself, points out: "Drummers are a little mad, anyway."

He believes his ability behind the kit is a "gift".

"I always knew I could do it, and I'd be good. Nobody influenced me. It was a gift. I used to go to sleep and think perhaps it would be gone in the morning. This was for, I suppose, the first ten years of my career.

"Drums are a religion to me. I can't put the belief into words. I know I've got the ability and I've always had it. Where I got it, God only knows. It happened. When it came about I don't know. Now I know it's something I'm lumbered with.

"Sometimes I think I'm lucky; other times I think, yeah, well, I was given something but I've missed out on other things, such as my personal life. But you just accept what you've got and get on with it; throw your head to the wind as it were."

(Throughout our conversation Ginger often referred to problems, upheavals and emotional turmoils that had effected him, or still were affecting him. A book of his life is being considered which might mean that side of his career coming to light.)

So, armed with this "gift" for drumming, Ginger set out on his career around the age of 15 or 16.

"I wanted to buy a kit for £12 from a friend of mine over the road. I didn't have the money. No one would give it to me, thinking it was another of my mad schemes. So I copped, from where I can't remember, the most amazing concoction of toy drums for £3. I had a one-headed bass drum with a shell of seven inches, a wooden side drum and one of those one-necked cymbal arms. I made the tom-tom out of a toy drum and a biscuit tin. I hadn't been playing three months when I went for an audition. I was really ashamed of my kit but I got the gig. Then my mum gave me £50 to put down as a deposit on a kit . . . my first real kit."

Baker became a pro musician playing mostly traditional jazz. Then, as his technique improved, he moved into what was known then as mainstream jazz.

"One of my earliest recollections was a drum duet of sorts by Phil Seamen and Ray Ellington when I was about 12. I identified with that immediately. Then, when I actually started playing, I hit upon Baby Dodds, the original man. Not that I ever wanted to play like him, because I always wanted to play like me and always have done. So there's absolutely no way anybody can say 'oh, he's been listening to him'."

ONCE he moved into mainstream jazz the next drummer to appear in Baker's "humble opinion" was Sid Catlett. "There were only two after that. Max Roach is the El Supremo. Buddy Rich doesn't figure at all. I'm sorry.

"Technically he's phenomenal, I'm sure, well beyond anything I've ever attempted to do. But I don't think that's what drumming is about. Drumming is about where you put them (the sticks) and what they say."

Ginger went on to talk about his close friend and mentor, the late Phil Seamen, who died so tragically in 1972.

"I lived with Phil for quite some time and we used to practice together. It wasn't on a basis of I'm giving you a lesson, my boy. I'd known of Phil from a very early age. I'd seen him about. I'd actually been in the same club, standing close to him and I didn't speak to him.

"I first met Phil when I was doing the all-nighters in the Flamingo for £1 a night. Tubby Hayes had heard me playing and brought along Phil to hear me. I got off stage one night and there he was! He said to me: 'I got to have a word with you. Where did you come from?'

"I wasn't looking for recognition then. I was enjoying myself playing. In my mind all I wanted to do was play the drums and be in the band I was playing with in such a way that I complemented everybody else's playing. That's what drumming should do, make everybody play better. Out of their enjoyment you get enjoyment."

Within a month of their meeting Baker and Seamen had moved into a flat together.

"At this point Phil was probably just about at his peak. He didn't have an influence on my playing. I already had that, but he did on my approach to playing. Phil had a very hard time and died an unhappy man."

Ginger's eyes grew moist as he spoke about Phil and he began crying.

In those days (1957-65) Ginger was practising as often as he could, sometimes nine or ten hours a day. Some of it would be drum solos, all day long. Those solos were to be a hallmark of his Cream days.

For the past 17 years Baker has stuck to Ludwig drums.

"They are Rolls Royces," he said. "I've sat in with bands and played just about every kit that's ever been made. But Ludwig are something else. It's the sound, and they're made right.

"I built my own kit at one time. I probably made the first-ever Perspex kit. I bent the shells over the gas pipe at home. Jack Bruce reckoned that was the best-sounding kit I ever had, although he hasn't heard the present Ludwig kit. It's Perspex. I think it's the best stuff for a drum shell you can come across.

"MY kits differ from others in that the standard shell size of a bass drum is 14 inches. Mine is 11 inches. They sound better. Any kit can be made to sound good, it depends on how you hit them. And you don't necessarily hit it the way you'd hit a good drum. That's something you can't be taught to do. Either you can or you can't. I can't really explain how to do it. It all comes from your brain, your heart and your hands and whether they all work together or they don't.

"Feeling, hearing, thinking . . . you must have all that in the right proportions. There are thinkers and there are feelers. You must be capable of both. As far as I'm concerned both your hands have got equal potential. It only takes a little bit of concentration to use both hands. When you're playing in a band and something is needed, you can do it with either hand, like you don't have to wait for the beat to come around to start, say, on the right hand. There's a lot of one-handed drummers in the world."

Among the highspots of any Cream concert were Ginger's long, loud and puisating solos, which invariably carried you on a tide of noise and rhythm to a thrilling climax.

"Solos can be any length," said Ginger. "I was trying to tell a story with a beginning, a middle and a finish. The people knew what I was doing, and they enjoyed my stories with Cream."

Electric almanac

How drumming 'saved' Lloyd's life

Lloyd Ryan found himself in a dead end existence. Then he found drums and has never looked back since. Now he's one of the UK's leading tutors and explains to KEVIN BLACK that drumming isn't all it seems!

LLOYD Ryan is one of those guys who can't keep the fingers still. Whether he's in his car, in the pub or on a train, he's constantly beating out rhythms on an imaginary drum.

Ryan has devoted his life to drumming. As he puts it: "Drumming saved my life".

Now one of London's foremost teachers, he has two instructional LPs on the market and was drum consultant and tutor on the American film production "The Birth Of The Beatles" (which we'll see soon). He has played for hundreds of cabaret stars, recorded various singles with his own band, the Lloyd Ryan Express, and has appeared at numerous drum clinics. A new drum single, "Sold To The Devil", is set for release at the end of this month on Playback Records.

Among his pupils, he talks most fondly of Phil Collins (Genesis), Keef Hartley (John Mayall) and Bryson Graham (Alvin Lee and Spooky Tooth).

Drumming has changed his life. "I came off the streets, out of the gutter if you like. I'd nothing to identify with at all. I bought a snare drum and it opened up a whole new world for me. I was in a job I didn't like much and could see myself going from bad to worse.

"I'd come from a duff school background and I was always in trouble. But drumming did really save my life. I got involved in drumming a month before my 16th birthday and was pro before I was 18. I was practising eight hours a day because I had nothing else and drums appealed to my aggression.

"I believe drumming is inherent in human beings. Look at the way we bang on anything when we're kids!"

Lloyd began his teaching career around five years ago. "After five years I had forgotten the basics, so I had to go back to them, which was good for me. Teaching is a good way of practising. I always play along with the pupils".

Lloyd is so busy that he can only spare three days a week for tuition in his Covent Garden studio.

"My first step with pupils is to sit them down at a kit and then explain how to hold the sticks. Then the names of the drums. I usually get them started with what we call crotchets. I teach them the value of the notes and then their equivalent rests. I start people with everything on the kit whereas a lot of teachers just keep them on the snare. But if you're going to play in a band, you play on everything.

"Being able to read is vital. It's in a drummer's own interest to read. A lot of drummers say there's natural feel. Or course there is, but without this ability you can be limited.

"A drummer's job in a band is to keep time. It's his basic job. So the first situation in learning is keeping time. Often you see a drummer keeping time with a band, but the moment it comes to a fill in or a solo, he speeds up then slows down again. This is where exercises, reading and developing discipline helps.

"When you're a teacher it's important pupils trust you like they would a doctor or a surgeon. When you give them a page of exercises to do they look at it and think, this surely isn't what it's like playing with Genesis, is it? Sometimes they think you're having them on and you get a breakdown of communication.

"I start pupils off with something very simple but often I'll get them to bring in their favourite record, I'll write the beat down and get them to play along with it, and that gives them an interest.

"Later I'll give a student a page of exercises, then I'll say 'take a line and improvise on that line.' So they play the line as it is, then repeat it, and improvise around it. That gives some sort of freedom. I personally would like to teach a complete blanket coverage so that a guy could go into a studio and be able to read well and understand technique.

"Drumming doesn't change. It stays the same. It's just styles, fashions, which change. I mean, Billy Cobham's drumming is based largely on paradiddles. It's one of the original rudiments of drumming and Krupa was doing it in 1936. Cobham has just adapted the paradiddle into modern music. It's no big mystery but to a young guy who doesn't know what a paradiddle is, it's going to be a mystery. There's also the single stroke roll and the two stroke roll. Whatever you see or hear is largely based on these."

Television shows such as TOTP came in for a lashing from Lloyd. "TOTP gives people a bad impression. Through my teaching, my LPs and the clinics I do, I'm attempting to show it's not what they think when they see television. I reckon shows like that give the idea that virtually anyone can play a kit and that the guy they see on the screen is not really the one playing on the record. Drumming is largely in the background in the UK. There should be more drum clinics in schools, colleges and universities, to bring drumming to the people.

"Billy Cobham has opened up drumming to the laymen through his clinics. I did a clinic in a college of further education in London and I was warned the kids were rough types, told I would have to keep an eye on the gear.

"When I'd finished the demonstration, the kids helped me pack up the equipment in the back of the car! It proves drumming can be an entertainment to ordinary people. It needn't be boring. I've had people come up to me after a clinic and say they didn't realise drumming was so interesting."

When it comes to teaching, Lloyd reckons Britain still lags behind America.

"The attitude in Britain is that there are those who can play and those who can teach. In America all the top players teach. Carmen Appice, for instance. In this country it seems to me that a lot of guys who haven't got any work or are not very good, go into teaching to supplement their income. I've had students who have been taking lessons with somebody else and they can't even play the bass drum! They've been given the snare drum and left in a room by themselves for an hour! I'd like to see some of the British name players taking time off to teach.

"Anyone thinking of being a drummer needs a good ear, though. After a couple of lessons, after having gone through the basics, I put a record on and ask the pupil if he can tell me where the on-beat is and where the off-beat is.

"But because a guy doesn't get it straight away doesn't mean he's not going to be a drummer. It's a very fine, difficult line to actually say to somebody 'well, I'm sorry, I can't teach you'.

"I make all the pupils listen to the best drummers. You can only teach so much and the rest is up to them. There is no set course of lessons to complete and then say you're a drummer. It never really ends. It's one of those things you can come back to and find new things to do.

"You know yourself when you start to play well and you've got what you want out of drumming. It all depends on attitude. If a guy practices hard, takes lessons and listens a lot, then he could do it in a year to 18 months. He wouldn't be a great drummer, but he would be competent. Yet again, another guy might take two to three years to reach the same stage.

"I'm 35 now and I'm still learning. I learn a lot from my pupils. Often they bring in a record I've never heard of and that way I can keep abreast of what is going on, but really, drumming is drumming."

The message that Lloyd Ryan spells out to anyone thinking of taking up drumming is simple: don't think it's easy. There's a lot to learn and it doesn't stop after just a couple of years!

RYAN . . . "Drumming doesn't change"

Electric almanac

ED TO VISIT UK

STAND by for the visit to these shores next month of one of the greats of drumming, Ed Shaughnessy. Ed is holding two Ludwig clinics in England. The first is on October 6 at the Portland Hotel, Manchester, the other on October 7 in the Horseshoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Road, London.

Shaughnessy brings with him an impressive set of credentials. On the educational side, he has been associated with New York University as an artist and teacher in jazz and rock. Ed is also the author of two instruction books, "New Time Signatures in Jazz Drumming" and "Big Band Drummer's Reading Guide".

Pearl's new base

PEARL Musical Instruments of Japan have set up a new distribution company in north London to handle their range of Pearl and Maxwin drums. The company is headed by Glyn Thomas and Gerry Evans, who've been responsible for Pearl since the make first arrived in the UK. The new factory unit will not only distribute the catalogue range but will soon start an assembly line to produce custom kits to any size or colour and in a choice of three shell types — birch, maple and fibreglass.

DRUMS will be just one of the many musical instruments to be seen at the Live Music Show, Belle Vue, Manchester, on October 6-9. Among the brands to sample or inquire about will be Sonor, Ludwig, Hoshino, Atlanta, Asba, plus LP and Suzuki percussion. The show will be open to the public on October 6 (10 am-7pm); October 7 (1-7 pm); and October 8 (9-9 pm). Many well-known musicbiz personalities are expected to attend the exhibition.

EX-pro drummer and King's Lynn music shop boss John Savage has produced two instructional books, The Art of The Drummer, Volumes One and Two. Both are available in cassette. Volume one was launched two years ago and the second appeared at the recent Olympia Live Music Show. President of the Society of Drummers and Percussionists, Savage plans to embark on a series of drum seminars around the UK to promote both books and to discuss with drummers, problems and ideas.

TWO drumming booklets from Chappell are Play Drums Today and Funky Drumming by Berthold Laszlo. Play Drums Today explains how to play simple things straight away and how to play to fit in with most popular forms of music. The system is based on the music written for symphony orchestras but is much simpler. Berthold's book outlines contemporary rhythms for the modern drummer. The object of this method, conceived in two parts, is to allow drummers to become familiar with the most current rhythms played by pro modern drummers in America. This work is accompanied by a cassette with a partial bass accompaniment for each example.

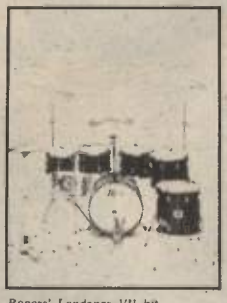
THE International Drummers Association is open to all levels and types of drummers. The main objects of the IDA are: 1. The regular dissemination of news and information; 2. The preparation of specially commissioned instructional literature to be made available to all members; 3. A drummers advisory service utilising the experience of the IDA's International Advisory Council; 4. To introduce the drummers to other drummers through correspondence, and by discussing various problems and difficulties; 5. To make the drummer fully aware of the musicianship and its application towards his instrument. IDA secretary Tony Lytton said: "The whole intention is to provide a really practical organisation that will promote the drumming cause."

Electric almanac

The Sonor Snaplock

Hoshino 5080 with new fittings

The Aria DO5501 WZ kit



Rogers' Londoner VII kit

The Tama Superstar

New Zildjian flat hats

What's available

JUST some of the drums you can get hold of in Britain — Tama, Hamma, Sonor, Rogers, Slingerland, Premier, Olympic, Ludwig, Beverley, Yamaha, Asba, Atlanta, Hoshino, Aria, Gretsch, Pearl, and also K. and A. Zildjian and Camber [illegible].

There is a wealth of products to choose from and only a few can be spotlighted.

On the percussion side, too, there is a wide range, including Latin Percussion and the SDS drum synthesizers from Musicaid in St Albans.

The ROGERS Londoner VII kit is in four new colours this year; three are natural wood finishes and outfits are made of hand picked/finished shells (tobacco sunburst, natural maple and California wine). The fourth colour is "powder blue mist".

Early next year Rogers will introduce a new eight-ply maple shell under the title "XP 8 Power Shells".

Available in the GRETSCH line is, first, a Broadkaster kit containing a 24-inch bass drum, 13 x 9, 14 x 10 and 18 x 16 toms. Chromed on brass with shell snare drum, the kit also includes heavy duty type stands and pedals.

There is also the Grand Prix kit, which contains a 22-inch bass drum, 12 x 8, 13 x 9, 16x15 toms and a 5x14 lug snare drum.

Gretsch also offers a range of eight concert toms 6 inches to 16 inches and are producing a line of double-headed concert toms, ideal for studio or live work.

Another new development is heavy duty bass drum spurs.

SLINGERLAND is now established in the UK as one of the leading American brands. The shells are three- and five-ply in maple or poplar. Some new lines from the States are the 8 x 10, 10x10 deep double headed power tone toms, available in all colours. The Spitfire snare drum is the latest in the snare line with four air vents, brass shell and TDR strainer.

This year, Slingerland has been busy in the promotions field with its clinics (Louie Bellson, Les De Merle and Kenny Clare, to name a few).

ARIA, known for guitars, recently moved into the drum field. Their DO5501 WZ kit includes 22 x 14 bass drum, 12 x 8 and 13 x 9 tom toms, and 16x16 floor tom tom. The colour finishes are metallic maroon, copper and silver.

A whole series of improvements to the fittings and stands of the [illegible] announced and are just beginning to arrive in Britain.

At the top of the range is the five-drum 5085, available in fine silver, fine black finish or platinum.

Next comes the 5080 in silver or black.

A feature of the Hoshino range is the care the manufacturers have taken in looking after the needs of the young drummer. There is an excellent starter kit, the HM300, in silver silky finish.

NEW versions of the existing range of British-made HAMMA drums have been introduced. The four-, five-, and seven-drum outfits are now available in four different set ups.

Also available is the Pro-Mark range of drumsticks. The hand-made line is produced from a select hardwood and undergo an exclusive new wood treatment process for reduced warpage. There are 20 models in the range, including the 808 Billy Cobham. Thirteen of these sticks are available with nylon tips. Two new lines are the Hands Hickory and the Goodtime models.

YAMAHA has produced the new YD5222 which retails at £435 complete with stands and fittings. This, says Yamaha, provides a market for their drums in the semi-pro and amateur areas.

Snaplock is SONOR's unique answer to the age old problem of constant head tension under any playing conditions. Seen for the first time in the UK at the recent London Live Music Show were the unique D515 and D516 rosewood snare drums.

Also new are the Sonor Rocket toms, eight 6-inch drums of varying depth giving a full octave of sound. Made in smokey acrylic, the drums are mounted in pairs on four heavy duty chrome stands.

Also seen at the Live Music Show for the first time was the new K. ZILDJIAN cymbal range. These cymbals are hand made by Turkish craftsmen at the new Zildjian plant in Canada.

And from Canada come POWERTIP drumsticks made from kiln-dried hard rock maple. The sticks are made in three shapes and nine weights.

[illegible] all metal shells, for louder sounds, in stainless steel, black, blue, grey white or red with a hard spray finish.

They also have clear, see-through Altuglass Perspex in various colours, wood shells in a variety of plastic finishes and synthetic Fibrece! requiring no strengthening rings.

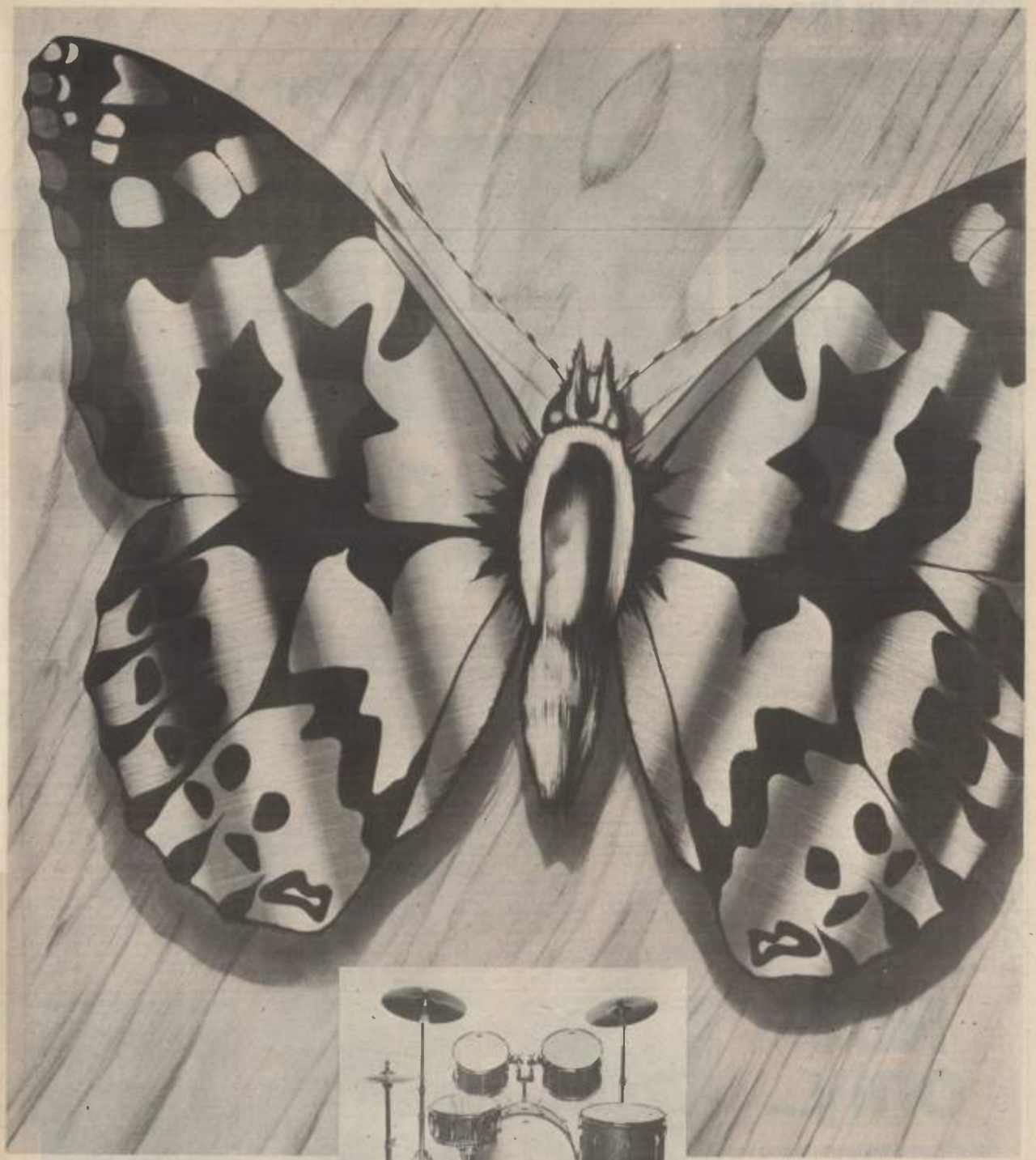
On the percusson front one of the leading names is LP LATIN PERCUSSION. Their latest catalogue lists 163 instruments and accessories. Recent additions to the range include solid bar chimes, New York bongo cowbells, icebells, Multiguiros and Koninikos.

LP also issues eight 12-inch instruction records to aid the beginner and to assist the pro to improve his knowledge and technique.

Some snares from Premier

The Gretsch Broadkaster kit

Louie Bellson plays Slingerland



In their search for perfection, Yamaha constructed and tested hundreds of prototype drum kits, listened to opinions, then formed their own before arriving at the right techniques and materials which form the basis of a revolutionary new drum collection.

The result of their labours is a completely interchangeable drum system comprising two drum types, the YD9000 and 7000 series, making every kit unique. As varied as the sounds they make are the colours of the kits, two standard with others available on request.

It's been a hard slog, but nothing beautiful comes easy.

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Craftsmen to the world's musicians since 1887.

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Caught in the act

JANETTE BECKMAN

JANETTE BECKMAN

JANETTE BECKMAN

Guitarist JOHN GOODSALL wins the award for the evening's most dementoid expression, and promptly falls over (left). PHIL COLLINS and PETER ROBINSON tie for second place (centre and right).

Shopping for an identity

BRAND X The Venue, London

BRAND X are good at beginnings and endings, particularly those dramatic conclusions when the ostinato riff which has underpinned the whole piece becomes dominant, and bass, two keyboards and guitar all play it in unison, bringing it to a triumphant final flourish. It's what goes on in between that worries me a little.

Partly, it may be because, apart from Percy Jones, none of them is really an assured soloist, and however much it has been liberated by Jones, Clarke, Pastorius et al in recent years, the bass guitar is still not a satisfactory solo instrument.

It is as an ensemble group that they really shine, especially when the old originals are there, as on Saturday and Sunday: Phil Collins powerful on drums, John Goodsall playing his balls off on guitar, Jones making his bass sing, and Rob Lumley lyrical on keyboards. Recent Brand X albums and concerts have tended to lack that certain something which made their appearance on the scene so exciting, simply because not all the essential ingredients were present.

Unlike the Byrds or Fairport or Weather Report, Brand X don't seem to maintain an essential identity regardless of comings and goings. They started as a loose grouping of musicians who felt it congenial to play together, and once the pattern is changed, the music becomes something different.

One difference between this band and most previous editions was the inclusion of Peter Robinson as an additional keyboard player. He's a talented musician, probably more adroit than Lumley, whose real talents are as an arranger, but I must say I fail to see why this band needs two keyboards, apart from thickening up the mix of sound and making the endings even more climactic.

The real excitement, however, is the return of Phil Collins to the band. None of his replacements, while he's been honouring his Genesis commitments, have had quite his power combined with control over the basics of very complex drumming.

There can be few, for instance, who could handle singing a vocal in one tempo, even if only a repetitive chant, while playing in an entirely different time signature at the same time, as he did in ". . . And So to F . . .", their final pre-encore number at the Venue on Sunday.

They did several numbers from the new album, and judging by the repeated, unheeded cries for "Soho" (also the new single), it's already won its way into the hearts of the dedicated. But it was the encore, "Unorthodox Behaviour", from the class of '76, which really topped off what the band can do, and made the evening just about perfect. But I still think they really need another voice, a horn perhaps. — KARL DALLAS.

XTC

Apollo, Manchester

IRREPRESSIBLE doubts assailed the brain on route to this gig. How would XTC fare minus Barry Andrews? Admittedly "Drums And Wires" is a magnificent statement of intent, but would interest be sustained live?

But first, the Yachts. Were they mediocre or merely average, you enquire? Neither, I'm pleased to report, for though their sound certainly irks after a while — the thin line between a distinctive sound and a samey one is easily crossed — they possess a repertoire of idealistically found pop gems.

The humid, smokey, neo-Victorian cavern in which we were situated, whilst not being ideal for the Summer Holiday-type chirpy exhilaration of the Yachts, soon seemed almost homely in the comforting shadow of old faves such as "Can't Stay Long" and "Yachting Types".

Despite an extremely speedy equipment changeover, XTC didn't appear for at least half an hour. Rumours to the effect that Andy Partridge was quietly vomiting backstage were neither dispelled nor confirmed when the man himself appeared, looking no more pale than usual, and proceeded to play an ace set.

As expected, the band stuck mainly to tracks from the new album. No disrespect to B. Andrews, but XTC are a more confident and certainly a more enjoyable band since his departure. This is due in no small measure to the presence of guitarist Dave Gregory, who excites and delights the ears with an amazing selection of licks and breaks.

It's too easy to apply words like disjointed, quirky, and offbeat to XTC, and to applaud them as messianic, but why try and rationalise dance music? It either works or it doesn't and, with the added bonus of thoughtful subversion ("Real By Reel", "Complicated Game"), it will be the likes of XTC and the Mekons who produce the pop music of the Eighties. — STEVE REDMOND.

SELECTOR

Fan Club, Leeds

AFTER hearing the Selector's B-side contribution to the recent Specials single, I had my doubts.

Not that it was unappealing, but the confines of a studio made the sound seem a mite too clinical for a dance genre which is essentially basic and unassuming.

Live, though, any doubts are briskly dispelled. It soon becomes apparent that the Selector are a vastly different proposition — positively revelling in the intimate atmosphere of a compact club. The music treads with an exhilarating ease, forcing even the weariest limbs into action.

Moreover, the enjoyment of every member of the group in their own particular contributions obviously affects the audience. The sight of seven musicians unashamedly bopping all over the stage is one which infuses everyone with the confidence to let go and have fun.

The Selector's kingpin is Neil Davis, whose work with the rhythm guitar bolsters the constant reggae backdrop, and whose lyrics illustrate the variety of styles which they command. Of the original songs, two currently stand out: "On The Streets Again" and "Danger". Both relate strongly to the everyday problems of modern society, within an irresistably danceable musical framework.

Similarly promising was the excellent balance achieved with certain cover versions, from an intriguing rendition of Owen Gray's "Murder" to an eye-opening adaptation of the Upsetter's "Soul Fly". Judging by the contented exhaustion of all concerned, The Selector are going to be real contenders. — FRANK WORRALL.

THE HEADBOYS

Astoria, Edinburgh

THERE are two ways a Scotsman can overcome the inferiority complex that being British encourages him to support. He can be born into the middle class — an action requiring some foresight — or he can join a rock band. Joining a band continues to be the sexier option especially since it allows a native the space and context appropriate to the strutting of his indigenous stuff, a stuff rich in passion and energy.

"This one's for the Daily Record, who wrote a lot of shite about us." The Headboys, self-styled local heroes, don't seem to like journalists. And maybe they're right. Maybe we go on a bit, but then we like strutting our stuff too. And maybe in the case of the Headboys we have no real choice. I mean what can I say about a band that does what it does very well but doesn't challenge any of the categories I can effortlessly fit it into?

No one replies. The boys have their heads down driving relentlessly through a neat selection of packaged venom and showcased emotions. All tunes are tried and tested and ceaselessly hit their predetermined targets on the communal psyche. They know we know they're good so we relax and let it happen.

The Headboys are into dedications: "This one's for the North Berwick contingent. It's called 'Mommy's Boy'." The North Berwick contingent isn't amused and they get their own back when the tune falls apart in the first four bars. "ASSHOLES!" screams someone. It's the drummer letting everyone know it wasn't his fault. We are briskly and brusquely re-informed that "Mommy's Boy" is for the North Berwick contingent and they hit us with a vengeance between the eyes with it.

Best effort of the night is "Stepping Stone" which sounds like a minor key progression and features an excellent extended guitar solo. The band finishes with their single "The Shape Of Things To Come" and as I walk home I know I've been at a rock concert. My brains have evaporated and are hissing out my earholes. — DAVE CONWAY.

Electric Ballroom, PSYCHEDELIC FURS Electric Ballroom Camden

NOT the most inspiring of Friday evenings, this. The Modettes began — apparently without irony — with "My Favourite Things", and that plus the juxtaposition in the singer of punk-dyed hair, French origin and Forties dress, together with their inclusion of a song about the Kray twins, suggested that they probably identified with Jubilee. Say no more.

The Psychedelic Furs seem to be on the rise, despite their horrible name, and the dense wall of sound they created for "India", along with the strong and slow-paced piece called "Sister Europe" which followed it, certainly engaged my interest. Singer Butler Rep looks like a cross between Patti Smith and Richard Hell, and seemed at first to be exploiting the tension between Rotten's contempt for psychedelia and their own name / concept. They didn't. The ensuing set very rapidly became tedious, despite a minor fillip with the extra thought and melody involved in "Imitation Of Christ". Cold concepts have to be consistently brilliant to win through.

The Boys were inevitably less adept but more appealing. They deserved more than the enforced year-long hiatus from which they're only now struggling to emerge since their records did much to capture the innocently youthfully enthusiastic side of 1977, even if by the time they recorded "Brickfield Nights" last year they were already looking back on innocence from guitarist Matt Dangerfield's age rather than bassist/vocalist Kid Reid's. Unfortunately the only differences here seemed to be occasional heavy-metal tendencies in the guitar-work — for the most part they were content to look back, even on their more pointless efforts, like "Sick On You". And since the best of their new songs was a misogynist attack on feminine independence, I prefer to leave them, as I did on Friday, with the sound of "First Time" in my ears, because that ought certainly to endure as one of the very best punk singles.—**CHRIS BRAZIER.**

YUSEF LATEEF Ronnie Scott's, London

JAZZ artists stumble off jets and kick for touch in different registers. Yusef Lateef, long a pioneer of flute techniques, ethnic mergers and multi-instrumentality, spent much of the set I heard at Scott's in a calculated convention which lagged his superbly imaginative improvisational gifts in standardised backup, saving the day in the last number — which showed the artist not only alive and well, but dealing promissory notes for his residency.

"Sun Showers", starting out on wood flute, conjured dryads before electric piano and rubadub drums clocked in, making travelogue of the opening. Lateef has traditionally studied on his soundscapes, involving the exotic ouds and earthboards in his palette, and there hovered the disquieting sense that he had fallen behind the backwash of his own prophecy. World Music was a lonely furrow in the Fifties.

It was never forlorn, though. Lateef's soprano tightened the pressure in unusual ways, peaked oddly, pitched unfashionably, so that "Le Souk" and the ululations of the muezzin circled his structures no matter how predictable the rhythm section.

He threw a curve on regular flute for "Stay With Me", avoiding the gutteral climax for a shrill all-metal slalom into the mike that clawed the walls. Nobody in his group is up to that, and some of their responses traded genre for his emotionalism. He feels blues. They conjugate.

Tenor on the third number, his root horn, proved the depth of his identification. His sound is not to be gainsaid, and the section for tenor and drums (Marty Baker) was sanctified handclap. Unfortunately, the number went into party-time, very current Rollins-style, parading its circularity as if that were necessarily infectious. The house loved it, and would love the Hokey-Cokey.

"Lover Man", however, came in like the cavalry. The drummer, not his period, mainly tramped, bass-guitar whumped, the pianist got better in his solo break, but the leader blew on and on. He built with one of those hollowed-out tones you just believe like you believe level blue eyes, and by the time he hit his unaccompanied stretch the chops were up, and all manner of liberties were taken and held. He is still an innovator, and can shake your tree. — **BRIAN CASE.**

ANDREW HANSON

Scootering to victory

SAMMY HAGAR Hammersmith Odeon

SAMMY Hagar wore a smile as wide as the stage when he played Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday night. He was overjoyed that he'd established an immediate rapport with his first London audience, and they were only too willing to welcome another heavy metal hero.

But as entertaining and worthwhile as the Hagar performance ultimately turned out to be, it was a shallow victory, won not by the merits of the central character but by the script he chose to concentrate on. On the night, Hagar decided, perhaps wisely in the circumstances, that he did not want to be Bob Seger. He decided to become Ted Nugent. The audience loved him for it.

The set was reaching its climax when Sammy, whose reputation in Britain has flourished through his former membership of the legendary Montrose, sussed the mood of the audience and decided to throw caution to the wind. Up until then, he'd been feeding the punters on a stable diet of both sides of his music, and recognised that they responded more positively to the solid heavy metal, which resulted in a proclamation that went something like: "I've had enough of these short songs, we're gonna burn this place up, jam a bit."

He did so convincingly, but the fact that he needed to offer his audience (and himself) a choice in the first place suggests a certain amount of doubt in his own ability.

It should also be noted that Def Leppard, who are reviewed elsewhere in more detail, set a blistering pace for Hagar to live up to. Playing their first major London concert, this young British band had the audience on its feet with a selection of rockers that oozed raw energy, if lacking a little originality. Hagar took a while to sink his own hooks into an audience that had awarded the Leppards an unprecedented encore.

Hagar's energy was limitless, and it was inevitable that he would soon catch Hammersmith in his flow. When he did, it was with a series of classic heavy metal riffs, solos, vocals and arrangements. Backed by an utterly professional band, he tore into their guts. Rhythm section Bill Church (bass) and Chuck Ruff (drums) pounded along with systematic and relentless power, but it was second guitarist Gary Phil, sharing solos with Hagar, who gradually stole the limelight, emerging from his anonymous professionalism to produce a couple of scathing runs that left the audience gaping. Hagar's style was a notch below, and he was at his strongest when concentrating on concise raids along the fretboard.

Predictably, the Montrose standard "Bad Motor Scooter" was given the cheer of the night, with "Trans Am" a close second. But the highlight for me was a moving hard rock blues called "Old Man Blues," which built stealthily into one of the finest climaxes I've heard live in ages. That was when I began to think that Sammy Hagar wasn't so bad after all. — **HARRY DOHERTY.**

THE RUTS/THE PIRANHAS Friars, Aylesbury

FRIARS is an anachronism. Once there, you're immediately caught up in a time-warp of dyed hair, painted slogans, the Roxy and all that. And because Friars is probably the only thing that's decent for miles around, all kinds of people are attracted, from punks and skins to kids who've just passed their exams and have arranged for Daddy to pick them up at eleven.

It's a welcome change from selfconscious London, and yet quaintly unattractive because tonight we have not first, not second, but third generation bands, the first being the Piranhas, from Brighton.

If you can imagine a Members-type sound coupled with an all-important humorous element, we're getting somewhere. Let me just point out, though, that humour and rock aren't usually the best of partners in terms of long-standing relationships, because once committed to vinyl the jokes start to wear a bit thin. In a live context, though, the Piranhas excel because their music, containing tinges of reggae, R&B and classic pop, is eminently danceable, puts the crowd in a good mood, and contrasts well with what's coming.

Their subject material revolves mainly around the traumas of youth: "I Don't Like My Body", "Getting Beaten Up" and "Virginity." If they do have a serious side, which their well-constructed music suggests, it's wiped out immediately by their frivolity, and that's probably the factor which will keep them as a good live attraction rather than anything else.

The Ruts represent the more serious side of things. Actively involved in Southall and RAR, they come over as a band who can actually do something about our problems. Maybe it's Owen's belligerent unself consciousness, or their seemingly uncompromising stance; whatever, they feel right.

A shame, then, that two-thirds of their current set is completely lost in a mish-mash of the worst excesses of heavy metal and punk. Either guitarist Paul Fox's heavy metal leanings get in the way, or Owen's admittedly small doses of self-conscious loutishness (as in "I Ain't Sophisticated", for example), jar just a little too much for comfort. In fact at times they reminded me of exactly the stereotype punk band that Fleet Street loves to ridicule.

It's only when the Ruts slow down for the chilling reggae of "Jah Wars" or tackle the blistering explosions of "Babylon's Burning" or "Something That I Said" that any musical promise is evident. Their hearts are in the right places, but their hands tend to stray. — **PAULO HEWITT.**

AXIS POINT Dingwalls, London

AXIS Point are a daunting assemblage of late-Sixties contenders who never cashed in on their talents as much as they deserved in the early Seventies.

The band is built around ex-Family men Charlie Whitney (guitar) and Rob Townsend (drums). Eddie Hardin, ex-Spencer Davis, provides keyboards and vocals, and Charlie McCracken, ex-Taste, plays bass and Joel McCrea lookalike.

It goes without saying that the band play tight — and clever. On a typical number, passages of slick R&B develop into baroque jazz-funk fusions. But it all seems so mannered and studied. The band certainly don't play tough: there's no conviction.

It's a depressing thought — or is it part of the rock process? — that musicians who participated in some of the transcendent gigs of yesteryear have now resigned themselves to musical ornamentation. There's an excuse for Eddie Hardin because, in spite of his white soul credentials, his voice never really stirred it up.

What reputation he had evaporated on Axis Point versions of "Maybe I'm Amazed" and Lennon's "Truth", which was arranged in the way Spooky Tooth used to do "I Am The Walrus". Now that band, in Mike Harrison, did have the hang of soul; he should resurrect himself.

For the record, Axis Point delivered most of the songs from their RCA album. It wasn't that these were largely hackneyed bayings about lowdown women and demon alcohol, but that they were so lacking in firepower.

As if sensing this need, the band chased phantoms by resorting to an on-going jamming-type situation, in which they were accompanied by Bob Tench, late of Jeff Beck.

Which was worse, the standstill exercise of a jam or the band's failure to find a fresh format for their talent? At Dingwall's, where nobody takes much interest in the music, it didn't really matter. — **PAUL TICKELL.**

Caught in the act

New heavy metal kids

DEF LEPPARD
Lafayette Club, Wolverhampton

SEVERAL months ago, Def Leppard made their vinyl debut with a three-track EP, released on the independent Bludgeon Riffola label. It clearly indicated that here was a hot prospect for the future, featuring such delights as "Ride Into The Sun", "Overture" and the classic "Getcha Rocks Off", which is destined to become one of the all-time HM cuts.

Word swiftly spread through the music industry that Leppard were the "next big thing" and, having been pursued by a number of major record companies, the Sheffield-based group recently signed to Phonogram. This week they opened for Sammy Hagar on his brief but important UK trek.

Amazingly enough, though, 18 is the average age of the line-up, which includes a 15-year-old drummer.

Last week, prior to their dates with Hagar, the band played at the Lafayette Club in Wolverhampton, where they demonstrated why so much attention is currently being focused upon them. Quite simply, it's astounding to hear heavy rock of such high quality being performed by such a young band. And it's no gimmick either: Def Leppard could definitely give a lot of other heavy rockers a run for their money, and will appeal to fans of Rush, UFO and Van Halen alike.

In the Midlands club, however, they had numerous problems with a stage situated only about six inches above the dance-floor, atrocious sound quality and only a half-full hall. Nevertheless they still managed to produce a blistering set.

At present the bulk of attention focuses upon guitarist Willis, a Pat Travers-lookalike, who provided some excellent riffs and solos. On the night it was he and the drummer who stole the limelight.

Def Leppard could fare much better if the individual members came forward more, especially the singer, Elliott, who has yet to realise his full potential as a frontman. The music is fine, but fans want to be entertained visually as well. That doesn't necessarily presuppose flashbombs and dry ice throughout the show, but better presentation will enable them to come over with even more force and aggression.

They still include a couple of Lizzy standards — "Emerald" and "Rosalie" — in the set, but it's their own compositions which are particularly striking, and none more so than Friday's encore, "Wasted", which in the future will encourage countless heads to bang with fury. — STEVE GETT.

DEF LEPPARD

PURPLE HEARTS/SECRET AFFAIR/BACK TO ZERO
Eric's, Liverpool

I REALLY wanted to believe in mod.

If punk's now the Angelic Upstarts and the Cockney Rejects, give me a new bandwagon, quick. I don't think this will do, though. Young lads don parkas in place of leather jackets and buy anything with a target on it, while those a bit smarter wear silly hats and start buying Prince Buster records.

Meanwhile, graffiti appears in Eric's: "Mods destroyed Rhyl", and other sad signs of the times bearing witness to those for whom a new uniform is just a new excuse for thuggery. While on holiday I saw "Quadrophenia", and almost cried.

A week later I walked into Eric's and back into the film. It must have been a cheaper version: something wasn't quite right. Those Sid clones lurking in corners looked strangely out of date. Then I saw a mod pogoing to "Anarchy In The UK".

It was all a bit confusing, though fascinating too. I was reminded of my first punk gigs and that feeling of uneasiness because my hair was too long. There's the same atmosphere here. Insiders and outsiders. This time, though, there's no sense of purpose to go with it.

The reason must be the lack of direction in the music. It's certainly not as interesting as its trappings, and there's not much to say. What's a mod group supposed to sound like, anyway? Style here seems more important than content. After all, you'd have to be a black mod group to be really authentic, musically.

(A digression: the Specials must be the only really contemporary mod group.)

As for the others, it's difficult to see what all the fuss is about. Purple Hearts suffered from trying to be a mod band. Back to Zero suffered from having to follow Secret Affair. If you shut your eyes, they both sounded like pretty average punk groups, who'd pass unnoticed under normal circumstances.

Which suggests a reason for Secret Affair's use of the image. It's working, too. With a "Top Of The Pops" appearance already behind them, they were the stars of the show. New Hearts were a poor man's Jam, but Secret Affair are going somewhere. Their years of experience are their biggest asset, and in Ian Page they have a highly professional frontman, a born poser, confident to the point of arrogance. His voice isn't bad, either.

Their material strikes the right balance, leaning sufficiently towards soul (with a judicious choice of covers) to give credibility, but retaining enough of punk to keep everyone happy, as in the anthem "Time For Action". Personally I find the words of the single rather banal, but maybe I'm getting old.

If only one group makes it out of mod, and after mod, Secret Affair could be it. But I still couldn't help taking them with a pinch of salt.

And at the end of the evening the whole concept seemed a bit empty. It's a pity: I really liked the clothes. — PENNY KILEY.

AL HAIG
Pizza Express, London

AN instructive generational contrast occurred in Al Haig's second number. The pianist handed over to bassist John Wilmuth, who took a fine, Haden-like South of the Border solo which drove towards trance along a nodding row of sustained chords before Haig came cantering back.

None of the beboppers can abide that sort of groove, and tend to react as if mesmerism in music were the preserve of the charlatan. Theirs is a glittering energy, a fury to fill the fleeting moment with invention, tension and interlocking facets, and Haig is the greatest living piano practitioner.

The blues, too, found him investigating the voicings of the usual question-and-answer format, and adjusting and readjusting the tension between the hands. He is not the man to settle for formula, doin' the thang or gittin' down. If Tatum patented a way of jemmying open the laws of a melody, and drove a coach-and-horses of double-tempo digression through it, the beboppers stepped up the angular urgency of the flights as if in defiant proclamation of individual rocketry. Haig's adrenalin, audacious and intelligent, thrusts through received structures like Moses parting the Red Sea.

The pianist's handling of mood was masterly. "Lush Life", a brooder if ever there was one, was balanced against recurrent quotes from "Willow Weep For Me" and the fleetingly perky "Did You Ever See A Dream Walking", all of which rose with seeming inevitability from his invention.

Wayne Shorter's "Footsteps" — which always sounds as if it should have been written by Horace Silver — exemplified Haig's preference for the trio setting, and he swooped and skirled around the rhythm like a boxer coming off the ropes. "Milestones", which closed the first set, soon saw its clipped, hard-boppish four-note motif subsumed in the lither drive of Haig's right hand — which delights, like cartoon characters, in running off the end of cliffs into thin air before backwheeling to terra firma.

Bass and drums — Tony Mann — were superb throughout, and outstanding in the fours. Their accompaniment freed Haig's left hand to splay a base for the dancing right, and the occasions when he used it to trigger the trap-set, percussive piano intercepted by crackshot snare, made for joltingly exciting perspectives. — BRIAN CASE.

THE INMATES
Hope & Anchor, London

THE oldies buffs must have a ball whenever the Inmates are in town, swapping info on original artists, composer credits, chart positions both sides of the pond, labels, logos and matrix numbers, as the group revives oldie after oldie.

"That was one of Pete's" — Gunn, the group's lead guitarist — announces vocalist Bill Hurley at the end of yet another, and the boring old buffs blush and set their cerebral archives on alert for the next one.

In the Inmates' case, it's all irrelevant, because what they do they make their own. Not for them some namby-pamby note-for-note reproduction of the original — if they hear something they fancy having a bash at, they steam in and do it, like the early Stones. Which is what gives unity to a repertoire that starts in the Fifties and happily plunders a fat slice of the Sixties.

Unfortunately, for much of their set on the first of three nights at the Hope & Anchor last week the sound out front (and on stage too, judging from the squeaks, squeals, silences, and remarks to the mixer) was less than spot on. But everyone heard enough to know they've got a rock solid rhythm section, an enthusiastic student of the rock chordist school in Peter Gunn, and a singer who, though he may not have one of the great voices of all time, is as competent and committed as many who've made it in a similar tradition before him. — JOHN PIDGEON.

JOHN STEWART
The Venue, London

HE'S shameless, really. Comes on looking like Neil Diamond, belts out red-neck patriotism that would have done credit to John Wayne, and he makes the Batchelors seem unsentimental. This was a great gig.

Stewart is a big man and he holds centre-stage, often motionless, slightly crouched, guitar slung very low. He looks like the Wichita Lineman. The voice is superb — low and alternately trembling and feathery or quite brushingly passionate. And the songs. Well, many of them do sound so alike that you wonder whether he's done this one already, but just as you're getting a bit bored they'll take off into some clanging, wailing play-out or change shape completely.

The concert was a sell-out and the audience — many of whom appeared Australian and who only looked long-haired from the front — were enthusiastic, moved at times to give the Euro-clap mid-song. Stewart is incredibly confident and competent — he looks like a man whose been doing it for a long time. He's a terrible old ham, but I loved him. — SUSAN HILL.

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Caught in the act

ELVIN JONES
Ronnie Scott's, London

PERHAPS because he worked at such a formative part of his career with John Coltrane, Elvin Jones seems to have a particular affinity for reed players and an ability to pick really good ones. On his last visit to Ronnie's, he had the superlative Pat La Barbera on soprano and tenor, already known for his work with Buddy Rich.

This week and next he has another new player with him, the comparatively unknown Ari Brown, in the saxophone chair.

Though he plays tenor most of the time, with a strong, muscular sound, it was his soprano playing which I found really outstanding, especially on a version of a tune from "Mary Poppins", of all things. He has a slightly edgy tone, reminiscent at times of North African reed players, and an attack that could raze buildings if it was turned into a weapon, but also a finely developed sense of melody.

Bass-player Andy McLeod was with Elvin last time around, and this repeat appearance confirmed high opinions of his playing, particularly during a double snd treble-stopped solo on the "Poppins" tune.

I was less excited by the guitar-playing of Marvin Horne, whose solos didn't have the same sort of fire as the other two men. He has technical facility, and a good harmonic sense, but I found his playing rather turgid, and at times he looked almost bored with the proceedings.

But this is, after all, a drummer's band, and while one applauds Jones' refusal to hog the limelight, it is the rhythmic complexity of his playing, combined with a continual awareness of the essential pulse, and also of the melodic structure of what is being played around him, that makes this band essential listening.

He's probably the only drummer I know who can solo on a ballad and make it sound relevant, and while reams have been written about his use of cross-rhythms and break-up of bar lines, it's his ability to play simply when required, to leave spaces in his playing, that I find so effective. — KARL DALLAS.

RICHLY SIMONE

NINA SIMONE: Royal Festival Hall

NINA SIMONE has never been a comfortable musician to see live. A powerful performer, she is formidably dedicated to her art. It's hardly surprising, then, that the only artist she resembles is Billie Holliday (or that references to Holiday should punctuate her set).

Simone breaks all the rules to emerge with a style that, while its nuances range from Copeland and Gershwin to avant-garde and from African music to Handel, owes a debt to no one tradition, nor to any contemporary.

For some time, culminating in last year's concert appearances here, it seemed that Holiday's personal dilemmas were finding a repeating pattern in Simone. So it was to be expected, then, that Tuesday night's audience, who gave her an ovation simply for walking on stage, tall and majestic in her multi-coloured robes, seemed to be applauding not merely her stature, but the fact that she'd made it there at all.

In the event, there was no repeat of the stumbling, nerve-wracking emotionality of last year. At one point in her set Simone referred to the occasion by calling out to two people in the audience. When they answered, she gave them a public reassurance: "Hey — I'm well again."

From her early days as a public advocate of black power, Nina Simone has been seen as among the strongest political figures in American black music. Dedicated and committed to preserving a heritage, to presenting dignity and strength, to an intractable refusal to mould herself into "commercial" acceptability, Simone remains as far out on a limb as ever.

Even the way she puts together and presents her set expresses a political stance. She performs the numbers she chooses, that reflect her mood, rather than those the audience expects (there were hardly any of her newer songs, and one attempt to deliver the brilliant "Baltimore" was simply dispensed with in favour of the unexpected Hall and Oates' "Rich Girl").

She expects her listeners to work, too. Sitting behind her grand piano, or prowling the stage — feet hanging, head back, arms outstretched in a Zulu dance — she commands the audience with an almost intimidating presence.

So we hummed three-part harmony when she needed background for her acappella; provided finger-snapping rhythm when she needed accompaniment; and call-and-response on her gospel numbers. The reward was one of her rare and dazzling smiles, and the occasional tearful, meaningful silence.

Throughout the two-hour set, Simone cajoled and tricked us, and was occasionally breathtaking. She remains impressive not least because, while you may constantly marvel at her dramatic improvisations on Brecht/Weil or Gershwin, she can also take quite insignificant songs (like "Rich Girl") and completely efface their origins.

Tuesday night started with an ovation and ended with a standing ovation — rare indeed. — PENNY VALENTINE.

BARRY PLUMMER

NINA SIMONE

SUNNY MURRAY
100 Club, London

IT is really very appropriate that the two Murrays, Sunny and David, should find themselves together, because — at heart — they're both plain folks. Sunny likes playing time, David loves a good tune, and these days most of the offputting elements of the African-American avant-garde have either undergone a comprehensive demystification, or — shucks — our ears have caught up.

Sunny's style on drums now sounds like something that was always there, everything fitting, nothing digressive despite the timbral extremes which may suggest that the rhythm is a sprawl. His grip, within an antipodean sense of balance, is always totally secure, juggling dark thud of bass drum against tic of hi-hat, and opening a second perspective in which pin-prick cymbal-edges spin the weight of advancing and receding snare rolls. On paper, that may sound like a tableau of tumblers, but in fact his mastery of pressures and shadings is such that the unlikely equilibriums not only shift but swing.

The opening number rose up from the drums, carrying tenorman David Murray away from the pretty lilting melody into wildness. Wilbur Morris, cornettist Butch's brother, took a straightforward bass solo, heckled by woodpecker rimshots and single, deliberate ride-cymbal accents, and the groove settled nicely for the saxophonist's return.

The second solo showed what all the shouting has been about. It began plaintively, increased the speed without raising the voice so that the line became liquid, pressing at boiling point, falling back to melody, and suddenly spurting out in a scalding blurt.

Tenor and bass shaped the alternations before Sunny splashed in on cymbals, and David took off in a jigging run which recalled his statement that if most people had slept on "Ornette On Tenor", he hadn't.

There was a feeling of Rollins about the next number, an aimably staccato theme which David delivered in jabs and combination-punches before shivering off into supersonics. His control of dynamics was splendid, with passages of pointy-toe delicacy melting into a bobbing swing that could have come from Bud Freeman in a tantrum. It's a melodramatic style, but even the twisted girders of tonal distortion carried a sweet singing edge, and that was prominent on "Flowers For Albert".

On bass clarinet, he sounds like a tenor-player. Denied mobility, his grotesqueries hover too long, sound cumbersome, and assume an unintended centrality. He is a melodist, and his great gifts on tenor cannot be translated literally to bass clarinet: the quicksilver tarnishes. — BRIAN CASE.

Jazzscene

Liquorice sticking

Kenny Davern tells MAX JONES why he's deserted the soprano sax, and how he wants to demolish the myth of the clarinet as an ill woodwind that nobody blows good.

ON this present trip to the UK, John Kenneth Davern, otherwise Kenny, may surprise some of his fans and friends by revealing that he's carrying nothing instrumentally speaking, besides a B-flat clarinet, Boehm System.

He is, after all, a distinguished exponent of the soprano saxophone; one who took first place on that instrument in the Down Beat Critics' Poll (New Star category) in 1973, and formed with Bob Wilber, the Soprano Summit group a year or two later. In fact Leonard Feather wrote of Davern switching his "main concentration from clarinet to soprano in the late Sixties".

So when I spent some time with him recently, at one of the European festivals we had both happened to descend on, I asked why he hadn't produced a soprano sax.

Smiling suavely in his best traditional-performer manner — a slight bow and a nod of the head — Davern explained that he had put the sax to one side. Not for ever (that would be like cutting off one of his hands) but he was giving it a rest.

"I've more or less dropped it, you know, because . . . how shall I put it? After a time, doubling begins to become a hassle.

"So I've picked probably one of the least popular instruments, the clarinet, which is my wont — I'm sort of perverse that way. Anyhow it was my original instrument, so why should I bother playing anything else? Saxophone and clarinets should not be mixed; I mean that in the sense that you shouldn't be compelled to double."

The clarinet, he said, was the hardest of all the wind instruments to master, and demanded long and concentrated study. The sax playing started as a pleasant diversion for him which grew into a major attraction.

"When I began it, in 1968, it was more or less a joke, you know? Then I became fascinated with the thing. I discovered it was like a trumpet, had all that power. But of course it's such a domineering instrument that if you play it in ensembles all the trumpet and trombone players run the other way. The soprano is a dominating and domineering instrument when played correctly, and a real horror when played incorrectly."

THE special problems connected with soprano playing were, I suggested, inherent in the instrument's design. Kenny agreed, and added that most people using old instruments had these problems, and many were not aware of the chief one. As he explained:

"The fact is that many of the soprano saxophones manufactured prior to 1938 have LP or Low Pitch marked on them, which means they were tuned to A at 435. Not until 1939 or so was A fixed at 440 by some international musical conference — in Munich of all places, I believe. So that's one of the reasons for people experiencing difficulty with pitching. On an old soprano saxophone, Low Pitch model, you push in to get the A at 440 and then the whole upper register is about a quarter-tone sharp unless you use your lip to correct every note."

Saxes marked HP or High Pitch were, said Davern, tuned to A at approximately 454. Why should the soprano suffer more than other saxes which came in LP and HP models?

It was because the higher pitched the instrument the more critical the pitch problem becomes. "The mouthpiece itself, the chamber of the mouthpiece, is more critical. I can say that the smaller and higher pitched the instrument, the more critical everything becomes: pads, coverage, a resistance in the mouthpiece, and so on.

"The lower the instrument, the easier it becomes. Why do you think there are so many tenor player? It's a simple instrument. Not too many guys play it well, but it's easy to play something on it."

One of the last records Davern made in his saxist days is an experimental sort of effort, I should have thought, for a player steeped in classic jazz styles.

Looking shocked at the suggestion, Kenny said with a straight face that making the record "Unexpected" — was more or less primordial scream therapy for him after the demise of Soprano Summit. "It really gave vent to a great deal of frustration that I'd encountered over the past couple of years," he said.

"The album was made with Steve Lacy, Steve Swallow and Paul Motian in May of '78, for the Karma label. Most people that buy it will probably either return it or enjoy it immensely. The fact is it's rather a free album and something, as the title says, unexpected.

"I play equal amounts of clarinet and soprano on it, and that was when I decided that I preferred the clarinet, that the scope of it was better for me."

WHEN last heard over here, Davern was reaching top notes that were never on the clarinet, though they are often achieved by trick fingering, "over-blowing" and other techniques. Quizzed about this, he admitted to going up to a concert D above high D altissimo, and knowing there was yet more up there in the stratosphere. And the fingering used?

"You may recall that I played Albert System originally, and I adapted a lot of the Albert fingering to the Boehm clarinet and found a multitude of false fingerings. Because the clarinet is nothing but a series of stopped pipes and vented holes; and it overblows a twelfth anyway, not an octave.

Like many beginners, Kenny started out with an Albert System clarinet, often known as Simple System. Was there any special reason for the choice? He said there wasn't, and his first clarinet wasn't even in B flat.

"I knew nothing about it. My mother went out and bought me one when I was 11 years old because she knew I wanted a clarinet. She found a C Albert clarinet for 35 dollars, and bought it for me. It was a rosewood clarinet pitched in C. They've made clarinets in many, many woods — boxwood, rosewood, even ebony. Well, they tried ebony but I think the last person who had one broke his thumb on it.

"Then of course they used ebonite or vulcanite, which is hard rubber. I use an ebonite clarinet and have done since 1965, but that's because when I travel so much I don't like the changes made by temperature, moisture, dryness and God-only-knows what else to wooden clarinets.

"Plus I was working at the time with George Wettling in Columbus, Ohio, and I'd been playing my Buffet at the job. One night I walked in with my spare clarinet, which is this hard-rubber Conn made in 1939, and I started playing that. George looked over and asked what was different; he didn't know. I told him I'd just changed clarinets, and he says: 'Well, use that clarinet from now on because that's got a barrel-house tone to it'.

"And I've stayed with that horn ever since. It never changes . . . well, you know, it's started to wear but it's simple enough to get new keys if it comes to that."

KENNY had appeared to be delighted with a session in Berne earlier this year when he played trio music in company with Ralph Sutton and Gus Johnson, and with a minimum of amplification. Yes, he agreed, that was a good trio and different from others he'd worked in. For one thing, Gus' drumming set it apart from those whose drummers have a different feel.

"Wettling, now he idolised Baby Dodds and liked to play drums that way. And Don de Michael is the same today; he comes out of Baby Dodds. Don and I and Art Hodes have a trio, and Dick Wellstood and Bobby Rosengarden and I have a trio. Each and every one is different, and we go acoustic all the way. I like to do everything acoustically. At concerts we turn off all the microphones, and it just sounds so much better without them. People comment on it, too, most of them saying they prefer the natural balance."

THE talk about clarinets and players inevitably came around to Pee Wee Russell, partly because Pee Wee, I knew, used a Boehm, partly because Kenny was a friend of his, and also because I thought I detected at the very least an admiration for Russell in Davern's more wayward improvising.

Kenny acknowledged that he liked Pee Wee and knew him very well for the last ten years of his life, and that Russell had willed him his clarinets. Left Kenny his clarinets? And did they come to him in fact?

"Oh yes, I got them. One I donated to the Rutgers Institute of Jazz Studios. Two of them were Buffets. One I had picked out for Pee Wee in 1964 by way of Mary, his wife. She asked me to do it. Jesus; how do you pick out an instrument for anybody, let alone Pee Wee? But with the aid of David Webber, principal clarinettist of the New York City Ballet, I went through twelve clarinets and we picked out one. That was a hell of an instrument.

"Then he had another one from the Thirties, a Buffet, which I guess was his weekend special or pawnshop special. He would trade it in and get enough on it to buy two quarts of vodka, or whatever he was drinking at the time, and claim it again on Monday. It was in horrible condition, all cracked, and in fact unplayable, but that was one of his instruments nevertheless. And then he had another, also made of ebonite, that was a Conn. That's where I got the idea to use a Conn hard-rubber clarinet from the Thirties.

"So, yes, I knew him and admired him. His solos were absolutely inventive, he was always trying for something, never was afraid to take a chance. He was very courageous; I wish I was more like that. Maybe if I was crammed with alcohol I might do something of that sort. He was one of my favourites, I mean, he gave me an experience in jazz music, just as years before Beethoven gave me an experience in classical music."

HAVING said all that about Pee Wee, he looked in no way likely to agree with, for instance, Whitney Balliett's reference once in The New Yorker to "Davern doing his Pee Wee Russell." At his age and at this point in his development, he said, he could only play as he felt in a given situation.

"You change, of course, gradually and people mostly accept you for what you are and who you are. And if they don't, too bad. I don't care what anybody says. I'm not into the popularity contest at this point. It's hopeless.

"Now I like traditional jazz, but I don't like Dixieland per se," and the reason is that there's not enough ensemble playing or interplay. This is one of the things that bothers me, and that's why I prefer today to work with a trio, because I can control the thing. You can play those same tunes and make more things happen than to play one ensemble and go down the line with a quartet, and then one ensemble out, which is what most of the bands do.

"That, of course, is the antithesis of the music's original intent. I prefer ensemble music, and the Karma recording we are talking about, there's a direct link between it and New Orleans music. It's ensemble playing.

"You can cover the entire spectrum with a trio. That's what I mean by saying the piano, clarinet, drums unit is perfectly self contained in jazz, as the string quartet would be in classical music. And, of classical music.

"Of course many players prefer the quartet format that is, with the addition of bass. But most of the pianists I like to work with — and I'm basically still playing traditional music — are people who have very good left hands.

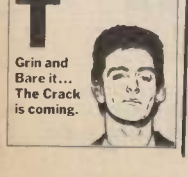
"The thing is, when you have a string bass, that most of them are amplified in some form or other. They all come with this monster you know, and the first thing on their minds is not how they're going to tune the instrument or play it in the group, but where's the outlet.

"So then you've destroyed a natural balance, plus those bass players normally cancel out the pianist's left hand. Also they don't know how to play in two; that's another thing I've discovered or rather rediscovered. Most of the things I've ever liked, including James P Johnson's playing, even when he was in a band, they swung in two. They did not swing in four four, they swung in two, guys like Red Allen."

Having delivered that mischievous message, Kenny Davern finished his wine, made his excuses and left. I'm looking forward to hearing his restless clarinet over lunch at the Portman this coming Sunday.

KENNY DAVERN

HANS HARZHEIM



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Jazz albums

ZOOT SIMS

Happiness is a warm horn

ONE of the most consistent of artists, Zoot Sims never makes a bad record — which makes doubly interesting the two tracks on "Suitably Zoot" where Al Cohn simply smokes him.

From the opening notes of Cohn's solo on that old Lestorian flagwaver, "Tickle Toe", it's clear that Zoot's long-time blowing partner is in trenchant form: declamatory, tricky and dauntingly up. Kamuca, challenged, crowds the beat but, running into reed trouble, fails to fulfil Kenton's typification of him as one who swings at the drop of a hat, and although Zoot flows buoyantly, he cannot erase the memory of Cohn's cannonade. The high point is the eights and fours, with Cohn huffing the biggest puff out of their sails, or undercutting with a bumping bunny-dip through the cane-brake.

Mel Lewis is a whiplash here and on the exchange choruses in "Broadway". Again this is Cohn's night.

He uses a rough, sawing attack, and obviously felt competitive since he steals a tonal distortion from Sims and betters

The two tracks with Brookmeyer, however, find Zoot on Cohn's form. Sliding and scurrying in perfect symmetry, this brand of swing surges sinuously on "The King" and with an insolent indolence for "On The Alamo". The long muscles of the swimmer characterise his thrust, and he trims all bunched events to fit his momentum

ZOOT SIMS: "Warm Tenor". Dream Dancing; Old Devil Moon; Blues For Louise; Jitterbug Waltz; You Go To My Head; Blue Prelude; Comes Love, You're My Thrill (Pablo Deluxe 2310 831.)

Sims (ten), Jimmy Rowles (p) George Mraz (bs), Mousey Alexander (d) New York — September 18 1978

ZOOT SIMS: "Suitably Zoot". (a) Tickle Toe; (a) Broadway; (b) On The Alamo; (b) The King. (Pumpkin Productions, Inc. 108.)

(a) — Sims, Richie Kamuca, Al Cohn (ten) Dave Frishberg (p), Tommy Potter (bs), Mel Lewis (d) — New York — October 29 1965. (b) — Sims (ten), Bob Brookmeyer (tbn) Roger Kellaway (p), Bill Crow (bs), Dave Bailey (d) — New York — November 26, 1965

Brookmeyer is a bit muttery and off-mike, and his fascination with hefting motifs holds interest if not great excitement

A decade and a half later, we find a similar Zoot, differing only in the adoption of the Ben Webster air column, synonymous for middle-aged tenors with the patina of maturity. The swing is by now as seamless as someone humming, and can accommodate those sustained, lifting notes which fall away into the casually tumbled melody. Little protrudes, yet the hustle refines constantly, and never relinquishes the sense of crouching power.

The Pablo is a better album altogether, with little to choose between tracks. He sounds untypically like Giuffre on the tenor and bass duet, "Blues For Louise", but cooks like hell. Fats Waller's "Jitterbug Waltz", always charming, rollicks along, and "Dream Dancing" is a lesson in loping

Jimmy Rowles must be almost as athwart the action as Pee Wee Russell; unpredictable, quirky and usually proved right well after the event. Alexander is up on it all, crisp as a struck match, while Mraz's tone lands like palatal consonants — BRIAN CASE.

BOB WILBER/KENNY DAVERN: "Soprano Summit 2." Frog-I-More Rag; Solace 1; Tango A La Caprice; If You Went Away; Lincoln Garden Saomp; Solace 2. Sidewalk Blues; Creole Nights; Rialto Ripples; Sunflower Slow Drag. (World Jazz WJLP S-13.)

Wilber, Davern (sop, clt), Dick Hyman (p), Bucky Pizzarelli (g, bjo), Milt Hinton (bs), Bobby Rosengarden (d) on tracks 2, 3, 6 and 10. Tommy Benford on others. New York City — April 1974, and December 1977

BOB WILBER/DAVE McKENNA/PUG HORTON: "Groovin' At The Grunewald." My Blue Heaven; Did I Remember; Love, Your Magic Spell Is Everywhere, Please Be Kind, The End Of A Beautiful Friendship; Everywhere You Go; Groovin' At The Gruneweld; June Night, Someone To Watch Over Me; I'm Beginning To See The Light; Lotus Blossom, The Best Thing For You. (Phontastic PHON 50-14 — Swedish import.)

Wilber, (sop, clt, alt), McKenna (p), Horton (vel), Lars Erstrand (vib), Lennart Nyhlen (g), Arne Wilhelmsson (bs), Robert Edman (d), Stockholm — May 4, 1978.

BOB WILBER

WITH Davern already back in the country and Wilber due shortly, there should be plenty of customers for one or other of these LPs. The two reedmen no longer "Summit" together and Kenny has put his soprano to one side (see Jazz Scene in this week's MM), so it looks very much as if this will be the farewell album by the group, though it was made between 1974 and '77 and thus goes back in part to the band's early days.

The two versions of Scott Joplin's "Solace" (complementary tracks), Willie Smith's "Tango A La Caprice" and the Joplin-Hayden "Sunflower" were cut soon after the first Soprano Summit album (available on WJLP S-5) and with the same line-up except for the drummer.

The small-group interpretation of "Solace", published in 1909, is a carefully thought-out arrangement which catches and keeps the melancholy beauty of the slow piece which Joplin subtitled "A Mexican Serenade".

Suitable instrumental colours employed include solo banjo and piano, piano blended with two clarinets, soprano and clarinet, solo soprano breaks and clarinet breaks, banjo melody over quiet ensemble. Pizzarelli was, as he told me recently, taught to play the banjo properly by his two uncles, and he uses a tenor instrument bequeathed to him by one of them. It sounds good in its place, as here and on Wilber's raggy "Lincoln Garden", but is rather surprising to find on the romantic "If You Went".

Guitar gets a spot in the opening "Frog-I-More", played at an easy tempo such as composer Jelly Roll Morton would have agreed with, and this spontaneous-sounding treatment (Wilber on sax and Davern on clarinet) reaches back to Morton's jazz feel without being a "re-creation" in any sense except perhaps for Benford's style of drumming. The tango is a graceful bit of material, from pianist Willie The Lion, on which the co-leaders lock clarinets and then saxes.

No need to itemise further except to mention that there is a side-to-side Mortonish beat to Jelly's "Sidewalk" number, and more than a touch of the Mortons in the break-type arrangement of this, the Spanish tinge in Wilber's own "Creole Nights", and elsewhere on the LP.

Later Soprano Summit records feature the pianoless rhythm section. This one has Hyman playing an important part in the group's renderings of ancient jazz and ragtime numbers plus three Wilber originals. For me, the highspots come with the more flowing performances which have jammed improvisation by the horns. However, some of this period-sounding music is pretty haunting stuff.

The addition of alto to Bob Wilber's armoury was a happy event, and we can enjoy his strong tone, drive and flair on this sax on several tracks of the Swedish-made album, for which Bob, Dave and Pug (who had just previously appeared as a team in Britain) worked in obvious accord with the four local musicians. The various vibes and guitar solos fit the mood admirably.

I suppose the music could be called straightforward small-band swing, based on good standard tunes, and making use of a girl singer for vocal refrains, much as they used to do in the halcyon days of lyrical small-group recordings with a certain commercial appeal.

The alto- or soprano-powered instrumentals — "Blue Heaven", "Beginning To See", "Magic Spell", etc — make the biggest hit with me, and there is excellent McKenna piano on "Friendship" and "Best Thing For You", also nice solos all round on the medium-grooving blues which is the title track.

For the rest, then, we have five vocals by Pug Horton, who delivers the refrains in a calm, pleasantly throaty fashion. She is like one of the Thirties band singers or, indeed, a little like several of them, and I find her offerings acceptable though somewhat listless at times here. I think she will make better records in future. All the same, if you like mainstream jazz this should grab you, though gently. — MAX JONES.

in brief

MARTIN TAYLOR / PETER IND / JOHN RICHARDSON: "Taylor Made" (Wave LP 17). No emotional peaks are scaled here, but the album, agreeably diversified in terms of tunes and the use made of the instrumentation, offers substantial interest. At 22 Taylor is still subject to the occasional lapse, such as his suspect reading of the "Scrapple" theme, but his harmonic sense, attractive tone and genuine fluency nevertheless carry the day, abetted by Ind's flawless contributions.

Club appearances have led me to conclude that Taylor is at his most persuasive when improvising on superior popular songs, and it is probably no coincidence that this programme is largely composed of appropriate vehicles of that type. "Emily", suffused with an attractive twilight charm, best exemplifies this affinity, resourceful as his solo in "St Thomas" may be, it somehow lacks quite that conviction.

Ind, a much more experienced player, can range more widely to unabated effect, and the record is rich in specimens of his inventive skill. In his world there is no room for the vapid high-register preening beloved of too many contemporary bassists: as ever, I was struck by the logic with which he develops each solo, the apparent inevitability with which each clean-hewn idea gives rise to its equally positive successor — MICHAEL JAMES.

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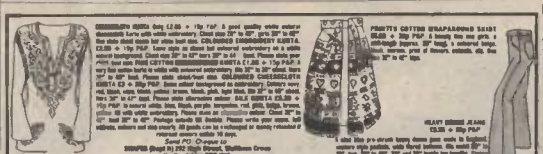

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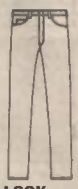

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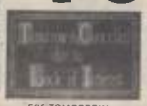
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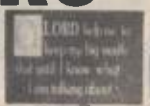

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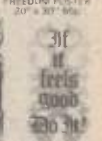

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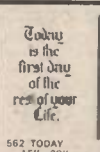

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CHRIS MORLER

GARY NUMAN kicks off at Glasgow's Apollo, Thursday

VALERIE WILMER

DON CHERRY — touring with THE SLITS and PRINCE HAMMER

Wednesday

London Battersea Arts Centre: PETE BROWN AND IAN LYNN
London Brecknock: GENEVA
London Canning Town Bridge House: SAVOYS
London Clapham 101 Club: UNFIT TO PLEAD, HELICOPTER
London Dingwalls: MILITANT BARRY, THE FREEDOM FIGHTERS
London Fulham Cock Tavern: TRIMMER AND JENKINS
London Fulham Golden Lion: LIP SERVICE
London Hope and Anchor: MEDIUM MEDIUM
London 100 Club: CHRIS BARBER
London Marquee: MERTON PARKAS
London Music Machine: LANDSCAPE, WORLD SERVICE
London Rock Garden: PHOTOS, TEENBEATS
London 100 Club: ELVIN JONES JAZZ MACHINE
London Ronnie Scotts Upstairs: STAN'S BLUES BAND
London The Venue: RORY GALLAGHER
London West Hampstead Kloaks Kleek: X-DREAMYSTS
London Wimbledon Nelsons: SOX

Thursday

Birmingham Nite Out: THE DRIFTERS
Birmingham Odeon: NILS LOFGREN
Blackpool Norbreck: THE SELECTER
Bradford St George's Hall: THE SLITS, DON CHERRY AND HAPPY HOUSE, PRINCE HAMMER AND CREATION REBEL
Chesterfield Fusion: PHIL RAMBOW
Croydon Hall Moon: DOLLY AND THE MIXTURES
Derby Alanbrooke: UK SUBS
Edinburgh Astoria: STARJETS
Edinburgh Odeon: XTC, YACHTS, THE DAZZLERS
Glasgow Apollo: GARY NUMAN
Hounslow Red Lion: SLEDGEHAMMER
Isle of Sheppey Leysdown New Island Hotel: CRAZY CAVAN AND THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
Leeds F Club: THE OUT, ART FAILURE
Leicester Baileys: GEORGE McCRAE
Liverpool Erics: THE ASTRONAUTS, THE MOB, ANDROIDS OF MU
London Canning Town Bridge House: SPECIAL BRANCH
London Deptford Royal Albert: AFFLICTED
London Dingwalls: THE INMATES
London Fulham Golden Lion: RED BEANS AND RICE
London Herne Hill Half Moon: SOUTHSIDE
London Hope and Anchor: SQUIRE
London Marquee: THE MEMBERS
London Nashville: FINGERPRINTZ
London Rock Garden: RIO GRANDE, THE REACTION
London Ronnie Scotts: ELVIN JONES JAZZ MACHINE
London Southgate Royalty: SHADES
London Stoke Newington Poly: OK BAND
London The Venue: RORY GALLAGHER
London Tottenham Spurs: HEDGEHOG
London West Hampstead Kloaks Kleek: X-DREAMYSTS
London Windsor Castle: THE MONITORS
Manchester Golden Garter: MARY WILSON
Oxford New Theatre: DARTS
Penzance Demelzas: GENO WASHINGTON
Peterborough ABC: LEO SAYER
Poole Brewers Arms: LIP MOVES
Poole Chequers Inn: SKAVENGERS
Port Talbot Troubadour: SNIFF'N' THE TEARS
Southampton Joiners Arms: THE DIALS
Southend Quills: CHAS'N'DAVE
Southport Riverside Centre: ACCELERATORS
Stoke Jollees: THE SHADOWS

Friday

Ballast Grosvenor Hall: LINDISFARNE
Birmingham Nite Out: THE DRIFTERS
Birmingham Odeon: LOUDON WAINWRIGHT
Bishop's Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: MISDEMEANOUR
Bournemouth Town Hall: RIKKI AND THE CUFFLINKS
Bradford St Georges Hall: LEO SAYER
Brighton Dome: POLICE
Brighton Hanbury Arms: POISON GIRLS, PARROTS
Carmarthen Trinity College: GIRLS SCHOOL
Coventry Theatre: SLITS, DON CHERRY AND HAPPY HOUSE, PRINCE HAMMER AND CREATION REBEL
Deeside Leisure Centre: BONEY M
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: CHEETAHS
Harrow College of Higher Education: SOFT BOYS
Ilford Oakfield Church Hall: CHARGE, ARTIX (RAR)
Leicester Baileys: GEORGE McCRAE
Liverpool Erics: THE CHORDS
London Canning Town Bridge House: STAN'S BLUES BAND
London Clapham 101 Club: THE THRILLERS
London Clapham Two Brewers: STAGE FRIGHT
London Dingwalls: HEADBOYS, MIRAGE
London Downham Governor General: THE AFFLICTED
London Fulham Golden Lion: ON THE AIR
London Fulham Greyhound: RED BEANS AND RICE
London Hope and Anchor: RICKY COOL AND THE ICEBERGS
London 100 Club: MIDNITE FOLLIES ORCHESTRA
London Marquee: THE MEMBERS
London Nashville: PSYCHEDELIC FURS
London Rock Garden: SOX
London Ronnie Scotts: ELVIN JONES JAZZ MACHINE
London The Venue: GINGER BAKER'S NNG
London West Hampstead Kloaks Kleek: THE CROOKS
London Windsor Castle: SQUIRE, TEENBEATS
Manchester Apollo: SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
Manchester Factory: THE REVILLOS
Manchester Golden Garter: MARY WILSON
Newcastle City Hall: GARY NUMAN
Newcastle Mayfair: XTC, YACHTS, THE DAZZLERS
Newport Village: FISCHER Z
Norwich Cromwells: GENO WASHINGTON
Nottingham Sandpiper: PHIL RAMBOW
Nottingham Trent Bridge Outlaws Bar: DRUG SQUAD
Oxford New Theatre: DARTS
Portsmouth South Parade Pier: SECRET AFFAIR, THE MEDIA
Ross-On-Wye Harveys: THE RUTS
Rotherham Clifton Hall: XEROS, PRAMS, I'M SO HOLLOW
St Albans Horn of Plenty: HEDGEHOG
Scarborough Penthouse: PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
Sheffield Limit: SNIFF'N'THE TEARS
Stafford New Bingley Hall: RUSH, WILD HORSES
Wakefield Theatre Club: THE SHADOWS
West Runton Pavilion: UK SUBS

Saturday

Birmingham Nite Out: THE DRIFTERS
Coventry Theatre: LOUDON WAINWRIGHT
Dublin Stadium: LINDISFARNE
Dudley JBs: FISCHER Z
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: THE DIALS
Gravesend Red Lion: DIE LAUGHINGS
Halifax Good Mood: THE CHORDS
Harrow Co-op: CHAOS, CHARGE (RAR)
Hatfield Forum: CHAS'N'DAVE
Ipswich Gaumont: SKY
Jacksdale Greytopper: THE MEMBERS
Kingston County Hall Country Club: SHADES, RICKY COOL AND THE ICEBERGS
Leicester Baileys: GEORGE McCRAE
Liverpool Erics: THE REVILLOS, ANOTHER PRETTY FACE
London Canning Town Bridge House: CHARLIE AINLEY AND THE MISDEMEANOURS
London Clapham 101 Club: THE SOFT BOYS
London Dingwalls: SOX
London Fulham Greyhound: AD 1984, CHARLIE NUTTEN (Anti Nuke Benefit)
London Hammersmith Odeon: POLICE
London Hope and Anchor: RED BEANS AND RICE
London 100 Club: JIMMY ROGERS AND LEFT HAND FRANK
London Marquee: LAMBRETTAS
London Music Machine: NO DICE
London Nashville: JOY DIVISION, DISTRACTIONS
London Rock Garden: FINGERPRINTZ, STICKERS
London Ronnie Scotts: ELVIN JONES JAZZ MACHINE
London Festival Hall: JOHN MARTYN
London The Venue: KOKOMO, SOUTHSIDE
London Waterloo Wellington: SQUIRE
London West Hampstead Kloaks Kleek: THE REACTION
Malvern Winter Gardens: SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
Manchester Factory: DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS
Manchester Funhouse: THE MOB
Manchester Golden Garter: MARY WILSON
Manchester Portway LA Club: PRIVATE SECTOR
Matlock Derbys: GENO WASHINGTON
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
Middlesbrough Town Hall: LEO SAYER
Northampton Cricket Club: UK SUBS
Nottingham Sandpipers: THE OUT, ART FAILURE
Retford Porterhouse: SNIFF'N'THE TEARS
St Albans Civic Hall: BUDGIE, BLEAK HOUSE
Stafford New Bingley Hall: RUSH, WILD HORSES
Swindon Greyhound: POISON GIRLS, CRASS
Wakefield Theatre Club: THE SHADOWS
Whitley Bay Village Hall: STARJETS
Worcester Turntable: TRIBESMAN

Sunday

Bracknell Sports Centrb: EL SEVEN
Brighton Buccaneer: LAMBRETTAS
Brighton New Regent: SAXON
Bristol Hippodrome: SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
Bristol Locarno: UK SUBS
Croydon Fairfield Hall: DARTS
Dumfries Stagecoach: PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
Jacksdale Greytopper: FISCHER Z
Leicester De Montfort Hall: LEO SAYER
London Brecknock: STAGE FRIGHT
London Brixton George Canning: SOUTHSIDE
London Clapham 101 Club: FRICTION, FIXER
London Deptford Royal Albert: CROWJANE BLUES BAND
London Dingwalls: BOB HALL, IAN STEWART, JACK BRUCE, ALEXIS KORNER BOOGIE WOOGIE NIGHT
London Fulham Greyhound: GENEVA
London Hammersmith Odeon: POLICE
London Hope and Ancor: ROARING 80's
London 100 Club: JIMMY ROGERS AND LEFT HAND FRANK
London Kennington Oval Cricketers: OK BAND
London Marquee: YOUNG ONES
London Nashville: THE SELECTER
London North Finchley Torrington: RED BEANS AND RICE
London Rock Garden: TENNIS SHOES
London Waterloo Wellington: TEENBEATS
London Woolwich Tramshed: BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
Newcastle City Hall: SLITS, DON CHERRY AND HAPPY HOUSE, PRINCE HAMMER AND CREATION REBEL
Oxford New Theatre: SKY
Radcar Cotham Bowl: STIFF 'N' THE TEARS
Redhill Lakers: DOGWATCH
Sheffield City Hall: LOUDON WAINWRIGHT
Wakefield Theatre Club: THE DRIFTERS

Monday

Bishop's Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: ZOONDS, THE MOB, THE ASTRONAUTS
Brighton Sherrys Dixieland: GEORGE McCRAE
Bristol Colston Hall: GARY NUMAN
Cirencester Corn Hall: THE RUTS, THE FLYS, DEAD AIRMEN
Edinburgh Astoria: THE SLITS, DON CHERRY AND HAPPY HOUSE, PRINCE HAMMER AND CREATION REBEL
Edinburgh Tiffanys: THE RASS-ES
Ipswich Gaumont: DARTS
Leicester De Montfort Hall: SKY
London Canning Town Bridge House: SPEEDBALL, THE LAMBRETTAS
London Clapham 101 Club: THE PHOTOS, THE DUKES
London Crouch End Stapleton: OK BAND
London Fulham Golden Lion: BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
London Hammersmith Odeon: DR MIX AND THE REMIX
London Kensington: LONDON ZOO
London Marquee: THE BRAKES
London Music Machine: SAXON, ANGELWITCH, PRAYING MANTIS
London Nashville: PHIL RAMBOW, THE TRENDIES
London Notre Dame Hall: RED BEANS AND RICE
London Rock Garden: THE SELECTER
London Ronnie Scotts: ELVIN JONES JAZZ MACHINE
Middlesbrough Town Hall: LINDISFARNE
Plymouth Monroes: UK SUBS
Slough Cat Club: SLEDGEHAMMER
Stirling University: SHAKE
Wakefield Theatre Club: THE DRIFTERS
Watford Baileys: FATBACK BAND
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: LEO SAYER
Worcester Hideaway: SNIFF'N'THE TEARS

Tuesday

Bishop's Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: THE BUMPERS
Bristol Bowery Ashton Poly: LEW LEWIS REFORMER
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
Doncaster Romeo and Juliet: GEORGE McCRAE
Exeter Routes: UK SUBS
Glasgow University: SAXON, GIRLSSCHOOL
Hanley Victoria Hall: SKY
Ipswich Gaumont: DARTS
Liverpool Empire: GARY NUMAN
London Dingwalls: THE PHOTOS
London Fulham Golden Lion: FRAZER NASH
London Hope and Anchor: DAFNE AND THE TENDERSPOTS
London Marquee: THE CHORDS
London Music Machine: PIRANHAS, REACTION
London Nashville: PHIL RAMBOW, THE DUKES
London Putney Heat Theatre: MYGHTY HONKY BAND
London Rock Garden: THE RENT BOYS
London Ronnie Scotts: ELVIN JONES JAZZ MACHINE
London Royal Albert Hall: GENESSO
London Thomas A Beckett: STAN'S BLUES BAND
London Woolwich Tramshed: 64 SPOONS, SWITCH
London Young Vic: FOOTSBARN'S ARTHUR
Manchester Apollo: SLITS, DON CHERRY AND HAPPY HOUSE, PRINCE HAMMER AND CREATION REBEL
Norwich Cromwells: DESTROY ALL MONSTERS
Portsmouth Guildhall: LOUDON WAINWRIGHT
Sheffield Limit: THE SELECTER
Wakefield Theatre Club: THE DRIFTERS
Watford Baileys: FATBACK BAND

Wednesday

Birmingham Bogarts: ERIC BELL BAND
Birmingham Yardley Swan: FORCE
Brighton Art College: THE DIALS
Brighton Buccaneer: TOKYO ROSE
Brighton Top Rank: ACTION
Bristol Colston Hall: LOUDON WAINWRIGHT
Burnley Clarion Club: PIRANHAS
Doncaster Romeo and Juliet: GEORGE McCRAE
Glasgow City Hall: SLITS, DON CHERRY AND HAPPY HOUSE, PRINCE HAMMER AND CREATION REBEL
Hanley Victoria Hall: SKY
London Brecknock: GENEVA
London Clapham 101 Club: STAN'S BLUES BAND, THE WORKS
London Fulham Cock Tavern: TRIMMER AND JENKINS
London 100 Club: KEN COLYER'S JAZZMEN
London Marquee: PHIL RAMBOW BAND
London Music Machine: SMALL HOURS, THE BEES
London Rock Garden: LONESOME NO MORE
London Ronnie Scotts: ELVIN JONES JAZZ MACHINE
London Young Vic: FOOTSBARN'S ARTHUR
Manchester Apollo: GARY NUMAN
Newport Stowaways: PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
Norwich Theatre: DARTS
Portsmouth Guildhall: CHAS'N'DAVE
Preston Guildhall: SKY
Preston Poly: GIRLSSCHOOL
Reading Hexagon: LINDISFARNE
Shrewsbury Cascade: LEW LEWIS REFORMER
Uxbridge Brunel University: SNIFF'N'THE TEARS
Wakefield Theatre Club: THE DRIFTERS
Watford Baileys: FATBACK BAND

Jazz extra

WEDNESDAY: Al Haig Trio (Chalier Arts, Cardiff) . . . Kenny Davern (London House, Kilgetty) . . . Alex Gregory Quartet (Charing Cross Association, Aspenlea Road, Hammersmith) . . . Barbara Thompson and the Martin Franklin Quartet (The Firefly, Bourne End, Bucks.) . . . Mainline Jazzband (Railway Inn, Sole Inn, Sole Street, Gravesend) . . . Pete Neighbour Quartet (Brownlow Arms, Scrivens Street, Hackney) . . . Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band (100 Club, Oxford Street, W.1.) . . . Alan Elsdon Jazz Band (Empire Pool, Wembley) . . . Bob Guthrie Jazzmen (Prince Albert, Golders Green Road, N.W.11.) . . . Dave Quincy Quartet (Bulls Head, Barnes) . . . Johnny Parker Trio (Pizza Express, Dean Street, W.1.).

THURSDAY: Kenny Davern (Temple Bar Inn, Carmel) . . . Blues Night (Band-on-the-Wall, Manchester) . . . Martin Franklin Quartet (Sparrow Hawk, Elengall Road, Edgware) . . . Stan Grieg-Alan Elsdon + guests (The Grafton, Stratton Ground, off Victoria Street, London) . . . Brian Knapp Quintet (Black Dog, Staines Road, Feltham) . . . Phil Rhodes Band (Sir Walter Scott, Perth Road, Finsbury Park) . . . Butcher Bros Quartet (White Hart, Drury Lane) . . . OK Band featuring Dave Chambers (Pegasus, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington) . . . Kyle-Keddie Sextet (Curlers Bar, Byres Road, Glasgow) . . . Chris Barber's Blues Band (New Merlins Cave, Margery Street, Clerkenwell) . . . Johnny Parker Trio (Pizza Express, Dean Street, W.1.).

FRIDAY: Al Haig Trio (New Merlins Cave, Margery St., Clerkenwell) . . . John Stevens' Away (The Plough, Stockwell) . . . The Middle Follies Orchestra present "Harlem Night" (100 Club, Oxford Street, W.1.) . . . Peter Cusak, Larry Stabbins, Martin Mayes, David Roberts, Tony Wren (London Musicians Collective, Chalk Farm) . . . Humphrey Lyttelton (Meidrelh Manor School, Royston) . . . The White Hot Airmen (Kings Head, Swinton Street, W.C.1.) . . . Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band (Carshalton Hall, Carshalton) . . . Bob Guthrie Jazzmen (Pied Bull, Liverpool Road, Islington, N.1.) . . . The Jazzitette (Jazz Cellar, Stockport) . . . Balis Novak Trio (Pizza Express, Dean Street, W.1.).

SATURDAY: Joe Temperley (1 p.m. Calton Studios, Edinburgh) . . . Kenny Davern (Bridge Arts Lab, Hanley) . . . Jimmy Rogers and Left Hand Frank (100 Club, Oxford Street, W.1.) . . . Humphrey Lyttelton (5.30 pm Sports & Leisure Centre, Crawley) . . . John Bennett Band and The Blusters (Brady Club, Spitalfields Centre, Hanbury Street, E.1.) . . . John Taylor and Stan Sulzmann (Ron's Place, Kings Head, Fulham High Street, S.W.6) . . . Maggie Nichols, Nick Evans, Martin Mayes, Ivan Zagni, Tony Wren, Paul Burwell (London Musicians Collective, Chalk Farm) . . . Peter Cusack and Larry Stabbins (Studio Theatre, Bristol Arts Centre, King Square, Bristol) . . . Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band (Gordon Craig Theatre, Stevenage) . . . Billy Kyle Quintet with Gordon Cruickshank (Rooz Bar, Dumbarton Rd, Glasgow) . . . Mr Acker Bilk & His Paramount Jazz Band (Bradbury Hall, Wheatbridge, Chesterfield) . . . Pete King and the Will Michael Trio (Green Man, opposite Great Portland Street tube, Euston Road, London) . . . Ken Colyer's All-Star Jazzmen (Waterworks Club, Edgbaston) . . . Tony Lee Trio (Pizza Express, Dean Street, W.1.).

SUNDAY: Al Haig Trio (Grand Hotel, Colmore Row, Birmingham) . . . Jimmy Rogers with Left Hand Frank (100 Club, Oxford Street, W.1.) . . . Tough Tenors, with Dick Morrissey, Dick Heckstall-Smith, Art Theme (Half Moon, Putney) . . . Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia (South Hill Park, Bracknell, Bucks.) . . . brunch, Kenny Davern + trio (Portman Hotel, Portman Rouse, W.1.) . . . Bud Freeman (Birch Hall Hotel, Lees, Oldham) . . . Terry Hallet Trio (Pengethley Hotel, Ross on-Wye) . . . Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band (Hexagon Theatre, Reading) . . . Windows (Royal Park Hotel, Queens Road, Headingley) . . . Jim Gilmore Quartet (King James Hotel, Edinburgh) . . . Mr. Acker Bilk & His Paramount Jazz Band (Grange Arts Centre, Rochdale Road, Oldham) . . . Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys (Royal Victoria, Waterloo Road, S.E.1.) . . . Mike Pyne (Pizza Express, Dean Street, W.1.).

MONDAY: Joe Temperley (Cowdenbeath, Fife) . . . Bud Freeman (Derby Crest Motel, Pastures Hill, Littleover, Derby) . . . Frank Ricotti Sextet and Veryan Weston (100 Club, Oxford Street, W.1.) . . . open session (London Musicians Collective, Chalk Farm) . . . Middle Follies Orchestra and Sweet Substitute (Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury) . . . Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band (Harrogate Theatre, Harrogate) . . . Humphrey Lyttelton (Nell Gwynn Theatre, Hereford) . . . White Ebony Jazz Band (Earlsdon Cottage Inn, Coventry) . . . Magnolia Jazz Band (Wagon & Horses, Oldham).

TUESDAY: Joe Temperley (North Road House, Dunfermline) . . . Al Haig Trio (Liberal Club, Swansea) . . . Kenny Davern (Braunstone Hotel, Leicester) . . . Bob Downes (Wigmore Hall, Wigmore Street, W.1.) . . . Ronnie Scott Quartet (Pizza Express, Dean Street, W.1.) . . . Kathy Stobart (South Hill Park, Bracknell, Bucks.) . . . Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia (Half Moon, Putney) . . . Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band (The Dolphin, Botley) . . . Cobarvs (The Plough, Stockwell) . . . Below Above + guests (The Bear, Esher) . . . Paul Lacey Band (Norman Inn, Monkbretton, Barnsley) . . . Gothic Jazz Band (100 Club, Oxford Street, W.1.).

WEDNESDAY: Joe Temperley (Loch Gelly Centre Theatre) . . . Kenny Davern (Drift Country & Gold Club, East Horsley) . . . Ronnie Scott Quartet (Pizza Express, Dean Street, W.1.) . . . Sound of 17 (New Merlins Cave, Margery Street, Clerkenwell) . . . Nick Weldon Quartet (Charing Cross Association, Aspenlea Road, Hammersmith) . . . Lesslde Jazzmen (Sow & Pigs, Teddington) . . . Stan Barker Trio with Dick Hawdon (Fernhurst Hotel, Blackburn) . . . Middle Follies Orchestra (Concorde, Southampton) . . . Mainline Jazzband (Railway Inn, Sole Street, Gravesend) . . . Pete Neighbour Quartet (Brownlow Arms, Scrivens Street, Hackney, E.8.) . . . Bob Guthrie Jazzmen (Prince Albert, Golders Green Road, N.W.11.) . . . Ken Colyer Jazzmen (100 Club, Oxford Street, W.1.) . . . Digby Fairweather (Shay Club, Halifax). — MAX JONES AND BRIAN CASE.

Folk extra

WEDNESDAY: Dick Gaughan (Adams Arms, Conway Street, London W1) . . . Pyewacket (Carpenter's Arms, High Street, Eltham).

THURSDAY: Cobbers (Notre Dame Hall, Leicester Place, London W1, only UK gig — an old-style Bush barndance) . . . Nic Jones (Moorlands Hotel, Splott, Cardiff) . . . Bill Price (Railway Tavern, Blackheath) . . . John Quirkpatrick, Martin Carthy (Red Lion, Sutton) . . . Mick Ryan and Jon Burge, Silas (George, Braunton) . . . Albion Band (St Paul's Church, Hammersmith Broadway, London) . . . Muckram Wakes (Red Lion, Keyworth) . . . Sam Mitchell (Epping Centre) . . . Les Barker (Wellgreen Hotel, Grove Lane, Hale, Cheshire).

FRIDAY: Ar Log (Dynevor Arms, Pontardawe) . . . Alex Campbell, Telephone Bill (third birthday of King's Head, Rochester) . . . Steve Ashley (Ostrich, Robertsbridge) . . . Bill Caddick (Merry Hill, Tryzull Road, Northampton) . . . Webb's Wonders (Springfield Hotel, Brighton) . . . Martyn Wyndham-Read (Crown, St Margaret's, near Ware, Herts) . . . Packie Byrne, Bonnie Shaljean (Star, Westgate, Bradford) . . . Alistair Anderson (London Road Tavern, Newcastle-under-Lyme) . . . Tufty Swift (Old Crown, Dertlend, Birmingham).

SATURDAY: Iain Mackintosh, Barry Skinner (Black Horse, Telham, Sussex) . . . Potter's Wheel, Ed Bassford, Jerry Jordan (Ceilidh, Village Hall, Newick, Sussex) . . . Jim Bainbridge, Trevor and Lynn Sheridan (Brewer's Arms, Lewes) . . . Packie Byrne, Bonnie Shaljean (Albion Vaults, New Street, Selby).

SUNDAY: Hedgehog Pie (Ynysddu Hotel, Ynysddu, near Blackwood, Gwent) . . . Earl Okin (Crypt, St Martin's in the Fields, Trafalgar Square, London) . . . Louis Killen, Gentleman Soldier (Poynton Folk Centre) . . . Strawhead (Big Jug, Claypath, Durham) . . . English Tapestry (Goat, Sopwell Lane, St Albans) . . . Melanie Harrold (Rochester Erdington, Birmingham) . . . Pat Ryan (Brunswick Hotel, Crewe).

MONDAY: Ossian (Holt Hotel, Apsley Guise, Woburn Sands) . . . Erik Ielt (Captain's House, Eastborough, Scarborough) . . . Bob Walton (Phoenix, Church Street, Staines) . . . Allen Dream (Dewdrop Inn, Steyning Avenue, Peacehaven).

TUESDAY: Cilla Fisher, Artie Trezise (White Swan, Swansea) . . . Saffron Summerfield (Railway, Dartford) . . . Wayfarers (Ninth birthday, Crooked Billet, Old Town, Leigh-on-Sea).

WEDNESDAY: Wendy Grossman (Trewern Arms, Nevern, near Newport) . . . John and Suzi Adams (Chimney Boy, Faversham) . . . Andrew Frank, Mike Munn (Brewery Arts Centre, Kendal). — KARL DALLAS.

Echoes

Letting the good times roll

Delbert McClinton, one of Texas' favourite gut-bucket rockers, talks to PETER GURALNICK.

DELBERT McCLINTON

"I TRIED to quit playin' once for about two months. I didn't work for about two months, when I was getting the most pressure from my family and my first wife. But I never could keep a job. I always quit or was fired. And the only thing I ever really cared about was the music. The basic feeling is still the same.

"It ain't that different than when I was a kid and I used to go out to the Boulevard Drive-In Theatre. I used to imagine that it was me up there with the bright lights shining on me. I guess about the only difference is that now I want to make more of a mark musically.

At 39, Delbert McClinton retains a boyish quality at odds with the life he has led for the last 20 years. Small, wiry, with the scrubbed good-looks, neatly parted hair, unassuming manner and dress of the Texas boy next door, he is, it has been noted, neither larger nor prettier than life.

With three highly-praised ABC albums and a new Capricorn contract that has gained him ever more critical attention, he has seen something of the heights. Like most artistes who have spent a couple of decades working up to overnight success, he has seen a good deal of the depths.

THE one constant has been the music, and that for McClinton "amounts to doing something for real and enjoying it".

With his unpretentious stance, an easy-going vocal style which is saved from neutrality only by its idiosyncratic catch and conviction, and his ability to move comfortably among various funky styles and idioms, it's difficult sometimes to fully appreciate the dimensions of McClinton's gifts.

The music he plays has been the staple of the honky tonks and beer joints for the last 30 years, and yet what elevates it above the pedestrian efforts of thousands of bar bands with much the same background and repertoire, is precisely the confidence and focus of McClinton as leader, his ability to tie together the various strands of his musical upbringing with a single-minded belief in the "reality" of the music.

McClinton comes from a classic country background. Born in Lubbock, Texas, in November 4, 1940, he started working the bars and joints around Fort Worth, where he grew up, at the age of 14. His band was called the Mellow Fellows. One of their lesser rivals was a high school group led by John Deutschendorf, a - self described "wimp" (according to McClinton), who later became better known as John Denver.

THE music he played then was the same odd mix of rockabilly, country, and the blues, for Fort Worth-Dallas in those days occupied a kind of musical crossroads.

Back in the Fifties you could catch Ray Price, Ornette Coleman, King Curtis, Roger Miller, Bob Wills, T-Bone Walker, and Doc Severinsen, all comfortably co-existing within the same musical setting. C. L. Dupree (now Cornell Dupree of Stuff and Aretha's ace back-up band) was the guitarist.

It was a unique musical ambience in which, as country singer Ray Price told writer Dave Hickey, "You could play hillbilly one night, swing the next, jazz the next, and if you had enough coke, play the blues till dawn on every one of them.

McClinton, it is obvious, never got scared of rock 'n' roll. The Mellow Fellows became the Straightjackets and continued to play the roadhouses, working as a kind of house band at Jack's Place, a white-owned blues club.

That was where Delbert, who had confined himself to rhythm guitar and vocals until then, learned to play harp and the band even travelled to Lawton, Oklahoma, to play behind Sonny Boy.

They also played Blue Mondays at the Skyliner, an all-black club, where their music was received in the spirit in which it was offered, as well as the little joints out in the country, with dirt floors, electricity coming in by extension chords, and chicken wire strung all around the bandstand to protect the musicians from flying bottles.

"To tell you the truth, we just played the way we knew how to play, man."

THERE were records, too. From the late Fifties on, Delbert was hooked up in one fashion or another with a local promoter named Major Bill Smith.

Delbert achieved a good deal of local attention and air play until a demo that he cut with Bruce Channel called "Hey Baby" went to number one in the national charts in 1962. McClinton was just sitting in on harp on the record, but when Channel toured England it was with "Harmonica Star Delbert McClinton", who in Liverpool gave harp instruction to an eager young opeing act, the Beatles.

Eventually, like fellow Texans Janis Joplin and Sir Doug, McClinton headed for the coast, where, with his friend Glen Clark, he made a couple of albums, concentrated on songwriting, and worked in a veterinary supply warehouse. The records, though highly regarded and very much prophetic of the cross-pollinated country music which would soon become popular, didn't sell. McClinton moved back to Fort Worth in the Seventies, and in 1975 came out with his first ABC album.

"I took it as a good stroke. It was crazy the way it happened. We had a brand new baby, just bought a 23 foot travel trailer, and were fixing to get the hell out of there and at least try to do some good in Nashville. A friend of mine, Charles Stewart, was the branch manager for ABC Records in Fort Worth. He was one of the faithful dancers back in the old days. I hadn't seen him in years, and one day he just called out of the blue and asked me what I was doing. I told him not much, and he suggested we do something, and we went over and cut some demos at a little four-track studio in Patego. Some of them songs was the songs that ended up on the album."

ALL of the elements with which Delbert has come to be identified are on that first ABC album — a stabbing horn section, contemporary blues modulations, a thick solid musical texture, and R&B feel straight out of the honky tonks.

More than anything, though, there is the presence and energy of McClinton himself. Each of the songs was written by him, there is nothing forced or out of place about any of them, and every one possesses the easy assurance, loose vocal rhythms, and precise changes and crack instrumentation you might expect from James Brown.

ALTHOUGH each of the three albums since then has been highly acclaimed, sales have never matched record company expectations, and it would be difficult to predict where exactly Delbert McClinton is going to go from here.

No one doubts the music. No one who has seen Delbert perform could fail to be captivated by the effortless ease with which he tosses off a repertoire which stretches back to Buster Brown.

McClinton's art is not spectacular like James Brown's or Jerry Lee Lewis'; it expresses instead a rare and singleminded devotion to the music which has been his life.

"I think my music's serious. I don't think a lot of music's serious, and I don't think you can do nonserious music for very long. But then again, maybe mine's so serious that nobody wants to hear it, cause I ain't no fuckin' star. Not yet, anyway."

Record & Tape Market

Jazznews
Max Jones/Brian Case: London

Adams at Camden...


JAK KILBY
ALAN WAKEMAN

THIS year's Camden Jazz Festival at The Round House will open on October 22 with the George Adams-Don Pullen Quartet featuring Dannie Richmond and Cameron Brown, sharing the bill with the Alan Wakeman Octet.

On October 23 Andrew Cyrille's Maono, With David S. Ware, Ted Daniel and Nick De Geronimo, will share the bill with John Stevens' Dance Orchestra. Ralph Towner (solo guitar) and the Kenny Shaw Band are set for October 24.

Bookings for October 25 and 26 are still under negotiation, but the Feminist Improvising Group has been booked for October 25, and Keith Bailey's septet, Prana, for October 26. The Blues Legends '79, with Good Rockin' Charles, Little Smokey Smothers, Eddie C. Campbell, Eddie Clearwater, Lester Davenport and Chico Chisholm, appear on October 27.

Tickets are £3.75, £3.25, £2.75 and £2.25.


DENNIS AUSTIN
GEORGE ADAMS

...and alternatives

THE London Musicians Collective are staging an Additional Music Festival during Jazz Centre Society's Camden Festival in October.

Intended as an alternative, the AMF will run from October 25 to 28, and will be at the London Musicians Collective, 42 Gloucester Avenue, London NW1. There will be concerts, seminars in musical instrument making, exhibitions and a book-record-tape stall.

The programme will include: a trio concert by Hugh Davies, Barry Leigh and Max Eastley; Peter Brotzmann and Steve Beresford; John Russell, Toshinori Kondo; Roger Turner and Maarten Van Regteren Altena; David Toop, Chris Munro and Paul Burwell; Alterations, with Peter Cusack, Terry Day, David Toop and Steve Beresford; Paul Lytton, solo; Permutations, with Roger Smith, Mike Johns, David Holmes, Garry Todd, Jez Parfett, Nigel Coombes and Neil Metcalf.

Details from 01-888 5550.

Pizza Express gets Wilber

THE Pizza Express in London's West End has booked Bob Wilber with vocalist Pug Horton and Swedish vibraphonist Lars Estrand for October 2, 3, 12 and 13.

Wilber will also be touring, with gigs in Sheffield on October 4 and 5; Birch Hall, Oldham, on October 7; Gilbey's, Southampton, on October 11; and possibly guesting with the Midnite Follies Orchestra at The Tramshed, Woolwich, on October 14.

Bobby Rosengarden will be at the Pizza Express with Brian Lemon, Danny Moss and Len Skeat on November 1, and guesting with Yank Lawson on October 30, and with Digby Fairweather on October 31.

Hal Singer is booked for the Pizza Express on October 26 and 27; Southampton on October 25; Birch Hall, Oldham, on October 28, joined by Bobby Rosengarden.

Joe Temperley has been booked for the Pizza on October 16 and 17, and Snub Moseley for October 5 and 6. Ex-Halle Symphony flautist, Dave Heath, will be accompanied by the J. Bianci Trio on October 25.

Helen Merrill has been booked for the end of November, and Barney Kessell for December.

LAWSON/DAVERN SET FOR BRITISH TOURS

TRUMPETER Yank Lawson, co-leader with Bob Haggart since the mid-Sixties of the World's Greatest Jazz Band, is touring this country and the Continent as a solo artist — from October 1.

He will work with various British groups.

Lawson's dates are: Red Lion, Hatfield with John Barnes' All Stars (October 1); Braunstone Hotel, Leicester (2), Humberston Country Club, Grimsby (4); Cambridge (6); Bedford (7); Crystal Palace Football Club with Ron Russell's Band (8); Test Match Hotel, Nottingham (11); Redcar Hotel, Bath (14).

Lawson then visits Germany and Italy, returning to London for a gig at the Pizza Express on October 30. He continues: The Concorde, Southampton (31); Chatsworth Hotel, Hastings (November 1); Pizza Express, Dean Street (2); Bridge Street Arts Centre, Newcastle under Lume (3); London's Portman Hotel with Brian Lemon's Quartet (brunch) followed by the Fox and Hounds, Haywards Heath, (4); Crest Hotel, Derby, with Tony's Cronies (5). Liberal Club, Swansea (6); London House, Kilgetty (7); Temple Bar Inn, Carmel (8); Bristol (9); and Codsall (10).

Album back-up

TO back the release of their Incus album, "Home Cooking . . . And", John Russell and Richard Coldman are presenting four concerts. They will be playing: the Public House Bookstore, Little Preston Street, Brighton at 7.30pm on September 26; Rough Trade Records, Kensington Park Road, W11 3pm on September 27.

The British Music Information Centre, Stratford Place, W1, 7.30pm on September 28; and Battersea Arts Centre, Lavender Hill, SW11, 3pm on September 29.

New York

WARNE Marsh and Sal Mosca are co-leading a quartet with bassist Frank Comino and drummer Tim Pleasant at New York's Village Vanguard . . . Veteran pianist Jess Stacy will be playing in New York in late September for the opening of the fall exhibition of jazz memorabilia at Hunterton Art Centre . . . Dick Sudhalter, cornettist and biographer of Bix Beiderbecke, is presenting a three-week musical salute to Hoagy Carmichael at NY's Michael's Pub. — JEFF ATHERTON.

Hollywood

STAN Kenton's will forbids any continuation of his band after his death, so the last engagement by the Stan Kenton Orchestra was on August 20, 1978, in Costa Mesa, California . . . the well-known organist Charles Kynard died recently while playing a performance of Jon Hendricks' "Evolution Of The Blues" at a theatre in Los Angeles . . . Altoman Frank Morgan's group, Aura, is now appearing twice a week at a jazz workshop in Venice, California. — LEONARD FEATHER.

JAZZ ALBUM CHART

1. HITS IN CONCERT — Stan Kenton, Creative World
2. BACK AGAIN — Hi-Lo's, MPS
3. RAY ANTHONY PLAYS FOR DREAM DANCING — Capitol
4. ART PEPPER TODAY — Galaxy
5. BACK TO BACK — Scott Hamilton and Buddy Tate, Concord
6. JACKPOT — Woody Herman, Capitol
7. 7.5 ON THE RICHTER SCALE — Stan Kenton, Creative World
8. SENTIMENTAL JOURNAL — Singers Unlimited, MPS
9. THE OLD GOLD RADIO SHOWS — Woody Herman, Hindsight
10. FRESHMAN FAVOURITES — Four Freshmen, Capitol

Chart supplied by— MUSIC INN, 32 Alfreton Road, Nottingham.

Ware dead

CHICAGO bassist Wilbur Ware has died after a long illness. Born in 1923, Ware's musical debut was accompanying a Sanctified Church congregation on banjo at the age of four, and he later taught himself drums, reeds, violin and bass. He played with many major artists in Chicago and the Mid-west, including Sidney Bechet, Stuff Smith, Roy Eldridge and Sonny Stitt.

In the early Fifties he led his own groups at the Bee Hive and Flame Lounge in Chicago, playing with Thelonious Monk, Johnny Griffin and Junior Mance, and from 1954-5 he played in Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson's band.

Ware toured with Art Blakey in 1956, and moved to New York in the same year to open with Monk's Quartet at the Five Spot. An album under his own name, "The Chicago Sound", was issued on Riverside in 1957.

Ware had been living in Philadelphia for the past few years, and recorded with the vibes-player Walt Dickerson.

Eberle dies

RAY Eberle, a former singer with the Glenn Miller Orchestra died of a heart attack on August 25 in Douglasville, Georgia, aged 60. Eberle joined the Miller band in 1938 and stayed until the band broke up in 1942.

the stranglers

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SEPTEMBER 21 Taunton — Odeon, 22 Cambridge Corn Exchange. OCTOBER 1 Ireland — Cork, 2 Ireland — Galway, 3 Ireland — Galway, 4 Ireland — Belfast, 6 Bridlington Spa, 7 Glasgow Apollo, 10 Newcastle City Hall, 11 Derby Assembly Rooms, 12 Lancaster University, 13 Leeds University, 14 Sheffield Top Rank, 15 Birmingham Top Rank, 18 Southampton Gaumont, 19 Rainbow, 20 Rainbow, 21 Leicester Granby Hall, 22 Rainbow, 23 Portsmouth Locarno, 25 Manchester Apollo, 27 Coventry Theatre, 28 Bristol Colston Hall, 29 Oxford New Theatre, 30 Brighton Dome, 31 Cardiff Top Rank.

Folk

KINROSS

The good, the bad and . . .

or a survey of three recent festivals.

KINROSS isn't a very big town — about two-and-a-half thousand souls, last time I counted — but it does, after all, have a county named after it, and nearby Loch Leven is a popular angling haunt.

Unless you take the walk down Kirkgate to the shores of the loch, though, it isn't a very prepossessing place, so it was hardly surprising that the Scottish Omnibus Company wasn't too sure about how to get there and the conductor on the bus that brought me the 22 miles from Edinburgh, calling on every village in between, was assuring me he still had another two hours drive ahead of us as we passed the town hall where the fiddle competitions were about to start.

For, unprepossessing or not, Kinross is host to about the most prestigious folk festival in Scotland, which attains in the British Isles it doesn't attract that many people — perhaps the ones who made this year's attendance slightly down on previous years had the same bus conductor as me.

It doesn't book any big international stars. Indeed, the nearest things to a star you could see was a bearded Rikon Ball, brought in by Radio Aberdeen to compere the Sunday afternoon "family" concert, the various members of the ubiquitous Stewart family such as the matriarchal Belle and her daughter Sheila MacGregor, and the Border shepherd Willie Scott, who not only sang at the drop of a Glengarry, but was also demonstrating the tough craft of crook-making to anyone who cared to watch.

When I watched the muscles of his forearms swell, as he bent the buffalo horn handle to the characteristic "crook" shape, I realised that shepherding is far from the Little Bo Peep business it might appear.

IN the many ways it's similar to an Irish Fleadh, in the competitive element that always seems so strange to English folkies, still unable to define any viable criteria for their art 20 years into the Revival, and also the concentration upon tradition and music.

You might hear the odd bit of blues in the streets or round the informal sessions in the pubs, and Stanley Robertson, the late Jeannie Robertson's nephew, startled the judges by giving us Al Jolson's "The Spaniard Who Blighted My Life" in the family concert, and to a guitar accompaniment what's more. But despite the wealth of good sing-making in Scotland, from Hamish Henderson to Gerry Rafferty, there's no contest for songwriters, which is a pity.

What is inspiring about Kinross, however, is the way in which the visitors, young and old, mix with the invited traditional guests without any hint of patronisation or pretension.

You know the way it is at English festivals most of the time, when 99.9 per cent of the music is provided by revivalists, some of them very good, it's true, with a token appearance by the specially imported traditional performer.

Sometimes he's made me more than welcome, sometimes he sticks out like the proverbial sore thumb, but even at Loughborough, which integrates the old with the new more happily than most, thanks to the genius of Roy Harris, it can sometimes feel a bit awkward.

And if he's a bit off-form, everyone looks the other way and pretends not to notice. After all, traditional singers are incapable of singing badly, aren't they? Too true they can sing badly. They have their off days, the same as the rest of us.

THIS struck me forcibly during the women's singing competitions, which had been carried off at the earlier Keith festival by Brooks Macdonald, a little-known singer with a fine, engaging style. This time, however, though she sang strongly, for some reason she seemed to be having difficulty with her pitching, shifting into a semi-semitone line-by-line, until she finished "The Old Man Came A'Courtin Me" in a high soprano. I wasn't surprised she didn't carry off the double, and adjudicator Peter Shepheard said it was this pitching problem which lost her the cup. Instead he gave it a Perth lassie, Joan Harkness, who sang "The Fair Rovin' Lassie" and "The Lass Wi' The Tinker", the latter after she had kicked off her clogs, Sandie Shaw-style, so she could wriggle her toes unfettered.

I didn't hear all the ladies, coming in between the two sangs by Aileen Carr from Dundee, but judging by the authority with which she sang her second, an unusual song called "The Banks Of Green Yarrow", I think she would have got my vote if I'd been judging.

Her voice has a striking timbre to it, slightly redolent of a female MacColl, and she has no distracting mannerisms to get in the way of one's appreciation of the song.

That was a feature of all the singing I heard, for all its artistry. Compared with the range of devices so many revival singers adopt to try and make their performances "interesting", these traditional singers appeared to just open their mouths and let the story come out.

But then there is rare artistry in that kind of apparent artlessness.

Sheila MacGregor didn't compete this year — she has, after all, won the cup three times, and that's two times more than her nearest competitor, Alison McMorland — but she was to be found in the story-telling contest, which has only been going for three years but which has already become a significant part of the festival agenda.

Sheila confessed herself something of a tyro when it comes to folk-tale telling, especially compared with her mother, who won it in 1977, and she didn't get the cup.

That went to her relative, Stanley Robertson, with a definitely X-rated tale of a "wee humple-backit mannie" who engaged a young lady as his housewife so busily by day and by night — "he was the horniest wee fearie you ever did see," said Stanley — that she aged 15 years or more in a month's hard labour. I was a little surprised to hear Stanley tell this ribald little tale again in the family concert, and wonder if the BBC are going to be able to broadcast it without censorship. One hopes so.

I WAS having such a good time at the tale-telling that I completely missed the men's singing, which Willie Scott, a former winner himself, described as the best session ever. But I did have an opportunity to hear the winner, Douglas Wightman of Cupar, who also won the bothy contest, and I thought him a worthy successor to such as Willie, Davie Stewart, and Jimmy Hutcheson. I expect we will be hearing more of young Dougie.

Much Scots fiddle-playing is a little too polished for my taste — I much prefer the more fiery West Coast style of Angus Grant, or the Shetlanders like Tom Anderson or Aly Bain, to those influenced so much by Scott Skinner, and I feel much the same way about Scottish accordion-playing, especially if it is the zebra-striped piano variety.

I prefer the funky melodeon of previous winner John Watt, who won again this year, or for real virtuosity, a man like Lindsay Porteous on that neglected but venerable instrument, the jaw's harp.

I've heard people play jigs and reels on the trump, as the Scotts call it, but when Porteous did a slow air like "Farewell To Tarwathie", with the drones of the instrument ringing out like a slowly-phased synthesizer, the sound was something amazing to hear.

Porteous also won the whistling (the pucker-up-and-blow variety, as opposed to the tin whistle, which had its own category) and he also carried off the crossed utensils at the festival's one unofficial contest, for spoons-playing. I missed both of these, which brings me to the great strength and weakness of a festival like Kinross, which depends to a large extent on the spontaneous "session", or "crack" as it's called in Scotland.

KARL DALLAS

JOAN HARKNESS at Kinross

THOUGH I was for ever dodging between venues, and on one occasion walked the 14 miles to nearby Milnathort to see John Watt and the other members of the Beggar's Mantle Ceilidh Band play for dancing and listening in their own manor, I kept missing things I'd wanted to hear.

"You should have been at the Mulrs last night," said Hamish Henderson, president of the Traditional Music and Song Association who put on the event, when I saw him on Sunday morning. "The best crack of the night."

Perhaps, but for me the event of the weekend was seeing Hamish, who was a liaison officer with the Italian partisans during the war, lead a group of unexpected Italian kids in a version of "Bandierra Rossa", the old socialist hymn, after which three beautiful girls sang a Roman street song in hard, clear voices. You won't find that sort of thing happening in Cambridge, now, will you? — KARL DALLAS.

FYLDE

FYLDE festival has a reputation for bad singing, and this year's produced the worst singing I have ever heard at a festival, but organiser Alan Bell — he of "Farewell To ..." — was delighted. The Worst Singer in the World competition may be a gimmick and its title may be a bit exaggerated, but though tough on the ears it amused a packed bar.

This year's winner was a Shrewsbury compost maker, John Fallows, whose rendition of the "Chinese Boat Song" certainly stank! The result was disputed by those who thought the excruciating sounds of a girl called Julie, who was runner-up, and the defending champion, Elaine Taylor, were much better — or worse!

It all followed a weekend pattern of unusual happenings. Spredthick and Cosmotheka complained of confusion over their contracts which resulted in them missing programmed events; Bill Caddick sang for 45 minutes without stopping, and that excellent duo, Downes and Beer, bade farewell.

There were problems with the sound, and also with the use of rooms and bars in the main venue, the Fleetwood Marine Hall. Bell quickly pointed out that as a result there would be changes next year. Saturday never really took off though there was always something happening.

In the large main hall with its huge stained glass dome, people tried to sit through an afternoon concert but many were unable to bear the hot, stifling conditions. Ossian were given an early spot to enable them to dash off to the Ilam festival and while, on the face of it, Fylde had a good billing, too many artistes made only one 30-45 minute appearance.

Sunday almost made up for what Saturday lacked. The temperature in the hall dropped to an acceptable level and Box Fox and Stu Luckley opened the day. They did full justice to their own one-hour concert special, which included Ry Cooder's "How Can You Keep On Moving?", "Sally Wheatley," "Doodle Let Me Go" and Bernie Parry's "Man Of The Earth."

Caddick has been experimenting in linking songs together, and ran his whole set of nine songs into one — including the lengthy "Writing Of Tipperary" — Whatever the reason, it didn't work.

Paul Downes and Phil Beer followed him. Playing together for the first time since February and regrettably for the last, having decided to go their separate ways. Opening with "Passed You By" they were, understandably after six months, not as tight as they used to be but "The Worm Forgives The Plough" sounded as good as ever and they ended their partnership with "Did You Like The Battle?" — RICHARD THOMPSTONE.

JERSEY

DESPITE a 40-minute delay because of sound problems, the final night's concert, last Sunday, at Jersey's 4th International Folklore Festival was still a great success.

The delay came during the sound checks for the main act, the Tannahill Weavers, and it meant that over half-an-hour of their set was lost.

The Tannahill Weavers were the biggest name that the festival had attracted, and their blend of guitars, flute, bagpipes and violin brought attack and energy to their brand of traditional music.

Earlier, the marquee in St Helier quivered to the booming voice of Rosie Hardman — the big lady with the even bigger heart. Her powerful voice can at times be so tender, as on "Cleveland County", a new number based on listening to Poco's song, "Rose Of Cimmaron."

Major Mustard's travelling Punch and Judy Show with Professor Caz, a feature of many festivals, completed the Sunday night bill, and they entertained with some clever shadow puppetry.

Also featured at the festival were the Old Swan Band, Dr. Sunshine's Pavement Show, the Old Spot Morris Men from Gloucestershire, and local talent, including the Helier Morris Men, and the Jersey Ladies' Rapper Sword Dancers. — MIKE SUNIER.

Folk news

Albions regroup for poetry festival

ASHLEY Hutchings has got together many members of the original Albion Band — including Shirley Collins — for a new poetic presentation based on the life of Thomas Chatterton as part of a poetry festival organised by Hammersmith Entertainments.

The programme, called "Green Shadows", takes place at St Paul's Church, Hammersmith Broadway, tonight (Thursday).

In the band are John Tams, Simon Nicol and Phil Pickett, plus keyboardist David Roblou, who will also play the church organ.

The festival will conclude with a performance by Roy Harper, supported by Andy Roberts and Mr Pugh's Puppets, on Sunday, September 23.

Bob Pegg is also teaming up with his old colleague, George MacBeth, who produced the broadcast version of Pegg's song-cycle, "Bones", and also did concerts together at Cecil Sharp House and the Crypt, for a programme of poetry and song around Hammersmith pubs and clubs all this week as part of the festival.

Last night (Wednesday 19), they were at the Bush Hotel, Shepherd's Bush Green; tonight (Thursday 20) they are at the Old Ship, Upper Mall, W6, and on Friday at Korky's Wine Bar, Chiswick High Street.

On Thursday, September 27, Bob begins a brief tour with a new programme of "Songs Of Magic And Science", beginning at Middlesex Poly, Hendon, then going to Scope, 232a High Street, Ponders End, Enfield, on September 29, and to North East London Poly, Stratford, on Wednesday, October 8.

ALEX CAMPBELL

Bunjie's party

ONE of the country's oldest folk haunts, Bunjie's in Litchfield Street, off Charing Cross Road, London, where everyone from Bob Dylan and Al Stewart to Tom Robinson has played, celebrates its Silver Jubilee on Saturday, September 22, with an appearance by Alex Campbell.

The club was recently reopened by Russ Shipton after a six-month closure, and now presents seven-nights-a-week folk with Russ playing as part of Shipton and Fogerty on Saturdays, Howard Skerry on Sundays, Andy Rahere on Mondays, Brackenwood on Tuesdays, Murray Ewan on Wednesdays, Kettle of Fish on Thursdays, and Hratch, who has been a resident for the past eight years, on Fridays.

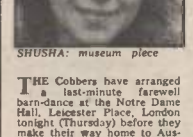
Russ says there are no plans to make any changes in the historic decor. "At one time there were plans to turn it into a disco, but if we tarted it up it would look like a wine bar," he said.

DUO TO SPLIT

ANDREW Frank and Mike Mann, currently touring with Loudon Wainwright III, are to split up in December — though contracts for dates after that will be fulfilled, says Jean Davenport, the duo's agent.

"A combination of poverty and contrasting personalities has decided Mike to pursue a solo career," says Jean. Frank is looking for another partner.

Meanwhile, she has added Cosmotheka to the bill of her benefit festival at the City University, which also includes Battlefield, Bill Caddick, Sean Cannon, Martin Carthy, Shirley and Dolly Collins, Bob Davenport, John Foreman, Bob Fox and Stu Luckley, Frank and Mann, Vin Garbutt, Nic Jones, John Kirkpatrick and Sue Harris, Roaring Jelly, Martin Simpson, Tuffy Swift, Peta Webb and Webb's Wonders.



SHUSHA: museum piece

THE Cobbers have arranged a last-minute farewell barn-dance at the Notre Dame Hall, Leicester Place, London tonight (Thursday) before they make their way home to Australia by way of Ireland, USA and Hawaii.

SHUSHA appeared in concert at the Victoria and Albert Museum last night (Wednesday) to accompany an exhibition of illustrations to Ted Hughes' poems, many of which she has set to music. With her were Isaac Guillory and Roy Apps.

EDDIE Walker goes full-time and leaves his day job in local government in January. He has been getting as many as four or five gigs a week recently. During October he is at the Globe Inn, Ludlow on October 3, Poynton Folk Centre (4), Golden Lion, Rainford, St Helens (7), Centre Point, Epping (11), Cambridge (13), Railway Hotel, Southend-on-Sea (14) and Barleycorn Cricket Club, Ossett (18).

Farewell shindig from the Cobbers

JOHN Hendley opens a new Friday night club at the Merry Hill, Trysull Road, Wolverhampton, this week with Bill Caddick. He has an attractive programme planned through into January, featuring Rosie Hardman (September 28) Foggy (October 5), Phil Beer (November 2), Johnny Coppin (23) and Cosmotheka on January 11.

THE Uxbridge folk club, meeting at the Load of Hay, Villier Street, changed from Wednesday to Tuesday nights after 13 years at the same venue this week. Next Tuesday (September 25), they have Miles Wootton and Bob Fox and Stu Luckley on October 2.

ELECAMPANE's latest electric show, "Dr Electron's Travelling Fair", makes a rare visit to London on Wednesday, October 17 when it visits University College Folk Club, Gower Street. Though they are an electric folk rock band, they put on a very visual show, which this time includes a dancing bear, mermaid, fat lady, and tattooed lady.

CRAC 79, an Irish "people's festival" which gets its name from the initial letters of the Irish words ceol, rinnce, amhranaiocht, and Caint, meaning music, dancing, singing and conversation, takes place at 173 Lozells Road, Birmingham, next weekend.

1. FAREWELL FAREWELL COWBOYS — Fairport Convention, String
2. HOLD ON — Rocking Dopsie, Sonet
3. OPERATORS SPECIALS — Various Artists, String
4. DANCE FOR TWO PEOPLE — Davey Graham, Kicking Mule
5. TANNAHILL WEAVERS (3rd ALBUM) — Plant Life
6. THE SWIFT JEWEL — Paddy Glackin, Tara
7. DOUBLIN' — Paddy Keenan
8. A GLINT AT THE KINDLING — Robin Williamson, Criminal
9. HOT TIMES — Jim Page, Whid-Isle
10. WOMAN IN THE WINGS — Maddy Prior, Chrysalis

Chart supplied by:— COLLETS RECORD SHOP, 180 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Jean Davenport and Jane Winder's

ONE DAY FESTIVAL

Saturday, October 13th, 1979, 1 p.m.-11 p.m.
at City University, St. John Street, London EC1

Battlefield	John Foreman	John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris
Bill Caddick	Bob Fox & Stu Luckley	Roaring Jelly
Sean Cannon	Andrew Frank & Mike Mann	Martin Simpson
Martin Carthy	Vin Garbutt	Tuffy Swift
Shirley & Dolly Collins	Dick Gaughan	The Watersons
Bob Davenport	Nic Jones	

ALSO: Flowers and Frolics, The Rakes, Umps and Dumps and Webb's Wonders

SPECIAL GUESTS

Geoff Bradford Cosmotheka Michael Moore Post Office Jazz Band Six Hands in Tempo

Tickets £4 in advance, £4.50 on door, available from:

COLLET'S FOLK RECORD SHOP, 180 Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2

HONKY TONK RECORDS, 235 Kentish Town Road, London NW5, Tel. 01-267 3930

Postal applications to Honky Tonk. Please include s a e

Folk Forum

Thursday

EPPING FOLK
EPPING CENTRE, 8pm
SAM MITCHELL
N/W: MARTIN LONG

FOLK CENTRE HAMMERSMITH
COME ALL YE
N/W: JOHNNY SILVO

RED LION
265 High Street, Sutton
JOHN KIRKPATRICK AND MARTIN CARTHY
N/W: ROGER & MELEN WATSON

STAR & GARTER, PUTNEY
COME ALL YE

THE COCK TAVERN
37 Great Portland Street, Oxford Circus, W1
EARL OKIN
Your host RODNEY LLOYD

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA
38a St John Street, EC1
LOUIS KILLEN
N/W: ALEXIS KORNER

Friday

DATCHET HALL, Datchet, Bucks
NOEL MURPHY
KATIE HEATH
THE BEEHIVE BOYS
Friday Sept 28. Tickets £1.50. Phone Slough 47328

FARNINGHAM FOLK
Pied Bull, Farningham, Kent
MARTIN CARTHY
N/W: Matthews Brothers

HALF MOON
Lower Richmond Rd, Putney
CHANTER

JOHN KIRKPATRICK and SUE HARRIS, Black Bull, Margaretting, near Chelmsford, N/W: Singers Night. Singers welcome

Melody Maker apologise for the ISAAC GUILLORY advertisement that appeared under the Saturday heading instead of Friday last week

STAR AND GARGER
Lower Richmond Rd, Putney
MR COSGILL'S DELIGHT
8pm UPSTAIRS Admission £1

STARLOCKER
Star & Garter, Putney Pier
WHIZZ JONES

THE BREWERY FOLK CLUB
Kings Head Hotel, High St, Rochester
THIRD BIRTHDAY NIGHT WITH
ALEX CAMPBELL
TELEPHONE BILL
AND THE
SMOOTH OPERATORS
BILL ZORN
N/W: MARTIN CARTHY and JOHN KIRKPATRICK

THE MEETING PLACE
The Crown and Castle, Corner of Dinsdale Junction, N.1
IAN McDONALD
Residents
MARTYN MERRYFELLOWE

Saturday

CELLAR CLUB, [illegible]
JOHN KIRKPATRICK
SUE HARRIS

EPPING FOLK
EPPING CENTRE, 8pm
CEILIDH
TICKLERS FOLK CIRCUS
EAST SAXON MORRIS
ADRIAN MAY
REAL ALE BAR

HALF MOON
Lower Richmond Rd, Putney
with
KATY HEATH
+
CRANNOG

SINGERS CLUB, The Bull & Mouth, 61 Bloomsbury Way, London WC1
PAUL WILSON, singer and instrumentalist plus OLIVER MULLIGAN, SHEILA PARK.

STARLOCKER
Star & Garter, Putney Pier
ISAAC GUILLORY BAND

Sunday

CRYPE FOLK CLUB
St Martin in the Fields
Trafalgar Square
EARL OKIN

ORANGE TREE FOLK CLUB
1 Friern Barnet Lane, N.11
Tel. Organiser 01 883 3608
ALEX CAMPBELL

THE CHESTNUTS FOLK CLUB
THE CHESTNUT TREE
LEA BRIDGE ROAD
WALTHAMSTOW, E.17
OSSIAN
8.30pm Come early, Barton Ale

THE CRICKETERS
Kenwood South, Hampstead
EARL OKIN

Monday

HALF MOON
Lower Richmond Rd, Putney
SONJA KRISTINA

Tuesday

DARTFORD FOLK, Railway Hotel
SAFFRON SUMMERFIELD, N.W.
TELEPHONE BILL.

GRAPELINE WINEBAR
Railway Tavern, Dover
DAVEY GRAHAM

Wednesday

CENTREFOLK
The Assembly Hall, Mill Hill
DAN RUSSELL
PATTI JONES
Floor singers welcome 01-930 2561

DINGLES TRADITIONAL
Adams Arms, Conway St, W1
CILLA FISHER
& ARTIE TRESIZE

JACKSONS LANE COMMUNITY CENTRE
Archway Rd, N6 (opp Highgate Tube)
STEVE TILSTON

HAMMERSMITH & FULHAM ENTERTAINMENTS
present
FESTIVAL OF POETRY WITH MUSIC
The Albion Band
present their new piece
'GREEN SHADOWS'
THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 20th
at 8 p.m. ig
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, W.6
Enquiries and details from
HAMMERSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS
181 King Street, W6
Tel: 01-741 3696

HAMMERSMITH AND FULHAM ENTERTAINMENTS
present
FESTIVAL OF POETRY WITH MUSIC
The Albion Band
present their new piece
"GREEN SHADOWS"
Thursday, September 20th
at 8 p.m. in St. Paul's Church, W6
Enquiries and details now
HAMMERSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS
181 King Street, W6. Telephone 741 3696

marquee

90 Wardour St., W1 — 01 437 6603

THE MEMBERS
Plus Guests & Ian Fleming

LAMBRETTAS
Plus Guests & Ian Fleming

YOUNG ONES
Plus Support & Mandy H

THE BRAKES
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Thurs 25th Sept (Adm £1.50)
THE CHORDS
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Wed 26th Sept (Adm £1.00)
PHIL RAMBOW BAND
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD CANNING TOWN, E 16

	NEVER NEVER BAND + PRETTY BRITISH	50p
	JACKIE LYNTON BAND	50p
	CHARLIE AINLEY & THE MISDEMEANOURS	50p
	DELL BROMHAM BAND	50p
Mon & Monday	SPEEDBALL	
	LAMBRETTAS	50p
	RED BEANS & RICE	50p
	E.F. BAND Sweden's No. 1 Heavy Rock Band + IRON HEART	50p
	NEVER NEVER BAND + HEDGEHOG	50p

THE BRECKNOCK
227 CAMDEN ROAD, N.W.1

Thurs Sept 20	SCARECROW
Fri Sept 21	NOTHING FANCY
Sat Sept 22	FAST EXIT
Sun Sept 23 (am)	STAGEFRIGHT
(pm)	URCHIN
Mon Sept 24	FIRST AID
Tues Sept 25	TRENDIES
Wed Sept 26	GENEVA

FREE ADMISSION EVERY NIGHT

GREYHOUND

Thurs Sept 20	SPECIAL BRANCH	50p
Fri Sept 21	RED BEANS & RICE	20p
Sat Sept 22	(LUNCH) THE TEENBEATS	50p
	EVE. 1984	£1
Sun Sept 23	KEVIN BORICH EXPRESS	£1
Mon Sept 24	THE VAPOURS + VIRGINIA DOSN'T	50p
Tues Sept 25	SEVEN YEAR ITCH + MATCHLESS	50p
Wed Sept 26	SUSSEX + PERFECT STRANGERS	50p

175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6
01 385 0526

ronnie scott's

47 Frith Street, West One. Tel. 439 0747
Licensed until 3 a.m

Now appearing until Saturday, September 29
ELVIN JONES JAZZ MACHINE
CAROL KID

Forthcoming Attractions
Monday, October 1 for 2 weeks
BETTY CARTER
STAN TRACY QUARTET
Monday 15th for 1 week
KAI WINDING QUARTET
BELYNDA HAYES
Monday, October 22nd for 1 week
LOUIS BELSON BIG BAND EXPLOSION
PLUS
BRIDGE CONNECTION
IDIOT DANCERS
FIRST AID
DUTCH BOYS
SOUL YARD
upstairs
(every Mon Tues Wed)
RockNight

100 CLUB
100 OXFORD ST. W.1.
7.30 till late

THE BEST IN LIVE REGGAE
For details ring 01 340 2321

Friday 21st to 12
MIDNITE FOLLIES JAZZ ORCHESTRA
with Johnny M

Saturday 22nd and Sunday 23rd
JIMMY ROGERS
+ Support

Sunday, 23rd 12 noon to 2 p.m.
LONDON VINTAGE JAZZ ORCHESTRA

Monday 24th to 12
FRANK RICOTTI SEXTET

Tuesday 25th to 12
GOTHIC JAZZ BAND

Wednesday 26th to 12
KEN COLYER'S ALL-STAR JAZZ MEN

FULLY LICENSED BAR and CHINESE RESTAURANT
REDUCED RATES FOR STUDENTS

To join the 100 Club for one year send £2 to: The Secretary, 100 Club, 100 Oxford Street, W1
Club Telephone No: 01-636 0933

BULL'S HEAD
BARNES BRIDGE 876 5241

Thurs Sept 20
• • THE DON HARPER/DENNY WRIGHT QUARTET

Fri Sept 21
FRANK HOLDER CONGAS & VOCALS with Jimmy Hastings

Sat Sept 22
ART THEMAN, DEREK WADSWORTH with Tony Lee Trio

Sun Sept 23 (Lunch)
JIMMY HASTINGS, Tenor & Flute
JERRY SALISBURY with The Tony Lee Trio
(Eve) JIMMY HASTINGS, Tenor & Flute with The Tony Lee Trio

Mon Sept 24
• • THE CATHY STOBART QUINTET featuring Harry Beckett & Martin Blackwell

Tues Sept 25th
• • PETE KING. Alto with The John Rocker Trio

Wed Sept 26
PETE KING with The Tony Lee Trio

THE KENSINGTON
RUSSELL GARDENS W14
603 3245

Thurs Sept 20 — SEVEN YEAR ITCH
Ex-Ross Make Honey and Charlie Dore!

Fri Sept 21 — RING FOR DETAILS — 50p

Sat Sept 22 — BASIL'S BALLSUP BAND — 50p

Sun Sept 23 — SINUATORS — Free

Mon Sept 24 — LONDON ZOO — Free

Tues Sept 25 — FULL MOON — 50p

Wed Sept 26 — SKINDEEP — 50p

PIZZA EXPRESS
10 Dean Street 437 9595

Thurs Sept 20
JOHNNY PARKER TRIO
Fri Sept 21
BALIS NOVAK TRIO
RUSSIAN JAZZ PIANIST
Sat Sept 22
TONY LEE TRIO
Sun Sept 23
MIKE PYNE, Solo Pno.
Tues Sept 25
RONNIE SCOTT QUARTET
Wed Sept 26
RONNIE SCOTT QUARTET

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY
35 GT. RUSSELL STREET, WC1 (01) 580 8532

FRIDAY, SEPT. 21, 8 p.m.
NEW MERLINS CAVE
MARGERY STREET
FROM AMERICA:
THE AL HAIG TRIO

SUNDAY, SEPT. 23, 8 p.m.
HALF MOON
93 LOWER RICHMOND ROAD
PUTNEY S.W.15
TOUGH TENORS
featuring DICK MORRISSEY
ART THEMEN
DICK MCKSTALL-SMITH

MONDAY, SEPT. 24, 8 p.m.
100 CLUB
100 OXFORD STREET
W.1
FRANK RICOTTI SEXTET

Club Calendar

Thursday

DOUBLE SIX, BASILDON
LOADED

EDEN PARK HOTEL
Beckenham
PETER COE BIG BAND
NEXT THURSDAY: SEMUTA

HALF MOON
Lower Richmond Rd. Putney
BOB KERR'S JAZZ FRIENDS

JAZZ AT THE MITRE
SAMMY RIMINGTON QUINTET
THE MITRE
388 Tunnel Avenue, Blackwall Lane
Greenwich SE10

SHINER
RUSKIN, EAST HAM

STEVE LANE'S SOUTHERN STOMPERS, Railway Greenford (Greenford Station, Central Line)

THE O.K. BAND
THE PEGASUS, GREEN LANES, STOKE NEWINGTON

THE PLOUGH
Stockwell Road, SW9
BALLOONS
Admission Free

Friday

BISLEYS, WHITE LION, Putney
SQUIRE
N/W; THE NIGHTHAWKS

BRECKNOCK, CAMDEN
Heavy Rock with
NUTHIN' FANCY

JABULA
100 CLUB, FRI, OCT5th

HALF MOON
Lower Richmond Rd. Putney
CHANTER

PRESS TIMES

Copy for all advertisements for the Classified and Entertainments Sections must be received by 12 noon on the Monday preceding publication. All advertisements should be prepaid

MELODY MAKER ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
Surrey House, 1 Throwley Way
Sutton, Surrey SM1 4QQ

HALF MOON
Lower Richmond Rd. Putney
OPENING ON FRI. OCT 5TH
LONDON'S BEST BLUES VENUE
EVERY FRIDAY
PAZ
THE KINGS HEAD
214 High St. Acton W3
Admission £1

THE PLOUGH
Stockwell Road, SW9
JOHN STEVENS AWAY
Admission Free

YOUR SUPPORT BAND
SHADER
RUSKIN, EAST HAM

STAGEFRIGHT
TWO BREWERS, CLAPHAM

Saturday

AT ANNETTE'S
OLAF VAS
JIMMY HASTINGS
WILL MICHAEL TRIO
DON RENDELL 29th
Downstairs, Green Man, opp Gt Portland St. tube, 8pm. Adm £1

CANIS MAJOR
LIVE ON STAGE
Gaumont, North Finchley, at 8pm

DESTROYER
THE SEAGULL

FLATBACKERS
JOHN BULL
Chiswick High Road

NIGHT OWL
THE WHITE HART
WOODFORD BRIDGE
EVERY SATURDAY

RON'S PLACE
KINGS HEAD, Fulham High St
Tel 01-736 1413
STAN SUZMANN
JOHN TAYLOR
RON MATHEWSON

SPURS, TOTTENHAM
LOADED

THE PLOUGH
Stockwell Road, SW9
DON RENDELL FIVE
FEATURING: ALAN WAKEMAN, PETE SABERTON, PAUL BRIDGE, TREVOR TOMKINS
Admission Free

Sunday

AT ANNETTE'S
WILL MICHAEL TRIO
Green Man, opp Gt Portland St. tube
8pm. Adm £1

AT THE TORRINGTON
811 HIGH RD, N. FINCHLEY
BED, BEANS AND RICE
N.W. TERRA NOVA

CRANBROOK, ILFORD
LOADED
DESTROYER
THE OLD SWAN
Cranbrook Church Street

EDDIE THOMPSON TRIO
PLUS FAB VOCALIST
KLOOK
EVERY SUNDAY, 1pm-3pm
Upstairs at the BREWERY TAP, 2 Markhouse Road, E.17
Free Admission

JAM-JAM BLUES CLUB
RADICAL SHEIKS
KINGS HEAD, Fulham High St
8pm 40p

THE PLOUGH
Stockwell Road, SW9
Lunchtime
BRASS IMPACT BIG BAND
JAZZ FUNK
Evening
PETER DAVIS SISTER SUN
admission Free

Monday

INTERNATIONAL ARTISTES MANAGEMENT PRESENT AT
NOTRE DAME HALL
LEICESTER SQUARE, WC1
NEXT TO PRINCE CHARLES C
GNASHER
LIVE +
RED BEANS & RICE
GNASHER
LIVE PLUS
RED BEANS & RICE
GNASHER
LIVE PLUS
RED BEANS & RICE
TKTS: £1.50 DAILY AT HALL

Tuesday

HALF MOON
Lower Richmond Rd. Putney
BARBRA THOMPSON'S
PARAPHERNALIA

NEW MERLIN'S CAVE
MARGERY STREET, WC1
THE ASHLEY BROWN/ GEOFF WARREN BAND
FEATURING
HENRY LOWTHER

THE PLOUGH
Stockwell Road, SW9
COBARUS
Admission Free

Wednesday

DESTROYER
TARGET CLUB

HALF MOON
Lower Richmond Rd. Putney
THE BLUES BAND
Featuring: Paul Jones, Tom McGuinness, Hughie Flint, Dave Kelly, Gary Fletcher

SPECTRUM
RICKMANSWORTH GRAMMAR

THE NASH VILLE ROOM

Fri 21	PSYCHEDELIC FURS The Subliminal Squad	£1.50
Sat 22	JOY DIVISION + Support	£1.50
Sun 23	SELECTOR + The Beat	£1.25
Mon 24	RAMBOW + The Trendies	£1
Tues 25	RAMBOW + The Jukes	£1
Thurs 27	COWBOYS INTERNATIONAL + Support	£1.25

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD
NORTH END ROAD, W.14
Adjacent West Kensington Tube
Tel. 01-603 6071

PRESS TIMES

Copy for all advertisements for the Classified and Entertainments Sections must be received by 12 noon on the Monday 5 days prior to publication date.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS MUST BE PREPAID

MELODY MAKER
ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
Surrey House
1 Throwley Way
Sutton, Surrey S M1 4QQ

Entertainment Guide

ROCKGARDEN WHAT'S ON
RIO GRANDE
THU 20th
SOX
FRI 21st to Sat 29th
FINGERPRINTS PLUS STICKERS
TENNIS SHOES
SUN 23rd
SELECTOR
MON 24th
KENT BOYS
TUE 25th
LONESOME NOMORE
WED 26th
STAN'S BLUES BAND
THU 27th
HERE
BECOME A MEMBER

B.M. MUSIC
Presents
YOUNG ONES
plus SUPPORT
WEDNESDAY, 26th SEPTEMBER, 7.30 p.m.
THE NEW WINDMILL HALL
ST. MARY'S LANE, UPMINSTER
TICKETS £1.50 AT DOOR
Nearest station B.R. Upminster. Underground (District Line) Car Park

---

THE Rainbow THEATRE
THE PORTSMOUTH SINFONIA
PLAYS "THE CLASSIC ROCK CLASSICS"
THE BEATLES — THE ROLLING STONES
THE BEE GEES — ELTON JOHN
ELVIS PRESLEY — THE MOODY BLUES
THE WHO — THE DAVE CLARK FIVE
SATURDAY 6th OCTOBER 8pm
Tkts £3.50, £2.50, £1.50 ATTHE DOOR OR BY POST FROM THE BOX OFFICE

GOLDEN LION
Fulham Road, SW6. Tel. 385 3942

Thurs. Sept. 20	RED BEANS & RICE	50p
Fri. Sept. 21	ON THE AIR	60p
Sat. Sept. 22	JACKIE LYNTONS HD BAND	75p
Sun. Sept. 23	GONDON HUNTS SOX	60p
Mon. Sept. 24	BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND	£1
Tues. Sept. 25	FRASER NASH	Free
Wed. Sept. 26	ROY ST JOHN	Free

THE 101 CLUB

Thurs. 20th	CHARLIE GILLETT'S OVAL RECORD NIGHT	
Fri. 21st	THE THRILLERS	plus The Famous Players
Sat. 22nd	THE SOFT BOYS	
Sun. 23rd	THE FLATBACKERS	plus Fixer
Mon. 24th	THE PHOTOS	
Tues. 25th	CANNON	plus STREET PREACHER
Wed. 26th	STAN'S BLUES BAND	plus THE WORKS

101 ST. JOHN'S HILL, S.W.11. 01-223 8309
(Next to Clapham Junction Station)

WANTED
BEATLES LOOKALIKES
MUSICIANS WHO SING

FOR A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY, WRITE WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND DETAILS TO MRS. PRICE 11 ALDWYCH WC2

SPLIT RIVITT
Drivin' it t'ya with a Sockit Soul Injection
At The Moonlight, West End Lane
Saturday night, 22nd September
Nearest tube: West Hampstead

MUSIC MACHINE
CAMDEN HIGH ST. Opp. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE
TEL: 01-387 0428/9

Wednesday 19th	LANDSCAPE plus Workbservice Admission £1.20	Sunday 24th	Heavy Metal Night featuring SAXON plus Angel Witch plus Praying Mantis DJ Neal Kay Admission £1.20
Thursday 20th	ANGEL STREET plus The Hummers Admission £1.70	Tuesday 25th	PIRANHAS plus Reaction Admission £1.20
Friday 21st	FUSION plus Number Ones Admission £2.20		
Saturday 22nd	NO DICE plus [illegible] Admission £2.20	Wednesday 26th	SMALL HOURS plus The Seas Admission £1.20

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8pm-2am MONDAY TO SATURDAY
OVER 18s ONLY

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MELODY MAKER ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
Surrey House, 1 Throwley Way, Sutton, Surrey SM1 4QQ

Venue
160 VICTORIA STREET
S.W.1 (opposite Victoria Tube Station)
01-834 5500
Tickets from Venue Box Office and ticket machine at Virgin Megastore, 14 Oxford St., London W1. Postal applications (POs only) from the Venue.
Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing 7 p.m. 3 a.m.

Wednesday, Sept 19th	SOLD OUT ROY GALLAGHER	£5
Friday, Sept 21st	GINGER BAKER'S N.N.G.	£3.50
Saturday, Sept 22nd	KOKOMO + SOULYARD	£2.25
Saturday, Sept 29th	CLIMAX BLUES BAND + STRAIGHT 8	£2.25
Sunday, Sept 30th	Folk Evening with 5 HAND REEL + SUPPORT	£3.00
Tuesday, October 2nd	DEAN FRIEDMAN	£3.50
Thursday, October 4th	SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES	£5.00
Saturday, October 6th	AMERICAN BLUES LEGEND	£3.25
Saturday, October 13th	ASWAD	£3.00
Thursday, October 18th	SANDY & THE BACKLINE	£3.00
Saturday, October 20th	NO DICE	£3.00
Tuesday, October 23rd	JUDIE TZUKE (2 shows) 8.30 + 11.15 p.m.	£4.00
Wednesday, October 24th	MERTON PARKAS + CROOKS SMALL HOURS	£3.00

OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT
Ian Gillan
PLUS SPECIAL GUEST FROM THE U.S.A.
Randy California

ODEON, BIRMINGHAM	2th October
APOLLO, MANCHESTER	9th October
VICTORIA HALL, STOKE	12th October
CITY HALL, SHEFFIELD	13th October
CAPITOL, ABERDEEN	18th October
CAIRD HALL, DUNDEE	21st October
RAINBOW, LONDON	24th October

OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT
THE UNDERTONES

LOCARNO, BRISTOL	28th September
NEW THEATRE, OXFORD	2nd October
PAVILION, HEMEL HEMPSTEAD	3rd October
DE MONTFORT, LEICESTER	7th October
CITY HALL, NEWCASTLE	8th October
CIVIC HALL, WOLVERHAMPTON	15th October
KING GEORGES', BLACKBURN	16th October
ST. GEORGES', BRADFORD	17th October
KINGS HALL, DERBY	18th October
TOP RANK, CARDIFF	21st October
ODEON, BIRMINGHAM	23rd October
LOCARNO, PORTSMOUTH	25th October
WINTER GARDENS, BOURNEMOUTH	26th October
RAINBOW, LONDON	30th October

OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT
PENETRATION
+
LOCAL OPERATOR

TOP RANK, BRIGHTON	26th September
CIVIC HALL, GUILDFORD	27th September
TOP RANK, SHEFFIELD	30th September
CIVIC HALL, DIGBETH	8th October
TOP RANK, CARDIFF	10th October
CITY HALL, NEWCASTLE	14th October
MIDDLETON CIVIC HALL	31st October

STING

from p. 42

He took it on to A&M who picked it up and released it. The group felt very pleased with themselves. It was a minor hit. The profits enabled them to fly to America. The circle continued to turn in their favour.

Each member of the band refers to a specific gig, a specific moment when they realised that they were, after all, going to find success at [illegible] remembers a gig at the Marquee, Sting thinks it was probably discovering reggae and finding a form for his songwriting. Andy Summers probably thinks it was when he joined Sting and Stewart. But Miles Copeland has the most intriguing memory.

The Police had just started their first American tour, were driving eight hours a day across the continent, chasing good fortune and headlines. They played a gig in Syracuse. There were four people in the audience.

"Most groups," he said, "would have said, 'Shit — fuck this.' The Police went out and played one of their best gigs. Sting actually introduced the audience to each other. And one of the people in the audience turned out to be a deejay who was really blown away. The next day he started playing the Police really heavily on his show. That gig turned out to be one of the most important they've ever played. That's why I think their success is such a tribute to their conviction — they play each gig as a challenge. They'll play anywhere, to anyone. They're prepared to do anything for success."

And so their audience began to grow. In America. In Britain. Sting became the obvious focal point. He didn't flinch from the spotlight.

"And, God, he loved it," Stewart Copeland smiles. "He took to it naturally. Comfortably. One might say casually."

I asked Sting later how he felt on stage at Reading in front of 30,000 ecstatic fans.

He smiled.

"I felt like God, and, I loved it," he said.

"STING is the public face of the Police," Stewart Copeland says. And, of course, it's true.

Sting is the one to whom journalists rush most eagerly for interviews. It is toward him that the photographers gallop, shutters clicking like frantic dice. It is his face that beams from the front pages of the music press. It is to his bank account that most of the royalties from "Outlandos" and "Reggatta de Blanc", the new album, will be credited. The small miracle here is that such attention on one member of the band doesn't precipitate all manner of internal warfare.

"I don't care how much money Sting earns," Stewart Copeland firmly declares. "I'm really proud of him. It doesn't surprise me that he's turned out to be a great songwriter. It doesn't surprise me that he's turned out to be a fucking superstar actor either, the bastard.

"I don't resent him his success. I was prepared to hand over the group to him, remember. I wanted him to write. I wanted him to sing. I wanted him in the group. The main thing is to have good songs and be a successful group. Fuck the arguments.

"I've seen a lot of groups where the main player is buying his own apartment out of the royalties from the first hit record and is feeling great . . . then, hey, he sees the fucking guitarist buying some fucking mansion 'cos he's got twice as much from the publishing alone 'cos the songs on the album were his. So the next album comes along, and the bass player says, 'Hey — I've got all these songs and I'm leaving unless we record them.' There's a million stories about groups being ripped apart like that. And I'm determined that it won't happen to the Police. So I don't care how much money Sting makes. I hope he makes lots and lots and lots of money. I'm more interested in safeguarding the future of the group."

Sting, equally, would not like to think that his diversification might in any way threaten the internal stability of the Police. At the same time he is anxious to dispel any suggestion that because Copeland and Summers so politely tolerate his activities outside the Police the group is therefore run on the lines of a garden party at Buckingham Palace.

"We're a tough band," he says. "And I can be very ruthless. I mean, we sacked a guitarist we all liked. We all loved Henri as a person, but because he stood in the way of our musical progress we sacked him. It was ruthless. But it had to be done. We sacked him in pieces. I started it and Stewart finished it off.

"I do think that work should come before friendship. We're all friends, obviously. But if I'm angry about a work situation, I won't let friendship get in the way. I'll be very angry. Stewart's the same. We really do fight a lot. It's a very hard, committed relationship. It's not always nice or polite. It's often very, very tense."

STING tells a rather crucial story about himself at one point during our conversation. We had been talking about his childhood in Newcastle, his youth, his schooldays. He mentioned that along with music his other great passion was athletics. He had been the Northern Counties 100 metres champion. He had raced in the national championships. He came third. He never raced again.

"You're either the best or you're not," he said. "I realised when I came third that there were two people in my age group who were better than I was. And there was no possibility of me beating them. So I just stopped running. I didn't want to be part of the pyramid. I wanted to be on the top. I like to be the best. I only want to be the best. I enjoy being the best. I am an egoist. I wouldn't get on stage and do what I do if I wasn't. I'm supremely self-confident about everything I do."

"One thing I'll say for Sting," Miles Copeland had said, "he never fails at doing anything. Every single audition he went to for a movie or for a part in a commercial — he always got the part. Either he's got luck or he's got a winner look about him or something. He just succeeds.

"I think part of it is his conviction that he is great, and he knows what he's capable of. And he's also got the right credentials as far as looks go. That always helps. Generally, he's lucky. He's also talented. He's also a good person. It's a rare combination. And usually those combinations are very successful."

"I'm not really surprised that Sting has been successful in movies," says Stewart Copeland. "He always looks so great, anyway. He has a real rapport with the mirror. He enjoys being looked at. But only when he's being Sting. Like, people say that he's not wild, that he doesn't party after gigs. That's because he can only keep up that kind of intensity of being Sting for a limited amount of time. Then he has to switch off. And he can only do that when he's alone in his hotel room. He won't even come down to the hotel lobby if he thinks there might be a photographer there. He has to be Sting in front of the camera. He'd have to keep up the persona. That's his career. His whole art form is down to the way he looks. That's why I'm not surprised by his success in movies. Everything about him you can see is part of his art form, and he really gets uptight if you try to get around behind it. Because he really does put out a lot all the time. He gives people plenty to look at and conjure with. And that should be enough.

"He's not exactly two different people, but there are differences . . . let me put it like this: when he shows up he's on stage and when he's not on stage he doesn't show up."

STING, perhaps fortunately, is less abstract when it comes to discussing his movie career. He finds it amusing, in fact, that so much emphasis has been placed on it.

He has, he reminds us, appeared in only two movies (having been excised from the Sex Pistols' epic) — Quadrophenia and Radio On. His wife is an actress, he explains. He agent suggested that he might possibly find some work in commercials to help subsidise his career in music. He went along to his first audition. He got the job.

"It was incredible," he says. "Do you know how many jobs there are for actors? Do you know how many actors are out of work? To go for your first job and actually get it is virtually unprecedented. And then to go on and get seven more in succession is unbelievable. With each one, I went in and said, 'Hi, I'm Sting.' And they said, 'The man for the job!' So naturally my confidence blossomed. I was ready for anything."

He was reluctant, though, to audition for Quadrophenia. He thought he was too old. He knew that both Jimmy Pursey and Johnny Rotten had been tested for the part. He was eventually persuaded to meet the film's director, Franc Roddam.

"I washed me hair, went down to the studio, met him and sat around discussing Herman Hesse — The Glass Bead Game, I think. Suddenly, he said, 'You're perfect. You look perfect.' I got the job that day. It transpired during the conversation that followed that I was going to appear in a two-million dollar movie. And I'd never even been in a school play."

The cameo appearance in Radio On came about in the same manner. His agent sent him along to meet Chris Petit, the director, and he was offered the part.

"I just sing 'Three Steps To Heaven' and sit in a caravan," he says of his role. "It's not exactly Ben Hur".

He has just turned down the leading role in the Rock Follies movie (which has just been abandoned). He didn't want to become associated with "rock" movies, he says: he doesn't want to do another film with any overt connection with music, though he would like to pursue a career in films.

"He won't do anything unless he thinks there's a good reason for it, though," says Stewart Copeland. "He's ambitious. He wants to be huge. But he won't do anything that he thinks is beneath him. He's playing for higher stakes. He's turned down the Russell Harty show — or the Parkinson show, I can't remember. Something like that. He just won't do it. I mean, it's the kind of thing that Elkie Brooks would break an arm to get on. Sting just doesn't want to know."

THERE IS a part of Sting's personality that appears to react frivolously to the success he is presently enjoying. Everyone will tell you how much he enjoys the attention of his audience and the media. He'll tell you himself how much he delights in the idea of being a sex symbol (his own description). He loves being recognised, he says. He loves being stopped in the street and asked for his autograph.

"It means that I'm doing my job well," he says. "It means I'm successful at what I do." He wants to remain accessible, he doesn't want to turn people away. As Miles Copeland says, however, he might soon find the pressure greater than he imagined. "Talk to me this time next year and I'll tell you whether I'm still enjoying it," he says, grinning.

He is aware, though, that with success comes a certain responsibility.

"I'm in quite a responsible position. A lot of people will read what I say and take it seriously, so I have to be very careful. But I'm prepared to accept the responsibility. If you have a coherent opinion you shouldn't be reluctant to express it. If you have nothing to say, keep your silence. But on some issues I do have views that I want to express, given the opportunity. I want my voice to be heard. But without abusing the position I'm in. I mean, it's not going to sell any records — it's divorced from all that. But it's still a part of being successful. I accept it.

"It's hard, though. It's one of the pressures. But I enjoy it more than being looked at."

THE POLICE, Miles Copeland had told me with characteristic modesty, could prove to be "another Who, another Rolling Stones. I think they could be a legendary force in music for the next 10 to 15 years."

I wondered whether Sting thought he would be happy with the status of a Jagger or a Rod Stewart.

"I really don't see myself becoming a playboy, you know. I'm a family man. I'm very down to earth. I have a wife and a child and I'm very happy, we have a nice flat in the centre of London. I can't see my life changing that radically.

"I don't take drugs. I don't even smoke dope. I don't even smoke tobacco. I drink occasionally . . . I don't mean to sound boring, but the avenues of excess aren't actually open to me. I don't have any habits that vast amounts of money will exaggerate.

"I know I'm arrogant. But it's largely a professional arrogance. It's a useful tool for me. If I wasn't arrogant, I wouldn't be as successful as I am.

"I think it would be false for me to be modest. I'm a great singer and I know it. I'm a great songwriter and I know it. Largely because the competition just isn't there. There's very *little* competition, actually. Of course, this kind of arrogance will antagonise some people. But I don't think it's a vicious arrogance. There are people who don't like me, obviously. I'm not beloved by everybody, for God's sake.

"But a lot of people," he says with a thoroughly disarming smile, "still think I'm really rather a nice bloke."

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Enquiries 01-643 8040

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MR. BASS and MR. DRUM (solid and sensitive) will ring MR. SONG

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(Musical Dept.)

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Ring 01-458 1134 during business hours

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Wants work. Yamaha CS60, Roland Paraphonic strings, HH 2 Pro 150s, SM 200 Mixeramps. Open to offers from October (No ties). *Telephone*

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If you've got the beat we've got the motion.
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for group going places
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ACE DRUMMER

wanted for recording band. Contract waiting.

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A BRILLIANT DRUMMER. — 455 1811, 722 0589 before 10pm.

ADVENTUROUS JAZZ group seeks bassist and drummer. Regular amateur work. — Martin, Sheffield 301644.

ACE BASS required experienced for rock band, original material. — Mike, 794 7125, Rich, 435 8924 evenings.

ALL-GIRL BAND need guitarist, keyboards, sax with backing vocals, Stiffs / Motown / Blue-beat. Must rehearse. No time wasters. — 866 8773.

AMBITIOUS GUITARIST and Keyboards, (vocals an asset) for creative modern rock band. — (0733) 70265.

A PROFESSIONAL, experienced rock guitarist required for East London band, dedicated, own material, good gear, 18-24. — Phone immediately Steve 01-739 7038.

A TRUMPET player for jazz, funk band, residency. — 45 46075.

BASS AND drummer seeks group. Eddie after 6 pm. — 0604 58599.

BASS/DRUMS required immediately to complete line-up. We are prepared to work consistently towards a planned professional act by the end of this year. Are you? — 01-720 0774 (evenings).

BASS FOR non-conformist pop group record, touring soon. — Hemel Hempstead 49487 or 45277.

BASS GUITARIST, experienced (vocalist asset) for powerful imaginative new group based in London — live work/recording planned. — Phone weekends 12-6 452 1503.

BASS GUITARIST for modern band, vocals essential. — 01-451 2044.

BASS GUITARIST imaginative needed for South London band. No one good enough has phoned us yet. — 673 3153.

BASS GUITAR / VOCALIST, wanted for British band working monthly residencies abroad. Good salary for above average musician. No 'ifs', experience, read-busk, personality preferably doubling, licence, hard worker. — Contact 0592-51886.

BASS, KEYBOARDS, Vocals, for band forming into Hendrix, Gallagher, Whynyrd, Hendrix, Halen etc., (S.E. London) — 693 9410.

BASSIST. EXCELLENT player required for semi-pro band, no chancers. Putney based. — Nigel, 788 9206.

BASSIST REQUIRED for semi-pro influenced band, age 22 plus, own transport. — 881 1853.

BASSIST WANTED for rock band. — Martin 599 2576.

BASSIST WANTED for London rock band — 01-994 0754, Vince.

BASSIST WANTED for forming heavy rock outfit with psychedelic overtones, good gear and transport essential, age 17-18 — Phone John 846 0215 evenings after 7 pm.

COUNTRY DRUMMER wanted. — 403 2592 or 767 6558.

DEMOLITION DECORATORS require drummer and guitarist. Audition us at Chat's Palace, Brooksby's Walk, E9. September 23, 8pm.

DOUBLE BASS needed by free playing Vibraphonist, to help complete Musick of Living Awareness. Kew Green. Suzy 0902 814380.

DRUMMER, BASS guitarist, lead guitarist wanted to form light rock band in Kingston area, vocals preferable, equipment and transport essential — Mike 549 5719 evening.

DRUMMER CAPABLE of complex rhythms/time sigs for excellent original band. Brufords, Collins standard required. — Northwood 29328.

DRUMMER, CREATIVE, modern for New Music cult band. — 01-904 3419.

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Applications are invited from out standing young jazz musicians for this scheme which offers contracts with selected professional musicians who will work with groups of up to 8 performers and must be resident in Greater London. Age range 20 must be 18 years or under. Auditions will take place in mid-November and closing date for completed applications is October 31st. Forms and details from Carmella Whitworth-Jones, **GLAA**, 25/31 Tavistock Place, London WC1. 01-388 2211.

Work

Musicians Wanted — cont.

BASS PLAYER & lead vocalist wanted for heavy rockband. — Ring 01 423 0087.

BASS PLAYER, also keyboards, wanted urgent, for tasty, origin al East London new wave band. Own studio, demos out. Hurry up Harry. — Ring 01-471 2184 evenings.

BASS PLAYER/Vocalist wanted for visual heavy metal band — Phone John, Rainham 59095.

BASS PLAYER wanted to work with original material, must be keen and dedicated. — Ron, 627 1928.

BASS PLAYER to communicate closely with establish guitarist for original band, vocals essential, Deals pending, etc. — 01-340 5432, Dave.

BASS PLAYER with fatal disease, to form band. Original songs. No clones. — 01-445 7254, Jerry.

BASS PLAYER wanted for commercial semi-professional band. Weekend work waiting. — 01-950 8593.

BASS PLAYER for rock band playing original material, pro outlook, West London. — Phone Ian, 993-8245 or Tony, 579 7885.

BASS PLAYER for early caravan, Hatfield, wealthy ensemble. Chris, 01-995 3465.

BASS/VOCALS for weekend hotel residency, Ascot area, good semi-pros only, please. — Winkfield Row 3607.

BASS/VOCALS for melodic band comprising Keyboards, Guitar and Drums, rehearsing in SW London Own transport. — 01-394 1093, evenings.

B A S S WANTED, original material, similar to XTC, Police, Joe Jackson, Jam, Cars, Buzzards. — 01-904 0173.

BASS WANTED for Japanese guitarist, blues/rock, S. London. — 673 6359.

BASSIST DRUNKEN with some ability, for S. London amateur rehearsing rock band playing original material. If this sounds like you, it's your round. — James, 01-539 3450.

BASSIST, EXCELLENT player required for semi-pro band, no chancers. Putney based. — Nigel, 788 9206.

BASSIST REQUIRED for semi-pro influenced band, age 22 plus, own transport. — 881 1853.

BASSIST WANTED for rock band. — Martin 599 2576.

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DRUMMER CAPABLE of complex rhythms/time sigs for excellent original band. Brufords, Collins standard required. — Northwood 29328.

DRUMMER, CREATIVE, modern for New Music cult band. — 01-904 3419.

Musicians Wanted — cont.

DRUMMER, CREATIVE, rhythmic, 18-23 wanted now!! by Bass player with new ideas. Full band later. North London — 263 2173 evenings.

DRUMMER, EXPERIENCED, urgently required for Mod, semi pro band based North Kent, capable all styles, willing to rehearse. — 01-300 3796.

DRUMMER FOR new West London band — Phone Thursday-Friday evenings. 229 3250, Rob.

DRUMMER, FUNK, soul, gigging Xmas. — Phone Steve 868 9591 after 8pm.

DRUMMERS. If you're capable of replacing Bruford or Collins — Phone Northwood 29328.

DRUMMER IAN (North Wales), phone Tight Shoes, urgent.

DRUMMER, ORIGINAL, ambition, confidence. — 01-346 3858 or 01 348 6994 afternoons.

DRUMMER, POP going pro best only. — 01-363 8402.

DRUMMER REQUIRED by band with demo, must be tight — Phone Bill, 535 1477, East London after 7pm.

DRUMMER required by heavy rock band in SE, must rehearse on Saturdays. — Chris, 690 8574.

DRUMMER REQUIRED for pop band, Beatles, Bowie, Kinks, Jam, television, record company interests. — Mike 346 0396 after 6pm.

DRUMMER REQUIRED by band featured on new "Honky Tonk Demos" album, must be experienced and willing to rehearse. — 444 0121/341-1743.

DRUMMER REQUIRED, regular work, must have transport. — 01 542 6852.

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DRUMMER WANTED for seven piece Soul/Funk/Reggae band. — 01-573 5435.

DRUMMER WANTED. — Eddie 01-699 1351.

DRUMMER WANTED, 16-24, to complete band. — Phone Robin 693 3919 (Wood Green).

DRUMMER WANTED to work with original material. Must be keen and dedicated. — Ron, 627 1928.

DRUMMER WANTED, new wave gig imminent. — 01-539 3422.

DRUMMER WANTED for high energy rock and roll band — Romford 42105.

DRUMMER, 16-21, to play pop with a rhythm intelligence preferred. — Terry, 969 9211 evenings.

DRUMS/BASS required immediately to complete line-up. We are prepared to work consistently towards a planned professional act by the end of this year. Are you? — 01-720 0774 evenings.

ELECTRIC PIANIST required for band with very regular social club work. — 01-781 2057.

ENTHUSIASTIC N/WAVE musicians wanted. — Lichfield 05432 53790.

ENGLISHMAN / AMERICAN in Brighton, looking for pro-minded musicians for original band. English rock/American new wave influence — Stephen, 0273 772094.

FEMALE BASS guitarist required to join multi-instrum ntalist Mark Wirtz. — Phone Reading 75369 evenings.

GOOD YOUNG guitarist wanted for group playing music for now and the spirit of youth. Midlands Record label — Rob, Bridlington (113) 74...

GUITARIST (acoustic) or keyboards, possibly setting band but commitment to other duties, classical training an advantage. — Simon (07241) 6413.

GUITARIST AND drummer for new welsh band. Original songs. Await your enthusiasm. Kingston area. — 251 3978, Tons, day 01-7877 Andy, evening.

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GUITAR/VOCALIST and bi-guitar vocalist for resident quartet, strong vocals essential, smart, versatile. — Box MM 915.

GUITARIST/VOCALIST, must be good lead voice and reader, residency. — 07456 88044.

GUITARIST WANTED to join Bass and Drums Soul rock SE London. — Phone Kim 953 4340.

GUITARIST, YOUNG for band with EP gigs contracts into anything new. — 01-504 3013.

(INTERESTED, DISCURSIVE, enthusiastic mindful humanists) with desire to actively intelligently involve themselves in a nascent group experiment. All instrument types considered. — John 455 4422.

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JAZZ TRUMPET wants to join/form mainstream/blues band. — 01-546 4012.

JAZZ GROUP needs drums and bass (fretless) to complete heavily E.C.M. orientated therefore open sensitive players wanted. No old lags. Rehearsing for long term project. 01-549 7419.

KEYBOARDS for jazz influenced rock band — 670 6774.

KEYBOARDS/PEDALS for MOR trio Crystal Clear Based Portsmouth area Professional standard only — Dave Walton, Hayling Island 2836.

KEYBOARD PLAYER wanted. Good semi-pros only — John, 876 2933 (Friday onwards).

KEYBOARDS NEEDED (16-20) for heavy new wave band based in Birmingham area. Enthusiasm essential — Paul 021-356 5792 or Gary 021 357 4558.

KEYBOARD PLAYER wanted by pro band, front girl line-up. Must be able to travel. — Leicester 2576622.

KEYBOARDS PLAYER required for original melodic rock band. General Crisp/Burchett style — Aylesbury 661315.

KEYBOARDS, POPS and standards. South London resident group, £70 p.w. pro or semi-pro. — Tel. 01-467 9456.

KEYBOARDS WANTED. — 952 9643, before 10pm.

KEYBOARDS WANTED by good guitarist with view to forming fusion band. — 01-958 2290.

KEYBOARDS WITH Bass pedals urgently for modern residency in Croydon — 688 3135.

KEYBOARDS wild band require young, experienced drummer. N. London — 01-886 7774.

GUITARIST or keyboards required for working group. Vocal harmony and transport essential. East London, Essex area. Evenings. — Upminster 26366/01-597 8531.

LEAD GUITARIST wanted for HM 3 piece (17-19), must be good and excellent gear. Purple, Pallas, Motorhead — Steve, 363 3515, Kristie. Ultimate heavys only.

LEAD GUITARIST wanted for mixed hard rock band, must have image, no beginners please! — Phone 870 3998 weekends only.

LEAD GUITAR or keyboards for South London ensemble. Transport, no ties. — 01-340 4720 (Ian).

LEAD SINGER wanted. Good semi-pros only. — John, 876 2933 (Friday onwards).

MANCHESTER BAND needs anything, to contribute to inventive, positive music and have fun — Cyril, 998 3133.

MODERN GUITARIST who can also operate keyboards wanted for new band playing strange powerful original music — Box [illegible].

MUSICIAN, ANY instrument considered, reader, versatile. Classical training an advantage — Simon (07241) 6413.

Musicians Wanted — cont.

MODERN GUITARIST with good image required for band with a future. — Phone Martin 01-459 0360 between 7pm-10pm Wednesday and Thursday.

ORGANIST PIANIST entertaining duos, trios, pop trios and lounge work. Bandwagon. — 534 4962/4963.

PECULIAR DRUMMER, no compromise. Times Row. Preferably female. To play extraordinary music. Not admire Bruford, etc — 675 1832.

PERCUSSIONIST REQUIRED for classical-rock group, other instrument (or vocals) useful — 01 521 3243.

PSYCHEDELIC PUNKS for strange music, deathwish success with. Join or vocalist/guitar. Doors, Stooges under 23 — Sean, 300 3080.

PRO DRUMMER for band with deal, good image essential — 221 8877.

PRO ORGANIST required reader, pedals vocals an asset, top money. October start. East Coast ships. Mark, 274 1172, 7pm-9pm. No timewasters.

SAX PLAYER and keyboard for original jazzrock band. — 01 870 3469.

SINGER/GUITARIST wanted for melodic rock band with own material. Central London — 01 741 1154.

SINGER INSTRUMENTALIST required for resident disco band — Colchester 43654.

SOUTH MANCHESTER band trying to work collectively requires keyboards preferably female, to play challenging new music. Phone Peter 061 445 3432 for chat.

SYNTH OR Keyboards, for modern band — Tel Mark or Robert 692 1864.

THUNDERBIRDS SEEK young drummer — 01 422 5919 Eamon (Ex).

TROMBONES, SEMI-PRO, readers interested in recording an audition to produce tight sound — 626 0539.

TRUMPETS, LEAD and second for semi-pro big band. — 626 0539.

TWO FEMALE vocalists required for soul group — Contact 01-272 8123.

VOCALIST AND guitarist required, must be keen into Who, Small Faces plus own material — Phone Laurie 361 0214.

VOCALS BASS keyboards for new funk band with established guitarist and drummer — 405 7866 (at) 813 weekdays.

VOCALIST WANTED for 6 influenced band with P.A. Enfield — Nick 366 7606.

WANTED BASS player, intelligence — 549 5065.

WANTED, GUITARIST, amateur for funk band with called good image, give and take. Young Turks, Hemel Hempstead — Gravesend 4772.

WORK, EXPERIENCED guitarist and drummer wanted immediately for Afro Rock band, original songs ready for recording, originals welcomed — [illegible] Marie on 904 [illegible].

YOUNG HEAVY rock band needs drummer into Rush, Priest, UFO, People etc. to turn 01 904 5418 after 6pm.

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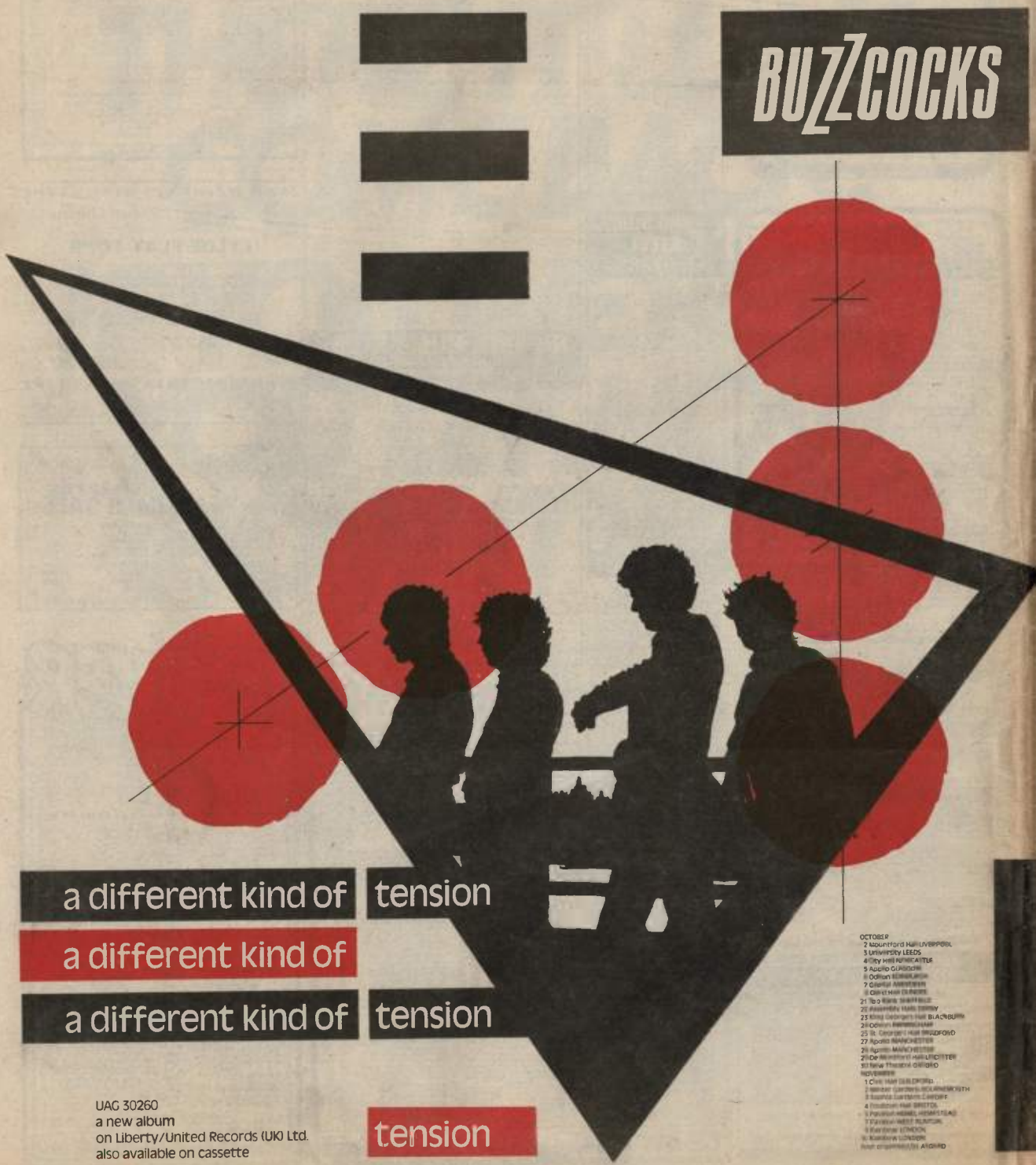

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OCTOBER
2 Mountford Hall LIVERPOOL
3 University LEEDS
4 City Hall NEWCASTLE
5 Apollo GLASGOW
6 Odeon EDINBURGH
7 Capitol ABERDEEN
8 Caird Hall DUNDEE
21 Top Rank SHEFFIELD
22 Assembly Halls DERBY
23 King George's Hall BLACKBURN
24 Odeon BIRMINGHAM
25 St. George's Hall BRADFORD
27 Apollo MANCHESTER
28 Apollo MANCHESTER
29 De Montford Hall LEICESTER
30 New Theatre OXFORD
NOVEMBER
1 Civic Hall GUILDFORD
2 Winter Gardens BOURNEMOUTH
3 Sophia Gardens CARDIFF
4 Colston Hall BRISTOL
5 Pavilion HEMEL HEMPSTEAD
7 Pavilion WEST RUNTON
8 Electric LONDON
9 Electric LONDON
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