

# Melody Maker

August 9, 1980

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Endless sunset  
for the Kinks  
RAY DAVIES INTERVIEW: p24

## Powell out of Rainbow

ON the eve of Rainbow's most challenging British concert to date, their massive Monsters of Rock show next weekend, Cozy Powell has confirmed long-term rumours that he is quitting the band.

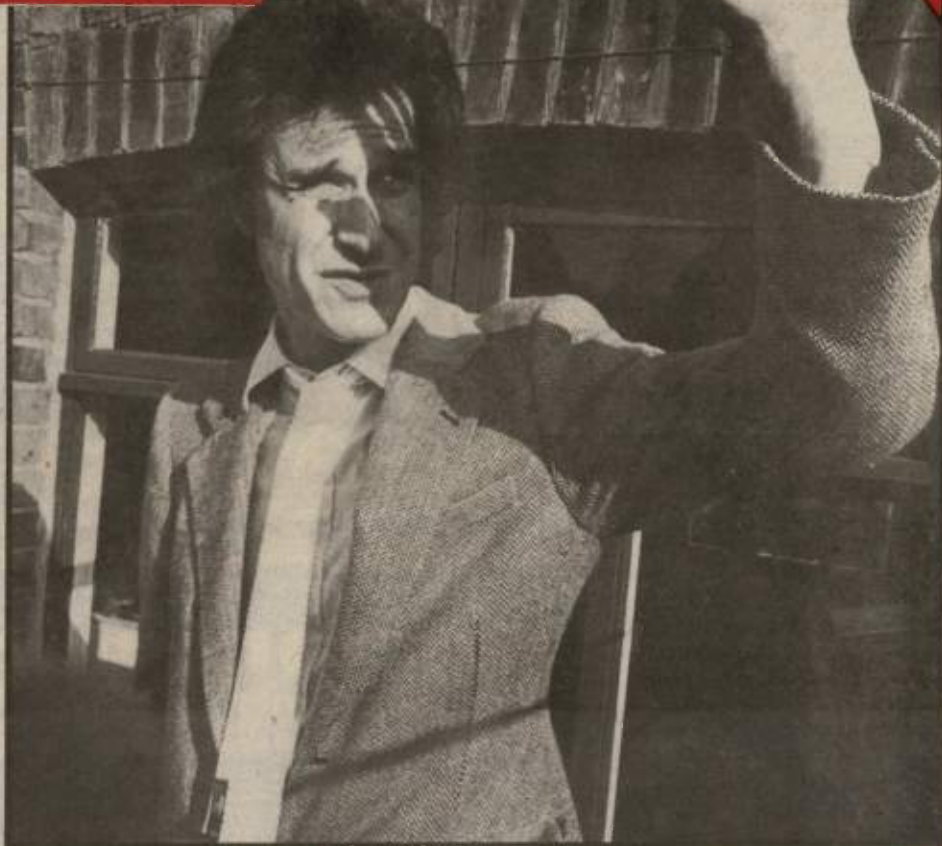
He revealed that he has been working out a year's notice, having told Ritchie Blackmore and the rest of the band that he wanted to leave when they were in the middle of their American tour in 1979.

Powell joined Rainbow five years ago, and in the last couple of years has been increasingly involved in solo projects, having recorded one solo album and played gigs with occasional one-off line-ups.

He has given no official reason for his decision to leave Rainbow. But Cozy's volatile character and Blackmore's mercurial personality often led to heated clashes between them. The Wembley Arena gig a few months ago when Blackmore's refusal to play an encore led to a mini-riot is a prime example.

Blackmore said this week: "Cozy and I have been together a really good five years, and I wish him nothing but success in his future ventures".

Powell, who will quit after next Saturday's Castle Donington gig, which also features Judas Priest, Scorpions, April Wine, Saxon, Riot and Touch, said his plans will be announced in a couple of weeks.



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Building  
bricks  
without  
straw

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HAZEL:  
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the sound  
of  
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glass?

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# Allmans sign and tour

THE Allman Brothers Band have signed a record deal with Arista, and have set three British concerts in September to tie in with the release of their first album for the label.

They play Manchester Apollo on September 9, then London's Rainbow on September 10 and 11. Tickets are available at £4, £3 and £2 for Manchester and £5, £4.25 and £3.50 for London.

The band's signing to Arista follows a long period of inaction following the demise of their Capricorn label, which crumbled last year.

The band — Gregg Allman (keyboards, vocals), Dickey Betts (guitars, vocals), Dangleous Dan Toler (guitars), Jaimoe Johanny Johanson and Butch Trucks (drums), and David Goldflies (bass) — have finished recording their debut album for Arista, and "Reach For The Sky" will be released in early September to tie in with the British concerts.

# Melody Maker

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# Stranglers and manager split

THE STRANGLERS' manager, Ian Grant, has split from the band after a major row, and although talks were going ahead this week to patch up the rift, it looked final at press-time.

Grant's involvement with the band stretches back five years, and was far closer than the standard group/manager relationship.

# Joe Jackson: major tour

JOE Jackson sets out on a tour of Britain and Ireland in October, taking in 17 major venues.

The dates are: Cardiff Top Rank (October 3), Llandell, Glen Ballroom (6), Bristol Colston Hall (7), Edinburgh Playhouse (10), Sheffield City Hall (11), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (12), Manchester Apollo (15), Glasgow Tiffany's (16), Carlisle Market Hall (17), Belfast Ulster

# Hall and Oates

DARYL Hall and John Oates are returning to Britain for a major tour in September.

They start off at the Bristol Hippodrome on September 11, then play Southampton Gaumont (12), Coventry Theatre (14), Manchester Apollo (15), Southport Theatre (16), Manchester Odeon (22), and Birmingham Odeon (24). Tickets cost £4.50 for all London venues, and £3.50 elsewhere. Hall and Oates' new album, "Voices", is being rush released at the end of August to coincide with the tour.

# Wonder changes

A CHANGE to the booking procedure for Stevie Wonder's Wembley Arena concerts (September 1, 2, 3, 5, 6 and 7) mean that postal orders should now be made payable to Marshall Arts Ltd (Stevie Wonder Box Office Account) and sent to the Ticket Unit, 8 Poland Street, London W1. Postal orders already sent will be honoured.

# Preston dates

BILLY Preston and Syreeta play four shows at London's The Venue this month, with two shows a night on August 14 and 15. Tickets are £4 a show.

He was an important factor in establishing their breakthrough in 1976, and although tangled finance set an uneasy background to their recent involvement, he was the proverbial fifth member of the group.

After the disagreement that led to their break-up on Monday last week, Grant was said to have reacted like a marriage-partner faced by the shock of divorce.

Grant told the MM: "As of last Monday I resigned as the

band's manager for various reasons. I felt that the managerial relationship with the band was not working, and had not been for some time. "We're now assessing the future separately, and there is remote possibility that some kind of situation will be sorted out."

Grant has been with the Stranglers since September 1975, managing them for three years in partnership with Albion colleagues Dal Davies and Derek Savage, and since January last year on his own.

The band's financial complications revolve around their former deal with Albion, and attempts to sort out the money problems are still going ahead. His involvement with the band has often been stormy — especially on occasions when dealing with the turbulent Jean Jacques Burnel — but his care for the group helped them through many difficult times.

The Stranglers have slotted in three concerts next week to follow their recent British dates that celebrated their release from French custody on riot incident charges.

Bradford St George's Hall (November 2), Birmingham Odeon (3), finishing at Blackburn King George's Hall (4).

Tickets are on sale at the venues and cost £3.50 in advance and £2.75 on the door.

JACK Bruce and Friends, who made their debut at London's The Venue a fortnight ago, have signed to Epic Records.

The band — Bruce (bass and vocals), Clem Clempson (guitar), David Sancious (keyboards) and Billy Cobham (drums) — are in a New Jersey studio working on their first album for Epic, which should be out in October.

AT LAST — the moment you've all been waiting for . . .

For the last year you've been listening patiently while we've rambled on endlessly about the bands we think you should be grooving to. Sometimes, you've agreed with our enthusiasm, just as often you probably threw your hands in the air in desperation, wondering what on earth we were raving on about. Well, we've reached that time of the year when you tell us who YOU'VE been listening to while we've been stuck in the cupboard with recent faves like Joy Division and Any Trouble. Yup, it's the MM Readers' Poll — and next week, we'll be giving you the chance to vote for all your favourite combos. Last year, Led Zeppelin walked away with everything but the bar bill, Gary Numan was Brightest Hope, Boomtown Rats had the most popular single and Kate Bush was the girl of your dreams. Will you surprise us this year? Vote next week!

They play Guildford Civic Hall on August 17 (tickets £3), Bath Pavilion (18, £2.50) and Nottingham Theatre Royal (19, £3.50 and £3).

The Nottingham gig is part of the TV rock series being filmed for TV transmission later in the year, and support band for the other gigs will be Ten Seal.

The Stranglers were in line for the official opening of Liverpool's Bradsy Club on August 15, but although they considered the gig it is not economically viable without playing other local gigs.

Bradsy Club, which is taking over from the defunct Erics, opens on Friday and Saturday this week with eight local bands spread over two nights.

The official opening is not until Friday week, when a major band is expected to launch the new club, but music starts on August 8 with Snaphoots, Ten Ethics, Motion Pictures and Flick & Seagulls, followed on Saturday by Chinese Religion, Visual Aids, The Room and Dead Or Alive (formerly Nightmares in Wax).

# 'TOTP' BACK ON SCREEN

"TOP OF THE POPS" returns today (Thursday), after ten weeks off the air, following the settlement of the MU strike and the successful saving of three of the BBC's doomed orchestras.

TOTP has changed producers, with former "Seaside Special" man Michael Hurli taking over, and the presentation of the show will be updated with news and information slots between tracks and a pop-rock personality being interviewed during the programme.

Peter Powell presides over the week's return, which will have a select audience with only a few dancers to emphasise the programme's new approach.

Just as the MU members at the BBC agreed to a return-to-work following the settlement of the strike, promoter Harvey Goldsmith arranged a unique benefit for the MU's hardship fund.

# Record news

XTL release their new album "Black Sea" on September 12. The record is produced by Steve Lillywhite, who's worked on their last LP "Drums and Wires" and the recent number one Peter Gabriel album, and contains nine new compositions by Andy Partridge and two by Colin Moulding.

The first of a series of singles taken from the album "Generals and Majors", is released on August 22 as a doublepack with three other singles: "Don't Lose Your Temper", "Smokescreen Zone", and "The Sonambulist".

The band embark on a major tour later this month, taking in Europe, Australia and the States, returning to England for an extensive winter tour.

THE new YES album, "Drum", will be released in a fortnight and marks the first appearance of the new band with Bugles' main Geoff Downes and Trevor Horn replacing Jon Anderson and Rick Wakeman. The album features six tracks written by the new line-up: "Machine Messiah", "White Cat", "Do It Right", "Happen", "Into The Lens", "Run Through The Light" and "Tempus Fugit".

The record was produced by the band — initial reports suggested that Eddie Offord might reunite with Yes to produce the album — and Roger Dean has masterminded the artwork.

The band leave for America next week for a tour to follow the release of the album, their first studio work for two years, and there are tentative plans for British dates on their return before the end of the year.

CHEAP TRICK, who have been working with Beatles' producer George Martin, play a week of British concerts in October to follow the release of the Martin-produced album.

The record, "All Shook Up", was due for release in September but has now been put back to October 3. The band's current single, "Everything Works If You Let It", was also produced by Martin but is not included on the album.

The band open their tour at Newcastle Mayfair on October 16 and 17, followed by Glasgow Apollo (18), Glasgow Apollo (19), Warrington Odeon (21), Sheffield City Hall (23) and London Hammersmith Odeon (24).

Tickets are now on sale for all shows, prices £3.50, £3 and £2.50 except for Newcastle, where all tickets are £3.50.

SIMPLE MINDS are currently in the studio putting the finishing touches to their new album, "Empires and Dance", due for release on September 10 on Zoom Records. A nationwide British tour is planned for later in the year, with a warm up date at Hammersmith Palais in mid-August.

RANDOM HOLD have parted company with bass player Bill MacCorrick, and are now searching for a replacement player to prepare for some British dates and a possible European tour with Peter Gabriel.

Keyboard player Dave Ferguson said the band were seeking a "modern" bass player who can sing and anyone interested should call 01-439 8431 on Thursday and Friday this week.

Random Hold are currently in between record labels, having left Polygram and are hoping to play some British gigs as soon as a new bassist is found.

# Tour news

KISS have settled on their new drummer, replacing the recently fired Eric Carr. Carr played his final gig with the band at New York's Palladium on Friday last week.

The show was the band's only concert before they play their European tour, which includes a haul of dates in early September.

Carr is a previously unknown New Yorker and has already overcome the major hurdle to his acceptance as a drummer — he has settled on a style of stage make-up said to be very different from Kiss's cat style.

A number of special coach services have been set up for Kiss fans travelling to the band's gigs in England and Ireland.

Coaches for Stafford's Bingley Hall on September 5 leave Nottingham Victoria Coach Station (open £2 return), Derby Coach Station (5.00pm £1.25) and Birmingham Bullring Bus Station (5.00pm, £1.50 return) and can be booked at least two days in advance from the relevant bus stations to a National Travel Agency.

Coaches, run by Liverpool's Cromwell Travel, for Derby, Leicester Centre on September 6 leave Canby Bus Station at 4.30pm, Watford Bus Station (5.00pm) and Skeltonville Street Coach Station (5.00pm). All tickets are £1.20 return from Watford Street Station to a National Travel Agency, again two days in advance.

THE BODYSNATCHERS start a short tour this week with new member Judy Parsons, who has replaced Jane Summers on drums.

The dates are Birmingham Cedar Ballroom, on August 7, London, Hammersmith Hall (8), Aylesbury Friars (9), Scarborough Town (15), Melton Mowbray Painted Lady (16), London Dingwalls (26), Lymington Liza Centre (28), Cardiff Top Rank (29) and Folkestone, Lea's Cliff Hall (30).

A NUMBER of bands from the Uzbirge and Haven area have put together a package tour of local youth clubs as a protest against the lack of suitable local venues.

The bands are Kix 183, Chaos, Fringe, Seventh Sea, Mayhem, TV Scandal, Urban Collapse, Red Box and Mait.

Four bands chosen from the selection will play the following venues in August and September: West Drayton Youth Centre (18, 28), Rustip Youth Centre (August 20, September 3), Uzbirge Youth (August 22), Hayes Cranwell Youth Centre (August 24, 30), and Hayes Grange Youth Centre (September 6).

All the bands play at the final night, September 6.

THE RAM JAM BAND, recently re-formed by guitarist Pete Gage, have added four more dates to their tour of London pubs and clubs: The Lion Centre (August 10), Fulham Golden Lion (15 and 29), and Crystal Palace Hotel (16).

The band are expected to release a single in early September.

THE newly re-formed ATOMIC ROOSTER start their first nationwide tour in September.

Dates confirmed are: Liverpool Bradsy (September 16), Woolston Nags Head (19), West Runton Village Inn (20), Scarborough Penthouse (28), Nottingham Boat Club (27), Exeter University (October 3), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (8), Bristol Granary (9), Abercromby Metropole (10), Manchester UMIST (18).

Further university dates will be added to take the tour through until the end of October.

The band's new album, "Atomic Rooster", will be released by EMI in early September.

THE SKIDS will be airing their new live-in at a London concert in August, followed by a national tour in late September.

Richard Jobson and guitarist Stuart Adamson and new members Russell Webb (bass) and Mike Bailey (drums) will be playing Hammersmith Palais on August 26, supported by Simple Minds and Pink Military.

Tickets for the concert, which ends the Skids' half year break from the British gig circuit, cost £1 and are available from the Palais box office. Dates are still being finalised for the national tour. Tickets cost £1 at the time of the band's new album, "The Absolute Game" in mid-September.

A new single, "Circus Games", is being taken from the album for release this Friday. It comes in a limited edition with the sleeve opening out into a large poster.

CANADIAN band MARTHA & THE MUFFINS have fixed a gig at London Dingwalls on August 5 to make up for the cancelled dates that were due to play on the recent Rocky Music tour. Tickets cost £3 at the door.

Muffins have just completed recording a new album, "Transit and Dance", at the Manor studio, which is due for release in mid-September.

GERRY RAFFERTY is due to play two dates at Dublin's National Stadium on September 4 and 5. Tickets cost £5 and £4, available from Phonodisc, Glendalough and Murrills in Dublin.

LONDON music fans get the chance to catch a display of talent from the West Country this month when a specially chartered train brings up to Plymouth three bands for a gig at Camden's Music Machine.

The three bands are: The Noises, supported by Pink Military, Annoys, Energy, Pop, Detectors, the Bricks, Quay and Baggy.

HIGHLY acclaimed New York rock 'n' rollers, the STRAY CATS have announced four mini London dates, starting with the Marquee on August 10, the Kensington (11), Dingwalls (16) and The Venue (20).



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**T**HE SCRAPPING of Radio 1's controversial playlist, potentially one of the most radical moves in recent radio history, has been greeted with distinctly muted glee by the record business. The independent record labels, who on paper stand to gain most from the move by the freeing of individual DJs and producers from a restricted list of prescribed records, viewed the move with reactions ranging from guarded optimism to suspicious reserve.

One of the main reasons is that the independents feel the official playlist will merely be replaced by an unofficial taste-making agreement that will cover each week's daily programming, leaving the evenings as the only scope for exposure for the unusual, uncommercial or experimental — bring virtually change. Such reservations were given credence by Derek Chinnery, Radio 1 controller, who took the decision to end the regime of the playlist and the Featured 40.

Explaining his move to the MM, Chinnery concluded: "I don't think things will change a lot in terms of the independents, but if it gives them a feeling they have a greater opportunity for getting their records played, then all to the good. Whether in practice it will have that effect, only time will tell."

The BBC's move seems to have been a largely cosmetic operation, motivated by a general background of ill-feeling and mistrust by the record companies anxious to get the airplay they consider vital to creating hits, rather than a positive feeling that the corporation wants to give their DJs a freer hand.

Announcing the decision to scrap the playlist, Derek Chinnery said: "It is much misunderstood and has quite incorrectly given rise to criticism of limiting the range of the output. Although it is being dropped disc jockeys and producers will still work together to prepare their programme, but will now be encouraged to be even more creative and adventurous in their choice of the new material without singling out

He told the MM: "As the playlist was so widely misunderstood and Radio 1's reputation was being tarnished by that misunderstanding, I de-

# Edinburgh full line-up

THE Edinburgh Rock Festival celebrates its fifth year with a confirmed line up throughout August that now includes Bill

As previously reported, both Elvin Couello and the Average White Band have been booked

The full line-up now reads: Average White Band (Thursday) at the Playhouse, tickets £10 and £3.50; Roy Harper at the Nite Club (Friday), tickets £3.00 for non-members; Fast Products/Pop Aural night at the Nite Club (Saturday), with a short film of *The Human League*, tickets £2.00 for non-members; *Weapon of Peace* (Sunday) at the Nite Club, tickets £2.00.

**Any Trouble/Stiff Records**  
 (August 11) at the Nite  
 Club tickets £2.00 for non-  
 members, on the same night  
 Athletics Spitz 90 are at Tif

Bill Nicholson (12) at the Nite Club, tickets £2.50 for non-members. John Martin is performing at the Nite Club on August 13, see local press. Ozzy Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz (14) at the Nite Club tickets £2.50. John Peel and Guest groups (15) at the Nite Club tickets

Specials: automatically playlisted

cided to drop it. There seemed to be the feeling that the operation of the playlist was some sort of restrictive practice."

Despite the ending of the playlist, which was started eight years ago and "went public" four years later, Chinnery anticipates little effect on daily programming.

"There is still an overall brief, and the people working on programmes understand that their particular time of day demands a certain type of music."

"It won't change a lot, our producers will still get together to make up programmes —

they may become more adventurous."

Hardly the positive encouragement needed to send the independent labels or even major record companies scurrying to the BBC's "wailing wall," site of the playlist, to force the apparent breach in the Beeb's traditional daytime conservatism.

**ROUGH TRADE'S** Scott Piering saw the move as one of the indications of the growing strength of Britain's independent labels — but was generally pessimistic about the prospect of a new open door policy within Radio 1's programming. The only probable result of this is that it will separate the serious DJs and programmers from those who just pay lip service to the challenge of being creative and free.

I'm not sure how much they're going to play more free or independent music. If anything, it could be less, as the producers and DJs will still be inundated with music every week, most of which they don't listen to — and anyway, most of what they choose to play is governed by their

conditioning. Still, over the last year we have noticed a slight freeing up in the later listening on Radio 1. For instance, Richard Skinner actually played "Bow Wow" the other day.

One thing is certain — this will widen the already considerable gap between Radio 1 and Capital Radio, which really plays pure pop.

I think in general people on Radio 1 feel constrained not to go too far out in what they play, and I don't think that's going to change. Certainly I don't see a change in the system where if you want a record played, you have to go on the third or fourth floor at the BBC, and while you can get to people like John Peel on the third, it is impossible for people like us to get to those on the fourth, who control the main daytime radio.

We have never pushed for playlisting, but I think records like Spizz Energi's 'Where's Captain Kirk' or the Mo-dettes 'White Mice', which were pushed by independent pluggers employed by their managements, would have benefitted greatly from being on the playlist.

## The return of Radio One-derful?

## The death of the notorious Beeb 'playlist' means a new era for music on the air. JOHN ORME reports



it is a whole series of paradoxes, and I enjoy that, because if they were more radical, it wouldn't be fun getting a radical record played."

The alternative change in Radio 1 would be more drastic than just ditching the playlist, said Wilson: "If you want to change the system at Radio 1, you would simply say no pluggers, but then the radio people would turn round and say that without people coming to them and talking about the records, they would never be able to sort through and listen to 300 pieces of plastic."

"The thing to remember is that it's the position of Radio 1 within the industry that is the problem — it services the industry, and the industry services it.

"In a way, I like it as it is — having a semi-reactionary, semi-radical radio station. It makes the challenge more fun."

**F**AST PRODUCT in Edinburgh was less philosophical in its view of the potential changes likely to emanate from the demise of the playlist. "There's just going to be a massive boost in

the number of promotion companies and pluggers — it's going to become absolutely frantic — I reckon we're going to see the biggest barrage of hype to get records on the air that the business has seen," said Fast's Hilary Morrison. "The problem is, as John Peel explained to me, that even if a DJ really likes a record, we won't play it if it doesn't have what he thinks is good distribution and record company backing — they want the success of a record to reflect well on them as individuals."

**I**SLAND RECORDS reflected the majority views of the major labels: "I think it's wonderful news," said Island promotions manager Mick Carling. "It will lead to an awful lot of new talent being given a break. I can now go to a producer, especially of a daytime show, who I think likes the music we have, and he is now in a position to play it — although I also think there will still be some modified guidelines, a rough format of what DJs are able to play at different times

Does the freeing of DJs and producers and DJs don't like increased risk of payola in the Beeb? "I think everyone at Radio 1 is aware of the bribery and corruption area, but they are all sensible people. I think anyone who tries it on will get thrown out of the office."

[illegible]



# U.S. NEWS

## Full Roxy for Bruford

**B**ILL Bruford and his band (Dave Stewart, Jon Clark and Jeff Berlin), returned triumphantly to the Roxy Theatre stage for a four night, sold-out engagement.

While local media darlings X packed the Whisky down the street, Bruford and company more than held their own with queues starting three hours before the shows. Their set consisted of material drawn equally from the three Bruford albums. As always, Bill's precise rhythmic attack highlighted each evening, but Jeff Berlin's bass workout seemed to gather the strongest studio response. The angular Stewart and Clark provided solid and strong solo passages.

After the gig, Bruford commented on how enthusiastically this latest U.S. tour has been received but lamented the lack of label support.

"We're on our own," he told one scribe, "setting up and playing for whoever will listen. We drive to a lot of gigs. It's pretty grass roots. In that respect, we're close to the new wave bands but without the hype. Our music isn't trendy but the energy is there."

Bruford and Co have a following in Southern California that is still growing from the

### LOS ANGELES: Harvey Kubernik

last visit in L.A. Local record shops like Moby Disc and Rhino report heavy catalogue sales from the Bruford bin and past recorded performances.

**T**HE Surf punks at The Starwood. Although I've recorded with this band (really Dennis Dragon and Drew Steele) for three years, and watched them ink to Epic Records while they built their beach oriented rock 'n' roll, I always knew their regional music/humour could translate to Hollywood and entertain even the most jaded boys and girls.

Their live debut broke The Starwood's attendance record, previously held by The Go-Gos and X, and promoted both The Roxy and The Whisky to book the band in August.

The group is having fun and telling the truth about the cramped beach condition these days in tunes like "Meet Me At The Beach", "Beer Can Beach" and "Teenage Girls".

Later in the week the band played a San Diego debut at the Golden Hall to 2400 kids, and Bill Graham's office has just

called Dragon's answering machine requesting a Bay area appearance.

I'm really happy for Dennis Dragon, one of the pioneers of the real surf sound since 1961. As a 14-year-old, The Dragons (Doug and Darryl along with Dennis) waxed one of the early surf tunes for Capitol (pre-Beach Boys) and never really received the credit due them in reflecting the Santa Monica and Malibu music community, as well as scoring tons of surf and skateboard film music soundtracks for close to two decades.

**T**HE Fourth Annual Songwriter Expo, sponsored by the Alternative Chorus Songwriter's Showcase, will be held August 15-17 at Beverly Hills High. Confirmed for the workshop, which is expected to draw 2,000 patrons is Jimmy Webb, Mike Chapman and other recording industry figures.

**F**AST Fontaine is working on his EMI/America debut album with producer Paul Rothchild.

**J**OHNN Q. Public has inked to Rocket Records and will release "Act Tough" as a first single. Hunt Sales is producing and expects it to "take over where 'Lust For Life' left off. This is the real dirt."



Bill Bruford's a success again.

**F**RIENDS of Nigel Olsson say the original Elton John Band is reforming for a massive world-wide tour, tentatively slated to start with U.S. dates in early September. By mid-November they may be winging towards the Far East, and thence around the UK. MCA in America claim to have no information on such a tour — "yet".

**T**O live outside the law you must be honest — and careful. Slammer-chic was back in vogue this week after urbane John Phillips of Mamas and Pappas fame carried decadence a bit too far by getting busted in Southampton, Long Island, for illegal drug trafficking.

Authorities have charged the 44-year-old songwriter with selling hundreds of thousands of dollars of dangerous drugs, including Qualudes, Tuhals, Desoxym, and Dilaudid (a synthetic heroin used in hospitals). They say the pills were obtained from a Madison Avenue pharmacy with stolen and forged prescription blanks. Phillips was brought into Manhattan and booked at the Metropolitan Correctional Centre (aka "jail"), where he enacted the time honoured ritual of trying to hide his face from TV cameras (We all know what you look like, John.)

He faces up to 15 years in prison and a 25,000 dollar fine.

**W**HILE visiting the MCC Phillips could have dropped in on Allen Klein.

After pursuing various legal deflections to no avail, the former manager of the Beatles

## ELTON'S BAND TO TOUR

### NEW YORK: Steve Demorest

entered the slammer last weekend to begin serving a two month sentence for that champagne of white-collar crimes, tax evasion. He was convicted last year of failing to report a paltry 85,000 dollars he skimmed from the sale of Beatles promotional records in 1970.

Allen's new maximum security social set are the pick of the city's murderers and rapists.

**M**EANWHILE, in a minimum security prison down in Montgomery, Alabama, the boys who made Studion 54 an international symbol of the good life are now stencilled across their shirts.

Jan Schragar is officially known as "00995-05415" and Steve Rubell is "00996-0545R".

For the man who has everything, a custom-designed prison ID.

**C**HEAP Trick's bassist Tom Peterson is currently putting together a solo album in

LA which he plans to release at the end of the year.

Composed of self penned material which hasn't been suitable for the group's albums it's a thoroughly personal effort. He's producing himself, there will be no guitars on the disc except his own bass, and his wife Dagmar — a former model of the year in Germany with no singing experience — will add some vocals.

Meanwhile, that Cheap Trick album produced by George Martin for October release has been titled "All Shook Up" — but, no, they're not covering the Elvis Presley classic.

**A**LSO trying on his own is Barry Goudreau, who you all recognise as the lead guitarist for Boston.

Sources say the mid-August solo release sounds just like the two Boston albums (which sounded exactly alike), which is what happens when you are your group's lead singer (Brad Delt) as your solo vocalist.

Also singing on the LP is a thrust named Frank Cosmo (new to me).

**S**ONG title of the week: "You've Gone Too Far, You've Shot JR While The Ayatollah Runs Around Scot Free".

'A very special album conceived and recorded in Brazil; a blend of music, musicians and ideas.'

## GEORGE DUKE 'A BRAZILIAN LOVE AFFAIR'



George Duke  
'A Brazilian Love Affair'  
album EPC 84311,  
cassette 40-84311

Jazz/rock scales new heights as George Duke merges the music of the two Americas on his new album 'A Brazilian Love Affair' which includes the title track hit single.





# CHARTS

## U.K. REGGAE SINGLES

- 1 YOU JAMMIN' ..... Al Campbell, JB
- 2 WHEN I THINK OF YOU ..... Ruddy Thomas, Hawkeye
- 3 YOU REALLY DON'T LOVE ME ..... Junior Delgado and Ranking Dread, Soundoff
- 4 LET ME LOVE YOU ..... Dennis Brown, Joe Gibbs
- 5 SOMETIMES GIRL ..... Sugar Minott, Wackies
- 6 BROWN SKIN GIRL ..... Linval Thompson, Black Joy
- 7 MAGIC MOMENTS ARE REAL ..... Robinson Sisters, Positive One
- 8 NEXT TO YOU ..... Gregory Isaacs, African Museum
- 9 SITTING AND WATCHING ..... Dennis Brown, Taxi
- 10 FALLY RANKING ..... Johnny Osborne, Greensteves
- 11 COULD YOU BE LOVED ..... Bob Marley and the Wailers, Island
- 12 MERRY GO ROUND ..... Junior Delgado, Power House
- 13 CAN'T GET OVER YOU ..... Alpha, Cool Rockers
- 14 PEOPLE IN LOVE ..... Louisa Mark, Radic
- 15 LET'S DUB IT UP ..... Dee Sharp, Fashion
- 16 NO MORE WAR ..... A Pearson, Whirlwind
- 17 MARY LONG TONGUE ..... Barrington Levy, Greensteves
- 18 YOU'VE LOST IT ..... Sugar Minott, Black Rocks
- 19 THE FEELING ..... Dennis Pinnock, Ambassador
- 20 SERIOUS THING ..... Horace Andy, Wackies

Chart supplied by: D & N RECORDS, 9 Benliff Road, Nottingham

## U.S. SINGLES

- 1 (1) MAGIC ..... Olivia Newton-John, MCA
- 2 (2) IT'S STILL ROCK AND ROLL TO ME ..... Billy Joel, Columbia
- 3 (3) LITTLE JEANNIE ..... Elton John, MCA
- 4 (4) TAKE YOUR TIME (DO IT RIGHT) ..... SOS Band, Tabu
- 5 (5) THE ROSE ..... Bette Midler, Atlantic
- 6 (6) TIRED OF TOEIN' THE LINE ..... Rocky Burnette, EMI America
- 7 (7) SHINING STAR ..... Manhattan, Columbia
- 8 (8) CUPID ..... Spinners, Atlantic
- 9 (11) EMOTIONAL RESCUE ..... Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones
- 10 (14) SAILING ..... Christopher Cross, Warner Bros
- 11 (10) IN AMERICA ..... Charlie Daniels Band, Epic
- 12 (13) MORE LOVE ..... Kim Carnes, EMI America
- 13 (9) COMING UP ..... Paul McCartney, Columbia
- 14 (12) LET'S GET SERIOUS ..... Jermaine Jackson, Motown
- 15 (17) MISUNDERSTANDING ..... Genesis, Atlantic
- 16 (1) LET MY LOVE OPERA THE DOOR ..... Pete Townshend, Atco
- 17 (20) LOVE THE WORLD AWAY ..... Kenny Rogers, United Artists
- 18 (1) TAKE A LITTLE RHYTHM ..... Ali Thompson, A&M
- 19 (1) BOULEVARD ..... Jackson Browne, Asylum
- 20 (1) INTO THE NIGHT Benny Mardones, Polydor

## U.S. COUNTRY SINGLES

- 1 (2) TENNESSEE RIVER ..... Alabama, RCA
- 2 (4) STAND BY ME ..... Mickey Gilley, Asylum
- 3 (5) DANCIN' COWBOYS ..... Bellamy Brothers, Warner Bros
- 4 (6) DRIVIN' MY LIFE AWAY ..... Eddie Rabbitt, Elektra
- 5 (1) TRUE LOVE WAYS ..... Mickey Gilley, Asylum
- 6 (8) LOVE THE WORLD AWAY ..... Kenny Rogers, United Artists
- 7 (10) COWBOYS AND CLOWNS/MISERY LOVES COMPANY ..... Ronnie Milsap, RCA
- 8 (11) WAYFARING STRANGER ..... Emmylou Harris, Warner Bros
- 9 (7) CLYDE ..... Waylon, RCA
- 10 (13) SAVE YOUR HEART FOR ME ..... Jacky Ward, Mercury
- 11 (14) I'VE NEVER SEEN THE LIKES OF YOU ..... Conway Twitty, MCA
- 12 (16) CRACKERS ..... Barbara Mandrell, MCA
- 13 (3) IT'S TRUE LOVE ..... Conway Twitty and Loretta Lynn, MCA
- 14 (12) IN AMERICA ..... Charlie Daniels Band, Epic
- 15 (15) WE'RE NUMBER ONE ..... Larry Gatlin and the Gatlin Brothers Band, Columbia
- 16 (20) OVER ..... Leon Everette, Orlando
- 17 (1) MISERY AND GIN ..... Merle Haggard, MCA
- 18 (19) (YOU LIFT ME) UP TO HEAVEN ..... Roba McEntire, Mercury
- 19 (1) THAT LOVIN' YOU FEELIN' AGAIN ..... Roy Orbison and Emmylou Harris, Warner Bros
- 20 (1) MAKING PLANS ..... Porter Wagoner and Dolly Parton, RCA

# UK TOP 30

## Singles Albums

- 1 (2) UPSIDE DOWN ..... Diana Ross, Motown
- 2 (1) USE IT UP AND WEAR IT OUT ..... Odyssey, RCA
- 3 (23) THE WINNER TAKES ALL ..... Abba, Epic
- 4 (3) MORE THAN I CAN SAY ..... Leo Sayer, Chrysalis
- 5 (6) BABOOSHKA ..... Kate Bush, EMI
- 6 (4) COULD YOU BE LOVED ..... Bob Marley and the Wailers, Island
- 7 (7) THERE THERE MY DEAR ..... Dexy's Midnight Runners, Parlophone
- 8 (5) XANADU ..... Olivia Newton-John and Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
- 9 (15) 9 TO 5 ..... Sheena Easton, EMI
- 10 (22) OH YEAH ..... Roxy Music, Polydor
- 11 (12) OOPS UPSIDE YOUR HEAD ..... Gap Band, Mercury
- 12 (20) GIVE ME THE NIGHT ..... George Benson, Warner Bros
- 13 (21) FUNKIN' FOR JAMAICA ..... Tom Browne, Arista
- 14 (11) EMOTIONAL RESCUE ..... Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones
- 15 (27) WEDNESDAY WEEK ..... Undertones, Sire
- 16 (10) CUPID ..... Detroit Spinners, Atlantic
- 17 (9) JUMP TO THE BEAT ..... Stacy Lattisaw, Atlantic
- 18 (8) LOVE WILL TEAR US APART ..... Joy Division, Factory
- 19 (16) MARIANA ..... Gibson Brothers, Island
- 20 (24) LIP UP FATTY ..... Bad Manners, Magnet
- 21 (1) TOM HARK ..... Piranhas, Sire
- 22 (29) PRIVATE LIFE ..... Grace Jones, Island
- 23 (14) MY WAY OF THINKING ..... UB40, Graduate
- 24 (18) LET'S HANG ON ..... Darts, Magnet
- 25 (13) A LOVER'S HOLIDAY ..... Change, WEA
- 26 (17) THEME FROM THE INVADERS ..... Yellow Magic Orchestra, A&M
- 27 (19) ARE YOU GETTING ENOUGH ..... Hot Chocolate, RAK
- 28 (1) BACK TO FRONT ..... Stiff Little Fingers, Chrysalis
- 29 (1) C30, C60, C90 GO ..... Bow Wow Wow, EMI
- 30 (28) BURNING CAR ..... John Foxx, Metalbeat

- 1 (1) EMOTIONAL RESCUE ..... Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones
- 2 (5) XANADU ..... Original Soundtrack, Jet
- 3 (16) SEARCHING FOR THE YOUNG SOUL REBELS ..... Dexy's Midnight Runners, Parlophone
- 4 (8) CLOSER ..... Joy Division, Factory
- 5 (13) GIVE ME THE NIGHT ..... George Benson, Warner Bros
- 6 (2) THE GAME ..... Queen, EMI
- 7 (4) FLESH + BLOOD ..... Roxy Music, Polydor
- 8 (3) UPRISING ..... Bob Marley and the Wailers, Island
- 9 (8) ME MYSELF ..... Joan Armatrading, A&M
- 10 (7) DEEPEST PURPLE ..... Deep Purple, Harvest
- 11 (11) VIENNA ..... Ultravox, Chrysalis
- 12 (10) OFF THE WALL ..... Michael Jackson, Epic
- 13 (17) CULTOSAURUS ERECTUS ..... Blue Oyster Cult, CBS
- 14 (19) DO A RUNNER ..... Athletic Spizz 80, A&M
- 15 (18) MCCARTNEY II ..... Paul McCartney, Parlophone
- 16 (14) SKY 2 ..... Sky, Ariola
- 17 (21) CROCODILES ..... Echo and the Bunnymen, Korova
- 18 (24) I JUST CAN'T STOP IT ..... Beat, Go Feet
- 19 (20) Rhapsody and Blues ..... Crusaders, MCA
- 20 (9) PETER GABRIEL ..... Charisma
- 21 (15) DIANA ..... Diana Ross, Motown
- 22 (12) LIVE AT LAST ..... Black Sabbath, Nems
- 23 (1) DUKE ..... Genesis, Charisma
- 24 (30) BRAZILIAN LOVE AFFAIR ..... George Duke, Epic
- 25 (24) MAGIC REGGAE ..... Various Artists, K-Tel
- 26 (1) BACK IN BLACK ..... AC/DC, Atlantic
- 27 (1) THERE AND BACK ..... Jeff Beck, Epic
- 28 (1) ROCKS PEBBLES AND SAND ..... Stanley Clarke, Epic
- 29 (21) READY AN' WILLING ..... Whitesnake, United Artists
- 30 (1) ANOTHER STRING OF HOT HITS ..... Shadows, EMI

Genesis come straight in at number 23 in the album chart with "Duke".



## U.K. SOUL SINGLES

- 1 (5) GIVE ME THE NIGHT ..... George Benson, Warner Bros
- 2 (1) FUNKIN' FOR JAMAICA ..... Tom Browne, Arista
- 3 (2) USE IT UP AND WEAR IT OUT ..... Odyssey, RCA
- 4 (8) UPSIDE DOWN ..... Diana Ross, Motown
- 5 (4) A LOVER'S HOLIDAY ..... Change, WEA
- 6 (6) BRAZILIAN LOVE AFFAIR ..... George Duke, Epic
- 7 (3) JUMP TO THE BEAT ..... Stacy Lattisaw, Atlantic
- 8 (1) UNLOCK THE FUNK ..... Locksmith, Arista
- 9 (11) OOPS UPSIDE YOUR HEAD ..... Gap Band, Mercury
- 10 (1) BURNIN' HOT ..... Jermaine Jackson, Motown
- 11 (17) BE THANKFUL FOR WHAT YOU'VE GOT ..... William DeVaughan, TEC
- 12 (14) THEME FROM THE INVADERS ..... Yellow Magic Orchestra, A&M
- 13 (16) TAKE YOUR TIME (DO IT RIGHT) ..... SOS Band, Tabu
- 14 (15) GIVE UP THE FUNK ..... BT Express, Calibre
- 15 (7) CUPID ..... Detroit Spinners, Atlantic
- 16 (1) DOES SHE HAVE A FRIEND ..... Gene Chandler, 20th Century
- 17 (19) MARIANA ..... Gibson Brothers, Island
- 18 (13) REALLY REALLY LOVE YOU ..... Cecil Parker, EMI
- 19 (1) BIG TIME ..... Rick James, Gordy
- 20 (1) I'VE JUST BEGUN TO LOVE YOU ..... Dynasty, Solar

## U.S. ALBUMS

- 1 (1) EMOTIONAL RESCUE ..... Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones
- 2 (2) GLASS HOUSES ..... Billy Joel, Columbia
- 3 (3) HOLD OUT ..... Jackson Browne, Asylum
- 4 (4) URBAN COWBOY ..... Soundtrack, Asylum
- 5 (5) HEROES ..... Commodores, Motown
- 6 (6) THE GAME ..... Queen, Elektra
- 7 (7) BLUES BROTHERS ..... Soundtrack, Atlantic
- 8 (9) DIANA ..... Diana Ross, Motown
- 9 (13) AGAINST THE WIND ..... Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band, Capitol
- 10 (12) SOS ..... SOS Band, Tabu
- 11 (10) EMPTY GLASS ..... Pete Townshend, Atco
- 12 (1) CHRISTOPHER CROSS ..... Warner Bros
- 13 (8) JUST ONE NIGHT ..... Eric Clapton, RSO
- 14 (14) ONE FOR THE ROAD ..... Kinks, Arista
- 15 (17) ANYTIME, ANYPLACE, ANYWHERE ..... Rossington Collins Band, MCA
- 16 (15) OFF THE WALL ..... Michael Jackson, Epic
- 17 (18) THERE AND BACK ..... Jeff Beck, Epic
- 18 (1) FAME ..... Original Soundtrack, RSO
- 19 (19) THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK ..... Soundtrack, Atlantic
- 20 (16) MCCARTNEY II ..... Paul McCartney, Columbia

## U.S. SOUL SINGLES

- 1 (1) ONE IN A MILLION ..... Larry Graham, Warner Bros
- 2 (3) THE BREAKS ..... Curtis Blow, Mercury
- 3 (7) UPSIDE DOWN ..... Diana Ross, Motown
- 4 (5) GIVE ME THE NIGHT ..... George Benson, Warner Bros
- 5 (2) TAKE YOUR TIME (DO IT RIGHT) ..... SOS Band, Tabu
- 6 (4) CUPID ..... Detroit Spinners, Atlantic
- 7 (9) BACKSTROKIN' ..... Fatback, Spring
- 8 (8) DYNAMITE! ..... Stacy Lattisaw, Cotillion
- 9 (10) OLD FASHION LOVE ..... Commodores, Motown
- 10 (6) LANDLORD ..... Gladys Knight and the Pips, Columbia
- 11 (19) REBELS ARE WE ..... Chic, Atlantic
- 12 (12) YOU AND ME ..... Rockie Robbins, A&M
- 13 (18) CAN'T WE TRY ..... Teddy Pendergrass, Philly Int
- 14 (11) A LOVER'S HOLIDAY ..... Change, RFC
- 15 (16) JO JO ..... Boz Scaggs, Columbia
- 16 (13) LET'S GET SERIOUS ..... Jermaine Jackson, Motown
- 17 (1) FOR THOSE WHO LIKE TO GROOVE ..... Ray Parker Jr and Raydio, Arista
- 18 (1) I'VE JUST BEGUN TO LOVE YOU ..... Dynasty, Solar
- 19 (15) WE'RE GOIN' OUT TONIGHT ..... Cameo, Chocolate City
- 20 (17) HERE WE GO AGAIN ..... Isley Brothers, T-Neck




# BREAKING GLASS

## HAZEL O'CONNOR



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## Value with the Special Touch



# AS IT HAPPENS...

## MORE TEA, McVICAR?

LIKE beauty queens and footballers, rock stars have the most predictable ambitions.

Beauty queens want to travel the world and work with deprived children; footballers want to open pubs in the country. Rock stars want to get into the movies. While most rock stars would be better advised to get into movies by applying for jobs as usherettes rather than actors, their thespian inclinations shouldn't automatically be squashed.

Simultaneously they shouldn't be blindly encouraged to make complete gnats of themselves in front of the cameras.

Sometimes, for instance, should have a discreet word with Roger Daltrey.

Having barely survived previous celluloid adventures under the bombastic direction of Ken Russell in "Tommy" and "Lizomania" — in roles that demanded all the dramatic intensity of collapsing deckchairs — Daltrey's most recent widescreen fling finds him starting in the movie biography of the formerly notorious criminal, John McVicar.

Apparently nurtured as something of a personal project, "McVicar" is certainly Daltrey's most blatant bid for some kind of cinematic credibility. He even had his hair cut for the part.

Scripted by McVicar (now reformed of course) and the flick's director, Tom Clegg, the film doesn't intentionally glorify its eponymous hero, but it somehow can't help flattering the former thug.

The movie opens with Daltrey, brooding and maniacal, going down for a 23 stretch for a variety of robberies with violence (including the maiming of a bank guard and other similar trivialities).

The first half of the film is set in the high security wing of Durham nick. Clegg's direction of the prison scenes resonates with an utter lack of authenticity. The prison seems more like a kind of Burtin's for psychopaths.

Frankly, the characters exist only as crudely drawn caricatures. The warders are all brutal sadists; the governor's a typical Python upper class twit. The inmates are all misunderstood homicidal maniacs. The script veers between banal sociological insight and sub-Porridge banter. Adam Faith appears as a criminal mastermind who plots an outrageous escape.

This involves Daltrey and Faith spending at least a year in the prison showers, digging a hole in a wall with a spoon. Of course, none of the screws realizes that anything wayward's going on. It's left to the excellent Steven Berkoff, as Ronnie Harrison (all weasel twitches and saddy malevolence), to rumble the escape plan.

To the strains of one of Jeff Wayne's Dimitri Tiomkineque themes, the intrepid duo make their escape. Clegg then suggests that Daltrey/McVicar runs all the way from Durham to London, like some extravagant jogger.

Hilariously inept at conveying anything more than a sense of vaguely bemused panic, Daltrey subsequently stumbles through a series of encounters with some odd mates and some odd flames.

What he really wants is to put his past behind him. He wants to move to Canada with his wife and kids. This he explains to his wife in one of the movie's most knee-buckling scenes. Called upon to emotive heavily, Daltrey sounds as if he's reading his lines from the inside of his eyelids. Cheryl Campbell as his wife can only grin and bear it (which she does not unattractively).

The movie ends with Daltrey's betrayal and arrest. (Told you now, sploit the end; no point going to see the bugger, is there?)

See "McVicar" if you've nothing better to do; otherwise go and see something else.

## POLICE UNIFORMS

AND they played for charity, too. After their apparently less-than-momentous recital last week at Milton Keynes, the Police joined their supporting cast for a quick après-gig jolly up in the beer tent.

While the chaps were swilling down the ale, some unidentified intruder was messing through their smalls in their caravan. The caravan, which the Police had been using as a dressing room, was full of instruments, expensive photographic equipment (purchased during the group's world tour as they swanned through various duty-free lounges, no doubt), and the usual paraphernalia of successful rock combos.

The intruder ignored all this potentially lucrative hardware. He just pinched Sting's stage clothes. Sting was heartbroken. He'd love to have the outfit back in his wardrobe. Surprisingly, his affection for the ensemble had nothing at all to do with the cost of having it run-up. His publicist described his attachment to the threads as "sentimental."

It's been supposed that the theft was the work of a fan, so the Police are taking a generally lenient view of the heist. And so keen is old Sting to get back his outfit that he's offered a pardon and a set of identical clothes to the tealeaf, if he returns the original suit.

The group's weekend hassles didn't end at Milton Keynes, however. On the Sunday, they played at a similar festival in Lixlip, Dublin. After an extended, tension-building delay, the chaps finally appeared. Bounding to the front on the stage, Sting narrowly avoided a flying bottle. They are keen, these Irish fans, aren't they? Noel O'Gorman, who was at the gig, tells us that during "Roxanne" a bottle was flung at the stage and caught Stewart Copeland with a resounding clout. Their drummer cut and bleeding, the show was stopped.

"The culprit," Noel continues, "was pointed out by Sting and has by now given up all plans of starting a family."

On the sub of the Police, incidentally, you can currently see Sting's wife, Frances Tomelty, on Sunday evenings on BBC in the repeats of "Testament Of Youth". She'll also be opening shortly at the Old Vic, opposite Peter O'Toole in "Macbeth".

Theophile, is there any truth at all in the rumour that Bette Midler's asked the Police to back her on her next album?

## POP ETHICS

MORNING, troubled conscience of western civilisation...

Those dashing radicals, the Pop Group (yes, you do remember them; don't look away), were booked to play this weekend in Belfast, as part of the National Smash '81 Block Campaign. Along with such radical luminaries as the Au Pairs, LSD and Pig, the Pop Group were scheduled to play at the Green Briar, to bring attention to the continuing protests of the Blanket Men (those prisoners of 'H' Block in Armagh jail who're refusing to have their cells cleaned... that's what it says here, anyway).

This honourable cause was being promoted by Voxpop Promotions, who slyly bill themselves as "the conscience of the industry." Voxpop are now a bit miffed cos the Pop Group have pulled out of the gig.

Reflecting at their leisure, and never ones to miss an opportunity to complicate their lives (as well as everyone else's), the Pop Group reasoned that if they played at the Green Briar, they'd be playing in a predominantly Catholic area of Belfast. Thus, they deduced, would mean that it would be very unlikely that many of their Protestant fans would be at the gig. The Pop Group's logic was as ever phenomenally lucid.

They decided it would be unethical to play before a segregated audience. Fair minded to the last, they've now announced that they'll tour Ulster in late October, playing to both Caths and Protos.

But they'd rather have the Moondogs...

## ANY TROUBLE?

ANY Trouble's Clive Gregson was at the Cambridge Folk Festival at the weekend for a close-up on his ultimate idol, Richard Thompson.

The BBC were there, too, filming a documentary on the festival. It was suggested to them that they might like to interview a rising rock 'n' roll star about the festival and its contemporary importance (and all the usual blah). The BBC team seemed interested. Initially.

Then Gregson was pointed out to them. They declined the potential interview. They just didn't believe that anybody who looked like Gregson could possibly be a nascent rock star...



"GOOD EVENING, I'm from Elsinore, in case you couldn't tell..." Ian Dury and Vanessa Redgrave exchange a bit of backstage banter in the unlikely surroundings of the Stockwell Manor school hall in Clapham. Our celebrities had just taken part in a 15-minute production of "Hamlet", as part of a benefit for the Workers' Revolutionary Party.

Dury appeared as Shakespeare, the Ghost of Hamlet's father, Laertes and Francisco. Van appeared as Hamlet's mother. Hamlet was played by Derek Jacobi, no stranger to the role after his run at the Old Vic. The production, some 25 minutes shorter than usual, was abridged by Tom Stoppard. Three days of rehearsal culminated in one performance in front of an audience of 200 people and helped swell the coffers of WRP by some £200.



THEY not only have time to tour the world, they make records as well. And so pleased are Virgin with the new XTC platter that they've had Al Clark touring the hovels of various impoverished backs, previewing the new masterpiece. Besides himself with glee, clutching tapes of the album, Clark's been dropping in on us (ruining our vigil in front of repeats of Dallas) and insisting upon playing the bugger at the kind of volume guaranteed to drive the neighbours to utter distraction.

Formerly titled "Terry & The Love Men", and now called "Black Sea", the album — the sleeve of which we reproduce somewhere else on this page — certainly sorts out the men from the under-water cutfishes. Where most groups talk about new directions, XTC, as usual, pursue the blighsters.

"Sea" features at least two Andy Partridge opi that should have the opposition shaking their heads in bewilderment. The first, "No Language In Our Lungs", is the kind of wayward love song you might imagine Dean Martin singing if he'd ever played with the Velvet Underground. The album's climactic statement is a masterpiece of brutal rhythm entitled "Travels In Nilhion", which makes most of Can's "Tago Mago" sound as restless as a hunk in the bath.

Partridge, meanwhile, has recently contributed to an album called "Miniatures". Partridge has composed a track called "The History Of Rock 'n' Roll". It lasts 20 seconds. Witty bugger.



A Village Person looks for camp sight.

## GAY FELLOWS?

FIRST it was the French, then the Indians. Now the Mancunians have infiltrated the capital's chic night club circuit.

Stringfellow Club (associated with the well-known wateringhole for millionaires — the Millionaires Club of Manchester) has opened in London's trendy but tacky area of Covent Garden.

Among those taking part in the launch celebrations on Friday were: Elton John, the Village People, Billy Connolly and bodyguard "Harvey Godsmith", Roy Hill, Andy McKay, Hot Gossip, Dee Harrison and Brian Robertson, Billy Idol, Brian James, and Elsie Tanner from "Coronation Street", who managed to cause more of a stir with her entrance than the Village People and Elton John put together.

Meanwhile, immortalising the whole scene in celluloid — sorry, Polaroid — was the Warhol of the Nineties, Steve Strange, who's recently been commissioned by Polaroid to keep a photographic diary of his life and times. The mind boggles.

But where was that well-known Mancunian Millionaire, John Cooper Clarke, while all this was going on? Probably decided to emigrate, I shouldn't wonder.

## LOWE DOWN

NEVER a slouch when it's come to hanging 'em down and tarting 'em up, Nick Lowe may still have set some kind of personal record with his production of the new Feelgoods' album.

Worried that a protracted period in the studio with the Carvey retrobrates would prove damaging to his health (all those bleak lunches and extended lunch breaks can sure wear a chap down), he finally agreed to produce the platter if the chaps promised to get 12 songs together before the sessions. Last time he produced them ("Be Seelin' Your Soul"), he ended up writing half the record on the studio floor while Brillieux was round of the off-licence (the "do-it-yourself" as the Feelgoods would say).

Wonders rarely ceasing, the Feelgoods came up with enough of their own songs to persuade Basil that the gig would be more than an excuse for an elaborate jolly-up. "We finally came up with a killer album," Lowe declared with some conviction. The whole record was wrapped up in 12 days: arranged, written and mixed in less time than it takes the Pink Floyd to set up a single gig.

Trouble is that Basil put on nearly two stone during the sessions (those lads do like a drink, don't they?). Jake Riviera was impressed.

"I just had him slimmer down, looking like a proper rock star," Riviera moaned. "And the Feelgoods send him back looking like a tub of butter."

Mrs Lowe, the not unattractive Carlene Carter, is meanwhile limbering up for a showcase gig at The Venue, possibly with Rockpile as her back-up combo. We also heard a vague whisper that Carlene's been booked for a special appearance in "Charlie's Angels".

What next — Jake Riviera out-nausing JR in Dallas?



**'The acceptable face of heavy metal metal'; 'fem rock' — Girlschool have had it all. But broad-minded STEVE GETT finds four pistol-packin' gals who thrive on vodka, gambling... and work.**

# Demolition girls

**P**ENZANCE is the kind of quaint seaside resort that fits the overseas visitor's ideas of The Old Country. Last week its hotels and modest boarding houses were doing a good trade and a cosmopolitan crowd was wandering along the narrow, picture-postcard streets. However, my trip to the Cornish coast was to see Girlschool, not the "Pirates Of Penzance".

It was the girls themselves who shattered the tranquility of the place as they drove up to a Fawley Towers type hotel, firing toy pistols. Life on the road for them is never a time of peace and quiet. As guitarist/vocalist Kim McAuliffe later commented, "I suppose we do get a bit unruly when we're on tour, but a lot depends on how much vodka is consumed!"

Penzance was not another stop on the band's current nationwide trek to promote their debut album, "Demolition". Naturally the novelty of an all-girl group has generated considerable publicity, but Girlschool deserve the recognition they are now enjoying. Concentrated effort has enabled them to amass a following which can only escalate with record sales and, despite those critics who take a sceptical view of girls playing hard rock, Girlschool have surprised a lot of people.

They're far better than many outfits now emerging and must be delighted with the way things have been going recently.

"We still get people calling us 'the acceptable face of heavy metal'," said Kim, "as well as all of the 'fem-rock' comments which do get a bit tiresome, and which are rather silly. I think we've actually broken down a few barriers about girls playing rock. Obviously when we first started, people had never really heard our music and so they used to come along out of curiosity, just to get drunk and have a laugh — then they always shouted rude comments. But nowadays we hardly ever get kids shouting 'Get em off', or anything like that, which must indicate something."

"In being an all-girl band there is a certain challenge, especially doing something like supporting Black Sabbath at Hammer-smith Odeon. Before we played those dates everybody was telling us how loyal and dedicated Sabbath fans were, so it was really good for us to go down well. It takes a lot more for the guys to come down and head-bang at the front with a bunch of girls on stage — a lot of blokes wouldn't even think of it."

Judging by the response Girlschool draw from their

predominantly male HM audiences, it seems blokes do get off on the band. Clearly these fans don't relate to the group in the way they do to a male group, but in establishing rapport, Girlschool's image must help a great deal. Surely the girls don't project sophistication, but a rougher rock 'n' roll identity.

Penzance has a small demim brigade, so much of the audience of Demelzas comprised local youths and tourists. Some watched while the support band played; others favoured the bar or the Space Invaders machine.

Meanwhile, in the tiny backstage dressing room the girls were getting ready. They're accompanied on tour by just a handful of roadies, mainly old friends, who've given loyal support through good and bad times.

**W**HEN Kim pulled a bottle of vodka from the depths of her shoulder bag it was opened without delay. Bass player Enid Williams looked worse for wear as she sat in the corner nursing a stomach ache, but the rest of the band chatted as they drank.

Ten minutes later the stage lights were dimmed to herald Girlschool's dramatic entry. Sirens wailed and smoke bombs went off as the band opened with "Demolition Boys". Gradually the smoke cleared and, apart from a few more explosions, the rest of Girlschool's attack was musical.

The audience were lively and there were some kids down at the front who'd followed the band from the previous night's gig at Plymouth. The girls played almost everything from "Demolition", as well as "Tush", during what seemed a relatively short set. Once again it was guitarist Kelly Johnson who impressed with some inspired solos. She shone on numbers like "Not For Sale" and "Breakdown", and played a mean lead break on "Nothing To Lose".

The adrenalin gushes during a Girlschool set in Penzance they gave a really hot performance. When they returned we were given a reprise of "Tush" followed by their version of AC/DC's "Live Wire" for an encore. They were back on stage yet again to sign autographs. At the end of a gig most bands spend what seems a lifetime in their dressing room before emerging, so it was pleasant to see the girls with time for their fans. Spirits were high, except Kim's who didn't enjoy the concert very much, but a few drinks later everyone was merry. Energetic Kelly opted for a quick game of frisbee before we returned to the hotel when time was called. Penzance isn't exactly the rock 'n' roll capital of the world and as we left the club around midnight it seemed that everything in the town had closed for the night.

**T**HE following morning I took the London train with Kim and Kelly. They were due in Newcastle later that night for a TV appearance with The Nolans. During the five-hour journey, we talked of the band's development.

Girlschool's foundations were laid two years ago with an all-girl outfit called Painted Lady.

"The members of that band were constantly changing," recalled Kim, "and at the time we were just playing local pubs. A couple of the girls from Tour De Force were in the band at one stage and towards the end Kelly joined. That happened because our drummer used to play with Kelly and kept trying to get her in the group, but the trouble was that we'd already got a lead guitarist. Then one day we were doing a gig and our guitarist fell ill, so Kelly stepped in and things worked out really well."

"End and I had been there from the beginning but it wasn't until all four of us came together that we called the band Girlschool."

It was around this time that I first met them, during a photo session with Lemmy and the boys. Then they had a single out on the independent City Records label but had yet



"I thought Smirnoff was the intoxicant until I discovered Penzance". Kim laughs uneasily as Kelly wields a stick of rock in a confined space.

Since childhood, Kim had always wanted to be in a band unlike Kelly, for whom Painted Lady was her first gigging outfit.

"I've always loved music but it wasn't until I was 16 or 17 that I decided I wanted to be in a group," Kelly confessed. "I was just happy to play my guitar in my room."

Painted Lady made Kelly Johnson think seriously about playing in a group and of the four members of Girlschool, she's unquestionably the star. She looks impressive and is improving all the time. She cites Jeff Beck, Bill Nelson and Edward Van Halen among her fave guitarists. She also writes much of the material with Kim.

The early days of Girlschool were spent gigging in the London area but it wasn't until they appeared on Motorhead's "Overkill" tour in March '79 that things really started to happen.

It was around this time that I first met them, during a photo session with Lemmy and the boys. Then they had a single out on the independent City Records label but had yet

to score any success. The tour was good for experience but I wasn't overly impressed. But Girlschool learned quickly, making good friends with Motorhead's Eddie Clarke and Kim how they had got on the tour.

"It was through Doug hearing the City Records single," she replied.

Doug Smith is Motorhead's manager.

"They were looking for a support band at the time and then there were mainly punk groups and not many rock ones. Having heard us they obviously thought that it would be an added attraction to have an all-girl band with them, so Lemmy came down to one of our rehearsals. He really liked us, and it turned out to be a great tour."

"Well, hell!" Kelly jovially added. "... three weeks of hell!"

Kim continued: "The dates with Motorhead gave us our initial following because no one had even heard of us before then. And of course we learnt so much from them because it was the first time we'd ever really been out on

the road for any period."

Doug Smith liked them a lot and soon after the tour took them under his wing. They recorded some demos with Motorhead's Eddie Clarke producing and shortly afterwards signed a deal with Bronze.

"It took a few months for all that to come together," Kelly explained. "Firstly, we signed a publishing deal and then Doug sorted things out with Bronze — he has good ties with Gerry Bron. So far things have worked out really well. We get asked on all important matters and have no complaints. The only real problem is the artwork with which we haven't been totally satisfied. We've been letting them get on with it but we plan to get more involved."

**G**IRLSCHOOL recorded their debut, Bronze album this year. Was the live feel the result of putting it together in a relatively short period?

Kim: "We got it done in three weeks and we definitely wanted to get a live feel to it, which wasn't too hard because all of the tunes were fresh in our minds as we'd been playing them on stage so much in the past year. The first few days in the studio were really rough, because we all had streaming colds, but in the last week it all came together."

"Also we got on extremely well with Vic [Maile], our producer," added Kelly, "and I think he helped our confidence an awful lot. He was like an uncle to us, really sweet, and he always remains calm, never losing his temper. It's important to have someone like that around who can make you feel at ease."

The results of their work in the studio have been justified by strong sales: "Demolition" entered the Top 30 a couple of weeks ago. It's a good album, featuring some fine moments of hard rock. But more than anything it's good to hear songs on record that the girls have been playing live. This year Girlschool have made numerous London appearances with several groups, including Black Sabbath. It was the dates at Hammer-smith Odeon with the Sabs that gave the band that extra push and won the hearts of metal fans.

"The gigs we did with Sabbath are the most important we've done and I think we gained more from those seven dates than we've done from all our others," said Kim. "They are a hard audience to play for and I'm sure if they'd used us just play a gig and then get upstairs to the bar and out of it."

Did they manage to build up a good relationship with Motorhead and co? "Not really," said Kim. "In fact we hardly saw them. What happened was they used to just play a gig and then go upstairs to the bar and get out of it."

"You've got to really, haven't you? It's the expected thing these days, for rock bands to get out of it. We've got a lot of vices, like gambling and vodka."

What would their mothers say? "Did they feel that it could be a little risky to have such a close association with Motorhead, especially as people have made comparisons between them."

Kelly: "It could be dangerous I suppose — I mean Lemmy's always at our London gigs and vice-versa, but then again that's just because we're all good mates. People often say we sound like them but I think that 'Demolition Boys' is the closest we get, and that's basically dedicated to them anyway."

Kim: "I think we're quite influenced by Motorhead, but there were a lot of other bands that have influenced us. Like the Skids, Van Halen, Ultravox and AC/DC. But I don't feel that any of those came directly into our music — Motorhead's probably the nearest but I certainly don't think we sound just like them."

"We are like them in that we're better when we're under pressure. They say that a lot of the time they haven't really written anything before they go into the studio to actually record an album."

"We tend to write only what we really have to," Kelly added. "We tend to go through periods when nothing will come out and then sometimes we'll maybe write three numbers all at once."

Girlschool reunited with Motorhead on Saturday at Bingley and they team up with the lads again in the near future for a TV special that will feature live sets from both bands. Girlschool spend the rest of this year on the road in England and Europe and hope to be back in the studio recording the second album before the end of 1980. Before that, they hope to cut a single. It's a busy time for the group, but they can obviously stand the pace.

"We get really bored when we're not doing anything," Kim said, "and if we have two days off, by the second day we're so bored that we just can't wait to start working again."

What they've managed to achieve so far is to earn a living, something which in the early days had proved impossible.

"We used to live on practically nothing," said Kim. "And before the deal came together we were literally starving and not eating for days. The kids don't always realise that just because you've got an album in the charts that you're not automatically rich — I expect a lot of them are richer than us. But at least we're earning a steady wage now."

"Almost like a job," said Kelly.



GEORGE BODMAN



# Fly into the TSB before you take off for Tossa de Mar

Dear TSB,

*I'm not into permanent jobs yet. I've only just finished exams. And I've managed to scrape some money together for a week in Spain, to celebrate leaving school.*

*But I've heard it's a good idea to get fixed up at the TSB first. Get a cheque account opened, establish a base. Then when I do get a full time job, I could have my pay put straight into my account.*

*I'll be dropping in soon for a chat. Told you've got branches all over the place.*

*See you soon.*

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FREEPOST, London EC2B 2AJ.  
(You don't need a stamp.) Please send me  
your free brochure 'Your first job.'

**FREEPOST**

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(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

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We like to say **YES** to school leavers.



# SINGLE FILE

by Martyn Sutton

## Astronomical plight

**ELTON JOHN:** "Sartorial Eloquence" (Rocket): If you own Watford Football Club, Rocket Records and the Lambrettas you're entitled to make a few mistakes. Issuing this track, co-written by Tom Robinson, as a follow up to "Little Jeannie" is a dumb move. I've nothing against Tom Robinson but "You've got a self-sufficient swept back hair-do" is hardly Shakespeare is it? More to the point, it's hardly Bernie Taupin either and there's the rub.

The "21 at 33" album contains at least four tracks that would have made better singles than this, two of them

having lyrics by Taupin ("White Lady, White Powder" and "Chasing The Crown"). So why have Rocket unleashed this gospel-tinged number? Who can tell? God, Elton and Kate Bush all move in mysterious ways. The song's pleasant enough, of course, with girl singers joining Elton on the chorus and James Newton Howard providing deft keyboards. It just isn't a hit single.

PS. The two B-sides — "White Man Danger" and "Cartier" — are unreleased items, so the single may be worth buying anyway.

### Superstars

**ABBA:** "The Winner Takes It All" (Epic). Yet another solid gold hit — it will probably be number one. Abba's contribution to popular music has been to take simple musical statements, inject complex arranging and production techniques and produce timeless pop hits that appeal to millions. Right then, that's summed up why they've sold trillions of records in 27 years.

**PETER GABRIEL:** "Biko" (Charisma). Not the version from the album, the vocal track has been re-recorded and the whole cut has been remixed. African tribal chants start the ball rolling and then, after some menacingly harsh guitar lines have cut through the mix, Gabriel begins to tell the well known story of the death of Bantu Stephen Biko. The young black leader "died in 1977 as a result of injuries received during interrogations by the South African Security Police".

The chants and the percussion parts are memorably effective and the long, haunting fade out phrase is a sort of African "Hey Jude". Catchy though the hook is, one cannot imagine this very long track being back-ended by Simon Bates on Radio 1. Presumably doomed to failure commercially, this record shows that Gabriel has as much artistic integrity as he has skill.

**PAUL SIMON:** "Late In The Evening" (Warner Brothers). Simon is back, after four years, with a new record company and what sounds suspiciously like a new enthusiasm. With Dylan lapsing into a Billy Graham-induced religious coma, will Paul do a Steve Ovetz and

push Bob off the Olympic rostrum labelled "The Greatest Singer/Songwriter in the World"? We'll have to wait for the new album, of course, but there are signs that Paul's fed up with doing Sebastian Coe impersonations and getting silver medals for marathon performances like "Bridge Over Troubled Water".

Simon's gifts in the song-writing arena (poetic lyrics and haunting melodies, to name but two) are almost unimportant when compared to his greatest talent of all. This talent revolves around his uncanny ability to assimilate diverse influences (reggae, Latin American music, etc) and regurgitate them into an end product that's highly original and packed with American references. This new single may well have been influenced by the Salsa music that's taken New York by storm recently. Certainly the percussion track is Latin to the core and the rifting horns sound like Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass with a dash of Salsa thrown in for good measure.

A perfect record for lazy, sunny days. It meanders and drifts through your living room bringing with it an atmosphere of casual sophistication. A smashing record that sounds lightweight at first. It has considerable depth, however, and it's hard to miss the hit that goes, "It's late in the evening and the music's seeping through."

### Stars

**HAZEL O'CONNOR:** "Eight Day" (A&M). The amazing thing about the talented lady is that we're being told that she's a star with such expensive regularity that we are all beginning to believe the publicity. The movie

"Breaking Glass" opens later this month and may or may not be sensational. This single, however, is a major disappointment. Produced by Tony Visconti, the song simply doesn't cut it and the vocal, smacks of Lene Lovich without a sense of humor.

**SHADOWS:** "Equinox (Part V)". The Shadows are stars of the old school. Not for them the overnight stardom route backed by huge publicity machines. No, they had to put up with dancing around with Cliff for ages before they made any money. Their resilience has paid off handsomely. Like inflation, influenza and Margaret Thatcher, the group simply refuse to go away. And who can blame them?

Since the television campaign relaunched their careers they have a great future producing competent versions of other people's hits. Here they inject bland guitar into the Jean Michel Jarre number that used to feature bland synthesizers.

**ERIC STEWART:** "Warm, Warm, Warm" (Polydor). 10cc's success owed much to Stewart's classy ballads which earned the band a following in the MOR market as well as the rock camp. Sadly, this solo effort lacks the melodic strength of his other work. You spend the whole time listening to this record waiting for the killer hook to materialize and it never does. Pleasant, but strangles uninspired.

**CLIFF BENNETT:** "Drive My Car" (Korova). Yet another version of the Beatie track from "Rubber Soul". While Christmas's version is outrageously different, this effort is reasonably faithful to the original. The differences are 1) there are real "Beep Beep"s this time (nice); 2) the original guitar riffs have been thrown away (dislike). Whatever happened to Cliff Bennett? His gravely voice once went straight up my spine and I always thought his version of McCartney's "Got To Get You Into My Life" was a gem. Sadly, this is not the record to push him back into the limelight.

**JACKSON BROWNE:** "Boulevard" (Asylum). Old Jackson is another guy who's gained through a lean time. His new album is a turkey and his writing talents are currently questionable. He could live off the royalties from all of these songs he wrote for The Eagles but he needs a comeback record badly.

A great talent, but his new single is indicative of his current plight. Bally. Joe Walsh's guitar licks are no substitute for solid gold melody lines.

**FATBACK:** "Backstrokin'" (Spring). And while we're on the subject of fading talents, what about

wrong with Fatback? They were once deliciously funky but these days they sound like computerized session robots. (Mind you, the robot playing bass is pretty amazing.) The 12 inch version offers six minutes and 28 seconds of danceable disco-dance.

### Rising stars

**THE TREMBLERS:** "Steady Eddy" (Epic). Listeners walk this way to enter a real live time warp. This record sounds like a vintage rock 'n' roll classic. It has jangling guitars, handclaps and a mildly grating hook. "You see there", this girl and she keep saying "A little more time and I'll be ready, Steady Eddy". This isn't a newly discovered Cochran classic, it's a 1980 original and it deserves a lot of attention.

**LAMBRETTAS:** "Another Day (Another Girl)" (Rocket). This one used to be called "Paper Thin" until The Sun took the record company to court. Now it has a new title but the song still makes lots of references to the quality of journalism that can be found every day in the daily paper that gives nipples more space than Afghanistan. Actually, some of these references are very clever. "Today you're everyman's dream tomorrow you'll be lighting the fire".

A music, pleasant record is a decent present band

**FINGERPRINTZ:** "Bullet Proof Heart" (Virgin). Clever title, clever record, clever band. Good arrangement, neat time changes and lots of confidence. Produced by Nick Garvey. What else is there to say except that this lot will be having their date all over the charts.

**COCKNEY 'N' WESTERNS:** "She's No Angel" (Beggars Banquet). A good idea this. Cockney vocals over a country backing of sorts. Very funny and the lead singer, one Alan Arner, is so dreadful that he's almost surreally brilliant. Could be a surprise hit.

**DEDRINGER:** "Sunday Drivers" (Dindisc). Dyns with a guitar riff that's been heard a million times before but retains a simple, honest charm all the way through. An unpretentious bit of heavy rock. Strident guitar, pounding drums and an over-the-top vocal.

**KEYS:** "Just A Camera" (A&M). This band has Geoff Britton on drums and the former Wings drummer lays down a fascinating little rhythm. Lovely guitar work, smashing intro and memorable riffs. A nice, pleasant pop song.

**FERN KINNEY:** "Movie Show" (WEA). Miss Kinney may well find that one number one single does not a star make. Certainly she'll

have to find better songs than this one if she wants to appear in the charts again. She has a very unusual, little girl lost voice so her producers should want to mix her voice up a bit.

On this single, though, the backing tracks have been mixed so far down that the musicians sound as if they're playing outside. Because of this move the crass lyrics are all too audible. "Let's make love like they do in the movie show".

**THE INVADERS:** "Magic Mirror" (Polydor). A good, driving number from the Yorkshire band who won their first single "Girls In Action". It rocks along with gay abandon and will sound good on the radio if you're stuck in a traffic jam.

**GIRL:** "Love Is A Game" (Jet). The record is available as a 7 inch and a 10 inch, both are made of white vinyl and come in see-through bags with a fine sew-on badge. The record itself is not nearly as impressive as the packaging. Written by Russ Ballard, this is a powerful rocker.

**SHAKATKA:** "Steppin'" (Polydor). The name of this band will get many a disbelieving look and this smooth piece of jazz funk will be at home on the radio as in the disco. Beautifully played and bass and wonderfully inventive jazz piano.

**SKIDS:** "Circus Games" (Virgin). Comes in a plastic bag with a free cheque book, a stamper, undemanding elephant and a do-it-yourself rocket launcher. Well, a little exaggeration but you do get a free colour poster.

The record itself is probably their most commercial yet. Very strong chorus which is reinforced by a kids choir of a virtual thousand souls. (Well, there's more than two of them.)

**SALFORD JETS:** "She's Gonna Break Your Heart" (A&M). Remember those old Beatle numbers from '63 the ones with sing-along choruses and lines about rings, things, loving me, do, making me blue? (This was before "I Am The Walrus", you understand.) You don't? Ah well, this charming, old-fashioned song may sound new to your young ears then. Very nice.

**PATRICK FITZGERALD GROUP:** "Tonight EP" (Final Solution). A collection of five captivating, varied songs featuring deadpan vocals, intelligently phrased lyrics and sparse but effective instrumentation. "A Superbeing" is beautifully played. "Mrs And Mrs" tells the story of a marriage with a difference and "Tonight" while containing language which will hardly endear itself to radio programme planners, has a gritty integrity that's highly impressive.



LARA AJI  
DAY OF RADIANCE

Produced by

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AMBIENT  
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# ROCKING THE ACT

## FURIOUS PIG/THIS HEAT/YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith

UNTIL Young Marble Giants came on, I was convinced that I was witnessing an insurrection. This bill was guaranteed to make you think again and discover new values; it turned into a revelation.

Furious Pig, first on, did more than warm up the audience — they positively laid into them. Entirely acoustically, they squeaked and shrieked in unison, making the most curious noise ever heard and all in harmony. As time went on, even though I was soon more by their sheer enthusiasm. It's surprising to see somebody with a sense of humor.

By contrast, This Heat were intense in the extreme. By the time they were on, the Clarendon resembled a stadium. Three layered figures walked on into the colored light and changed into the first of the band with such force that I literally jumped. Their drummer in jeans thrashed the hell out of his kit, made by his feet in time to the beat. Electric music the need for the other band. One well-looking, hair-shirt player and a guitar who looked like an escaped workaholic doing something heavy in an pose, deflection and a smile.

Their sound had the effect of something off its path, and at one point I was even aware by the intensity and the heat. I had to get out for a minute, but still the sound didn't stop. Never mind the band on the stage, the first should've been playing at Hammersmith. They were simply superb.

Young Marble Giants should have been the evening's highlight, but for the hair-raising force of This Heat, they suffered badly. Their melodic, slightly rocky songs seemed light in comparison, their sparseness, which on record is charming and delightful to hear, came across as emptiness.

Technically, I couldn't find fault. Huddled together, the two Moxyham brothers bounced off each other, weaving delicate musical patterns while Alison Stratton's breathy vocals seemed to pulsate an error message of more ethereal quality — but it was still a comedown.

The high level should've been maintained, but watching Young Marble Giants was like getting to the ring on a Christmas Eve. Basically, it was a great show that they were on the same bill as the other two bands. They were out of their depth. — GILL SMITH

## WASTED YOUTH

Crystal Palace Hotel, London

FIVE earnest lads from Plaistow, East London, formed early this year "to play music that conjures up images and fantasies in people's minds." They avoid categorization, but seem to be conversant with a long tradition of avant-garde rock which takes them in and out of mainstream conventions.

Their single, "Jealousy," on the Bridgehouse label, has been getting some recent airplay. Their next single, "I'll Remember You," is due in about one month.

If those titles suggest that Wasted Youth is in the middle of anybody's road, then the impression is erroneous; their chief influences are mid-Sixties bands like Velvet Underground, the Doors and old Pink Floyd.

The set began with a arresting bit of solo electronic spell-binding. Lead singer Nicky on his Korg 700 synthesizer, and then the band filled in and dispelled the

## ROCKING THE ACT

## ROXY MUSIC/MARTHA & THE MUFFINS

Wembley Arena, London

More than ever, Bryan Ferry in Roxy Music fully recovered and confidently in control.

Whether near to tears or waving to the crowd, Ferry's in superb showman, capable of captivating the audience and leading them when he needs the music. "My Only Love" and the break-neck "Trash" are equally convincing transformations of old romantic obsessions.

Through Ferry's strong, expressive voice and rare charisma, they became laughable as the most commercial statements.

This ability to express emotion without parts is at the core of Roxy's new found success. As long as Ferry carries that well-polished touch, Roxy will have a great time, moving like on the radio. Not that the rest of Roxy's talent isn't up to the task, but it's the way they work together that makes them so special.

Paul Manzanera's guitar, economic and impressive throughout, fitting in for a ripping climactic duet with Andy McKee's sax on "The Thrill of It All" and Gary Tibbs' bass is always powerful and especially tasty on the disco-oriented "Nothing Lasts Forever."

Special guest performers augmenting the basic studio nucleus turn out to be Roy Koolman guitar, Neil Hubbard, who keeps a low profile, and Paul Carrick, who provides slick keyboards.

There were no real highlights, and only one or two moments in a generally excellent set which included everything said. "Do The Strand" and "Long For Love" something new, a two-dimensional grooved "Trash & Beauty" something new, an extraordinary "Light Miles High" which showcased The Roxy's sacred rockabilly for very subtle and subtle pop tunes, and something like a mammoth "Come Sunday."

The Wembley crowd, more aware of a fairly sporting occasion than a rock gig, loudly demanded two encores from Roxy, but most of the second set was the Martha & the Muffins, who showed us their depth in their songwriting surroundings.

The two Marthas and their first band had a great reputation, but Chris Scotland's "Mistral" made their songs were not average, self-indulgent, when they approached the sound of the sublime "Echo Beach" which was the best bit. — STEVE SUTHERLAND

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Bryan still poses well

## BUD FREEMAN/PIZZA ALL-STARS

Pizza Express, Soho

UNTIL Bud Freeman arrived on the Chicago scene in the mid-'Twenties, jazz-tenor soloists were very thin on the ground, Coleman Hawkins being the only one of note.

But formed his own style then, one which slotted neatly into a Dixieland or Chicago-style jazz band, with the same mix of Lusher and Lusher and, and with the whole band. Bud and Danny worked in happy harmony, the duet suggesting the amiable competition of mutual admiration rather than a cutting contest.

As a suitable close to an après-midi set, Bud contributed some big-toned, surprisingly slugging tenor to an all-in performance of one of his favourite jazz chestnuts, "You Took Advantage Of Me". The whole band adopted a free-wheeling stance for the ride-out, and I fancy the ghost of Eddie Condon hovered in the Pizza-filled air.

It was a night to remember — at least until Freeman makes his half-expected comeback next spring. — MAX JONES

## QUEEN IDA

Dingwalls, London

THOUGH they've been resident in California for some years, Queen Ida's Bon Ton Band remain one of those family groups vital to the progress and preservation of Louisiana Cajun music.

The immediate comparison that leapt to mind, possibly unfairly, as we crammed into the tiny room for this latest zydeco import, was with Rockin' Dopsie, who has made that venue particularly

known. But Dopsie is sicker, more R&B oriented (possibly because of the inclusion of the masterly John Hart's saxophone), more aware of how to play on the mood and fancies of his audience.

In Queen Ida's set, two steps tend to predominate, and though the only tune announced as "a bayou polka" was in a very deceptive two-four, there is still an implicit one-two-three hop underlying even blatantly exploitative numbers like "Disco Zydeco".

The heart of the group is Ida and her two brothers. She plays more accordion than Dopsie but it's still fairly basic stuff, repetitive treble phrases and occasional stabbed two-part harmonies, the merest hint of a musette (especially in the newly written number about their visit to Paris).

Brother Al Lewis, who writes most of the songs, shares lead vocals and plays nice twangy white-influenced guitar, while Wilbert plays rub-board and tambourine.

It's a common mistake to think that the more "ethnic" a band is the sloppier it plays. Clifton Chenier is a special case of the folk virtuoso.

Queen Ida's accordion is much more accurate than Dopsie's, for instance, and it is a pleasure to hear the more authentic.

Actually, Ida and Al and Wilbert are so solid themselves that they could probably make it on their own. — KARL DALLAS

## '... AND MUSIC' FESTIVAL

Bristol

AS the rest of the population of Bristol frolicked in fun fairs, at wine festivals and in the streets to hear trad jazz bands bounce music off quayside buildings, it was a

curiously cloistered feeling to be attending the "... And Music" festival run by the Bristol Musicians' Cooperative in the rarefied atmosphere of the Arncliffe Gallery and at the Bristol Arts Centre.

This international festival of improvised music with dance, poetry, visual art, environment and instrument making is in many respects a unique event — where else has there been a week-long festival with such variety and demonstrations of new developments? I came away with the impression that what was happening in Bristol represents the extreme end of improvised music in Britain and there is the danger possibly that it is getting so precious and cerebral that it will conceptualise itself out of existence.

For an awful lot of the week I felt dead from the neck down; the ideas were there and the effort and the energy, but for many of the events the ideas were not translated into the meaningful and spirited forms of music which stop the brain ticking and let the soul take over.

Perhaps this is partly explained by the policy adopted at the festival of weighting events in favour of workshops and participatory music making, as well as the evening concerts. This can lead to a liberatory atmosphere breeding self-congratulation and very little, it seems, of the intention and questioning which makes for good music.

This was particularly true of a percussion quartet and a large-scale improvisation with 17 musicians who came across as dissociated bodies floating in a landscape with a scarcity of unification and spirit. All the clichés of improvised music were there, as well as a covert set of rules — no chords, no tunes, no rhythm, that sort of thing — which makes for music as hide-bound and rigid as the

types of music that many of the improvisers claim to be reacting against. The result is music which seems hermetically sealed from the outside world and it will surely come to the end of the cul-de-sac and find there's no way out.

Many of the musicians at Bristol have found themselves gravitating towards other kinds of activities than just music and hence the involvement with visuals and performance. The overall impression was that the week was about exploring these different elements bringing them together worked in some cases, in others the separate ingredients remained isolated not adding up to an integrated whole.

One case where it worked was that of John Eaves, a painter and flute player. He worked with Dutch dancer Jooppe Blauw against a background of his slides and the three elements fused into a coordinated whole which in a way was a triumph. Despite Blauw's extensive use of space communicated well far better here than in a larger group assembly. Several of the six performers began to discuss themselves in terms of power and gradually tore and taped their way out to begin playing and moving apart from a feeling that it had all been rehearsed and yet was not sharp enough. The improvisation was really one of a deep bond with each other, a personal, simply because they did not reach a level which had the intention.

One of the more interesting case of a musical work was the instrumental music. Whirlwind, Musical was a piece of music by Paul Burrows and David Tapp. These two had been playing together for some time and had some of their music, and when used these particular sounds were really effective.

Max Eastley's sound installations were a delight in witty, sensitive and finally wrought concepts. A white room was filled with objects either rotating gently, brushing against each other, or clacking, or vibrating, or a single wire whipping frenetically against the wall, a piece of a distance, and motion, detailed and continuous.

Carlos Trindade from Portugal created a sound environment with instruments and sound sources hanging from bars which he manipulated from a distance. There were some great moments in the performance, but the relationship between the musicians became the dominant force, rather than the sound; parts of it seemed more an exercise in logistics than in the end sound result.

In terms of the other performances, I was disappointed with the way in which stereotyped ideas were often raised and aired without being explored.

A highly dubious performance came from Logos from London, with a male and female stereotypes being strongly reinforced when Godfried-Willem Raes appeared and played a Moak Darge covering into a corner where she proceeded to play the instrument with a vibrator. It was tedious to watch. Lily Greenham's poetry and sound work came across as very much more successful. Maynard Bailey took refuge behind ambiguity in his poetry, presenting the difficulty of responding to music but little else.

The workshops were plentiful; for children, for instrument making, for women, for dancing. Maybe the festival should have been billed for participants and less for an audience. The workshop making should not retreat into a shell of only doing though. It is also to engage in dialogue with the outside world. I did not feel this was being achieved at Bristol. — HANNAH CHARLTON





Pink Floyd on stage at Earls Court.

## Troubled Waters

**PINK FLOYD**  
Earl's Court, London

**P**INK FLOYD were always the most nervous superstars: success brought them anxiety, wealth worried them.

Written as an expression of doubt and apprehension, "Dark Side Of The Moon" became one of the most popular boutique soundtracks of all time. Lacerated by the dubious irony of its success, the Pink Floyd wrote "Wish You Were Here", a bitter postcard from impending tax-exile and followed it with "Animals", a disgusted cry from the heart of the beast that savaged capitalist society.

Two years in preparation, last year's tortured epic, "The Wall", was the most extreme statement in this parade of psychomelodramas, most notable, perhaps, for the sheer persistence with which Roger Waters — increasingly using the Floyd as a vehicle for his own morbid preoccupations — slugged home his pessimistic visions. Dragged out over four sides of the original double album, Waters' autobiographical opera of misery and condescending self-doubt was finally more tiresome than moving.

But we should remember that it was stated firmly from the beginning that the album was eventually to be judged in the context of "The Wall" as a complete theatrical experience, the soundtrack of a multi-media extravaganza. Only then would its true worth become apparent.

The Floyd premiered the complete work earlier this year in America. Last Monday, it moved into Earl's Court for a summer season. Its reputation as the most elaborate theatrical presentation in rock history preceded its domestic production with such force that the event was probably bound to be seen as something of an anti-climax.

As reported last week, the show is an exact dramatisation of the album. The first

half traces the genesis of Waters' anxieties, scatters the blame for the author's neurotic obsessions and despair. This despair isn't at all cosmetic: Waters' concern was tangible in the physical and vocal exaggeration of his performance.

Unfortunately, the songs through which he chooses to express his concerns are rarely capable of bearing the emotional weight with which he attempts to invest them. Waters might wear his heart bravely on his sleeve, but he often ends up with his feet in his mouth, choking on his own platitudes. Simultaneously, and equally destructively, the Floyd's characteristic, pedantic musical stroll only suffocates his basic themes, trumpets the vacuity of his less penetrating insights.

The Floyd have usually written songs in two distinct and predictable styles: one embraces an acoustic, pastoral whimsy, the other, more ornate, is usually more celestial. Both styles were given a damned good thrashing at Earl's Court. The impact was further diluted by instrumental passages of inordinate length, the dullness of which is almost impossible to convey here. David Gilmour was probably the principal culprit; forever winging off on guitar solos that smacked of clenched teeth and furrowed brows. Soporific wasn't the word: the Floyd would've put Lemmy to sleep.

Waters' "One Of My Turns" provided the only real jag in the ribs. Delivered with passionate sincerity, it recalled specifically the bleak landscapes charted by Lou Reed's "Berlin" (a work that was evoked frequently during the evening).

The much vaunted staging was impressive only in its dimensions. As the Floyd — augmented by a duplicate quartet — lumbered through the opening segment, a massive wall was erected before them. Mobiles, designed by Gerald Scarfe, were hoisted above the audience who gawped and gasped with all the candour of children at a pantomime. There was nothing overwhelmingly

imaginative about this, certainly, the production failed to match the brilliant ingenuity of, say, Alice Cooper's "Welcome To My Nightmare" show.

The climax to the first half did provide us with the production's most emphatically chilling image, though. The wall by now complete, save for one final space, Waters crooned the desolate lyric of "Goodbye Cruel World." As the music faded, he placed the final brick in the wall. The rest was silence: ominous and cold.

By this time, though, they'd lost me. If he'd hung around much longer, I'd have been down the front with a trowel and a bowl of cement, helping the bugger brick himself up.

The second half of the show failed to build on the desolate mood with which the first half ended; the lyrical introspection of the earlier songs was briefly pursued, as Waters evoked memories of his childhood and his father's death, but his attempts to locate his private turmoil in a wider social and political context floundered badly. The insular unreality of a rock star's life was brilliantly illustrated when a trap door in the wall fell open revealing Waters isolated in a neon-lit motel interior, but subsequent references to totalitarian repression and fascist violence were clumsily mounted, dangerously ambiguous.

The climax was predictable and inevitable. As the music aspired to a momentous crescendo, and the visual images flickered — in accelerating confusion, the wall collapsed amid volcanic explosions.

Led by Waters, the musicians reappeared like a New Orleans funeral band, playing a lament among the debris. "Outside The Wall," the final piece, seemed to imply that the preceding destruction had been evidence of some kind of metaphorical martyrdom. It was a final sentimental gesture missing only John Wayne intoning gravely, as he did in "The Greatest Story Ever Told." "Truly this group was the son of God..." — ALLAN JONES.

# MAGIC

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# UGLY IN THE ACT

## LIVE WIRE The Venue, London

**C**ULTURE vultures' favourite respite from Burger King in Victoria is The Venue. The fact that music can make even the most pallid resemblance to sustenance seem palatable is one well-learned by too many entrepreneurs. Fred made though the live wire gig last Friday night proved that a performance is a two-way phenomenon, and The Venue audience were as enthusiastic as Auschwitz inmates who'd just been offered a shower.

Supporting Live Wire were a quartet called Lamer who played at this, just their sixth gig together, a smile-inducing mix of self-penned raw and fast R&B songs with titles like "Girl In The Red T-Shirt" and "It's Automatic," often with a surge that precluded all subtlety. Worth catching.

The Venue was still wearing its party clothes, curtains plastered the walls, painted like pink brick walls with bijou graffiti such as "Fame—if not double faced, double mouthed," "Milton," and "Fame, Nixon had it, who needs it."

Live Wire opened with the title track of their second album, "No Fight." "No Fight" is a very good album live, however, the band performs, even better. It's not musical ad lib from all four members.

The rhythm section is truly bulletproof. German and Jerry McKee drums and a masterful bass. With Mike Edwards' scorching riffs, and producer Simon Jones' teasingly clever guitar riffs and hokey keyboard sorties the sound comes on and on, without any danger of burning the grounds.

The songs from the first album, "Pick It Up," such as the hooky "Hit And Run Driver" and the ethereal garage-based "Love Car Crusade" are given a new lease of life on stage, freed from the muddled mess of the studio versions. Most of the songs, however, were off "No Fight"—"Competition," "One More Show," "Tape Machine" and the intriguing "Castle In Every Swamp Cottage."

"Break Of Day" saw Mike playing an amazing lead bass and himself picking up the bass. The curve "Power" was allowed off "No Fight," but seemed back on its feet. It was the single of the same name.

Having left to less than 10 minutes, Lamer came back to perform "No Fight" one more time to the hoots and whistles from the band and audience who had clapped for their money's worth.

It's amusing that Live Wire has a band that refreshingly, they deserved a better audience than the marginalia and petty patrons at The Venue. — FRED MORRIS.

## THE POWERHOUSE Crystal Palace Hotel, London

**W**HEN a disco not a disco? When the disco who drives it, it's not. Or so it would appear from last week's opening night of a heavy mechanical "Rock and Roll Show" down near the Sports Centre in SE19.

This diehard derby seems dedicated to the proposition that if you want to bang your head to weighty noise rock, you won't even notice that there's no live band pounding out "The Anvil Chorus" or whatever.

Special guests' Praying Mantis were expected for a non-performance (a special appearance) to sign autographs, mingle with the punters, etc. Presumably, the London quartet was at some other Mantis misadventure or prayer meeting, for they never showed. Next Wednesday...

## The modern band

### THE JAM Aylesbury Friars, Aylesbury

**A**MAZING to think that as the Jam head in to their sixth year, their only fault rests not with the actual band or their music, but the cloudy, muddled sound they seem regularly plagued with on stage.

Tonight is no exception. Throughout the first half of their set, Paul Weller's frustration at what he sees as the poor sound quality (I'm sure the Jams of these present would disagree) is on constant overflow, finally erupting at the climax of "Rifles" as he viciously rams his favourite guitar into the amps, consequently snapping it's neck, (don't ask me how).

It's a mark of Weller's

conviction that at a time when his own star has never shone brighter, he's still striving for that unattainable perfection and honour, not only for himself, but more importantly, for his audience.

Weller never stops trying, and the new material which this secret gig was designed to showcase is a further affirmation of this as it moves further away from the recent standard Jam formula.

"Start", the new single, is based strongly around a catchy bass line, with the emphasis more on a rhythmic level. The same applies to "Pretty Green," though this in contrast uses a far harder and heavier bass line. Funky almost, with the vocals as sarcastic as ever.

"But I'm Different Now" is archetypal, lightweight, pure pop with more than an acknowledgement to the Beatles, while "Dreamtime" is the only song that harks back to that traditional Jam sound with its closing refrain of "supermarket-supermarket."

After all, you do get an all-star cast, on recording, like Def Leppard, Motorhead, Black Sabbath, Girlschool and Saxon.

Hawkins hopes to take his roadshow to half a dozen London venues on a regular basis, and he says he does get personal appearances by leading bands. Best of British luck to you, Heavy! — ROBERT SHELTON

### GEORGE GERDES Half Moon, Putney

**G**EORGE Gerdes stepped on stage at the Half Moon, aimed friendly nods at a couple of unattended microphone stands and murmured anticipatory thanks to a non-existent backup group. In the event the polyphonic variety and fluency of his own guitar provided the ideal accompaniment to a performance

which showed that he is still one of the most creative of that handful of original American singer-songwriters who emerged in the Greenwich Village of the Sixties.

Beginning among the newcomers of those days at the Bitter End and the Gaslight — he must have been very young indeed — he worked at one time with Loudon Wainwright III and made two albums for United Artists, "Obituary" and "Son Of Obituary." Since then there has been little word of him on this side of the Atlantic.

Then last week he surfaced in London again — an impressive score for the Half Moon Folk Club, where the regulars, with a little help from American fans at the back of the room, soon began to feel the quality even if they didn't always catch the elusive New York drift. In both ideas and music he has fined down his act to a point

where it is razor-sharp without ever becoming camp, shrill or malicious.

"Aviva," with its Blecker Street memories, was a song for the old times, unsentimental, cliché-free and curiously moving. "Folk Punk" and "Unemployed Actors" were songs from today. "P.O.S.E.S.-I-O-N," which he described as a song about the "real estate of the heart," was a song for all times, and "The Policeman is My Friend" was an explosive fusion of nostalgia and realism.

Gerdes closed with a surrealistic outburst like a fireworks display and his whole act was a blend of considerable art and natural modesty. Funny how the Anglo-American folk revival has thrown up some of the most sophisticated entertainers (in the best sense of both words) we have — MAURICE ROSENBAUM.



Paul Weller seeks perfection.

s-u-uper-market" among crapping chords.

Not that their old material suffers in comparison. "Going Underground" — the single of the year so far — "Private Hell," "When You're Young," "Modern World," "Saturday's Kids" and the rest of their incredibly strong backbone of material is dishd out with all their original spirit and attack

while the packed hall savours every delicious moment.

These days gigs rarely attain that magical state when both band and audience give as much of themselves as is possible, creating the perfect setting that great rock music thrives on. But Jam gigs do and it's both a tribute to the band and the audience that it happens so naturally, a

position gained by a mutual mixture of love, respect and trust.

"What you give... is what you get" is the main refrain of the band's new single. Quite simply, faulty PA or not, the Jam give nothing but the best in all departments. Like a heatwave burning in our hearts. — PAULO HEWITT

### DIZZY GILLESPIE QUARTET Ronnie Scott's, London

**T**EMPTING to wonder how Peter King, so bopishly beautiful in the support act, would have fitted with Dizzy. Certainly his reading of "I Remember Clifford" — declaratory sound and gulping feel — was the ideal audition piece, and the most moving expression of the night.

Dizzy is less single-minded about his revolution these days and fronts a band that can touch all bases from contemporary choppi-ot funk to word perfect war-horses like "Night In Tunisia" and "Tin Tin Deo." The outfit may have lost their equipment somewhere between Ronnie's and Tel Aviv, but they did arrive with a new Israeli hand-clapper called "The

Land Of Milk And Honey" to slot next to Don Redman's "Gee Baby Ain't I Good To You."

The leader really dealt on all of them. He could have coasted on the funk, but thick whooshing ascents into the upper register and a rhythmic sense of such sophistication that only the cross-currents would do, prevented him from merely nudging and winking at the groove. A sense of adventure or mischief of a low boredom threshold keeps Dizzy resting on his laurels.

His version of "Gee Baby" would have given Lester Bowie a run for his money. Chirrup, squeezed notes, baffled breaths, abrupt accents, fitted together without parody and with much of the tenderness "Con Alma" found him flattening notes after their delivery, and tossing off the curtain little bridges since willow pattern crockery. You are never in any doubt about his current stature in the trumpet stakes. This is the gunner.

An interesting moment occurred on "Night In Tunisia," tailed as a feature for Michael Howell's bass guitar. His break, somewhat into the number, was dexterous, but monochromatic. Dizzy snatched it back, sketched in the mood, and returned it, and Howell's reappeared in triumph. Ed Cherry on guitar plays spellbindingly reflective intros, and can heat it up with an interesting riffing. Tommy Campbell an adequate drummer, and worked well with the leader on the congas and drum section. — BRIAN CASE

### ATHLETICO SPIZZ '80 Gatsby's, Liverpool

**A**THLETICO Spizz 80 may not be the future of rock 'n' roll but at least they don't stand in for either a synthesizer or Elvis Costello.

Spizz has a reputation as an outsider and an eccentric, though it's hard to pin down the reason. If we go back three years, when Spizz (Oli) made his appearance, we remember a little character between Mark Perry (who was somebody then) and Sledge (who was nobody), someone who was in character, but just the ability to stick his neck out. Spizz moved from joke to cult figure to puny hero, and now a ready-made move even further.

But for the time being, all the old incarnations are still there and if you look at the audience you realise it's Spizz as punk hero who's wanted tonight. It's easier to feel at home among a Spizz audience than among the beautiful young people who come to see the "Top Of The Pops" stars (visual perfection except for the chewing gum).

Opening tunes provoke rereactions, however, echoing the new (compulsive) sophistication of the album, and Spizz shouts almost tunelessly above the jazz rock keyboards while he leans at the audience, a bit like Magazine with John Peel.

Fortunately you can't hear many of the words, which were definitely too silly to print on the album sleeve, although occasional phrases about time machines make themselves heard. Primitivity is not their strongest point. Yet these innocent preoccupations are preferable to the empty rhetoric of others, who wave the punk torch (most of whom haven't been around as long). And musically the band still show those qualities like vitality and momentum, once so common in the days when energy and pogoing went together in every journalist's notebook.

Is it enough? Watching the group, you spend most of the time waiting for something to happen. Then you realise that your feet are moving. Is that all they can offer? Spizz might be a breath of fresh air, but at the moment it's one that's blowing nowhere in particular. — PENNY KILLEY

## The Tiger Ted Band

### TED NUGENT Hammersmith Odeon, London

**T**HE very long-haired, self-taught wild man of rock 'n' roll who started out as a post-psych delinquent 12 years ago is now, judging by this audience, classified as a Motorhead contemporary.

Ted Nugent obviously doesn't need Dr Who to travel time. Ted Nugent is essentially an old-fashioned guitar hero — he's hardly a heavy metal purist. He prefers to take aim to dicker and tinker and rise and pull and tug at his brash, abrasive chords than to rely on a blanket barrage of thumping gun-fire. He is to Iron Maiden Saxon and AC/DC what the Tony Party is to the National Front; guilty by inclination.

When he first appeared skeleton-like on the darkened stage, ringed in luminous red light, the crowd, perhaps nervously, rose in hectic anticipation of an all-night wall-to-wall blast (of the type which must be like mixing an earthquake with the soundmen) indeed they found them

elves swallowing hard to appreciate the indulgences of mainstream rock 'n' roll, tracks like "Great White Buffalo" with its flowing mane, "Backlash" with its back-bash, Nugent's frantic puppet-like movements across the stage, and twist track chat promising "I'm gonna be around with this guitar a little."

He wasn't always out of touch though. "Flash and Blood" were solidly in the hard-banging mood, full of his own leering and sneering chords.

Maybe Nugent too is confused by the fresh cache of acceptability his autocratic output has attracted, replacing more traditional support which eroded his status when he split a much-respected band a couple of years ago, confused even more by how to handle

There was a hint too that he may be losing his wildness, as his act has become just another well-trodden motion that he now runs with the venom of a fat tiger in a zoo, rather than with the snarling snarl of a bush cat yowling inquisitive explorers. But it was only a hint. — MARTIN THORPE.



Ted shows his hair.





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**T**HE quest for Tom T. Hall, Kentucky's legendary story-teller, like the quest for Citizen Kane or Mr. Arkadin, is itself paved with stories, most of them as unsettling as the artist's work so that one begins to wonder whether, like Welles, Ol' T. had not sown his tracks with enigma, paradox and irony.

"I'll goin' talk to Tom T. Hall," asked a Southerner on the flight to Nashville. "Why he's our foremost poet. Conversation ranged further afield. 'See, what Carter did wrong, he should've rescued our boys in the Legion during the oil crisis. Told the boys he'd put out the eyes of the sun, or some damn thing. Last good president we had was Theodore Roosevelt!'"

Tom T. was not in Nashville, but was rumored to be playing in the Chet Atkins Country Gentleman Celebrity Golf Tournament at Callaway Gardens, Pine Mountain, Georgia. Immediately outside Nashville's solid 100-degree heatwave, the Georgia Inter-State discharges in a fury of hailstones and torrential rain, blowing a patrol car into the branches of a maple tree, tearing down the wires and patching all Truck 'n' Tumors stops into blackness, reproducing Sherman's devastating whet through Chattanooga, Atlanta, Chickamauga and Shennandoah, and miraculously stopping short of Pine Mountain.

At Callaway Gardens Hotel, a sportsman's resort offering golf, tennis, trap and skeet, fishing and riding, Tom T. is nowhere to be found. "Well, he often just wanders off on his own," says his brother, I wonder off on my own in the wan hope of somehow synchronizing, and find myself becalmed in a rock garden, deafened by bullfrogs, under the suspicious eye of a resident wearing a simulated mallard on his hat.

Tom T. appears at breakfast. Yes, he resembles Orson Welles, the slanting brilliant eyes, looking out of that pouchy, sensual face, and yes, he can fit in an interview between golf — "the good shots are all accidents and the rest is just exercise" — and playing softball with the President in Plains.

He is courteous and reserved. The Deep South tradition of the Tall Tale? The rascals that will only run after sardines in "The Rivermen," the fish rancher in "Iniquities?"

"The Southern stories that I grew up with, I was more impressed with the irony than I was with the Tall Story. The horse falling out of the tree story, the obvious — I'm not so interested in those, nor was I ever so entertained by those as I was by the irony. That's more subtle."

We talk a little about writers. "I'd like to see Sinclair Lewis come back. I'm into fiction more because I think he did more the kind of thing that I do. Writing about Middle America. Yeah, I've read 'Main Street.' I look back and see all that I've read, and Sinclair Lewis made the most sense. I think he was writing more about what was going on in his own time, and he had a better eye. It looks better now than it did when he wrote it. At the time, it was staid, serious writing — it resembled The American Dream. He did a very good number on religion when he wrote Elmer Gantry. He was almost a prophet. Now you see all this electronic religion, all that sort of thing."

Tom T. was born in Oliver, Kentucky, the son of a preacher, the Reverend Vagel T. Hall, and he plays himself for the Bethel Bible School in Chattanooga, His attitude to religion, however, is curiously wrought.

"Mama likes to listen to the good ol' gospel time. Daddy is a real cowboy, drinkin' beer and

wine/Mama's in the kitchen/standing there all alone/She's got Jesus on the radio and Daddy on the phone/He says, 'Come on down to Tootsie's/have yourself a beer'/Mama's in the kitchen/standin' there in tears..."

"I came home one evening, there was Mama on her knees/big ol' tears of gospel goin' runnin' down her cheeks/She said, 'You don't have to worry son/we are not alone/I got Jesus on the radio and Jesus on the phone.' ("Ol' T's In Town")

"That," I said, "is the tightest device I've ever heard of showing a nervous breakdown."

Tom T. warmed to the subject. "There's a certain mama involved in fanatic religion. There's almost a madness in their total dedication, and a lot of people have been hurt physically by that. Handling rattlesnakes and ignoring the obvious that they're ill. Physically ill. Refusing to see doctors, refusing to take their children to see doctors. Just an absolute, ultimate faith."

What I was writing about in that song was the two attitudes — this is an old country assumption — that the mother is very religious, and the father is kind of a hunky-tonk. Down through the years, America has harbored the assumption that this is the way early America was. We somehow believe that through the father's industry and bravery, America was built, while through the mother's dedication and saintliness, the home was held together. So, America was built in this fashion. I got to wondering how the two would have related as human beings when they were so obviously opposites."

"Raymond explains his religion. It's the air it's the earth/The Lord gives it to you and The Lord, He takes it away/and without it/you ain't got a prayer... Now an old hog ain't got but one blood vein/and it's located there in its neck..." ("Soldier Of Fortune")

"I think the reason Raymond came to that conclusion — maybe you're aware of it — when they butcher a hog, they cut the one main artery in the neck, and it bleeds the hog. So this gentleman's conclusion is that it only has one blood vein."

Tom T. chuckled. "It is sort of a gross line if you stop to think about it. But what impresses me is that Raymond takes such a basic view of everything. His view of the anatomy of the hog, since he'd only ever seen it bleed in this one way, that was the end of it. His concept of religion was that it was the air — and if you had that, you had it all, and if you didn't, you didn't have anything."

He delivered one of his dazzlingly intelligent looks. "Your European culture is very old and there's a little more dignity in the religion because you've had more time to muller it. There are instances here where someone would about you if they disagreed with you about religion — and that is a contradiction in ideas right there. Again, he chuckled richly."

"His music was country, his faith was in Jesus, he even had pictures of Christ in his house/He never once questioned his daily existence nor wondered aloud what his life was about." ("Places I've Done Time")

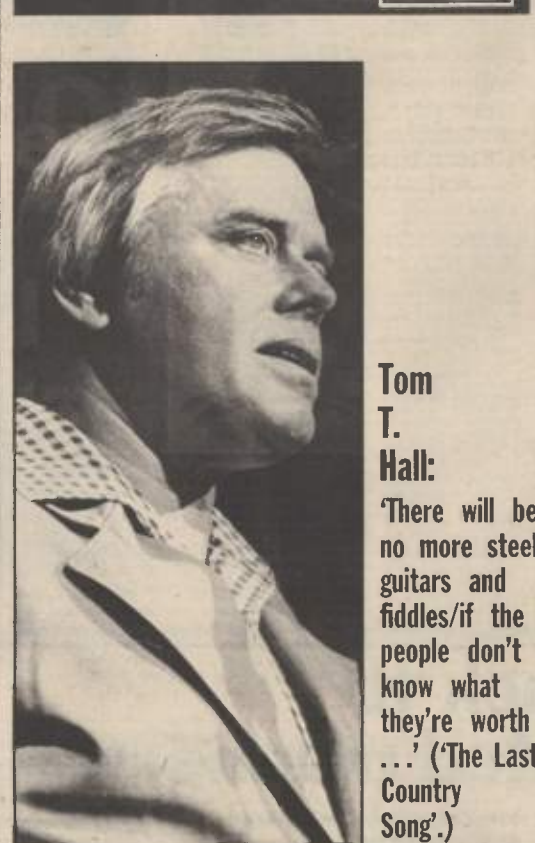
That song is called "The Man Who Shot Himself," and an author, transcribing the song, called it "country music and chapel observation, who saw a great haircut goes directly home and shoots himself. It's a character I would like to know a little more about. It looks like the movie, the suicide in Salinger's 'A Nice Day For Bama'."

"No, I haven't read that story. I've read 'Tom T.' and thought I implied that he was unhappy in his marriage?"

"Not that tough." I mentioned the eyes to F. P. "I'm not sure that's fair."

"The irony is," said the Story Teller easily, "a lot of the best stories are true. I write your story. People who ask

## BRIAN CASE in NASHVILLE



**Tom T. Hall:**  
"There will be no more steel guitars and fiddles/if the people don't know what they're worth... ('The Last Country Song')."

## OL' T. FEELS OFF

and I don't know sometimes I'll need to know about the story I'm writing. I don't let the way it happened and then I let people draw their own conclusions. In a lot of my songs, I've been very direct. It has helped a lot, because too much explanation can be harmful when you have a brief time in a song to tell your story. People who ask

you about song writing don't know that the people who write the songs are as amazed by them as the people who listen to them.

"I'll have an idea for a song, and I'll have one of the melody or the title. I'll just have a germ, a concept — hopefully, some universal concept because those are the best songs — then

suddenly in one half hour, I'll write the entire song. I had the germ of "The Last Country Song" when I saw that the old "Yellowing Party of Ate & Clay" alpenstocks without drawing a glance, and a helicopter lands on hole nine.

"Old Dogs, Children and Watermelon Wine" A middle-aged woman in draughtboard check shorts, eating country-cured ham accents Tom T. at the breakfast table.

"Writers have that. I don't think it's depression so much as a sense of reality — but maybe there's something depressing about reality. The more you get to it, you find a better understanding of things, of course." Abraham Lincoln came abruptly to mind the shirley-leaved man of the people, moralist, thinker, often incarcerated by "certain intransigent and irremittable laws."

Tom T. Hall is also a wacky writer. "The Grocery Truck" is a wicked satire on Tony Lee White's "Polk Salad Annie," while "I Couldn't Live In Southern California" must be big with Tammy Wynette and George Jones. Many of his songs fall into the customary country categories of nostalgia, divorce, losers and the camaraderie of the naughtyside burlesque. "Getting drunk with buddies seems to be a fixed star in your songs," I said, prissily.

"Well... in my personal opinion, I think it's not very polite nor proper nor very much fun, and dangerous, to drink with strangers. There's a little talk about politics and religion, and both those subjects are not good topics of conversation when you're drinking. Abraham Lincoln who said, 'Can you fool some of the people some of the time...'"

"Do you ever feel that some of your country images are perhaps self-conscious. For example, 'a racoon stole my minnows in the night?'"

"I wrote that song. 'I'll Go Somewhere And Sing My Songs Again,' at my cabin on the lake. It's at Centre Hill Lake outside Nashville. Without a telephone, no newspapers or radio or TV — I have electricity, but it's kooky. The racoon literally stole my minnows in the night. I had them there to fish with. He took his paw and dug through my styrofoam and he'd reach in and get them one at a time and have a little picnic at my expense."

**OUTSIDE**, white electric golf carts hummed noisily across the 7,040 acres of golfing yard at Callaway Gardens. Golf balls whizzed across the fairways as Chad Atkins, Charlie Walker, Billy Edd Wheeler, Ronnie Prophet and Perry Como point their John Deere caps into the air like beagies, and slice at the tees. A Cadillac prize sits on the hole-in-one green, and a speedboat prize is moored in the lake. Woodpeckers yammer in panic at the golf ball tear through the pink flowering Georgia feverfewes.

Willie Muscum, the pool champ who defeated the real Minnesota Fat — aka Triple Smart Fats — and set up the shots for "The Hustler," glares into the middle distance. Maybe he's just heard Tom T.'s "Great East Broadway Union Championship." Three Atlanta cheerleaders in white cowboy boots and sequined halter "in shorts pass a yellowing party of Ate & Clay alpenstocks without drawing a glance, and a helicopter lands on hole nine.

"Old Dogs, Children and Watermelon Wine" A middle-aged woman in draughtboard check shorts, eating country-cured ham accents Tom T. at the breakfast table.

He is courting itself. "Mam? Tom T. Hall. Yes, mam. Goud to see you?"

"GERD to see YOU! I recognized you!"

"Why, thank you?"

Did he ever worry that random might insultate him from his source material, the ordinary extraordinary citizens of Main Street?

"Burt Reynolds, a very funny man, he went on ahead and he said, 'I'd like to thank all the little people, but I don't know any.' It's funny because it's not true. I don't think celebrity affects most celebrities the way it affects the attitude of the people who tow them. When I go back to my home town, I don't think I act any differently — other than the fact that I'm treated differently and I

become apprehensive and aware."

"Can you understand what happened to Elvis?"

"Yes. It's too much attention. That explains it. Too much attention, to the extent that he got it, killed him. Too much attention can kill you as quickly as loneliness."

Tom T. has paid his dues. He left school at 14, worked in a clothing factory, trued out with his first band, became a designer, shuttled back and forth between these jobs, wrote "Di For A Day" which was a hit for Jimmy Newman in 1963, wrote a million seller for Jeannie C. Riley with "Harper Valley PTA." Nowadays, he sings his own songs and most of his albums enter the Top Ten in the Country charts. He has written a book, "How I Write Songs — Why You Can't," and a halfway through a novel for Doubleday.

"How has the scene altered here since you were coming up?"

"They have a star system now in Nashville, where they literally make stars. Those people may make some money, they may do something worthwhile, but I don't see those people having the longevity of, say, a Chet Atkins. You can go back to when Abraham Lincoln who said, 'You can fool some of the people some of the time...'"

"Entertainment is doing that now. We have literally a manufacturer of celebrities in America. They're seen in the right places, they wear the right clothes, they're on the right TV shows, they get their pictures in the right magazines — but American culture has a way of sorting out all of those. So many of them will pass."

"Actually, it's not the Nashville of old, but I think early on a lot of country music entertainers were exploited because they didn't have lawyers and good business instruction. You know, we've had a history of superstitious of the past through charity. That's unfortunate, but I am not sure that we haven't gone on far. Everybody has an agent, a lawyer, a financial adviser, all that sort of thing."

"I started out working in little honky-tonks, toured with some big acts as a sideman, the traditional cowboy-doffing-your-hat, you really learn anything there, but you appreciate your success more."

"There will be no more steel guitars and fiddles/if the people don't know what they're worth..." ("The Last Country Song")

"I've done my time in the beer and wine mines/tryin' to climb with my own kinda rhyme/it ain't easy/it's a rough row to hoe..." ("Soldier Of Fortune")

I told him about the Southerner on the plane. "Oh, must've been one of my relatives."

Theodore Roosevelt, Jimmy Carter, Abraham Lincoln — did he want to influence people politically through his songs?

"No. Morally, but not politically. What's politics? There's right and wrong, good and bad, and politics doesn't have anything to do with it. It's an altogether different world."

What had he made of the scene in "The Deerhunter" when the veterans sang "Gnd Bless America?"

"Well... if it wasn't recognized as such it was sort of a sick joke. But it also pointed out that America is all Americans have — for all that it. We are a democracy as we can change overnight. On November 7 we can be one nation, and in November 8 we can be another because we have a new president. We've been through some tough times. Vietnam is not really the first mistake America has made — it's not the last. I realize that a nation has made so, this is still America. It's the irony of my expletic right or wrong, I think the director intended it that way. America reads — if the word is right — the opinion that America is anywhere and live anywhere, but really Americans are stuck in America."

He got up and shouldered his golf bag. "I must go and play golf. Have a nice visit, other than the fact that I'm treated differently and I



# Spizz continuity

**SPIZZ** and Liverpool — a combination I've known to be rewarding since way back in autumn '78.

Spizz was perked in the bar of the plush and servile hotel when I arrived. Dreamed in the red and black that so befits his demure stage persona, he welcomed me with the ubiquitous beaming smile. I smugly wondered if his surroundings were indicative of a new-found wealth. He cut the ground from under my smirk by reminding me that they had, after all, stayed at a far superior hotel when playing Erica last February.

Oh well... next question... but enter, rear of set, a perspiring A&M drummer, CP Snare, glowing after a run, and dressed in shorts and singlet. They certainly spare no points in plugging the image. Athletico, indeed... We adjourned to Spizz's room where the old charade of artist v. press was enacted.

**T**HE album seemed a painless starting point. It's very good — vibrant and basic but messy and strong. No post-modernist bunk! Interestingly it upholds the role of classically-trained keyboards man, Mark Cosfield. He gets more writing credits than Spizz, emphasizing that this is a real band, and not singer plus backing group.

However, it features very little new material. Spizz: "Well, really it was just, 'Let's get rid of the backlog of old songs before they get tired.' For instance, 'Energy Crisis' was an old song which I especially didn't want to see die."

CP: "That was just something we had laid down quick in the studio. In fact, nearly all the album was done live."

If the purpose of the album was to clear the backlog of old material, then we can expect an album of new songs soon?

Spizz: "Well, yeah, but

unfortunately the Christmas Rod Stewart, Kate Bushes and 'Greatest Hits' will start hitting the pressing plants soon and I think it will have to be next year now."

Which brings us to your deal and why A&M? Was it the lure of free Rick Wakeman albums?

CP: "I think it was, really, but I wanted the Carpenters collection, too."

Spizz: "A&M is just a big independent label really. You know Herb Alpert and all that. It's a musician's label — not that we're musicians or anything."

CP: "Basically they were the only company that offered us 'an undisclosed amount' for the album we recorded in four days. It was up for grabs and they took it."

There's been talk of much more at Rough Trade at the time of your departure. Was it less than amicable?

Spizz: "No, the arrangement with Rough Trade was that they supplied a finished work and they pressed it. They were upset at the way it happened. We wanted to go in and explain that we were thinking of signing to A&M, but unfortunately Nicky Home blasted it over all the airwaves when we did a session for Capital, so it was broken to them too suddenly."

Did you want to, or have to move to a bigger label?

Spizz: "It was inevitable, and anyway the alternative chart is now an Establishment in itself; it's not anti-establishment — it's not an alternative."

But that's a reason to join the old Establishment?

Spizz: "No, no. You can't say that the major chart is an Establishment."

"I don't understand this argument," CP complained. "It's an argument that seems to have been going on through time immemorial. I'm sick to death of it and I don't want to hear it any more. All groups have to do it to survive."

I'd touched a nerve, and

**Seasoned exponents of the quick name change, Athletico Spizz 80 admit the need to survive and eat, deny psychedelic connection and are tipped by STEVE REDMOND as the perfect vehicle for next year's merchandising exercises.**

there was silence till Spizz jumped back into the fray: "It was an economic fact that we weren't gonna survive as a band much longer, and there wasn't going to be much more material coming out. That's the gruesome, financial fact."

Will A&M raise any objections to the annual change of name for the band?

Spizz: "They might put pressure on us to keep it, but we will change it. It's not a Them And Us situation with A&M however. I don't know why all these bands keep moaning and moaning about manipulation. They respect our stance, the way we handled ourselves independently within Rough Trade."

**I**t occurred to me that with the regular changes of name, a penchant for design, and a determinedly wacky English (yet almost David) evenness, Athletico Spizz 80 could become the perfect vehicle (geddit) for next year's merchandising exercises. The new two-tone Futuristic 2D tat. Glam MK.II.

They laughed. Spizz: "It's not as though we've got some huge masterpiece or something. I've just taken the philosophy of the original punk thing. Disposable pop, grand raucous stuff. That's the origin of my stance. People try to make it too precious. The scene is all too precious at the moment."

CP: "I hate hippies, especially the short-haired ones with tight trousers."

As A&M, you've been criticised as hippies, as "the new boring old farts" and in

particular people have picked up on "Airships" — eight minutes, and all that.

Spizz: "Well every one who likes it keeps coming out with 'Oh, yes, Syd Barrett — not Floyd, but we just don't know where they're getting this psychedelic thing from. I reckon it's just people in the rag trade' (Rough Trade, methinks) trying to bring in kaffians again."

The conversation pulls Spizz tries to convince me he's a boring person. I half-believe him. Then suddenly "I hate people who think they're weird like Modern English."

CP: "And that band when we played with the Only Ones, Wasted Youth. Make up, funny hair, it's all empty drama — and the followers they had. The only person who ever really comes especially to see me at gigs is my girlfriend — and I live with her. She's the only 'hangar-on' I've got."

Spizz: "Do you know I'm bored with my performance now, and I'm looking for cash to improve it. We're a desperately bored bunch of people. Mark's just bought a new synthesizer and he's bored already."

CP: "It looks like a telephone exchange with all those wires."

All right, you keep saying you're gonna leave this band to form another. What sort of band?

CP: "A heavy metal band."

You like heavy metal?

CP: "No, but I feel that's better in a way, so that I can keep perspective. I really admire the new wave of heavy metal, even though I don't like many of the bands."



Athletico Spizz 80 — "a desperately bored bunch of people."

On the M1 the other day we saw all these coachloads of Motorhead fans. They were like pinks all in a uniform, but they were much more organized."

Tell me about the new single, "Hot Deserts".

Spizz: "I don't know, it's just a pop song and a bit weird."

You really think so?

Spizz: "All the amateur weathermen say that the last two weeks of August will be hot. I can imagine all the people on the beaches sunbathing and singing it. No, really it's like what a seven-year-old kid would think of the desert from seeing it on TV."

CP: "It's just a string of images, really, about sun and sand and things like that."

"You can hear the Arabs fight at night fighting for their own Turkish Delight?"

Spizz: "When I was at junior school I did a competition about me crashing in a plane and making my way to a Foreign Legion camp."

CP: "What do you think of the drums on 'Hot Deserts' then?"

I was speechless, remembering CP's earlier

expressed intention to main, or generally murder, a certain scribe who once proffered criticism. Discretion is the better part of valour. I said I'd forgotten.

CP: "What do you mean you forgot, it's all drums. Anyway, on every single Spizz has done, there's been different personalities coming into the band and an instrument has become dominant. Like when Jim came in one 'Soldier', it was all bass. Now that I'm in the band there's this record with all these drums. It's really strange. When a personality comes into the band something takes over — it's like a curving graph going up and then leveling out again. But I'm not saying I want to take over, don't."

I don't look as though you'd have much chance the way Spizz dominates. He said he wouldn't be in a band that wasn't named after him.

Spizz: "One reason my name appears is continuity, so that people know who we actually are. It makes sense."

They seem to co-exist admirably. I found an

interesting example of this when I asked about the B side of the new single. It's called "Legal Proceedings".

Spizz: "I'm not quite sure what it's about, but it's either about our manager or divorce or just bad feelings in legal matters generally."

You're not sure? Don't you mind? He might be singing something with which you disagree totally, and you don't mind?

CP: "We disagree all the time on trivial and important matters but that in a way is what keeps us together. Sometimes on stage it can fall to pieces, whilst in another way it's still really tight."

Spizz: "It's like John and Paul of the Beatles. We can't afford to split up now, we've got too much to lose."

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# Galvanised Live Wire



Live Wire describe paranoia in images and tell TREVOR MORRIS that they must get Radio 1 airplay.

**L**IVE WIRE's recently released second album, "No Fright", is something of a personal triumph for penman/vocalist Mike Edwards. Having wrestled control of the band from A&M's clutches, he has, with the collaboration of producer Simon Boswell, made it "... in a gay, non-smoking, feminist-dominated world."

Making it, for Live Wire, it seems, is being recognised at last as an entirely new force in British rock. Last in the uncomfortable luxury of manager Mike Cole's home while Mike Edwards and Simon Boswell explained, "I thought if this album doesn't run above the Dire Straits clone but I'm going to pick it up and become something else," said Mike. "Personally," added Simon, "I just can't understand any kind of Dire Straits comparison at all. To me Mike sounds more like Joe Strummer sometimes."

Mike continued, "I think that they're just a load of guitarists with a back-up band. The difference is right back to the roots. Our rhythm section really cooks, whereas those people get mixed right down. He's (Mark Knopfler) got a real good lead guitar style. His lyrics and his vocals, leave a lot to be desired. I don't see any link at all."

**L**IVE WIRE is the fruition of many different

developments for Edwards "I was playing slide-blues and that sorta stuff for about three or four years, then doing guitar work for other singers, and then I met German (the Live Wire drummer), and I was giggling around at the same time. I got bored with that, and just slowly went right back to roots, right back to rhythm. This (Live Wire) has been these hands moving forward with different people jumping off."

Live Wire's spiky, jarring rock is hard to categorise. I asked Mike what influences he has in his writing.

"Pretty varied. I mean all the songs on the album, they're all different moods. I think my main influence were being like an attitude, not really people. You know, the last time anyone actually influenced me was Michael Chapman, and that's when I didn't play guitar. I heard his albums and I wanted to play guitar. There's never been anyone since him, who is now about eight or nine years old. I actually wanted to play like."

The message of "No Fright" is overtly libertarian: there's plenty of healthy "ant" themes, without any dangerous "pro" ones. I was intrigued by the latter images on Tagesschau.

Mike's lyrics don't scream out propaganda, rather a subtle implication which makes you smile when you've worked it out.

"Yeah," he said, "Water Into Wine" on the first album is all about suddenly feeling paranoid and going inwards, right. But, if you write that, it comes out, whichever way you put it, like a cliché, like

everyone else's songs. So, what I did was just about finding a bunch of images that made me feel wired and paranoid and isolated. And if you listen to those images, you're getting a true feeling of what I was trying to say. But I sat down and said 'I'm feeling paranoid, I'm feeling lonely,' you know."

**S**IMON perked up. "One thing I want to get straight, about my involvement in the band. It's a kind of temporary collaboration, if you like. I started producing the album, by which time Chris Cutler had already left."

Mike jumped in. "He left way before, when the material started changing, you know. There's no way he could have worked with the unit with the new material."

The huge jump between "Pick It Up" the first album and "No Fright" marked some dramatic political wrangling between Live Wire and A&M. The problems began when Mike presented the material for the new album.

He explained: "I said that I wanted to do the new format... and going in as three pieces, and not necessarily. I really had to fight for every one of those things. The business was very precious about us."

They wanted Glyn (John) to produce our second. So I said, 'No, you give me two tracks to produce. And that's what Simon heard. I really had to fight to get them to let me produce two tracks.'

**S**O, what's next?

"Well," said Mike, "what we just discovered is how to get on Radio 1 here, otherwise as far as we're concerned, it's a time of money's at hand. There's no point in advertising here, cause we go across on the ferry, and we play a headliner at La Palaca in Paris, and we get £1200 for doing a 45-minute show. We get paid for weeks before, and we get away, simply because they know the album. It would be lovely to crack this country."

But the music, as Mike admits, he doesn't really write samples. Simon elucidated:

"The problem with Live Wire that I'm getting incredibly fed up with as a producer with whatever I work on, is having the pressure from record companies to produce samples of a certain length."

Did Mike feel he was being tough?

"No, because nothing was being written, a good song doesn't satisfy me. I've got to get what I was trying to say, better. I've lessened the pressure from the record companies, but I'm still trying to get two minutes. It was incredible."

Did he have any ambitions?

"None at all. I'm a catalyst, that's what I find. I set people off doing things. I create anger, frustration, music, or sometimes a creative thing. Now we've been accepted by the press, I'm moving on. The Live Wire battle's over. I want another challenge."



# MAILBAG

## Real rock 'n' roll

HAVING read Allan Jones' three-page spread on the excellent Any Trouble, I feel I must make the following comments.

What was a reasonably credible piece of journalism was marred by two totally insane comments.

First, he claims that Any Trouble are "the most exciting rock 'n' roll group the MM has seen since the Pretenders". Fine, except that the fab Pretenders are about as exciting as Saturday shopping at Tesco's. But this aside, it is the second statement that really grates: "Where Are All The Nice Girls" is the best stuff album since Elvis Costello's "My Aim Is True" is Mr Jones' memory so short as to forget Graham Parker's "The Up Escalator", released a mere month ago?

Not only is it the Geep's finest commitment to vinyl to date, it's also one of the most original, honest and powerful albums to be released in a considerable time. Needless to say, it's superior to anything the vastly over-rated Costello has ever produced.

As Clive Gresson so rightly pointed out, as long as there are some of us out here discerning enough to distinguish between rock 'n' roll (ie to listen to Springsteen, Parker etc) and commercial crap (Pretenders, Numan, etc) then rock 'n' roll will survive.

Electronic music is not the only threat to the continued existence of rock 'n' roll. There is also the considerable problem of the garbage which almost totally occupies the weekly playlists.

Not hearing anything by the



TWO knights in shining tattoos protect our Chrissie from readers and writers

Boss on fab Radio 1 can be frustrating, but it is some consolation to know that the real rock 'n' rollers are being kept separate from the other trash.

It is enough to know that for years to come, there will be Springsteens, Parkers and countless others proving it all night Cheers! — CHOCKY MINT, Bonaly Terrace, Edinburgh.

It's always sad when a long-standing member of the music scene decides to call it a day, and I was particularly moved by the news that Dave Cousins has retired not only from the Strawbs, but from music altogether.

Most people I think would acknowledge that the Strawbs have produced a lot of good music over the years, particularly during the "70-74" period, which produced the classic "Grave New World" and "Antique and Curious" albums, and it was ironic that they achieved their highest level of mass acceptance with the totally untalented "Part Of The Union" single.

As for Dave Cousins himself, he is an outstanding songwriter and a very distinctive singer, and without being unfair to the other members it's only too obvious that Dave Cousins has retired not only from the Strawbs, but from music altogether.

I'm sure that I'm not alone in saying that his decision to quit was sad news for the music scene, and while he will never be forgotten, let's hope that he will reconsider his position and continue recording and performing. Remember Dave, "While you still need to carry on, we'll carry on beside you." — STEVE O'FARRELL, Silverdale Rd, Earley, Reading, Berks.

Win an album of your choice. Write to Mailbag, Melody Maker, 24-34, Meymott Street, London SE1 9LU

## Mutant moan

I am writing to protest at Steve Sutcliffe's pathetic review of the new Hawkwind live album. Rather than being "mutant casualties of the love generation" Hawkwind have always viewed Sixties ideology in terms of what was happening at the time, and continued to keep in touch with modern themes. If "Motorway City" and "Who's Gonna Win The War" aren't relevant, I don't know what is.

Sutcliffe also claims that they are "stumbling to ditch old favourites". The few old numbers they do play are totally transformed yet are every bit as good as the originals, also 60 per cent of the music of the 1970 gigs hadn't even been committed to vinyl so the crowd weren't just clapping at the album excellent light-show.

The band made an excellent move in recruiting ex-Pothead pianist, Tim Blake. Sutcliffe dismisses the beautiful "Lighthouse" because it features electronic keyboards and fails to see its lyrical qualities and the contrast it provides in the set.

Hawkwind have never claimed to be "good" musicians, they just get on with the job of playing bloody good music which has remained uniquely theirs — something that no rock critic can take away. Hawkwind will continue to flourish in the Eighties long after forty little punts like the Shadows have faded.

Mo Dets and Iron Maiden cease to exist — Rick, The Salt Box, Main Street, Lambley, Nottingham.

## Shrewd Shadows

PEOPLE'S tastes change. If a band uses the same formula over and over again, it's bound to get boring. The listening public will grow tired of it.

The Beatles did this for years, and we all know how they changed. The Shadows have changed. Up Mr Forbes (Mailbag, July 19) is left wondering why the Shadows

don't get the publicity they deserve, my answer to that is that they've had all they deserve, and a long time ago. They worked the same formula and again people grew tired of them. Today the Shadows are just grabbing at straws, which very often doesn't work.

Mark Smith shares my views entirely. A band must experiment in order to survive. Fleetwood Mac are experimenting. Pink Floyd have with "The Wall", Rush have "Permanent Waves", and Genesis have "Duke". These bands have lasted. But if people are content to live on memories of 10-25 years ago, that's up to them. — JOHN GOUGH, Melwood Drive, West Derby, Liverpool. ● LP WINNER

WITH reference to the letter from your reader E. Forbes regarding the Shadows (July 19), I would agree that their choice of "second hand numbers" was disappointing.

But it was also very shrewd. However, what annoys me more is how they play them. Ever since Cliff's rejuvenation a few years ago with the release of "I'm Nearly Dead" and "Every Face Tells A Story" albums, I thought it likely that the Shadows would follow suit, especially when Bruce Welch was instrumental in bringing about the change in Cliff's style. Furthermore when one considers the albums Brian Bennett has released independently, for example, change of Direction, Illustrated London Noise, Rock Dreams, it is all the more puzzling that the Shadows haven't changed.

The reason, I suspect, is simple. They know they have a sound which is instantly recognisable. They're only a few thousands of fans who like that sound, so why change?

Coming a fan who's bought their records since 1960, I'm eagerly awaiting their album on Polydor. Not because I expect a revolutionary work of art, a Shadows Sgt Pepper, but out of nostalgia, habit, and maybe respect. I've enjoyed listening to them for 20 years but I don't want to see them get a little bit bored. I think devoted fans would welcome a change of style, even a change of name.

The Shadows have the potential to become an instrumental rock

band of the Eighties. Other readers would agree, but do the Shadows? Why not ask them? — REY-WOND JOHN WEIR, Craiglea, Lillithgow Rd, Bo'ness, Central Region, Scotland.

## Faith restorer

IT was a joy to have my faith restored in music papers. I read your single review in this week's paper (July 19) and my sanity was saved. What you said about the Sue Wilkinson record "You've Got To Be A Hustler" is exactly what I thought when I first heard it on Capital Radio. What a relief to hear a record that's very cleverly produced, with a lyric that not only tells a story but gets a strong message across at the same time — a real songwriter! — MALCOLM JOHN, SON, Maple Lodge, Ambleside Road, London SW16.

## Happy hits

WITH happy sing-along pop music seemingly "played out", it is no wonder record sales recently have hit a slump. Indeed the modern music world is in and depression with the latest so-called "number one" songs mostly miserable sounding dirges.

Killing and rape was the theme of Kenny Rogers' "Coward Of The County".

Mad came up with the commendable lyric "Suicide Is Painless". And now Don McLean (and everyone else) is "Crying". Even the usually lively Elvis Presley song contest was topped by the plaintive "What's Another Year". Who knows perhaps the next craze will be the "Black Ram Band".

I wish the entire music scene would stop taking itself so seriously and change its tune to cheerful music. Record listeners I'm sure, would buy that. — W.J. THOMAS, Craig Road, Cathcar, Glasgow. ● LP WINNER

# ANY QUESTIONS?

Send your questions on the music scene to Any Questions, Melody Maker, 24-34 Meymott Street, London SE1 9LU



John McLaughlin gets strung up

WHAT guitar strings John McLaughlin uses? — Harold Bennett, Matlock.

## Instrumental Roxy Music

PLEASE detail the instruments played by Roxy Music and tell me what type of effect Alan Sparrow used on his bass on the track "Rain, Rain, Rain" on the "Flash And Blood" album — Robert Thomas, Stoke-on-Trent.

John uses D'Addario XLs on his custom scalloped-neck electric and D'Addario Phosphor Bronze on his acoustics. These are made in the U.K. by Sumnerfields, of Gateshead.

Reverb amplifier with JBL speakers, Mesa Boogie amplifier, with Eminence speakers, Neutron wah volume pedal.

Paul Carrack and Bryan Ferry: Farfisa Professional Duo twin-manual organ, two Selina String Machines, Sequential Circuit Prophet 5 synthesizer, Yamaha CP70 grand piano with MXR graphic equaliser, Yamaha CS80 synthesizer, Wuritzer electric piano, Roland Chorus Echo, WEM 8 into 2 Audiomaster, two Yamaha A411 cabinets, a Conn Strobotuner is used with the keyboards and by Phil Manzanera.

Andy Newmanark: Tama Japanese drum kit, with 24 inch bass drum, 13 and 14 inch toms, 16 inch floor tom, 8 1/2 inch Gretsch snare drum and Tama fittings. Paiste 14 inch hi-hats, 18 inch crash, 20 inch ride and 18 inch crash ride cymbals. The effect used by Alan Sparrow on "Rain, Rain, Rain" was an MXR Flanger.

# Synthesizers, saxophones, and strings

I'D like some recordings of musicians and groups playing slow, sophisticated saxophone music. While I like jazz, I prefer it not to be the more traditional sort, but a little more modern. Jazz-rock appeals to me, but I haven't come across any groups that I like. — Gary Hancock, Stirling, Scotland.

Alastair Milne, experienced reedist, who until a short while ago was secretary of the Clarinet and Saxophone Society of Great Britain, replies: "Jazz musicians tend not to play one category of jazz, but jazz that reflects their personality and subjective tastes. I suggest that rather than pigeonhole jazz saxophonists, you listen to jazz and develop your own tastes. Most jazz musicians become known for their work in one field. I recommend that for more specific information and names you read the Joachim Berendt Jazz Book (Paladin, 1976, £1.50) and for your initial listening I suggest "Saxophone Giants"

(RCA FKM3 7324), which is a three record compilation set. I would recommend the following British musicians: John Dankworth, Don Cherry, Kathy Stobart, Art Themen and Barbara Thompson. To keep abreast of the news, contact the Jazz Centre Society and the Clarinet and Saxophone Society of Great Britain.

"Age Of The Atlantic" was a cheap sample album issued in 1972, featuring various artists, including Yes playing "America", written by Simon and Garfunkel. There were two LPs labelled "Age Of The Atlantic": one devoted to rock and the other to soul. Both have been deleted.

TS there a book which would provide a basic introduction to the theory of the synthesizer? — Arnold Tennent, Llandudno, Gwynedd.

Such a series of articles was run in Everyday Electronics. They provided a simple back-

ground for anyone with a modest understanding of electronic circuits. Written by B. H. Bailey the articles appeared in the magazine dated November, 1979, January and February, 1980, and back copies can be obtained for 70p from Post Sales Dept, IPC Magazines Ltd, 25 Lavington Street, London SE1 0PF.

COULD you tell me the present line-up of Caravan? Is Geoff Richardson planning to learn any other instrument? When Dave Sinclair's solo album is due? — S. P. Woods, Whitstable.

The current line-up of Caravan is Dave Sinclair (keyboards), Geoff Richardson (viola, guitar, flute), Dek Messacar (bass), Richard Coughlan (drums) and Pye Hastings (guitar). Their latest album is "Better By Far" and they have just started work on another after finishing a tour of Europe. Geoff Richardson says he is always learning to play more instruments and doesn't know which one will be next and when he will start on it. Dave Sinclair is still recording his solo album,

but his time is restricted by touring.

**Guitar fancier John**

WHAT acoustic guitar is John Renbourn holding on the back cover of "The Enchanted Garden" album? What are his present activities? — J. A. Crowcroft, London NW1.

John Renbourn replies: "It's an acoustic flat-top guitar originally made in 1965 by Tony Zemaitis for a guitarist named Chris Ayliffe, who accompanied Jackie McShee before the days of the Pentangle. I've always fancied it and he agreed to sell it to me. It has an oval shaped hole instead of a round one and was a realer in the body after the style of a Macaferri. Right now I'm touring solo and with my band and writing a book about the steel string guitar and its music."



# HAZEL O'CONNOR MYTH: BREAKING GLASS COVER

**ROBERT SHELTON gets onto the 'Breaking Glass' case, and tracks down Hazel O'Connor.**

**FRIDAY, 6.30pm:** It was raining like a tropical monsoon. I was going to the pictures in Soho, and I didn't even have a dirty mac with me.

"Breaking Glass", they'd told me, was the real story of "the power, the lust and passion behind the rock scene." "Who are they trying to kid?" I asked no one but myself. I'd been drinking with Janis Joplin in the old days. I settled into a chair big enough for Lew Grade and his cigar.

On the screen, there's this O'Connor woman playing Kate, singing her head off on an empty tube-train headed for Cockfosters. Staged rubbish. All that white make-up, and that shock of blonde at the top, and eyes like an Egyptian cat. You can't take your eyes off her. She sings like a stool-pigeon turning State's Evidence on Attila the Hun.

8.30pm: Shuffling out of the preview theatre into the Wardour Street twilight, I headed for the nearest bar. The film was better than I expected. Lots of clichés, but that's life, too. It was also involving and touching and it wasn't a "Punk Rock Follies" after all. Probably make her a star, no matter if those clowns called her Des O'Connor's daughter. I'd have to get her statement. Wednesday, 3.30pm: I'd loaded up for the face-to-face scene with Hazel. Had my CSO in my pocket, a list of questions as long as the menu at Lo Ho Fook, and I was prepared for the usual evasions. Her alibi had better be good.

The file on Hazel was pretty wild. Drop-out type, been married once, 24 years old, relaxes with self-hypnotism. Only been singing three years. Discovered at the Nashville two years ago. She'd been to Amsterdam, Paris, Marrakesh twice, dancer in Beirut and Tokyo.

**THE** O'Connor woman comes into the room, coughing with bronchitis, smiling to get on the good side of me, and she stretches her legs out on the sofa like she owned it. Wearing all-black trousers and jumper that look right out of an Oxford shop. Hazel gets right to the point:

"What I draw from the whole exercise is: if a person spends their whole life doing half-measures, they never get nothing done. But if you throw yourself into something, it works! That's why I never have much success with love, I suppose, because I never throw myself into love."

I figured we'd get around to the love stuff later. What about the picture, and the music? Who were all those types in "Breaking Glass" supposed to be... the record producer, the little manager off the street? Tony Visconti is the basis for the producer, Bob Woods, in the film. But Woods is a very unsympathetic character.

Tony is not unsympathetic, he's a real nice guy. He's married to Mary Hopkin, who's a good mate of mine now. The character in the film that Phil Daniels plays, Danny, is based on my manager, Alan Edwards. Alan's only 25, a whizz-kid. He used to do music journalism.

Too much sweetness and light, I thought. Hazel volunteered a word for the two former writers at Melody Maker and The Musician's Babble who'd put her down in print: "I'd like to say they are w—s. They were really bitchy."

I like someone who puts it on the line. But what about Kate in the film? She's an urchin who almost gets swallowed up and destroyed by "The Business". Was that going to happen to her? "Is life imitating art imitating life?" I asked, knowing I was getting academic.

Hazel: "There was, but there ain't anymore. There was a point when it was getting a bit close, almost getting out of my hands. The national newspapers were sort of taking over. I was getting called things like 'the queen of punk' and 'auntie of punk'. And, of course, I wasn't. For me, the punk thing was finished before we started making the film."

The film people didn't know about punk. Anybody dressed funny, it was punk. They know what it means now, they didn't then. The film producers, Davina (Bell) and Clive (Parsons) come to all my gigs. Slowly, the education took place. After the mass media had done that to me — right? — people then start to either love you or hate you. Generally, they start to want to hate you, because you look garish, or this or that."

Worst of all, Hazel went on, was at the Cannes Film Festival last May. She was told to keep on the same make-up and hair-do until the screening. Suddenly Hazel said to herself: "Hang on! I was the innovator of it. I am me. It was me they used for the film. Half of it, I wasn't acting. I couldn't make up my mind, then, whether I was being manipulated or whether everybody would just be indulging me."

It was the sycophants I couldn't cope with. They were so ridiculous. One young boy asked: "What's it feel like to be a star, Hazel?" As if the sun shone out of my bum. I said: "Huh? He didn't want to understand what I felt like inside."

"When I got back to London, I just wiped off the make-up and took the plaits out of my hair. It was wonderful! It was an exorcism in half an hour. I won't go back to it now. Cannes is supposed to be a nightmare for anybody. It was good to get chucked in the deep and, I know, nothing will ever be as bad as that... never."

What's the Coventry connection? Hazel didn't wince at all. "I was talking to Pauline Black from Selector the other night, and we had a real laugh about it. I know Brad out of the Specials from school days. He was definitely at Coventry Art College. When he used to hang out there, I was about 14. Noel Davis of Selector is a



real good mate of mine. My older brother, Neil, was in The Flies and kept more in touch with Coventry than me. I left at 16. When I was 14, we were all hippies together. "Everybody was smoking dope and trying things out, then. It was really funny times."

Hazel's dad was Irish, and she told me of visits to Galway to see her family. "The Irish really are a very musical race," she said, telling of how each of her cousins did a turn in the scullery for her and actor Jon Finch on a recent visit.

**THERE** are 13 songs by Hazel in the film, running quite a vast range of style and content. One of them, "Will You", dates back to her time in France, but the rest were written specifically for "Breaking Glass". She's self-taught, on piano and guitar and appreciates how Visconti has encouraged her on keyboards. "I'll never be Rachmaninoff," she confessed, and I didn't dispute her.

Her recent promotional trip to the States gave her a chance to meet Debbie Harry and Chris Stein and Iggy Pop and Jonathan Richman in LA. "I fell in love with Jonathan. He's quite sweet and eccentric. We had a blustering romance, which lasted 24 hours. But we never did anything naughty. It was real good fun."

What about Hugh Cornwell, I asked, just for real good fun. Hazel: "I'm seeing Hugh now because we've been working supporting the Stranglers. I don't see him as Hugh. I used to know a boy

named Hugh Cornwell, who was my friend, and somewhere he still exists, but I think it's real difficult for somebody that's part of a band. You know, their first loyalty is that band, and other things come second. I think he's a lovely fellow. We got a lot in common. But we ain't got a lot in common when we're working, you know, it's different."

Hazel is already at work on a second film for the same producers and Paramount, under the working title of "Split Seconds". She wrote the treatment and a screen-writer will develop it.

"The character I'm going to play will be a singer of international star fame. Apart from that, the music will be incidental. You'll probably get me blasting a song at the beginning and end, but the rest will be background music."

The film draws its influence from a book by editor Norman Cousins, "The Anatomy Of An Illness". Cousins told me he was doomed from a crippling arthritis condition, used force of will to defeat the illness and confound the doctors.

Hazel told me that she's a romantic who can't accept a lot of things. "You either love it, you leave it. You don't accept it, you change it. Like the smog in LA. Why should a person get used to it? You can't if you're a romantic, you mustn't get used to bad things. I would never advocate blowing up something I didn't like, or removing it in a physical way. I sort of will them away."

Hazel O'Connor isn't the violent type. A bombshell, but she probably won't hurt anybody, even herself.

**HAZEL O'CONNOR:** "Breaking Glass" (A&M AMLH64820).

**STEVE SUTHERLAND** reviews the album

**I** don't like the sound of "Breaking Glass".

In the movie, Hazel O'Connor, the promising young star with the social conscience, is corrupted by the music-biz moguls and suffers a breakdown through the soul-destroying pressures of exploitation. Fair enough, the companies' absorption and marketing of anarchy has resulted in the inevitable casualties, those who failed to distinguish between their role and real life like Sid Vicious, or those, too numerous to mention, who can't do anything about the way their commitment is cheapened and sold.

However, "Breaking Glass" makes no attempt at responsible observation or comment. It, in turn, exploits its plot for profit, just as the record company exploits Hazel's politics in the film, sensationalising and glorifying the system it purports to attack. Lacking Julian Temple's subversive gift for debunking the pomp of punk as well as the whole money-grabbing

machine, it is nonetheless the industry's retaliation to "The Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle", wearing its conscience on its sleeve and cheating on our sympathies and pockets while big brother laughs all the way to the bank.

All of which would be merely academic if the unprecedented gamble of allowing the previously unknown Miss O'Connor to pen the entire soundtrack actually succeeded on vinyl, but it doesn't.

Her songs are a transparent cluster of clichés, carefully gathered for effect and with no spontaneity of commitment. They depend on the shocking value of cold, grey concrete and the juxtaposition of black and white, dirty and clean, and even garbage and cream. This creates the effect of a flaccid liberalism which can only muster the anger to kick Big Brother's ass instead of tearing down the walls of Babylon. Every target is tired too: the "bowler hats and old school

ties" of "Monsters in Disguise", the TV-entranced morons of the clumsy "Big Brother", and "The Writing On The Wall" with the businessman in the tube. This is the era of the living dead, but nowhere do the songs evoke the menace of The Jam's "Down In The Tube Station At Midnight" or the helplessness of Buggles' "Video Killed The Radio Star", or the humour of the Bonzo's "Urban Spaceman" come to that.

The presence of Bowie's producer, Tony Visconti, betrays Miss O'Connor's obsession with Ziggy Stardust and her urban nightmare wears all the right threads — screaming primal (and usually wasteful) sax, military drums, spacey keyboards, handclaps, mostly tuneless, sombre riffs and her Germanic punk intonation.

One of Hazel O'Connor's heroes is Marc Bolan, whose favourite film was Fritz Lang's "Metropolis". Released in 1927, it dealt with impending urban and technological madness far more incisively than "Breaking Glass". It was a silent movie. Are we twiggng something here?



# JUST ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD...

The shambolic Kinks, always fidgeting on the edge of disaster, have a new album out, 'One For The Road'. Hopefully it will emulate the U.S. success of 'Low Budget'. Ray Davies talks to COLIN IRWIN.

It's ironic... maybe it's even amusing in a perverted way. Just a simple twist of fate. But something, somehow, somewhere, is extraordinarily illogical about the events of this week.

While Mr Jagger and his cohorts crow from the top of the album charts, and Pink Floyd stage a show at Earls Court that involves a measure of technology and expense marginally less than that required to deposit an orang-utang on Jupiter, the Kinks shuffled unceremoniously in from the sunset.

They decided to forego the seven nights at Wembley this time round (such a drag building that wall every night) and for their first British appearances for God knows how long (but it seems longer) they're playing one night at Friars in Aylesbury, and another at the Lyceum in the Strand. These boys have always had style.

The Kinks have contributed more to rock 'n' roll in three minute bursts at studios in unromantic parts of London than a decade of Floyd's pomp and circumstance; and the Stones never achieved the real human touch, the dishevelled authenticity of the Kinks in their rougher moments. Well... when Ray Ptolemy drags you off to a desert island, I'll lay even a Ray Davies song appears in your 12 gramophone records.

On the other hand, you might just be dumb.

KONK Studios nestles discreetly off a main street round Hornsey way. The building is distinguished from a succession of dilapidated neighbours by a fairly natty lick of brown paint. But it's a good area from which to thrust two fingers at record industry opulence, and Muswell Hill's just over the way for roots credibility — there's nothing to suggest that this building contains a bar and a snooker table, as well as the studio from where a myriad of classics of the age have emanated.

Right now the building also contains a lean, tanned figure in slim cream tie and smart jacket, who rarely uses it but has a smile that can dominate and overwhelm the place. He carries the weathered hard-bitten charm of a street spy attempting to induce you to buy a few green ones and find the lady. And you know something? You probably would buy a used car from this man.

Ray Davies is the most uneasy interviewee I've ever met. Little wonder he does so few interviews these days when it obviously causes him so much discomfort. People who say they don't like to be interviewed and talk about themselves, usually deserve to be regarded with the scorn inspired by people who open sentences

with, "I'm not a racist but..." Yet this guy is painfully for real. He's suffering.

He's so full of nervous tension it drips off him in huge puddles and you almost drown in the splash. Was I using a tape/have I a list of questions/ does the photographer want to shoot while we're talking/ was I using a tape/shall we go to a cooler room/ had I been thrown into this at the last minute/how long would it take/ doesn't the presence of a photographer unsettle you/do I know what I'm going to ask/am I using a tape?

He asks for a few moments to relax and we stare sullenly at a television screen in a corner watching the death throes of the Olympics. A Czech discus thrower, built like a steamroller, nearly decapitates one of the judges. Ray offers no comment.

In the end I opt for shorthand. Adrian Boot takes a few shots and scarpers, and Ray takes a position perched precariously on a table so that he towers directly over me. He doesn't maintain this sitting for long, however, pacing up and down the room at such a rate you feel dizzy trying to keep track of him. He continually thumbs through magazines. At one point he even starts ripping up Mayfair during the involuntary meanderings of his fingers. He apologises, saying he's not looking through magazines because he's bored, he's just trying to concentrate — I merely think it's a waste of a Mayfair.

The walls of Konk are paved with Kinks pictures. One of them

depicts Davies on the defensive, backing off like mad, and cowering, his arm raised in earnest but futile self-protection. Late in the interview I say his lyrics suggest he's cynical, and Ray points to the picture — "No, quite often I'm scared, I'm like that."

"Everybody thinks I'm a cynic, but I'm not. Tom Lehrer's a cynic, and it shows, but me, I'm too vulnerable to be a real cynic. Oh, I have flamboyant moments when I send everything up, but I'm scared too, and if you're scared you can never be a true cynic."

This vulnerability may even be one of the Kinks' mightiest weapons. It's a characteristic that itself inspires affection. He wholeheartedly agrees with this suggestion. "It's not very cool to be vulnerable, but I like it. We don't play from the crutch all the time and that's important. It's not all worked out."

The Kinks in any case seem to hold a special place in British hearts. Alone and isolated from all trends in music, weaving their own erratic course, one foot constantly inches disaster. But still the course has always been indelibly their own.

But one unwanted by-product this is the fact that the British also seem to ally this rampant independence with time suspension. The Kinks are always associated with nostalgia. The Kinks to British radio stations is always "Sunny Afternoon" or "Lola", or if they're the sort of station that likes to read news bulletins in colour, "You Really Got Me", "Tired Of Waiting", or "Well Res-

pected Man". But will they treat their new stuff seriously? Will Ray Davies have the gap in his tooth mended?

To such people, the news that the last Kinks album, "Low Budget", was their most successful ever, will come as an acute shock. It made the American Top Ten without the crutch of a real hit single ("Superman" was a Top 40 record, that's all) and went gold while the new live album, "One For The Road", recorded on their last tour of the States, is already charging up the American Top 20 with undignified haste.

And Ray Davies paces the Konk offices tearing up Mayfairs with a modest couple of English gigs in prospect. Davies darkly hints that if there isn't some sharp home action on "One For The Road", he'll wash his hands of Britain entirely.

"I'm not bitter... but I'm confused", he wails about the British indifference to his newer work. "The audience is there, no doubt about that, what's wrong is the middle ground. Radio in particular. The only things the radio stations play are the old stuff."

A Sixties band who trod a few innovative paths in the Seventies, and plan on doing the same in the Eighties, if only their home country would relieve them of the Sixties.

It leads Ray into a fierce diatribe against the radio stations. "If there was more competition in radio we'd get more airplay. Capital should have more competition. It's the only one in town and that's... dangerous. I get competition from new bands coming up and that's healthy, it drives you on, and it would be far better for everyone if there was also more competition in radio."

THE positive result of the Kinks' animated isolation is that it's freed them from the arbitrary dictates of fashion. I mean, when the old guard was toppling and the spittle was flying like mud at Milton Keynes, no gob was directed towards Raymond Davies. He has a delightful theory as to why the punks never included the Kinks in their efforts towards wholesale destruction of all bands invented before 1975...

"I'm not sure whether those punk bands actually liked us, but they couldn't suss us out because no matter how bad they were, we were always worse. Know what I mean?"

Anybody who's ever seen the Kinks on stage, continually flirting with disaster, never quite together, seemingly hovering perpetually on the precipice, will know exactly what he means.

People backed off from us at the time. In fact I felt exactly like they did. In 1976 we sat down to make an album with the Kinks and it's always easier if you're a part of something. I couldn't

relate to anything at the time — it was all Elton John and Rod Stewart... making good records but the only thing I could relate to then was reggae. I was as disillusioned with rock music as anybody else then.

"I thought the Sex Pistols were good — they had an atmosphere. With a few exceptions, like the Pretenders, there's no atmosphere on records now. It's all too clinical. But the Sex Pistols were like early Stones."

He even pre-empted the rise of independent record labels, starting Konk Records in 1975, signing Claire Hamill and Cafe Society, a band which sported Tom Robinson. Davies claims the ideals of Konk were exactly the ideals adopted by the punk revolution which have since been developed practically to bring about the commercial success of a 2-Tone, whose rise causes Davies much rejoicing.

The Konk label didn't take off. "I couldn't get across what I wanted to do. People always wanted to drag it into the big money scene. The way I described it to ABC (the distributors) was for them to think of Konk in the way that Arsenal Football Club have a youth team. You know, 'think of us as providing new talent which will be really good in two or three years' time. But they never really understood that."

"It would always get into a situation where they'd be really excited about a new band and then the album didn't come up to expectations and they'd shelve it. I had this idea of bringing along one or two groups slowly, but you'd always get dragged into this thing of product commitment and five albums a year or something. 'I'd still like to do it when I get the time to devote myself to it and do it justice. Now it might be a good time to have Konk, at least people are aware of the problems now. Personally I can't wait until EMI don't make records any more. Let them make television because they're not interested in music, I'm sure they're not. It gets so big that when you can put computers on the moon what's the point of pressing records? Just because you're big doesn't mean you understand music."

"Personally I fancy myself as a businessman — I think I could easily become one of those people who live in their offices. 'I'm not sure that things are changing all that much though... groups still want to get big advances and people still drive around in limousines. It's just that there aren't as many people around to fill them."

He talks wistfully of trying the Konk label again, perhaps inspired or possibly even envious of the success achieved by Stiff and 2-Tone. He's watched their progress closely and expressed admiration for the music they've

produced as well as their business acumen. "Yeah, I bought the last Elvis Costello album," he says earnestly. "It was good, very good... No, I haven't heard 'Emotional Rescue' yet, simply because it hasn't occurred to me to hear it. I heard 'Who Are You' about a year after it came out..." he gestures dismissively.

"I'm well into technology, but it's not always the answer. People are so scared of making mistakes now. Nobody will dare to take a gamble."

The shambolic stage performance is now an integral part of the myth, the legend. Even when the band were indulging in their theatrical stage shows, utter chaos was never far afield. The million dollar question is whether this is a natural trait of the band, or whether it's a consciously preserved ingredient to sustain the unpredictability for which Davies so keenly strives.

Talking about the "One For The Road" album, he says it's technically imperfect, but it captures the atmosphere of fun and chaos, and that's the Kinks on stage isn't it?

There is, in fact, a Kinks Society in the States which acts as a pressure group, bombarding Ray with complaints when it thinks the band's getting too smooth or slick, and it has even been known to buy blocks of tickets for the front rows at their gigs and then not turning up to prevent them from feeling any complacency.

"The thing is we're really good at soundchecks, we're so tight. But then we get on stage and... a typical Davies lopsided grin..."

"that shambolic stage performance was a reputation we probably deserved but we're much more of an outfit now. But still a lot of fans who've been with us through the tough times still don't like us to be too good — they like to see me falling about from time to time."

"But... oh I dunno... everything I say is a cliché. Everything is predictable. That's the thing about the world now, it's so predictable."

"The predictability of something like television is a joke. I'm sure that's why people like to watch the Olympics because it's unreliable — like us. We're so unpredictable that we're predictable. They say that popular music should have an air of inevitability about it and that's true, but there's not a lot that's human about it. There's a lot of good music around, like this rockability and I saw the other day, the Stray Cats, but it's soon as the record companies, television, and particularly radio get hold of it, it gets f--- — up."

"It might be a good idea if the Musicians Union strike was longer, because it would mean that the only way groups could build up followings would be

through gigs. We've got to take the power away from radio stations."

"And it's all become so sophisticated. A kid gets a synthesizer for Christmas now and the next thing he wants is a record deal."

I'm surprised that the Kinks have survived as long as they have. "Why?" demands Ray, feigning shock and horror. Well, apart from the fringe activities engaged in by Mr Davies, there were all these stories of the band fighting on stage and hating one another. They never seemed the most stable of groups.

"Fighting on stage?" questions Ray, all affronted. "Oh that was just for publicity." He says it with such emphasis you still don't know if he's telling the truth.

"Yeah, it was all a deliberate plot. Dave had 12 stitches in his ear just for publicity. Mick wanted to hit Dave — tried to kill him — hit him with a cymbal. The police were all

for preferring charges and get him for grievous bodily harm, but Dave wouldn't prefer charges. Can you imagine, GBH!"

If further proof was needed that the Kinks were not to be used for target practice when the spiky-haired ones came along, it came when the Jam put out a Ray Davies song, "David Watts" as one side of a single. Later the credibility barometer went sky-high when the Pretenders cut "Stop Your Sobbing", also a single.

"The Pretenders' version was the more innovative of the two, it was less of a copy. And 'David Watts' was just a very good rock 'n' roll version, which was the right way to do it. The way the Pretenders did it, it was almost a different song."

"They've got some really good hooks that group. Some great rhythms and unusual timings... I don't think their songs are written

in five minutes. When I see groups like that they do give you a little bit of a hope for songs. I really like songs, though I also like rock 'n' roll. It's all become so sophisticated now."

DAVIES is fascinated by the class values of rock 'n' roll. That was one of the reasons he was so intrigued by punk, even though he knew it would quickly be absorbed and exploited by the all-consuming mechanisms of the record industry. Yet he still fervently believes that class is a crucial ingredient to the inspiration behind rock music.

"It's funny how it changes when you get successful; the Kinks were considered a working class group but when you get a few hits you become classless. Music is a great way of getting people out of themselves. There's this school in Swiss Cottage and I went there once for the school

sports and this black kid was there who had left some time before, and all he could think of doing was to hang around this sports field because that was the only thing he could relate to. I can understand that."

"Punk was considered a working class movement... class can be a great motivation. I was fed up with being at art school and maybe ending up being an art teacher and teaching things that others had taught me. And then I went into the music business and people wanted us to be identikit pop stars like the Beatles. So we wrote something that was a pose and got a hit. But a song like 'Tired Of Waiting' or 'Stop Your Sobbing' can take on three or four different aspects which you, as the writer, might not be aware of."

When the Jam and the Pretenders had hits with my songs I wondered what I had been doing right. "I don't see anything wrong

He apparently bears no grudges about Cafe Society.

"I sussed right from the beginning that here were three guys who wanted to be solo. It was obvious Tom wanted to be solo right from the start. When we had our differences I was upset for the people around me who were upset, but because I'm stupid I wasn't. I was really interested in all the litigation. That whole EMI scene... I was interested in the gamesmanship of it all."

Have you seen him since, Ray? "Yeah, actually he was rehearsing next to us quite recently, with Sector 27. It sounded pretty good, a bit like Selector. Bit of a departure. But I think you've got to retain some continuity through your work, otherwise you just become like a chameleon. But I think he's a good writer and he'll come up with some good stuff. I just wish we could work together like we used to do, give each other ideas again. I genuinely like him. But the thing about this is that it's such a back-stabbing business."

THE success of "Low Budget" in the States was, contests Davies, the reward of a couple of years hard slog around America building a following, a conscious decision in acknowledgement of their British decline. It didn't stop him having regrets, though, about the time he's a good writer and he'll come up with some good stuff. I just wish we could work together like we used to do, give each other ideas again. I genuinely like him. But the thing about this is that it's such a back-stabbing business."

There's a lot of little things I could have been doing that might not have been financially rewarding but would have looked good in a list of things you have done."

These little things inevitably involve work in the dramatic field. The Kinks, remember, were one of the pioneers of the concept album with "Arthur", and the ambitious staging of albums like "Soap Opera" and "Schoolboys In Disgrace" were bold moves which took another huge step for rock. These are all areas which Davies would like to explore further.

He's also determined to write a full-length feature film next year, and hopes the ten-minute short he wrote ten years ago, "I Live Next Door To A Lunatic", will reach fruition with the influx of video, even though he believes it will be ten years before video will become the revelatory medium everyone's expecting.

A few years ago he wrote and appeared in "Starmaker", a one-off play, though he feels it might have been turned into a series as a soap opera with music, sending up the whole concept of soap opera, as much as "Soap" does. Recently he co-wrote a play for the National Theatre, a modernised musical version of "Lysistrata", which was eventually rejected.

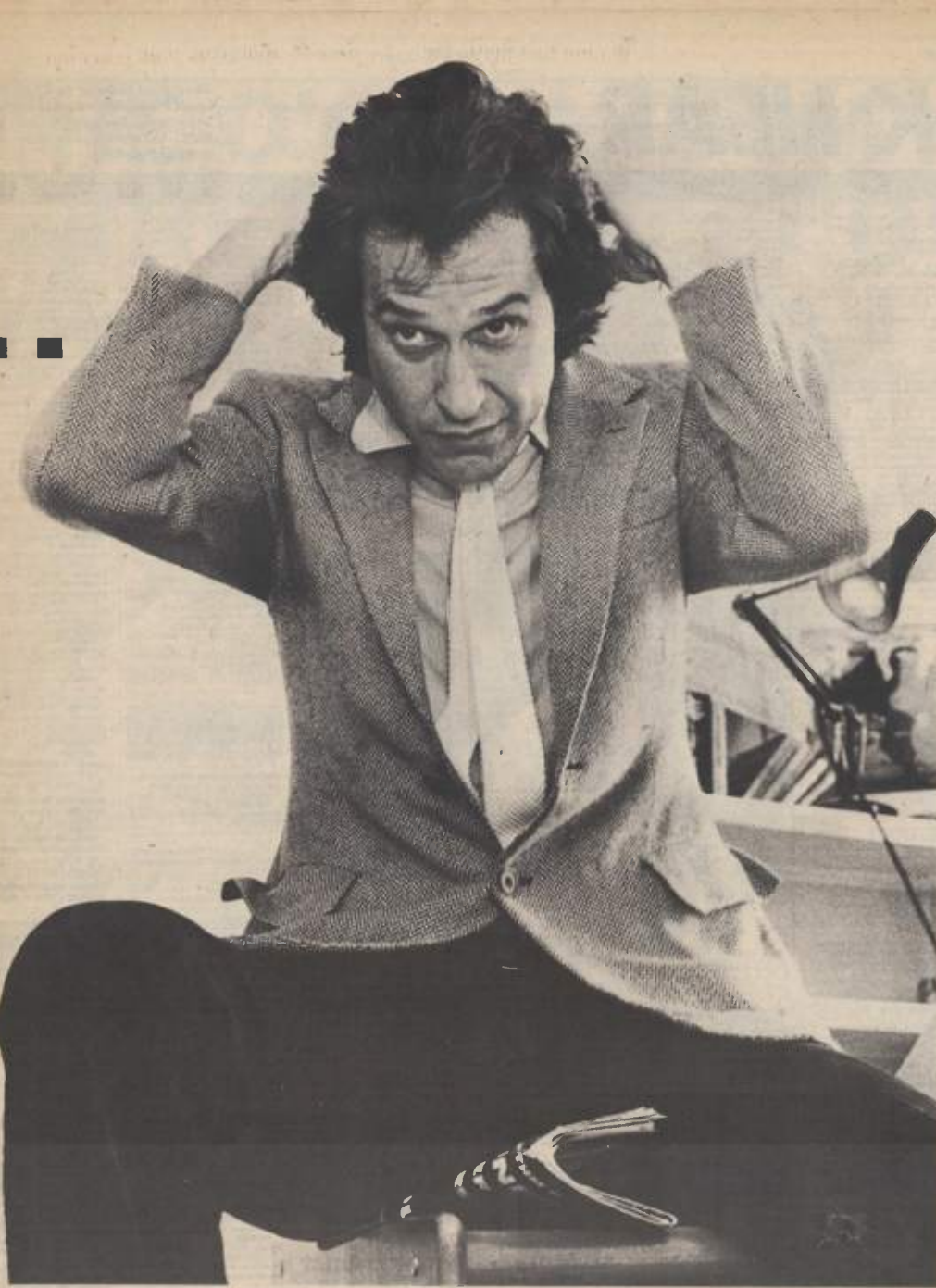
"Too outrageous," Ray explains furiously. "It was sending up the wrong people. I've also been asked to write for the Half Moon and I want to do that next year as well."

The film is likely to be an adaptation of the long-running Davies saga "Preservation", which he believes didn't work as an album but did as a show. "It was one of those things that would have been great if we'd persevered with it and been able to keep it on the stage, improving it. But because of the lack of success of the record we had to go and do another one."

It seems curious that Davies has never been given his due credit for the adventure of some of the Kinks' stage shows, but maybe again it's a product of Britain's obsession with "Waterloo Sunset" and "Sunny Afternoon" and the ilk, freezing him in myth, and refusing to let him move on.

"Because of the Englishness of the group — and this is something I really don't understand and it turns me off — we get associated

continued on page 34









# FUN AT THE FAIR

WHEN it comes down to it, popular music today rests almost entirely on the success of one simple instrument: the guitar.

Despite the way in which back-up instruments like bass and drums have come to the fore in recent years, and the enormous strides forward made by electronic and acoustic keyboards, to professional and public alike the symbol of today's music remains the guitar. So it's hardly surprising that the British Music Fair, which opens to the trade on Sunday August 17, will lift the wraps from the largest collection of new electric and acoustic guitars and guitar accessories ever seen under one roof anywhere in the British Isles.

The Fair is sponsored by the Melody Maker and the Association of Music Industries.

Today's guitar is not so much an instrument, more an entire family of instruments, the extremes of which would seem to be barely related to each other, if one were not to see the connecting links between.

At one extreme, for instance, is the gut (or more usually, today) nylon-strung classical or flamenco Spanish style, with its wide fingerboard and singing, "orchestral" tone, on which a master like Segovia can fill an entire concert hall, unaided by amplification.

This is the instrument which has hardly changed since Antonio de Torres Jurado developed it, with its distinctive deep body and internal fan-strutting under the table, in the mid-19th century (The flamenco guitar, though superficially similar, has a rather different history, of interest mainly to students of ethnic Spanish music, though folk-jazz guitarist Duck Baker plays a flamenco instrument, among others.)

It is the instrument upon which many of tomorrow's guitarists start to learn, though it is dubious that it is of much use to the budding Jimmy Page, or even the would-be Joe Pass. This is what is usually termed a "student" guitar, in the lower price-levels in most guitar ranges on show, though it is false economy for many students to start on too cheap an instrument. One of the best classics in the Fair is likely to be the "John Mills" concert guitar from Stentor, no doubt profiting from that company's remarkable expertise in "tonewood", which they export in large quantities for reimport into the UK as finished instruments.

If price is much of a consideration, and the student plans to move across the range of steel-string guitars to end up playing electric, then they'd probably be best starting with a simple and unpretentious instrument like Hornby Skewes' new "beginner's guitar", with steel strings, selling at a remarkable £16.50 (inc VAT).

This kind of instrument, in fact, was the spearhead of Japan's assault on the musical instrument markets of the world, but today it does not loom so large in their thinking — or in ours. This is partly because of the growth of availability of high-quality acoustic guitars with electric transducers built-in, allowing them to be used more freely on stage, like the world-famous Ovation, with its distinctive curved glass fibre back, allegedly made from a substance originally compounded for the manufacture of helicopter blades.

MOST companies market electric versions of their "acoustics", which can be direct-injected into the PA system in a large concert hall, handing over control to the mixing console.

The newest of these is probably Washburn's new electro-acoustic "Festival" series, marketed here by Brodr Jorgensen's newly formed BJ Freix division, managed by David Green. The new guitars employ what is described as "a revolutionary high-output pickup system which minimises feedback" — one of the basic problems with any semi-acoustic system — "and string noise, while eliminating the need for a pre-amp and battery."

It's interesting that three out of the five new guitars in this range feature shallow bodies, which themselves help to minimise feedback during performances: the mahogany Woodstock, a six-string model available in natural or wine red finish (£165, inc VAT), and the Monterey six and 12-string, with spruce top available in natural or tobacco sunburst finish, with rosewood back and sides (£230 for the six-string, £250 for the 12-string). The Tanglewood has a deeper body, solid spruce top in natural or tobacco sunburst finish, and laminated rosewood back and sides (six-string £225, 12-string £235).

On all models, the volume and EQ pots are mounted in a rosewood ring on the upper bout for fast access, and they have compensated saddle, oval "sideways" sound hole, full-length arched back and Florentine cutaway at the 19th fret.

## British Music Fair

## Putting another string on the axe's bow



KARL DALLAS runs through the latest lines in guitars due for unveiling at the British Music Fair.

Left: The Washburn Festival

Below: Norlin's Epiphone range, including the bass



These guitars are available in left-handed models for 15 per cent extra, but this is merely one of the options which more and more guitarists are seeking for their instruments. The same company, for instance, is making available such extras as custom colours, abalone shell or eight-ply Les Paul-style binding, and pearl fingerboard inlays for two of their Wing series electrics and two of their Stage series, including the

bass guitar, for between £25 and £50. The service is subject to 90 days' delivery. Other significant options are being made available by Strings and Things for their Musicman Sabre guitar and bass and Stingray bass, such as rosewood fingerboards, left-handed models, fretless ebony bass fingerboards and narrow fingerboards.

One of the brand-leaders in the booming business of customising has

been the Mighty Mite company, whose products are distributed over here by Rosetti (EMI). They've now carried the process to its ultimate.

At the British Music Fair they will be showing hand-made Mighty Mite guitars made entirely from customising parts, performer, and Gibson-style craftsmanship that has gone into them, often out-perform the instruments of which they are, ostensibly, copies.

Of course, Rosetti have had kits of their Mighty Mite guitars available for home construction for some time, but this is a significant development of an entirely different order.

Among the other new guitars to be shown at BMF will be new models from Shergold, shown by Barnes and Mullins, some inexpensive electrics from British Music Strings, new Maya EM original model electrics (Stentor), Heritage and Power electrics from Rosetti, Hondo professional electrics priced £99 to £149 for six-strings, £120 for two bass guitars, and the S.D. Curlee International six-string and bass, both in silky mahogany finish featuring the distinctive Curlee neck running right through to the bridge, made in Japan under the personal supervision of Randy Curlee, selling at £189 for the six-string and £175 for the bass, and a whole host of others, details of which are embargoed until the Fair opens.

At any international Fair, there is usually some kind of a "square off" between the various industry giants, and I don't expect this year's British Music Fair is going to be any exception. So far, the biggest news seems to be the announcement of no fewer than ten new guitars by the mighty Norlin company, most of them under the Gibson marque, but also including their associated Epiphone and Sonex ranges.

The remarkable thing about the Sonex range is its price tag — starting at a mere £215 for the first of a series of three Sonex guitars, all of which feature the revolutionary new Gibson R&D "Multi-Phonic" body whose extraordinary sustain and harmonic response is a tribute to the research and development work that has gone into it. All three offer exposed coil high-output pickups as standard, with coil tap being offered on the two more expensive versions, selling at £256 and £255 respectively. The low and middle-price versions have rosewood fingerboards, while the top-price version has an ebony board on a three-piece maple neck.

Next, price-wise, come the three new Gibson 335-S series, which have the shape of the highly popular ES-335 thin-line semi-acoustic, but in a solid body, giving a hard-edged sound, outstanding sustain and high energy response.

The three models in the range are the standard, £352 for solid maple body and neck, exposed Gibson humbucking split-coil pickups, the custom, £405 for solid mahogany body, with scorching Dirty Fingers pickups with split coils, the deluxe, £459 for solid mahogany body, Dirty Fingers pickups and brass fingerboard nut for added sustain.

Both the custom and deluxe have a new design white-revealed-edge finger-rest plus the fine-tuning capabilities of Gibson's TP-6 tailpiece.

A remarkable response to recent trends in music is the 0683 Gibson "Howard Roberts" Fusion guitar, offering the option of a rounded, mellow sound from the instrument's traditional Gibson humbucking front pickup, or the punch of extra power and high-end brilliance from the higher-output Super Humbucking rear pickup.

Use of maple and spruce in the body design, with these pickups, results in a unique hybrid, a synthesis of the rock and jazz guitar, allowing the fusion guitarist to change his music in mid-stream, as it were, without swapping guitars.

The neck is three-piece maple with ebony fingerboard and dot inlays with side dots. It has a 24 1/4" scale length, with 22 frets.

Finally, the top of the range of the new Gibsons are the two new Les Pauls, the standard 80 and the standard 80 elite, priced £717 and £824 respectively. Both instruments have solid mahogany bodies, two original-spec Gibson humbucking pickups, three-position pick-up selector switch, early-style tapered top-hat hold knobs with dial pointers for the individual volume and tone controls, adjustable nickel-plated Tune-O-Matic bridge and stop-bar tailpiece.

Main differences are that the standard 80 has a traditionally sculptured carved maple top and three-piece solid mahogany body, while the elite has a "quilted" maple top, one-piece solid mahogany neck, and ebony fingerboard with deluxe pearl inlays.

The standard 80 and elite models will be serialised separately, obviously Norlin have the collectors' market of the future well in mind.

That's their opening gambit, but if you were to bet that another company would be offering a stronger counter-play before the Fair opens, I wouldn't challenge your wager, for one.

But one thing's for sure, this sort of competition in the pursuit of excellence can only be to the advantage of the performer, and this ultimate patron, the public itself.

That, basically, is the message of this year's British Music Fair.



# British Music Fair

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## JAZZ NEWS

Max Jones/Brian Case

### Edinburgh trad feast

TWENTY-ONE bands and five soloists from several countries will play in 16 venues at this year's Edinburgh International Jazz Festival which runs from August 24 to 28.

Among the bands taking part are Andrew Hall's Society Jazzband with Teddy Johnson, and the New Black Eagle Jazz Band from the USA; the Bourbon Street Jazz Band from Denmark; WASO, the gypsy band from Belgium; the Orpheon Celesta band from France; and the Sammy Rimington Band, Stan Greig's Trio, Kid Dawson's Onward Jazzband, the Savannah Syncopators, Jim Petrie's Jazzband, the West End Jazzband, Alex Shaw Trio, George Penman's Band with Fiona Duncan, New Era Jazzband, and two recent Dunkirk Festival contest winners — the Society Syncopators and Old Bailey's Jazz Advocates.

The soloists who will be guesting during the festival are American reedman Benny Waters, trumpet player Teddy Riley from New Orleans, trombonist Roy Williams, pianist Stan Greig and Liverpool singer Jan Sutherland. The event will be bigger than last year's but the emphasis will still be on traditional jazz.

The festival — backed, like last year, by Drybroughs the brewers — opens on Sunday (24) at 4pm with a Grand Parade down Princes Street led by Hall's Society Band.

Further information from the festival Publicity Centre, 65 Calton Road, Edinburgh EH8 8DP (tel. 031-556 8808) or Platform, 45 Queen Street, Edinburgh EH2 3NH (031-226 4179).



Roy Williams to guest at the Edinburgh jazz fest

### Jim gets around

JIM Galloway, the Ayshire-born saxophonist from Canada, returns to Britain in September.

The visit will be part of a Continental tour which extends well into October.

His opening date in this country is on Wednesday, September 17, at the Firefly, Bourne End.

The rest of his dates are at: St Leonards-on-Sea, Hastings (18), Kilgetty (19), Bridge Street Arts Centre, Newcastle-under-Lyme (20), Red Barn, Blindley Heath (21), Cardiff (22), Swansea (23), Shay Club, Halifax (24), Carmel, near Swansea (25), London's Pizza Express, Dean Street (26), Crown, Codsall (27), Birch Hall Hotel, Lees, Oldham (28) and Crystal Palace Football Club (29).

### Barber over the border

CHRIS Barber and his band, now on their summer vacation, will return to work on Bank Holiday Monday, August 25, for a UK tour which continues until October 4.

The tour starts at Sutton Manor, Sutton Scotney, with a charity performance in aid of the Winchester Theatre Royal Appeal Fund.

Five of the September dates are in Scotland. The band appears at the Gig in Blairgowrie on September 3 and 4, as part of the Blairgowrie, Perthshire, Festival, and also at Inverness (2), Banchory (5) and Elgin (6). Singer Orlie Patterson will be the special guest with the band at the Farnham Maltings in Surrey on September 11 and next day at the Guildhall, St Ives, Cornwall. The tour concludes with a late-night concert (from 11pm) at Sheffield's Crucible Theatre on October 3 and then a date at Bridge Street Arts Centre, Newcastle-under-Lyme (4).

Also returning to work from holiday on August 25 will be the Sweet Substitute vocal group which plays at the Billing Aquadrome near Northampton, with cornettist Digby Fairweather's All-Stars.

### Pepper's travels

U.S. Baritone star Pepper Adams continues his British dates with gigs at the Bridge St Arts Centre, Newcastle-under-Lyme (8), Birch Hall Hotel, Oldham (10), and Bull's Head, Barnes (13). On Tuesday (12) Adams and guitarist Jimmy Gourley are guests with the All-Star Jazz Band at the Pizza Express, Dean Street.

### Jazz Centre dates

JAZZ Centre Society's programme for London's 100 Club through August and September is now available. Eton Dean Quintet, and Lol Coxhill solo (August 18), Ian Carr's Nucleus (25); John Taylor Sextet (September 1); Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia (8); and the first London presentation of Chris Hunter's Band (15).

### JAZZ ALBUM CHART

1 GIVE ME THE NIGHT	George Benson, Warner Bros
2 ONE TOO MANY	Cecil Taylor, Hat Hut
3 THE SAVOY RECORDINGS	Charlie Parker, Savoy
4 OH YEAH	Charlie Mingus, Atlantic
5 THE WAY	Steve Lacy, Hat Hut
6 LIVE AT CARNEGIE HALL DECEMBER 1944	Duke Ellington, Prestige
7 ROCKS, PEBBLES AND SAND	Stanley Clarke, Epic
8 NEW DANCE	Keith Jarrett, ECM
9 PUSH PULL	Jimmy Lyons, Hat Hut
10 FULL FORCE	Art Ensemble of Chicago, ECM

Chart supplied by REVOLVER RECORDS. 1. Berkeley Creative, The Tempest, Chicago.



## JAZZ

Summer  
is a  
festival

Brezing through Europe in search of good jazz, LEONARD FEATHER comes up against a blazing Ally Pally, but has a ball at Nice.

Ella waves at expense-account diners.

THERE were times, during my recent visits to London and Nice, when I wondered if there were any jazz musicians left in America.

For several weeks in July and early August it was as though George Wein had made a list of every prominent artist he could think of, attached each name to a series of darts, and thrown the darts indiscriminately at a map of Western Europe.

But of course there's more to the story than George Wein's countless ventures. As I could read in the personnel listings for the North Sea, Montreaux, Antibes and scores of other venues, local promoters as well as Wein were importing U.S. jazz talent to an extent probably without precedent in history.

ENGLAND — and London in particular — may rank

high in terms of enthusiasm, but it ranks low in terms of talent, especially imported talent. The Alexandra Palace weekend offered an impressive array of Americans, but that gig, as it turned out, disappeared in smoke.

This by no means rendered my recent London visit jazzless, however. The obvious first objective was Ronnie Scott's. After a lapse of more than a decade I'd forgotten how splendidly this room lives up to its reputation as the best jazz club in the world. It may also deserve special status as the most expensive, at least to a visiting American, a food and drink bill of over £35 for a party of four seemed horrendously beyond anything charted at a comparable jazz room in the U.S.

The question of price bears more than casual discussion, for during my visit, Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson were billed to appear at Grosvenor House,

where dinner would be £50 or, if you were in dire poverty and didn't mind a more distant view of the action, £30. I found myself wondering how Ella and Oscar would adjust their performances to an audience presumably composed of Arab sheiks and British bankers, and how easily they might re-adjust the next time they faced a jazz audience.

Perhaps the dilemma of paying for high priced American acts has hurt the jazz rooms, for business at Scott's, according to Ronnie, has been way off during the past six months, despite good food and superb entertainment. When I was there a local group, Semuta, played a warm-up set with touches of fusion but basically in an agreeable mainstream groove. Dave Quinny's tenor and Ian Ballantine's vibes formed a sympathetic front line, and the rhythm section (Martin Blackwell, keyboard, Robin Clayton, bass, and Dave Tyas, drums) was competent.

The main attraction was a duo that has not yet been seen in this form in America: Joe Pass and Neils Henning Ørsted Pedersen. Their set was breathtaking. Pass opened with a few solo numbers before bringing on the great Dane, who has long since earned his reputation as the Joe Pass of the bass. I doubt that any British visitors to Scott's realized they were hearing a combo as yet denied to American club or concert audiences.

Finally, there was Ronnie himself, who did about 15 minutes of standup comedy. Although I later found out through reading his book that this is all long-used material, it was nothing less than hilarious the first time around. Scott's timing as a comedian is the equal of his timbre and phrasing as a tenor player.

It was very different at the Pizza Express, which reminded me of such celebrated underground haunts as the Village Vanguard in New York — funky, the air thick with smoke, but the vibes between musicians and customers genuinely good. Al Grey was on hand for both my visits, first with the excellent trio of Eddie Thompson, and a few days later with the Pizza Express All Stars, among whom I found Danny Moss outstanding — certainly one of Europe's finest mainstream modern tenors.

I heard from Pizza's K.C. Sulkis that other rooms on the chain are gradually being

opened up to jazz, among them a new West End spot that allegedly will rival Scott's. Elaine Delmar, who I'd last seen in Hollywood, was due at Pizza on the Park; but Nice called, and I missed her.

NICE, of which I saw the second half (the seventh through 12th day), is a phenomenon that has grown on every level since the original venture in 1974. That year there were 20,000 admissions during a seven night span; by the end of the 1980 festivities, Wein could claim almost 100,000 admissions, with music provided by 275 musicians during 12 nights.

Over the years the festival has moved toward the use of more organized groups; however, the general mainstream-to-modern direction, and the policy of assembling pickup groups for jam sessions, has remained relatively undisturbed.

If the B.B. King orchestra, a very organized unit, was busy on the Garden Stage, you could exercise your options by strolling over to the Dance Stage, where Sweetie Edison and a few other Americans jammed with Guy Lafitte and Andre Persiani; or to the Arena Stage, where Scott Hamilton and Warren Vaché headed up the Concord All Stars.

Nevertheless, some of the most attractive new sounds were provided by the prefabricated bands, most notably Melba Liston and Company. After a few preliminary dates in the United States, Liston and her six companions gave an admirable account of themselves both as a group and in individual terms. She has written a diverse library, mostly of pop and post-bop era tunes by the likes of Phineas Newborn, Mary Lou Williams, Patti Brown (a vigorous treatment of "G-Wan Train"), Bud Powell (a brilliant revitalization of "Un Poco Loco") and others, including, of course, Melba herself.

The leader generously shares the transibio solo chores with Lolly Bienenfeld, who has improved as a soloist since her head Jones-Mel Lewis days, when she was confined mainly to section parts.

Dottie Dodgion on drums and Carline Ray, who cooks consistently on fender bass, supplied a strong rhythmic undercurrent, along with the extraordinary Sharon Freeman, whose piano is creative on an occasionally

modal level, and who doubles on french horn, an instrument she has mastered technically better than anyone in recent memory. In fact, her horn solos were among the highlights of the Liston sets.

Completing the group are two promising saxophonists, Erica Lindsay — who generates power on tenor and occasionally flute — and Jean Fineberg — whose alto and soprano were not far behind Lindsay's level of invention.

Altogether, the Liston septet provides a unique experience both aurally and visually. I only hope that she will be able to keep it together and, by all means, put the group on records as soon as possible, since record airplay is almost essential to the life of any combo nowadays.

At the end of one set Benny Powell, moved by the Liston sounds, sat in with the band. This kind of thing typifies all that is best about Nice. During the six nights that I was present, surprises of this sort were constantly taking place.

Joe Williams and the Basie alumni, a totally successful collection of stars who played with the count during the Forties and Fifties, were joined unexpectedly by a fellow alumnus, Frank Foster. Carmen McRae, who sang superbly every time I heard her, was joined for an hysterically funny bop exchange with Clark Terry and Joe Williams. Carrie Smith, guesting with the B.B. King Orchestra, sang her heart out as never before. Didier Lockwood, the brilliant young French violinist, sat in with the Brecker Brothers, and, at another point, teamed up with Benny Carter's violinist, Joe Kennedy Jr.

Ted Curson and Clark Terry were the guests of the Freddie Hubbard quintet in one invigorating set. Many such special encounters dotted the evenings, enlivening various sets by Panama Francis and his Savoy Sultans, the Pori Big Band and others.

THE negative aspects of Nice mainly concern the non-musical characteristics: sound problems (including the perennial leakage from one stage to another, hard to avoid when three groups are playing simultaneously within the not very large park), and crowd control problems. As part of an Ellington band crowd trying to get out of the Arena Stage area while the Fats Domino

crowd was pushing and shoving its way in, I felt lucky to escape intact.

Domino received the loudest ovations, which may or may not say something about the taste of the French jazz fan. As for the Ellington orchestra, it remains on the horns of the perennial dilemma: how much or how little to sound like the great man, Mercer's father; but it has its moments, particularly in the use of Duke's "A Train" theme. "East Louis Toddle-O", on which the band really achieves a vintage Ellington sound.

It's doubtful that much of value is added by the inclusion of musicians supplied by the Union Européenne des Radios. Certainly they add little in terms of box office appeal, and too often they replace musicians who find themselves unexpectedly, and unwillingly, with a night off. Lee Konitz, Jimmy

Maxwell and others who felt underemployed told me they would rather play more.

ALL this, however, is nit-picking. At any given time between 5pm and midnight we had three choices, and I cannot think of a single hour when one of the three alternatives did not offer some potentially exciting and/or creative sounds.

George Wein has taken his lumps for turning some of his festivals into virtual supermarkets or circuses, yet when you consider the quality, as well as the quantity of the music he offered this year for only 38 francs admission, he can only be saluted for a unique job of logistics, as well as a generally commendable feeling not only for the pulse of the public but also for what makes good musical sense.

All in all, Nice was a ball.

Melba Liston blows up a storm.

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# FOLK NEWS

by COLIN IRWIN

## Boys Of The Lough take 'Highlands and Islands' road

BOYS Of The Lough launch another of their "Highlands and Islands" tours of Scotland next week. This tour — which the band have said in the past that they enjoy more than anything else they do — has become an annual event for the Boys and has again taken them to some of the most obscure outposts in Scotland which otherwise rarely see formal concerts.

This tour opens at the Duthac Centre, Tain, on August 9, continuing at Rosehall Village Hall (11), Kilmallie Hall, Corpach, Fort William (12), Ardishaig Public Hall (13), Stronitain Hall (15), Portree Gathering Hall (16), Dunvegan Hall (18), Ullapool Community Centre (19), Stronoway Town Hall (20), Ullapool Community Centre (21), Stronness Academy Hall (22), Orkney Arts Centre, Kirk-

wall (23), Thurso High School Hall (25), Gairloch Community Centre (26), Dingwall Town Hall (27).

The band join the Red Clay Ramblers and Tom Anderson and Willie Johnson on the bill at Edinburgh's Playhouse Theatre, running for three nights, August 29-31. They then go to Scandinavia for two weeks, and return to the States through October, a tour that includes a concert at New York's Bottom Line — their second there this year — though the dates are mainly in California and the South West.

Returning to Britain in November, they appear at Eden Court, Inverness (November 6), Theatre Royal, Glasgow (7), Theatre Royal, Dumfries (8), Magnus Theatre, Irvine (9), MacRobert Centre, Stirling (10), Bonar Hall, Dundee (13), Mews Theatre, Livingston (14), Aberdeen Arts Centre (18), East Kilbride Village Theatre (19), Cumbernauld Village Theatre (20), Motherwell Civic Centre (21), Adam Smith Centre, Kirkcaldy (22).

## 'Mr Cool' goes it alone

SIMON Nicol — "Mr Cool" of Fairport Convention — is to go solo. Nicol is to start playing folk clubs on his own for the first time in a distinguished career that has seen him as the last founding member of Fairport when they finally split last summer, though even he had a four-year break from the band.

He has also been heavily involved with the Albion Country Band, and its successor the Albion Band, working with Ashley Hutchings on several of his theatre projects, and occasionally a member of the concert line-up.

Recently he's been involved with quite a lot of session work, and has toured with a couple of his old Fairport colleagues, Richard Thompson and Dave Swarbrick.

Nicol made a solo appearance on Capital Radio recently and at last he's ready to play on his

own. He plans to play folk clubs in the next few months, at first under management by Jean Davenport, who has been rehoused following a fire at her previous flat. Her new address is 12b Calthorpe St. London WC1 (01-837 5967).

This doesn't mean that she's revoked her earlier decision to give up the Davenport / Winder agency, although she estimates that the agency is responsible for bookings up to January 1981.

Vin Garbutt's bookings are to be handled by the Acorn Agency at 46 Woodfield Rd, Kings Heath, Birmingham 14. Martin Carthy's work will be taken care of by Norma Waterston (St Ives Farm, Fyling Dale Moor, Robin Hood Bay, Whitby, Yorkshire); Dick Gaughan's gigs are booked by Sharon Levinson, 45 Queen Square, Edinburgh (031-226 6218).



Boys Of The Lough another "Highlands and Islands" tour

## Donovan coming back

DONOVAN will make his British comeback with an appearance in Edinburgh on August 28. He plays his first UK gig for several years at Edinburgh Playhouse (tickets £3). The concert will be prelude in the afternoon with an experimental "talk-in".

This will be a free informal discussion at the Playhouse, described as a "mutual transfer of ideas" and is likely also to involve Paul and Linda McCartney, and Billy Connolly. Donovan is recording a new album and is intent on making a full-scale comeback, and is also booked to appear at Ireland's Ballisodare Festival in Sligo on August 8-10, on a bill that includes Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee, Planxty, Ralph McTell, Paul Brady, Rambling Jack Elliott, Jim Page, and Stocktons Wing.

## Debut fest in Shetland



Roaring Jelly for Poynton club

THE Shetlands are to get their first folk festival next year. The festival, or "fow" as it will be known in Shetland, will take place during the weekend of May 1-3, and coincides with the 21st anniversary of the "Hamefaring" or homecoming, which in 1960 welcomed Shetlanders home from all parts of the world.

Shetland fiddler Tom Anderson — Aly Bain's mentor — has composed a tune for the event and also celebrates the 21st anniversary of the Shetland Forty Fiddlers, whom he founded at the "Hamefaring". The festival is to take place in various parts of the island and will involve local musicians and local communities.

BATTLEFIELD have now restored "Band" to their name following the addition of Ged Foley.

## FOLK ALBUM CHART

- 1 PENGUIN EGGS ..... Nic Jones, Topic
- 2 SONGS FROM THE BOOK OF ENGLAND ..... Sean Cannon, Ogham
- 3 ERIN THE GREEN ..... Glackin, Gavin and O'Brien, Topic
- 4 THE FLAGS OF DUBLIN ..... Clunad, Ogham
- 5 IN CONCERT ..... June Tabour, Topic
- 6 A CUT ABOVE ..... Norman Stewart and Janice Clark, Celtic
- 7 IOLAIR ..... Pete and Chris Coe, Highway
- 8 GAME OF ALL FOURS ..... Polydory
- 9 PLANXTY ..... Strawhead, Tradition
- 10 FORTUNES OF WAR ..... Strawhead, Tradition

Chart supplied by: PUCKADILLY RECORDS, 1 Parker Street, Puckadilly Plaza, Manchester 1.

## Folk Forum

### Thursday

BLACK BULL, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

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## Thursday

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## Albums

FRANK SINATRA:  
"Sinatra Trilogy"  
(Reprise REP 64 042  
3FS 2300).

DESMOND DEKKER/  
"Black And Dekker"  
(Stiff SEZ 26).

AGE confers or cramps without restraint to justice, and especially so in the arts. Late Ben Webster is a model of more for less, while late Donald O'Connor is nobody's idea of the light fantastic. Singers, uniformly, have a hard time of it, and tend to surround themselves with the impedimenta of superstition against that inevitable day when the pipes no longer muster to the brain's bidding.

Sinatra has lasted better than most since his gifts, far from minuscule, were always smack in the middle. There never seemed any particular difference in kind between the spoken and the sung, the illusion which has hoist many a pub spontaneous version of "Love & Marriage" — but now, in his mid-sixties, the mayonnaise is starting to separate.

Probably only the card-carrying Sinatra Fan Club fan will want this treble concept album. Divided into The Past, The Present and The Future, it scores no barrels up. The Past invites comparison with the great fifties Capitol albums since it offers the songs of Gershwin, Kern, Warren, Arlen, Berlin and Porter, and places Sinatra in the position of tilting at his own ghost.

All the Sinatra hallmarks are present — the thuddingly dental consonants, the harsh whiplash American a's, and more pertinently, the impeccable timing that seems to sweat the deadline at the very moment of evaporation — but there is sometimes a strain in the pitching that nullifies the essential Sinatra sense of nice-'n'-easy does it. "My Shining Hour" comes out careful, "It Had To Be You" monotonous, and worst of all, "They All Laughed", a raucous horseshall over pumped rhythm. "But Not For Me", complete with boo-hoing girl chorus, is a little shaky, but fair, and "All Of You" is something of a growler. Billy May's orchestrations are typically whammy and distinctly period.

The Present collection of mainly forgettable movie songs ranges from the cinematically vacant "You & Me (We Wanted It All)" to the Minelli emotionalism of "Theme From New York, New York". "Love Me Tender" is suitably vulnerable and undefended instrumentally, but dull, while Kristofferson's "For The Good Times" pits the slightly ingested romance of Sinatra against the pure sermons of Ellen Farrel to good effect. If Sinatra's collaboration with Billy May and then Cosma, with all the secure key and fluttering tempo, his album is surely the wiggle of senility.

"Frank Myname is Francis Albert."  
"Chorus Francis Albert Sinatra."  
Divided as a species of musical Faust, the singer plods through a preposterous satire of the planets addressed only by a pronoun, and changes for the time "Unions in Heaven". "World War Nine" is every bit as bad as "What Time Does The Love Miracle Leave?" The can feed the flames with the unkind words we've done "cause we've gotta get ready for World War Nine" is a plus.

— BRIAN CASE.

A "newly recorded" album including some old hits and some new songs. So which are the fillers? And does this come too late for the ska revival anyway?

Still have thankfully retained themselves from over-exploiting an image, and the black and white visuals (here in the form of dalmanites) are confined to the back cover. The front just looks like a cheaply non-descript Woolworth's record (where's the Stiff panache now?), and the record is as patchy as this suggests.

There's always something suspicious about albums containing re-recorded old hits, a sort of desperate bravado that says "I'm not really a has-been." Why should anyone want to do it ever? The original is invariably better.

But even newly recorded old songs can show up newly recorded new songs. Side one (opening with the excellent) works best. Parts even remind me of the days when the world was divided into skinheads and hippies, when we dismissed this sort of music as not highbrow enough and quickly returned to our general albums. Strange how different music sounds away from social context. Most of it now reminds me no more than last year's trend.

"Many Rivers To Cross" is the most soulful. "Please Don't Bend" (complete with salacious whistles) is the new single, and if it was snugg in Cockney instead of Jamaican it would probably be effective (if it was sung in Cockney it would probably be Madness.)

Songs like "Hippo" are just throwaway knees-up stuff for the two-tone trendies. The other side of the record reveals songs that are pretty lack lustre, even by those standards.

I shall quickly return to something more highbrow, like Joy Division albums. — PENNY KILEY.

GENE CHANDLER:  
"Gene Chandler '80"  
(20th Cent RCA T 605)

CHI TOWN'S favourite son Eugene Dixon, AKA The Duke Of Earl, is a survivor. It's 18 years since that initial international euphoric smash. Periodic but numerous buggies and a slew of heavy personal problems later, he's back on a winning streak with Carl Davis' prolific and consistent Ch Sound company.

On his third set for the label, some of the Winds City's legends are on hand, as arrangers (Tom Tom 88, Some Sinners), co-writers (Barbara Acklin, Curtis Mayfield) and advisors (Eugene Record, the Daily Dark Band), Dave Chandler co-produced the latter writing much of the material, with long time partner James Thompson, and it all sounds pretty good to me.

The best — the ponderously graceful "Dore She Have A Friend" — a current single, yet another version of his classic one-to-four workout "Rainbow" (after "Rainbow '65" and "Rainbow '71", what else but "Rainbow '80") a mellow dust with an Jimi Berlimon — one of those fine female back-up — told "I'll Be There" (the Jimi Spinnin' single), and Acklin's slow "Lay Me Gentle".

So who cares if the riff on "All About The Paget" (today an ode to job qualifications) is stitched from "Bad Luck" or if "You've Been So Slow" is a blatant steal from "Don't I Blow Your Mind"? The music is in an inimitable tradition. And if G.C.'s career is anything to go by, it's more than reliable. Here's proof that soul music is alive and well, and ready to rock.

— PETE WINFIELD.

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and blacks in the South African continent as Bob Dylan's early work had to North America.

I was impressed by an American lady, Claudia Schmidt, playing a variety of instruments, including a hybrid bowed psaltery/lap fiddle called a plectrum. Though her intro sounded a bit long-winded and didactic to me — satiated by a piano by resident clown Rudi outside the main stage tent two during one set — she has a fine, clear voice and a range of material that extends from standards like "Young at Heart" (sung Acapella) which seems to be the thing among American folkies at the moment, as Don McLean sang "Stardust" (the same way as an encore) and "If I Only Had a Brain" from "The Wizard of Oz," to her hard-crafted songs including sharp women's talking blues ridiculing the macho attitudes of most men's songs.

Among the oldies, there were some surprises: The biggest surprise, I confess somewhat shamefacedly, was the truly tremendous performance by Johnny Silvo and Dave Mosses in the big tent on the Sunday evening. It is common among hard-line revivalists to write Silvo off as something of a lightweight, and I suppose he is, but over the years he has honed his stagecraft to a point when it transcends art. At least, this time it did.

I was kept out of the club tent most of the weekend, mostly by competing attractions and by the fact that the tent sides were closed on two very stuffy days, including an all-pervading smell like unwashed feet (I think it was unwashed feet). I stayed long enough to enjoy the effectiveness of an unconstructed hippie called Fang, whose ribald songs about fornicating goldfish and drug rituals were more amusing than such things usually are.

Richard and Linda Thompson were quite superb. The received cast help from the Mickey Mouse PA, but the sheer passion of the songs and of Richard's sizzling guitar playing, burned right across the field to where I stood at the back. The new songs are easily as good as the old ones, and I was struck,

when listening to his religious material, that he might give a few lessons to Bob Dylan. He was helped by what ought to become a permanent band: Simon Nicol on guitar, Dave Peggs on bass, Dave Matthews on drums, and Kirkpatrick on accordion. Sue Harris on oboe, hammer dulcimer, and mandolin.

Leo Kottke's indoor and outdoor sets forced me to re-evaluate my previous judgement of him as a clever but rather soulless technician. Perhaps it was because he'd brought along his own mikes and got the best sound of the day on both occasions I heard him, but I think it was also the warmth of his playing, especially on the slow numbers like the almost epic "Shadows," in which great washes of phased 12-string sound swept over the sun-drenched field: the ideal music for a summer's day, though the magic of that particular suite was just as potent the following evening.

Vin Garbutt had all the concerned liberals in his audience arguing over his anti-abortion song, "Little Innocents," which was over an example of double think as I have encountered under Dr. Goebbels' propaganda machine.

I hope it will not prejudice anyone against his monster talents, which are considerable and still going strong. He seems to have achieved that difficult amalgam: something like a traditional style which does not require a deep knowledge of the idiom to be appreciated. He even had the time to play a few songs of his hands some during the taping of his segment.

Richard Dignace got the first of his first singing ovation. It was nice to hear him singing "Working Class Millionaire," and though I heard his songs and poems about ants and frogs unbearably fey, they go down well, so will his.

Dave Swarbrick's two sets were virtually identical, in programme and in their genial bonhomie. The new songs were a medley of Isle of Man tunes, and the most in-

teresting a medley of Scottish tunes played by Beryl Marriott on solo piano.

Also a great highlight of Beryl's hot Charlie Kunz accompaniments. I didn't think they converted me to the use of this percussion instrument on legato tunes like slow airs, but the expertise was unmistakable.

The biggest disappointment for me was Leon Redbone, who frittered away much of his set on percussion instrumentalities, like his announcement that "we will now have some music" followed by a scratchy phonograph recording of a Hungarian csardas — especially since, typically, it wasn't faded up for a good 30 seconds.

Redbone's anonymous eccentricity is no longer the novelty it once was, and his trumpet imitations pale beside those of our own Earl Oakin.

John Prince's surprise entrance didn't redeem the set. Prince's song being no more memorable than what we'd heard from him the last time, but because I'm sure there is a real talent hiding there behind the false nose and dark glasses. (It wasn't, it was just a trick.)

Rockin' Dopsie predictably got the fans going, as did Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry. In the end, I discerned the pitfalls that await the black artist who performs largely for white audiences. With Dopsie, it was only a tendency to concentrate on material which "goes down well," even if it has scant relationship to zydeco. The Twisters are a good R&B band, but they can be more than that, though there was little evidence of it at Cambridge.

Sonny and Brownie I found to be a little too coarse to have to coarsened both men's work, as well as making the personal divisions between them all too evident on stage and in their music.

It seems to be a continual battle of wills as to who can outstage whom, with Sonny winning most of the time, changing tempo the moment Richard sets up a rocking guitar riff, or just filling the tune so full there are no holes

for the guitar breaks to be heard.

They were also (like Swarbrick and great James Conundrum) landed with some particularly leaden drumming, which tied down what should have been left free to fly.

The audience loved it, as they did most of the things I found ugly and uninspired, which is more of a comment on the mind-numbing effects of alcohol than my own critical faculties.

DON McLean (writes Irwin) was, well, much as he was before at Cambridge, except discernibly slicker and more professional. I like the way he shuffles around full of whimsical charm but the throwaway casualness is perhaps a little too consciously wrought, the spontaneity flowing awkwardly.

He did everything asked of him, all the hits of course, and even the obnoxious "Crying" which was a little less than a response suitably to my taste. It was just so unnerveingly blatant that here was a man who, despite his unassuming manner, he did tend to wait around in a cosmic aura and you didn't get the impression he was really entering into the spirit of the weekend like a Wainwright or a Goodman.

The most rewarding band of the weekend for me were Silly Wizard, compensating for the disappointing lack of Irish rock by representing (Mathews Brothers excepted) with some Celtic fervour to alleviate the withdrawal symptoms. The circumstances were considered less than ideal for them — closing on the main stage, and the rain of the day of Saturday night, an early spot with everyone nursing hangovers in the sunshine of Sunday lunchtime, and again the closing spot on main stage two on Sunday evening.

Their songs were more subsequently appropriate for each individual occasion and they didn't go wild on a subtle, aleatory, or a little of the few bands of the type who combine passion successfully with taste; integrity with audience-appeal. The brothers Cunningham continue to astonish with their respective work on fiddle and accordion, and Andy Stewart has to be the finest singer of any in the Scots front-line. And their tales about James Gallagher from New York deserve to keep them in drinks for the rest of the year.

Most of the others dissolve in the numbing blur that Cambridge annually becomes by Sunday night. The Juggernaut String Band played a extraordinary Friday night cello, arriving complete with their own sound system and their subsequent main stage appearance contained the pleasant whimsy associated with the Modal Rounders, without dragging Cambridge from its comatose condition of early afternoon.

Bert Jansch's set was typically morose and introspective — I thought that by this point we were heading for a mass suicide.

The Cambridge Crofters were bland and boring; John Spivey gave further evidence of his growth as a folk club force though question marks mark raised, about his choice of material ("Wild Rover"?); Mick McGee and Larry Law passed their allotted spot painlessly enough; and Brian Cookman, Diz Dingley, and Lewis supplied some relief (in addition to Dignace) in energetic abundance.

For all that, one of the few truly memorable moments came soon after midnight when Eric Bogie, who wasn't on the scheduled bill (but should have been) got up on the stage one for a short set and proceeded to tear into the sensibilities of all who listened. If they'd put him in the marquee during Saturday evening, then a great many people would have had something more to talk about later than the contentious material of Vin Garbutt, the smoothness of Don McLean, the deflated reputation of Ramsey Jack.

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**ATTRACTIVE GIRL SINGER/** lyricist with some experience wanted by writer to create some songs. Please send resume, photo and address to: Box No. MM 305.

**WE WANT VOCALIST FOR POWERFUL** heavy rock band. Image and ability essential. £11-955. 1802 (days). 01-561 4237 (eves).

**FEMALE VOCALIST** work waiting for pro new wave band. — Ring

**FEMALE VOCALIST** required for pro new wave band. — Ring

**GOT ENOUGH** from Young! we want vocalist for powerful pop/new wave band. No pros. No beginners. N/ndon. — 800 959

**GROSS OUT** Yankee style, heavy metal band require vocalist total dedication essential. Medford, Mass. — 01-854 3425

**WOMAN** band require singer frontman. — Ring 960 5479

**ROCK VOCALIST** needed for North London RM band. AC/DC, Lizzy, Horses, etc. Good money. — 01-883 3388

**WE WANT SINGER** must have some experience, dedicated for singing pop group, North London. — 01-883 3388

**VOCALIST FOR** rock band with own material. — Slough 40433

**VOCALIST** required for excellent rock band. Strong original material, pro outlook. — 01-883 3388

**VOCALIST M/F** and keyboards required for rock band. — Tel

**VOCALIST NEEDED** for "fresh" rock band. Must be talented, dedicated and original. — 01-883 3388

**VOCALISTS, PRODUCTION** your chance to shine. You, your photos, publicity, music, all included. — 01-883 3388

**VOCALIST REQUIRED** by singing rock band. — Ring 960 5479

**VERSATILE VOCALIST WANTED** 23+ for rock band, doing own material. Phone and transport essential. — Ring 960 5479

**MALE & FEMALE SINGERS** Make a fully updated resume for us. We are looking for a singer who can sing a variety of styles. — 01-883 3388

**PERFECT STRANGERS** are still looking for a young, good looking, aspiring male. — 01-883 3388

**FRONTMAN VOCALIST** Previous applicants need NOT re-apply. Must be London based. — 01-883 3388

**HEAVY METAL VOCALIST** urgently needed now. Must have a professional outlook. — Tel. RU1SLIP 38616

**TOP CLASS VOCALIST** Wanted for working band. Saxes sound. 50s feel. — Ring 348 8270

This advert is only of interest to young talented singer songwriters or groups. We can help if you really believe. — 01-883 3388

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**ARTISTS WANTED** 22p per word

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**WE RECORD 1981** Have you got a potential Group or solo artist — send cassette demo, photos, bio, with return postage to: Tadpole Records, The Mill, 101 Club, Tuesday, August 12. — Enquiries: 01-271 6884

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### Situations Vacant — cont.

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### VOCALISTS

11p per word

**EXPERIENCED SINGER** / doubling brass, seeks gigs, residency, sessions, etc. Needs change, work as it were. — Brian, 01-532 8390/01-476 3305

**FEMALE**, single, wishes to join/form individual-sounding band in S.W. area. — Box MM 379

**FEMALE SINGER** wishes to join band. Coventry area. Any time considered. — Coventry 711770

**GOOD VOCALIST** inexperienced, seeks new wave band, South London. — Ring 629 1703, daytime, 144

**PUNK LYRICIST/VOCALIST** required for band. Coventry area. To form band. — Write Box MM 379

**TRAINED VOCALIST** available for band or session work. — Tunbridge Wells 4284, Tel.

### EXCEPTIONAL VOCALIST AVAILABLE

Young Male. Attractive, looks of experience and charm

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Serious Pro offers only

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### MANAGEMENT

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**A GOOD MANAGER** wanted immediately. See us heading line 101 Club, Tuesday, August 12. — Enquiries: 01-271 6884

**EX-NAME** Band, seek pop management. — Box 866 9351

**MANAGER** WANTED for five band returning to England after years abroad. — Tel 0795

**TIGHT, DEDICATED**, ambitious three piece techno-band. — Ring 960 5479

**DEMO** and photos available. — Ring 960 5479

**VERSATILE QUARTET** seeks management. — Phone 355 1547, 740 5863

**SITUATIONS WANTED** 11p per word

**ELECTRONICS** ENGINEER (training) require position as trainee sound recorder in recording studio. — 01-888 1000, 4 pm onward

**TELECOMMUNICATIONS** technician needs temporary work repairing equipment or road work. — Ring Phil, 374679

### SONGWRITERS

22p per word

**LYRICIST, NON PROFESSIONAL** writer, looking for lyrics, poems "NO CABS ON MARS", etc. — 01-883 3388

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2225-2226-2227-2228-2229-2230-2231-2232-2233-2234-2235-2236-2237-2238-2239-2240-2241-2242-2243-2244-2245-2246-2247-2248-2249-2250-2251-2252-2253-2254-2255-2256-2257-2258-2259-2260-2261-22



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