

Melody Maker

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Chasping
out
with
Elvis

GARY NUMAN TOUR

GARY NUMAN is set for the most important British concerts of his meteoric career.

He follows the UK shows in September with tours of America and the Far East, and then plans to concentrate on recording and filming.

His interest in filming was indicated by his recent move into the video disc market, and he's keen to extend his work into films after his success with albums.

His new album, "Telekon", is set for release on September 5, and is preceded by a single, "I Die, You Die", on August 15.

Numan's recording success to date — his albums and singles have all countered the worldwide trend of declining sales and have been one bright light in the troubled world of WEA Records, which distributes his label Beggar's Banquet — make the new album and tour a vitally important step in his career, to see if he can retain the vast numbers of fans built up since he left Tubeway Army two years ago.

The tour opens at Birmingham Odeon on September 4 and 5, Manchester Apollo (7, 8), Southampton Gaumont (10, 11), Bristol Hippodrome (12, 13), London Hammersmith Odeon (15, 16), Brighton Conference Centre (21), Coventry Theatre (22), Deeside Leisure Centre (24), Preston Guildhall (25), Glasgow Apollo (26), Edinburgh Playhouse (27) and Newcastle City Hall (29).

Tickets are on sale now, and priced as follows: £3.75, £3.25 and £3 except for London (£4.50, £4 and £3.50), Brighton (£4) and Deeside (£3.75).

Numan is planning a new stage show.



SAS—rock's most macabre band: p4



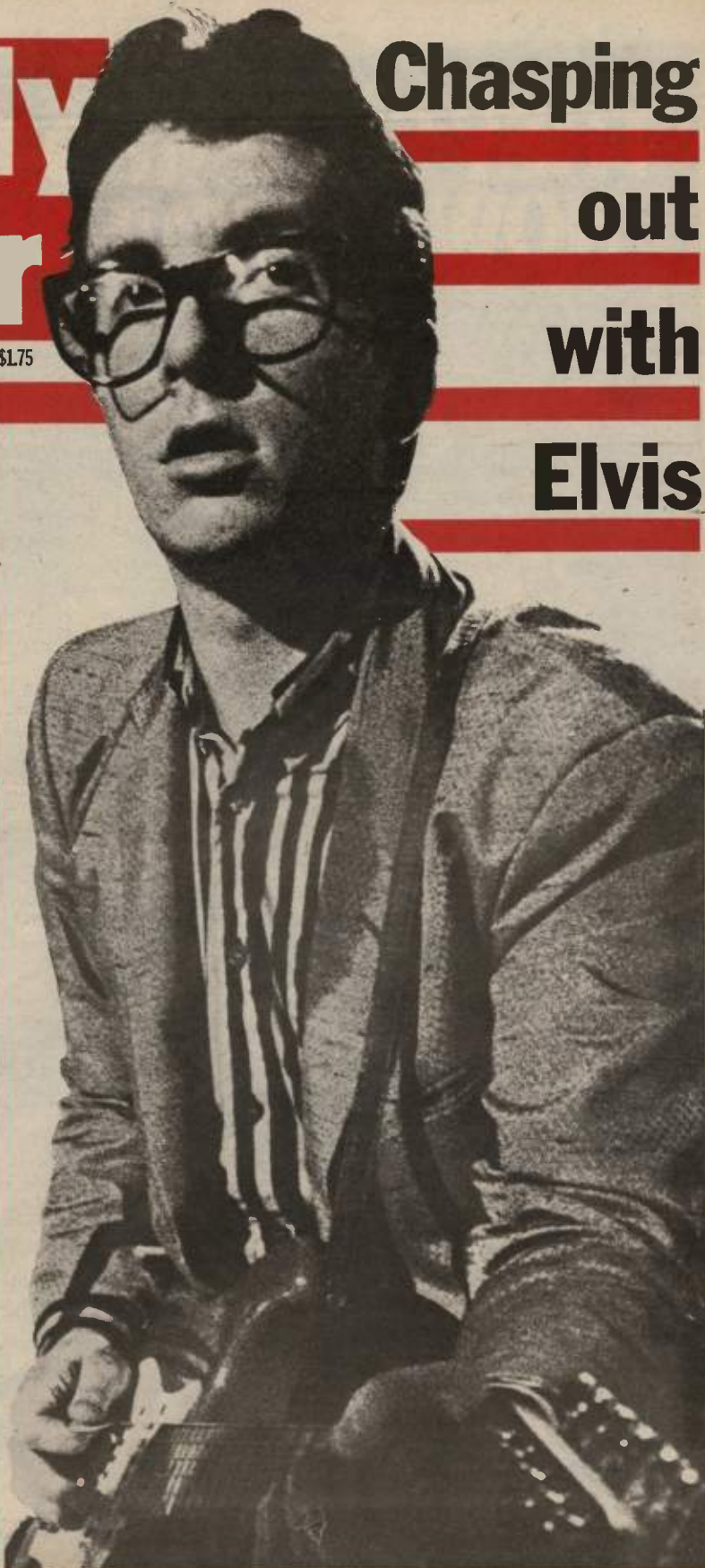
Costello



close-up



—page 24



THEY STORMED THE STATES NOW THEY'VE HIT THE U.K.



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Record news

Bands for Deely Vale

THE exact location of this year's Deely Vale free festival is being kept a closely-guarded secret to avoid legal prevention, but the bulk of bands for the festival have now been confirmed.

The Fall, the Ruts, the Displacements, Gary Boyle, Here and Now, Misty, the Not Sensibles, Capital Letters are among the bands announced by the organisers to play between July 25 and 29 somewhere in the Rosendale area.

Three of the Deely Vale organisers have already had written served on them to prevent them moving equipment onto several local sites, but they claim they have a suitable site arranged.

The line-up announced this week is: The Ruts, the Fall, Misty, Capital Letters, Gary Boyle, Keith Christmas, the Displacements, Here and Now, the Not Sensibles, Grim Realisation, the Stuffed Badgers, Constipated Poodles, Tiger Tails, the Stiffs, Turbo, Thunderbird Salads, Accident On The East Lanes, Chimp Eats Banana, Gas, The Odds, Alan Peelay, Contact, Freudian Slip, God's Gift, Vibrant Thigh, Sage Spaceman and Discharge.

More bands are under negotiation, but Athletico Spizz 80, announced by the organisers as confirmed for the bill, will NOT be appearing.

THE STRANGLERS have added two concerts to their current British tour — they play Oxford New Theatre on July 25 (tickets £3.50 and £5), and London Lyceum on July 27 (tickets £3). Support for the Lyceum will be announced.

SAXON have been added to Rainbow's Monsters of Metal show at Castle Donington racecourse on Saturday next week.

Full line-up for the show is now: Rainbow, Judas Priest, the Scorpions, April Wine, Saxon, Riot and Touch, and contrary to rumours spreading last week, Cozy Powell has confirmed that he is not leaving Rainbow.

SPARKS, currently in the studio in Germany with Giorgio Moroder recording their tenth album, will be playing a British tour in the autumn.

Ron and Russell Mael have been rehearsing their new band — Bob Haag (guitar), Lee Bolso (bass) and Gary (drums) — for two months, and plan a world tour in the autumn to follow the release of the album. A lengthy British string of dates is included in the tour — the band's first live UK dates for about five years.

JOHNNY CASH looks set to top next year's Wembley Country Festival following a \$2 million deal done between promoter Mervyn Conn and Tulsa-based country impresario Jim Halsey.

The contract links the two promoters for British and European tours, and the first result will be a Don Williams tour of Britain in November. Other Halsey acts Tammy Wynette, Hank Thompson, Joe Sun and George Lindsay are lined up for Wembley next year.

TED NUGENT's third night at London's Hammersmith Odeon has been cancelled following a booking mix up at the venue.

After the concert on August 3 was advertised, it was discovered that the Odeon had been previously booked for filming commitments, and so the Nugent show has been axed.

Instead Nugent and his band play Southampton Gaumont on August 3 — his first concert on Britain's south coast. Tickets are available now from the Gaumont box office, and tickets already bought for London are refundable at the Hammersmith box office.

ANY TROUBLE play a series of London dates this week at Clapham 101 Club (Wednesday, 16), West Kensington Nashville (17), Rock Garden (18), Kingston Three Tuns (19), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (21), Fulham Golden Lion (22), Dinglewall (23).

SECTOR 27 have altered their gig at London YMCA from Saturday to August 15. They've also several dates including Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (July 25), Inverness Caledonian (26), Aberdeen Ruffles (29), Edinburgh Nite Klub (30), Herne Hill Half Moon (August 1), Sheffield Limit (14), Reiford Porthouse (16), Kirkcaldy Country Club (17). A new single "Not Real" is released on the band's own Panic label, distributed by Faulty Products.

Four news

THE SUN have won their battle to prevent The Lambrettas from using "Be a Thief" as the title of their new single. News Group Newspapers have won a High Court injunction preventing Rocket from using the name of the record, and the title has been altered to "Another Day (Another Girl)".

Rocket have had to scrap £3,000 worth of singles sleeves, and the record's release date has been delayed, though the decision doesn't affect the track's inclusion on their "Beat Boys In The Jet Age" album.

PETER TOSHI, Burning Spear, and Dennis Brown are among the reggae artists featured on a 13-track compilation being released by Zonophone this week.

The album — titled "Lovers & Rockers" — retails for £3.30. Toshi's "Don't Look Back" and Brown's "Wolf & Leopards" as well as tracks by Mataroti, the Jolly Brothers, the Tamsins, Guardian Angel, Louisa Mark, Errol Dunkley, Kiki Vibration, Royal Rasses, Dandy Livingstone, and Blackbeard.

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS' debut album "Searching For The Young Soul Rebels" is released on the Late Night Feelings label this week. The 11-track album includes ten original numbers and "Seven Days Too Long".

THE RUMOUR release a new Parker-less album on August 8 to follow up the recently-released single "My Little Red Book".

The album was produced by Alan Winstanley and is called "Purity Of Essence". As well as the Bacharach/David single, the album includes tracks by Graham Parker and Nick Lowe as well as songs by the Rumour.

They have no plans to play any concerts to tie in with the release of the album. The first 10,000 copies of the album will sell at £3.99 before reverting to a standard £4.99 price. THE Independent label, Secret Records are launching a search for a new artist to record a charity single. The purpose is to raise money for the Harlow Hospital Transplant Trust, and Secret are inviting those interested to tape a performing an original song to Martin Hooker, Secret Records, 1 Colne Mead, Uxbridge Road, Rickmansworth, Herts. Closing date for applications is August 15.

AFTER nine months of delays, The Edge's debut album "Square One" is finally released this week by Hurricane. It's produced by Liam Stenberg.

'Scary Monsters' is Bowie's new

DAVID BOWIE marks the next phase of his career with two events — the release of his next album, and his first appearance as a straight actor in America.

The album, "Scary Monsters... (and Super Creeps)", is released on September 12, and comes a year and a half after the release of his last LP, "Lodger".

"Scary Monsters" was produced by Bowie and Tony Visconti. In March, and includes a track co-written with Tom Verlaine. Players on the album include Robert Fripp and Pete Townshend, plus Roy Bittan, Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band pianist, and Bowie's regular band of Carlos Alomar (guitar), Dennis Davis (drums) and George Murray (bass).

A single from the album, "Ashes To Ashes", backed by "Move On From 'Lodger'", is released on August 1.

Bowie's plans for the rest of the year, which include consideration of various film scripts, have now focussed on the American stage, with the singer/actor set to make his US straight debut in Elephant Man which opened in Denver on July 25.

The play then moves to Chicago to the end of August, and will be considered for an indefinite run on Broadway. New York's Bowie plays the central character, John Merrick, a Victorian who was hideously deformed and became a notorious show figure after being teased by a London surgeon.

Further plans for Bowie are being kept under wraps until the future success of Elephant Man has been established.



David Byrne of Talking Heads

RECENT New York gigs by Talking Heads have concentrated speculation that the band is close to splitting with various solo plans in the offing.

Rumours from New York that the gigs are among the last the band will play have been discounted by their British record company, Sire, who said that plans are underway to go into the studio to record the follow-up album to "Fear Of Music", with release in October and a British tour around that time.

Heads will not roll

It seems likely that talk of a split was fuelled by David Byrne's solo work. He is close to finishing an album produced by Brian Eno, but it looks as though an unusual problem will delay its release.

The voice of an evangelist was used on a long crucial track on the album, and when she died recently permission to use her voice was withdrawn. Byrne and Eno plan to record new material for the album to replace the scrapped track, but with Byrne due to record with the Heads, and Eno involved elsewhere, the album, titled "Life In The Bush Of Ghosts", is unlikely to be finished before the October release of the next Talking Heads' album.

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Costello for Scotland

ELVIS COSTELLO and the Attractions plus the Average White Band head two of the nights of this year's Edinburgh Rock Festival.

The Rock Festival is an annual party of the city's international festival, running for three weeks from August 17, and the fringe Niteclub festival, announced last week, has now been incorporated into the rock festival.

The Average White Band now open the concert series with a show at the Playhouse, and Elvis Costello

and the Attractions mark the first night of the festival proper on August 17 at the Playhouse.

Tickets are now on sale at: £3.50 and £3 for the A.W.B. and £3 and £2.50 for Costello, on sale personally or by post from the Playhouse box office, Greenside Place, Edinburgh, with cheques or postal orders payable to Regular Music, plus an s.a.e.

The rest of the festival bands, believed to include Ultravox, will be announced next week, and the festival will feature at least 15 groups spread over three venues — Edinburgh Playhouse, Tiffanys and Niteclub.

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David Coverdale of Whitesnake, who star at Reading

Nashville closes

THE Nashville Rooms in West Kensington, one of London's top rock gigs, officially closes on Saturday this week after five years in the front line of musical development.

The pub is being sold by Futlers, Broxley, and the Albion Agency, which has booked rock at the Nashville since 1975, when it changed from being a country music venue, has set Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders as the final band for Saturday.

It is anticipated that other musicians will be on hand for the last-night party.

Albion's Dai Davies told the MM that he is looking for a new West London venue to open in September or October, and there is a chance that the Nashville will re-open for music, depending on the new owners.

Clash crossroads

THE CLASH appear to have reached a lull in their career, with a crisis of confidence in their musical direction lightened only by the confirmation that CBS will be releasing "Bankrobber" as a single.

The band's current low point follows about nine months on the road, and one recent attempt to sort out the future came with a group meeting in an aircraft over Iceland when they played a local concert in late June.

Since then, the band separated for individual holidays, but will be back together in the studio soon to finish their next album for CBS.

Last week Joe Strummer was reported as saying he was fed up with music and was trying to get out of the business by building his own studio. But a group spokesman said this week: "He must have been caught on a bad day. The Clash are still together, and going into the studio soon to complete the album."

The band is hoping to repeat the "London Calling" recipe by releasing a double album for the price of one.

The Clash have finally won their battle with CBS, over the British release of the "Bankrobber" single, previously available only as a European import. But despite an official release date of August 1, MM learned at press-time that the single has been put back for "reconsideration."

Teardrop sign on

TEARDROP Explodes have signed to Phonogram Records from the Zoo label, and are due to finish work on their debut album in a fortnight.

The band are currently playing clubs in New York, and on their return to Britain will complete the album and record a single with producer Mike Howlett.

The band will tour the UK later in the year, and Dalek I guitarist Alan Gill has been drafted in to replace Mike Sinclair, the Teardrops' guitarist who has now left the band.

Gill will continue as a member of Dalek I, as will keyboard player David Hughes, who has linked up with Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark as a temporary member. Hughes and Gill rejoin Dalek I for a tour in October, when their debut album will be released. They will be recording a single and an EP in a couple of weeks for release in late August/early September.

Reading line-up

FINAL day-to-day running order for the Reading Festival in a month's time has now been settled: —

Friday (August 22): Red Alert, the 01 Band, Brian James' Helions, Fischer Z, 9 Below Zero, Krokus, Gillan and the Rory Gallagher Band.

Saturday (23): Trimmer and Jenkins, Headbobs, Famous Names, Samson, Budgie, Q-Tips, Angel City, Pat Travers Band, Iron Maiden and UFO.

Sunday (24): Pencils, Siedghehammer, Praying Mantis, Broken Home, Tiggers Of Pan Tang, Girl, Magnum, G-Force, Ozzie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz, Def Leppard and Whitesnake.

Although the festival was due to be held on the slope outside the Ally Pally, Haringey feared that a damaged tower could collapse — it was demolished on Saturday — and that with between 10,000 and 15,000 people a day, crowd control and security would be difficult with the damaged building so close.

The insurance question is now being discussed by the various organisers and parties involved, but it is understood that the promoters will have a claim against Haringey Council, who were insured as owners against damage and other losses.

But the Capital Radio tribute to Charlie Parker was held at the Royal Festival Hall, London, on Monday. Review: page 23.

Jazz fest dies

about three-fifths of the building, insured for a total of £47 million, was destroyed.

The damage ended plans for the three-day festival, and there is no chance of re-staging it in went ahead when Dizzy Gillespie starred at the Royal Festival Hall on Monday.

The fire is believed to have started when workmen were burning paint off the Ally Pally organ with blowtorches, and



The SAS fall in.

become an alcoholic." Favourite colours: "Black and blue." Yet, talking about his problems with society, "D" reveals a lot about life on the edge. He's under a robbery charge currently, but has a witness available to "prove" he isn't guilty. "I've been fined for being drunk and disorderly nine times. And I got fined for kicking in a girlfriend's door because she had another geezer in the house with her. What I hate is that once the cops know you, they'll

always suspect you first." The drummer has written a song called "Sus", which also affects young whites. Another, titled "Paedophil", warns young kids to be on the look-out for strangers. "Sure," says "D", "we all watched the Iranian Embassy siege on TV. It was magic! But I've also told one geezer at a club that we've got no political views, whatsoever. I admit that I'm a bit worried about the other side of the SAS. I'm working now on a song, 'Friends Or Foes?',

which talks about the SAS in Ireland. I think that is something quite different."

How does "D" survive? "With great difficulty," he replies. "I live in a squat, but there are too many thieves there, really. I occasionally get a quid from the probation officer for my fare and then I walk home. I can nick vegetables from an allotment near the squat. I don't see my parents. They don't like me at all. But I like my real dad a lot, and I see him whenever I can."

LINDA McCartney has just won some award from Cannes (the Palm D'Or if you must know) for a short cartoon called "Seaside Woman". Animated by a South American called Oscar Grillo, it's a chirpy little effort reflecting her affection for an unnamed Jamaican fishing village and fits around a Linda song of the same name featuring her and Wings, and originally recorded several years ago under the name Suzie & The Red Stripes (remember them?)

A & M are issuing "Seaside Woman" as a single, the film is to be screened in cinemas as support to the new Peter Sellers movie, "Being There", and Linda was so thrilled and delighted by this unexpected turn of events that in a moment of euphoria last week she agreed to give a (fairly) open house to journalists.

Now Linda and the press haven't exactly engaged in mutual admiration parties since she frolicked down the aisle with Paulie — the general portrayal of her has been that of a nagging old boot who insisted on being in her old man's band even though she couldn't play — and by the time the MM arrived on the scene she was clearly regretting her impetuosity in agreeing to the interviews.

The guy from the Scottish paper was fine, but she's a bit concerned about the Daily Mirror interview, and what on earth will the News Of The World say about her? "I never was any good at school," she repeats, until we ask what that's got to do with anything. "Oh it's the same, y'know, like you're being judged. And to think I volunteered for this."

It's stupid, I used to get on great with journalists before I married Paul — they're just guys, even that old Charles Shar Murray. It's just that to make people nervous about music is a bit scary. Like the great Magritte, who got very heavily criticized for painting top hats. So what? He probably liked painting top hats.

I guess people have gotta see we're all right. They've got this image of us being these big posh superstars — God, I hate that word — I don't live a posh life, that's for bloody sure."

The abuse hurled at her when Paul introduced her



A rock 'n' roll freak ...

Seaside woman does what she wants

into Wings clearly still rankles, and she says there's rarely been a moment when she hasn't wanted to get out for that reason. She doesn't get out because the highs when it works, particularly on stage, are so great.

"When I get a great part — like on the original of 'Jet' on 'Band On The Run', I play a really loud bass Moog, and if I hadn't done that then nobody would and it wouldn't have been there."

"It would have been all right if the other members of the band at the time had thought I was great, but I remember Henry (McCullough) saying things like 'Oh I can't work with this.' But there was everyone saying 'she's no good' and it was really painful. Every time somebody said I sang out of tune it was like a dagger in my heart. Henry was right, he couldn't work with it, but it

was just excuses y'know, rock'n'roll shouldn't be like that. And then came all this punk three-chord stuff... oh yeah, I could fit into that."

But I was your real rock 'n' roll freak, I mean, really. I couldn't begin to tell you. My whole teenage years I had a radio to my ear — it saved me. Like, I was in New York, there was Johnny Otis, and the Penguins and all these spade groups, and then Elvis and the Everlies and the Brooklyn Paramount Shows, Little Anthony & The Imperials. But playing piano was one of those things you had to practice 45 minutes a day and I couldn't do it — now I play very chondy stuff. But I'm still real nervous about it if you want to know the truth."

At this point a small McCartney comes running in and squirts journalist with water pistol. Mother is mightily amused and tells him to go and squirt daddy, ensconced on another floor.

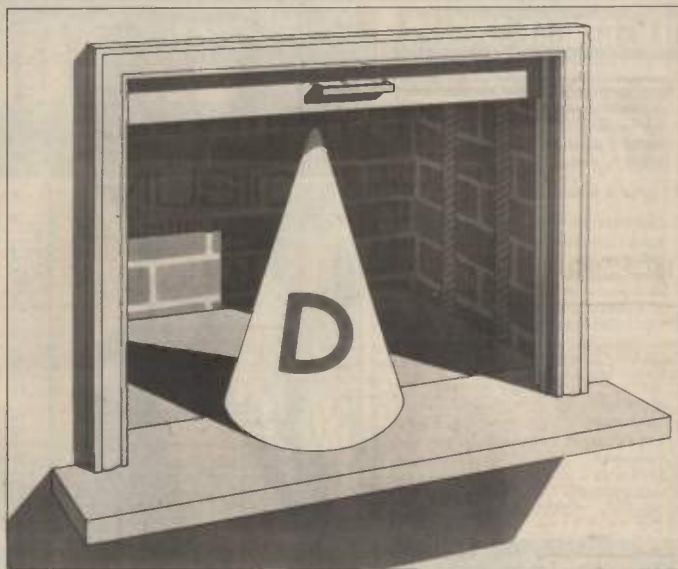
She says she'd like to do more film work — Paul wants to make a full-length cartoon of "Rupert The Bear", "but I'm strictly your four-minute girl". I ask her if she liked "Yellow Submarine" and she says no, not much. "I liked the bit at the end best when the four Beatles came on. I like movement and reality in the fantasy, but that seemed to have a German influence. Everybody I know likes it, our kids do, but I like the old-fashioned movement and realistic backgrounds. I like flowers to be totally magical and Snow White and Bambi and all that stuff."

"Seaside Woman" may or may not be the prelude to a solo album. There's enough stuff in the can — including some Jamaican recordings with Lee Perry, which have never been released because she wasn't satisfied with her vocals.

"And I feel a bit funny about putting out reggae music when I'm not a true rasta woman, even 'Seaside Woman'. But now everybody's done it, the Specials, the Beat, all those people, and if I put it out now everyone'll say 'Oh yeah, jumping on the bandwagon.' I should just do what I wanna do, cos even if I'm innocent I'm guilty, so I might as well be guilty. Happily gully."

"If somebody thinks it's good enough I'll put it out, but I need to be pushed, if it comes out everyone'll say 'Oh look what she's done now.' It's not like I'm Stravinsky and I'm there to be picked apart. I'd rather just keep it for the family record rack." — COLIN IRWIN

THE KORGIS



DUMB WAITERS

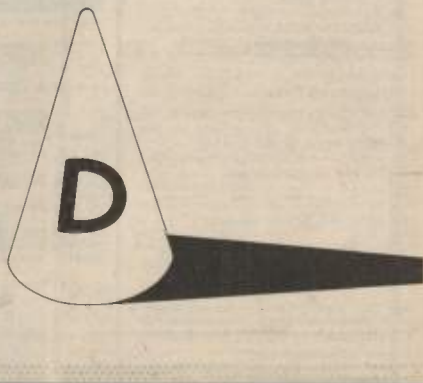
THE KORGIS 2ND ALBUM
INCLUDES THE HIT SINGLE
"EVERYBODY'S GOT TO
LEARN SOMETIME"



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RIALTO RECORDS 4 YEOMANS ROW LONDON SW3



CHARTS

U.K. REGGAE SINGLES

- 1 **WHEN I THINK OF YOU** Ruddy Thomas, Hawkeye
- 2 **LET ME LOVE YOU** Dennis Brown, Joe Gibbs
- 3 **THE WINNER** Barrington Levy, J&J
- 4 **SITTING AND WATCHING** Dennis Brown, Taxi
- 5 **MERRY GO ROUND** Junior Delgado, Power House
- 6 **I NEED A WOMAN TONIGHT** Tyrone, Ambassador
- 7 **CAN'T GET OVER YOU** Alpha, Cool Rockers
- 8 **TODAY IS MY BIRTHDAY** Storm, Soundoff
- 9 **SISTER DAWN** Junior Reid, Nigger Roots
- 10 **A1 X SOUND** Captain Sinbad and Little John, Youth In Progress
- 11 **MY GENERATION** Prince Lincoln, UA
- 12 **YOU REALLY DO LOVE ME** Junior Delgado and Ranking Dread, Soundoff
- 13 **IT ALL ALWAYS LOVE YOU** Maria Taylor, K&K
- 14 **COULD YOU BE LOVED** Bob Marley and the Wailers, Island
- 15 **AFTER YOU** Wayne Wade, Crazy Joe
- 16 **WEED FIELDS** Desti Roots, Hawkeye
- 17 **YOU'VE LOST IT** Sugar Minott, Black Roots
- 18 **SENSIMINA** Black Uhuru, Island
- 19 **BALTIMORE** Tamilins, Taxi
- 20 **MAMA SAY SON** Trevor Hartley, Jungle Beat

Chart supplied by SOUND OFF RECORDS, 278 Kirkdale, Salford, London SE26

U.S. SINGLES

- 1 (1) **IT'S STILL ROCK AND ROLL TO ME** Billy Joel, Columbia
- 2 (2) **THE ROSE** Bette Midler, Atlantic
- 3 (3) **COMING UP** Paul McCartney, Columbia
- 4 (4) **LITTLE JEANNIE** Elton John, MCA
- 5 (7) **MAGIC** Olivia Newton-John, MCA
- 6 (6) **CUPID** Spinners, Atlantic
- 7 (5) **STEAL AWAY** Robbie Dupree, Elektra
- 8 (11) **TIRED OF TOEIN' THE LINE** Rocky Burnette, EMI America
- 9 (9) **LET'S GET SERIOUS** Jermaine Jackson, Motown
- 10 (10) **SHINING STAR** Manhattans, Columbia
- 11 (19) **TAKE YOUR TIME (DO IT RIGHT) PART 1** SOS Band, Tabu
- 12 (13) **IN AMERICA** Charlie Daniels Band, Epic
- 13 (14) **LET ME LOVE YOU TONIGHT** Pure Prairie League, Casablanca
- 14 (16) **I'M ALIVE** Electric Light Orchestra, MCA
- 15 (8) **FUNKYTOWN** Lipps Inc., Casablanca
- 16 (17) **GIMME SOME LOVIN'** Blues Brothers, Atlantic
- 17 (12) **AGAINST THE WIND** Bob Seger, Capitol
- 18 () **MORE LOVE** Kim Carnes, EMI America
- 19 () **ALL NIGHT LONG** Joe Walsh, Full Moon
- 20 () **ONE FINE DAY** Carole King, Capitol

U.S. COUNTRY SINGLES

- 1 (2) **FRIDAY NIGHT BLUES** John Conlee, MCA
- 2 (4) **BAR ROOM BUDDIES** Merle Haggard and Clint Eastwood, Elektra
- 3 (1) **YOU WIN AGAIN** Charley Pride, RCA
- 4 (7) **TRUE LOVE WAYS** Mickey Gilley, Epic
- 5 (8) **IT'S TRUE LOVE** Conway Twitty and Loretta Lynn, MCA
- 6 (6) **DANCING RIDER** Willie Nelson, Columbia
- 7 (9) **DANCIN' COWBOYS** Bellamy Brothers, Warner Bros
- 8 (10) **STAND BY ME** Mickey Gilley, Asylum
- 9 (11) **TENNESSEE RIVER** Alabama, RCA
- 10 (14) **CLYDE** Waylon, RCA
- 11 (13) **THE BLUE SIDE** Crystal Gayle, Columbia
- 12 (17) **SAVE YOUR HEART FOR ME** Jacky Ward Mercury
- 13 (16) **DRIVIN' MY LIFE AWAY** Eddie Rabbit, Elektra
- 14 (15) **IN AMERICA** Charlie Daniels Band, Epic
- 15 (19) **LOVE THE WORLD AWAY** Kenny Rogers, United Artists
- 16 (4) **HE STOPPED LOVING HER TODAY** George Jones, Epic
- 17 (18) **WAYFARING STRANGER** Emmylou Harris, Warner Bros
- 18 (20) **COWBOYS AND CLOWNS/MISERY LOVES COMPANY** Ronnie Milsap, RCA
- 19 () **IT'S OVER** Rex Allen Jr., Warner Bros
- 20 () **WE'RE NUMBER ONE** Larry Gatlin and the Gatlin Brothers Band, Columbia

UK TOP 30

Singles Albums



Ol' big eyes is back, at number one with ELO

- 1 (1) **XANADU** Olivia Newton-John and Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
- 2 (7) **USE IT UP AND WEAR IT OUT** Odyssey, RCA
- 3 (2) **JUMP TO THE BEAT** Stacy Lattisaw, Atlantic
- 4 (4) **CUPID** Detroit Spinners, Atlantic
- 5 (21) **BABOOSHKA** Kate Bush, EMI
- 6 (17) **COULD YOU BE LOVED** Bob Marley and the Wailers, Island
- 7 (10) **MY WAY OF THINKING** UB40, Graduate
- 8 (11) **LOVE WILL TEAR US APART** Joy Division, Factory
- 9 (13) **EMOTIONAL RESCUE** Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones
- 10 (3) **FUNKYTOWN** Lipps Inc., Casablanca
- 11 (8) **WATERFALLS** Paul McCartney, Parlophone
- 12 (23) **MORE THAN I CAN SAY** Leo Sayer, Chrysalis
- 13 (9) **EVERYBODY'S GOT TO LEARN SOMETIME** Korgis, Rialto
- 14 (12) **TO BE OR NOT TO BE** B.A. Robertson, Asylum
- 15 (5) **CRYING** Don McLean, EMI
- 16 (18) **747 (STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT)** Saxon, Carrere



Never mind love - we're in at number 20

- 17 (6) **SIMON TEMPLAR/TWO PINTS OF LAGER** Splodgenessabounds, Deram
- 18 (19) **A LOVER'S HOLIDAY** Change, WEA
- 19 () **PAINT IT BLACK** Modettes, Deram
- 20 () **THERE THERE MY DEAR** Dexy's Midnight Runners, Parlophone
- 21 () **THEME FROM THE INVADERS** Yellow Magic Orchestra, A&M
- 22 (30) **WEDNESDAY WEEK** Undertones, Sire
- 23 (24) **NEON KNIGHTS** Black Sabbath, Vertigo
- 24 () **LET'S HANG ON** Darts, Magnet
- 25 (16) **PLAY THE GAME** Queen, EMI
- 26 (15) **BEHIND THE GROOVE** Teena Marie, Motown
- 27 (14) **BACK TOGETHER AGAIN** Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway, Atlantic
- 28 (26) **ME MYSELF I** Joan Armatrading, A&M
- 29 () **OOPS UPSIDE YOUR HEAD** Gap Band, Mercury
- 30 () **THIS FEELIN'** Frank Hooker, DJM

- 1 (4) **EMOTIONAL RESCUE** Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones
- 2 (1) **FLESH + BLOOD** Roxy Music, Polydor
- 3 (3) **PETER GABRIEL** Charisma
- 4 (2) **SAVED** Bob Dylan, CBS
- 5 (8) **UPRISING** Bob Marley and the Wailers, Island
- 6 (7) **Mc CARTNEY II** Paul McCartney, Parlophone
- 7 (5) **ME MYSELF I** Joan Armatrading, A&M
- 8 (6) **THE PHOTOS** Sky, Ariola
- 9 (10) **SKY 2** Sky, Ariola
- 10 (12) **LIVE AT LAST** Black Sabbath, Nems
- 11 (9) **I JUST CAN'T STOP IT** Beat, Go Feet
- 12 () **THE GAME** Queen, EMI
- 13 (16) **READY AN' WILLING** Whitesnake, United Artists
- 14 (17) **OFF THE WALL** Michael Jackson, Epic



Freddie Mercury flexes knee-pads ready for the game at number 12

- 15 (15) **HOT WAX** Various Artists, K-Tel
- 16 (11) **DEFECTOR** Steve Hackett, Charisma
- 17 (14) **THE UP ESCALATOR** Graham Parker and the Rumour, Stiff
- 18 (13) **DUKE** Genesis, Charisma
- 19 (19) **DIANA** Diana Ross, Motown
- 20 () **HOLD OUT** Jackson Browne, Asylum
- 21 () **SOUNDS SENSATIONAL** Bert Kaempfert, Polydor
- 22 (21) **HEROES** Commodores, Motown
- 23 () **CHAIN LIGHTNING** Don McLean, EMI
- 24 () **BEAT BOY IN THE JET AGE** Lambretta, Rocket
- 25 (23) **ROBERTA FLACK AND DONNY HATHAWAY** Atlantic
- 26 (22) **ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK** Dindisc
- 27 () **DEMOLITION** Girls School, Bronze
- 28 (18) **MAGIC REGGAE** Various Artists, K-Tel
- 29 (24) **REGGATTA DE BLANC** Police, A&M
- 30 () **CHAMPAGNE AND ROSES** Various Artists, Polystar



Bert Kaempfert zooms in at number 21, still sounding 'sensational' at Heathrow

U.K. SOUL SINGLES

- 1 (1) **JUMP TO THE BEAT** Stacy Lattisaw, Atlantic
- 2 (9) **USE IT UP, WEAR IT OUT** Odyssey, RCA
- 3 (6) **FUNKIN' FOR JAMAICA** Tom Browne, Arista
- 4 (7) **A LOVER'S HOLIDAY** Change, WEA
- 5 (12) **CUPID** Detroit Spinners, Atlantic
- 6 (5) **THIS FEELING** Frank Hooker, DJM
- 7 (4) **BACK TOGETHER AGAIN** Roberta Flack and Donny Hathaway, Atlantic
- 8 (2) **BEHIND THE GROOVE** Teena Marie, Motown
- 9 (8) **THEME FROM THE INVADERS** Yellow Magic Orchestra, A&M
- 10 (13) **BRAZILIAN LOVE AFFAIR** George Duke, Epic
- 11 (10) **FUNKYTOWN** Lipps Inc., Casablanca
- 12 (14) **IN THE FOREST** Baby D, Calibre
- 13 () **(OOPS) UPSIDE YOUR HEAD** Gap Band, Mercury
- 14 (15) **DOES SHE HAVE A FRIEND** Gene Chandler, 20th Century
- 15 () **COULD YOU BE LOVED** Bob Marley and the Wailers, Island
- 16 (20) **GIVE ME THE NIGHT** George Benson, Warner Bros
- 17 (3) **SCRATCH** Surface Noise, WEA
- 18 (18) **REALLY REALLY LOVE YOU** Cecil Parker, EMI
- 19 (16) **ON THE ONE** Cameo, Chocolate City
- 20 (11) **LET'S GET SERIOUS** Jermaine Jackson, Motown

U.S. ALBUMS

- 1 (1) **GLASS HOUSES** Billy Joel, Columbia
- 2 (2) **AGAINST THE WIND** Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band, Capitol
- 3 (5) **JUST ONE NIGHT** Eric Clapton, RSO
- 4 (4) **URBAN COWBOY** Soundtrack, Asylum
- 5 () **EMOTIONAL RESCUE** Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones
- 6 (6) **EMPTY GLASS** Pete Townshend, Atco
- 7 (8) **HEROES** Commodores, Motown
- 8 (3) **Mc CARTNEY II** Paul McCartney, Columbia
- 9 (10) **OFF THE WALL** Michael Jackson, Epic
- 10 (12) **LET'S GET SERIOUS** Jermaine Jackson, Motown
- 11 (14) **BLUES BROTHERS** Original Soundtrack, Atlantic
- 12 () **HOLD OUT** Jackson Browne, Asylum
- 13 (17) **DIANA** Diana Ross, Motown
- 14 (7) **THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK** Soundtrack, RSO
- 15 (15) **21 AT 33** Elton John, MCA
- 16 (16) **THE ROSE** Soundtrack, Atlantic
- 17 (9) **THE WALL** Pink Floyd, Columbia
- 18 () **ONE FOR THE ROAD** Kinks, Arista
- 19 (1) **DUKE** Genesis, Atlantic
- 20 (20) **CHRISTOPHER CROSS** Warner Bros

U.S. SOUL SINGLES

- 1 (1) **TAKE YOUR TIME (DO IT RIGHT)** SOS Band, Tabu
- 2 (3) **ONE IN A MILLION YOU** Larry Graham, Warner Bros
- 3 (2) **LANDLORD** Gladys Knight and the Pips, Columbia
- 4 (7) **CUPID** Spinners, Atlantic
- 5 (5) **A LOVER'S HOLIDAY** Change, RFC
- 6 (6) **SWEET SENSATION** Stephanie Mills, 20th Century
- 7 (4) **LET'S GET SERIOUS** Jermaine Jackson, Motown
- 8 (8) **SHINING STAR** Manhattans, Columbia
- 9 (9) **WE'RE GOIN' OUT TONIGHT** Cameo, Chocolate City
- 10 (10) **SITTING IN THE PARK** GQ, Arista
- 11 (13) **YOU AND ME** Rockie Robbins, A&M
- 12 (15) **DYNAMITE!** Stacy Lattisaw, Coliflon
- 13 (19) **GIVE ME THE NIGHT** George Benson, Warner Bros
- 14 (11) **FUNKYTOWN** Lipps Inc., Casablanca
- 15 (16) **SOMEONE THAT I USED TO LOVE** Natalie Cole, Capitol
- 16 (12) **BACK TOGETHER AGAIN** Roberta Flack and Donny Hathaway, Atlantic
- 17 () **OLD FASHION LOVE** Commodores, Motown
- 18 (18) **LIGHT UP THE NIGHT** Brothers Johnson, A&M
- 19 (14) **GOTTA GET MY HANDS ON SOME (MONEY)** Fatback, Spring
- 20 () **HERE WE GO AGAIN** Isley Brothers, T-Neck

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AN N.J.F. MARQUEE PRESENTATION

MM2

Big deals and high ideals

WE emerge out of Warren Street tube station and into the dark busy corridors of the Capital Radio tower. Doors are everywhere and from them emerge young, incredibly concerned looking people, all nodding at one another with that sorry

I can't stop smile engraved upon their lips and shining in their eyes. And here, in Studio 4, Jackie Hamilton, bass player with the Moondogs, sits with his teammates, Austin Barret (drums) and Gerry Mcandless (guitar), listening back to a song they've recorded for a future Nicky Horne show called "Two Timed".

As we enter the cramped studio that's dominated by an imposing bank of bright, colorful monitors and knobs, they warmly welcome photographer Lou and myself in this c, Irish accents, asking immediately how we want to tackle the afternoon's business.

Eventually it's decided that Tom should go first with his Pentax and they troop off to the street leaving me with a mixing engineer, a sandwich and the day's main papers.

As I jettison last week's, Employees, and think about this week's, the phone bleeps into my hand. The producer nonchalantly answers it. From what I gather it's a friend inquiring into his day's activities. "Yeah, Melody Maker are up here to do an interview while they're doing the session," he tells the other end of the line. "And you know," he whispers confidentially, "everybody wants to know them now. Just about everybody."

GERRY got thrown out of his previous band, some ghastly HM combo, for wanting to write his own

songs, Jackie joined the band the day before his birthday, October 12. Armin has a valuable connection with Ireland's winterboys: the Undertones. He's the cousin of John O'Neill.

From those three points the Murrelsons fanned within their home town of Derry, and now, less than two years since inception, they have a major record contract, a fair degree of success and an awful lot of people talking about them. When Allen Jones, recently spoken to as a highly respected figure within the music biz about the results of the band, he was told that the nearest available comparison to be found was that of, yes, the Beatles.

Well... that's one myth we can put to rest immediately, along with another which, in retrospect, is far more obvious and far more dangerous.

It still begins with the question of the underdog and the popular notion that any boy who moved out of Ireland had to be a cute, naive thing with little or no sense to rub to a teacher. You either had to have the wit and sharpness of a Goido (and notice how he has always been the one in such discussions) or spend the rest of your interview days denying the notion to cynical journalists who will probably write that anyway. To avoid that and the other popular image of little boys lost in the country, Dick BeVington, you had to be quick and if you can sidestep it, well, just that action itself proves the idea redundant.

Jackie Hamilton speaking: "People say the Undertones are naive, we boys from Derry and all this crap, but we're not I don't think. In fact, I know it because we've proven it with all the things that have happened in the past. There's nothing we can really look back on except for the record with Good Vibrations, that's the only thing we can say we were naive about and that was probably more enthusiasm at getting the record than anything. But as far as anything else goes, we've got good advice and we've got

In this radio studio it's probably no more than anyone else whose feeling just a bit naive and nervous, by all the intimidating technology that surrounds us.

"We got there," Luther recalls, "about the first time I went into a studio," and the boys said how would you like your song? DA or what? We just stood there saying what's DA you know." He laughs cheerfully.

Before the Mounddogs went into the studio, via *Good Vibrations*, Leonard's answer to Rough Trade, they'd been taking their brand of energetic yet tuneful material, as well as a lot of covers, from all the familiar haunts for six months, facing all the familiar problems.

But it's not always easy to find that money in the first place. "I had to reach money in Cherry because of a lot of unemployment," Jackie says. "But we just said what must possibly be, got around it, hand stuff. Gerry got a guitar through BP — I couldn't because I wasn't old enough." (he's 17) "but I got a copy piano for £20 or so and that did the till last year and that's how we worked it. We did okay."

practitioners were rather
pragmatic in orientation, apart
from those known to someone
who has picked up an
instrument and tried to get a
band together. In Ireland a
lot of the scene is dominated
by the shoobands, who pump
out suitably cover versions of
blind songs, night after
night, frustrating the efforts
of nearly every rock band
and especially the puny ones.

And there is a lot of show-biz. That's what Ireland does, you know. Along the West coast anyway it's all country and western show-biz in the pubs and ballrooms, and even if you do get a pig, say, along with a big band, says Jackie, 'people just don't appreciate you. They say do you do such and such song?' Do you do any other song?

"It's only in the pub where people will appreciate you doing your own song. And in school sometimes, like a dance, they really enjoy it, really great, though you always get them saying 'Any Undertone? Any Jam?'"

"One of the first times we played was at a school I was at, and we got a £1 between the three of us. But we didn't worry about the money because they put themselves out for us and we had a good time." He smiled at the

The "good things" of playing local clubs are small that Jackson would have to sing in front of an audience because the stage could only hold the drum kit, and he'd nearly have his lunch

knocked out by
over-enthusiastic dancers
And end had to leave.
"It was really the
Understones," Jackie recalls.
"Once they got off the
ground they were given a lot
of attention and people
started wondering if there
was anything else over
there."

Well, we were the only sort of band then doing our own songs, and when they played we played with them. It really spelled things up.

The band was offered an Irish tour with the Tones and the transformation from the rugged emigrants of their former guise to the confidence of today began. They were already aware of

"We weren't expecting to get signed up on that tour, but we were expecting to gain a lot of experience and develop our stage personalities. Not just go 'this one's called so and so,' but talking to people. And we learnt a lot from the coaches. We got a real lot of help. Like from some people where you go in, you don't even get a handshake, but we were lucky enough and we got a really good handshake every time and they gave us what we wanted on stage."

It was about this time that the band started to run into influential people, like former MM writer Harry Doherty, and their present manager Thomas Bradmore who were able to offer the band solid advice and encouragement.

In fact Harry's glowing review of one of their gigs set the phones ringing, and Thomas meanwhile had taken the band in hand and

As Jack put it: "He got things done and that for us."

and we did our first session for Downtown Radio in Belfast. After that we went to tape to John Peel and the record came out and it just all fell into place."

AFTER supplanting the Tens in and around Ireland the Monroes wanted to join them for their English tour. It was agreed and the big stars finally moved in for the kill. Two main contenders stood out, *WEA* and *Virgin*.

We were more or less going for WEA all the time. Jacket reveals, because Sir was the 'Tons' label and we'd done a tour with them and we were from the same town as them... and WEA were offering more or less what we wanted. But then we found out that we could get on Sir through the Real label, because they're both the same thing.

"Anyway, one night we were in an hotel with Harry and Thomas and all these people from Six were coming down to see us and we were thinking Jesus! What are we going to say to them? We were meeting all

those people from America like Seymour Stein, so we went down and like everything else, we went late and by that time Harry and Thomas had already got more or less what we wanted.

'We had a lot in common with what they wanted to do and our ideas and the way we wanted it, so it worked out really well.'

A sold their British bond which began from the morning during the opening date, saw the bond being called back to the stage at each 10 min.

The Moondogs are no showband. But back home in Northern Ireland, being a showband was the only way to get heard. Until a couple of years ago, that is. Now the 'Dogs are out and about . . . and running fast. **PAULO HEWITT** corners them in the studios of a well-known commercial radio station.

other groups that it doesn't matter. But Aberdeen," he enthuses. "It was a wee, wee tiny place and we were out of tune and we just couldn't get into tune however hard we tried. But the friends were so good, really great, really friendly."

So with an encouraging grand-brother, our behind them, a generous reward contrast up ahead. They sit happily in the Capital in turn with nothing station center at their relatively impressive achievements. One question, however, remains.

— in these depressed times
harsh economies — how far
will a 'goodness' band be
granted any leeway by the
new familiarity-fickle
audience unable to relate to
the band's stunning
one-dimensional sound?

"But just one, you're probably more into this Jan says Jackie, arching biding the hair she placed in my lap."

"We were talking and probably we know how some people they have, but we'd really like to play youth clubs. Even if we only get four days, but just the fact that there's people 15 and

Gerry: We're trying for a younger crowd than a bar.

Jackie: "It all depends on how you go about these things because the people we're playing to are the people who are working in 30-5 or whatever, and we just play to them and these people don't go about saying what's just wrong about? Are you trying to change the world and all? He stops a little bit more, "Just playing ordinary music."

Ordinary music? At best that's an understatement. Certainly the music is not stunningly innovative or completely idiosyncratic. But what it does is to fuse, in much the same way as Cheap Trick do, a Sixties pop sensibility with an overdrive of late-Seventies' guitar.



Spotty patches leave cat for four days

'One of the first times we played was at a school I was at, and we got £1 between the three of us. But we didn't worry about the money because they put themselves out for us and we had a good time.' (Jackie Hamilton).

SINGLE FILE



by Martyn Sutton

Watch out for a girl named Sue

FAVOURITES:

SUE WILKINSON: "You've Got To Be A Hustler If You Wanna Get On" (Cheapskate)

Every now and then some lady brings out a record that hits red blooded males in the brain cells as well as the estrogenous zones. Kate Bush did it with "Wuthering Heights", Meri Wilson did it with "Telephone Man". Sue Wilkinson has joined the exclusive club.

This record is clever as well as sexy and deserves to be a smash. Over clinking piano and in a style that borrows from the Flying Lizards as well as Noel Coward, she delivers a witty lyric that tells of naughty girls who use their sexuality on the way to fame and fortune.

Not for Women's Libbers but a great record that entertains and manages to make some valid points at the same time. A touch of music hall, a touch of pure pop, a touch of class. Fabulous chorus. Loved it to death.

SMACK: "Edward Fox" (Aspirin Records)

And while we're talking about unusual subject matter, this one takes the biscuit. And the cakes and scones. Tired of songs about moon-and-June or new wave songs about urban boredom? This band have taken an article about Edward Fox the actor from The New Manchester Review and set some of the content to music. The result is an original, snappy record which features some wonderfully mean and dirty guitar work as well as a chorus/chant that really does grow on you.

Highly intelligent and a lot of fun with lines like "Edward Fox has charm. Not the sticky transatlantic variety nor indeed the hammy continental strain but rather the quietly English charm of old Hounds-tooth jackets, unobtrusive courtesy and a complete lack of condescension." This record is a gas, an unqualified Mancunian gas.

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS: "Don't Do Me Like That" (Backstreet/MCA)

Whatever happened to Tom Petty — he of the de-bauched good looks and the

great voice? Well, one suspects that the man who delivered one great rock song ("American Girl") had too much image and not enough musical muscle.

Anyway he's back complete with a free record (Limited Edition) that will appeal to his fans. The freebie offers powerful versions of "Stories We Can Tell" and "Something Else" which were both recorded at Hammersmith Odeon. The real single, so to speak, is very nice. A good bopper with neat guitar and a gritty vocal.

TALKING HEADS: "Cities" (Sire)

From the album, "Fear of Music", this compulsive number has driving rhythm guitar and bubbling bass. Sounds a bit like David Bowie playing with ace session musicians but that's no bad thing. A goodie.

FRUSTRATION: "4" Be 2" (WEA)

This lot have interesting names such as Dreary O'Hoodlum and Pig Youth. Somewhat predictably they don't make smooth disco records. This is a spirited rocker with a rather nice air of irreverent anarchy about it.



Produced by Johnny Rotten, whoever he was, the record also offers a disturbingly original version of Townshend's anthem of teen frustration, "Can't Explain". Nothing changes, as somebody once said, it's just that we all get older. Records like this are as relevant to today's youth as Who records were to those who remember the Sixties.

THE STEP: "Love Letter" (Direction)

Backed with credible versions of "Land Of A Thousand Dances" and "Knock On Wood" recorded live at Dingwalls a mere three months ago this one is tres current. "Love Letter" is a good rocker featuring nice brass passages and is in the Dexy's Midnight Runners bag without having that band's distinctive vocal sounds. Could be very successful, all the same.

BODYSNATCHERS: "Easy Life" (2-Tone)

Another successful horse bolting from the 2-Tone stable. Good form, classy pedigree and great staying power. This record has a fiendish rhythm and a wonderful feel of contemporary relevance. (It's the production as well as the musical style/record label.) Can't fail unless it fails at the nation's (airplay). Are our favourite broadcasting gurus getting tired of 2-Tone? Wait and see.

BROKEN HOME: "No Chance" (WEA)

Wonderfully languid atmosphere. Laidback and irrevocably classy, there is a nice chorus and evidence of intelligent ensemble playing. Packaged, produced and pre-sold by the admirably clever Mutt Lang. I wish it well.

MICHAEL JACKSON: "Girlfriend" (Epic)

What a great singer this lad turned out to be. Life is full of surprises. Would you have bought a used Jackson Five album from him a few years ago? Right, neither would I but now, thanks to the aging process and producer Quincy Jones, Mike's a veritable superstar.

This one is not as strong as his other hits cunningly culled from the excellent "Off The Wall" album but it should still be a hit. Written by Paul McCartney (with Jackson in mind, so the story goes) this Wings track gets the soft soul treatment and is sung with delicious zest by our diskly hero. Gentle, drifting melody. Great production.

DIANA ROSS: "Upside Down" (Motown)

An out-and-out disco smash from Miss Ross. Remixed by the lady herself the cut is still produced, arranged and conducted by Bernard Edwards and Nile Rogers of Chic fame which

means that it is bang up to date, infectious and beautifully constructed. Should be her biggest hit in years. Great bass and drum sounds, stunning vocal track and a highly accessible hook line.

BLUES BROTHERS: "Gimme Some Lovin'" (Atlantic)

A really great version of the Spencer Davis smash. Tremendously impressive, ruffing horns and irresistible beat. Impossible to ignore, hard to dislike, hope it makes it.

PIRANHAS: "Tom Hark" (Sire)

Outrageous, really outrageous. The Piranhas swim through this novelty number in great style. Highly danceable and totally indescribable. Seek this one out and listen to it carefully.

DARK HORSE:

MARI WILSON with the IMAGINATIONS: "Love Man" (GTO)

This record could be a surprise hit. First, every time Anne Nightingale plays it on Radio 1 people go and buy a few copies. Secondly, Bowie himself bought it from the Virgin Megastore. Makes you think eh? This is a great dance record and although it is too much of a contrived Motown pastiche for my taste it does have a lot going for it. Nice sax, piano and

drum work. Cleverly dated vocal and a cleverly dated sleeve. It's like entering a time warp. Remember when Diana Ross was just a Supreme? This will take you back. The Detroit sound lives and breathes in sunny Wembley. If you want to be trendy buy this record.

GIRLSCHOOL: "Race With The Devil" (Bronze)

Familiar guitar riff, old Adrian Gurvitz number. Nice.

OUTSIDERS: "Eleanor" (Songwriters' Workshop)

You may have seen Ed perform this song recently in between two pieces of anarchic lunacy on Spike Milligan's BBC2 "Q9" show. It was sadly out of place there and, to many, it will be deemed out of place in today's marketplace. A nice, tuneful ballad but then, Don McLean's "Crying", was a nice, tuneful ballad as well. In short: Maybe it's not out of place, maybe it's a surprise hit? Who knows — but Welch is a clever writer and the high vocal, piano work and sympathetic string sounds are all eminently pretty.

SHANN LEE PARKER: "Can't Nobody Love You" (Polydory)

An old fashioned but surprisingly effective soul ballad. Horns blow manfully, backing singers croon dutifully and Shann does her best with a trite lyric.

CLIFFORD T. WARD: "Convertible" (WEA)

Back with a whimper, not a bang, the nice guy who brought you "Gay" and "Home Thoughts From Abroad" is wasting his time with this epic. A nothing song drowning slowly but surely in a sea of overproduced, unidentified liquid. This liquid is made up of all sorts of dubious particles and has been poured all over the talented Cliff by one Justin De Villeneuve who should have stuck to managing Twiggy. Cliff should stick to melody.

JONA LEWIE: "Big Shot Momentarily" (Stiff)

Lots of fun. Same quirky voice but the melody is not as memorable as his last one. V.G. though, eight out of ten.

AMY HOLLAND: "How Do I Survive" (Capitol)

Polished, expensive disco number featuring typically lyrical Tom Scott sax solo. It sails along nicely and could do very well for itself. Good rhythm, interestingly sexual singer who looks like a pristine pure Debbie Harry — and sounds like a big star.

RADIATORS: "Stranger Than Fiction" (Chiswick)

A simple but effective number written by the band and produced by the redoubtable Hans Zimmer. Not a hit but a good try. The Radiators are hot stuff and they'll make it eventually.

BUSTA JONES: "Just A Little Misunderstanding" (Spring)

Co-written by Stevie Wonder, this one was a hit for the Contours nine years ago. Reworked efficiently by Busta, this must have a good chance amid the current disco and R&B renaissance. Poppy enough for Mum, boppy enough for kids down the disco.

THE ALIENS: "Call For Kremen" (EMI)

From the Allan Carr production "Kremen The Movie", this is a catchy bit of nonsense with weird sound effects, computerised voices and a surprisingly haunting chorus. It could be a surprisingly big hit.

ALSO RAN:

VILLAGE PEOPLE: "Can't Stop The Music" (Mercury)

Could this one actually be a flop? Millions of EMI's money has been sunk into this Alan Carr movie and disco is no longer setting the world alight with feverish fire every Saturday Night. The truth of the matter is that this record has none of the old Village People balls and excitement. It is a turkey. Lacklustre disco dross. Shame 'cos EMI need the money and the movie will probably turn out to be a turkey as well.

QUICK STEWARD'S INQUIRIES:

CUDDLY TOYS: "Mad-Man" (Fresh)

An unrecorded version of a song written by Bowie with Marc Bolan just before his death. Interesting, but it will not set the world on fire.

FRANKIE MILLER: "Why Don't You Spend The Night" (Chrysalis)

Big ballad, great voice, but he's no Rod Stewart is he? Sad really 'cos he's a better singer. He just lacks charisma, good looks, money and the talent for producing classy, well produced ballads. Stick to rockers, old son.

ATOMIC ROOSTER: "Do You Know Who's Looking For You?" (EMI)

The rooster is back in the farmyard. Vincent Crane still plays organ with great skill but the days of "Tomorrow Night" have gone. Stomper, but not a hit.

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FURTHER to Malcolm Oliver's letter July 5 it took a group of the calibre of Rush to induce me to go and see a concert at the Brighton Centre.

I thought their live performance excellent. It was highlighted by "Xanadu" (the long live version, not connected with Olivia Newton-John's latest hit single). As a politician I find close to the heart "a farewell to Kings" an inspiring theme. The two hour set was a pleasure to sit through.

I notice now that the Stones are planning a tour shortly. I hope they will include the Brighton Centre in their long awaited visit to England.

To complete an excellent Autumn programme, it would be nice to have Big Al Dimeola and Dire Straits playing at the Dome in Brighton. — COLIN CILLOR RICHARD BATES, Clonmore, Highcroft Villas, Brighton BN1 5PS.

● LP WINNER

I NOW buy every Bob Dylan album religiously. — BRIAN DIVER, Viewforth, Edinburgh.

Brighton rock



Rush — an inspiration to politicians everywhere

I WOULD like to say something about a group that I feel doesn't seem to get enough mention. They are the Shadows. I don't think there has been another band in British pop music that has experienced so many changes in personnel and yet has still remained a polished, professional small instrumental group. (I have counted 13 people in all who have actually played in the set-up, including the faithful Hank Marvin.

During the Sixties they made some excellent numbers either written by themselves or by London. They then split up and re-formed into another group, this time a vocal/acoustic line up consisting of (and called) Marvin, Welch and Farrar. They made two excellent albums during this time containing songs mainly written by themselves which I think enjoyed rave reviews. Unfortunately (and I say this respectfully) during concerts they were repeatedly being asked to play Shadows' numbers. Eventually, this group disbanded. The two albums they made are now deleted.

Recently, they have made a tremendous comeback playing tunes and songs of past hit status. Now this is the point that saddens me: Here is a group of musicians, talented individually in their own right and yet they produce records which are finely recorded, but not original. Surely there must be someone in the Shadows, or even another Jerry Lordan somewhere, who can write some original music for this band. I often feel vexed at a group who, in many ways were pioneers of the three-guitar-plus-drums line-up now having to settle for second-hand numbers.

It would be interesting to hear other readers' views on my comments. — EDDIE FORBES, Tylehurst School, Forest Row, East Sussex.

HAVING read last week's Lindsay Buckingham piece, I've realised how true his words were. Today, most people refuse to take risks and they don't want to be confronted with change, whether it be in their ideals, their habits or their personal tastes.

That's why the people who fell for the charms of Roxys "Over You" or "Dance Away" and went out and bought "Flesh & Blood", won't purchase the early albums in the fear of finding out that Roxys' reputation wasn't built on "classy sophistication" or easy listening ballads, but on challenging innovative adventurousness.

Anything that upsets the norm is out as far as most are concerned, and that's why Buckingham is having the trouble he is.

There are a couple of his efforts on "Tusk" that I don't like, but that doesn't mean that the man should stop experimenting and just submerge his personality in the band with the hope of knocking out more "Ramones" style successes.

Apparently some disagree. — MARK SMITH, Fillingham Close, Area 6, Chelmsley Wood, Birmingham.

ALTHOUGH the Strawbs have been somewhat downtrodden in recent years by the press, I do feel and know that they have a good following. They offer a special brand of music, a totally

Music now: 'A different brand of rubbish'

LAST week's contributions to "Mailbag" appeared to confirm the suspicions that we have harboured for the last few years, of course, to the immaculate standard of music that was set by the Beatles, and the subsequent inability of modern bands to match that standard.

Ever since the Sixties when the Beatles were being awarded more gold and silver discs than most bands receive fan mail, there has been a gradual decline in the quality of sound amongst bands. It seemed that we had weathered the storm after the blessed demise of the Sweet and T-Rexa, but the ensuing years have merely given us a different brand of rubbish. Too many people are now content to listen to any sort of prosaic piffle providing it is spiced with the essential ingredients of pseudo-aggression and not-so-subtle obscenities.

Inevitably it seems, we must content ourselves with dim shadows of the magical years of 1960-1970. In fact, it is more than just irony that the finest and most cultured musical contributions since that period have been "Imagine", "Ram...", "McCartney I" and "II" with "All Things Must Pass" making no small impact. Probably, this is as good a time as any to make use of that well-worn pun: "Nostalgia's not



Paul McCartney setting immaculate standards what it used to be. — LAURENCE JONES, Princess Street, Cudworth, Near Barnsley, S. Yorks.

English sound, which is always worth a listen.

But as I'm sure you are aware, Dave Cousins has recently departed and so should have the name of the "Strawbs". But all I heard was that Roy Hill is to replace him (who's he?) to continue the name.

Well after seeing them at the venue on Sunday the 6th as the new "Strawbs" I was horrified to find that it was a rip off. The failed Roy Hill Band had used this opportunity to step in and use the "Strawbs" name to flaunt their failing musical ability, for all they played was old Roy Hill songs which by no stretch of the imagination are in any way similar to the sound of the Strawbs.

Anyone can hear that for himself. Roy Hill's sound is total rubbish. He is surely bent on destroying this band as well.

This is a legal twist from one band name to another, and all we want to hear is the Strawbs, so without Cousins there is no Strawbs, so why don't they let the band rest in peace? — KEVIN POWLEY, Park Crescent, Erith, Kent.

I ENJOYED your interview with Jean Ritchie, except for her disparaging remarks about Bob Dylan and Woody Guthrie.

To regard Woody's speech as "funny" is rather nasty. After all, Jean's accent may sound funny to people from other regions, and surely her views of Bob Dylan's first New York gig are vastly exaggerated — she tries to make him seem half-

witted and ridiculous. Why does everyone try to knock Bob Dylan?

As for calling Woody Guthrie's songs parodies, it left me speechless (almost). Okay, so some of Woody's tunes are based on older ones, but surely this is true of most folk music, indeed is one of the reasons why it endures.

The dulcimer, of which Jean is such a fine player, originates from medieval times, and the music of the Appalachian regions originates from various European sources (mostly British) so her style of playing will have changed considerably from these times. Also, the songs will have changed from their original medieval and Elizabethan versions.

Folk music has always developed, adopting new instruments along the way, and if this were not so, we would still be singing in monotonies and playing a one note reed pipe like our ancient ancestors.

The over-reaction to Bob Dylan at the 1965 Newport Festival was obviously because it was he who first used the electric guitar at such a festival, not because of the instrument itself.

Pete Seeger himself said, in the early Sixties, that Bob Dylan would be America's greatest folksinger.

Folk music would be considerably poorer without the incomparable Woody Guthrie and Bob Dylan. — MARGARET HARKIN, Eglington Avenue, Hunters Hill, Gt. Brisbane, Cleveland County.



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POPCORNE

THE POLICE are the new holders of the Most Travelled Group in Rock Award previously held by XTC. Earlier this year, they completed an extravagant world tour.

● Pioneers to the last, next week they set out for Milton Keynes where they're headlining the first Milton Keynes rock festival.

● Right now, though, they're tucked into a studio in Holland recording the follow-up to "Dartmouth O'Amour" and "Regatta De Blues". The MM is with them, peering over their shoulders as they try to think up a new, more successful album title.

● In a related story, they also be wondering whether their current fan base has turned them into idolised dandruff, discussing Andy Berman's vague plans for a solo album. Still a continuing pursuit of movie stardom (a role in the new James Bond flick is possible) and hoping that Stewart Copeland's finally exorcised the ghost of Mark Kent.

Don't miss next week's MM

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ALBUMS



Spizz slays human

Pogo on the USS Enterprise

ATHLETICO SPIZZ '80: "Do A Runner" (A&M, AML6 68514).

SPIZZ change their name every year. What other band make disposability so memorable? They've grown into their present name with the Moscow Olympics imminent and the timely appearance of their sportily entitled first album.

With handles like Oil and Enigma already behind them, Spizz have maintained a pop novelty and also kept abreast of current affairs — or, rather, future ones. Rock has consistently been obsessed with sci-fi, intergalactic and aural equivalents for imagined interstellar existence. But no band has beamed itself onto these areas with the originality of Spizz. Not for them vignettes of an alienated, moribund

human race living on borrowed technological time. No, Spizz — though they are wary of the future — have hope they're humans, not Numans. "New Species" is the essential track on "Do A Runner." It fears for the "silicone flesh" of the future, but at the same time is a dream of liberty. "They are going to set us free. The human touch is further evident on 'Personification' and "Rhythm Inside", both anti-authoritarian paens to the computer. The lyrics are fractured, nursery rhymes from outer space. Spizz communicate via signals, and this is where the more keyboards of punk, their songs invoke the computer. The lyrics are fractured, nursery rhymes from outer space. Spizz communicate via signals, and this is where the more keyboards of punk, their songs invoke the computer. The lyrics are fractured, nursery rhymes from outer space. Spizz communicate via signals, and this is where the more keyboards of punk, their songs invoke the computer.

Spizz fuel their music ship Enterprise with wit and energy. In spite of their humanism and the frequent use of the brass dynamics of punk, their songs invoke the computer. The lyrics are fractured, nursery rhymes from outer space. Spizz communicate via signals, and this is where the more keyboards of punk, their songs invoke the computer. The lyrics are fractured, nursery rhymes from outer space. Spizz communicate via signals, and this is where the more keyboards of punk, their songs invoke the computer.

by Jim Salar (baw) and CP Scott (drums), with Dave Scott's guitar as the economical missing link between rhythm section and keyboards. The voice of Spizz himself must not be forgotten: it's both staccato and sincere, with the most ridiculous and heart-rending use of echo since Frankie Lane.

None of Spizz's singles are on the album, so there's a discovery on almost every track. There's even a love song or two, one of them inevitably called "Touched." "Airships" is practically an instrumental, with our heroes forgetting about future shocks in order to get a little nostalgic for a piece of hardware from the past.

This album is the end of Spizz's cult status and the beginning of their popularity. Play it pogo and ruminate in the privacy of your own room, while the band do a balancing act between the sweet dreams and nightmares of the future. — PAUL TICKELL

ROSSINGTON COLLINS BAND: "Anytime Anyplace Anywhere" (MCA 5130).

THE nucleus of the Rossington Collins band is made up of Lynyrd Skynyrd survivors, who've brought Dale Krantz in on vocals. She doesn't have a bad voice in a watered-down Janis Joplin sort of way, but this makes little difference when the songs which she and the rest of the band have penned are such a dead loss.

Look in vain on this album for a spark of life, for a single beat or chord change which is half-stirring. Early on in their career Lynyrd Skynyrd could occasionally make a successful tilt at a less improved, more soulful, Southern Bogle than the Allmans. "Anytime Anyplace Anywhere" is a long way from those days: the old form has become a tired format.

The guitars, overproduced to the point where they distract from the vocals, mouth out any bluesiness into emptiness. The country and western lyrics (about lovers, winners and unfaithful lovers) are equally banal; they love the conventions of the genre too slavishly to show any signs of life.

C&W can sometimes be a gentle parody of its own lowly sense of community. However, the RC Band are deadly serious when they ask "Do you remember the city of Sodom?" Are they addressing Cecil B. De Mille or a soggy-eyed audience of combs overdozed on Kentucky Fried? — PAUL TICKELL

DEUTSCH AMERIKANISCHE FREUNDEN: "Die Kleinen Und Die Großen" (Mute Stum 001)

DAF try to put the Euro into rock. They use rock 'n' roll basics of voice, bass, guitar and drums, not to get back to essentials but, with the addition of synth, to construct a new musical grammar. As with PIL, the pulsebeat is central. However, DAF's rhythms don't come out of black music. Home is a factory and its product the new equivalent of reggae. DAF, for all their negative minimalism, know how to sell themselves. We are the whorers of pop music. The band have a secret pop music, in spite of because of its triviality, is the best modern mode of communication — trivial but effective.

"Children toys funk." Or is it merely "Die Kleinen Und Die Großen" — literally "The Little And The Evil?"

DAF make themselves into a force for the good through their global criticisms. "East is best/West is better." Never mind the liberal uncertainty the studio sound (thanks to engineer Conny Plank) is bold and clear. Screaming guitar and synth push along to a forward pushing harsh beat which generates a sensuality of its own. The listeners as yet another clever-clever electronic group, and go back as quickly as possible to the history books and Clash albums. I know these sounds are not alien any more, and shouldn't be alienating. Indeed, a veneer of familiarity is already breeding contempt, but at present it is only a veneer; a lot must happen before it's really assimilated into the mainstream.

Or to put it the objective way: DAF inhabit that awkward position where innovation has not yet become tradition. Though fashion has replaced novelty, the sound isn't sufficiently established to allow variations. At this stage, predictability is a distraction, and stops you hearing anything else. DAF I show their individuality? Nowhere

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS: "Searching For The Young Soul Rebels" (Late Night Feelings PCS 7213).

DEXYS Midnight Runners have just issued their manifesto for the Eighties. I'm too catholic to be a soul rebel but I'm prepared to testify for the music, if not for the documentation which occupies the album sleeve; the "new soul vision" has put itself on record in more ways than one with enough cross-references to establish the going attitude for those already in possession of stylish hats and pencil moustaches.

Herein have been named by the recruitment drive for young soul rebels (remember the lesson of the evanescent glory boys) aims at a personal romanticism — "Some boys wear flames in their hair, these boys..." The liner notes describing the band's members are couched in mock-heroic terms, and the visuals feature a surreal longer, autisms in hand, a Man with a Mission, bringing down the walls of hierarchies and kicking aside the obstacles of misunderstanding.

The intro to "Burn It Down" (formerly "Dance Stances") makes its own comment on musical fashion. A restless hand flicks through radio stations and the Seventies as snatches of Deep Purple, the Sex Pistols and the Specials crackle briefly through the distortions of time and static, until the Voice of Now interrupts. "For God's sake Jimmy... Burn it down" Part one of the crest of various waves wipe out for good in the face of another breaker. A reminder that time turns on a new craze, a change of clothes and trade in of idols? Or maybe the whole soul rebel set-up plays on the ironic value of the truth of masks. No, not detached enough.

Running along with the constant theme of disaffection, neglect and misunderstanding is the quest for solidarity. But to some extent this is irrelevant since the lyrics are largely unintelligible (although some of them are very clever). This turns out to be a redemptive quality since the pure feeling of the record is more successful than the determinist search for the figures in a disconnected reading of the words.

"Burn It Down" with its great, strange chorus (a list of Irish writers to match the

Soapbox soul



Vitamin C for Rowland

redundant luminaries scattered through "There, There, My Dear") and "Genu" are proven winners where all elements are in balance and the movement's on two levels. Also I'm well on the side of "Tell Me When My Light Turns Green" Rowland manages to go a long way on an unexpected voice; because of its limitations, he sometimes sounds mannered but mostly he wrings a surprising amount of soulful variety out of it. Here he heads into a catchy falsetto backed up by grand horns, a solid anchor for the "crying," off-the-mel vocal. There are moments when the brass collection tends to tread a dodgy line between sobriety and power.

"The Teams That Meet in Caffe", an instrumental, is slow and serious but the swollen sounds of a Hammond and a sax solo sweeten the hard edges, and it swings. "I'm Just Looking" has a reverent organ line nodding in passing at Percy Sledge and a torchy vocal only split by the first few lines which are stage-whispered with an effect neither confessional nor intimate. This direction is pursued to an unfortunate conclusion in "Love Part One", a kind of jazz poem session. A distant, sax-meanders smokily around a piece of spoken verse that fails dismally on account of Rowland's flat, badly phrased reading which is too awkward to match the atmosphere.

Such lapses are infrequent. "I Couldn't Help If I Tried" is as dramatic and emotional a piece of soul as I've heard. The new vision speaks in a blunter gear than the early Sixties and the sweat, sex and jubilation — the optimism of soul at that time — gives way to an introspective cry from the heart. As an assumption of good faith, "Searching For The Young Soul Rebels" works. And translating faith into today's twisted music business is a tough task. Dexys register the doubt as well as the affirmation. A quaver of uncertainty creeps into the last, isolated line of the album: "Everything will be funky from now on."

— DEBRA DALEY

make your own tributary without flowing into the stagnant lake of 'expenimentation' — PAUL TICKELL

DALEK I: "Compass Kum'pas" (Back Door Open 01)

CAN I sat on the fence a bit longer please? First response to Dalek I is to dismiss them as yet another clever-clever electronic group, and go back as quickly as possible to the history books and Clash albums. I know these sounds are not alien any more, and shouldn't be alienating. Indeed, a veneer of familiarity is already breeding contempt, but at present it is only a veneer; a lot must happen before it's really assimilated into the mainstream.

Or to put it the objective way: Dalek I inhabit that awkward position where innovation has not yet become tradition. Though fashion has replaced novelty, the sound isn't sufficiently established to allow variations. At this stage, predictability is a distraction, and stops you hearing anything else. Dalek I show their individuality? Nowhere

really. The group are distinguished only by anonymity, a total lack of image that leads to the suspicion that Alan Gill and Dave Hughes aren't real people at all, just a figment of someone's imagination (the Silicon Teens?). They veer uneasily between being exponents of 1980's synth-pop and being nouveau hippies. They're not what they seem.

You thought "Back Door" was an independent label didn't you? Wrong. It's part of Phonogram. But the ambience is there, and Dalek I avoid Orchestral Manoeuvres-type slickness by emphasising their amateur aspects. Bits of people talking in the studio mixed up with the music, lots of coughs and laughs, you know the sort of thing. "You Really Got Me" sounds as though it was recorded in a very large garage. (Note: Is Ray Davies this year's hip Old Master? And whose turn is it next?)

There's an ode to a machine in "8 Track", all very jokey and amateurish. Just so you can't make any accusations about machine music. It's all very endearing and human. There's a piece of music, slashing your wrists, and a jolly one about going mad.

The most seductive part is the voice, fragile, often whispering, taking you into (false) confidence, and matched by a sound which can only be described as the opposite of innovative. There's a bit of Genesis keyboards mixed up with the 1980's noises, but there's a lot more Pink Floyd (and I'm not talking about Syd Barrett either). At least Pink Floyd could be evocative, but all this evokes is other people's records. There's no breadth here, minimising the seriousness of the subject matter. You can't be very cosmic in a garage. It's all pretty convincing, directionless, but, more important, it's pretty dull. — PENNY KILEY

JEFF BECK: "There And Back" (Epic EPC 83288).

DURING Rainbow's last tour of Britain, Cozy Powell talked constantly about a new Jeff Beck song which, he claimed, contained Beck's best guitar playing ever. Powell was right. The Final Peace" is magic. Accompanied only by Tony Hymas on keyboards, he

coaxes out more feeling within three and a half minutes than most guitarists achieve in a whole album.

There are, however, few surprises on the rest of "There And Back". The level of musicianship may be high but Beck has done little more than he's done in the past. The usual crowd of players — Tony Hymas, Simon Phillips and Mo Foster — have been working between them have written all the material.

"Star Cycle" gets things underway in typical jazz-rock style with Beck's guitar and Hammer's keyboards sharing the limelight. "Too Much To Lose" moves at a slower pace while the tempo rises for the funky "You Never Know". Hammer features on all three of these tracks while the rest of the keyboard playing is left to Tony Hymas.

"El Becko" gradually builds to a lively pace and features some devastating guitar. Calm returns on "Golden Road" before "Space Boogie" takes up where "Star Cycle" left off. "There And Back" is strictly for Beck devotees, while "The Final Peace" is a must for everyone who ever wanted to hear electric guitar played with feeling. — STEVE GITT

ALBUMS

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN: "Crocodiles" (KOROVA KODE 1)

WHO'S kidding who? Echo and the Bunnymen have left the Mersey "Zoo" label to release a debut album which features a track called "Monkeys," is on WEA's sibling "Korova" (whose logo happens to be a cow) and a production credit goes to David Balfe and Bill Drummond who together go under the moniker "The Chameleons".

Despite this incredible managerie, however, the lads from Liverpool have delivered the musical goods to keep the bunny saga running inexorably forward.

Originally, a drum-machine three piece, they saved "real" drummer, Pete De Freitas, from academic incarceration, in order to toughen up the peculiarly compulsive, semi-acoustic sound that was characterized by the first single, "Pictures On The Wall". The Bunnymen, which it was claimed, "... represented the dour Liverpoolian wit to a tee ... have thrown off their naive charm for the expedience of progress.

If you took the "Stock" test with them, you would undoubtedly say that they're an American band; the rhythms have a Velvet Underground feel, and Ian McCulloch's vocals have a Jim Morrison ring. However, these are merely references — the Bunnymen aren't copyists.

Among the ten tracks are three already released songs as well as "Pictures On The Wall," with its memorable, Chinese like keyboards courtesy of David Balfe, there's "Pride" and "Rescue". Each is revamped rather than reheated, proving the band's insistence on forward movement. The change is most noticeable on "Pictures" which, without the fluid drumming of Pete De Freitas,



A bunny person

Digging in

has a plaintively thin, haunting sound. "Pride", like "Crocodiles", is a driving rocker in which the bass line breaks away from its marriage with drums. On the latter, an up-tempo number, the rhythm is literally driven by Lea Pateram's bass, while De Freitas weaves a percussive tapestry behind the guitars and vocals.

"Rescue" has a Talking Heads structure but, like several other songs, you get the feeling that, lyrically, the Bunnymen are spreading the jam a little thin. "All That Jazz" and "Stars Are Stars" feature Will Sergeant's characteristically simple guitar

riffs, played with a psychedelic intensity. "All That Jazz" has the most interesting production ideas on the album, all jostling with each other. "Going Up" is the first song, a jolly rocker with an "Alien" intro, and probably the weakest. "Villiers Terrace" sounds like the acid mecca with "... people rolling around on the carpet, biting wool and pulling strings" ... a piano adding a briefly exciting respite from the simple rhythm.

The Bunnymen have dug admirable first burrow. Merseybeat with spiked waters is worth getting addicted to. — TREVOR NORMIS

JO JO ZEP AND THE FALCONS: "Screaming Targets" (WEA K99094)

JO Jo Zep inhabit an overcrowded corner of pop, an easily assimilated, easily entered world that's in or out of fashion, and where imitation and influences are important. Costello lived here once, and Springsteen, before they grew too much. Willy de Ville and a million New Yorkers are there still, and lots of British without their street cool but with the same teachers. Jo Jo Zep fit there somewhere.

At first hearing they seem very much Australia's answer to Graham Parker and they lack his anger and emotion. Jo Jo Zep's approach is altogether more relaxed (soul without the soul). The sound is more transatlantic, or transpacific, or something. More like Van Morrison perhaps (great influences of our time, continued).

There are a lot of brass riffs, a few lady backing singers, and a voice that's stylised but not passionate. There are some attempts at drama (slow it down) and some rocking (speed it up). It's quite pleasant so far but it does lack impact. The dance songs are a bit banal.

Halfway through side one I realise who it is they really remind me of — Brinsley Schwarz (the group not the man). There's the same imitation, the same limitation, the same pedestrian anonymity.

The only reason for music like this is in a context where originality doesn't matter and feel do. Whatever happened to pub rock? It's alive and well and living in Australia. — PENNY KILEY

BLUE OYSTER CULT: "Cultosaurus Erectus" (CBS 86120)

ACCORDING to the laws of nature, most of the heavy metal monsters who once roamed our charts were bound to expire, their tiny brains and macho postures unable to adapt to the shifting musical climate. Two survivors to contest the crown of the megawatt world: Thin Lizzy, through Phil Lynott's cheeky charm, and Blue Oyster Cult, due to sheer wit and intelligence.

Lizzy have lately fallen by the wayside, each subsequent project a predictable romp through street-love scenarios. The Cult, however, are still going strong with ex-Sabbath producer Martin Birch forging a brisk sound to match their mighty dynamics. "Cultosaurus Erectus" furthers Satanic obsessions in an impressive array of disguises. Nothing here equals "Don't Fear The Reaper", but "Deadlines" dark message and gliding guitars are in the same brief, crafty style and destined for airplay. "Monsters" is heavier, a typical tongue-in-cheek sci-fi romance with jazzy sax interludes and "The Marshal Plan" is a beauty, an affectionate tale of a head-banging, mirror-posing would-be guitarist who forms his own band to win back his girl.

The album, which includes a hideous poster of its dinosaur cover, won't disappoint those already aware of the Cult's acute sense of the absurd. It opens with "Black Blade", an ominous, magical fable co-written by Michael Moorcock and includes lines like: "Wizardry's my Trade/ And I was born to wade

through gore". Grown men should know better. I'm glad the Cult don't. — STEVE SUTHERLAND

SUGAR MINOTT: "Give The People" (United Artists, UAG 30310)

"GIVE the people what they want/ They want justice" goes the title track. Minott's political songs are love songs, measured out by the feeling in his voice — bitter sweet but insistent.

In fact, the straight love songs on the album have less conviction than those describing Minott's more public love of the people. This is why he's perfectly at ease on "I'm Not For Sale" when he rejects personal relationships and the emotional self-out which they often require.

Minott's mix of sincerity and radical populism can easily lead to sentimentality, as it does on the cloying "Save The Children". It can also become incredibly moralistic, as on "It's Worth It". It's Minott's skill as an arranger which often helps him to avoid these pitfalls. The instrumentation is spare; expansiveness is reserved for the vocals. The musicians are the usual King Tubby mafia, including Sly, Shakespeare, Pablo, Collins; but they can always bring that extra fresh and deft touch to bear, like the ornamental punctuations on "Can't Get Over".

Humanely riding over all is Minott's voice, bobbing in and out of the bass searching for freedom. His vision gives lovers rock a whole other dimension: his reggae is modern blues and protest rolled into righteous one. — PAUL TICKELL

THE JOE PERRY PROJECT: "Let The Music Do The Talking" (CBS 84213)

AFTER nine years with Aerosmith lead guitarist Joe Perry quit the outfit in October '79 to concentrate on a solo career. He assembled the Joe Perry Project and subsequently recorded "Let The Music Do The Talking".

Initially it's a puzzling album. It was hard not to draw comparisons with Aerosmith, and particularly with the influence of Steven Tyler. But "Let The Music Do The Talking" isn't another Aerosmith output. It's a solid, hard rock album that can stand on its own merits. Perry has found a band to complement his playing to allow him to express his own ideas.

The title track is the best of the pack. Great axework and a really beefy sound, thanks to Doug Douglas. The group bites hard and Perry puts the icing on the cake with terrific slide guitar. The tempo is lowered slightly on "Conflict

Of Interest", where hints of the Stones come through.

The rawness I'd always associated with Aerosmith has been retained and is in evidence on "Discount Dogs". Perry takes over from the very capable Ralph Morman on vocals for "Shooting Star", a space rocker which boasts some smart riffs.

Apart from the drawn-out "Rockin' Train", which kicks off the second side, the remaining three numbers are winners, the best is the haunting "The Mist Is Rising", which features Joe on vocals again. — STEVE GETT

VILLAGE PEOPLE "Can't Stop The Music" (Mercury 6399 051)

THIS dubious item is the soundtrack album from a coming movie musical produced by Jacques Morali. It therefore features only the three acts with which he's immediately concerned — the Village People, the Ritchie

Family, and a certain David London.

Judging by the stills shown on the album cover, the film looks as if Morali has come up with his ultimate consumerist fantasy, a Monkees-type voyage through the idyllic world of type. He may have left the direction of the film to Nancy Walker (of "Rhoda") and the orchestral arrangements to elderly Horace Ott, but it's clear that he's finally conceived of himself as the supreme arbiter of vulgarity.

Con-man and bullshitter that he is, Morali is nevertheless not enough of a fantasist to carry it off. If the soundtrack is anything to go by, one would be well advised to give this particular family outing a miss. As if the fact that the Village People only ever made one good record ("YMCA") were not enough, the revamped version included in this package is sung flat, undermimed, and thoroughly uninspiring. Where the original's aggressive campness once roamed our charts here fatigued mutant suggests merely a kind of fey wantonness. As for their other five

contributions, the less said about them the better.

The Ritchie Family and Mr London are assigned slightly different tasks. The former are presented as a hard-assed version of Sister Sledge, beligerently attacking the premises on which Edwards and Rodgers' "Greatest Dancer" was based — especially Halston and Gucci — or petulantly demanding to be given a break. Mr London is entrusted with a pseudo-anthem entitled "Sound Of The City". He sings vaguely like Eric Bloom of the Blue Oyster Cult, but physically resembles certain night-club owners from San Diego.

The whole project smacks of a final scrambling-together of Morali's remaining resources, a last attempt to imprint his dispiritedly opportunistic design on a culture that is only just recovering from "Saturday Night Fever". Morali's sound on this record is about as dull and bland as disco sound can get, and it's hard to imagine that the cinematic version of his personal vision will be any more interesting. — BARNEY HOSKINS

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RIGHT IN THE ACT

ROSSINGTON-COLLINS BAND Fox Theatre, Atlanta, Georgia

THE already crazed capacity crowd came apart at the seams when the Rossington-Collins Band returned for an encore and the tinkling piano and rolling drums signalled the beginning of "Free Bird".

Four members of the Rossington-Collins Band — making their debut appearance — survived the plane crash that killed three other members of Lynnyrd Skynyrd, the band that made "Free Bird" the anthem of Dixie rock.

It had already been an emotional welcome home to the site of Skynyrd's most triumphant homeland concerts, but the feverish, partisan crowd fell into a strange, sudden hush when the band reached the point where the vocal normally begins and guitarist Gary Rossington simply bowed and pointed to an empty microphone in the middle of the stage.

Rossington tersely dedicated the song before it began. "This is for a couple friends," he said. "They can't be here with us. But they are here."

And the band played "Free Bird" just as though Ronnie van Zant was there, still singing the song that paved the way eight multi-million selling albums for Skynyrd. But nobody sang.

That Rossington-Collins strongly resembled Lynnyrd Skynyrd came as no surprise, but lead vocalist Dale Krantz certainly proved a startling and effective addition. Former background vocalist with another Southern rock band, 38 Special, she belted the band's blend of heavy rock and hard blues with the authority of a seasoned veteran and the lowdown raunch of a honky-tonk queen.

"Aren't you glad to have these boys back?" she screamed as the antique, painted curtain covering the stage first parted. She could barely be heard over the thunderous roar that greeted the band.

The group slammed into "Prime Time," a highly charged celebration of the band's return from adversity. The crowd accorded the opening song — and each of the next four consecutive numbers — a standing ovation at the close that didn't stop until the next tune began. The audience screamed a full ten minutes — including many union calls for "Free Bird" — before the encore.

Like Skynyrd, the Rossington-Collins Band features a three-guitar frontline, with Skynyrd veterans Rossington and Allen (who is joined by Barry Harwood, another native of Jacksonville, Florida, whose session work graced three Skynyrd albums) and Skynyrd keyboardist Billy Powell supplied the sound's delicate edge with his rippling piano and churchy organ. Ex-Skynyrd bassist Leon Wilkerson remains in the lineup, but a motorcycle accident put Skynyrd drummer Arimus Pyle out of the project (Derek Hess is the Rossington-Collins trapezoid) and he is said to be forming his own band in North Carolina.

With Krantz as vocalist (and songwriting collaborator), the redneck macho stance of such Skynyrd material as "Saturday Night Special" or "Gimme Three Steps" is absent from the Rossington-Collins Band. Krantz turned her attention to hearty, emotional blues-drenched lyrics.

When it was over, with the final notes of "Free Bird" still hanging in the air, the crowd roared its approval but dared not demand a second encore. It was over — and emotional catharsis for band and audience alike. — JOEL SELVIN



Jah chose him.

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MO-DETTES Marquee, London

DRAWING stylishly from the Sixties and early Seventies energy and awareness, the Mo-Dettes look far set for the eighties.

Like the Silks before them, they rely heavily on a bass

and drum rhythm to determine their musical stance, leaving the guitar and vocals to fill in accordingly. Kate's guitar work supplies a scratchy basis for the tuneful melodicism of Ramona's quaint vocals. But comparisons with the Silks have to stop there. The Mo-Dettes have a more physical attack structured around Jane's forceful bass lines which often take over the traditional role of guitar.

At times the formula does become overworked but on songs like their brilliant debut single "White Mice," "Foolish Girl" and "Satisfy Yourself," the band are superbly adept at creating 'modern' pop songs full of intensity. "White mice" for instance belongs as much to a disco as it does elsewhere. Their cover versions of "Twist And Shout" and "Paint It Black" (the current single) are just as stylishly presented — "Paint," in particular, adds a new dimension to an oft-covered song. And they move as they sound: Ramona's chic, jerky dances contrast sharply with the punky bouncing of her team-mates. Jane the drummer, like all drummers, just looks bored.

It's not, however, wonderful all the time. They sometimes evidence a shoddy amateurism in their playing, particularly in their early material, which is acceptable in small doses, but more often than not detracts from some fine songs. They also need to flesh out their material more (keyboards maybe) to avoid the trap of repetition. A few more twists and turns would not go amiss. Not that a packed-out Marquee audience would argue such merits. From the word go, the crowd surged excitedly forward pushing and shoving and even at times spraying the girls with spit.

Who would have thought a year ago that you'd find a bunch of punks pogging their hearts out to "Twist And Shout"? The Mo-Dettes, however, wear it well.

Playing support were the lively Manueltures. Romance, who although wearing their Banishes and Penetration influences a little too openly, supplied a neat set of distinctive, well-constructed songs that

proved you don't always have to borrow old ideas nowadays to make a worthwhile contribution. — PAULO HEWITT

DAVID ESSEX Dominion Theatre, London

IT might be unfashionable to praise David Essex but unlike his contemporaries, David Cassidy and Donny Osmond, he's survived the teenybop era and developed his talents in several areas — making albums and movies and returning to the stage under Hal Prince's direction in "Evita".

At present Essex's concentration is focused on rock 'n' roll, recently playing a string of dates at the Dominion Theatre. David's looks still attract the teenage girls but in fact all ages were represented in the audience. He's made a clever crossover, retaining some of his teenybop fans while appealing to all tastes with his wide variety of music. Basically, the David Essex show is good, clean family entertainment.

The material was drawn from his back catalogue but unanimously popular were the chart topping singles "Rock On," "Hold Me Close," "Stardust" and "Gonna Make You A Star." David has a fine collection of musicians backing him but naturally he's the star of the show. Flanked on either side by a couple of mirrored pyramids, like Numan, Essex exercised total control and the mood of the concert lay somewhere between rock 'n' roll and cabaret.

He can do little wrong in the minds of his followers and every part of the concert was received with plentiful applause and cheering. Whether it was the older tunes or more recent material from the "Golden Ivory" and "Imperial Vagabond" albums he could not fail. But the audience weren't too concerned with his newer items, as long as all of the old songs were played they were content.

Nothing to set the world on

fire, but a blast of nostalgia from the early Seventies — a sort of "English Grass" for that era. — STEVE GETT

THE MONOCHROME SET YMCA, London

THE venue is plush in the plastic way of an airport lounge. The bar closes at a ridiculous 10pm. It's a long hot wait for the Monochrome Set. They're still absent for the film show which starts their set. This is the modern gig.

The band appear in the film, but the main images are of a Fisher Price Activity Centre (for one- to two-year-old babies) and Mike Collins, manager of Wire and the Monochrome Set. He plays a cross between a private eye and an art collector: the joke is on rock 'n' roll, but the punchlines are provided by modernist art.

The screen is raised to reveal the real Monochrome Set and yet more screens. The images flicker and flip inconspicuously to the music. Or is it vice versa?

The MS are a dandy. Filled of the ragged, styles, chort-troused way Mark Smith heaves himself up as Questioner Of The Fundamental Values Of Rock 'N' Roll? Then slip along to see MS vocalist Bio's a much more chic proposition clad in his choinoir.

The MS's volume is turned down low — all the better to feel the hollow beat and pick out the tuneful but pale guitars doing jazzy and clever things to Sixties riffs. It's music for the head, a good antidote to banal notions of dance bands but still a dead, idle, dull, dull.

Rock 'n' roll and modernist art college consciousness sometimes mate to innovate. This is when bands are a little shocking and also have their finger on the popular pulse. The Monochrome Set are too lost in their own cool to be in this category. Their exquisitely manufactured

The way of Jah Boogie

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS Brighton Centre

IT'S a long way from the steaming misery of Trench Town to the pine-panelled luxury of the Brighton Centre, but Robert Nesta Marley brought a little bit of his island to those who had traded money for magic. And Marley is magic.

Before he strolled to the centre of the stage, the anti-septic atmosphere of the large, square auditorium, and its ladyusherettes with Daz white blouses and nose-ty torches, permeated uncomfortably.

The show is slick, and moves forward like a charging rhino. It begins with a short set by I Threes, the Wailers' backing trio. Rita Marley, Judy Mowatt and Marcia Griffiths perform four songs including the catchy "That's the Way Jah Planned It" and then to chants of Marley, the black prince emerges with a roaring "Greetings Rastafari!"

He proceeds to dance through "Natural Mystic," "Positive Vibration," "Revolution" et al. All impeccably played and performed. "Jamming" and "Exodus" have the giant dance floor moving in rhythm. The band leave just

breather while we scream ourselves hoarse for more.

Bob returns with the mournfully great "Redemption Song." His voice is plaintive and sweet, and the acoustic treatment means that there's no missing the message: "How long shall they kill our prophets/while we stand aside and look?/some say it's just a part of it/we've got to fulfill the book." Towards the end of the song he's joined by the rest of the band, and it gradually electrifies. The Wailers now consist of Aston Barrett on bass, Carlton Barrett on drums, Alvin Patterson on percussion, Tyrone Downie and Earl Lindo on keyboards, and Junior Marvin and Al Anderson on guitars.

The magic was there in big clouds thick enough to be squeezed. But it wasn't the same as that left at Crystal Palace a few weeks ago when the performance with mane-shaking ebullience. Perhaps the effect was diluted by the incongruity of Marley preaching about Africa's independence celebrations to a plasticised pool of a once homey English seaside town. — TREVOR MORRIS

Several times he stood still holding a hand over his eyes, as if in a private hell. How far it must have seemed for the Negus of reggae from his triumphant concert at Birmingham's official independence celebrations to a plasticised pool of a once homey English seaside town. — TREVOR MORRIS

LOUIS ARMSTRONG ANNIVERSARY CONCERT Royal Festival Hall, London

THESE annual events, which have run for the past decade, evoke memories of Satchmo through the music of British jazzmen who share a respect for the legendary trumpeter's contribution to jazz. Often there's an American guest to spice the proceedings and when, as here that individual has a career link with Louis, then a sharper focus usually results.

Clarinetist "Peanuts" Hucko was an All-Star in the late Fifties and has since developed an admirable facility in a passionate attack that makes his work both distinctive and appealing. Here he was featured with Alex Welsh, a band, too busy for my taste, on "When You're Smiling" and a spirited "Beale St. Blues" which showed off his improvisatory skills on the solo blowing superbly, aided by Laurie Chescoe's emphatic drums.

In a quartet, Peanuts gave us "Do You Know What It Means," very slow, with burnished tone and impeccable control, the whole blending into a memorable version of this usually trite melody. For the Welshmen, Al Gray was his own self on tenor and trombonist Campbell Burnap scored with a lazy-sounding vocal on "Gotta Right To Sing The Blues" — a relaxed set.

Digby Fairweather, still marked as a cornetist of promise but to my ears an established stylist, appeared "Velvet" his Braf Barnes sound-alike, the guitars of

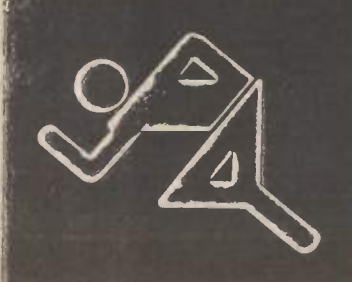
Denny Wright and Ike Isaacs joined by the estimable bassist Lon Skeat. There's a quartet chamber jazz, probably better suited to RFH than the more assertive bands, the fluency of Digby's lead contrasting attractively with Isaacs' chorled lines or Wright's more percussive singling improvisations. They offered neatly swinging readings of a number of Louis themes, notably "What A Wonderful World," which showed Fairweather at his most lyrical, the lurching, intricate phrases darting easily over the rhythm.

Comper Humphrey Lyttelton turned bandleader for the concert's final segment: a number of Louis tunes, some of which he personally reads like a buyer's guide to our best mainstream soloists. Humph's own phrasing is in a class with such much of Armstrong's majesty and complemented by trombonist Roy Williams, who was underused here, and reedman Bruce Turner and Johnny Barnes, there was scope for a joyous ensemble sound. Yet so to say, much of their solo quality fell away due to acoustic limitations or, worse, before the music was felt the band lacked a swinging momentum to give the surging momentum that its stellar sides deserve.

After a sprint through "Finger Rag", baritoneist and Humph "old boy" Joe Temperley came on to help recreate the famous eight-piece of 20 years ago with "Basin St Blues". By way of a laboratory theme, he then presented Kenny Graham's "African Son", a mini-suite, employing varied time-changes — in addition, a soprano from Temperley and an attractive, almost Ellingtonian motif that would bear rehearsing.

Then to the finale, a massed band, led by Hucko. In review order, on Buck Clayton's "To Louis, With Love". A crowded yet tasty dish to set before the waiter. The Prince Charles: the proceeds for the night were promised to the Mortimer Trust, an memorial Trust which HRH chairs. PETER VACHER.

ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80



THE STRANGLERS/ HEADLINE Rainbow, London

TIME was when The Stranglers were a joke on the periphery of punk, with all the right packaging and none of the punch. Their pompous sound couldn't match the rebel image and they flogged the "Rattus Norvegicus" formula to death, parodying any power that they once possessed.

The less they played, the better they were, angrily pulling the plugs early to leave the kids with a riot to remember or, better still, getting incarcerated, missing the show and keeping the myth unsullied.

Well, not anymore. They stroll onstage to a heroes' welcome, snatched from the grip of Frog officialdom and raring to go-buddy-go. Gone are the gigs when Dave Greenfield's effects were all that stood between The Stranglers and monotony. They are recharged and revitalised, the flash keyboards meshing with Hugh Cornwell's counter-chords, creating deceptively straightforward rock with a hint of Talking Heads. Predictably, Jean Jacques Burnel won't upstage and he crawls around crablike, thumping gut-shaking bass.

The sound is so full that Jet Black goes unnoticed, perched on a pedestal, nailing it down. One second's lapse in his no-nonsense beat and the

U2 Clarendon Hotel, London

At a time when music seems content to nosedive recklessly into mediocrity, U2 appear like the proverbial cavalry and take my breath away. Just like that.

Their performance last Thursday was easily the finest display of awe-inspiring rock that I've witnessed in a long time. It contained just about every emotion that rock has ever attempted to evoke—from anger to savagery, beauty and that indefinable essence where words become useless and you realise that you're in the presence of something so special, so precious that you want to hold it and it'll run for ever. U2 were that good.

For their opening "11 O'Clock Tick Tock" to the final strains of "Electric Openings", where they handed the microphone to the audience and left it at that, they ran riot with passion, honesty, commitment and, above all, humility. They conjured up a music so refined, so

Recharged and free again

whole show would up-anchor and sail off into the stratosphere.

The band democratically share vocals on the new numbers; JJ impersonates Lou Reed alongside Hugh's familiar growl, and Dave Greenfield adds light, eerie harmonies. These songs, from the forthcoming "Menin-black" album, can't yet compete with the old chestnuts "Peaches" and "Hanging Around", the current single "Who Wants The World" or the criminally neglected "Duchess", but they suggest a new flexibility in approach that demands further listening.

The Stranglers have thrown away the crutches that they used to fall back on, avoiding the temptation to trade on recent legal sensations and choosing a braver, more precarious route, letting the music speak for itself. It's a gamble that works and it puts them up there with the Clash and the Jam as bona fide survivors.

Headline, Virgin's latest tip for the top, are five star-torially elegant, shaven-headed blacks and a bearded white. Unfortunately, they look far better than they



JJ impersonates Lou Reed.

sound. In their bid to become the acceptable face of ska, they waste the poignant social comment of Michael Riley's "Immigrant" and "Who Wants To Fight" in Earth, Wind and Fire dance routines. The ex-Steel Pulse must wonder what he's doing hamming it up on the ludicrous "Don't Knock The Bald-head". Headline's fusion of Roots and Cabaret is amusing in principle and awful in practice but don't write them off yet—that's just what The Stranglers used to be. —STEVE SUTHERLAND.

SURREALISTIC EVENING (Hommage a Jean-Paul), Notre Dame Hall, London

WHAT can you do if your single with Virgin has been cancelled and you're left with 2000 steves on your hands? Hermine, the French lady of the husky voice, decided that insult had been added to injury when Jean-Paul Sartre had got knocked by some of the critics after his death and planned an evening's entertainment in his honour. And a strange evening of entertainment it turned out to be, wavering between incongruity, pretentiousness and a couple of welcome surprises.

Hermine herself alternated between changing clothes,

washing glasses behind the bar and occasionally coming on and singing little numbers in the style of a bar-room Mariette Dietrich. By the time Family Fodder had finished their very pedestrian set, it was obvious that it was best to let expectations go by the board and see what came next. Which turned out to be Kata Kali—two (German?) ladies in capacious skirts who with formalised smirking and much twitching eyebrows bowed and wove their way through dance formations to the strains of Indian music.

The first division of the evening turned out to be Furious Pig, four unaccompanied vocalists who moved smartly into something between punk acapella, rock 'n' roll swingle singers with touches of scat singing adding to the effect. Impeccable timing, yonks and timeleaves made for good numbers and

the set finally careered with panache to cabaret fallings-out—and a singing little number in the style of a bar-room Mariette Dietrich. By the time Family Fodder had finished their very pedestrian set, it was obvious that it was best to let expectations go by the board and see what came next. Which turned out to be Kata Kali—two (German?) ladies in capacious skirts who with formalised smirking and much twitching eyebrows bowed and wove their way through dance formations to the strains of Indian music.

This Heat finished off the evening with an attacking, thrashing set which went in favour of weighty sound rather than the subtleties they can build into their very assertive playing. I found their set a touch on the flat side but it was a great finish to an evening where variety ruled. —HANNAH CHARLTON.

EDDIE 'LOCKJAW' DAVIS Middlesex & Herts Country Club, Harrow Weald

YOU simply can't keep a good man down. Tenor saxophonist Tommy Whittle once ran an excellent jazz club at the Hopine in Wembley, and now he presents jazz at this plush country club set in leafy Harrow. A natural setting for Whittle's first American star guest, Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis.

Davis is, of course, an accomplished tenor soloist and his seems the sort of talent to flourish in such attractively sophisticated surroundings. Immediately at ease with his bandstand companions (Johnny Patrick on piano, bassist Dave Green and drummer Martin Drew), he quickly achieved a warm rapport with his audience.

First and foremost, Jaw's is a stylist, he's taken Ben Webster's sweet and sour phrasemaking several stages further, employing hoarse

cries, tonal shifts and complex rapidly articulated figures in a vividly personal format. Whether playing up-front bellicose swing as on his opener "Indiana", or constructing a spare paraphrase of "Wave", his tenor sound evinced a kind of vocal emotionalism that I find very attractive. He's also a convincing romantic whose ballad playing on "Misty" and the magnificent "I Can't Get Started", could hardly be bettered.

Aided by Midlander Johnny Patrick, a man with a splendid keyboard facility and a stock of good ideas, the American's performance gave the lie to claims that mainstream tenor represents a lost cause in the face of Coltrane's dominant impact on the instrument. If this needed further emphasis, it came in the night's highlight, a blues, which had Whittle on hand to show off his direct muscularity compared to the more oblique mysteries propounded by Davis.

Tough, strutting stuff. In competitive terms, an honourable draw. —PETER VACHER.

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At the sign of the Black Horse

THE fools' gold at the end of the rock and rollercoaster ride to easy fame and five-minute immortality is a notoriously treacherous treasure. Achievement is measured in fiscal facts, royalty percentages and the straight statistics of hall size, number of days on road, power output and audience grosses.

Like many young bands, UB40 have set out with the intention of dancing at a distance from the main business system of the rock industry, and they already have two measurable achievements to help them on their way. "King," their debut that reached number four in the charts, was the first totally independent single to go Top 10, and, equally important, it was a song with a strongly political message about the assassination of Martin Luther King.

These two facts sum up the essence of UB40 and their music — they want the success of chart positions to give themselves the largest possible market for the politics and views to which they are committed.

Unlike bands of a more militant mode,

is in the final stages of overdubs before mixing. The studio is so small that only three of the eight-piece band can get in at once. The shift system meets music.

The trio, coincidentally the founding three of the band, are sitting in the garden, trying to explain decision making. UB40-style.

Alastair: "Things are decided with all the band involved, and Simon Woods, our manager, has an equal voting right, so that a nine people making one decision. We also listen to our close friends who are now involved with us, especially our sound man and the road crew. So we try to involve a lot of people."

"Basically," says Jimmy, "we blunder into things — so far it has worked out all right. We must be one of the most disorganised bands around."

The simple exposition of their organisational issue — everyone who has any reasonable involvement has the right to a say — mirrors the UB's feeling for basic human rights and is the foundation of their acute political stance. A stand that will become obvious when

"We have been slugged incredibly for doing interviews in things like My Guy, but those are the people we want to get across to," says Jimmy. "It's certainly not our intention just to preach to the converted — that's very negative."

Isn't that the way of commercial compromise — saying success increases the potential audience, but secretly relishing the profits?

"Not at all. We believe that music is the best way of getting our message across. It happens that our music seems to be liked by a lot of people, but we don't play it because we think that others will like it like that — it's because we like playing it like that," Jimmy explains.

"Because we aren't doing the crass thing, people aren't really aware of the political side, but runs through all our songs. It's going to be interesting," says

decided to try it as a group, and thought of a trio, but gradually the others arrived."

Gregory Isaacs' "Mr Knowitall" was the first number they learned to play, and it gave Earl his introduction to the bass. Their style is now moving into a stronger fusion of jazz with dub and reggae, but even a growing competence hasn't changed their approach to their music.

"We kick off with a number of bass riffs or chord patterns, and a set of lyrics, and play them around with each other until we decide which go together." Not exactly Master Class-style, but it seems

completely independent label with no backing from a major company. I think that's our main achievement so far."

Jimmy is still amused by their rush to instant pop fame. "All those things have happened and a lot of the time it seems to be happening to other people, and not us. I don't feel it is the same band as I am in, sometimes — but it's all a laugh, anyway."



UB40 make a political statement

they are not strident and single-mindedly declaratory about their views — they feel they have to open up a door of accessible communication through their music before they can hope to get people to listen to and think about the intent within the songs.

With a second single, "My Way of Thinking", now scurrying up the charts, they are already prepared to admit a mistake — the new single was too hasty and commercial a follow-up with lamentably banal lyrics that embarrassed the band on stage. Singer Alastair Campbell finds it difficult to sing them any more.

"The pressure was to follow up successfully, and that is why it is so commercial — I think we made a mistake. I hate the song, and don't think it should have been a single. The lyrics are a bit ridiculous," said Alastair. Drummer Jimmy Brown agrees, but with less vehemence. "The lyrics on the record are totally illogical, but that does not make it a bad record — you only have to look at a lot of the output from Jamaica to see that."

ALASTAIR, Jimmy and Earl Falconer, UB40's bass man, are sitting in the sun in a back garden on the edge of Moseley, a Birmingham suburb. The house belongs to Bob Lamb, engineer and producer, and the bottom half of his home is the densely claustrophobic eight-track studio where the two singles and the album were recorded. The album

the album "Signing Off" appears next month.

"When we started UB40 we were all drop-outs and misfits and we all hated what we were doing. Politics are very important to us, and if you want a label, we're definitely left of left. We take our lyrics very seriously (apart from 'My Way Of Thinking'), and they come from a strong political standpoint," says Jimmy.

"Every song we do has a political message, except that single," pointed out Alastair, and quoted a few of the snub-nosed lyrics from "Madame Medusa", a track dedicated to Min. Thatcher from the forthcoming album:

"From the band of shadows comes a dreadful sight

Lady with a marble smile, spirit of the night

In her bloody footsteps, speculators prance

Men of dreams are praying for a second chance

Round her radiant features gilded serpents dance

Her tree of evil night sprouts a Special Branch."

"I think Tony Blackburn will have a bit of a shock if he comes to play that on the radio — that would be great," muses Alastair.

THE BAND'S committed political cynicism seems at odds to their initial public stance of thrusting chart records — to be photographed and interviewed by such radical fringe publications as My Guy and Oh Boy, but UB40's answer is simple — openness and honesty.

Jimmy, "where we were nice boys next door one minute, we will suddenly be political rebel rousers the next."

As the band continues to emphasise and expose the harder edge of their music and ideas, they will run the risk of becoming targets for political thuggery. Is it a major concern?

Jimmy: "We don't think it will create any more specific physical problems for us as ggs. A UB40 audience is usually a complete cross-section, but we have had no problems with fighting at concerts, except at the Electric Ballroom in London — we've played there three times and every time it's been violent, although I think that's because it was the Electric Ballroom rather than because of UB40."

"We are not pacifists, but we don't believe in kids fighting among themselves — there are other things to fight. We really think that music is for peace. In terms of our music, we emphasise, we have no choice, do we? As a multi-racial band we are a political statement anyway."

UB40 played their first gig in February last year, one year and five months ago. Apart from Alastair and his brother Robin, whose father is folk musician Ian Campbell, none of the band had any practical musical background, and after the Campbells and Earl Falconer decided to try putting a band together as a change from signing on the dole, it was largely a matter of chance and circumstance as to who played what. "I wanted to play drums," said Alastair, "and now I want to play bass. It just happened that I managed to bag a guitar, bolt it together, and that was that."

"The three of us were on the dole, and used to go around together and play records — we're all into people like the Revolutionaries, Gregory Isaacs, Big Youth and the Crusaders. We just

to work. "I think it's fortunate that our studio style is no different from the way we do things on stage — we just jam a lot because we don't know how to read or write music," says Jimmy. "We jam in the style of the bands we like, so playing live for us is like being in the studio, and the same the other way around."

After their initial Birmingham area gigs, UB40 played a few support gigs with The Selecter and The Beat, and there was speculation of a 2-Tone link for the debut single. The fledgling UB40 were so astonished at the financial recklessness of major record companies attempting open seduction with vast, disproportionate cash offers that they shied away from the easy road to the charts.

"Every major company offered us advances — except Island, who told us we had no commercial possibilities."

ginned Jimmy. "The money thing was getting stupid, with advances of £100,000 and more being offered. The thing was we really needed the money for equipment and to be able to live, but we had gone for two years without money, so we thought we could hang on a bit longer and let the madness sort itself out."

"What we wanted was what we got with Graduate, and we have very specific reasons for signing with them — we wanted to retain control of what we played and what we released, and we wanted a good deal. We got no financial advance at all from Graduate, but we have a very good royalty deal, and total artistic control, so long as we produce a tape of reasonable marketable quality."

"When we put out the single, we would have been totally happy if it got into the bottom 100 of the charts, but number four? We released it at the start of the Pretenders' tour," recalled Alastair, "and we were dead chuffed when it was selling 12,000 a week. Then it was 30,000 a week, and it went from 40 to 20, 10, five, four, three, two, one."

"In a way it was happening behind our backs, because we were involved with the tour and not really aware of what was going on, but it was the first single ever to get into the top five from a

"Certainly the 2-Tone thing helped," — Alastair recalls a billing at London's Rock Garden that described UB40 as "a short-tail 2-Tone band" — "because we were playing with bands like The Selecter at places like Stroud, we had packed houses from the start, and that was great for us."

Later this year, the band will play Europe, and then join Police in America. "Whatever else happens, this is an experience I could never have had if I hadn't joined a band," says Jimmy. "It's like a constant holiday."

"It's still bloody knocking," grumbles Alastair. "Not exactly what I call a holiday. As soon as we're off the road and in the studio, we're back out touring again. I mean — Christmas in America!"

UB40's rapid accession to a minor rock crown has opened up new ideas and new attitudes in the band.

"It has been strange how people have reached to us since the single charted," said Jimmy. "People seem to get intimidated by the success, and people who were behind us when we were struggling are now slugging us off because we're successful at the moment and appearing in papers like Jackie."

"Yeah," remembered a taciturn Alastair. "I had to run into a bank the other day to escape autograph hunters."

Their own ideas have flourished — their collective ambition is to spearhead a movement to get "real reggae" into the charts, the music that lines the memories of their childhood. "Our background is all being born in inner city areas and when you live in places like that, dominated by immigrants, all their things like music brush off onto you," explained Jimmy.

"Our next main thing is to get a studio in Moseley with rehearsal space so that we can help and encourage other local bands. The thing is, there haven't really been a Midlands explosion, but I think there are bands who will come up. Alastair disagreed, but he continued. There was nothing on the Liverpool scene... okay, The Beat, but they are in London. Dexy's Midnight Runners have discovered Brum. The Au Pairs are only known in London."

"Still," he is reconsidered, "at least Birmingham is new known for something other than Judas Priest."

Just one year and five months ago, UB40 played their first gig. A couple of months ago, their debut single, 'King', peaked at number four in the charts... the first totally independent single to crash the top five. 'King' was doubly important; it was a song with a strong political message, about the assassination of Martin Luther King. The band believe that a greater public means they have more responsibility to put their political thinking across. That's why they're not too happy with single number two, 'My Way Of Thinking'. The lyrics are ridiculous, they tell JOHN ORME.

family affair



After months in something of a musical hiatus, Clive Langer, ex-Deaf School, has come home to roost with F-Beat. IAN BIRCH sees how he's getting along with his new family.

ON the wall of Nick Lowe's front parlour studio in Shepherd's Bush is pinned an indispensable item — for the owner, in particular. A booklet entitled "How To Play Rock Bass" is stamped with the warning, "Studio copy — please — do not remove." Could this be the real source behind all that pure pop for today's tipplers?

Early morning cuppa in hand, Clive Langer listens intently to a playback of a new rhythm track. The drum sound is dizzyingly strident but, however much he might like it, Langer knows it will have to go. It doesn't fit the new feel that he's trying to formulate.

"I'm a bit demotivated with swing at the moment — swing in a pub sense" (Pittingly, Paul Riley, ex-bassman with one of pub rock's first swing combos, Chilli Willi and the Red Hot Peppers, wanders in with his early morning cuppa.) "What I'd like to do with the new songs is create a live feel where you roll through a set as opposed to attacking a set. That's what I'm thinking about this week, if you know what I mean. It's partially getting a bit older — you get a bit more laid back."

Langer looks as if he's finally come home to roost with the F-Beat consortium. When Radar bit the dust in a flurry of unpleasant business machinations, mastersmen Andrew Lauder and Jake Riviera took matters into their own hands and set up a new Ponderosa which is something akin to "Bonanza" topped up with a dash of "Dallas." It's a family affair — you support me and I'll produce you (as long as it's finished before closing time) — currently centred on Rockpile, Costello, Lowe, Carlene Carter (Nick's wife) and, of course, Langer.

LANGER'S involvement began last Christmas when Jake and Elvis arranged a meeting in a pub (where else?) to discuss the possibility of Clive supporting El on his small-venue, UK tour earlier this year. Costello's interest had been aroused by a Liverpool boot trip gig late last year when they had shared a bill, and by "I Want The Whole World," a 12-inch EP of five songs Langer released via Radar.

The timing was almost God-given. After the demise of Deaf School (whose last album "English Boys/Working Girls" was unjustly lost in the punk obsession), he did a lot of drifting and a lot of drinking until Radar appeared. Through their auspices, he tried his hand everywhere.

He produced Liverpool comrades like the Yachts ("Look Back In Love" plus "Yaching Types") and Bette Bright ("My Boyfriend's Back" and "Captain Of Your Ship") as well as four cuts in TW studios by an outfit called Radio Earth who have since evolved into Comsat Angels.

He took to the stage, playing in Bright's back-up band could sing in combinations who were a chummy mishmash of Yachts, Deaf School and Rich Kids. He acted as talent scout and picked up on Madness many months before they became the Eighties' Monkees. It was

this link that led to him producing their debut album, "One Step Beyond," in mid-'79.

He worked on his own material with the Boxes, a loose-knit outfit who, for the EP included Budgie (formerly of Big In Japan and now a Banshee) on "drums and average bass" and Ben Barson on "pyrotechnic keyboards." Lack of finances made it such a casual set-up that they played only two gigs throughout '79. The Boxes have now consolidated around Barson bassist James Eller who came via an MM classified and co-writes often with Langer plus drummer Martin Hughes, who was once part of Gary Holton's Gems.

So, prior to the Christmas meeting, Langer was manager-less, had the "sort of agent who never got us a gig" and a new shaky deal with Sire/Korova who weren't too keen on a band album but would have been interested in a solo effort. "I think I did actually sign something but I don't know what happened to it. I did sign a piece of paper but it never got to them."

Riviera stepped into the breach. He offered management only if Langer joined F-Beat. That was agreed. "Still, contracts with Jake are a bit meaningless. We know that if we're not getting on, we just won't bother. I don't know what the situation is if we don't sell any records at all. But luckily, there's other ways for him to earn money out of us all — not that it's just based on that." How much is it based on that, then? "Less than with other people, certainly."

The band supported Elvis during that mammoth trek of deliberately unfashionable towns and, when that finished, promptly did the same for Madness. It was a hard three month stretch but it did have its beneficial sides. "It's exciting playing in front of people. It's a challenge — me pushing me further than is comfortable. I needed a vehicle to do that and I find it frightening because I don't know what's going to happen when we go on. I've done some pretty weird things which have surprised me."

Give us an example. "At our last gig some really close friends started jumping up and down after just a couple of numbers. The rest of the audience didn't know what was going on and didn't seem to be enjoying it. My friends began to really annoy me and all of a sudden I freaked out. I didn't want to see them there and I told them all to get out — pretty bluntly. . . . Their faces looked really shocked. Things like that happen on stage." It beats Eat anything as a path to self-discovery.

The "road" also gave him new vocal awareness. His singing — a kind of geese-next-door, reedy spring — is undoubtedly one of the weakest points on his "Splash" album which was released last week.

"Touring teaches you how to sing songs. You learn how to deal with them. Of course, my voice worries me when people remind me about it. It worried me on the Elvis tour because there was another voice there. On the Madness tour, it didn't matter that much because no one else could sing that well — there it was just a matter of putting songs across."

I think playing live depends on confidence. If you get some sort of success or someone bucks you up, then

you go on and you're really good. But if you go on and you've just had a bad review of the single for the second week running, it puts you off."

Does the press affect you that much? "Sort of. I try not to let it because with Deaf School we had so much bad press that everyone got hung up about it. But it does, sometimes I can laugh it off."

By the end of the interview, the wriggling ambiguity was on the way to being resolved.

"I'm always interested in what people are really like. That's why the press don't bother me that much because they write about what things should be like rather than what they are like."

And anyhow, simply joining F-Beat has put Langer instantly under a new and pretty bright spotlight. However much Riviera, Lowe, Costello and the crew try to demote the elitist traditions of rock 'n' roll, especially in their attitude towards the press, their aggressive independence and "wacky" antics have the kind of style that attracts tributes (and myth-makers) like flies. From another angle, it did feel marginally.

Did Langer feel intimidated by the "stature" of his label mates? "I was sort of out of action for a year and I used to see Elvis and think, I could do that on stage. Then being there and doing it, I was just amazed at how great his talent was. So I suppose at times that was intimidating but I don't feel jealousy. Sometimes I feel depressed that I can't sing like that or write words like that but what things can be like rather than what they are like."

"Also, there's a certain sense of humour. Being on the road with you catch it pretty fast. On the road, we're like the new boys but we still know what goes on. We do get treated like the ones who aren't stars."

Does that mean the Justinia red is served in plastic cups rather than glasses? Or what? "In the dressing rooms, obviously, the support band gets a few cans of lager and the head band two bottles of vodka, four bottles of French wine and all that. But we go in and nick it. Sometimes we get into trouble if we nick too much. You do need to have a lot of order in an on-the-road situation."

But isn't there a possible conflict between your personal aims and the F-Beat house style which is as powerfully evident in everything from the artwork (regenerated Woolworth's back from the Sixties) to the production techniques (variations on Bash's infamous "bash-it-down-and-tart-it-up" attack)?

"To a certain extent this is a period of sussing it out. I would have done things differently had I not been on F-Beat. But then there are certain things that I've always admired about it and those people anyway. It's been about six months now and we're beginning to find our place — when to argue or when to say okay. I suppose at the beginning I was just pleased to have a manager and there weren't any other managers that I wanted."

ANOTHER possible source of conflict is between all the different roles Clive is attempting — as producer, songwriter and performer. He takes the point. "My songwriting definitely suffers because I don't have much time to write.

Also being involved with music all the time means that they might become a bit boring compared to someone who's just sitting in his front room all day long. Plus I'm quite slow."

He dislikes producing himself because the idea of a new perspective or a fresh outlook which could make all the difference in the world (and charts) becomes that more difficult.

"You lack someone between the machinery and the band. I'm quite happy to have someone say, do this or do that, whereas doing it for someone else is easy. Hopefully, I'd be like a fan in the studio and make the sound how I'd like to hear it."

WHICH is exactly what he did, first with the "Prince" single and then "One Step Beyond." Interestingly, for the single, Madness got together \$50 to pay for Pathway studios but the then drummer to whom the money had been entrusted absconded. So Langer went to Rob Dickens, vice-president of Warners music and a perennial champion of the Liverpool contingent especially, who lent him \$200. They made the demos and you know what happened then.

"I like pop records, production-wise. I try not to get too frightened about what's currently fashionable. Like with Madness, it was trying to catch them live and the humour and what was in the

songs and then making them into pop songs as opposed to just leaving it as a 'recorded live sound.' The Kilburns' albums were always a disappointment to me because they didn't sound good enough on the record player and yet they were really good live."

Langer often teams up with Alan Winstanley, a producer in his own right. They normally work well together because Alan's technical expertise and extraordinary ear offsets Clive's more intuitive approach. However, on "Splash" the alchemy hasn't gelled. The album was recorded — or rather slotted in during spare moments — over the last nine months, and had three different sets of producers.

He wanted to re-record but the budget wouldn't let him. Still, the next one should be more under control. And the immediate future doesn't look too bad. Langer starts the second Madness album in a week or so while the Boxes should be playing behind — guess who? — "Splash" the alchemy hasn't gelled. He also hopes that in the autumn they can get together a "revue" of sorts with Bette Bright and a brass section. His outlook here is entirely realistic; not only would it be more fun to do it with friends but also no single act would be able to pull that many people.

The family that plays together, stays solvent together.

Mike Ratnerford singe TIME AND TIME AGAIN.

c/w 'AT THE END OF THE DAY'
CB 364

Produced and engineered
by David Hentschel

Taken from the album
'SMALLCREEP'S DAY'



"I TEND to get recording blues — I can do my best performance in a few minutes and then spend six months tearing it apart. On the other hand, I could still play something that I was really knocked out by and not want to touch it. I don't drag everything apart."

It seems that Jeff Beck suffers the creative agony and conflicts of a perfectionist. His self-imposed standards of excellence may be why it's been several years since his last studio output. Add to this numerous changes in musicians and you begin to realise why Beck has remained somewhat inactive recently. But this week he returns to the British rock scene with a brand new album.

Walking into London's grandiose Waldorf Hotel, I was delighted to find that Jeff Beck hadn't changed much. He still looks relatively youthful. Over traditional English afternoon tea, he outlined the recording history of his latest record, "There And Back".

"I started it back in November '78 when, as it happened, my association with Jan Hammer had finished on a performing level. But he said he'd written some great tunes just for me and sent them over. The tape arrived and on it were six songs of which there were three that were really something and that I definitely wanted to use. But then I was confronted with the problem of getting four or five more suitable numbers."

"Then I waited until someone like Tony Hymas came along to write me some more material so that I could get greater variety. Otherwise, it had been all of Jan's tunes. I'd have ended up being very restricted because he writes in an extremely distinct style that wouldn't have allowed me to expand to do what I wanted."

Was it this stylistic difference that precipitated the break with Hammer?

"Well, we'd never intended to go on working together for more than the year I'd planned to spend in the States," Jeff explained. "He had strong ideas about carrying on as Jan Hammer, as a star, whereas from the beginning it was meant to be a two-way relationship. I was drawing the big crowds and, in return, he let me use his band."

There with Beck

Getting back to the forefront has been a long, hard slog for Jeff Beck. STEVE GETT believes that his new album, 'There And Back', will see him back where he belongs.

JEFF explained what happened after the parting of the ways with Hammer: "I formed a band with Stanley Clarke, a kind of joint project as the original idea of working with Jan had been, but we were just going to do a one-off tour. It was to be a kind of integrated musical format with us playing some of his tunes along with some of my material so that the end result

wouldn't sound directly like either his thing or mine. That worked pretty well but there was a setback at first in the fact that the keyboard player he insisted on using didn't fit in — I could see that right from the start. We went along with it for a while but in the end I just had to say to Stanley in despair that he wasn't the right man and we had to find someone else."

"Fortunately, Simon Philips then came up with Tony Hymas and what a find that was! He is one of the greatest keyboard players I've ever heard and once we'd got hold of him we did a tour of Japan."

Following the Japanese dates the Jeff Beck/St Stanley Clarke group played a low-key tour of Europe, "to keep the name going." Clearly Beck benefited from the outing by recruiting Tony Hymas who supplied a number of compositions that sparked off the current album. However, once Jeff had assembled his present working line-up it still took a while for everything to run smoothly.

"Finding the players doesn't automatically mean that you come up with good material," he said. "Once Tony was in the band everyone pitched in ideas, but I think it's probably taken them all a year to really get to know where I'm exactly going."

It's been quite a time since Jeff played a concert in this country — back in 1976 at the Roundhouse with Jan Hammer. But a tour on the west coast of America has been scheduled for August and will mark Jeff's return to the road after an absence of more than a year.

Isn't he so enthusiastic about playing live these days? "I do enjoy performing in concert," he answered, "but to play live you have to keep at it all the time and get a taste for the road. Maybe I'd be fantastic if I kept on touring but I'm not a habitual live player. I soon get tired and bored with what I'm playing."

That's why Jeff hasn't retained a stable line-up of working musicians for any

length of time, since Beck, Roger and Appice. He's drifted, using different people on his albums.

I got the impression though that he would now like to settle down a little more working with the "nucleus" of Tony Hymas, Mo Foster and Simon Philips but, as he had stressed, it depends on how the live performances go. On the album the relationship appears to work well; indeed, the Hymas/Philips compositions are admirably suited to Jeff's playing. Aside from the Hammer tracks, the rest of the material comes from Hymas and Philips except for the last cut on the record, "The Final Peace". Here Beck plays some of his finest guitar over some beautifully executed keyboards from Hymas.

Jeff revealed how that number had evolved: "I had asked Tony if he could write me a featured guitar piece, and then having asked him that stupid question I was very embarrassed because that's something I should be able to do. So then I told him that I wanted some really spaced out chords so that I could work in-between them and that's exactly what we did. I just made up the guitar on that, it wasn't really planned at all. He wrote a melody to which I didn't rigidly stick — I just cried a few times on the guitar."

"The Final Peace" lasts no more than three and a half minutes but during that time Beck's guitar moans, wails and cries with the most feeling. Axe freaks may be keen to know that on this tune — as on the whole album — Jeff used only his Stratocaster. On first hearing, courtesy of Cozy Powell about six months ago, I marvelled at the piece and later discovered from Animal that in fact Beck hadn't wanted to include it on the album.

Was it due to Powell's persuasive tongue that "The Final Peace" showed up on vinyl then?

"Yes, I suppose it was. I remember after playing it to him for the first time he just went away glazed and glassy-eyed and I had to have second thoughts."

In the past, besides his own work, Beck has also been noted for his sessions and I wondered whether he planned any more for the future, or whether the time has come for him to concentrate more on his career.

"I haven't done any sessions recently," he confessed, "at least none that I can remember! And I think it would have to be something special for me to do any in the future. Sessions can be fun though, because if a project doesn't work you can always shift the blame on to someone else. But at this point in time I really think I owe myself more time."

It was reassuring to hear this from Jeff, and he also said that if all goes well with "There And Back" it won't be long before he returns to the studio. Hopefully this will be the case for Beck hasn't been noted for his consistency in issuing product in recent years.

"If there are good sales with this album I'll be right on the case," he promised. "I've still got piles of unreleased material at home, some of which was originally supposed to be on this one, but obviously when you just make a single album you're limited as to what you can put on two sides of a disc."

JEFF Beck has progressed through different changes during the past two decades, since he started playing guitar at 16; then he covered Shadows standards so that he could "show off and sound like Hank!" Is there any period of his playing life that has given him particular satisfaction?

"There have been no long spells of satisfaction, but I guess the biggest thrill so far was to find that an album is doing well, or perhaps when you've just completed a really successful tour," he said. "I can't compare the individual periods because they're all so far apart. I could probably tell you if I looked back on them one after another but the prospect of that scares me a bit, I must admit — all that history in front of you."

U.S. NEWS

Petty hilarity

TOM Petty premiered a few songs from album in progress at his Palladium appearance this week, and did some hilarious ham acting on old favourites like "Breakdown" (the kid sure has a goofy sense of humour sometimes). One standout among the new numbers was a slow ballad called "The Best Of Everything".

Petty tours until August 15.

NEW YORK: Steve Demorest

and then heads back into the studio in LA with producer Jimmy Iovine aiming for an October album release.

STEELY DAN, who haven't released an album since "Aja" three years ago, say their next one should be wrapped up in two weeks and in the stores around September. The one-and-a-half-year project has cost them \$750,000 so far.



Elephantine Bowie

DAVID Bowie is making his American theatrical debut later this month when he joins a production of the "Elephant Man", the award-winning play about a Victorian freak.

Bowie will take over the title role in Denver's centre for the performing arts beginning July 29, and then move on to Chicago's Blackstone Theatre for the month of August. Plans for him to join the Broadway cast in September are still in the talking stages (break a leg, David).

Obviously, no rock tours for the moment.

The Diamond Dilletantes' next LP, "Scary Monsters", is being readied for mid-September release. It features ten unrelated cuts considered to be "rock 'n' roll", and includes several performances by Robert Fripp and an appearance by Pete Townshend on "Because You're Young".

The only non-Bowie composition is Tom Verlaine's "Kingdom Come", with the lovable former Television neurotic on guitar.

REMEMBER "concept" albums? Now we've got "concept" parties.

With so many small clubs competing for new wave dollars (let's face it, there aren't many of them), several establishments have taken to staging theme nights. In recent weeks Hurrah hosted a celebration honouring the Lawrence Welk; the Ritz had an Annette Funicello beach party night (named after the former Mickey Mouseketeer) and a "depression" party (admission one dollar) the following week —

there's a culture warp for you. One club on Long Island even put together the Roy Raden vaudeville show, dedicated to a local movie actress molester who lined Rupert Murdoch's cheery New York Post for much of the spring.

Most of the parties seem to trade in nostalgia, such as Club 57's "Salute To Lawrence Welk", including accordion music and a Leni Sisters impression complete with floating soap bubbles.

This is all either camp or desperate, depending on your point of view.

EDITORIAL SECRETARY...

... required for the Melody Maker. It's a job needing lots of patience and tact, and as well as the usual secretarial skills, a cool telephone style and a good working knowledge of mathematics is essential. An interest in music and the people who make it is desirable. Please apply in writing to Ray Coleman, Editor-in-Chief, Melody Maker, 24-34 Meymott Street, London SE1 9LU.



THE MMA THE WEEK'S BIG JAZZ EVENTS

by KARL DALLAS

IN THE small hours of Monday morning, the Ray Charles Orchestra picked up their arrangements, the six contestants in a rooftop "tenor sax battle" blew their last blast, and the musicians in six other venues within The Hague's vast Congress Hall grabbed their instruments and prepared to return to their homes around the world as the last of the 11,000 visitors that day flooded out of the building into the rain-washed streets of Holland's administrative capital looking for transport home.

And after they had gone the lights still burned dimly in the light of dawn in the office of the one man who had made it all happen, Paul Acket, a tall, highly stooping Dutchman with horn-rimmed glasses and a baggy grey worsted suit, who was already beginning to plan next year's Northsea Jazz Festival.

With the ruins of Alexandra Palace still smoldering, it may not be the most useful time to say it, but Northsea Jazz is really the most incredible festival anywhere on earth. The statistics alone are remarkable, as Paul Acket will prove any time you give him a chance to reel them out: ten days of continuous music are packed into these three ten-hour days across eight continuous venues, performed by over 500 musicians, playing to over 25,000 people this year (3,000 up from 1979) who in addition to listening to the music consumed 35,000 sandwiches, 75,000 bottles of beer, 5,000 half-bottles of wine, 350 bottles of champagne and 22,000 soft sticks, the Indonesian kebab with peanut sauce which is Holland's answer to the hot dog (they sold 3,000 of those too).

The whole thing cost about £250,000 of which about £46,000 came as a subsidy from the local city council. It has lost money for the past two years, and presumably is expected to this year, but since Acket is appealing for Government help.

Musically, the policy is so catholic it's positively ecumenical, ranging from the English trad of Monty Python to the most avant-garde of the Art Ensemble of Chicago, embracing the pop fringes of R&B (Ray Charles, Fats Domino, Rose Murphy) and near-folk forms like zydeco and salsa, contrasting world music with the Oscar Peterson and amateurs like Journalist Igor Cornelissen's Original New Hot Shots whose other regular gig is a twice-a-month booking at Amsterdam's De Engelbewaarder cafe.

Organising it must be a logistical nightmare, and it's small wonder that this ageing Dutchman, rapped over the knuckles by the Nazis as a schoolboy for organising illegal jazz concerts under the Occupation, has now set up a foundation to take over the

Nothing vague in the Hague

organisation.

It can be a different sort of nightmare for the visitor, who must attend any single performance in the sure and certain knowledge that he is missing something equally phenomenal elsewhere in the building's four floors.

For instance, when I was packed cheek by beer-swilling jowl with the cheery cosmopolitan crowd in the circus big top on the roof — an appropriate setting, I thought, for Don Cherry's Magic Band, with its magician, sword swallower and dancer from Les Ballets Maunice Bejart — I was also missing Joe Pass, Sam Getz, George Coleman, Benny Bryden, and the Stars of Faith.

And if a set starts late, or is transferred to a different part of the building because of transportation difficulties — the first happened to George Adams and Don Pullen who were delayed eight hours in transit, went over an hour late, but still played a blistering set, while the second happened to Hank Jones — it becomes virtually impossible to track it down, despite the help offered by closed circuit TV announcements.

On the other hand, there cannot be many city councils, or venue owners, come to that, who'd be willing to let Art Blakey play on the roof of a building in an otherwise quiet residential area until five of a Sunday's morning, just because he's got the bit between his teeth.

The programming does show a few surprising gaps. England was represented by the traddies and mainstays, Sunshin, Bryden, Lyttelton et al, but the phenomenal creativity of the British avant garde appears to be disregarded, so audiences are denied a chance to compare the work of world-beaters like Derek Bailey, Evan Parker and Paul Rutherford with their peers from America and, for that matter, Holland itself.

Considering that the best of contemporary Americans present, Pharoah Sanders, Archie Shepp, Don Pullen and George Adams, defined their musical vocabulary half a decade ago, in some cases, this omission gives the contemporary side of the billing a curiously top-sided appearance.

And while I suppose we must expect to see jazz rock performers like Stanley Clarke, if only for box office reasons — and the main PWA was packed for his band's set — his inclusion in the bill did underline what has been apparent for some time not only to the hybrid but to be come mulishly sterile, but its mannerisms are becoming as dated as the fads of the day before, yesterday, so that it no

longer has the "true of modernism" to commend it.

However, having established that I had to miss seven-eighths of the music, that I have passed on artists I can see regularly in England, and those who are currently visiting us, or have been here recently, I must agree that it was still possible to hear some of the best jazz of any genre that I have heard for years.

Some vignettes. Archie Shepp, billed as "very special guest" of Abbey Lincoln, coming out to open the set and playing continuously for half an hour over a repetitive modal bass, a solo that started mildly and progressed by a series of small and inevitable stages to a height of passion that made one think, each chorus, that he had reached the peak, only to be taken still higher once again, a knuckle-leaving tightrope walk and a timely reminder to his fellows of the advance guard that even in this area of music a solo should still have an organic development, so that the however frenzied its climax, its development should have been implicit in the opening phrase.

Upstairs, that same day, Pharoah Sanders illustrated the same points, but in a distinctly different way, incidentally answering my own question about his continued creativity, based upon a somewhat tentative set in Sheffield at the end of May. This was decisive enough in all conscience, building upon a simple collection of filled triplets to create apparently overlapping layers of sound that sounded like all the world as if he was using an Echoplex.

The phrase which constituted building blocks of the solo, incidentally, was the very cadenza he tended to drop into at the end of many of his Sheffield solos, which tells us something about how a great solo can grow not over a period of minutes but even over a month or more.

Carmen McRae coming on to enchant the big hall with a collection of standards, and including among them the very Al Jarreau song he was singing on the seamed ranks of recorders playing back outside on the balcony for fans guffawing their choicest of Heineken.

Charles MacPherson playing a superb alto blues with the Adellee Brotherhood, and Nat handling the locals with the sort of attack beats like Derek Bailey, Evan Parker and Paul Rutherford with their peers from America and, for that matter, Holland itself.

The sheer professionalism of the Band Alumni who they didn't quite match the tightness of the band under the GUV'nor's direction, still showed that the older generation still has a great deal to say today. I was disappointed by Joe Williams' contribution to their set, and by Muddy Waters' new band the next day, which sounded under-rehearsed.

Though Muddy was given the rapturous welcome

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Oscar Peterson

by MAX JONES

THERE was nothing seriously wrong with the first Jersey Jazz Festival that a load more customers wouldn't have cured. Fault could be found with the acoustics in the Gloucester Hall, a converted sports arena in the vast entertainment complex which is Fort Regent, and with the somewhat perfunctory presentation of certain events. But the music was good, international as promised, and well-assorted so long as you were not looking for music in the way of new directions and free improvisations. And the audiences what there were of us — listened respectfully to everything offered and thoroughly enjoyed a great deal of it. One or two fresh young groups wouldn't have been a bad thing, though.

If glowing excitement was not in ready supply until the final concert on Sunday, there was enough in the way of polished and/or funky performance and musical diversity to satisfy a broad sweep of jazz and fringe tastes. Admitted, there were few surprise packets; perhaps for me only the four-decade force generated by the four hands of John MacLaughlin and France's Christian Escudé. But then I expect to be "surprised" by the professionalism and virtuosity of Oscar Peterson and Maynard Ferguson and so my sense of amazement is blunted before they lose their first salvo of notes. Despite which, both were a gas.

As a prelude to the festival I lunched in the hotel with Muddy Waters, manager and new band, which included an old consort, harpist George "Mojo" Buford, and such recent recruits as John Primer (guitar), Lovie Lee (piano) and Ray Allison (drums). Muddy amused with tales about his recent Japanese tour and how the local blues guitarists have got down every last lick of his "I Can't Be Satisfied" and other stuff. "They got all my favourites. I couldn't hardly believe it," he said, "can't even do that today. They started singing, in Japanese you know. And I said: 'Hey, I got you beat now!'"

The concert performances got under way with a short, punchy set by pianist Fred Tomlinson's Trio — completed by Gerry Rossie (bass) and Roy Tomlinson (drums) — before Fred introduced the suave, smiling gem of the tenor sax, Bud Freeman. Bud took off with a disciplined "On a Clear Day," cleared his throat on "I Cover The Waterfront" and a noodling "Tea For Two," and settled into his favoured swinging-ballad routine with a brisk "Ain't Nothin' But a Good Thing."

Some of the local musicians who had not heard Bud in person before were visibly enraptured by his peppy tone, technical precision and clear, tranquil presentation of the melodies. He worked most amicably with old friend Hunt and the two strangers from the sunny side (which was not quite doing its duty weather-wise this day) but his unforgotten sound was partially covered by over-amplified bass.

A vivid contrast was furnished by the Muddy Waters Band. They warmed us over with a brace of blues sung by guitarist Primer and a nondescript piano-and-voiced feature by Eddie Lee (Lovie Lee) Watson. Muddy ambled on to a huge hand from a quarter-over, Buford's ripe harmonica degree of intensity by a few points with confident delivery of some classic Chicago blues.

Sound systems were still playing-up, and from my seat Muddy was audible but not commanding enough; however, Buford's rife harmonica playing came through loud and barrelhouse.

Muddy had told me earlier: "I can't do my homework no more." But he cut it all right on a stronger "Moochie" "Coppie Man" and "19 Years Old," shot out vigorous, pumping solo guitar, and was forced back on stage to wrap things up with "Manish Boy." The group hadn't done all its homework yet, though, and suffered in comparison with the old Legendary Blues Band. It suffered also from balance and P.A. problems.

On the Saturday Gloucester Fame and the Blue Flames

toughs, and when the piece ended on the tone honoured with a bang, the applause went up like a geyser.

Curtis Fuller and Kal Winding had done their homework too — "Scrapple from the Apple" undulated its slightly sinister, slightly cheerless line, the two trombones help joined. In solo, Winding is less driven, more controlled than his partner who tends to pick a little behind his own bell, pointing. How good to hear a two trombone front line again, and what variety of approaches they devised.

The Brecker Brothers tore into everything as if expected to do it, and they did it, and it worked very well. Michael Brecker is a hustling tenor player with an edge of Barbel and the all-top-out thrust of the late Gene Ammons. He didn't sound much like a Bebopper



PEANUTS HUCKO

entertained first with a reasonably stirring brand of R&B and jazz, though the sound was again fairly distorted. Fame himself came over as a nice light vocalist and organ-puncher, also as unpretentious director of a happy hard-blowing but too-loud septet. "Moody's Mood For Love," "Yeh Yeh," "My Little Samba" and "The Erno Hotel" were included. George gave a youthful audience of some 500 what they seemed to crave, and the stars were drawn often towards Malcolm Griffiths' trombone, Steve Gregory's tenor and Speedy Acqua's conga.

Though Saturday had been a scorcher, Jersey's citizens and tourists stayed cool towards the jazz. In the interval most ears and tongues were busy with a chat about the men's singles cliff-hanger at Wimbledon. As tennis-keen as anyone was Oscar Peterson, the evening's star attraction. When he emerged to take over the Steinway grand — and take over is the phrase — Borg was forgotten in a flash. This was a completely solo performance, masterful as always and rich in melodic content, and as interesting and mood-varied as solo recital as I remember hearing from this consummate player. He came along powerfully but more gently than sometimes in the past.

There'd be no point in trying to pick best selections

from this grand display, but a reflective triple-time "City Lights", part of a new jazz ballet, struck me as particularly notable, and "Lush Life" and "A Train" in the Ellington medley were immensely good and dramatic in their contrasting fashions. Encored back at 10.55pm, an amiable, ever-dignified Oscar obliged with a witty blues, by which Jackson we thought, which went unnamed. It wasn't "Baga's Groove," and afterwards Peterson couldn't recall its title. Anyhow, he had provided a festival highspot, starting keynotes by virtuosity and no booming amplification.

Sunday, the final day, brought fearfully similar, even poorer crowds for the two separate presentations. Clarinetist Peanuts Hucko starred from 4.30pm with very natty variations on themes such as "Remetta," "World Is Waiting" and Bechet's "Lumpsum."

He was preceded by Jersey's Jack Duff, a healthy-sounding tenorman whose quartet, with Gary Lloyd on piano, found a sharp groove on Ray Brown's "Parking Lot Blues," and joined by Duff for a couple of numbers which showed, I thought, when the two horns came together on a propulsive version of "Swinging The Blues," what could have been done with a

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by BRIAN CASE

WITH the fire at Alexandra Palace gutting Capital Radio's second Jazz Festival, a lot rode upon the success of the sole surviving event. The Year of the Bird concert on Monday at London's Royal Festival Hall. It was thankfully, a sell-out, and justifiably so since there wasn't a duff moment in the whole three hours, despite the sort of all star risecidence that often turns to khaki when mixed.

Adrian Love for Bird

The concert began in darkness to a tape recorded message from George Wein, followed closely, as in surreal as it may seem, by Adrian Love bearing a yellow fireman's helmet. Most importantly, it was announced that there will only be a third Capital Radio jazz festival next year, in the second or third week of July. Love Konitz didn't so much kick off as fly off into an unaccompanied solo that brought Bird to mind without ever directly tapping that

source; different tensions, different releases, but the same live, sky-blue sense of riding. He played as naturally as someone drying their hands in a hot air machine, and when the rhythm section swung in under him for "Star Eyes" it was a moment of perfection.

Clark Terry took over for "Blue Bird"; mute and uncocking the odd whoop and shout, and finally joining with Konitz for "Donna Lee." They hadn't sounded com-

DIZZY GILLESPIE

patible at Newport but they did here, riding that impossible theme in a curious side-saddle, Terry skating ahead, Konitz flattening the usual crests and emphasising the

with his power pack vortexes and screams. But there was no gaudy playing a note of excitement. Randy's trumpet best on "Lover Man" was a dramatic mix of All's boxing stomp to music — driving backwards, lunging forwards with long half-valve moans, and short sharp punches into the upper register.

The rhythm section for the first half, John Critchinson, Ron Mathewson and Martin Drew were marvellously adaptable.

Freddie Hubbard, playing an odd dedication, "Birdland," sounded more committed than I have heard him in years. His chops were great, a gorgeous ideas occasionally wild but always ideas. "Here's That Rainy Day" of flugelhorn worked like a burnished dream. Haynes busy but banked Leeds crystal clear, soloing with a pinpoint precision that made his

invention seem inevitable, and then came the crunch. Slam Stewart, imported "Here Comes the Bride" into his humming-and-arco spot on "Birdland" basked into oblivion on the ballad.

Art Pepper and Slam Stewart were not made for the upper register. Art Pepper drew the biggest hand of the night for his "Somebody Over the Rainbow."

Dizzy Gillespie strapped it up. With Mathewson recalled for bass, Dizzy played muted trumpet with the intensity of someone bluing threats. He took "Round Midnight" quietly squeezing a Florentine court of Innuendo into the shadows of Monk's brooding theme, and like the great showman that he is did not break out his high notes until the closer. They went through the brain line stairs.

Nothing but music and fun

Three nights in the life of ALLAN JONES, who found Elvis, the Specials and the best of British at Montreux

AS BLACK as the world's last night, the clouds rolled down over the Alps like the frowns on the faces of old men looking into death's miserable eyes.

The rain fell in thick, cold sheets; bounced off the bonnet of the Golf hatchback like knuckles banging on a tin drum.

Sulking like a seaside donkey, the photographer steered the motor down the thin, curling road that leads you out of Lausanne, down through Vevey, into Montreux.

Expecting a weekend of glorious Swiss sunshine on the shores of Lake Geneva, the hapless photographer had packed a wardrobe best suited for a holiday in the tropics. He'd have been better equipped with a snorkel and a rubber life raft.

"This is ridiculous," he bitched. "It looks like Aberdeen."

I scrounged some consolation from the fact that Europe was suffering as bad a summer as Blighty. At least the bloody foreigners weren't basking in the sun while we huddled at home in wind-lashed corners.

That really would have been too much to bear.

We drove into Montreux; along the promenade where the tourists scurried along in their plastic macs, past damp marquees and the walls where the posters for the 14th Montreux Jazz Festival were peeling from their billboards in the drifting haze of rain.

The festival office was located in the casino overlooking the lake where most of the event's major concerts were held. We queued for our press passes, quite prepared for the inevitable Herr Kessler Routine. The Herr Kessler Routine usually occurs when you arrive at one of these foreign bashes and ask for all the relevant passes that should ensure your safe entry into all the places you're meant to be reporting.

Usually, you approach the person who's been described to you as one of the organisers. He'll shrug his shoulders, complain that he's never heard of you or your paper, look bewildered, pretend not to understand a word of English and suggest that you find Herr Kessler.

You then spend the next three days looking for the enigmatic Herr Kessler. Everyone will have heard of him, you'll always have missed him only by a moment. But you'll never find the bugger.

Such complications are, however, unknown at the Montreux Jazz Festival.

THE MONTREUX Jazz Festival is as ruthlessly organised as a German



● "If you could sober my husband up, we could get on with the next number." Carlene Carter and Dave Edmunds prepare for a duet . . .



● "Now — was the bar this way or that way?" Nick Lowe ponders a burning question. Edmunds feigns indifference . . .



● You put your right leg in . . . Sir Horace Gentleman boogies on down.



● Jerry Dammers practices martial arts exercises at Montreux . . .

assault on the Low Countries. Within five minutes of turning up on their doorstep, the Montreux Festival press office had supplied us with enough bits of paper to cover a wall of the Vatican. We needed a roadie, really, to carry all the passes and folders of information they dropped on us.

I suppose they have had 14 years to perfect a system that makes any kind of English equivalent look positively retarded, but it was still damned impressive. English festivals seem designed usually to create the greatest possible discomfort and an even greater confusion. Montreux bristled with efficiency. It was also trying to look forward and expand its musical context. Originally conceived purely as a jazz festival, with occasional references to rock (usually its more conservative manifestations and fusion music of the most obvious kind), this year three nights had been devoted to a more contemporary and urgent kind of rock-'n'-roll.

Over those three nights, he'd booked the Specials, Elvis Costello, Rockpile, Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons, Clive Langer & The Boxes, the Original Mirrors, the Q-Tips and the Boomtown Rats.

Ah — hold it right there: one of the first things we find out at the press office is that

the Rats have blown the gig. At first, no one is able to explain the reason for their withdrawal. Later, two possible answers emerge. Michael Appleton, producer of "The Old Grey Whistle Test", had heard that there had been some conflict between the Rats and the festival organisers about the rights to those concerts being recorded for subsequent television broadcasts. Clearly, the Rats would be obvious contenders for worldwide television distribution. They wanted to retain complete control of anything that might go out. They didn't get it. They cancelled their tickets to Switzerland.

When Jake Riviera arrived for the festival's F-Beat night, he had a rather more scurrious story. He'd heard that the Rats were having difficulties with their new album. They're already booked into a studio on Ibiza for a month with Tony Visconti, but they've only written two new songs. Geldof's apparently been locked away, told to come up with an album's worth of "I Don't Like Mondays". Columbia, the Rats' American label are said to be fretting like worried parents watching the police dragging the lake for a missing child.

"Geldof's probably scouring every paper he can lay his hands on, looking for

something to write about." Riviera gloated. "He's probably already written at least one song about Ally Pally burning down."

PASSES for the weekend prematurely secured, Boot and I retired to the White Horse on La Grand Rue du Montreux. We decided to sample the local hooch, a wine brewed in the village of Chardonne. A light, slightly mischievous white wine (you'd have been touched by its impertinence), it slipped down the tube with an ease that can only be described as frightening.

It also had a kick like an irate mule. Now, Europe hasn't got much going for it, being populated mostly by foreigners, and Switzerland's got even less going for it than most of its neighbours. Lee Brilleaux, who's something of an expert in these matters, once described Switzerland as Belgium with snow.

"It's a nation of neutral watchmakers," he said. "Natural cowards, the Swiss. The French might lose every war they get into, but the Swiss don't even bother to turn up for the match."

But the one redeeming feature of European countries, even Switzerland, is the freedom of the licensing hours. The bevy boys never seem to close. The wine's unex-

pected potency combined with an afternoon that seemed determined to go on forever meant that by the time Jerry Dammers happened upon us, the photographer and I were as nished as pews. I had a tongue as swollen as a horse's leg and a brain that was clearly holding a private party that the rest of me wasn't invited to.

Dammers invited us for a drink somewhere down the road. We were ready to party until hell froze over. We accepted.

Dammers was in a totally wonderful mood. Recent reports on the Specials had described them as a band torn open by internal tensions, personal jealousies and overwhelming disillusionment. Jerry Dammers that afternoon in Montreux behaved like a man who'd just been given the world. Last year, I chased him half-way around Britain trying to get more than two consecutive sentences out of him. Whenever I met him, he'd appeared nervous, tired, anxious about the Specials' future.

"I don't have time to change my shirt, never mind write any new songs," I remember him complaining.

Those accounts of the friction between Dammers and some members of the band that were turned in from the Specials' Seaside Tour suggested that he might finally

have buckled under the pressures that had so quickly and heavily landed on his shoulders. Someone who accompanied the Specials on their exhausting American tour said that the experience had totally drained the band, especially Dammers. At their lowest ebb when they returned to Britain, they were faced with the prospect of recording a new album; now almost completed, there was apparently a time when it looked like it would never come together. The first album had been recorded with a spontaneous zeal that could never be duplicated; this time they had to force the music, a process they found dispiriting and unnatural.

"We spent two horrendous months in Horizon Studios in Coventry," Horace Panter, the Specials' bass player, would say. "Really, it almost killed us." Now that the album's almost finished, a great weight seems to have been lifted. The Specials can breathe again. Dammers is more relaxed, confident; at ease with himself. Enthusiastic about the new album generally, he's particularly pleased with the direction taken by songs like "International Jet Set". He describes it originally as a radical departure, a determined attempt to widen the focus of the Specials' music. He wants

it out as a single, but it's over seven minutes' long in one form; Chrysalis are apprehensive.

"I love it when they're worried," Dammers confesses wryly. "It means they don't know what to do with us."

"It's the best thing we've ever done," Horace said of the song. "I haven't been so excited since we did around, noisy and excited. Earnest students of popular music in duffle coats and earthshoes tugged at scrappy beards beneath signs that declared 'Montreux — NO-THING BUT MUSIC AND FUN!' (and how true this was to become). Europunks in yesterday's leathers and chains — they haven't missed the boat, have they?" Nick Lowe would observe — strolled through the casino trying their best to look threatening.

The very fact that most of them seemed to like the Tickets proved they had hearts as hard as paper handkerchiefs. The Tickets made the Knack seem appealing; they had all the charm of a stale kiss and the pop sensibility of a house-brick.

The Q-Tips, whose career is being pushed with an unreasonable enthusiasm by Chrysalis, plunder the Stax tradition with relish but a conspicuous lack of taste. They

to demonstrate that he could be even more boring than Switzerland.

Dawn was preparing to tip its hat when they finally threw us out onto the streets. We'd promised to give Dammers a lift back to his hotel. Exhilarated by the clear mountain air and the Char-donne, whose effect was proving more damaging than we ever imagined, we set off down the promenade.

Suddenly, we'd run out of road. We were hurtling down a pavement toward a large marquee. "Don't stop!" Dammers shouted. "Drive straight through."

We hit the canvas flaps at 60 miles an hour, ripped them open, drove straight down an aisle between two rows of wildly startled campers. They shot bolt upright in their sleeping bags, eyes blazing with fierce surprise as we roared through their dreams. We must have seemed like something out of hell, come to claim them.

"Jesus God!" I cried, ducking beneath the dashboard. "Morning campers!" Dammers shouted as we flew through the opposite end of the tent, bits of canvas, ropes and pegs flying behind us.

The night the Specials played at Montreux the atmosphere in the casino was pitched somewhere between a rodeo and a Jehovah's Wit-

ness Convention. This had nothing to do with the presence of the Specials. It was always like this.

The casino looked like a cross between Brent Cross Shopping Centre and Carnaby Street. The first floor was devoted to a kind of bazaar: stalls selling records, jewellery, clothes, souvenirs, musical instruments, food, beer. The audience milled around, noisy and excited. Earnest students of popular music in duffle coats and earthshoes tugged at scrappy beards beneath signs that declared "Montreux — NO-THING BUT MUSIC AND FUN!" (and how true this was to become). Europunks in yesterday's leathers and chains — they haven't missed the boat, have they?" Nick Lowe would observe — strolled through the casino trying their best to look threatening.

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The Q-Tips, whose career is being pushed with an unreasonable enthusiasm by Chrysalis, plunder the Stax tradition with relish but a conspicuous lack of taste. They

make all the right gestures, but their interpretation lacks any authentic flavour. They sound contrived, without heart. Everything they played was taken at a frenetic pace. They reminded me of those people you meet at parties who are simply too hearty for anyone's good; the kind of people who tell jokes at the tops of their voices and do everything but set fire to their trousers to keep you amused. They arrived determined to have a good time and nothing short of the outbreak of war would have stopped them.

Finally, they seemed to offer little more than professionally mounted revivalism. They had the insistence of the most belligerent salesmen, but would you really want to buy an old Stax riff off these people when you can still listen to the real thing?

Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons arrived on stage looking as if they meant business; after the shallow antics of the Q-Tips their version of Otis Redding's "I Need Security" rang with authentic feeling. This was no nostalgic exploitation. It was a celebration of a specific musical tradition, played with genuine respect and affection. Sharing a similar musical background to their fellow Australians, the Sports Jo Jo Zep lean heavily on

Parker and Springsteen (is there anyone else worth borrowing from, presently?). Fronted by the exuberant Joe Camillari, they were cool and measured; their music was sure of itself without any trace of arrogance. "Only The Lonely Hearted" from their album "Screaming Targets" was full of the vintage thrust of Parker, and it bowed its head to no one.

There were jeers when they weren't initially allowed to return for an encore. When they did they hit the audience with "Promised Land". Ending a set with a walloping of Chuck Berry is a standard rock'n'roll strategy. Done well, it works beautifully, never fails. Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons did it well: it didn't fail and it worked beautifully.

"HELLO," Terry Hall said, as the Specials ambled out into the spotlights. "We're the Specials from Coventry." The next moment the stage was under siege. Montreux had probably never seen anything like the Specials, but then few places have.

With Jerry Dammers now using a Hammond organ in preference to his old Farfisa, the sound is richer, more resonant. The bite is still there, but they don't try to snappyour head off with every number. Watching them onstage, though, is still a little

like being an active participant in a deranged gymnastic display. With the obvious exception of Terry Hall, who probably wouldn't move if his shirt-tails were on fire, the only other member of the band who isn't consistently mobile is Brad; but then it must be acknowledged that it's virtually impossible to dance and drum simultaneously. The rest of the group are constantly jumping through hoops, threatening to run themselves straight into the arms of a cardiac arrest.

The bulk of the set was familiar, but played with that spontaneous eruption of energy that only the truly great bands seem always able to muster. It was the new songs that really caught the ear, though. "Hey, Little Rich Girl" — which I believe actually dates from Dammers' dim and distant — was full of trilling melodies and rich harmonies, complemented by some lovely guitar asides from Roddy Radiation.

Mainstream pop with a bittersweet heart, it represented a further move away from ska; a move they all seem to think is essential.

There was a lovely number from Linval: "Do Nothing", which had the melodic lilt of "You're Wondering Now", "Stereotype", suggested further boundaries

being cracked. Weird chanted choruses gave way to a military tempo that was eventually swept away by a melody redolent of some epic movie theme, over which Terry Hall delivered a caustic lyric with a crooner's detachment. Stranger and stranger. "Man At C&A" opened with Neville screaming, "Warning, warning — nuclear attack/Third world coming back . . ." over abrupt, stabbing horns and cinematic organ. The lyric evoked Moscow, Afghanistan and the Ayatollah.

During "Gangsters", Neville alarmed the television crew by leaping from the stage onto one of their cameras. Those cameras cost close to half a million quid. Neville couldn't have cared less he wanted to tap dance on it, so he did. The cameraman was purple with rage, you couldn't see Neville's smile into a shopping bag. This seemed to inspire Dammers. Looking like a racing tout in a pink checked jacket (loud wasn't the word for it: screamed at you), he shuffled across the stage like Tommy Cooper and leapt into the audience with an hysterical scream.

"Ladies and gentlemen of Montreux," Terry Hall announced as the audience tried to regain its composure after a delirious version of "Nite Klub", "I must say it's been a

great pleasure for you to have us here tonight. . . . The Specials trooped off. The audience occupied the stage, demanded their return in a variety of languages.

The Specials returned with "Enjoy Yourself". Jerry and Neville conducted the audience, standing precariously on top of the Hammond, dozens of fans trying to climb up and join them. The Specials went off again. The audience called them back.

"If you all get off the stage, we'll finish with a nice chirpy singalong," Terry announced in his deadpan monotone, which manages to suggest innocence and sarcasm simultaneously. "Please get off the stage, or we're going home."

The audience retreated. The Specials played "You're Wondering Now".

Terry handed the microphone to a bewildered Swiss punk.

"Voor vunderink naw vot to do," he sang. "Now this is the end," Terry continued, handing the microphone back to the fan.

"Zis is not ze end!" the punk declared.

"No, iz not ze ent!" his mate cried, grabbing the microphone.

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FOK

Folk Forum

At last we've done it... this, friends, is the big one! The Melody Maker is proud to announce a major coup — after months of delicate negotiation we have exclusively secured the first-ever interview with Mrs Ackroyd.

To her critics she's just a bitch, but to her pack of fans she's the best thing on four legs since Rin Tin Tin. But love her or hate her, there's no denying her wit and genius, and her dedication to the folk scene (after all, she once gave birth to a litter of pups at a London folk club during a Tommy Giffellon set).

She has a reputation of being a prima donna, and other would-be interviewers have suffered only snags and growls in answer to their probing, but we found her charming, and so relaxed that at one point in the interview she even curled up on the sofa and went to sleep. What isn't widely known about her is that apart from her hilarious deadpan poetry, she's also a brilliant ventriloquist; and unexpectedly modest, she started on answering all questions through her alter-ego, Les Barker.

Barker is her pet human, an accountant who invariably appears wearing a tea-cosy on his head and sometimes assumes audiences by going on stage eating a banana or a malt loaf, and pretending it's a harmonica. Barker's an interesting character: a demon footballer who may one day even find fame in his own right as a folkie John Cooper Clark, with whom he has much in common. They both grew up in Manchester, shared the same agency, drank in the same Salford pub, and occasionally played on the same bill, and then Cooper Clark was claimed by punk, and Barker by Mrs Ackroyd and folk.

MRS Ackroyd is an admirable and much-needed antidote to the wearing self-sensitivities that seems to preoccupy the scene these days. On her new album, "Dogmatic", released this week by Avada, there's a track called "When Jonesie Ate Caught Fire", which sends up the boozy folk club chorus song sometimes that rotten, using every chorus cliché in the book, and every clichéd saw-in-the-vocal style and mashes them

A wet nose for genius



Dog (left) and man sneer at a deluded MM journalist(?).

COLIN IRWIN talks to dogs — official.

together. There's another, "Poking Swallow", which is about a Chinese restaurant and beautifully parodies "Wild Mountain Thyme". The real masterpiece, though, is "Nigella's Blues", which utilizes the standard "Woke up this morning" 12-bar style, complete with Martin Simpson and Hot Vultures indulging all their musical fantasies, to tell the tragedy of a lost Barclay Card.

Such sensitivity was missing on her first album, "Mrs Ackroyd Superstar", issued by Free Reed, though that album did include the ultimate tear-jerker of them all, "Holland's Meat Pies", a variant of "Ebony Eyes", plus Vin Garbutt's epic version of "Vincent" ("Oh me name it is Van Gogh/lend an ear, lend an ear"). Mrs Ackroyd's unselfish like that — in a remarkable prolific output there's always been a large quota of material written specifically for other people. And if they don't make it to record, there's a constant stream of books pouring out of Manchester under titles like "Her Master's Voice", "Mrs Ackroyd's Diary" and "Paws For Thought", with her

favourite characters frequently recurring... Jacques Cousteau, Eval Schmevel, Moby, Nigel, Cosmo the fairly accurate knife-thrower, already a folk legend in his own time; and, of course, Mrs Ackroyd.

I ask her if it's not frustrating performing in folk clubs as a duo with Les after working in the studios with all these wondrous musicians, and she nuzzles up and says it's okay cos in virtually every folk club she appears, there are resident musicians who are only too willing to have a blow with her, and rub her tummy. Later she coyly admits that she would love to work the resources to have with her, and rub her tummy, and secretly has high hopes that the album will launch her to great things.

HER Involvement with folk clubs came after writing several poems for fun and a mate, who ran the YMCA folk club in Manchester read one out at the club one night. Audience reaction was so good that Mrs Ackroyd was encouraged to write more for her mate, and was eventually coaxed up on stage to

perform her herself in that now familiar Mancunian accent and expressionless manner. The gigs quickly followed and her subsequent superstardom arrived in rapid pursuit. A single, "Quasi B. Goodie", is being released from the album, ("Go Quasi go go/Go Quasi mo do") and she yelps with excitement at the possibility of an appearance on "Top Of The Pops".

"Oh aye," she says when asked if she fancies being really famous, though she wouldn't care to be away from Manchester for too long. The problem is that working around the folk scene all the time, the material tends to reflect the scene, which obviously limits her appeal from the outset. "When Jonesie Ate Caught Fire", written in celebration of the archetypal folkie who spends his summer traipsing from one festival to another so that he can fall over, is a killer for anyone who's been there. But could Dave Lee Travis dig it? There are even those on the folk scene who object to her presence. Not because they think she's got rabies but because her pedigree is

uncertain. She names her strongest influences as Mike Harding, Jake Thackray, The Goons and Winnie The Pooh, and likes Georgie Fame, Ray Charles, and Alan Price. She can't explain it, but somehow she feels at home with a folk club audience.

"They just seem so receptive. The only time I feel I'm an impostor is when I'm on with somebody like Chris Newman, who's so technically brilliant, and then I come on and do this trivial fifth. I sometimes think the folk scene is like the country and western scene, it's another world. The mode of dress, the real ale thing, and in some cases trying to preserve old songs that aren't really relevant. I think that could be done on a tape or a record, but not every week in a folk club. It's an argument that'll go on forever, and so will the folk scene. I do sometimes feel it's got a bit introverted though — Dylan transformed it so that young people were going in and saying something which was interesting other young people, and I don't think it's doing that now."

Sometimes I go to singarounds and some youngsters drift in and somebody sings about ploughboys very badly and they drift out again, and I think maybe I could have got them interested if they'd stayed in the room long enough."

AND the other side of Ackroyd mania are the counter riots which occur at her shows when she performs one of her more contentious works. "Nashun Front Song" seems open to misinterpretation, and to clarify her politics she likes to precede it with the story of Eval Schmevel (the one where he tries to leap over a line of National Front members and the crowd always cheer when he fails). But sending up racism is a delicate business and frequently causes audience discomfort, as do her jokes about sexism. "The Heckmondwike Rapist" invariably gets her in deep water.

"I just feel that if you can't joke about these things, what can you do? I often hear people tut-tutting when I do them, but you can't get rid of these subjects can you?" The discussion was getting heavy, and I instinctively felt Mrs Ackroyd drifting away from me. She began to yawn. A gig last night, and another tonight, she made her excuse and pulled out. She was, she explained politely, dog tired.

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KARL DALLAS reports from ROTTERDAM

THERE'S nothing like a trip to a Continental folk festival to demonstrate how narrow-minded and Little Englander our native folk revival has become. Rotterdam last week was a case in point, for while the British and Americans may have drawn the punters, organisers Jan van Rij and the boss of the plush De Doelen complex, Huub van Dael, also made their festival a fascinating cross-section of European folk — including a glimpse of

what's behind the Iron Curtain, which showed that the seeds sowed by the British revival are sprouting over there, too.

This isn't to say that the British contingent didn't distinguish themselves, there is plenty of creativity here. But it is the backroom boys of the British scene, the club organisers and festival promoters, (and probably their audiences) who stand guilty as charged for their short-sightedness in not perceiving that exciting things are happening on the other side of the Channel.

A British folk record company has been toying with the idea of releasing the latest album by Malicorne, and is tending to decide against it because, as they put it, "who wants to buy a record that's sung in French?" Well, apart from the fact that French is taught in all our schools, the sheer brilliance of the band's arrangements transcend all

linguistic barriers. Malicorne weren't at Rotterdam, but it was a French group, La Confrerie des Fous, which really stood out in my recollection of a weekend packed with good things. Imagine a sort of French folk ELO, complete with painted clown's faces, and as many as three fiddle players, joined by a cello player, producing music which owes as much to contemporary jazz and rock as it does to folk.

And yet it's no tired hybrid, looting the conventions of worn-out traditions like some kind of cultural imperialist. It's exciting, vital, stimulating, visually as well as musically.

Their appearance was almost as controversial at Rotterdam as an amateur non-Dutch group, the oddly-named Gruppo Folk Internazionale from Italy — oddly named because so many people they are anything but an international folk group. In many ways, they reminded me of nothing so much as Mike Westbrook's Brass Band, even including a remarkable multi-sax player in their line-up.

Not speaking Italian, much of the content of their music was beyond me, but its brilliance and versatility was



La Confrerie des Fous

evident. I gather that they have a strong political motivation, and at many times their music was reminiscent of another contemporary music group from the Italian left heard in Britain a couple of years ago.

According to Jan van Rij, the group's entire programme had a historical and political perspective, starting in ancient times and degenerating into chaos at the very end as some kind of musical image of Italian society today. Afterwards,

one of them announced that the group was "a collective, not financed by any profit or capitalistic motive".

THE Hungarian group Muszika was more reminiscent of English revivalism, using authentic instruments, singing in a sort of authentic manner, and light-years away from the rather stagey presentations of even the best of the Eastern European folklore ensembles.

continued p.33

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Fest

from p29

A five-piece, consisting of three-stringed bass, two three-stringed fiddles, a virtuoso fiddler and female vocalist, Muszikas plays a music quite different from the gypsy ensembles usually associated with their country, and it wasn't surprising to hear the names of folklorists like Bartok and Kodaly being mentioned in introductions with the same sort of reverence was reserved for Sharp and Vaughan Williams.

Alone of all the groups I saw there, Muszikas seemed to want to jam all the time in addition to their two official sets, and it was definitely music which thrives away from mikes and PA systems. I was disappointed by the two German groups, though one of them, the two-man Zupfgeigenhansel, got a rapturous response, so it's probably my fault. Their music was okay, but lacked the fire of other German revival groups I've heard.

Folk-rock band Falkenstein suffered from inevitable comparisons with Fairport and their countrymen in Ougenweide, a much more significant band on this showing.

It's interesting how the clichés of folk rock have begun to sound like just that — clichés. And how dated they've become, compared with the uncluttered power of the original ballads.

The only saving grace of this band was a tiny little bundle of energy called Monika Marie Domin, who played electric hammered dulcimer (of all things) in anything but a traditional way, but had the audience in the big hall begging for more when she did a simple duo with the band's acoustic guitarist.

Two others not to be missed were the Finnish singer, Wannes van de Velde, who turned out to be a remarkable vocal stylist comparable with MacColl, and the Anton Pipi Band, led by an emigre Rumanian who plays the most remarkable music on nothing more complex than a leaf held between his fingers. A good singer, too.

Of the Anglo-American contingent, Tom Paxton was as professional as ever, and as up-to-the-minute with a support the Olympic boycott song that will endear him to Jimmy Carter and Maggie Thatcher. Endorsed by a rather limp anti-Carter satire (or balance?) which got the Dutch audience singing along.

The Kickin' Up The Sawdust Band was notable mostly for Bob Cann's superb playing and calling; Kett's Oak from Norwich were representative of good workmanlike folk club band without being in any other way remarkable. The Watsons seemed to be on particularly good form; Peader Long didn't seem to have integrated completely into Muckram Wakes though his jazzy licks were spreading much joy; Alex Anderson did his professional corner bits, and the most interesting thing to be heard was the trio of Bob Laddick, Peter Bond and Peter Bond with their set of circus songs.

At the end of it all, I was exhausted and envious. I don't expect I shall hear such a good mix of music at any British festival this year.

from p25

"Yes, it bloody well is," Terry said. And off went the Specials again. And again the audience brought them back.

"Aren't we getting on your nerves yet?" Terry asked.

"This isn't a real encore," Dammers announced. "This is just some background music for you to walk home to. So off you go..."

The piece the Specials played opened with a mesmerizing organ motif, which Dammers repeated endlessly. The rhythm section fell neatly, discreetly into place. The guitars kept their heads down; the brass touched base, faded. The piece grew, subsided. This was an instrumental version of "International Jet"! I can offer a reasonable comparison with anything the Specials have done before. It sounded like Brian Eno jamming with John Barry.

It is a bit different, isn't it? Dammers remarked later.

NEXT morning we found Jerry outside the Mayfair pub on the promenade. Suggs' Madness' singer was with him. They were polishing off the day's first round of drinks.

Suggs had come over to see the Specials and Clive Langer. Madness were due in the studio this week to begin work on a new album with Langer.

"We've written the songs for it," Suggs explained. "We're just working on the reviews. We're going to review it on Saturday, record it Sunday and have it in the shops on Monday..."

"You're going to spend a whole day on the new one, are you?" Dammers asked him. "It's not a rock opera, is it?"

Dammers had been fiddling with his new Yashika camera. He started shooting everything in sight. "You should save it for the Alps and mountain goats," Adrian Boot told him. "Mounting goats?" Suggs exclaimed. "What kind of behaviour is that?"

MEANWHILE, back at the Casino, Jake Riviera was leading the F-Beat crew from the bus that had brought them from Orange where they'd played a festival with the Feelgoods the previous night.

Clearly, there had been a considerable amount of chasing out the night before. (Note to the reader: one of the chaps) to enjoy a damned good evening with the chaps; this will include copious amounts of drink and a lot of blimming — ie, bantering.) Billy Bremner described the coach as a kind of mobile Jonestown, with bodies sprawled everywhere all the way from Orange.

Downstairs in the casino's main auditorium, they were locking the doors and evacuating the press. Elvis Costello was preparing for his soundcheck and no one was to be admitted. The Attractions started up. Elvis strummed a few bars. A French photographer who'd previously gone unnoticed rather foolishly whipped out a camera; he was whipped out of the auditorium before he'd removed his lens cap.

Elvis' attention was then diverted by the hapless individual in the lightning gallery who was fiddling with the spotlights.

"Tell that mother — to stop, or we do," he ranted.

One of the Attractions' road crew approached the gallery, shouting. He was ignored. Elvis' temper was on the blink; a definite wobbler was waiting in the wings. "Look, mate," the roadie shouted to the gallery. "We're not asking you to stop fiddling with those lights. We're telling you."

A tap on the shoulder told me that my renegade pre-

Classic Costello

sence at the back of the press gallery had been detected. I missed the eventual outcome of the altercation.

Boo.

THE F-Beat night at the Montreux Festival opened with a set from Clive Langer and the Boxes, whose first album, "Splash", has just been shunted onto the racks. Their performance rather lacked the consistent edge of surprise and the unexpected twists of focus that characterise the best moments on the album, but it was lively enough. Langer plays with music as if he's mixing an exceptionally potent cocktail; when the ingredients are blended successfully, his songs can knock you out.

When the recipe's not specific enough, they just make you a little giddy. "Burning Money" and "Hope and Glory" were lethal, a lot of the rest of his set was a little diluted. Still: once you get the taste, you can't easily put him down.

A surprise appearance by Clive Carter prefaced Rockpile's performance. Looking thrillingly diverting in a dramatic mini-skirt and cowboy boots, and clearly nervous, she was carefully coached through "Cry" by the brilliantly simple touch of Rockpile. Gaining confidence by the moment, her duet with Edmunds on "Baby Ride Easy" was full of vigour and dashing humour. She retired looking relieved to have completed the brief set without fainting.

Rockpile's own set was predictable, superlative. They'd probably win my heart if they just walked out onto a stage and produced a display of advanced origami and did a few card tricks. With a set that features more good rock 'n' roll to the square inch than most bands accumulate in several lifetimes, they made you hope that God's jukebox will prove to be primed with their records when you get to heaven.

"Right", said Nick Lowe after a bristling assault on "Crawling From The Wreckage", "since this is a jazz festival, we're gonna do a Tony Bennett number..." The Swiss looked utterly bemused. Basher began to croon. "To my heart in Stan Francisco..."

"This next one's almost as old as that," Basher announced. "This next one's almost as old as me," Edmunds flashed back.

Rockpile fell sideways into "I Hear You Knocking". "Oh, yes — now I liked that one," Basher beamed as Edmunds and Billy Bremner brought the number to a coruscating climax.

The three of them exchanged the kind of grins that told you everything you'd ever needed to know about the collective personality of Rockpile.

LOOKING a little out of condition (but don't we all at the moment, dear?), Elvis Costello declared war on Montreux with a virulence that would've shocked even his most longstanding admirers.

The movie director Sam Fuller once famously defined the cinema as a battleground. That's exactly what rock 'n' roll becomes in Costello's raging hands. Wrestling with demons most of us have only vaguely imagined, Costello does that we more than we'd ever presume to pester him. "Still here are you — taking this down are you — tape recorder on, is it?" "Yes, joke, such as it was, did we a little this..." Dammers was quickly bored with waiting around the hotel. He scampered off to Hazyland. Elvis and a few others just wrote an open letter to round up the Attractions and those members of Rockpile still standing. While we were waiting for them, the lobby was invaded by a small army of Japs in matching

Live, he's always such great theatre because you never know how far he's capable of pushing himself. Every performance seems an attempt to achieve some kind of personal catharsis or an act of personal exorcism. It's compulsive and frightening, rarely entertaining in any conventional sense. He can make you feel as uncomfortable as he clearly feels.

The new numbers in his set were rather obscured by the violent pace of the performance and the unsuitability of the casino for this kind of elemental rock 'n' roll. "Clubland" and "From A Whisper To A Scream" sounded terrific, but they eluded any detailed scrutiny. He also performed a stunning version of "Walk, Don't Look Back" that continued his affection for the style of modern soul music he began to explore on "Get Happy!"

Splicing together songs from different periods of his career ("Green Shirt" fading dynamically into "Chelsea," "Big Tears" pressing at the contours of "Secondary Modern"), for instance, he created an electrifying mosaic of images and impulses. The Attractions, meanwhile, seem to scale one peak of musical empathy, only to climb another.

Their collective performance on an extended "Watching The Detectives" rivalled the extraordinary dementia of, say, Neil Young's "Last Dance," from "Time Fades Away" (one of the all-time great moments in rock history).

By the time they'd wound up with "Mystery Dance," "Oliver's Army" and an incendiary "Pump It Up", I felt like an emotional corkscrew: all wound up and nowhere to go...

JERRY Dammers was the first to suggest that everyone should troop off to the Hazyland Disco.

Elvis wasn't at all convinced that it was a good idea, though he was prepared to be persuaded. He'd arrived at the hotel, still as damp as a dishcloth after the gig. "You can — off for a start," he said. He was smiling, but I'm not sure it counted for very much. Costello now lives under such constant scrutiny that anything he says that's overheard by any passing hack is going to be taken down and used as evidence. Any chance remark, of the kind you or I could get away with, he has to live with.

No wonder he's always on edge. It must become an intolerable burden. I wouldn't be surprised if he searches his hotel rooms for bugging devices and sleeps wearing a gag in case he starts rambling. There must be few people with whom he can feel at ease. Reporters certainly aren't among their number.

It's impossible to reassure him that you aren't going to spend all night chasing him, asking him foolishly questions about his personal life when all you really want to do anyway is have a beer and chasp out a little.

As it happens, he pesters Basher and me more than we'd even presume to pester him. "Still here are you — taking this down are you — tape recorder on, is it?"

"Yes, joke, such as it was, did we a little this..." Dammers was quickly bored with waiting around the hotel. He scampered off to Hazyland. Elvis and a few others just wrote an open letter to round up the Attractions and those members of Rockpile still standing. While we were waiting for them, the lobby was invaded by a small army of Japs in matching

blue tracksuit tops. This was the Japanese Youth Orchestra.

"Ah, I see the Boomtown Rats have arrived at last," Riviera remarked, taking the stairs three at a time. "Love the new image, Bob," he said as he flew past a puzzled Nip.

"LIVELY here isn't it?" Dave Edmunds said, suppressing a yawn as we strolled the early morning streets of Montreux looking for Hazyland.

"I'm not surprised it's remained neutral," Jake reflected. "I mean, who'd even want to invade Switzerland? Even the Germans didn't want it and old Adolf was into taking anything he could get his hands on. He even invaded Belgium. But who would want to invade a country where all they ever do is make cuckoo clocks and chocolates? Hannibal had the right idea: trample all over the place on elephants."

It cost an arm and a leg to get into the Hazyland Disco; a couple of drinks would've let us in as limbers torsos.

"My first drum kit probably cost less than a round of drinks in here," Jake replied.

"I hope you're taking all this down," said Elvis Costello, who just happened to be passing.

"I reckon it's down to the old Bunce Cards," said Dave Edmunds fishing out a ribbon of credit cards.

The blue ones or the green ones tonight, Dave? Pete Thomas asked.

"Billy Bremner told me this really funny joke today," Edmunds began.

"Oh, God," said Bruce Thomas. "Edmunds'll be doing card tricks in a minute."

The group on stage was a seven piece cabaret band. They were dressed in white silk and they played what they hoped would pass for dance music.

"Not Dexy's Midnight Runners, is it?" Jake asked.

"Where's your tape recorder then?" Elvis Costello asked, coming back the other way. "Taping all this are you?"

A girl appeared on stage. She was only there two minutes before she was down to a rather fetching silver G-string. Her breasts were as pert as puppies. Not that I was looking.

"Frankly," said Jake Riviera, moving a little closer to the stage, "I find this sort of thing obscene."

"I'm not enjoying it, either," said Edmunds, peering over Jake's shoulder. "I wonder if she plays the trumpet as well," Pete Thomas wondered.

The dancer disappeared into the wings.

"I like a woman with a cultivated voice," said Edmunds.

THERE were about 12 of us in this small hotel room overlooking Lake Geneva. Someone had set up a video; a tape of some police series was playing. We'd just got to the prison riot sequence. Heads were being split open by truncheons.

"Ah, the Music Machine," Jake Riviera said.

Adrian Boot laughed and fell over on his side.

"If you're going to get a camera out, I'll break your fingers," Elvis Costello told him.

The sun was up over the lake. It was about six am.

"Lake looks lovely this morning," Jake said, a hand over one eye.

"I think I might go for a walk in it later," Elvis Costello said.



● "Are you getting this down...?"



● Neville moonlights as bellhop...



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FENDER JAZZ, early 70s, sunburst, with case, £120. - 01-473 3107.

FENDER JAZZ, early 70s, sunburst, with case, £120. - 01-473 3107.

FENDER JAZZ, early 70s, sunburst, with case, £120. - 01-473 3107.

FENDER JAZZ, early 70s, sunburst, with case, £120. - 01-473 3107.

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GIBSON BBO bass, hardy used, vgc, £105. - Steve 01-358 2474.

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GIBSON LES Paul Custom, red, vgc, £400. - 01-473 3107.

GIBSON LES Paul Custom, red, vgc, £400. - 01-473 3107.

GIBSON LES Paul Custom, red, vgc, £400. - 01-473 3107.

GIBSON LES Paul Custom, red, vgc, £400. - 01-473 3107.

GIBSON LES Paul Custom, red, vgc, £400. - 01-473 3107.

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GIBSON LES Paul Custom, red, vgc, £400. - 01-473 3107.

GIBSON LES Paul Custom, red, vgc, £400. - 01-473 3107.

GUITARS - cont.

HAMER SUNBURST, striped, vgc, £100. - 01-473 3107.

HAMER SUNBURST, striped, vgc, £100. - 01-473 3107.

HAMER SUNBURST, striped, vgc, £100. - 01-473 3107.

HAMER SUNBURST, striped, vgc, £100. - 01-473 3107.

HAMER SUNBURST, striped, vgc, £100. - 01-473 3107.

HAMER SUNBURST, striped, vgc, £100. - 01-473 3107.

HAMER SUNBURST, striped, vgc, £100. - 01-473 3107.

HAMER SUNBURST, striped, vgc, £100. - 01-473 3107.

HAMER SUNBURST, striped, vgc, £100. - 01-473 3107.

HAMER SUNBURST, striped, vgc, £10

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From now on Dexy's Midnight Runners will not take part in any interviews with the New Musical Express, Melody Maker, Sounds, Record Mirror or any other music papers.

Instead of filling these pages with the usual boring LP adverts, we have decided to use the space to accommodate our own essays which will state our point of view. These essays will appear regularly as we have strong views on several subjects and feel it is important we are understood.

We are doing this because we are totally disillusioned with the music press. We have attempted at least one interview with each of the papers but have never been represented properly. Instead these "journalists" conduct their own two

hour schoolboy analyses which always reflect their own, oh so predictable, personalities.

Though some descriptions of us have intended favour, we have found them so persistently inaccurate, patronising and standardised, that it is obvious to us that these "writers" are so out of touch, they should be frightened. They are probably not. Instead they try to cover their total lack of understanding behind a haze of academic insincerity.

We won't compromise ourselves by talking to the dishonest, hippy press. We are worth much more than that.

dexys midnight runners



searching for the young soul rebels

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