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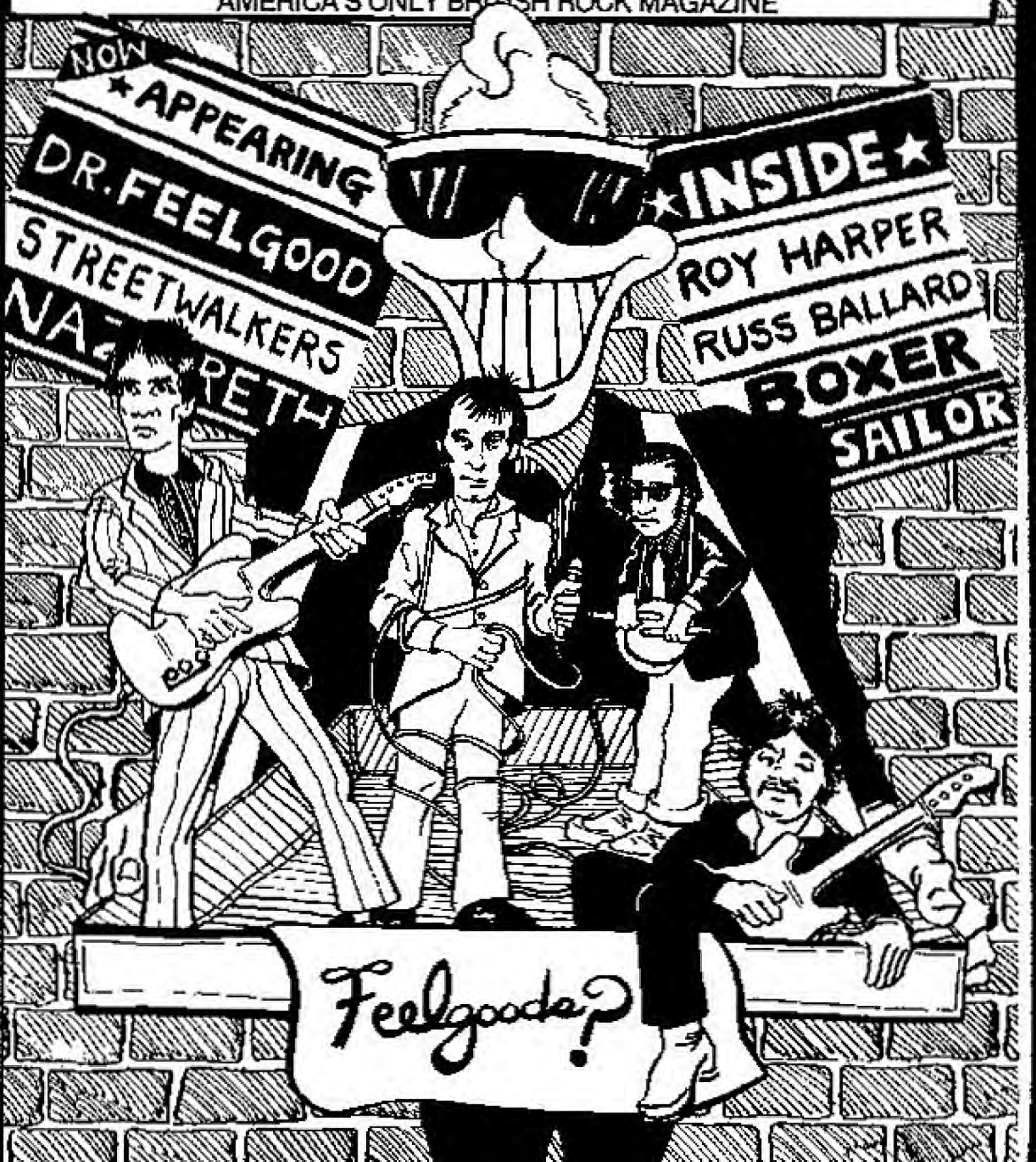
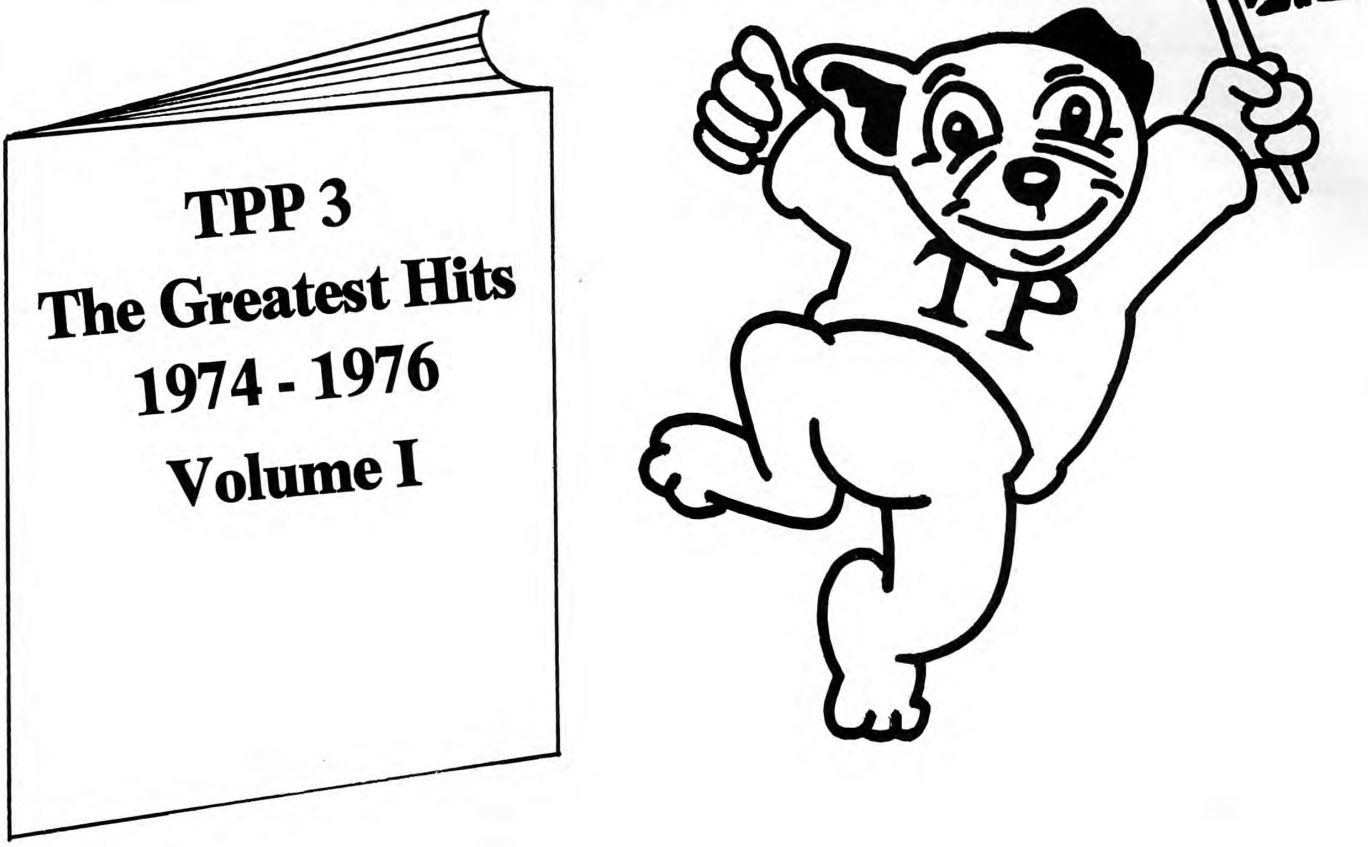
Trouser Press

AMERICA'S ONLY BRITISH ROCK MAGAZINE



FINALLY...



After two years of letters, telegrams, and hysterical phone calls in the middle of the night from fans offering the trousers off their backs for our back trousers, we've finally relented. Ever since issue #1 sold out on a cold, rainy night in March, 1974, people have been asking about reprints. Considering that only four of the first dozen issues (two years' worth) are still for sale as back issues, the demand for reprints has increased steadily. We can resist the call no longer!

Now in the final planning stage is *TPP 3—The Greatest Hits, Vol. 1*; an anthology of the first two years. Included in this special edition are:

- The best articles that appeared in our first 12 issues—something from every issue.
- Reproductions of all the original covers.
- New photos and updated discographies.
- A retrospective commentary on the history of the Trouser Press by the editors.
- A complete index for issues 1-12 for those lucky enough to own the originals.
- Best of the back covers.
- Articles on:

Jeff Beck (TP 4, 10)
John Cale (TP 10)
Ducks Deluxe (TP 11)
Dave Edmunds (TP 12)
Andy Ellison (TP 12)
Eno (TP 6)
Frampton (TP 3)
Steve Harley (TP 8)
Alex Harvey (TP 11)
Idle Race (TP 7)
Nazz (TP 4)
Patto (TP 7)
Brinsley Schwarz (TP 9)
Sparks (TP 5)
Status Quo (TP 9)
Troggs (TP 10)
Who (TP 1, 2, 3)
Ron Wood (TP 5)
Yardbirds discography and offshoot chart (TP 6, 7)

The Greatest Hits will be available by mail only, on or around September 15. As a special limited-time offer, we will accept advance orders at $2.00 each if they are accompanied by the completed questionnaire (p. 21). After September 15, TPP 3 will be priced at $3.00.

Use the order form on page 22 and don't forget to fill out the questionnaire.

Trans-Oceanic Trouser Press

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Intro

Welcome to the new, improved Trouser Press. There have been a few changes made that we thought we ought to bring to your attention. First, we (obviously) have redesigned the whole magazine visually, from the three columns of larger type to the increased number of photographs used. Hopefully you'll find this new format easier and more interesting to read, but still full of the features that we think you want to see. If we're off base on that account, please fill out the questionnaire on page 21 to let us know what we're doing wrong. (Even if you don't have any real gripes, fill it out anyway—we'd like to know more about our readers.)

New feature this month comes from London's Paul Rambali, who will be sending us bimonthly reports on current events and upcoming bands on the British scene. It's the next best thing to being there...

Although TP still can't afford to pay writers, we still have room for good ones. Anyone who has (or can do) histories, features, discographies, or current/ancient interviews with British musicians, please let us know. Enclose SASE for manuscripts to be returned.

In any case, enjoy the issue, and we'll see you in two months. Keep on Trousering!

—Ira and Dave

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Hello, It's Me

Sometimes you can learn more about an artist by listening to him talk than you can by listening to him sing. The artist(?) I'm referring to is Lou Reed, in regards to the article you did on his trip to Cleveland. Most of Janet Macoska's writing makes for some interesting reading, although her reporting of certain events leaves something to be desired.

First of all, The Kid is not the name of the most popular FM jock in Cleveland. The name's Kid Leo. That's K-I-D L-E-O. Got that? Second, there was no "bout" between Leo and Reed. Do you think that the best FM jock in the city would stoop to something as insipid as that? Leo had more of a baby-sitting chore on his hands than any kind of "bout." He was merely trying to conduct a civilized interview, only it was somewhat difficult since he had to converse with a moron. Reed proved to be little more than a social parasite, feeding off Leo's energy whenever he could and giving little in return, besides being a pain in the ass. You were correct on one account though. Reed imparted very little vital information on the air; in fact, most of it was so ludicrous, that I sometimes wonder why Leo didn't just tell him to get fucked.

Lou Reed isn't ready for Cleveland yet, let alone Kid Leo. He's still feeling a little insecure around us and isn't quite sure how to react to it. But give the boy a couple more years and he'll come around. Only by then we'll be decades ahead of him.

Steve Simenic
Cleveland, Ohio

While we're debating whether Cleveland isn't ready for Lou, or the other way 'round, let's see if New York is ready for this:

New York Rock sucks! Let me take this opportunity to strike a discordant note. N.Y. Rock is just another way of saying that word we all loathe—DISCO! It's a cadre of strident punks, hyped up on their own delusions of gender, revving their atonal Reedy trash at a small sycophantic horde of "aren't-we-chic-little-pricks," ad nauseum. It sucks! We all suffer by it. Why publicize: What in the hell does it have to do with British Rock! Give us our shots of rhythm & blooz; lead us forever down the Merseyside; help us carry our 4/4 coals to Newcastle. But PLEASE keep that boring, trashy, esoteric nihilism out of our mailboxes. Let those friendly little dorks wallow in their own adenoidal excrement. We are BRITISH Rock lovers! N.Y. Rock is not heard by the rest of us! What the hell do we—pity the poor immigrants—care about a self-glorifying platoon of (Ian Hunters!) losers? We want Anglorock—the real goods!

Hoping I have echoed the sentiments of many (and, whether any others have spoken out—and how could they not?—whether they have written, I'm sure the sentiments are there), I remain a strong supporter of everything but disco and Gothamrock.

J. Lofberg
Stevenson, WA.

Boy, we thought only politicians hated New York. Anyway, New York is 3,000 miles closer to England than Washington is. That ought to be good for something. Anyone care to put up a defense?

Listen, keep up the NYC notes column. I find it to be of great interest, 'cause it seems to me (an outsider who's never been there to know for himself) that there is something happening out there, and somebody's got to keep track of it for posterity, and ROCK SCENE doesn't hack it! My vote is in, and I say to keep up with that section of the magazine.

John Koenig
Cowabunga
Midland, MI.

Thanks, John. On to something different:

For some time I've been planning to write to you about your excellent singles column but when I read your comments on Marmalade's "I See the Rain" I decided to put it off no longer. I was very happy that you mentioned it but you were wrong in thinking it the B-side of the single. It was actually the A-side and "Otherwise It's Been a Perfect Day" was one of their non-LP B-sides. You're not the only one who raved over it. According to the liner notes of Marmalade's first LP (called **There's a Lot of It About**), Jimi Hendrix said that "I See the Rain" was "the most disappointing miss of 1967." The song was available in LP form in the U.S. on **The Best of Marmalade** (on Epic) but it sounds better in mono than in stereo because in stereo the guitar moves from channel to channel and is rather distracting. It's one of their greatest songs—I wish they could do it again.

Bernard Watts
Springfield, MO.

Jim Green responds: I originally heard "Rain" on the Best of *LP and subsequenlty got a DJ copy of the 45 which had a big red "A" on the "Otherwise" side. The matrix number of "Rain" is lower, tho'...*

I am a devoted reader and have a question for you to tackle for me. I am a Melanie fan and would like to find out how I might be able to get a complete discography. I have quite a few of her records but am sure there are some I am missing. I would appreciate any help you can possible give me.

Pat Severino
1524 Princeton Ave.
Trenton, N.J. 08638

Help! Anyone else care to tackle Melanie for us? Our shoulders are a bit sore.

NOTE TO SUBSCRIBERS: If you've noticed the fancy label on the envelope you received this Trouser Press in, and haven't already thrown it out, please note two things. If there are any corrections to be made in your name or address, send the label (with corrections) back to us. Second, the number to the right of your name indicates the last issue you'll be getting, so renew before your term is up...

BACK TO BACKS...

Big news on the back issue front is the pending publication of TPP 3/The Greatest Hits (see ad on inside front cover). For those of you who demand the originals, here's what we can still offer:

TP 5 - Page/Sparks/Ron Wood/Frampton
TP 7 - Animals/Strawbs/Patto/Fripp/Idle Race
TP 8 - Bolan/Harley/Kinks/Family
TP 9 - Stones Films/Entwistle/Sparks/Gong
TP 14 - Keith Moon/Genesis/Free/Lou Reed

All back issues are $1.00 including postage. Please allow up to 8 weeks for delivery before worrying.



case history:

Dr. Feelgood

By Janet Macoska

Canvey Island is not a terribly exotic locality by any stretch of the imagination. Isolated from the mainland of Britain, its sole lifeline connection is one lonely bridge. Canvey is situated at the mouth of the Thames where the water is a slimy, filthy black and the air dark, dingy and incredibly pungent—all due to the island's overwhelming landmark: the oil refineries.

It's not a large body of land, mind you, just seven miles long and five miles wide with a few thousand, mostly working class, inhabitants. Besides the oil refineries, Canvey's other claim to fame has been its holiday camps..."a daytripper's place, where they come down for a day, sort of a cheap working class holiday for the afternoon."

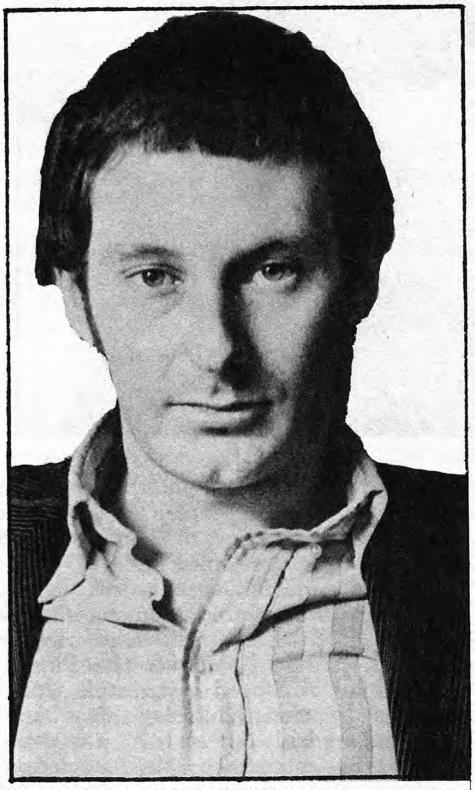
Notoriety comes again to Canvey Island in the personages of Lee Brilleaux, Wilko Johnson, Sparko and The Figure, an imposing collection of rockers who make up Dr. Feelgood. Local boys making good, they've already conquered Britain (on their recent Naughty Rhythms Tour) and have just finished their first tour of America, where they gave the Yanks a hefty dose of their own patented rock and roll medicine.

Dr. Feelgood's specialty? A form of primitive, vigorously earthy R&B influenced rock that hits at gut level. Fresh and vital, Dr. Feelgood brings back the joy and raw energy that was so prevalent in early rock and was eventually lost to a great extent when technology, gimmicks, pyrotechnics, and the eggheads crept in.

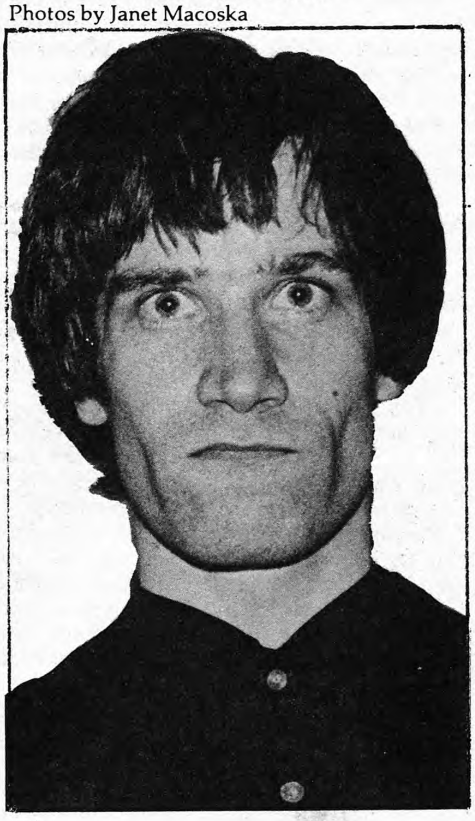
Their relatively "normal" appearance is deceiving. No glitter or outrageous costumes for these boys, Dr. Feelgood appear onstage with short hair (they work up such a sweat that longer hair would be impractical, they say) and ill-fitting suit jackets.

There's lead guitarist Wilko Johnson. A demon axeman if every there was one, Wilko's demeanor is always ruffled and frighteningly intense (though also comical). Wild-eyed, obsessed, he moves back and forth onstage in jerky motions as if he's on a leash and can only move so far before someone yanks on the chain to bring him back. His guitar style is unqiue...a clipped, metallic, crisp sound produced by constant slashing movements.

One visual enticement would normally be more than enough for any band, but Dr. Feelgood features two memorable attractions. The other is lead singer, part-time harmonica player and slide guitarist, Lee Brilleaux. If Wilko is intense and possessed, Brilleaux is controlled madness and pent-up frustration. Almost spastically rigid as he sings, Brilleaux twitches, thumps the microphone and smashes his fist into his leg. Tension is built rather than released.



LEE BRILLEAUX
WILKO JOHNSON
Photos by Janet Macoska



The seemingly more sane and settled half of Dr. Feelgood is John B. "Sparko" Sparks, bass guitar, and a friendly hulk on drums named The Figure, in reality John Martin. They're stalwarts, the anchor that prevents the nervous energy of the other two from shooting the band out into the stratosphere.

TOTP talked to Lee Brilleaux, Sparko and The Figure recently, one afternoon after their first Cleveland concert.

Dr. Feelgood, a name that comes from an Aretha Franklin song, was born in 1971, became popular on the pub circuits in London and soon moved up to the small halls and college venues around Britain.

Perhaps due to the intensity of their performances, Dr. Feelgood is fighting a reputation for over-heated concerts, with audiences prone to violence.

"It's not that we're provoking violence," Lee Brilleaux was quick to explain, "it's only energy. The kids at our concerts just scream and shout and jump about. We don't have any real trouble.

"Violence is a natural part of life; everyone has got aggression in them. We say, 'let's turn it into a bit of fun.' It doesn't have to come out in a bad way. Look, there's more violence in a football match than there is at one of our concerts."

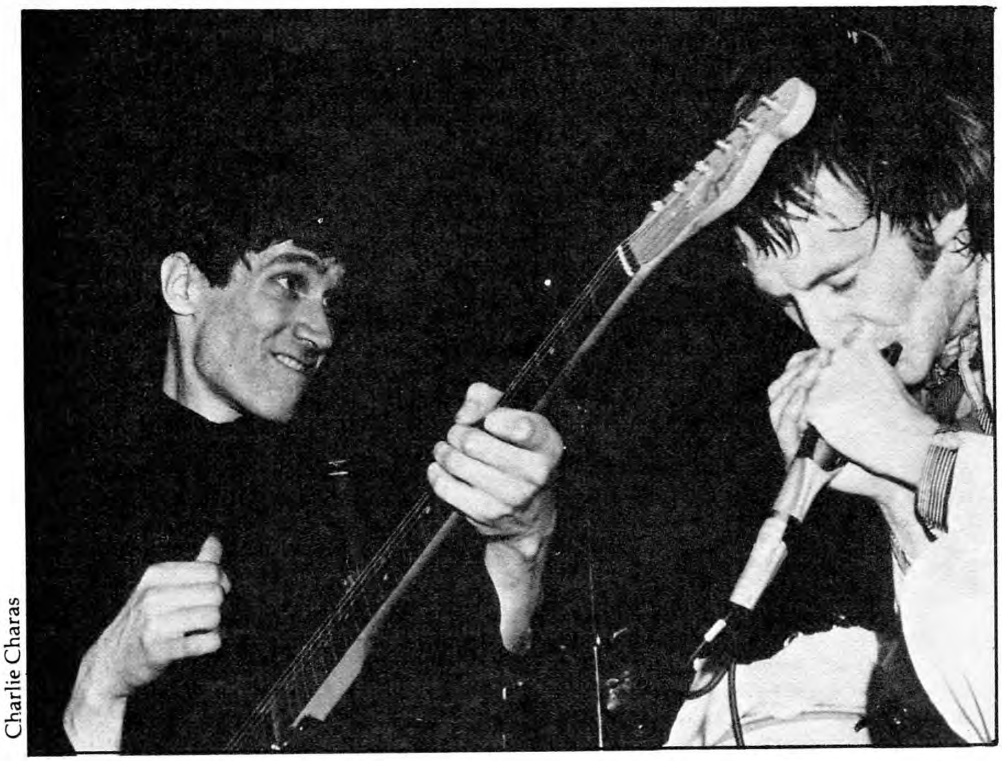
On record, Dr. Feelgood has released two albums in Britain, **Down By The Jetty** and **Malpractice**, the latter serving as their debut LP in America. The predominant characteristic of Feelgood on vinyl is their simple, uncluttered sound. No overdubs and complicated production techniques add artificial padding to a track.

The Feelgoods' albums try to capture the energy, spontaneity and first-take freshness of a live performance. It was for this reason that the band recorded **Down By The Jetty** in mono, a four-letter word that turned many record buyers off and led to unfortunately smaller sales than this fine record deserved. By the time **Malpractice** was cut, Feelgood had discovered a few new techniques to achieve their desired effect and still produce in stereo.

Sparko discussed the reasons behind Dr. Feelgood's recording philosophies and practices. "We think that if you produce a record with a lot of overdubs and things, it takes the realness out of the music. It becomes very manufactured. It's the right sound for some music, but it doesn't fit ours. We tend to record all at once in a studio instead of building up track by track, so you get a more together feel on record."

Malpractice and its predecessor, **Down By The Jetty**, featured about a 50-50 split, combining original tunes (penned by guitar-

Janet Macoska is the music editor for Cleveland's Focus.



Charlie Charas

ist Wilko Johnson) with R&B favorites of the band. Unlike many groups, Dr. Feelgood does not insist on 100 percent originality of material.

"If you've only got five good original songs and four which aren't very good, what's the point of laying four bad ones on people? We'd rather record four good songs even if they are somebody else's," argued Brilleaux. "If we have 12 good original songs, we'll use them. Maybe we'd still put a couple oldies in there anyway because we like to do that."

Whether the tunes are self-penned or not, they all retain an originality and vitality as performed by The Feelgoods. Claims have been made, however, that Feelgood are revivalists who are reproducing and resuscitating those ancient R&B and rock influences for a new '70s audience.

The band tends to brush off such accusations, pointing out that they're all too young to remember the music when it emerged the first time around.

"We were just kids in the sixties," The Figure said. "I mean, I remember The Rolling Stones, but I was too young to buy their records and they happened before I really became interested in music."

The Stones were a starting point, though, and sparked Feelgood's interest in the blues but for their main influences the band dug deeper into the past.

"My favorites are blues, Chicago blues, all those older guys," Brilleaux stated. "From that, I started getting interested in black music generally...jazz, funky music, soul music. I even like some black disco music sometimes, and reggae. I like some white rock and roll too, but I like it to be honest, simple and straightforward, rather than intellectual."

Feelgood is playing their own brand of R&B, modernizing it and adding their personalities to the music.

"We can't really play it as it was," Lee explained, "because we're not black men. We use different equipment and instruments than they used. To white people, we play rock and roll, but the influence of it is rhythm and blues as far as I'm concerned.

"There are other influences as well. Wilko, our guitarist, is influenced by an English rock guitarist called Mick Green, who used to play with Johnny Kidd and The Pirates. Wilko's kind of clipped guitar style would never have been heard in a black blues band. It's something quite different. It's a mixture. Each of us has got his own little characteristic in playing this music, so it comes out different."

It's not an easy life for any band touring America for the first time with no reputation and only a newly-released debut album as a selling point. Feelgood seems unconcerned with the lack of hoopla surrounding their initial visit to America. They're confident and maintain a very common sense attitude as to their expectations.

Lee Brilleaux explained, "In some ways, America is a relief. There's a lot of pressure off you. It got to the point in Britain where every gig we played was a big event. At least we can come over here and be more laid back and philosophical about it. If we don't go down so well one gig, we can make up for it at another."

"You see, we want to earn a bit of respect over here by working at the lower levels. A bit of genuine real respect, rather than getting a hype job done on us and having to live up to incredible amounts of publicity."

Remarkable! A down-to-earth attitude in this hyped-up world of rock and roll. Refreshing, as is Dr. Feelgood's music. Nothing flashy, it is music for the common man, born of the working class environment that spawned Lee Brilleaux, Wilko Johnson, Sparko and The Figure.

If you look past the stench and smoke of Canvey's oil refineries, you can see a little glimmer of hope. Their name is Dr. Feelgood.

CONSUL

By Steven Lorber, Michael Miller, and Elaine Tarlton

TP: Can I ask you about your guitar style? It's really unique.

WJ: Well, not quite unique. The guy I got if off of is called Mick Green, and he used to play with Johnny Kidd and the Pirates. He wasn't on "Shakin' All Over." In fact, everyone's talking about it. Actually, it was before his time. He joined them about '63 or '64. He's still a relatively young guy. He was about 17 when he joined them. The first thing I can remember is "I Can Tell." He went on to "I'll Never Get Over You." He came in at the Liverpool time. I had started to play and I suddenly heard this guitar solo. I thought, "What's that? This guy is really playing!" It didn't sound like what George Harrison did. It sounded real. I don't know why I'd never heard any real American R & B. I started checking him out and then I realized that this group didn't have a rhythm guitarist. This guy was doing it all himself. So I got all the singles I could find, sat in the bedroom, learned it all and spent most of my time trying to imitate him. When we started I was just an imitation of him, and as we started getting our own thing, I carried the ideas I got from him into something slightly different. You know, he's still the man.

TP: What about some of your transitional bands, Figure—Essex Five, Glass Opening, Exploding Monocle...

TF: Hyde Park, you missed one there!

TP: ...Grampus and Finian's Rainbow. Right?

TF: Finian's Rainbow was the most successful. They cut a record, but nothing successful.

LB: Figure's the only one of us that's ever been a pro musician before.

WJ: He gave up being a professional and took on a day job to come play with us. He did a few gigs with us in Holland because our original drummer didn't want to come with us. So Figure packed his group in, got a job, and started with us.

TP: When the Feelgoods were going through a transitional period you had Heinz as a lead singer.

WJ: He's a great guy, and a classic rock and roll story. He was getting paid 25 pounds a week when he was on the top of the charts, and they were really ripping him off wicked. He eventually slipped out of favor, he just couldn't last. There was too much good stuff going—the Beatles and all that. So he just went back to working and he used to do odd gigs. When we got going, he lived nearby, he asked in the local music shop if there were any rock'n'roll bands, and they put him on

Steven Lorber collects records, manages a band, collects records, does a radio show, and collects records in the nation's capital.

TATION

to us. We used to go to all these Teddy-boy clubs and do Eddie Cochran numbers. We'd do a set with Lee, then Heinzy would come on and do a 45-minute set just like Eddie. We'd do a lot of his things. Lee and Chris (Fenwick), our manager, would get up on stage and do "do wop" in the background. Heinz baked bean adverts and things.

LB: We were usually billed as someone else, like Heinz and Rock and Roll Deluxe or some poxy name they thought up on the spur of the moment.

TP: Did you ever play a pub called the Castle? It's all Teddy boys.

WJ: Shit! Oh no, no, not that one. We did a lot of Teddy boy places with Heinz. But you see, the thing with the Teds is, if you aren't dressed in a drape suit and all this they don't believe it's rock and roll. Even if you're playing "Johnny B. Goode" they're not quite sure, and if you dare to play Huey Smith or anything like that they really don't like it. They'd rather have Cliff Richard. Yeah. They're funny people. Occasionally you meet a Ted who knows it all. He's got a big record collection. Most of them are just doing it for the fashion. It's the clothes.

More Teds

TP: What do you think about the rockabilly revival in England with groups like Crazy Cavan and the Rhythm Rockers?

WJ: I've never tried to play that kind of music, but I love to listen to it. The rockabilly thing is a great sound. I kind of figure a bit more towards rhythm and blues, but that's all part of it. I'll tell you. I like anything that sounds like real people playing real instruments. Whatever it is, reggae or soul, as long as it sounds real. This is a certain quality that's pretty intangible, really, but obviously things like rockabilly and rock and roll music are going to be more basic. Like Shakin' Stevens and the Sunsets. We did a gig with them back in the Heinz days and they're really a great band. They've been going ages and they're real good. They're looked on with contempt by the critics because they're stuck a bit in the Teddy-boy circuit. They deserve the respect of sticking to what they believe in and they're not going to start doing something else just to try and impress the critics or whatever, and I really respect them for it. They come from Wales—and Wales is a real rock and roll place.

TP: We heard the Teds were going to march on BBC and demand a radio show that catered to real rock and roll music that they like.

WJ: I can hardly see the Teds getting it together. They're all talk when they get full of beer. We haven't really been involved in the Teds scene. To me, they're a little too narrow-minded. I don't believe in being progressive just because people think that's what you've got to be, or changing your music just because you've got to change it, but I think the Teds are too conservative. They just want to hear something being recreated in a certain way. They want rock and roll as something mummified. What they don't realize is that it's great music. That's why we get pissed off at people talking about us and how we're reviving the '60s. We're not reviving anything. It's now. It was great then, and it's great now. This music's always been great, and you can keep making new songs with it and doing new things with it.

LB: People don't talk about an orchestra and say, "Oh. Are ya still playing that fucking old Beethoven stuff?" Why should they say it to us?

Mono/Stereo

TP: This tour you're currently doing. Is it mostly small places like this?

WJ: This is the second time we've been here. We did one tour like this hitting small places and we thought it worked for us in England and Europe. If it doesn't work, we just won't come back here. We'd rather do that than come here supporting someone famous.

TP: What about your first album. Will that come out here?

WJ: I don't know. There's no plans for it but a lot of the stuff we do in our stage set comes off of that album. A lot of the things that are favorites in England come off of it and eventually we'll be doing a live album. A lot of that material might get released in that form, I think. We've got it all in the can, ready, but I don't think we're going to put a live album out just yet.

TP: It was mono, too.

WJ: The second one is mono as well. It's just got stereo written on the label because we got fed up with people asking us why we did the first one in mono. We didn't want to put mono on the label, that one. I was arguing going, "No, no, it's against the law." It doesn't need stereo on it. It's just two bits on it, the same on each side, because I didn't want people reading anything into it. The second album is a bit spread on the drums maybe, but basically it's pretty much coming out of each side. You could turn the balance over and you wouldn't lose a lot. It's just that with a band this small we don't stick on many overdubs on the things that we do, because there's only three instruments playing a lot of the time.

The Next Stage

TP: When you go back to England now, what kind of venues do you play?

WJ: We don't do the small clubs anymore. We play the biggest halls in Europe.

TP: We were talking to Patti Smith's band and their aim is to play Madison Square Garden. They said every rock and roll band wants that.

WJ: No. No. You can't. You see, this is the problem that's afflicting us at the minute. You come to America where you don't have these 2,000-seat halls. You've either got small clubs or massive places. Obviously, it's not viable economically to come over and play small clubs. As it happens, one of the reasons we were one of the pub bands that went beyond and got out of it, was that the things we were doing transferred very well on the big stage. In fact, we were very often constricted in small venues. If you have a big stage, you can really go. So we can do it in bigger ones. But there comes a point when it gets so big that you're just losing it somewhere. We're not the kind of band that gets a personal rapport with the audience other than telling what we're going to play. On the other hand, we really feed off of them, and if you can feel them doing it, it really gets you going. In some of these big places, even though the kids might be really giving, really with you, you just can't feel it. It's too far away. We're getting to the stage now where we have to decide, do we want to go on when it's a real drag and we're miles away from everyone and surrounded by the National Guard, or do we want to make a bit less money and have some more fun? Which I think is the best solution.



Janet Macoska

Prehistory

TP: What do you think about the wave of new bands...the Count Bishops, Ducks Deluxe, Hammersmith Gorillas, Sex Pistols. A whole bunch of bands coming up in your tradition playing that real rock 'n' roll.

LB: Well, be fair to Ducks Deluxe. They were one of the bands that built up the pubs before we came on the scene. We were going, but we didn't know anything about them, and they didn't know anything about us. We were just on a different scene.

WJ: I think there might be a lot of kids interested in rhythm and blues. Suddenly people realized you can still play it. It gave a lot of people the nerve to go and do it. I think we were the straightest rhythm and blues band going in London at the time but there's a lot more now. You can even see second-generation Dr. Feelgoods now. They're playing our songs and things like that. It's great. It was good at first because when we started we'd go out and play school dances to 16-year-old kids. We'd play at weddings, British Legion clubs, and people would always dig it because they weren't sophisticated musically at all. They didn't have any ideas other than they just wanted to dance to a group. And they'd always like it. But as soon as you get to London you get people who start theoriz-

ing and all that going, "Oh yes. Of course, you're doing this, you're doing that." We started to feel like we were on a bit of a Crusade or something, in the end, for the things that we thought were right in music. It's quite good now to see all of these bands coming up. It shows that we've proved the point in a way. Now we've got a real big following in England and all across Europe. We've proved that you don't need dry ice and synthesizers to get people to have fun. If a lot more bands started like us and had just three or four people, the road crew, and three amplifiers on stage, it's going to get a whole lot cheaper to go see some rock and roll. I mean, when you've got to pay for six massive truckloads of equipment and 50 butlers to serve champagne, then people are getting ripped off.

TP: When did you quit playing?

WJ: I went to University and couldn't get a group together there, so I just stopped and forgot about it. When I was in the Flowerpots we just couldn't get a gig. We were playing rock and roll and we wouldn't play anything else. The furthest we would go was to put a few Tamla numbers in so we could get some of the dance hall gigs. They started to expect you to be Hendrix, and we just couldn't work We had one regular gig where five people would turn up, and we were really spat upon. So I thought, "Sod it, I don't want to play no more." I just want to go on playing this, and I don't want anyone that's into us to ever feel betrayed. When the time comes, and you get kind of worn out, and you've done it all and you're just being a boring old cunt, then you just stop. You don't try and do something else just to keep it going. Then all that lot say, "What you gonna do next? Aren't you going to be more progressive? You haven't got any imagination?" It takes far more imagination to do something original with a 12 bar rather than stick a lot of silly minor chords and stupid irrelevant instruments in, and start talking about subjects you've got absolutely no knowledge of. The biggest fucking deadheads of all are the ones that make the most vacuous and pretentious statements about the cosmos.

TP: Death of the Universe.

WJ: Yes, I mean rock and roll isn't a very good vehicle for talking about that kind of thing.

TP: It's really an important thing. The thing about rock was that it was starting from the skiffle bands with people playing in their front room with a tea chest bass and all that. It was homemade music.

LB: Certainly. That's the thing. You don't have to be a musician to play rock and roll. You've just got to love it and want to play it.

WJ: We're getting kids coming to see us and they're seeing it totally new. They were being born when the Beatles were doing "Love Me Do." They were just popping out at that point, and that's kind of like grandad's music to them. They're seeing this group and not being overwhelmed with technology or special effects where you think, "Wow, how's that done?" You just see people standing on the stage and twanging on guitars and things, and you can see how it's being done. It's all there in front of you, and I think kids must dig that cause they think, "Wow, I'll go out and buy a guitar and do that." And they can.

TP: Can we ask you about the group Flowerpots?

WJ: In fact, there was a group called the Roamers and it was our first little silly school group. It didn't last very long. It's just that particular group is a bit irrelevant. . .I mean none of us could play. I had a group after the Flowerpots called the Heap that was quite good. Well, they weren't crap actually, but that's when I realized that if you can't play too good, all you have to do is jump around a lot and you do all right. Then I got in the Flowerpots. The top band in the area was the Paramounts, and Micky Jupp's Orioles were the second band—although I think they were the best—and we were like a poor imitation of the Orioles. In our group, the bass player had a very good soul voice, and we had an excellent piano player who could do everything Jerry Lee Lewis can do. They were really a bit too good for me, and I tagged along for a bit and then packed it in. And that's the last thing I did, really, until this started.

TP: You were in the Southside Jug Band?

LB: Yeah. Me and Sparko. We saw Wilko and his brother, and I wanted to sing.

WJ: It wasn't a jug band at all. What we were doing was playing on street corners. I used to play the comb and paper, and my brother played guitar. We used to call it a jug band, but we never had a jug. Lee seized on the idea and built a proper jug band. We used to do it now and again for a laugh. It was never very serious.

LB: It actually developed into a rock and roll band. We started getting electric guitars.

TP: I guess it's a matter of what instruments you have at the time.

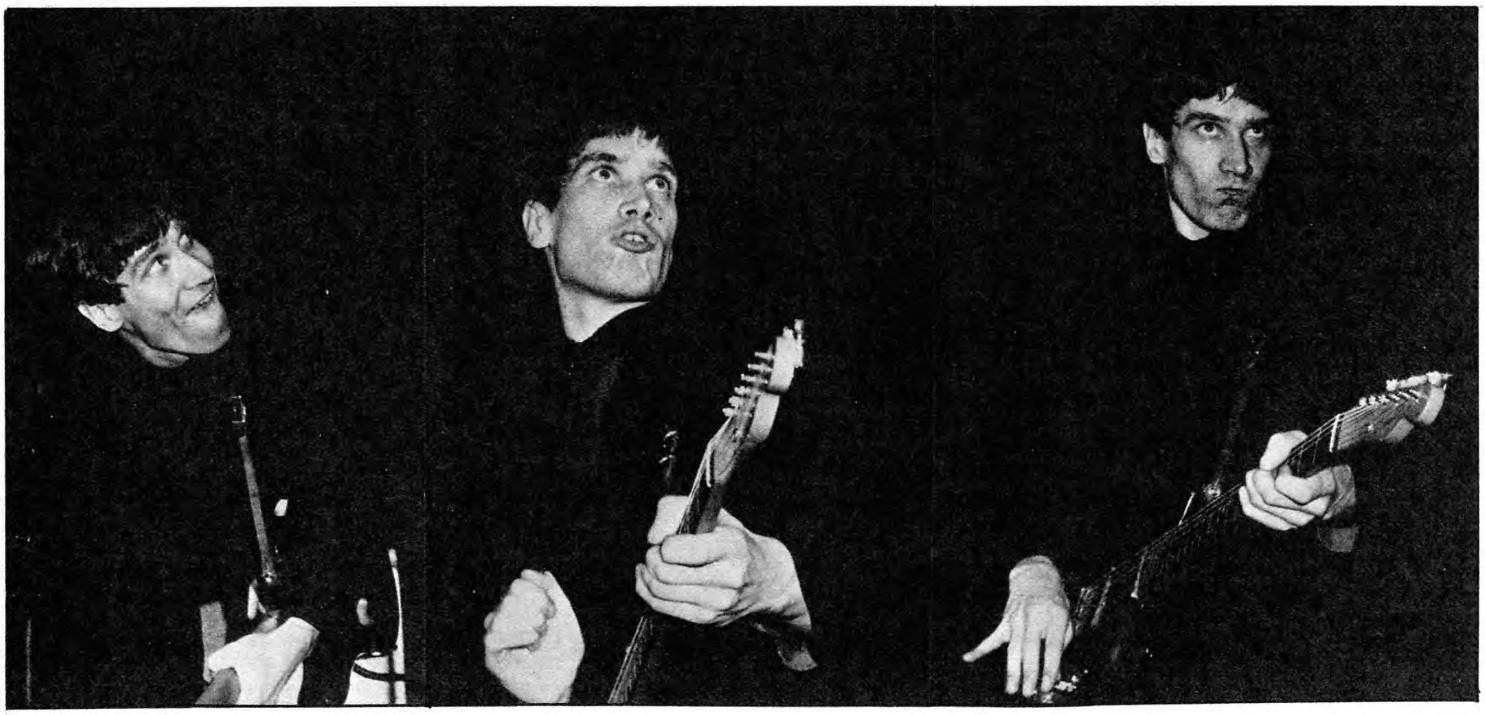
LB: Yeah. As we got older we had more money so we bought more sophisticated equipment. It was silly. We were calling ourselves a jug band, but it was more like a rock and roll group.

TP: What kind of material was it later?

LB: It was all straight 50's rock and roll classics, Elvis stuff, and Chicago-type blues. We had a piano player with us and it was a heavily piano-based band.

TP: In 1972 a lot was written about the emergence of pub rock, and it seems your band was associated with that particular movement.

WJ: We were. We were playing for like 18 months before in our local town which is outside London. We had never played in London, and we'd gotten what we do more or less together. We were all completely unknown. None of us had ever played in any professional or known bands. I'd never even been in the Marquee until we played there, not even in the audience, let alone in a group. Then we heard about this pub thing which had been built up like Brinsley Schwarz and that lot. They'd moved off of it by the time we heard about it, it was old news. In fact, when we got some gigs there, a lot of the



Charlie Charas

good groups that had made it into something had left it and there was a bit of a vacuum. We came along and we were new faces and were very together because we'd been gigging around. So it gave us an advantage, really, because we didn't have to make too many mistakes in front of the London audiences. We'd made them all in front of the village people. I think what we were doing fitted in very well with that kind of music. It was a mistake really. It tended to suggest that it was a type of music, when it is a type of venue really. One of the great things about it was the variation in different bands. They were all doing different things...country rock, soul, reggae, all sorts.

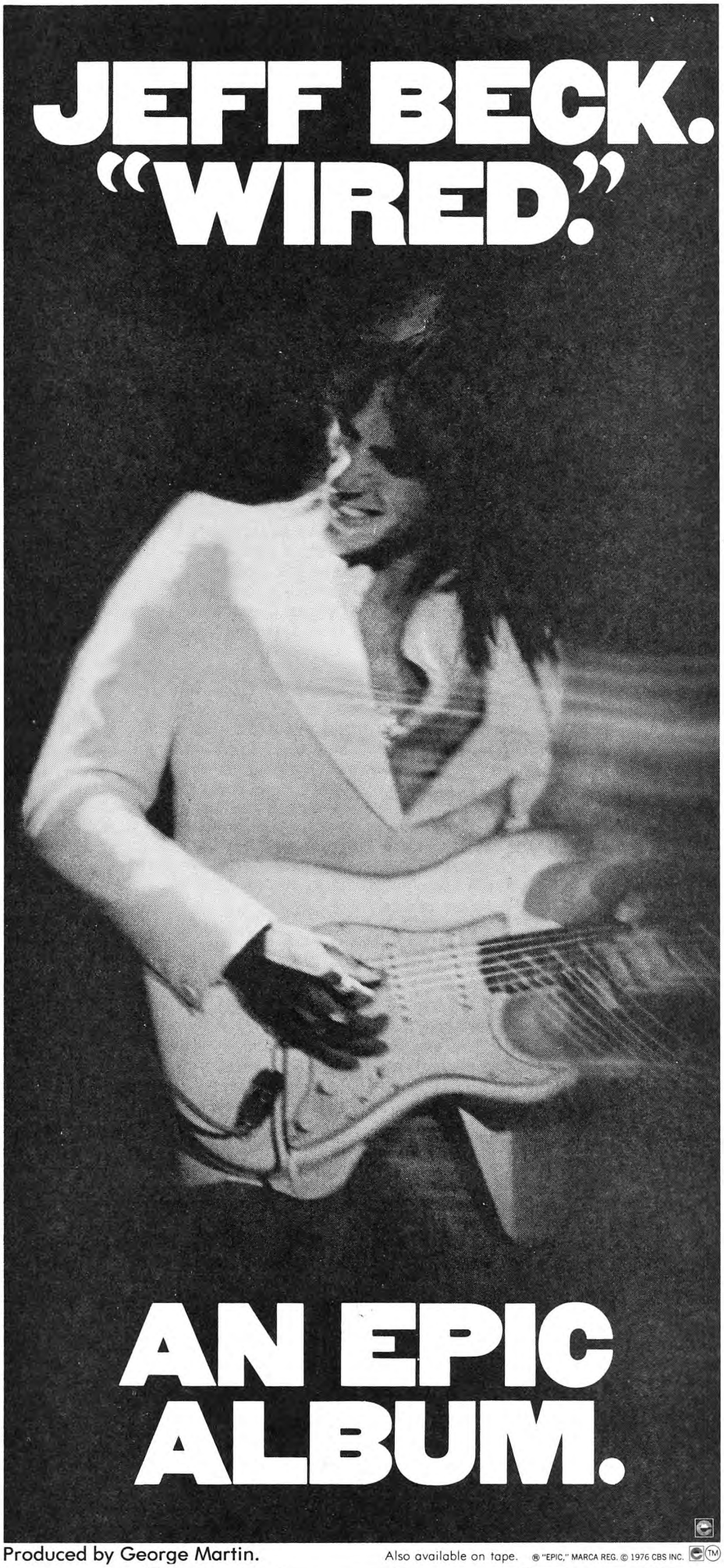
Future Feelings

TP: It seems to us that sooner or later, as the Feelgoods, you're going to face trouble with the critics. Having them say you're churning the same stuff album after album.

WJ: It's probably going to come on the next album. The first album in England they slagged off of because Nick Kent got to it first, and he didn't like it because he thought we ought to be like the MC5 and do Wop-bop-a-lu-bop. He didn't want us to do our songs. Because Nick Kent is a bit influential —or he was at that time— the other critics were a bit frightened to be positive. That wounded me very severely, because he mainly criticized my songs. He said the songs were crap. Obviously, no one likes to be criticized. On the other hand, we're getting ready for it. We know it's going to happen. As long as the kids don't start chucking things at us and telling us it's a bore, then it's all right as far as we're concerned. Of course, I'd rather open up the newspaper and read, "They're great!" instead of, "What a drag." We've had a bit of this already, and people have said some pretty nasty things about us. They're so competitive. They don't want to keep churning out the same old praise. They want to be progressive and start calling it rubbish.

TP: It's pretty mechanical. They do that with everyone that's good. First the build-up, then they start knocking them.

WJ: We know. We've been pretty lucky actually, because we've had most of the three weekly newspapers in England on our side. The NME were the ones that really adopted us. From nothing they stuck their necks out for us, and I know that we're still liked personally by a lot of their people. I was around Mick Farren's place only a few nights ago rapping away with him. He's great, and we really dig him for it. The thing was, you've got this thing like the Melody Maker is a rival with the NME, and we became so chummy with the NME that the Melody Maker, for simply ages, pretended we didn't exist. Eventually, we got voted onto their most promising new band crap thing. They couldn't deny we existed anymore, so they started writing about us. They've selected us a couple of times. We've had criticism, which is right, we take note of it. In fact Mick Farren, from the NME, reviewed one of our gigs in the early days. It was a very positive review. One remark that he made was that we built a set really good, but toward the end we started doing "Johnny B. Goode" and things like that. He said, "It's terrible. They should have more nerve than to do that," and that it was a crummy way of going about





Janet Macoska

things. We read it and thought, "That's right." It is a crummy thing to do. Everyone does it, and it's so easy to get people off doing "Johnny B. Goode." It's really better to have faith in your own thing. We took his advice and for the very next gig we stopped doing that. At the end of our last tour, we did a gig at the Hammersmith Odeon, which was like the big prestige gig, and I just fucked up. My mind went BANG. I shouldn't have gone on the stage. I was debating whether to go on or not and I thought, "Well...we've got 3,000 people out there." So I went on, and after about four numbers I sort of snapped. I couldn't remember my name, or what I was doing, where I was, or anything. I carried on through the set for awhile, and then I walked off and went up to our manager and he said, "What's the matter?" And I said, "My mind's gone. I can't carry on under the strain." I had sort of a breakdown. It was a terrible show. I mean, it went down all right. That's the awful thing. I went back on, and we finished the show. It was really like going through the motions, and I felt awful about this. The thing is, the review in the Melody Maker. The reviewer had never seen us before. he'd obviously been told to go and slag one off. And he said, "I can't see what's so good about them. That bloody Wilko Johnson. He just looked like he was going through the motions, and he's not all that good on guitar." But the NME guy kinda said, "Fuck, what's wrong with them? I've seen them do this and they were crap that night and why was it." And it was exactly right. I read that and because we're their band he didn't start going making excuses, or he didn't pretend it was good when it wasn't. He siad the exact truth. It kind of hurt again, a bit, to read it 'cause you see this guy that you respect saying, "You weren't very good that night boys." But you think, "Well, that's right. We weren't," and I can dig that.

TP: It's good to be criticized in the press because if everybody just jumps on the bandwagon and says, "This is wonderful..."

LB: Then you're not getting anywhere, are you?

TF: We like the audiences to come and discover us for themselves.

On Stage

WJ: When we did the last tour in the States a few months ago, we had a look at it and it fucked me up pretty bad. I was worried we'd have to make another album soon. We got into a deal when we returned. By that time I was a little worried about what we were going to do. I thought, "Fuck, what's happening to us? They're telling us we've got to make an album now. And we've got to go in and churn it out and that's not right." You don't just sit down and write a song, not good songs anyway. It started seeming to me like you've got to go through this whole star thing in Los Angeles. I had a look at it and I thought it looked like a lot of crap. It's not much fun—the strain of it. And I thought, "Well, I don't want to do it." Nowadays, there's a certain prescribed formula for coming to the U.S.A. You build someone up in Europe, tour 'round, then come here. You're supporting this person and that, and gradually moving up the ladder. The interesting thing about the U.S.A. is that at least half of the music world is here. It's the birthplace and everything, which is obviously an attraction. The other thing is that it's about the only big place left where we're unknown. So you naturally want to go on and say, "Look what we can do!" Laughs.

TP: Your level of energy is amazing. When I saw you I thought you were going to explode.

WJ: If we've got any pride in one thing, it's that. That we'll go on and give 100 per cent of what we've got at any given moment. If you've been on the road for two months and gigging six nights solid, you haven't got that much in you. You don't feel like leaping around. But you go and do it and give as much as you can, because that's what you've been paid to do. It isn't honest to do otherwise. If you do go on and do it, you'll find that in the end you can get the audience going. It'll come back on you and you'll get off. You can always find the energy somewhere. Though I must admit, since we've been moving on to bigger things—this Hammersmith Odeon thing I've been telling you about—that was the result of too long a tour, in too big a place, with too many bloody people saying, "All the world's looking at ya. ya gotta be the fucking best." Not like in the old days when you're thinking, "Wow, I want to get going. What a drag. I want to get on playing." With the larger places you think, "Oh no. Got to go on soon. Oh well, it's only an hour." And that's all wrong. America, the last time round, shook us all up a bit; and it made us think about it. We've all got back now to the real reasons—our real motives for doing it. We've never yet played an audience that's disliked what we're doing. We did a few gigs at one time supporting Hawkwind. We weren't even billed. We were just the support band, and the kids came to see the psychedelics.

TP: Actually they're the nostalgia band...

LB: One of the groups you'd go to get off on.

WJ: Even those audiences weren't exactly hostile. Obviously, they were waiting for Hawkwind. There was always a definite element that was getting off on it, and the rest of them were kind of interested.

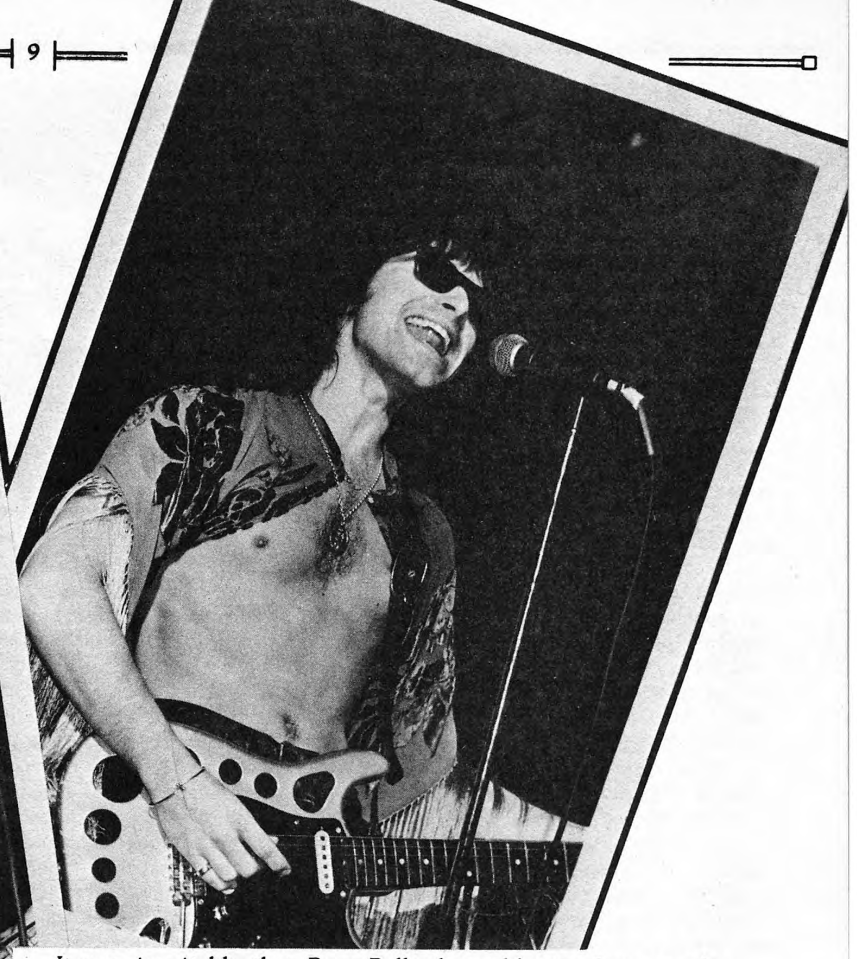
LB: Well, we have had a few coins thrown at us. The odd beer can...

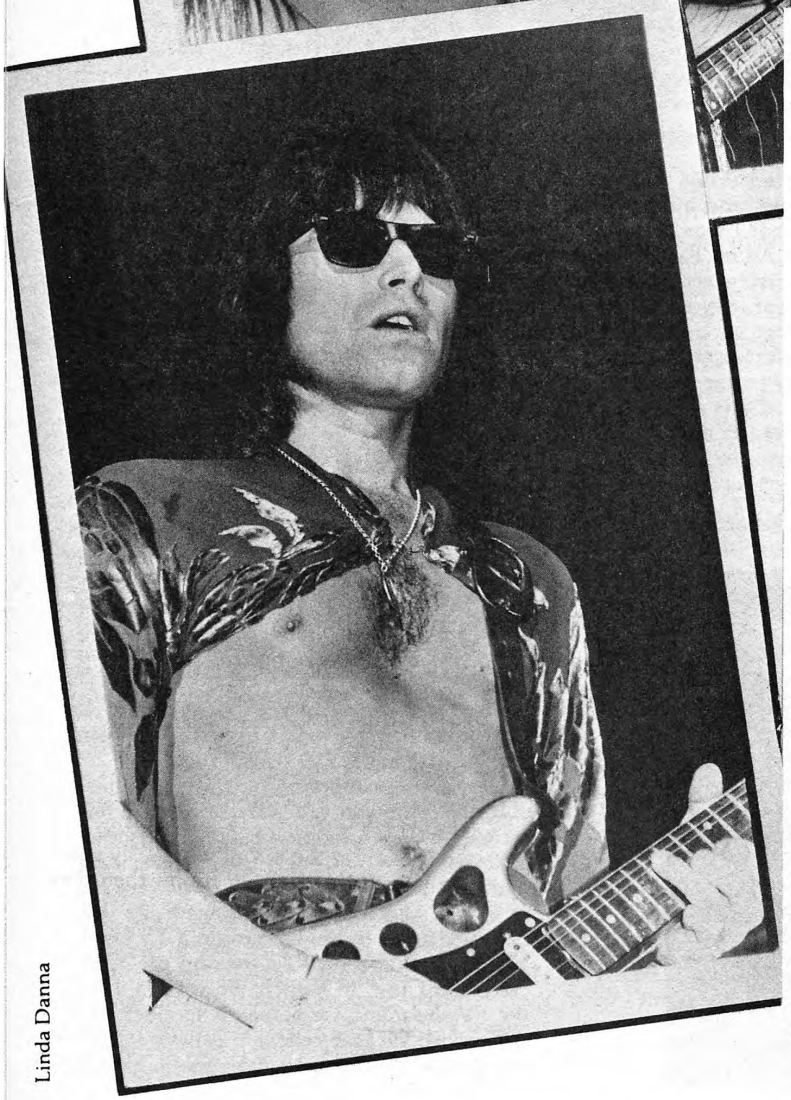
WJ: That one gig. It was in Manchester, and a minority of the audience was shouting, "Fuck off!" and all that. We just carried on playing. It made me feel pretty good actually. Thinking, "Well, you don't know, sonny." We played good. Laughs. The next time we went back there was on tour with Chilli Willi and Kokomo. It was our first tour of our own kind of thing and we got to Manchester and got on stage, and they loved it. It was one of the best gigs that we did. That's one of the fun things of coming to America—seeing it happen all over again. You go to a new town and people go through all these different phases watching you. First you see that "What?" kind of look, and gradually they understand and get into it. We go on in England now and people know exactly what's happening, so they're into it before you start.

TP: Do you ever feel like doing something to startle the audience. An old fifties sappy ballad or...?

WJ: We don't do anything startling now. We stick in this style. We do like to throw in different numbers we haven't done for a long time or that we've never done before, but they're all pretty much in our kind of thing. In the old days, when we were going to pubs, we used to do silly things. One night, we were travelling to the Kensington pub—we had a residence there at the time. That was the top pub on the circuit. and we were really pulling in huge crowds there—hundreds. It's only made to hold about 50 people. In the van on the way there we started thinking about old Heinzy. We're all laughing away and we said, "Let's play just like Eddie's night (Cochran). We started doing it, playing just like Eddie, and we were doing it as a spoof. The thing is they loved it. People didn't know that we had a connection with Heinz, of course. We sometimes do silly things like that. But now, particularly in Europe, you're going on to give a concert and people are paying quite a bit to get in. You've got to deliver the goods. We can see people laughing all the way through a set. We don't take offense. Some of these fucking astral intellectuals. If they saw someone laughing at them, they'd be really uptight about it. Even the cosmos is a joke in the end. There's some bands that take the piss out of rock and roll. They think it's a huge joke—ape's music. They'll come on and just make it funny. And that ain't the joke. It's silly, and great, and mean, and that's it. It's not funny, i.e. stupid, it's funny witty. I think a lot of the kids see that. All of these journalists writing about how vicious and menacing we are. Some of the kids freaking out when you're pointing the gun (guitar) at them. But when they come and see you in the dressing room, then they don't expect you to jump up and hit them with a razor or anything. They just realize you're a bloke having a laugh. I think the kids are much more sussed than the journalists. The kids see the joke. A lot of the good journalists can as well. It's just that some of them completely misunderstand, and they criticize us for not being what we don't want to be.







Linda Danna

It was inevitable that Russ Ballard would someday go solo. There he was, laboring in Argent, a band whose propensity for extended, directionless solos never seemed to suit him at all. You see, Russ Ballard writes rock songs, the kind that last for three or four minutes, have a beginning, a hook, and an ending and leave you wanting to sing them 'til they're coming out of your ears; that are sophisticated, but not so involved that no one can follow them with their head and body. Look back on Argent and after the first two albums Ballard wrote every tune worth remembering. Three Dog Night recognized this quality earlier: they took one of his songs, "Liar," into the top ten.

Finally, in 1974, after five years with Argent, Ballard made his move. Riding a wave of renewed enthusiasm, he went into the studio, recorded a true "solo" album, and made plans to get back out on the road as soon as possible. But, as the saying goes, "the best laid plans..." Suddenly Ballard found himself involved in numerous production and session projects which kept him off the road for nearly two years.

In May, Russ Ballard emerged with a new album, a new band, and the enthusiasm and talent which had never left him. His debut performance at the Bottom Line in New York was a sparkling return on all counts, hopefully signalling even better things to come. His new album, Winning, *is easily one of this year's best and has remained on or in close proximity to my turntable since I got it.*

Ballard's band is made up mostly of newcomers to the rock scene. Second guitarist-vocalist Bill Roberts and drummer Al Wicket were plucked from a Birmingham group called Curly who had backed up Ballard at a CBS convention a couple of years ago. Collectors should know about Curly's only single, "High Flying Bird"/"Breakout" (UK Epic S EPC 3145), a great disc if you can find it. The band is rounded out by bassist Terry Lester and keyboard player Wally Wilson. They're all young and should improve with experience.

The following interview with Russ Ballard was conducted in two installments, one at CBS a few weeks before the Bottom Line dates, the other in Russ' hotel room the day after the first evening's show (witnessed by, among others, Adam Faith—more on him later). Russ, besides being one of the warmest and nicest guys in rock 'n' roll, was quite willing to talk about his past and needed little prodding from the interviewer to get him going. —*DS*

next page

shades of RUSS BALLARD

In which all is revealed—except his eyes

Interview by Dave Schulps

TP: What were your earliest bands?

RB: I was in a skiffle group originally, which is where most people started who are my age. Rick Nichol and the Rebels was the name of the band. When I was 14 I got into rock 'n' roll, electric guitars as opposed to acoustic. We started a band called Buster Meikle and the Daybreakers in my home town of Hertfordshire. I stayed with them for two years, until I was 16. Buster was later one of the singers in Unit 4+2.

When I was 16, Adam Faith asked me if I'd like to join his backing group, the Roulettes. At the time he was a really big star in England. Actually, he didn't really ask me, I was asked by his bass player, a local guy who was five years older than me. I was quite well known in Hertfordshire at the time and he asked me if I'd like to turn professional. At the time (1963) the only way to do it was to back a big singer, so I did it even though I wasn't really into his music.

He used a lot of pizzicato strings and stuff like that. It was good experience. He did do a couple of rock 'n' rollers when the Beatles and the whole group thing happened. He jumped on the bandwagon and made a few rock 'n' roll singles. One was a top thirty over here [America], "It's Alright." I played harp and guitar on that one. It was a B-side in England. I stayed with the Roulettes until 1966...

TP: You played on Unit 4+2's big hit, "Concrete and Clay," didn't you?

RB: Yes. Buster Meikle was a local guy and when Buster Meikle and the Daybreakers split I went and joined the Roulettes and he formed a band called Unit Four with Tommy Moeller, Pete Moules, and Lem Lubin. They used to do Kingston Trio numbers and things like that. They were fantastic singers, they really were, but they weren't very good instrumentally. They just had two of them strumming guitars, but they were able to get a recording contract with Decca. Of course they had to have a rhythm section when they recorded "Concrete and Clay," so they asked me to play guitar and they asked Robert Henrit from the Roulettes to play drums. We were the "Plus Two." When it became a hit they had to add a permanent guitarist and drummer to go out on the road. They asked me, but I was earning good money with the Roulettes and it's tough to give up 50 quid a week for a group that's earning next to nothing. It just wouldn't have worked out at the time.

TP: When did the Roulettes go out on their own?

RB: In 1966 we started doing our own singles. We did six singles and a couple of them made the top 30, but I was frustrated when we were backing Adam Faith. I was imitating his pizzicato string arrangements on the guitar and he eventually got into the cabaret thing which was so demoralizing you couldn't believe it. I wasn't going anywhere musically and my guitar playing was getting worse because I didn't need to play anything difficult. So we left and went out as a solo band. Unfortunately we didn't have a leader and there was friction in the band. At least Adam Faith had been a leader and held the band together.

TP: Is that when you started writing songs?

RB: I'd actually been writing since I was 14. I wrote an instrumental called "Atlantis" which I sent up to the Shadows' publishing company. About three years later I read in the paper that they had recorded a single called "Atlantis." I said "Christ, they've done my song," but when I heard the record it wasn't the same tune, it was written by somebody else. I was a bit brought down.



The Roulettes: Ballard, John Rogan, Peter Thorpe, Robert Henrit.

Then, when I was nineteen and playing with Adam Faith, the Shadow's publisher phoned me and said they'd recorded my song but obviously couldn't use the title because they already had a single called "Atlantis." They told me it was going to be on the new album and asked me to give them a new title. I said "O.K., 'The Lost City.'" It was the first thing I ever wrote and I still think it sounds good. It's very melodic.

That encouraged me to write more. It does your ego a world of good. I've been writing ever since.

TP: What happened to the Roulettes?

RB: We split in 1967 after making a few records, doing backing for a few TV shows as session men, and backing a French singer named Richard Anthony who was very big in France and Italy. The strange thing was that he'd come to England to do a TV show and he'd just recorded a version of "Concrete and Clay" in French. So we did it for the TV show and we played it so much like the record he just couldn't believe it. We didn't say anything to him about having

Buster Meikle and the Daybreakers: Bernie Benson, Russ Ballard, Robert Henrit, Buster Meikle, Roy Ballard, Billy Kye.





ARGENT: Robert Henrit, Russ Ballard, Jim Rodford, Rod Argent

played on the original recording. We just said, "We've heard the record once or twice." Anyway, he was amazed and asked us to back him on a European tour. We thought it would be a great holiday, South of France and all that. We did it for four months and when we came back we sort of grew apart, not having a leader, and we knocked it on the head. That was in 1967.

TP: What did you do after the Roulettes split?

RB: I did some sessions and got into playing the guitar again.

TP: What sessions did you do?

RB: Steve Darbyshire and the Yum Yum Band. He was a guy who was about ten years ahead of his time. A showman, poet, and artist. He was great, but he wasn't making any money and he had to give it up. I played on a few of his singles for Decca. One called "Trains" and one called "That's the Reason Why." I also played on a couple of things by Honeybus. They asked me to take Pete Dello's place when he went off the road, but I didn't. I did about three other records with Unit 4+2, "Never Been in Love Like This Before" and a couple of others.

In 1968, Unit 4+2 asked Robert Henrit and me to join and we became the "Plus Two" again. I never sang with them, just played guitar and occasional piano. We made two singles together. Manfred Mann produced one, Bob Dylan's "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere."

About that time Rod Argent phoned me up and asked me to join the band he was forming and I jumped at it because I'd always liked the stuff he wrote with the Zombies. We were getting together when "Time of the Season" went to number one, which was weird.

TP: Who were you listening to at the time? British stuff?

RB: American, strangely enough. I liked Marvin Gaye, a lot of Stax stuff, Wilson Pickett, the Capitols, and the Rascals. Mainly, I liked black music. Beach Boys, too. Not the surfing stuff but later things like **Pet Sounds.**

TP: Your bands have tended to be very rock oriented rather than imitative of blacks. British sounding.

RB: Well, I was always influenced by the Beatles. Mind you, the Roulettes records were always black influenced. We made "Tracks of My Tears," "Stubborn Kind of Fellow," and other soul things. The B-sides were always Booker T and the MG's sort of things.

I remember Pete Townshend coming up to me and saying, "I've got all your singles. I buy them for the B-sides." He knew everything we'd ever done.

TP: So Argent had asked you to join...

RB: I'd always liked his songs. He was really much more of a songwriter then than a keyboard player. He was always a good keyboard player too, the solo on "She's Not There" was great, but I'd always favored his songwriting.

TP: What seems to have happened during the course of Argent was that there was much less concentration on the songs and more emphasis on soloing.

RB: That was it! It really bugged me. I joined the band because it was a songs band. Initially, Rod had played me a few songs that he'd done in a small studio and they were really nice little songs and I thought it was going to be a great band. The potential was there.

After the first two albums I still thought it was going to be great but instead of pursuing the songs we got into an instrumental thing. Sometimes on stage it would get to be ridiculous. I'd be backing Rod, plunking on chords, and he'd go into a solo for about ten minutes on one chord. I used to be bored; I don't know how the audience felt. This is why it's so great now. I can call the songs.

Buster Meikle and the Daybreakers, that was my band, I used to do all the arrangements and it was a bloody good band. This is the first band I've been in since then that I've been a leader.

TP: For a while, you and Bob Henrit seemed to be popping up as session men on everybody's albums. Sort of rent-an-Argent.

RB: Yeah. Well, around 1973 I was doing a lot because I was bored with being in Argent and I liked songs and Argent

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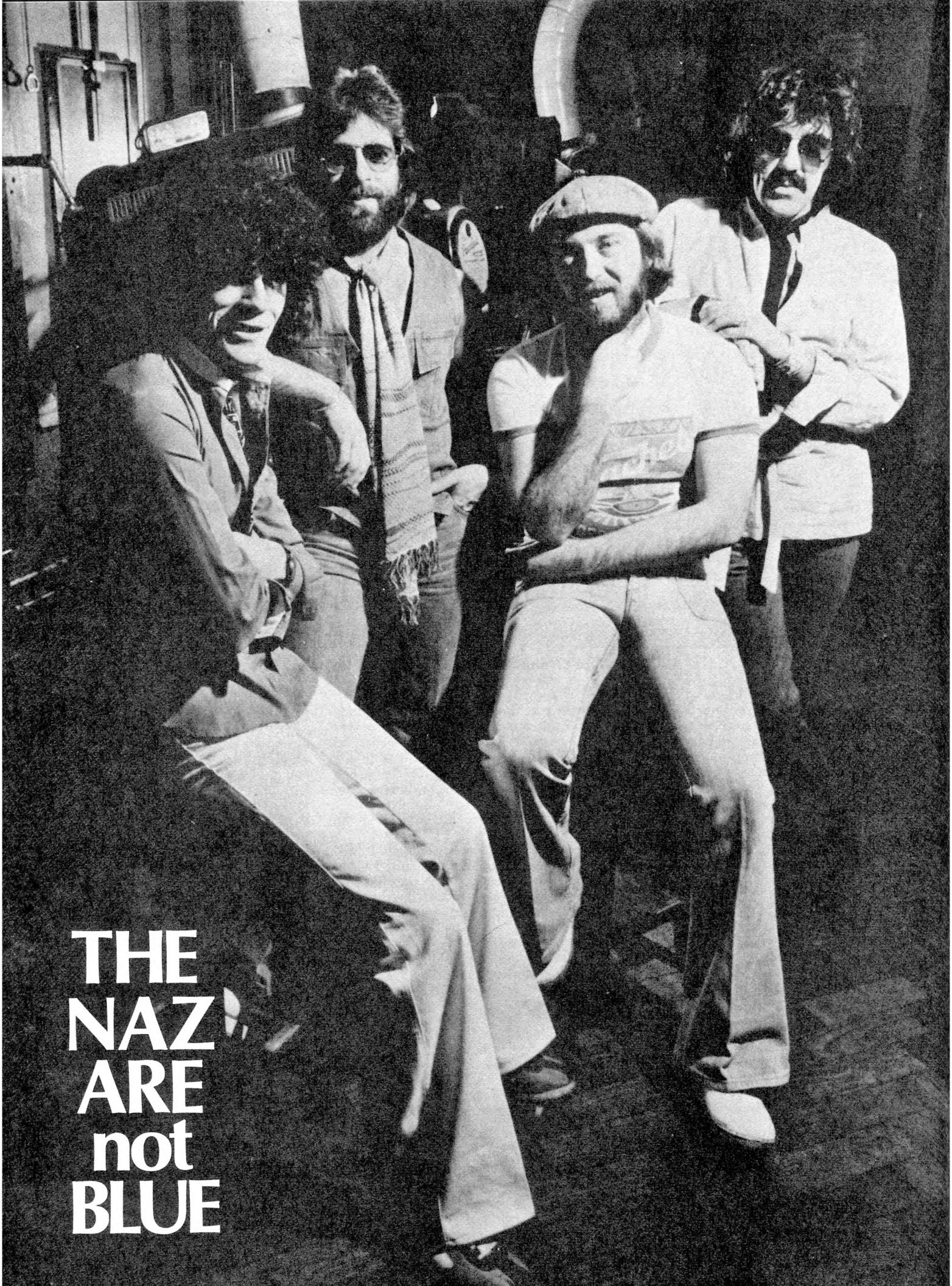

THE
NAZ
ARE
not
BLUE

Nazareth's pilgrimage from Scotland to the top of the U.S. record charts

By Jim Green

"We only came here to play
rock 'n' roll. . ."
—"Vancouver Shakedown"

So say Nazareth, and they're playing pretty tough, too. Coming off a hit single, "Love Hurts," from the solidly-charted **Hair of the Dog** LP, the band has just completed their first U.S. tour as headliners. The accompanying album, **Close Enough for Rock 'n' Roll,** peaked in the top thirty.

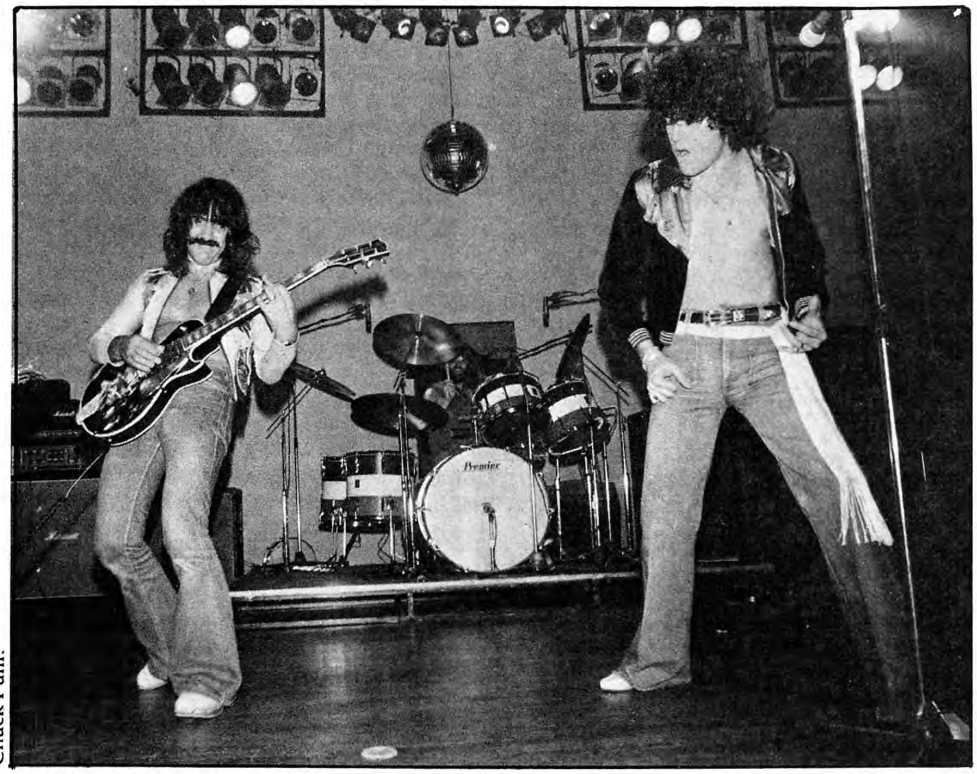
Even after consistent efforts to "break" in the States, many a game British band (including those enjoying much success at home and elsewhere abroad) has often met with little more than lukewarm record sales and second-rate concert slots; Nazareth, however, seems to be pushing through to the front in America. After seven American LPs and about as many tours, they have begun to carve a niche in the upper strata of the U.S. rock market.

Their name—"it looked good written down on paper," said guitarist Manny Charlton—was lifted from Robbie Robertson's "The Weight": "I pulled into Nazareth/I was feelin' 'bout half past dead. . ." Their journey began twelve years ago in Dunfermline, Scotland. Drummer Darrell Sweet, bassist Pete Agnew and vocalist Dan McCafferty were in a band called the Shadettes. They started out playing Presley/Berry rock 'n' roll, later incorporating "top ten stuff" for bar gigs. Dan speaking: "Our influences were Chuck Berry, then maybe the Stones. . .the Beatles, 'cause they were the first band to play really good 'song' songs, y'know?. . .It's all mixed up when you're a kid, and you're takin' it all in but you're probably not aware of all of it.

"It was a good time to be around, then. We got to see the Yardbirds, they used to come up regularly, every couple of months, the Who used to come up. . . .Before music became such a big business, most of the gigs they did were in bars and smaller halls."

An exciting local scene was developing at the same time: "We're from the east coast near Edinburgh and used to gig there and across in Glasgow, they were the two places to play. The Average White Band were all there, in different bands o' course, Marmalade, Frankie Miller, Tear Gas [the group Alex Harvey picked to be the Sensational AH Band], three-quarters of Led Zeppelin—Robert Plant and His Band of Joy. . .we all did the same gigs. . . ."

In 1969, Manuel Charlton joined up, completing the final line-up, and everything had jelled so well as to force the group into some crucial decisions. Pete had received his architect's degree, Darrell was an accountant, Manny a radio technician, and Dan an engineer. They had to choose between settling down to their straight jobs, or having a go at life in rock 'n' roll. "Music was what we really wanted to do," declares Dan, "and we had a feeling for what we were doing." So rock it was. But that in turn meant more changes. "We'd started writing our own material, and it was difficult to get jobs"—and, of course, Scotland wasn't exactly the center of the music world.



Chuck Pulir.

MANNY CHARLTON

DAN McCAFFERTY

London became their new home-base, Nazareth their new name, and after much hustling around with tapes, B & C their first label. Their first album, **Nazareth,** produced by David Hitchcock (who worked with Genesis, among others) was "basically successful" as a debut; the single from it, "Dear John" (a sprightly boogie with a touch of Zep to it), didn't do much in England but sold well in Germany. The album also included what was basically an extrapolation of Jeff Beck's arrangement of "Morning Dew."

Then came the all-too-aptly titled **Exercises,** produced by Roy Thomas Baker, who'd engineered **Nazareth.** This one was very eclectic, and featured "1692 (Glen Coe Massacre)," an extended number about a Scottish clan war debacle, replete with bagpipes and whatnot. "The first two LPs sound nervous to me now," admits Dan, "a bit tense. . .but then it's hard to be objective. It's very easy to knock them now. Still, the first had loads of real, honest-to-goodness energy. The second one I think was a bit too clever. At the time we did them, we didn't really know what we wanted to do. We treated each song as a song, whereas now we try to fit the songs to the band.

"It was like learnin' a trade, really. When we went in to record **Nazareth,** I'd never been in a studio in m'life! And when you've done your first album, you think, 'Well now, I've made it, and everyone will think it's wonderful,' and that's that. It's not like that at all."

Meanwhile, the band was gigging all over Britain and the Continent, including a tour supporting Deep Purple, who became friendly with the group. When the time came to do the band's next album, Purple bassist Roger Glover produced. "Between **Exercises** and **Razamanaz** the band really found its direction and started pullin' together; we were a lot more musical. Roger had a lot to do with the improvement on **Razamanaz.** We wanted, as opposed to just a producer, a musican to do it—someone you didn't want to have to explain things to 'cause he knew what you were talkin' about."

The result was one of the band's best and most consistent efforts, somewhat eclectic yet showing the beginnings of a distinct style developing. A slide-guitar-drenched version of Woody Guthrie's "Vigilante Man" and a super stylization of Leon Russell's "Alcatraz" (especially Dan's snazzy vocals) firmly established the Nazareth tradition of unique treatments of other people's songs. This is not, of course, to slight the band's own contributions. The title song sets a tough brassy tone, "Too Bad, Too Sad" is a pounding energy-packed rocker, and then there's "Broken Down Angel"—which might have been just a nice country tune were it not for the emphatic kick the band gives it, the quasi-anthemic

Jim Green is an editor of this magazine. He is currently looking for employment.

power that made it a hit single in England.

Loud and Proud followed. A nice side of rocking numbers, all good but none of them real grabbers, is followed by a side containing two incredible cover versions. "The Ballad of Hollis Brown" is an epic metal arrangement of the Dylan tune portraying the true story of the desolation wrought by poverty. But the absolute gem is what the band believe to be one of their best performances, their rendition of Joni Mitchell's "This Flight Tonight." "There's just something that comes off the plastic—it's hard to put your finger on it—that has some magic in it," says Dan. It became a hit in England, began the group's skein of smashes in Canada, and was not only number one in Germany but received an award for enjoying the greatest chart longevity yet there. Unfortunately, after two releases in the U.S., it's still a chart no-show. "But," contends Dan, "I still think eventually it will have its time in America."

The winds of change were beginning to blow again. "When it came to **Rampant,** we wanted to change our ideas again," Dan remembers, "and Roger didn't want us to." Dan admits to not being totally satisfied with **Rampant,** which had the band treading water. It's a solidly rocking album, but little of it makes one sit up and take notice.

With **Hair of the Dog,** released in May of last year (in England, that is—here it was this past spring), Manny stepped in to do production. "Manny's in the band and thus closer than Roger ever can be. Manny knows our limitations, when it's a good day to work, and so on. There's obviously much better rapport." Manny took some cues from Roger's production style and enlarged on them.

"Roger was also getting into a lot of other things at the time, **Butterfly Ball,** and such," reminds Dan. The parting was on good terms—"we're still mates"—and in fact Roger took up the bass chores on Dan's solo LP (which Manny produced). But more of that later.

Dog is an odd story in that it took from May '75 until last winter to come out. It's a return to the eclecticism of **Razamanaz**—unrelenting rockers like "Changin' Times" and the Free-ish "Miss Misery," awash with the acerbic guitar of Manny Charlton; then there's a slower, bluesy number, an instrumental, a dirge-like piece—and the dramatic reading of the Everly Bros. oldie, "Love Hurts," which later went on to be the band's first U.S. hit this past spring. At the time, the band passed the track up as a single release, choosing instead the title cut, an arrogant strutter which was banned by the "Beeb"—no surprise, considering the chorus is, "Now you're messin' with a son of a bitch."

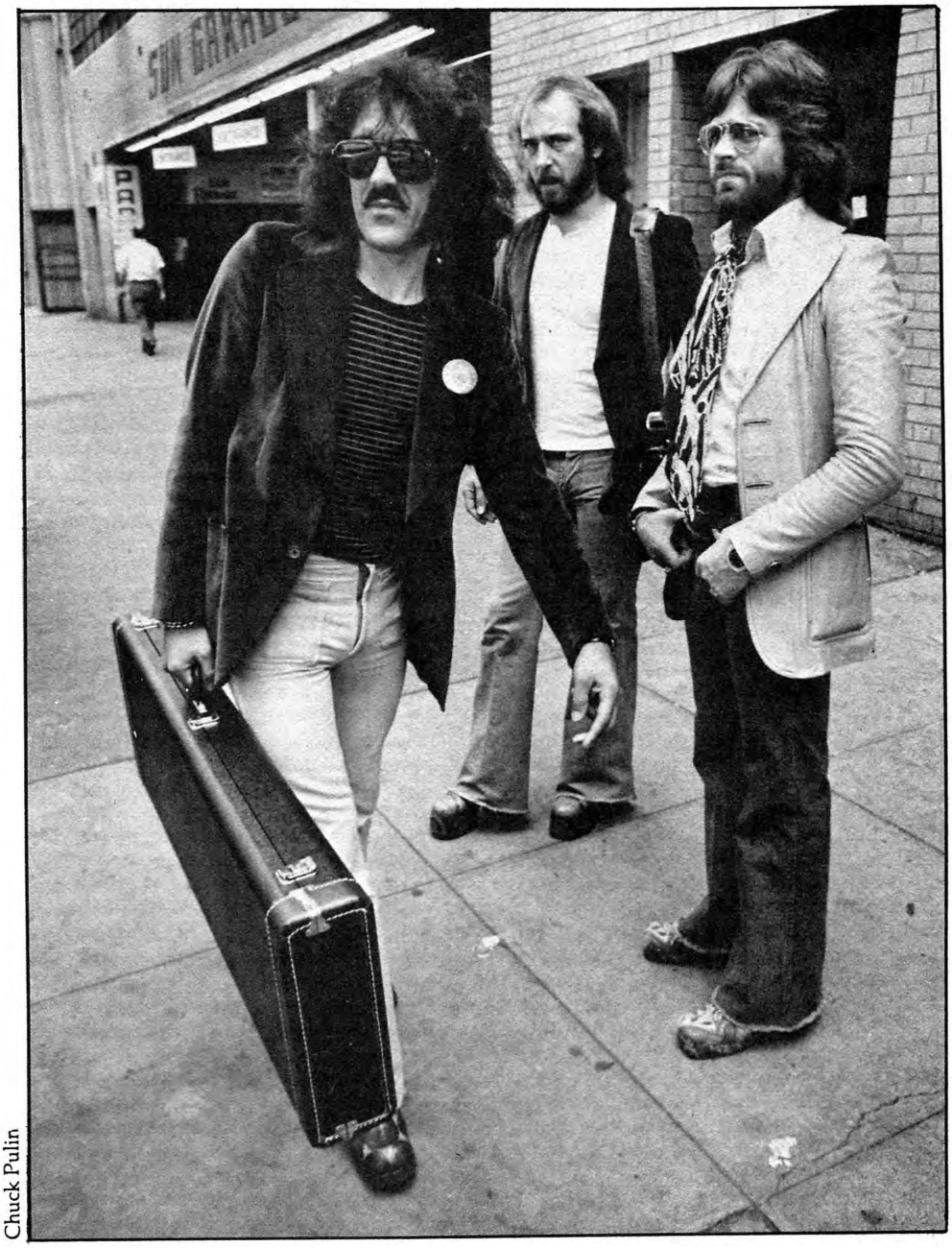
Following this rejection, the boys recorded an arrangement of that classic of English pop psychedelia, "My White Bicycle" (originally by Tomorrow, featuring pre-Yes Steve Howe), reviewed in these pages in TOTP #10. A fine version spotlighting Dan's outrageous vocals and Manny's excellent guitar, it scored in the British charts. Subsequently the band released as a single "Holy Roller," a somewhat uncharacteristic country-tinged track.

Dan recorded his solo album (**Dan McCafferty**) with a little help from his friends (including some chums from The Sensational Alex Harvey Band). This uneven LP features songs Dan wanted to sing but were not really suited to Nazareth. The low point is low—a dumb vocal-and-string-section treatment of "Stay With Me Baby"—but the highs are mighty high: a raspily-delivered "Boots of Spanish Leather," a great reggae reworking of the British pop-rock standard, "Whatcha Gonna Do 'Bout It," a topping remake of the Jagger/Richard hit for Chris Farlowe, "Out of Time," and a gut-crunching treatment of the Sam and Dave classic, "You Got Me Hummin'," featuring a smoking solo by Zal Cleminson.

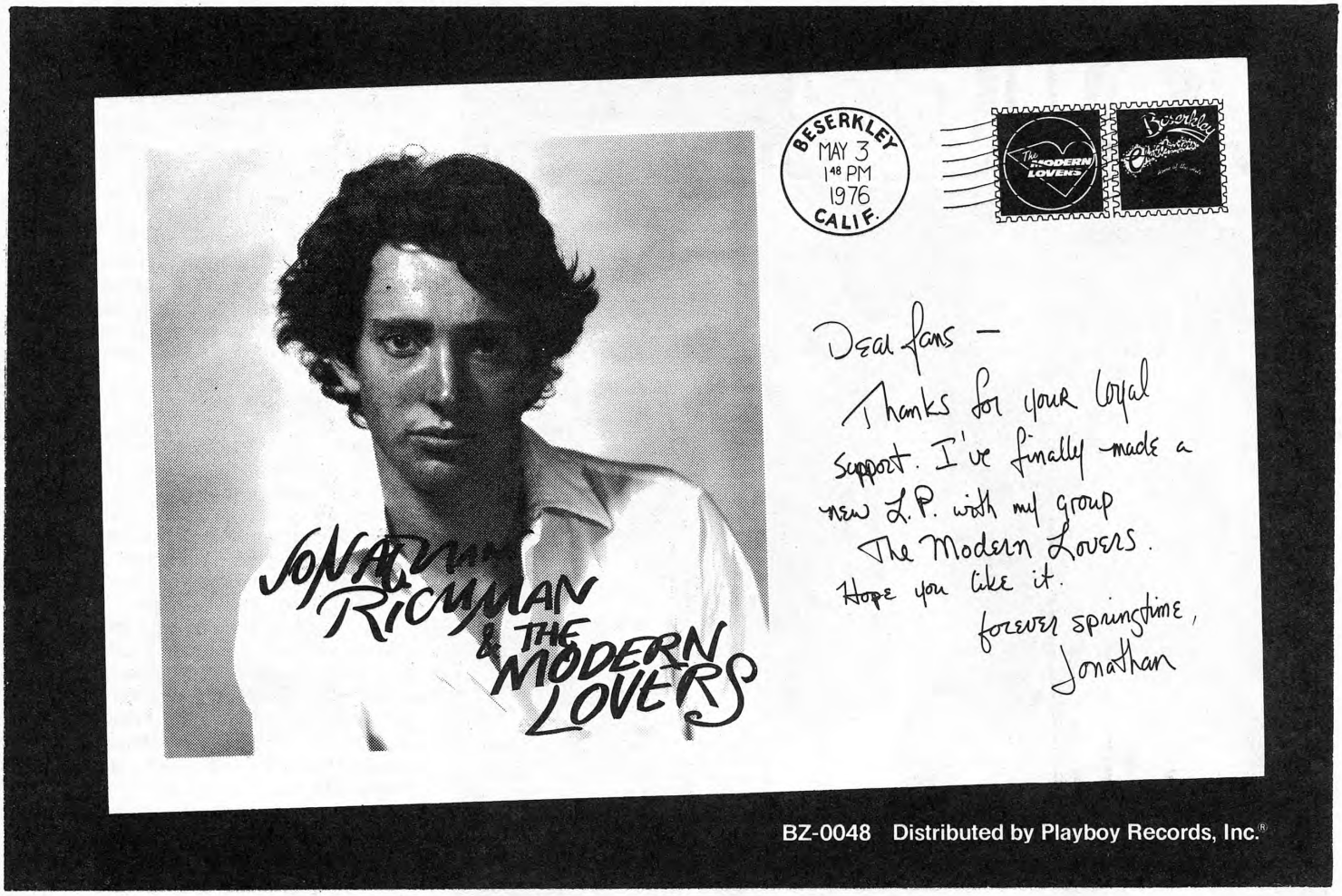
And now we have **Close Enough for Rock 'n' Roll.** The title is a phrase taken from the lead-off track, a suite called "Telegram" which portrays the trip from the notification of a tour starting to the first actual performance onstage. It includes a snatch of "So You Want to Be a Rock 'n' Roll Star" and a Sgt. Peppery end section. Hardly the sort of epic one would expect from Nazareth, it is a brilliantly-executed extension of their sound, reminiscent (if only by temporal proximity) of Queen's multi-sectioned "Bohemian Rhapsody." Dan comments that "we had done it before the Queen thing was released, and we don't plan to do any more like it unless it comes to us as naturally as this did."

Close Enough was recorded in Canada—where four of the band's LPs had just gone platinum—at Le Studio, an isolated retreat. "There's nothin' up there but a studio, and it makes you work," says Dan, and work they did. The rest of the record is strong, too. There are class-A rockers like "You're the Violin" and "Vancouver Shakedown" plus further manifestations of their increasing interest in a softer approach developed here in the hooky "Homesick Again" and

Guitarist Manny Charlton photographed seconds before being attacked by the seedy-looking characters to his left (later identified as Peter Agnew and Darrell Sweet).



Chuck Pulin



the excellent "Carry Out Feelings" with its "Cinnamon Girl" guitar and loping bass line.

"COF" is, as are many Nazareth songs, inspired by the band's travels in the States. "It's very American—take-out food, take-out furniture, we don't have that sort of thing in Scotland."

It remains to be seen how far Nazareth can carry their success, whether they'll evolve into world-beaters or recede into the ranks of the also-rans. But, judging from their work, their current ascendance seems merely to be the reaping of commensurate returns for the quality music this band turns out. What's more, the group, which values energy and a sense of fun above all, are changing and maturing. It isn't a matter of how close to musical perfection they will get; rather, so long as they maintain their integrity to themselves they'll always be close enough—close enough for rock 'n' roll.

LP's	U.S.	U.K.
NAZARETH	Warner Bros. 2615	Mountain TOPS 500
EXERCISES	Warner Bros. 2639	Mountain TOPS 103
RAZAMANAZ	A & M SP-4396	Mountain TOPS 104
LOUD AND PROUD	A & M SP-3609	Mountain TOPS 105
RAMPANT	A & M SP-3641	Mountain TOPS 106
HAIR OF THE DOG	A & M SP-4511	Mountain TOPS 107
GREATEST HITS		Mountain TOPS 108
CLOSE ENOUGH FOR ROCK 'N' ROLL	A & M SP-4562	Mountain TOPS 109

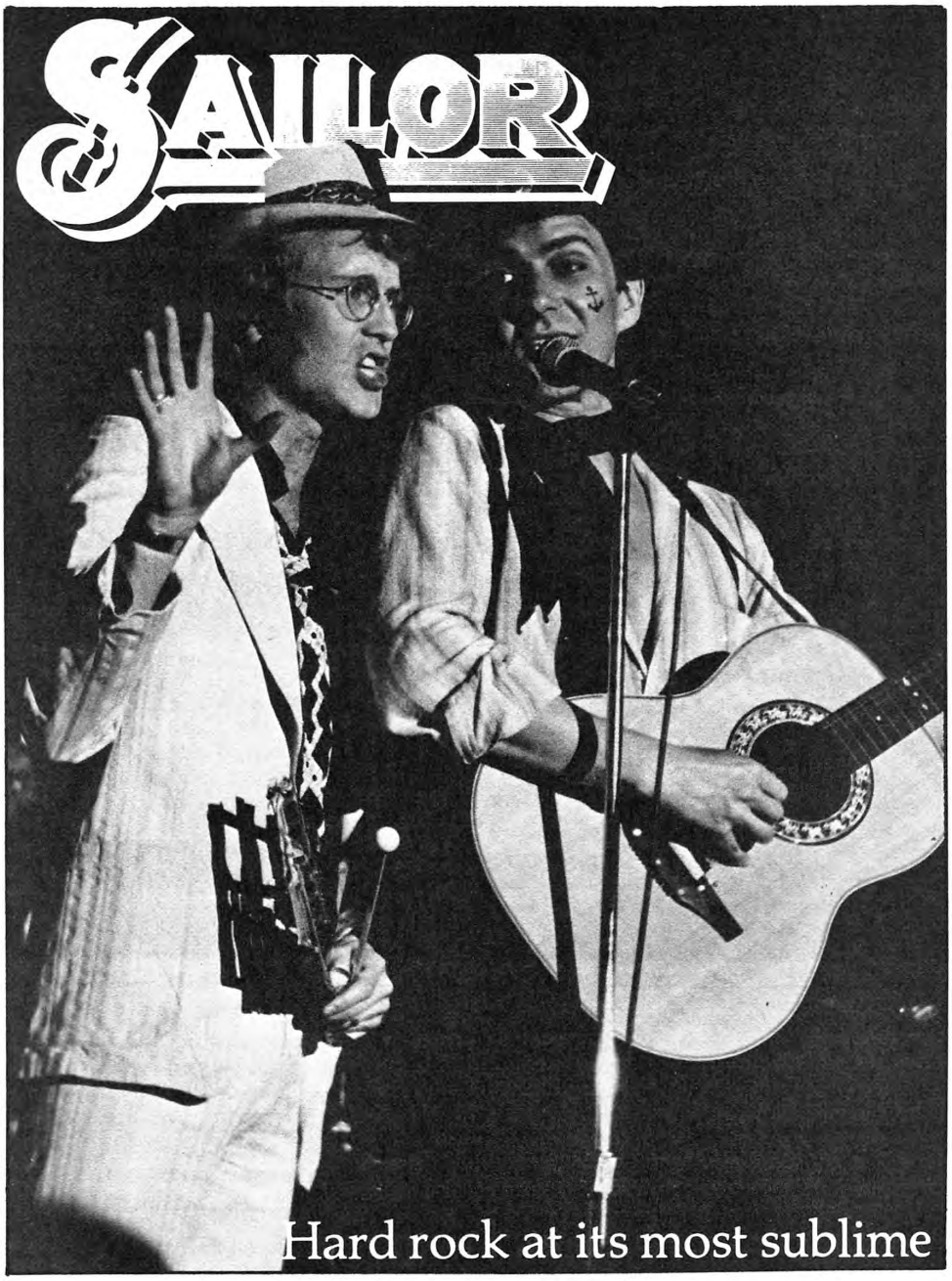
DAN McCAFFERTY

	U.S.	U.K.
LP: DAN McCAFFERTY	A & M SP-4553	Mountain TOPS 101
45's: Out of Time/ Cinnamon Girl	A & M AM-1753	Mountain TOP 1
Whatcha Gonna Do About It/Nightingale	(No U.S.)	Mountain TOP 2

NOTE: Nazareth LP #'s are the current ones; previous B & C and Mooncrest #'s have been omitted.

45's	U.S.	U.K.
Dear John/?	(No U.S.)	?
Morning Dew/?	WB 7599	(No U.K.)
If You See My Baby/Hard Living	?	Pegasus PG 55
Broken Down Angel/Hard Living	A & M AM-1453	B & C ?
Bad Bad Boy/Hard Living/Spinning Top	(No U.S.)	Mooncrest 9
Razamanaz/Bad, Bad Boy	A & M AM-1469	B & C ?
This Flight Tonight/Go Down Fighting	A & M AM-1511	?
This Flight Tonight/Sunshine	A & M AM-1548	?
Hair of the Dog/?	(No U.S.)	?
My White Bicycle/Miss Misery	(No U.S.)	Nazareth NAZ 10
Holy Roller/Railroad Boy	(No U.S.)	Mountain TOP 3
Love Hurts/Hair of the Dog	A & M AM-1671	?
Carry Out Feelings/Lift the Lid	A & M AM-1819	?

(ROCK ANGELS, German Fontana 9299 738, is the best of NAZARETH & EXERCISES.)



Linda Danna

By Ira Robbins

When the Pretty Things put a song on **Savage Eye** called "It Isn't Rock and Roll," their sarcasm missed Sailor entirely. Unlike other groups that have strayed out of rock's dominion into other areas such as classical or electronics while retaining a rock following, Sailor began life as a non-rock band appealing to a normal rock/pop audience, and has so far made only one concession to the more commercial aspect of their slight fence straddling.

There's something intangible about a group that is promoted and presented in the standard rock fashion that leads one to think of them as a standard rock group, however unfair the musicians may find that association. When queried on their self-image, Sailor's Henry Marsh admitted to the confusion that surrounds the identity (in the public's mind only) of a group that on one tour shares billing with Deep Purple's Tommy Bolin and Pink Panther's Henry Mancini, in the same city no less. When pressed for a self-made pigeon-hole, the consensus around the group runs to "good-time, European and romantic."

Unless you've heard or seen Sailor, they bear quite a bit of description for a vague image to emerge of what they sound/are like. First, some background: All four Sailors have past histories in rock bands that they care very little about discussing. The names Eclection, Gringo and Affinity come up, as does a duo album done under the name Kajanus-Pickett for Signpost Records a ways back, but details on the subject are scarce. In any case, all four had known each other and played together on and off over the years (these are no spring chickens) when Georg Kajanus (Kai-ah-nus) presented them at the end of 1973 with a tape of songs he had written in fulfillment of an idea for a red-light revue. The songs were loosely arranged around the plot of a sailor's night out on the town in some port city, and it involved booze and hookers

Henry Marsh and Georg Kajanus

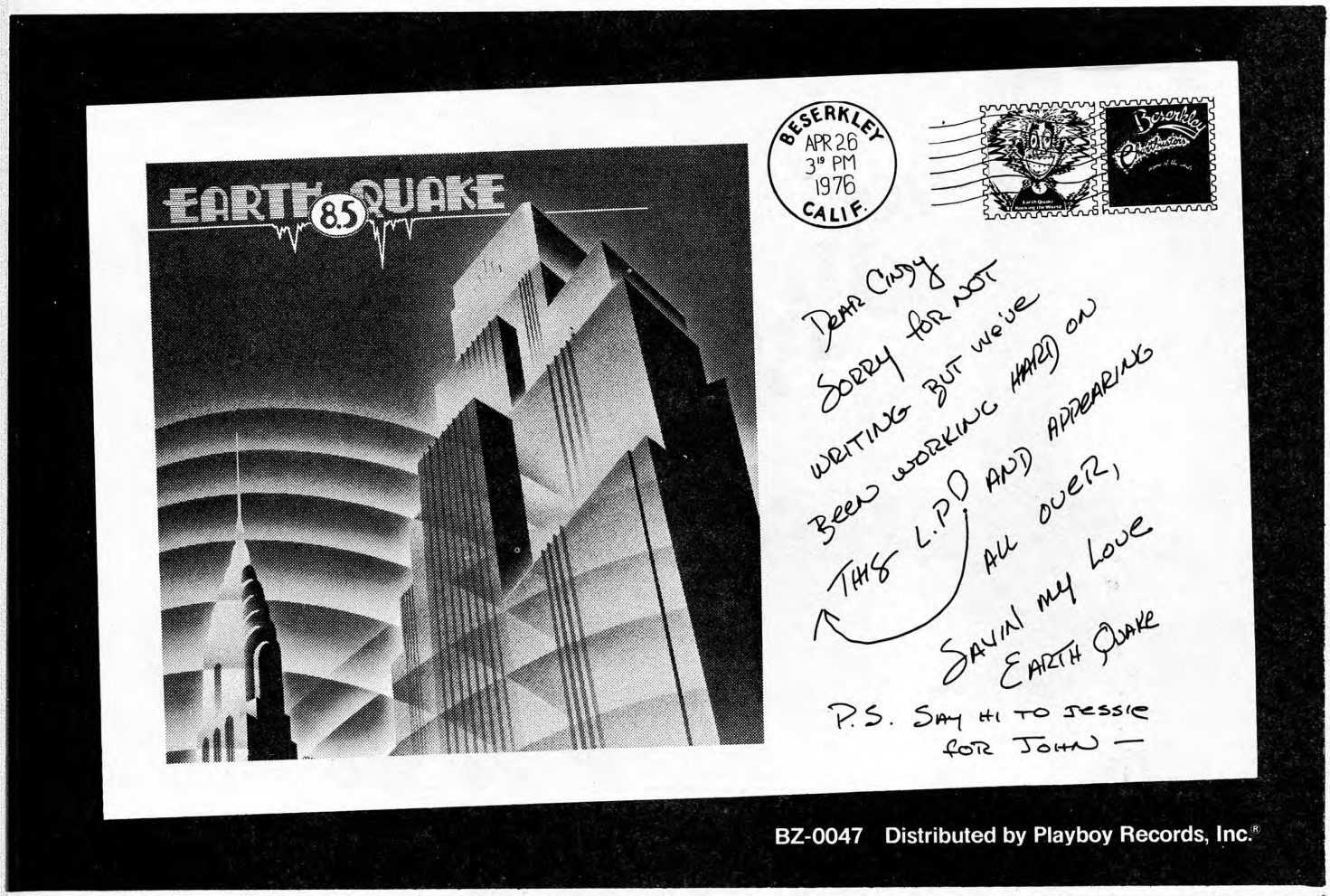
and gambling. (Things which have no bearing on the musicians—they're all straight, dignified, and extremely "ungroovy" as Georg puts it.) They enthusiastically formed around Georg's idea, and began playing colleges, clubs and other small venues, while their conception of the group evolved toward its present form. Columbia Records became interested in the idea, and their debut album was released in August of 1974. It's an entirely conceptualized production, the proper presentation of a tape which had begun the whole process a year earlier.

Apart from the novelty of their subject matter, Sailor scores in the uniqueness ratings by using some of the more esoteric non-rock instruments available to them. Although many did not appear on the first LP, the group has recorded with almost as many instruments as Thunderclap Newman: nickelodeon, guitarron, accordian, charango, Veracruzana harp and others not so familiar to rock listeners.

The **Sailor** album mixes Chevalier with schmaltzy Kinks to create a cabaret sound that holds hands with Manhattan Transfer and Rupert Holmes (who arrived in time to be associate producer of **Trouble**). Songs like "The Girls of Amsterdam," "The Street," "Let's Go To Town," and "Sailor's Night On the Town" all cover various romanticized aspects of putting one's ship into port (as it were) with no further meaning intended. Admittedly, it's a bit off the wall but enjoyable for its own merits. Strangely, the song that was released and became somewhat successful in Britain was "Traffic Jam," a musical history of the automobile that does not pertain to the album's main theme. The group's next release was a re-recording of "Sailor," excised of a few naughty words for the benefit of all the mummy's daughters listening to the BBC.

In the meantime, the group became very popular in England and various parts of Europe, where audiences got used to the novelty, and became entranced in the jovial fantasy. America's reaction was, in terms of debut album sales, reserved. After all, English dance hall music is rather, how do you say, English—Americans have little nostalgia for George Formby and Max Bygraves.

Sailor were doing well in England, but not as well as they might, so some bright soul at CBS suggested that Georg write something a bit more commercial than Sailor's normal fare. Obeying his better instincts, Georg was, as he put it, "a very good boy," and knocked off an admittedly crass bit of fluff, loosely (well, not so loosely) arranged around Roxy Music's "Virginia Plain." A cute little ditty with strange synthesizer and bizarre harmonies, it became, with no prodding, a number one single in Britain, firmly establishing themselves as an explosive pop band with a great future on the singles chart. Unfortunately, Sailor is neither a pop group nor has any interest in being one exclusively. The group's second album helped avoid typecasting them, for kids who bought the



45 and then the album, **Trouble**, heard the group's choice of material, which makes no concessions to commerciality—it fares well with the first album, although the production is lusher. In order to put the Sailor image right to the single-buying public, the group released another song from **Trouble** this past March. "Girls, Girls, Girls" sounds more like Sparks' "Looks, Looks, Looks" than anything else, but maybe you'd have to have been born in the forties to understand. In any case, nobody is typecasting Sailor anymore. They appear, from the smallish repertoire of two albums, to be capable of anything strange and pleasant. Their stage act is happy and off-the-cuff, with perhaps a bit too much Oscar Brand/Burl Ives for me. However, Sailor can and should be seen and enjoyed by everyone. Just don't expect Marshall stacks and smoke machines. They're not that sort.



SAILOR DISCOGRAPHY

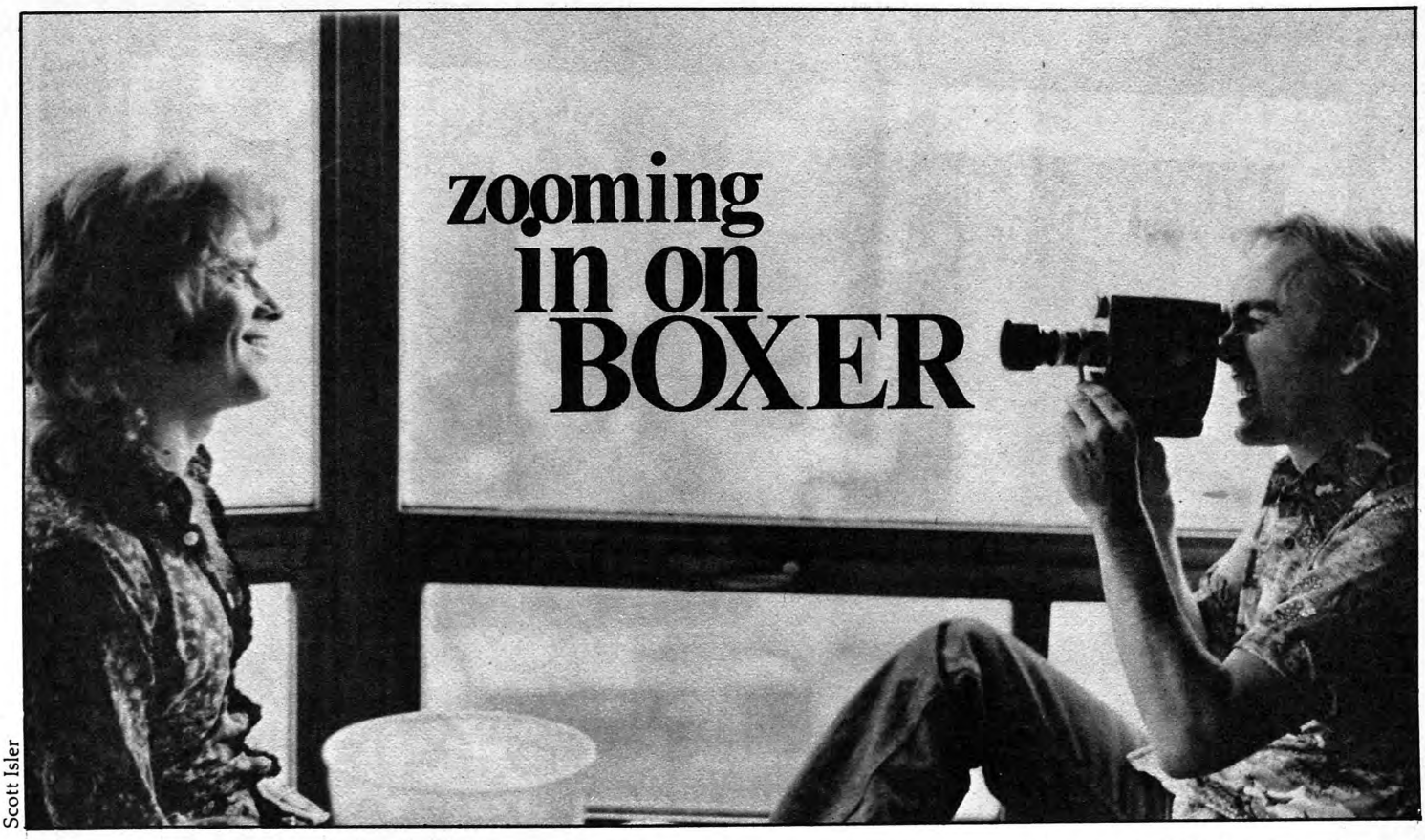
	U.K.		U.S.
SAILOR	Epic 803[illegible]	[illegible]/74	Epic 33248
Traffic Jam/Harbour	Epic 2[illegible]	8/74	Epic 50094
Sailor (not LP version)/Open [illegible] The Door	Epic 3[illegible]	3/75	—
Glass of Champagne/Panama	Epic 3770	11/75	Epic 50194
TROUBLE	Epic 69192	11/75	Epic 34039
Girls Girls Girls/Jacaranda	Epic 3858	3/76	Epic 50229

TPP LIVES!

Contrary to last issue's prognosis, there are still copies of both Trouser Press Press issues available:

TPP 1 - The Complete Yardbirds Story: 8 pages reprinted from an early TP series on the Clapton, Beck, and Page eras. Positively the finest piece ever done on the subject. 50¢

TPP 2 - Definitive Who Discography: 12 pages of singles/albums/films/guest shots/cover versions/U.S./U.K./Dutch/other. Still unrivaled. With exclusive photos. $1



Scott Isler

zooming in on BOXER

Mike Patto, Ollie Halsall, and Keith Ellis describe the paths that led them into the ring.

Interview by Ira Robbins

After discovering the group Patto on late-night FM radio several years ago, it was depressing to learn a few months later that the group had broken up. However, since then it has been interesting to watch the two main figures of the group, Mike Patto and Ollie (Pete) Halsall, go through various musical periods. Mike spent time with Spooky Tooth, and Ollie played guitar for Kevin Ayers, Tempest and Grimms as a sessioner and sideman. In the past year, after a brief reformation of Patto, Ollie and Mike got back together in a new group which they dubbed Boxer. The other members are Tony Newman on drums and Keith Ellis on bass.

Since the history of Patto as a group has been extensively discussed in an earlier Trouser Press story (issue #7) by Ben Richardson, we'll leave that out here. What does concern us is pre- and post-, areas in which all four Boxers have rich knowledge. As we were only able to interview Mike, Ollie and Keith, they're the focus, but in terms of experience that should be enough. We'll start at the beginning, with Patto.

TP: I have you down with a group called the Bluebottles in 1963.

MP: Shit a brick! How the hell did you know that one?

TP: There are others. But tell us about the Bluebottles.

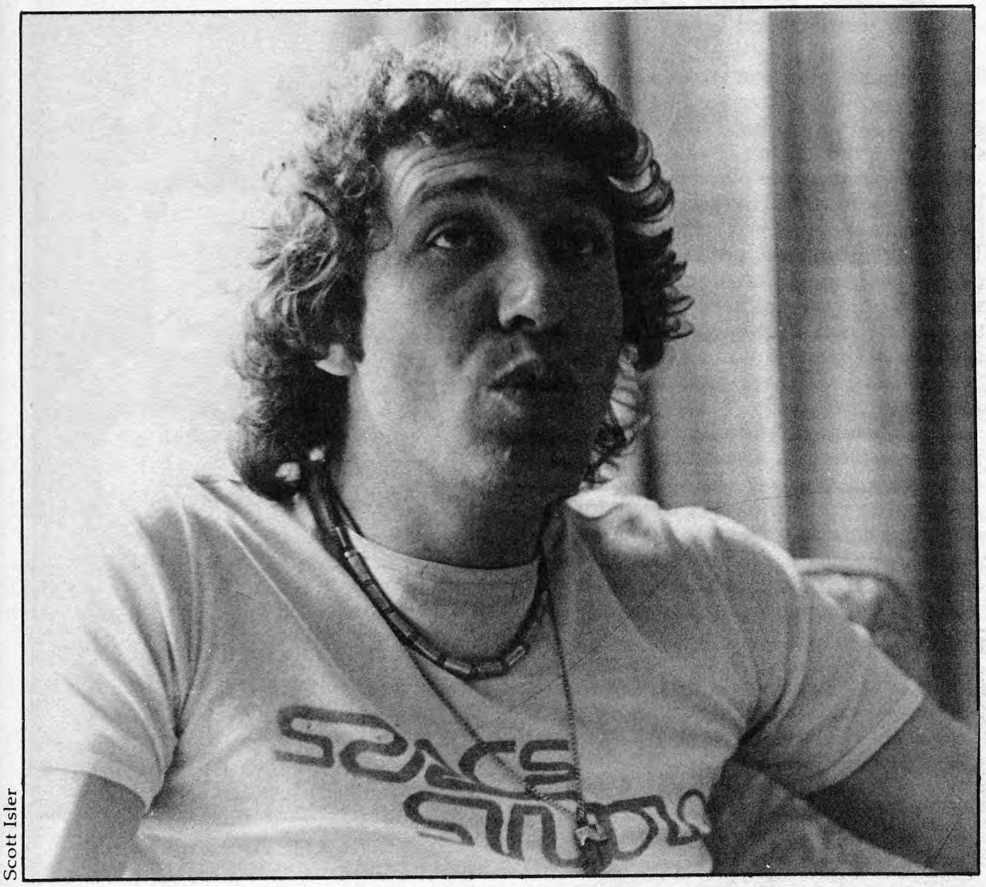
MP: That was the group I turned professional with. It was a rhythm and blues band. We used to back Graham Bond before he formed his group with Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker. He used to travel up to Norfolk (where I lived) in an old ambulance that had an organ in the back. The Bluebottles played like Georgie Fame, Zoot Money Big Roll Band—that era. We had an organ in the band as opposed to a rhythm guitarist. After the Bluebottles broke up, there was a guy called Jack Barry who managed a guy called Boz who now plays with a little skiffle group called Bad Company. He sent me to London to cut a record and take it to Robert Stigwood's office. I sat outside this glass wall while they played and talked about the record. I was getting really nervous because there were all these stars walking around. After a while, Jack Barry poked his head round the door and asked if I'd fancy compering (emceeing) at rock concerts. I got real mad and started shouting about my music, but when he told me it paid 100 pounds a week I decided I could compere, sure. There was this great tour—I'm so pleased I did it—because I used to open up with three songs before anyone knew I was the compere. The bill was Chuck Berry, Moody Blues (who hit number one with "Go Now" the first week we were on the tour), Long John Baldry's Hoochie Coochie Men, Graham Bond Organization, and this band called Jimmy Powell's Five Dimensions, except that Jimmy Powell split. [Note—Rod Stewart had been in the Dimensions, but left before the tour in question. The group released two singles on Pye in 1964.] They were backing Chuck Berry and they also backed me for the first three numbers. After the tour I went and lived with the Moody Blues who had this big pad. I met the Beatles there—they used to come around and swim in the pool, get stoned. After that, I went up to Norfolk to spend some time with my folks because I'd run out of money. The Bo Street Runners offered me a gig—they were doing well on the R&B scene. Tim Hinkley [Jody Grind, Vinegar Joe and Humble Pie] was the organist—he saw me when we supported them—I was in a band called the News that was originally called the Continentals—we wore red jackets. Tim dubbed me Norfolk's Chris Farlowe, and got me into the Runners. He wasn't an original, but he was the only one that could play. The rest of them were just past the skiffle three-chord stage, but since they'd won the Ready Steady Go TV contest for amateurs in 1964, they were getting work. After that, I formed a band with Viv Prince [see the Pretty Things in TP #13] called Patto's People. It had Tim Hinkley and Louis Cennamo on bass and a trumpet player called Mike Fellana, a Nigerian cat who played with Graham Bond. This was around the end of '65 or early '66. After two months we sat down and very deliberately named ourselves the Chicago Line Blues Band. We did pretty well, but one day we stopped at a traffic light and Viv Prince got out and

said, "That's it, I've had enough. No hard feelings." Then I took up an occupation that I'd always wanted to do—I sang with a London Youth Jam Orchestra. We used to do songs that Mel Tormé or Joe Williams did.

TP: How did you meet Ollie?

MP: He was in Timebox, and they needed a singer. They'd had this black American dude who was stationed in England on an air base. They were on stage one night, and he got taken away by the MP's. They needed a singer and John Gee, who managed the Marquee on Wardour Street, dug me. He was a Frank Sinatra freak and I was a rocker who was singing with big bands. He figured I had integrity. He got them (Timebox) to come see me sing with LYJO, which was a 24-piece big band. I got the gig, and the group trotted along merrily for about two years. We even had a hit single with a Four Seasons cover called "Beggin'." Decca kept giving us these demos of songs, telling us what our next single was. We protested, but they kept telling us that we were young and if we had three or four hits their way, then we could go off and play our far-out stuff. When we did that, we got promoters saying "You're nothing like your records—what the hell am I booking you for?" Then the organist left. I was out in the cafe having lunch and Muff Winwood came over and said that the group was now called Patto. The explanation, according to Muff, as to why the group's name was Patto was that every European country could pronounce it. All the other guys' names were too hard to say. Patto went on for four years. When it became Patto, Ollie switched from vibes to guitar. He'd never played guitar before. There's a fourth Patto album that was never released, called **Monkey's Bum**. It was done after the '72 tour with Cocker. When Ollie and I break through IN A BIG WAY (snicker) Island will put it out. Two-and-a-half years after Patto broke up, it reformed to play some benefit concerts for the family of one of our road managers who was killed in Pakistan.

Spooky Tooth was my next band. I joined with Keith Ellis who had been with Bobby Whitlock in America. We had a day-and-a-half's rehearsal. On the first tour I had idiot cards with the lyrics printed on them pasted all over the stage. Gary Wright wanted me to do a Mike Harrison impression. Me and Gary didn't get along too well. I did about six tours and an album, **The Mirror**, in the year I was with them. It was getting to be a good band until I tried to sack Gary Wright. He tried to sack me—he told everyone that I was the wrong image for the band. They came down to my hotel room and said "Gary wants us to fire you." I said, "Let's go fire him!" I was writing songs that didn't fit his idea of old Spooky Tooth songs. They wouldn't take any change. After I left Spooky Tooth I was broke, so I ended up working as head of promotion for my manager's [Nigel Thomas] record company—Good Ear. That's what I was doing when Ollie and Tony came to see me about putting something together. They'd both been playing with Kevin Ayers. We tried out bass players—Greg Ridley didn't work at all, so we got Keith, and that's how Boxer started.



Scott Isler

MIKE PATTO remembers things past.

Having followed Patto up to date, we turned our attentions to Keith Ellis, another figure of long historical note who doesn't look his age. Ollie, who had lost interest in hearing Patto retell his tale somewhere around the Bluebottles, was sitting on the windowsill, trying out a new movie camera /toy on some buildings across the street. We start the story in late 1965.

TP: You were in the Koobas, weren't you?

KE: Yeah. We did the last UK Beatles' tour with them. We were just starting out and I was 18. We had a single out that got to 19 or so. We did more and more singles and more tours, and gradually decelerated. We were sitting around one day—we'd just done our only album (on EMI)—and we realized there was no point in continuing. We finished the album, then we finished the band. I went off and joined Van der Graaf. This was 1968.



KEITH ELLIS

The town I come from is really small. There were only two bands in the town—we were the Thunderbeats, and the other was the Midnighters. We took the guitar players out of the other band, and me and the drummer from my band and formed the Kubas. The name was later changed to Koobas, when it was decided that the double "o" would be good for designs.

Van der Graaf was a progressive revue band at University. They used a typewriter for performing some songs. My job was to turn them into an electric band. I did that for about a year, but it seemed like nothing was happening at all, so I quit that. I was only on **Aerosol Grey Machine**. Then I

went into Juicy Lucy. I did that for about two years. After that, I met Bobby Whitlock. I was with him—including rehearsing, playing and recording—for about two years. Then I was refused entry at Toronto, so the band broke up because I couldn't get back into America. I went to England, played around with various people, then went into Spooky Tooth, which is where I met Patto. Spooky Tooth, well, Gary Wright didn't suit me at all. I didn't like meeting him at breakfast. I'd stagger down after like two hours' sleep, and he'd be sitting there playing with his beads and talking about his weird dreams. Grrr! When Spooky Tooth finished, I moved to L.A.

Well, with Patto working for a record company and Keith living in L.A., things were just about ready for the formation of Boxer, a job credited to Ollie and Tony Newman, who'd played together in Kevin Ayers' band. Ollie, who's not nearly the talker that Mike and Keith are, took a few questions to get started. We tried to cover as much ground as possible but it got rather hopeless.

TP: How did Boxer get started?

OH: I was working with Tony and we got Mike to put the backbone together with us. I didn't know what kind of band it was going to be. When I was on the road in Europe with Kevin, I used to joke with Zoot Money about how incredible it would have been with Patto singing. Zoot was the keyboard player, Tony the drummer, and Rick Wills the bassist.

TP: What was your first group?

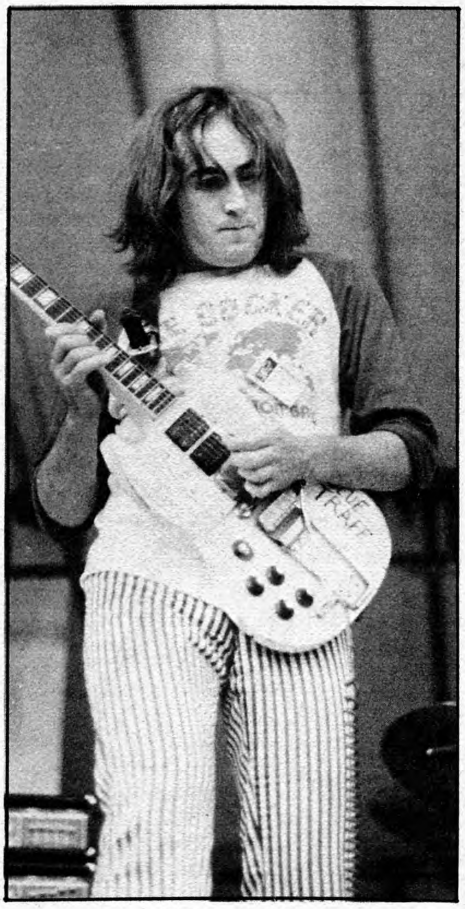
OH: It was called Pete and the Pawnees. I played drums. Then we were called the Gunslingers. I was in one called the Music Students. I was in Rhythm & Blues, Incorporated. That leads up to about 1964.

TP: When did you go semi-professional or pro?

OH: I started semi-pro at the age of 13, playing drums, and went professional when I got out of art school, at sixteen. We formed a band called Take Five, after which I went to Timebox. Clive Griffiths, the bass player, asked me to play vibes, which I'd never played before. I practiced on strips of paper until I got vibes, then I listened to Milt Jackson records and copied solos. When the singer we had got picked up by the MPs for being a deserter, I had to start doing the singing. I was a seventeen-year-old, vibraphone-playing, singing twit. We were desperate to get a singer, and Patto just appeared. We got along real well. That band developed, until we got a record contract. Then we chased a hit single for a while. We did a lot of hard work—we used to rehearse in a cinema that our manager owned. We used to write a lot.

TP: How did you get involved with Ayers?

OH: I was in AIR London studios, working on the Tempest album, and Kevin was there also. I was just sitting around, and Gerry Bron had his pocket calculator out, fooling around. Kevin came down the corridor and asked if there was a guitarist in the house. He needed a solo put on a song ("Didn't Feel Lonely Till I Thought of You") on the **Dr. Dream** album. When he got his band together, we did the English tour, and then the June 1, 1974 concert and album. With Ayers, I had to hang back until the last number, when I'd do this routine—I had a rope attached to the guitar, and I used to swing it around my head, and drag it across the stage and do all this stuff to generally wreck it. The song was "Stranger In Blue Suede Shoes." It was pretty frustrating playing with him because I had to hold back so much of the time—I was just doodling about. It's something I'm good at—I can play melodically. The thing I haven't mastered yet is a high energy thing where I can perform solos and chord work more spontaneously. That's the direction I want to go in. I can play nice licks on solos, sure, but my musical direction is this band.



Ron Gott

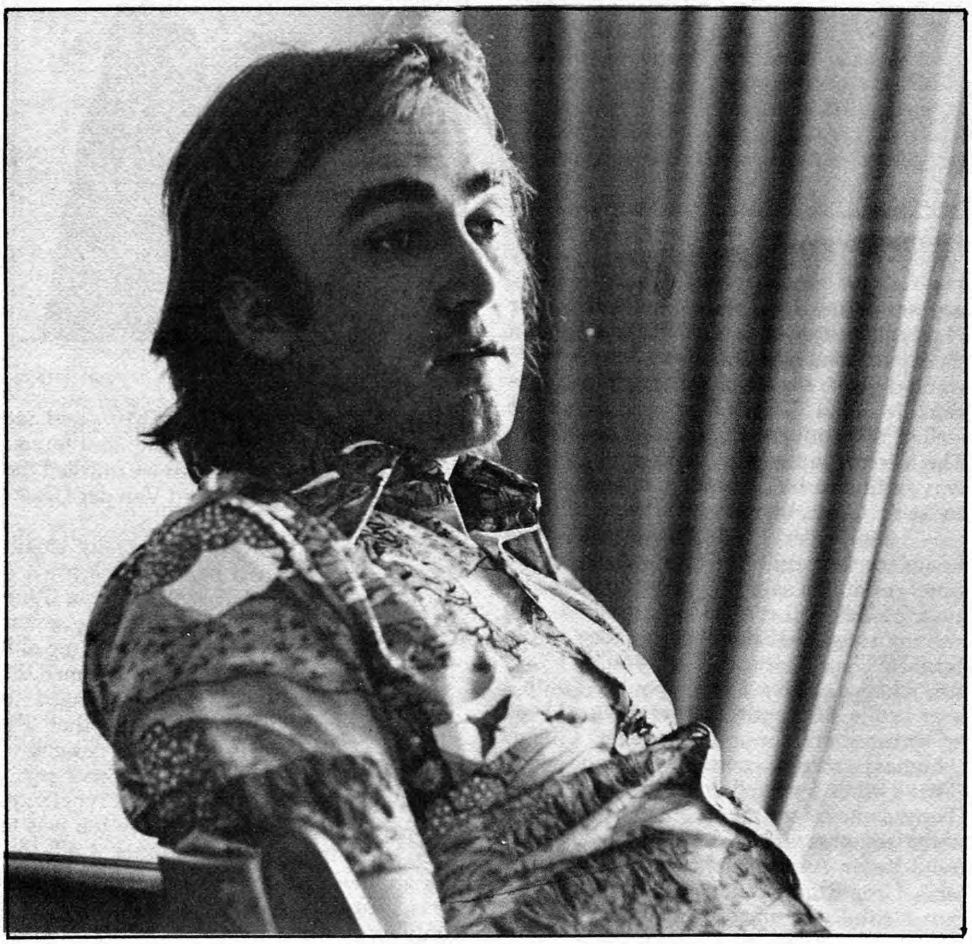
OLLIE HALSALL

TP: How did you like playing with Grimms?

OH: It was the same thing as Kevin Ayers, only ten times worse. They're all so cynical. They asked me to play like Jimi Hendrix. They asked me to play as though I were a policeman, or a carpet salesman. You can do it because it's easy to do, but I could never let go.

TP: What about the future of Boxer?

OH: We're going to start writing the second album; we've already got three songs together. I won't do sessions anymore. It's like being a plumber. They get you in to patch up a track.



Scott Isler

OLLIE HALSALL

Rock Write-In

In the interests of a more responsive Trouser Press we are conducting this survey in order to find out a bit about you. This past year has brought more new readers than we've ever had before and we'd rather not be in the dark as to who our audience is and what you want to see in the Trouser Press. By compiling the results of this poll, we can make adjustments by reducing things you don't want to see and increasing things you do. So we'd really appreciate your taking the time to give us your opinion and help us make some decisions for the future. Every response will be considered, so please fill this silly thing out and then play arts and crafts games with sending it to us.

Answer as many (all is best) questions as you care to. Name and address are not absolutely necessary, just your city will do. Please remember, penmanship and spelling do count.

1. Age_____
2. Sex_____
3. City and State you live in_____
4. Which was the first issue of TP you got? #_____
5. Where did you get it?
   - ☐ Record Store
   - ☐ Newsstand
   - ☐ Bookstore
   - ☐ Subscription
   - ☐ Friend
6. Do you subscribe to TP? ☐ Yes ☐ No
7. Do you subscribe or regularly read any of the following?
   - ☐ Circus
   - ☐ Creem
   - ☐ Crawdaddy
   - ☐ Gig
   - ☐ Guitar Player
   - ☐ Hit Parader
   - ☐ Melody Maker
   - ☐ New Musical Express
   - ☐ Phonograph Record
   - ☐ Punk
   - ☐ Rock Scene
   - ☐ Rolling Stone
   - ☐ Zigzag
   - ☐ WPTB
8. Which are your five favorite groups or people?
   _____
   _____
   _____
   _____
   _____
9. About how many albums do you buy a month?
   U.S._____
   Imports_____
10. How much does rock'n'roll mean to you?
    - ☐ Not a whole lot
    - ☐ It's good to dance to
    - ☐ Enough
    - ☐ Too Much
    - ☐ More than a close relative
    - ☐ Everything
11. How many people read your copy of TP?_____
12. How much time do you spend reading a copy of TP?
    - ☐ Less than an hour
    - ☐ One - two hours
    - ☐ More than two hours
13. Take a guess at how many people read TP.
    - ☐ Around 5,000
    - ☐ Around 10,000
    - ☐ Around 15,000
    - ☐ Around 20,000
14. Which type of articles do you prefer? (Tick two)
    - ☐ Detailed histories
    - ☐ Q & A Interviews
    - ☐ Profiles of new groups
    - ☐ Features with some history
    - ☐ Record reviews
    - ☐ Editorials
15. Of the above list, which two do you least like?
    _____
    _____
16. Which is most important to you?
    - ☐ More pictures
    - ☐ More articles
    - ☐ Longer articles
17. Are you interested in reading about NY bands? ☐ Yes ☐ No
18. Do you use the auction ads for either buying or selling?
    ☐ Yes ☐ No
19. Do you find discographies:
    - ☐ Useful
    - ☐ Interesting
    - ☐ Horrible
20. Which do you find more important in an article?
    - ☐ Facts
    - ☐ Entertainment
21. How would you rate the writing in TP?
    - ☐ Horrible
    - ☐ Alright
    - ☐ Sometimes very good
    - ☐ Always very good
22. Would you buy an album because of a record review in TP?
    - ☐ Never
    - ☐ Maybe
    - ☐ Only if it's by a certain writer
    - ☐ Certainly
23. Do you find the singles reviews:
    - ☐ Useful
    - ☐ Interesting
    - ☐ Frustrating
    - ☐ None of the above
24. Would you buy TP even if none of the articles were about groups you like? ☐ Yes ☐ No
25. How influential is the cover to your buying TP?
    - ☐ Very
    - ☐ Some
    - ☐ Not at all
26. Comments, suggestions, complaints, praise, etc.:
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    _____
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Donovan, Vol. 2 - before he turned cosmicaze: "Ballad of a Crystal Man," "Jersey Thursday," "War Drags On," nine more.

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THE ROY HARPER AUTODISCOGRAPHY

By Dave Schulps

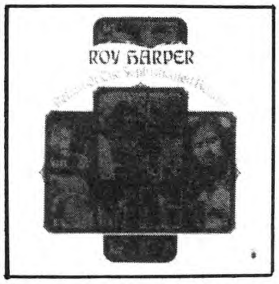
For someone who has been an important and influential force on the British music scene for as long as Roy Harper, it's amazing that he has managed to stay almost totally unknown in America for so long. Especially when you realize that such Harper friends and admirers as Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd, and Ian Anderson have not only appeared on Harper's albums, but have joined him for concerts and readily acknowledged his influence as well. Zeppelin, of course, long ago recorded their tribute, "Hats Off To (Roy) Harper," and Floyd have acknowledged Roy by letting him do the lead vocals on "Have A Cigar" from **Wish You Were Here.**

Roy Harper is a strange character, no doubt about it. He has recorded nine albums, all full of idiosyncracies and ever-shifting musical styles. Maybe that is why Harper has never become the big name that many of his contemporaries have. He is hard to classify. His vision is unique. He is sometimes brilliant, and just as often I find him incredibly hard to take. Naive in some ways, visionary in others, but incredibly committed to his views either way.

Since he began recording, Harper has travelled the well-trod road from acoustic "folkie" to electric band member. On his recent tour of America, his first, he was backed by a three-piece band made up of guitarist Robert Johnson (ex-Entwistle's Ox), bassist Dave Cochran (ex-Sharks), and drummer Walter Polk. The band's performance at the Bottom Line in New York was outstanding, the majority of the numbers performed coming from Roy's newest album, **When An Old Cricketer Leaves The Crease** (also known as **HQ** to Europeans and import collectors alike). If there was any problem it was created by the inaudibility of many of Harper's lyrics due to the loudness of the band's output, but it was hard to be dissatisfied with the excellent high-energy rock they were producing.

Anyway, it was great to finally see Harper performing on an American stage. It was a shame he wasn't able to do a longer set, but as a first taste it was delicious. The week of the shows Trouser Press got to speak with Harper at Chrysalis' New York office. We thought it would be interesting to hear Harper's evaluation of his own records, sort of the artist-as-reviewer, figuring it might be interesting in checking out the man's recorded works, all of which are still available as imports. We present, then, a Roy Harper discography as annotated by Roy Harper.

Dave Schulps is an editor of this magazine.



Sophisticated Beggar, Strike, 1966. Later reissued as **The Return Of The Sophisticated Beggar,** Birth RAB 3, 1970 (Britain only):

"'Goldfish' was the first song I ever wrote. It's a nice album, I like it. I was in my middle twenties, but some of the songs were quite old, written in my teens.

"In a strange way, it's a lighter record than any of the others. What I should do, probably, is rerecord all of these songs with really sophisticated production. I think it would be an incredible record. It might be a hit because it's where the majority of people's heads are at right now. For me though, it's ten years ago. People would get off on these songs, but I'm not sure I'd want to do them. I'm much more into writing now. I love writing, I couldn't exist without it.

"The title track was a song I used to sing on the streets. I sang in the streets for years...this record was recorded inside two days. There are some good songs on here, though, in fact there are three which I still can play, which is more than I can say for some of the other albums. I've redone 'Forever' and 'Legend' on later albums."



Come Out Fighting Ghengis Smith, CBS 63184, 1969 (Britain only):

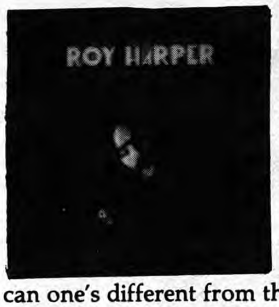
"This one's the skeleton in the cupboard. It's a horrible record. After the euphoria of making my first album, seeing myself on a record for the first time and everybody commenting on it, etc., it came as a letdown. Actually, the first one's no better in quality than the average bootleg. It is a bootleg, more or less, and it's always been bootlegged.

"This second record was written in a period of about two weeks, during which time I smoked an awful lot of dope and just wrote and wrote and wrote and never stopped to look at it. I slapped it all on this record. It came out and I was quite pleased with it, but I'm not these days.

"There was one song that became very popular in England around 1970 called 'You Don't Need Money,' but honestly, I don't know any of these songs anymore. This record was really where I departed from the little songs into the larger stuff, which I much prefer. I'll probably go back to doing shorter ones eventually, but I do hate this record. It's pretentious on a level that none of the others are."



Linda Danna



Folkjokeopus, Liberty SLS 50373, 1969 (original out-of-print, now reissued in Britain). U.S. World Pacific WPS21888, 1969 (out-of-print):

"The American one's different from the original British on two songs, 'Zaney Janey' and 'Ballad of A Songwriter.' I don't even know what those songs are. They're obviously pieces of stuff I did on tape that I've not heard since. What you have on the British copy is my long instrumental, 'One For All,' which is my instrumental peak. I could have gone off and become more of an instrumental performer. The song's been lost for all intents and purposes because the English album went out of print and was re-released in the form of an American album. The original English album is now rare, a collector's item, and it's by far the better record.

" 'She's The One' might make a good single now. 'McGoohan's Blues,' which is the main composition on the album, was sandwiched between two funnies, 'Exercising Some Control' and 'Mañana.' I've used that technique again on the new album where I had 'Grownups Are Just Silly Children' following 'The Game' and 'The Spirit Lives.' It serves to alleviate some of the heaviness.

" 'Sergeant Sunshine' was written about a cop in San Francisco who sat on the steps of City Hall and smoked a joint. He got sacked from the San Francisco P.D. and did some time, but all the freaks used to call him 'Sergeant Sunshine.' "



Flat Baroque And Berserk, Harvest SHVL 766, 1970 (still available). U.S. Harvest/Capitol, 1970 (out-of-print):

" 'It's a nice record in many ways. I like the little songs. Sometimes, though, I put it on and I don't like it, and I can't play 'I Hate The White Man' anymore. You can't hate yourself. At the time somebody had to say it, but it's no longer valid to me. 'Davy' was written about my brother. It's the first of my albums I'd still do a lot of on stage. That's The Nice backing me on 'Hell's Angels.' "



Stormcock, Harvest SHVL789, 1971 (Britain only):

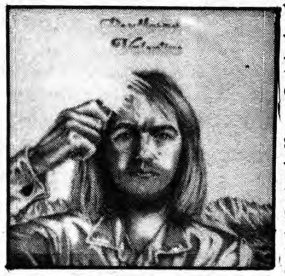
"It's the first of the good ones. A genuine attempt at a kind of concept album. The stormcock is a local name in England for a bird called the mistle thrush, which is the only bird that sits facing the wind in the dead of winter and sings into the gale. The analogy there is obvious. It starts off with 'Hors D'ouvres,' which is really the Judge. 'The Same Old Rock' is next. Third is 'One Man Rock And Roll Band'; you'll notice that all the characters from the songs appear on the inside cover. Finally there's 'Me And My Woman,' or me and my trip. That's the picture of a mistle thrush hatching on the back cover, the first minutes of a young stormcock. I've spent an awful lot of time taking pictures like that. Life cycles. I'm still capable of doing all four songs, but the two I like best are 'One Man Rock And Roll Band' and 'Me And My Woman.' It's the first album that Jimmy Page played on with me."



Lifemask, Harvest SHVL808, 1973 (Britain only)

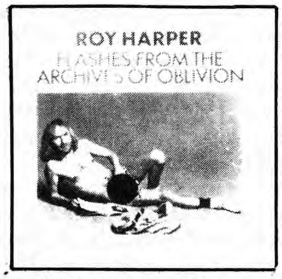
"I wrote the heavy sleeve notes at the time and I thought that sleeve notes were a tradition which was being ignored and that somebody should write some for a change. I wrote them basically to reaffirm where I stood at the time. I wouldn't do it now, it's not valid.

"It's a very personal album in a way, probably my most political, though I'm not really very political at all. There are two songs, 'All Ireland' and 'South Africa,' that are political. It's a good album. **Stormcock, Lifemask,** and the new one are my three favorites."



Valentine, Harvest SHSP4027, 1974 (Britain only)

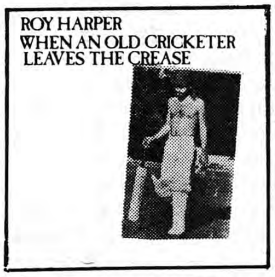
"It's all the little songs that were written around the same time as **Stormcock** and **Lifemask**. There are some good ones on it. My favorites are 'Twelve Hours of Sunset' and 'Commune.' I'm planning on re-releasing either this or **Stormcock** as my next album over here, as a follow-up to **Cricketer.**"



Flashes from the Archives of Oblivion, Harvest SHDW405, 1974 (Britain only)

"It's a collection of memories of just playing around and about. It was recorded over the period of a year of something like that. It's just a collection of tapes really, with different bands, all different people. I like to look at it and remember where all the things were. There's six pictures [on the inner sleeve] from the Rainbow Concert, which is one of the main features of the record. Some of the people playing with me are Jimmy Page, Keith Moon, Ronnie Lane, Steve Broughton, and Ian Anderson. I can't really remember who was on each cut.

"I like the record. The third side, which is just 'Highway Blues' and 'One Man Rock and Roll Band' is one of my favorite sides of myself on record. It's very drifty."



HQ, Harvest SHSP4046, 1975 (Britain). Released in the U.S. as **When an Old Cricketer Leaves the Crease,** Chrysalis CHR-1105, 1975

"I think this is my best record. It's the one I've taken the most care in making. I must admit I enjoy it; it marks a new stage in my development.

"I think 'The Game' is a very strong song; organically grand. There's that brilliant solo by Spedding which he did in one take. That was the first take! THE FIRST TAKE! [Hysterical laughter] OH GOD! He's such a poser too. Such a bloody poser. Here I'd written this lead guitarist's nightmare with this very strange key change, and he comes in with a white vest and waistcoat and his hair greased back, a Gibson in one hand and a Fender in the other. Then he wanders into the center of this enormous studio (Abbey Road), y'know the one where they filmed **Let It Be,** plugs it in and does it the first take, the bugger. Dave Gilmour had tried it and couldn't do it, but Spedding did it in one take."

* * *

Well, that's it, Roy Harper's recorded output to date. It may be of interest that Harper is now planning to concentrate his efforts much more in the States. He also wants to add a keyboard player to his band, hopefully one that can sing as well. He mentioned that he'd like to work with David Bedford, but also said that he hadn't proposed it to Bedford yet. Also of note to collectors is a promotional album released by Chrysalis (US) called **An Introduction to Roy Harper** (PRO620), which not only contains a nice sampling of Harper's music, but has interviews with Paul McCartney, Ian Anderson, and Dave Gilmour as well as Harper himself. A must for the serious Harper collector.

A parting shot from Harper: "I've been referred to by a writer or two as 'the Shakespeare of the rock generation,' which is not entirely untrue...seeing as how Shakespeare ended up more often than not slumped over some wall, pissed out of his head every night."

STREETWALKERS ON PARADE

By Dave Schulps

Roger Chapman looks thoroughly exhausted as he sits in the dressing room at My Father's Place in Roslyn, New York. Beads of sweat drip from his face at regular intervals and his shirt is soaked with the perspiration of still another performance. Most striking, though, are his knuckles. They are skinned and bloody from an onstage bout with a mike stand. You see, the microphone it was holding was giving Roger a bit of trouble so POW...first round knockout. The stand never really had a chance.

It has not been a great evening thus far for Chapman and the rest of Streetwalkers. Their first set was met with something less than unbounded enthusiasm by the crowd, most of whom were probably here to see the headliners, Brian Auger's Oblivion Express, and just might not have known what to expect from Streetwalkers.

Walking in unaware for a Streetwalker gig can be hazardous. They don't pull any punches (as Chapman's knuckles literally attest) in their show, and the out and out aggressiveness of Chapman's stage antics—the tambourine bashing, the mike stand throwing, the stomping, the toothy grin, the warbling voice—and Streetwalkers' music will invariably draw stunned and confused reaction from an unprepared audience. Usually, though, they're won over. I've seen it happen, but tonight, for whatever reason, the reaction has been less than satisfactory.

Chap Raps

I asked Chapman if the reaction to the first set would affect his performance in the second set. "I don't think it makes any

difference," he said, shrugging. "We may go out and really try harder. We do get more determined. If we know we're smokin' and they're still not getting off, we know it's them, but you feel defeated if that happens." Chapman has known that kind of defeat before. He had spent six years with Family, who, despite widespread popularity in Europe, could never cut through the business hassles which prevented them from achieving American success.

How does Streetwalkers' approach differ from Family's? "Energy-wise, there's a lot more strength in this band. We're so strong. When we really do it we lift the roof off. That's what I dig about this band—we're a great rock 'n' roll band. And if I can't enjoy it now, I might as well pack it in. With Family there was also a strong band on stage, but we could never get the same power on record. It was like two different entities. People heard an album and expected the same thing on stage, but we were different. Now we're trying to close the gap. None of this split personality nonsense."

Family had a reputation as a very progressive band, but if anything Streetwalkers have pushed aside the more experimental side of Family and have leaned more toward gritty rock. Basics. In addition to the two former members of Family, Chapman and John "Charlie" Whitney, the founding fathers of Streetwalkers, the rest of the band all has solid roots in funky rock 'n' roll. Bobby Tench, who trades guitar licks with Whitney and vocals with Chapman, was, of course, lead vocalist with the **Rough and Ready**-era Jeff Beck Group. Bassist Jon Plotel spent most of his pre-Streetwalkers days backing American soul singers visiting England, while drummer Nicko has a solid rock background.

Chapman, however, disagrees with the notion that complexity is gone from his music. "I don't know. You might say that, but we're playing things now that we'd never be able to play with Family. The feel is much more relaxed and that's why we're getting to be a great rock 'n' roll band. We work off each other extremely well." Did he think that Family was more consciously (or self-consciously) progressive? "A lot of it was just becauase of some of the instruments we used. If Poli [Palmer] played vibes, they said we were being jazzy. If Rick Grech or John Weider played violin, we were classical. Well, it wasn't jazz or classical, it was rock 'n' roll. They were playing blues licks. It's just the terms that it's put in. People have to label things. If we had vibes or a violin on stage tonight people would say we're jazz-rock or classical-rock."

Whatever you choose to call Streetwalkers' music, it is on stage that they really excel. Much of this has to do with Chapman, as volatile and exciting a performer as any in rock today, one who seems to approach each performance with so much pent-up fury that you find yourself surprised when he's not like that offstage. But he's not, really. "I hold it down," he says, "when I get up on stage it's a total release." Does he ever have a night when he just doesn't feel like being aggressive on stage? "No, it's not that, 'cause it's not really an aggressive thing. Most evenings it generally turns into a bloody humorous, good fun thing. They're all laughing and we're all laughing. We're very emotional and it shows on stage."

Unfortunately, the situation wasn't ideal to do a longer interview with Chapman. However, a short time ago we'd had a lengthy chat with guitarist Charlie Whitney in which he'd talked about the evolutions of both Family and Streetwalkers.

The Family Tree

Family evolved from a number of local bands in Leicester whose members were attending art school. The choice soon came up between being an art student and being a musician, and Charlie, along with Jim King and a drummer, formed The Farinas. Around 1965, the Farinas amalgamated with two members of another Leicester band called the Exciters to form Family. The two new additions were bassist/violinist Rick Grech and singer Roger Chapman.

Family were soon able to get gigs in places outside of Leicester, playing a lot around Manchester before coming down to London in early 1967. There, they played the UFO or Middle Earth, "the freak place"



STREETWALKERS

Nicko **Jon Plotel** **Roger Chapman**
Bob Tench **Charlie Whitney**

(now the Roundhouse) and signed with Liberty on the strength of their performances.

Their first single ("Scene Through the Eye of a Lens"/"Gypsy Woman") was produced by Jimmy Miller and had all of Traffic playing on it, in addition to Family. "Jimmy was also producing Traffic at the time and Dave [Mason] came down to the session and got heavily involved. Jimmy was supposed to produce our first album as well, but at that particular moment he'd just gotten an offer to produce the Stones, so it was agreed that Dave would produce our album."

By this time, drummer Rob Townshend had joined the band, so the lineup was Chapman - Whitney - Grech - King - Townshend. Together they made two albums, **Music in a Doll's House**, still considered one of the undiscovered classics, and **Entertainment**. By 1969, Family was an established name on the British scene, but still pretty much of an unknown quantity here. They undertook their first tour of the States in April of that year, but it ended disastrously for the band.

Part of this was made possible by the now famous incident with Bill Graham at Family's Fillmore East opening. Whitney describes what happened: "The Nice came on first and we were second. Graham let us all know that you played a 35-minute set with an extra ten minutes if you got an encore. The Nice got one and proceeded to play a 25-minute classical racket, so he was well uptight and the show was now running late. When we went on Graham came to the side of the stage and Roger threw the mike stand, not at him, but he thought it was. So the high priest of rock and roll says 'I don't like Family' and we're banned from the Fillmores."

The rest of the tour didn't go much better. First Rick left to join Blind Faith and John Weider (ex-Animals and Steve Marriott's Moments guitarist/violinist), who had never played bass professionally, was hastily called in to complete the tour. Actually, Grech's leaving the group probably did more to get them known than the tour had done. "We were so screwed up within ourselves then," recalls Charlie, "that we really didn't know what was happening anymore. We'd lost passports, things were just going wrong."

The rest of Family's history is well chronicled in TP #8, so there's not much use in rehashing. Charlie didn't have much to say on the middle period of Family's existence. He said he didn't have a favorite line-up of Family, but had especially enjoyed playing with John Wetton. "**Bandstand** was my favorite Family album," he says.

We also spoke about the last days of Family and the beginning of Streetwalkers. "The last Family was very different from all the rest. Sort of a boozy, good-timey band. The last tour was just insane. The decision to split was made because we'd gotten ourselves into a helluva rut. We just stuck together. We never got involved with other musicians. It was too close. Also, there were management problems that kept us from touring.

"When we knew we were going to split up the band, Roger and I realized that we still had a lot of material we'd written, so we decided to make an album together using different musicians we knew. We had no plans to form a band. We just rehearsed and said 'We've got this type of song; let's get Max Middleton on keyboards.' That kind of thing. That was the **Streetwalkers** album.

"We really didn't think of getting it together as a band until we did a short five-gig tour with some of the people who'd played on the album—Ian Wallace, Tim Hinkley, Mel Collins, and Philip Chen on bass. We met Bob Tench on that tour and we found Nicko and Jon through auditions after we'd decided to put a band together."

How have the old Family fans taken to Streetwalkers? "The first few gigs we did we got a lot of shouts for 'The Weaver's Answer,' but in England it died down quickly. Now they yell for 'Burn it Down.'"

And in America? "Well, the tour's going great so far. We're getting a much better reaction here now than we ever did as Family."

English Ramblings

By Paul Rambali

One of the most interesting events in London so far this year had to be Bowie's six-night show at the Empire Pool in early May. He arrived by train and left the station in an open-top Mercedes giving the old fascist salute to the crowds. Whilst in Europe he is reported to have said that he considers fascist rule to be the best thing for England and that he thinks he could become a fascist Prime-Minister within ten years. Wild claims indeed, or maybe not . . . His performance at Wembley was staggering. Using a stark set full of black and white, or rather light and shadows, he created an intense atmosphere in what is usually a huge, cold auditorium. Playing songs from every album after and including Hunky Dory, he has abandoned the elaborate mimes and theatre in favour of simple props and gestures to enhance his music. And they are used to far greater effect.

* * *

If any of you ever got off on The Who (in their earliest days), Them, the MC5, or the Stooges (and maybe even the Stones), then you should look out for Eddie & the Hot Rods. At the moment they are the most exciting band to be seen in London this year, and probably last year as well! Nine months ago they were a five-piece and pretty much the average pub band, playing a rough set with few originals, the sole attraction being vocalist Barrie Masters who is 19 and looks like a nervous combination of Eric Burden and Max Wall. Now, after losing their demented harp player, Lew, who can be heard on their first single, "Writing On the Wall/Cruisin' In the Lincoln" on Island, they are really getting strong. I recently saw them at the Nashville, the largest of the pub venues, and the feeling was incredible. The energy and malice that came thundering from the stage surged through everyone present and resulted in six very well deserved encores . . . after the lights had gone on.

They are doing all original material apart from a handful of English early sixties stuff and the originals actually sound better than the standards. Much better! The Rods are Dave Higgs, guitar, Paul Grey, bass, and Steve Nicol, drums, who are 22, 17, and 18 respectively, along with the aforementioned Barrie Masters on vocals. A pretty young band, which is nice to see.

Anyway, Masters is rapidly acquiring the stage presence of a Townshend, Van Morrison, or Jagger, that quality which makes you feel you just have to watch him every moment because if you don't he might do something dangerous to you, somebody or something nearby, or to himself. A cocksure delinquent, full of impending malice.

Eddie & the Hot Rods sound, right now, like what the Who or Them must've sounded like in late '64. In addition, they have the manic attack of the MC5 (their professed inspiration). I hope they can sustain their energy until they're released on your shores. The next single, a cover of "Wooly Booly," will be produced by Andy Mackay, who plays sax on it as well. It's backed by "Horse Play," which is even better, and it should be out very soon. It's due for release in the States too!

Strangely enough, Island originally signed them on a three-single deal, not really thinking too much of them. Now Island are running around trying to catch up with the word-of-mouth excitement they are causing. Patti Smith would not allow them to play as support on her British tour because they are too strong. Their version of "Gloria" makes her's sound limp. And if the Ramones album is anything to go by, then New York had better take cover.

* * *

If you ever wondered where the Glimmer Twins came from, here's the story. In 1968 Jagger, Richard, Marianne Faithfull, and Anita Pallenberg were on a cruise to Rio which was full of upper class English people who, puzzled by the Stones' reputation, kept on asking them what it was all about. They remained silent until one woman asked: "Won't you just give us a glimmer?" Mick turned to Keith and said, "We're the glimmer twins." That little snippet comes from the London Times, who also provide the information that the current European tour is costing one million pounds which includes the price of 13 articulated lorries, 15 tons of lights, $50,000 worth of Jagger's clothes, their own liquor wholesaler, two standby lawyers in every town, etc., etc. One million ticket applications had to be returned in London alone due to lack of seats.

* * *

Graham Parker and the Rumour are currently getting a lot of press over here, and rightly so. Their **Howlin' Wind** album is one of the best of the year so far. It sounds roughly like what **Moondance** might have had it been recorded in London. Yes, Graham Parker does sound like Van Morrison, but it doesn't hurt because Parker's voice is actually much rougher and harder than Van's. The Rumour sounds much like the Brinsleys, probably because Brinsley Schwarz himself plays guitar and some sax while Bob Andrews (another ex-Brinsleys) is on keyboards. The Rumour is rounded out by other pub-rock veterans Martin Belmont (ex-Ducks Deluxe) on guitar, and Stephen Goulding and Andrew Bodnar (both from Bontemps Roulee, a fine but short-lived little band) handling drums and bass respectively. On top of all that, Nick Lowe, another former Brinsley, produced the album, and just to namedrop, Dave Edmunds and the Chilli Willi brass contribute in various places. A local supergroup indeed.

More next time.

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N.Y. NOTES

He who laughs last laughs FAST.

By Ira Robbins



Linda Danna

For an unpopular group, the Fast sure seems to have a lot of friends in New York these days. After four years of endless rehearsing and performing to large and small crowds and weak critical response, the Fast have made their big move and have edged up in the elitist poll from nuisance to genius. And all it took was a few hours wisely spent in a Yonkers studio . . .

The Fast, with their Mod leanings and high energy performances have always been criticized for either lack of originality or stylistic repetition, but nobody has said anything bad since Wayne County began playing a demo single, "Boys Will Be Boys" on the jukebox at Max's Kansas City one night in May. Stunning production, super-catchy melody and lyrics all spelled H-I-T, and the snickers subsided verrry quickly. Despite all the disbelievers, the Fast have come up with the best demo tape of any New York band, and their future looks as though it certainly will have lots of vinyl in it.

Way back when, the Fast were a figment of Miki Zone's imagination. After developing a fairly manic guitar style, he corralled brother Armand to be the group's vocalist and little brother Paul to be head roadie, lighting man, clothes designer, sound man, chief cook and bottlewasher, and many more enviable duties. Then they started playing. Everywhere. After a bout with terminal glitter that beat drag queens for quantity of makeup, the Fast got started in earnest, with Miki Zone's wild mind creating amazing little pop ballads for the group to play. After a while, the Who lineup was deemed somewhat stifling, and Mandy began playing some synthesizer on stage, when not singing. Ahh, a preview of things to come . . .

Mixed in with Miki's songs ("Wow Pow Bash Crash," "Creature From the Black Lagoon," "Hawaii," "Melodrama") the Fast had one of the strangest repertoires of other people's songs which they did with no bearing on the original intent of the author. Among these "covers," such gems as "Cabaret," "Jennifer Eccles," "Happy Jack," and other odd ones added all sorts of character to Fast shows.

During two years of incessant gigging, Paul kept himself busy by becoming one of the most popular trendies in town. Deejaying at Max's, photographing for Rock Scene, cutting the stars' hair, Paul Zone found himself, at the tender age of 18, with no thrills left to be had in life. Instead of giving it all away, the Zone brothers went into seclusion and rethought the Fast's future. When the smoke had cleared, some major changes were apparent: Paul had become lead singer, Armand had switched to short hair and synthesizers, a new drummer, Judd Garth, had joined, and the group began secretly recording their new lineup with an outside producer who could see where the group ought to be heading.

As for the tape, the results are stunning. Six tracks, some old, some newly written, all commercial, and all unique. Starting with the strong basswork by Tommie Moonie, and Miki's nervous rhythm guitar, the group has overlaid several vocal tracks and really novel synthesizer sounds that produce a power pop sound that mixes Sparks and the Sweet without sounding like either. In line with the response from New York rock people (100% positive), record companies should have no trouble discerning the potential of the Fast. The group, after a somewhat extended absence from performing, go back in the clubs this month and are threatening to be better than ever before. So who's laughing?

RECORDS

U.S.

JEFF BECK
Wired
Epic PE 33849

Despite Pete Townshend's notion to the contrary, some people don't get older, they get better. Lady Clairol, you see, is a Beck freak. And with **Wired**, probably his most self-satisfying effort to date, Jeff Beck, primo and persistent punk, grows up—better—his recorded maturity owing to:
1) timing—Jeff's adamant stance in always doing what he wants and caring not whether that particular musical form is popular at the moment has finally coincided with what, indeed, is popular at the moment, and
2) for fans of happenings ten years time ago—Jeff, on **Wired**, creates some of his most gorgeous guitar noises since 1966.

Like it or not, like **Blow by Blow**, **Wired** is all instrumental, it's all a matter of taste, and it's all a musical success. Backed by such jazz-rock all-stars as Jan Hammer and drummer Narada Michael Walden (who wrote half the album's cuts; none are by Jeff), with his old pal Max Middleton, last tour's bassist Wilbur Bascomb, and **Blow by Blow** drummer Richard Bailey, Beck does spectacularly well in this jazzish setting, without the more lush orchestration of **Blow by Blow**. Though this album is much less melodic than its predecessor, it's certainly more interesting Beck-wise, and though not as "rough and ready" as all Beck's work prior to **BbyB**, it's certainly more sophisticated. Basically, Beck is so good (understatement) that his individual contribution surpasses whatever context he's working in. Good or bad in back, it's Beck in front, which is all that matters anyway. Though on **Wired**, the goin's good out back, too.

Exceptionally great bass-drum undercurrents are provided by Bascomb-Bailey in Bascomb's musical rendition of the roadie's anthem, "Head for Backstage Pass." Middleton, the longest Beck veteran, serves well, basically on clavinette. And Walden is the best bet drummer I've heard to keep an album jumpin' for many a moon.

Beck shines throughout—at his loud-rave best in Middleton's "Led Boots"; using the Charles Mingus composition "Goodbye Pork Pie Hat" as his vehicle for the "Definitely Maybe" tearjerker guitar style he's featured every so often since the original "Def-May," though mixing it with an equal dash of flash to create an all-time winner; and retaining guitar heavyweight status in "Sophie," "Come Dancing," "Play With Me," and even on acoustic for "Love is Green."

My qualm here is the work of Jan Hammer, especially in the Beck-Hammer one-to-one performance of Jan's "Blue Wind."



To me there's more magic in Jeff's bending strings than Jan's turning knobs, with no need for this dueling banjos sound duplication from the two. "Blue Wind" is sure to be the show-stopper (unless Jeff would concede to the wishes of his audience with the ever-begged for "Jeff's Boogie") of the now-rumored Beck-Hammer joint tour, though I can't help but wonder if it's contracts or fear (on Jan's part) that kept Beck off Hammer's brand-new LP.

Wired will hopefully succeed due to its universality. Those into the jazz-rock genre will love it, for no other comparative outfit could possibly feature a better guitarist. And the trained ears of the Beck "hardcore," as we're known, though perhaps always nostalgically partial to Jeff's Yardbirds rave-up style, can usually, through years of want or need (the latter applying to BBA) tune out all sounds but Beck's anyway, which leaves, in the case of **Wired**, some fantastic new work, a stunning gift.

For once I don't feel obliged to sermonize, "We owe it all to . . ." and "If it weren't for . . ." Jeff Beck. Jeff's past twelve years of guitar contributions need not be repeated this time 'cause **Wired** can speak for a great talent in the present tense. And that's astoundingly important. I hope Jeff Beck's as happy as me.

—Karen Rose

MODERN LOVERS
Home of the Hits HH-1910

This album is so far ahead of its time that it had to be held for five years before it could be released. Comprised mostly of demos produced by John Cale for Warner Brothers in 1971 when they thought they were into something good, Jonathan Richman's music still seems too good to be true. The coincidence of this release with the flurry of activity around the New York scene, what with all the signings and everything, only shows that nothing is as new as you think it is. Trying to understand the amazing time scheme of this situation is only helped by some obscure comparison, f'rinstance if **Sgt. Pepper** had been recorded in 1967 but not released until 1971, when it would be compared to **Godspell**.

Boy oh boy is this a great record. It doesn't matter when or where this stuff was recorded, it stands up in any type of wind storm. Jonathan Richman, despite all the obvious comparisons to Lou Reed and Nico, sounds like a pubescent Jim Morrison overdosing on chewing gum. His delivery is incredible, but it's the lyrics that win the ball game. Instead of exuding mindless simplicity like the Ramones, JR's garage sound is clear and cool, a gentlemanly collection of tender ballads on strange subjects. A few examples may give some of the idea (but you're going to have to buy this record to understand):

"Some people try to pick up girls and get
called assholes,
This never happened
to Pablo Picasso . . ."

"Tonight I'm all alone in my room, I'll
go insane,
If you won't sleep with me tonight I'll
still be with you in the Astral Plane."

"That's a girlfriend,
G-I-R-L-F-R-E-N,
That's something that I understand."

"If I were to walk through the Museum
of Fine Arts in Boston,
First I'd go to the room where they keep
the Cezanne . . ."

"Put down your cigarette and drop
out of B.U."

Those snippets don't even include anything from "Roadrunner," a lesser version of which is included herein. (The real one is on the Berserkly Chartbusters collection which also includes "I'm In Love with the New

Teller.")

Somehow this album ends up sounding like Creedence with Jonathan replacing Fogerty, but it stands out for different reasons than CCR. This is a cult record that you either love or hate but you've got to find out for yourself. Richman is a true star and his new album (should be out by now) will be crucial in showing where rock will be going in another five years.

—Ira Robbins



THE BEATLES
Rock 'n' Roll Music
Capitol SKBO 11537

Rock 'n' Roll Music is an exploitation record. Though the exploitation isn't blatant in the packaging—considering the work that clearly went into the partial remixing and complete remastering of the 28-song album—the fact remains that Capitol is selling us the same old stuff. "All selections contained herein were previously released on various singles and albums." So who will buy them? Two groups of people.

Those who play things safe make up the first group. They want to buy a new record but when they look around the shop and see MFSB on their right and the Ramones to their left they are bewildered. Their tastes have already been formed, and new releases are too chancy a proposition. Like their parents who still buy Benny Goodman and Glenn Miller double-LP packages, they will enjoy the sensation of acquiring something new combined with the security of knowing exactly what's inside.

Collectors make up the second target group. They will be annoyed that Ignacio Gomez' artwork depicts Cokes, not the Cavern; a Chevy and a cheeseburger instead of a '64 Carnegie Hall concert. In addition to being American, such symbols of fun foster a stance towards the Beatles' music that is less serious than the one they have come to take. But unable to resist the shimmering front cover (remember the Silver Beatles?), "I'm Down" in LP form, and the remixed, resequenced numbers from **Revolver**, **With the Beatles**, and the British **Rubber Soul**, the collectors will allow Capitol to get the better of them. For Capitol is finally admitting they are there.

The characteristic which these two groups of record buyers have in common is nostalgia. It's sobering to think of the Beatles as a nostalgia commodity (the third possible type of customer for these discs, the young teenager, won't know the difference between the late-fifties American nostalgia of the sleeve paintings and the British sixties variety the Beatles embody). But it has been almost thirteen years, and EMI executives know it—they want to rake in those dollars, pounds and francs while talk of reunion is still rife and the warm summer air loosens people's pocketbooks. Before next Memorial Day we'll probably see another Beatles repackage featuring the material from **Sgt. Pepper**, **Magical Mystery Tour** and **Abbey Road** that's conspicuously absent from **Rock 'n' Roll Music**. It will be more overtly exploitative than this one; its list price will be even higher because of the inclusion of a superfluous poster—a huge black-and-white photograph of the front-cover color drawing.

—Richard Hogan

CASINO
State/MCA 2191

MAC & KATIE KISSOON
The Two of Us
State/MCA 2192

THE RUBETTES
State/MCA 2193

Oh boy, a new label! It's called State Records and if you ask "Which state?" the answer is "none of 'em" because all the music they've released so far is from Britain and the only state in Britain is the state of the economy which at the moment is pretty dismal.

State's initial release fares better than that, but only through the saving graces of Casino. Not that they've got the wrong idea on the other two—all three emphasize good clean commercial-pop values which seem to be lacking from the charts more often than not these days—but both the Rubettes and Mac and Katie Kissoon are often so lame, wimpy, predictable, and unimaginative that all the good intentions in the world can't save them.

First though, a bit about the label itself. It's the brainchild of Wayne Bickerton and Tony Waddington, two Liverpudlian producers-songwriters-musicians who go back to the Merseybeat days when they played together in a band called the Original All-Stars, whose drummer for awhile was ex-Beatle Peter Best. Recently the duo resurfaced as the brains behind the Rubettes, a band so wholesome and manufactured that they were a cinch to give the Bay City Rollers a run for their money in the teeny-bop sweepstakes. Which they have, scoring hits almost everywhere in the world but our own U.S.A.

Anyway, **The Rubettes** should appeal to anyone who thinks the Rollers are the cat's meow. A bunch of prepackaged aging sessionmen taking Beach Boys harmonies and setting them to late '50's-early '60's type arrangements with neither the Beach Boys genius nor the rootsiness of the original period music. Bah! Since it is all very catchy on a decidedly low energy level it is possible that the Rubettes will score a hit or two out of it all, but they'll surely be content to take the money and f-f-fade away. That just isn't what rock 'n' roll's about.

Mac and Katie are pretty much your average middle of the road popsters and should appeal mostly to wee-uns and their grandparents. Again, it's all very catchy (as with the Rubettes, Bickerton and Waddington write almost all the material) but basically it's mush. Katie sings pretty nicely but Mac seems to be pretty much of a vocal nonentity. Definitely not for Kiss fans.

Saving the best for last there's Casino. Lord knows where they came from or who they are, but they're great! (Actually, MCA does provide reviewers with this info—they're from Yeovil, England, and they are Steve Mills on keyboards, guitars, and vocals; Rob Sinnick, bass; Peter O'Donnell, lead vocals; Chris Moore, lead guitar and vocals; and Tim Pavett on drums—though anyone buying the album is not blessed with this basic information.)

Their self-description as "basically a commercial band with heavy overtones" is quite valid and, unlike the other State bands, they write their own material. They remind me at once of early 10CC, Mott cum Hunter, and an unpretentious Cockney Rebel. In fact, on a few of the songs they could give Master Harley a run for his money in the feyness sweepstakes. O'Donnell seems to have many Harleyesque mannerisms and the band uses some of the same tension-inducing techniques, like staccato piano, to create their own sound while spoofing Cockney Rebel in the process.

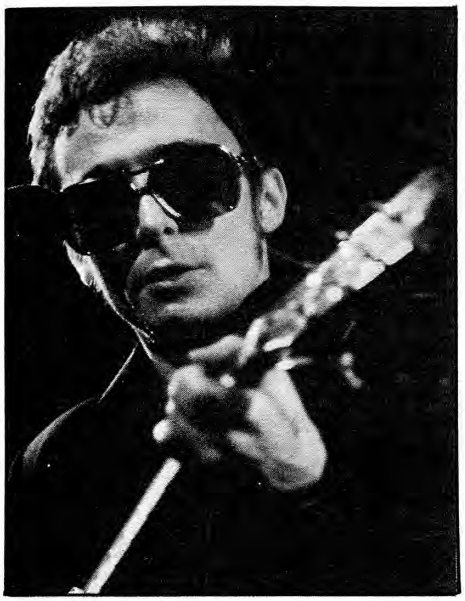


Right now I'm positively hooked on the first side of the album, which isn't to say that the second side isn't just as good. I just haven't really gotten around to it yet. There's "Crazy," the single, a little too complex to be a hit but a great cut nonetheless; "Tonight's the Night," with great interwoven guitar lines; "Romancer," a bit sugary, but so catchy it sticks to your teeth, and "Shooting Star" and "Squire Gordon," which both owe a lot to Harley, but have great lyrics and vocal inflections that elevate them above mere copycat status.

In fact, the only thing I dislike about **Casino** is the horrible cover art, which seems to be sort of a State trademark. None of these albums have any kind of descriptive notes, names of band members, anything to make somebody interested in what's inside. With the Rubettes or Mac and Katie Kissoon, it doesn't really bother me, but for a band like Casino, which is good enough to be taken seriously, it does. This isn't detergent, it's a new band and buyers should be entitled to some kind of information.

Let's hope for some better things from State in the future.

—Dave Schulps



GRAHAM PARKER
Howlin' Wind
Mercury SRM-1-1095

Graham Parker has been touted for the past few months as the most talented performer to emerge from the London pub-rock scene. This album proves that he is. In less than a year Parker has come from literally nowhere in music circles to produce what must be considered one of the year's better albums and quite possibly the best album ever from anyone associated with pub-rock.

Though Parker leans heavily on his influences, there are echoes of Van Morrison, the Band, Little Feat, and the Stones almost everywhere; they are all fused into one very individual style which is pure Graham Parker. As a singer, Parker is so loose and fluent that he can inject excitement into a song just by the way he slurs a lyric, in much the same way Jagger and Morrison have always done. Faced with an emotional song, Parker merely wraps his voice around it and breathes intensity.

As a songwriter, Parker leans, like most pub-rockers, toward American-sounding material but again, his voice is perfectly suited to rockabilly-style material. He even looks like a refugee from the Oklahoma dust bowl.

Parker's backing band, The Rumour, brings together musicians from three of the better, now-defunct, pub-rock bands. There's Brinsley Schwarz and Bob Andrews from Brinsley Schwarz, really the archetypal band of the genre; Martin Belmont from Ducks Deluxe (see TP #11), and Stephen Goulding and Andrew Bodnar from Bontemps Roulee, a lesser-known pub group. There are also guest appearances by Dave Edmunds on "rockabilly guitar," Ed Dean (Bees Make Honey) on slide guitar, Noel Brown on dobro and slide, and the Chilli Willi horn section have a blow on the hilarious "Lady Doctor." All the musicians are low-keyed and perfectly suited to Parker's down-to-earch style.

Producer Nick Lowe (another former Brinsley) has done a fine job capturing a performance feel on record while at the same time giving it a big, professional sound which so many of the pub-rock albums lacked.

Given a little time to catch on, it's obvious that Parker will transcend the pub scene. He's definitely too talented to remain playing to small audiences for very long.

On one song called "Silly Thing," Parker sings that "you don't mean a thing if you ain't got that swing." I'm sure Parker isn't worried about himself; he's got all the swing he needs.

—Dave Schulps

TROGGS
The Troggs Tapes
Private Stock PS 2008

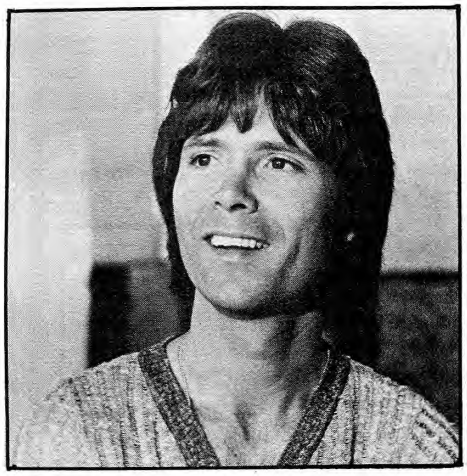
When this new LP by the Troggs arrived, everyone around here was caught so off guard that comments ranged from "What new Troggs album???" to "God, it'll never be released in the U.S." Incredibly enough, it has been released in this country, mainly because the group is now signed to an independent American label. When ATV/Pye checked the sales figures on the last Troggs album (the one that made TP's top ten last year), they promised that the Troggs would never release another album here, so this newie comes as no small surprise.

The album itself, named after (but not musically related to) the infamous recordings of several years ago (see TP #10) is quite different from the last one, although the only visible change is the full-time addition of Colin Fletcher on second guitar. The audible change is manifest in pairs—all the songs are new except two ("Gonna Make You" and "Walkin' the Dog") only two have Reg's name in the writing credits, and two have other people singing lead. The production change has rhythm guitar almost totally eliminated in favor of bass/drums backup alternated with thin-sounding lead guitar twists, making for a more commercial/danceable (it must be part of the Suzi/Gary/Mud axis rip-off) sound that somehow sounds more like the old Troggs than the last album did.

Lyrics are as patently vulgar and wonderful as ever but the music covers as wide a range as their second album, **Love Is All Around**, which spans gentle strings and fuzzy raunchy guitars. The oddest one out is a melodic ballad called "A Different Me" that could fit in with a Byrds rendition of Iggy's "Gimme Danger." It has this great line mixed in that goes "If I could sing like Paul McCartney/If I could dance like Fred Astaire." Very strange stuff. The best tracks are a Milk 'n' Cookies soundalike called "Supergirl" (well, the riffs sound familiar) and a real nasty one called "Get You Tonight." The remake of "Gonna Make You" (perhaps it should have been called "Gonna Remake You") is rather gratuitous inasmuch as it neither improves on nor redirects the original in any useful manner. "Walkin' the Dog" is OK but, like Daltrey's version, has no particular reason for existing that I can tell. Otherwise, the remaining cuts cover familiar Trogg ground and should satisfy any and all lusty types who appreciate the Troggs' work. All in all, an album for Troggs fans and unfans, but certainly a welcome addition to the world.

The Trogg Tapes' right to life? Absolutely!

—Ira Robbins



CLIFF RICHARD
I'm Nearly Famous
Rocket/MCA PIG2210

Cliff Richard has been a popstar nearly everywhere in the world but the U.S. so there's quite a bit of irony to the title of this album. The question remains if it's too late for Cliff to ever become famous over here. On the strength of this album, it probably isn't.

I'm Nearly Famous is easily the best record Cliff has ever made. It runs the gamut from Chuck Berryish rockers to tastefully done softer ballads with only a couple of the standard overorchestrated ballads (and none of the spirituals) which have characterized most of his recordings of the past decade. Instead, Cliff, using material by some unknown but excellent young pop writers, has continued in the direction of "Power To All Our Friends" (his entirely overlooked U.S. single released on Sire about two years ago) in adding some balls to his approach, a move which has paid off handsomely. Even the conscious rocker-ballad-rocker-ballad format, though certainly annoying, is overcome in the end by the strength and diversity of most of the material.

Cliff's voice now rates as a mature and powerful (well, he's no Paul Rodgers, but he tries) instrument and he even seems to be taking chances with his singing which inevitably pay off (check out the falsettoed "I Can't Ask For Anything More Than You" —he even sounds soulful!). The production and arrangements by ex-Shadow Bruce Welch are superb and Cliff's band (Terry Britten, guitar; Brian Bennett, drums; Alan Tarney, bass; Graham Todd, keyboards) can actually smoke when needed. What really distinguishes the album though, is that at least half the cuts are hit single material. That's not to say they will be; Cliff's track record on the U.S. charts is notorious, but if there's any justice one might just break the jinx and make him a name in America.

Who knows? Maybe he'll call the next one **I'm Really Famous.**

—Dave Schulps

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NATURAL GAS
Private Stock PS 2011

One thing for sure: Natural Gas is not destined to be known as a critic's band. The "Rock-Crit Establishment" (as the Village Voice calls 'em) will probably see the fusion of ex-Badfinger Joey Molland, ex-Humble Pie Jerry Shirley, ex-Uriah Heep Mark Clarke, and ex-Al Stewart and Sutherland Brother Peter Wood as an attempt to form a sort of super-starlet band. I suppose the preconceived notion is that these guys will sound more like a Quiverfinger Pie or a Humble Heep than a new band and unfortunately that's the way this group is being hyped.

None of the musicians seem very overshadowed by their past, however. Joey Molland is the most recognizable stylistically and is the key to this band. He wrote or co-wrote six of the ten songs on the album and is responsible for the guitar work. As a lead guitarist he leaves a bit to be desired but that's okay because Natural Gas isn't a guitar band. His songs are written in the Badfinger tradition (but not their style)—real catchy melody and rather bitter, sad lyrics. His songs work well in conjunction with Mark Clarke's, whose melodies are just as impressive and whose lyrics are a lot more positive.

Pete Wood's keyboard work is solid and snappy and Jerry Shirley's drumming gives the band the good basic thump that Badfinger always lacked.

The big problem with the record isn't with the band, though. Felix (How-can-I-miss-you-if-you-won't-go-away) Pappalardi has done the worst job of production I've heard since Tom Dowd's acoustical atrocities with Eric Clapton and Terry Reid. Felix has somehow seen fit to smother the whole album in a quagmire of equalization and echo that's as thick as a brick. In fact, it took a few listenings to realize that there were good songs beneath all that mung. Phil Spector this guy ain't.

Despite these potential turn-offs Natural Gas has put together an album full of good songs and dynamic performances. These guys are too good to be buried by critical indifference, bad hype or even dismal production. I've been waiting too long for a new band as talented as this to let these things get me down.

But final judgement will come by seeing them live, without the dubious benefit of Felix's Dolbyizers. As long as they avoid the dry ice these guys are going to do just fine.

—Joel Webber



MAXINE NIGHTINGALE
Right Back Where We Started From
UA LA-626

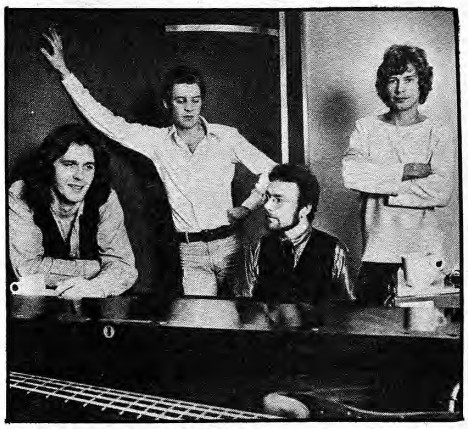
This is one of the most refreshing soul albums to hit the charts since the days when Motown was Motown. Maxine Nightingale is an American (Hoboken, N.J., I believe) living and recording in Britain. All the album's musicians are British, but what a job they've done updating the old Motown feel without plunging into the dread depths of disco.

Maxine herself can belt out a song in the tradition of great female singers like Martha Reeves, and her backing band includes a number of former British band members, among them Mike D'Albuquerque (bass, ELO), Lynton Naif (keyboards, Affinity), Theodore Thunder (drums, Leo Sayer Band), and Bob Andrews, currently tinkling the ivories with Graham Parker's Rumour. The guitar work, supplied by Dave Barker and Glenn Nightingale (brother), is far above the wah-wah pedal and chunka-chunka exercises that usually characterize soul guitarists these days. Nightingale, for instance, takes a dynamic little solo on "(I Think I Wanna) Possess You," an explosive number, quite possibly the album's best.

The title track, of course, should be well known to anyone who's turned on a radio recently, but the rest of the material is varied and all of good quality. This might not be an album for all Trouser Press readers, but anyone who appreciates the roots of British rock knows the enormous influence of the Tamla-Motown sound on scores of British musicians. Maxine Nightingale has come as close as anyone to capturing that sound in the seventies.

—Dave Schulps

U.K.



KING CRIMSON
The Young Person's Guide to King Crimson
Island ISLP 7

Well, fraternal Fripp freaks (crazed Crimson cravers?), the new King Crimson album is here. It's a double record presentation of 15 tracks personally chosen by Robert Fripp. Not to be outdone by lesser genii, Fripp includes a 20-page booklet which looks as if the editors of Reader's Digest and Creem Magazine collaborated on it. Alternate pages feature a concise, practically day-to-day history of King Crimson, culled from the pages of the press and Fripp's journals, while the opposing pages feature pictures, pictures, and more pictures of the band from the corresponding time period.

Musically, **The Young Person's Guide** represents all the Crimson albums except **Lizard** and **Earthbound**. **Earthbound**, Crimson's first live album, is better left excluded, in view of the poor quality of the recording. **Lizard** simply does not contain material which would fit and provide continuity; it is mostly continuous on itself. Of the tracks included, only two are not generally well known. "Groon" comes from the much-sought "Catfood" single, released March, 1970. The previously unreleased version of "I Talk To The Wind" is the definitive one, with Judy Dyble singing, and Ian McDonald, ever-so-slightly out of synch, joining her on the chorus. The duet of voices, along with Ian's use of flute and clarinet, makes this the opposite of the version on the first album.

The rest of the tracks present the variety of music King Crimson was capable of producing. There does not appear to be any specific order such as is found on the other albums. Overall, the sequencing provides alternation, not inspiration, which results in the low-keyed approach suited for a guide-book.

More than the music, it is the booklet that is of obvious interest to Crimson afficionados. It covers the band's history from Giles, Giles, and Fripp days up to this latest release with entries from reviews, interviews, and articles. Fripp adds pertinent comments and explanations where necessary. Unless one has a complete clippings file, these make very interesting reading.

—Ihor Slabicky

A flurry of reissues

By Scott Isler

The B-side of record production is the reissue/anthology album. Inexpensive to put out (since no new recording costs are incurred), the best of the collection albums are thoughtfully compiled and may contain long-out-of-print sides or even material previously unreleased in any form. The albums reviewed below, all recently released imports, combine the profit motive with a musico-historical awareness.

GENESIS
Rock Roots
Decca ROOTS 1

PROCOL HARUM
Rock Roots
Cube ROOTS 4

Alan Fitter's **Rock Roots** series is an attractively presented look at various groups' beginnings. The Genesis album consists of the entire **From Genesis to Revelation** LP plus four additional tracks, the band's first two singles from 1968, which have never been released on an album before (although one of those tracks, "The Silent Sun," was rerecorded as "Silent Sun" for the **Revelation** disc). No musical revelations among these early sides but they round out our knowledge of Genesis' first elegant attempts at songwriting.

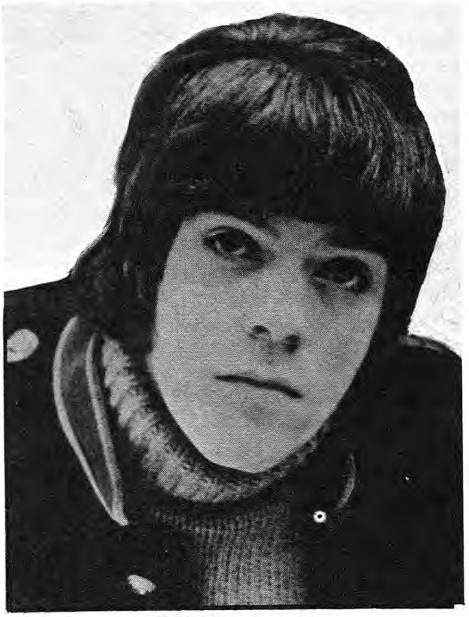


Linda Danna

PETER GABRIEL
Elegant early attempts

The bonus on the Procol Harum collection (on the Cube label for contractual reasons but manufactured by Decca) is the first appearance anywhere of two 1967 tracks, "Seem to Have the Blues (Most All the Time)" and "Monsieur Armand." Earth-shattering they ain't, but. . . interesting. The rest of the album includes the band's early single sides (yup, the same ones as on A&M's **Best of** selection) and winds up with a few cuts from the **Salty Dog** and **Home** LPs.

Other releases in this series have covered Them and the Zombies but did not contain music previously unreleased in the U.S. Both the above albums have informative liner notes and, provided one isn't purchasing the LP just for the few scarce numbers, seem to be a good value.



ROY WOOD
Harvest's tribute to a pro

ROY WOOD
The Roy Wood Story
Harvest SHDW 408

In the pop world you don't have to be dead to rate the respectful send-off given Roy here (although Wood's current creative catatonia gives one pause), merely signed to another record company. Harvest's financial revenge takes the form of a two-record set gathering together all the Move, Wizzard and Roy Wood 45s up through "Goin' Down the Road." Also included are two Wood numbers from the first ELO album, the instrumental B-sides of "Forever" and "Goin' Down the Road," and (pay attention, collectors) "Make Them Understand," a 1965 single by Mike Sheridan's Lot which Roy wrote and played guitar on.

Almost all the tracks here are no strangers to LP—the Move sides particularly seem to be cropping up with increasing frequency —and investing in a double-LP album just for the Mike Sheridan cut (which is horrible) is dubious economics. **The Roy Wood Story** appeals, rather, as a tidy presentation of Roy's awesome talent for creating hit records: of the 21 singles (including Mike Sheridan) represented here, 16 entered the British Top 20 (and all but one of them placed at #12 or higher).

The package is classily designed (no Wood cover art, thank God) with lotsa pix on the inside and amusing but accurate liner notes.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Rare Tracks
Polydor 2482 274

Now you're talking. Seventeen cuts here and a lot of genuinely obscure material. Kind of a poor man's **Hard Up Heroes, Rare Tracks** spotlights well-known artists when they weren't so well known. The music may be amateurish, the performances embarrassing, but they're still our idols and these recordings are as charming as baby photos in hinting at what was to come.

Most immediately arresting item here has got to be the High Numbers' "Zoot Suit." Instantly forgettable if it had been anyone else, one can forgive the 1964 Who anything—they were so young and full of promise then (sniff). Jack Bruce's first single (1965) is simply awful (and Bruce wrote the songs, there's no excuse); Polydor spares us nothing and includes both sides. Both sides also are included of the debut recordings of the Soft Machine and Jethro Tull (the latter's name, through a whimsical error, appearing on the original label as Jethro Toe): fans of these groups will undoubtedly be amazed and/or amused to hear familiar musicians producing such unfamiliar music. The commercial sound on a lot of these tracks emphasizes the control bands have gained since the '60s in determining just how their records are going to sound.

And still they come: the Kinks' "Mr. Pleasant" is pleasantly performed by Nicky Hopkins ("& the Whistling Piano"??); Alex Harvey, only slightly more subdued than he is now, is heard in a 1965 side with his Soul Band; and Elton John plays piano, almost inaudibly, for Stu Brown and Bluesology. Two numbers are released here for the first time: Hendrix' "Dolly Dagger" from the 1970 Isle of Wight Festival and an embryonic Sly and the Family Stone performance. Sly isn't usually thought of as a collector's artist; neither is Linda Lewis, but she's here too, represented by a 1967 single side. Thanks to 10c.c. Kevin Godley's "To Fly Away," previously available only on a 1969 Marmalade Records sampler, is included and is one of the more accomplished pieces of music on the album.

Fairport Convention's "If I had a Ribbon Bow" (1968) and John's Children's "Desdemona" have turned up on various Track collections, and Cream's "Anyone for Tennis" was issued here on the **Savage Seven** soundtrack album (a popular junk-bin item). It is nice, though, to know they're around again and in such interesting company.

As with all the preceding albums, the mono recordings (which form the bulk of **Rare Tracks**) have been left unaltered. Even if the packaging and pressing of the record leave something to be desired, **Rare Tracks** is certain to be gobbled up by collectors and fans alike.

HELLO
Keep Us Off the Streets
Bell BELLS 263

Yes, they play on their own records. Who'd want it any other way? Hello have been influenced by every pop or rock band to score with a hit, most obvious being Mud, Sweet, and Gary Lewis and the Playboys. Production's by Mike Leander, who's made great pop albums with the Glitter Band. Lead guitars upfront throughout, with background vocals bursting out of the speakers à la Wings on "Jet." The album abounds with oldies like "Carol," "Then (S)he Kissed Me," "Let's Spend the Night Together," and "Shakin' All Over" (with an intro nicked from "Time of the Season"). Of the rest, there's the ridiculously inept "Teenage Revolution" and two pre-packaged hits by master tunesmith Russ Ballard. Every bit as good an album as **The Sweet.**

—Glenn Fidell

SHANGHAI
Fallen Heroes
Thunderbird 2000

Former Johnny Kidd and the Pirates guitarist Mick Green's current band undergoes a notable permutation from their first Warners LP. Gone is Chuck Bedford's Motown soul stylings, replaced by ex-Rebel Rouser Cliff Bennett's gritty vocals and Brian Alterman's crisp guitar and competent though clichéd songwriting. Where the debut album smacked of charm and originality, **Fallen Heroes** sounds uncomfortably close to a number of other bands. Further examinations reveal promise of a band on the way up. Tracks like "Solaris," "Candy Eyes," and "Nobody's Fool" should go down a treat live with Bennett in best Paul Rodgers voice and the band rock-solid and harmonizing well behind him. The only sour notes are on their revival of the Pirates "Shakin' All Over" (originally recorded by the Pirates without Green). It's taken at too slow a pace and sounds extremely tinny. File between Bad Co. and Steve Gibbons.

—Glenn Fidell

RONNIE LANE'S SLIM CHANCE
One For the Road
Island ILPS 9366

This is Laney's third album reflecting his homespun philosophy and the culmination of his and Slim Chance's low-key approach, as they've since parted company. Musicianship throughout is excellent, with Steve Simpson superb on guitar and mandolin (the David Lindley of the West Country). The balance of the up-tempo songs to the somber ones remains similar to the last album. "Don't Try and Change My Mind" cries out for commercial success (slim chance) and "32nd Street" emerges as "Stone" part two. Though doubtful that **OFTR** will broaden Lane's audience, it's sure to please those discerning enough to realize that Lane's albums communicate on a one-to-one level.

—Glenn Fidell

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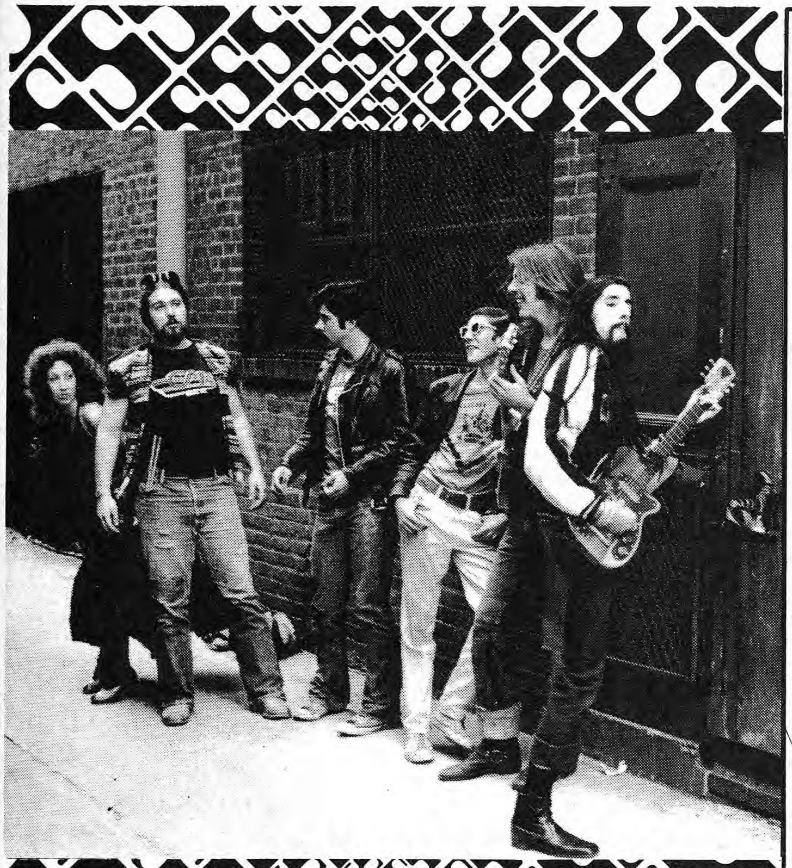

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BALLARD/Continued from page 11

were getting away from doing songs. Working with Leo [Sayer] and Roger [Daltrey] was great because they were into songs and it wasn't so involved. I'm not a big fan of involved music. It goes over the head of a lot of people. It can bore an audience.

TP: Did you enjoy working with Colin Blunstone?

RB: Yes, and I got to produce a few numbers with Colin. Then again, another of the frustrations of being with Argent was that although I was writing a lot of songs, because I wasn't producing they came out quite a bit different than I'd envisioned when I wrote them. It was the same thing with the stuff I wrote for Colin. Like on "I Don't Believe in Miracles" when I did the original demo it was very slow, but when Colin did it he speeded it up. Colin, Rod, and I did vocals on it, but they wanted it faster and though Colin's vocal is great, it bugs me every time I hear it 'cause it should've been slower. He sounds rushed. He's making an album with Gus Dudgeon right now for Rocket.

TP: How did you finally get into production?

RB: When I left Argent I went straight into the studio and recorded my first solo album. It was done very quickly. Six weeks to write the songs and record the whole album. I wanted to do it that way. It was such a reaction to what I'd done with Argent. I wanted to get it off my chest. It's a hard thing doing all the instruments yourself, but I'm glad I did it.

Before the album came out I played at a CBS U.K. convention. I found a band I liked called Curly and asked them to back me up. Alan Wicket, my current drummer, and Bill Roberts, the guitarist, were in Curly together. Anyway, I wanted to finally get out on the road immediately after that. I was ready to find some permanent musicians, but I wanted to produce his new album [**Ride a Rock Horse**] and write some songs and I agreed to do it. It took six months altogether to make because he was filming **Lisztomania** and was coming into the studio in between his film commitments. I think it might have been better if we'd collaborated a bit more. In between all this he took a six-week holiday.

I told him before he left, "I want to do three Paul Korda songs," and he said he wanted to do "Walking the Dog." I asked him if he had any idea of how he wanted to do it and he said, "No, just do what you think will be good." He left and that was it. I put down four backing tracks while he was away. "Prayer" was a song I wrote back in '69 when I was with Argent. We did it on our first tour, but never recorded it.

After Roger's album was done, I continued with my plans to go out on the road. Then Adam Faith, now Leo Sayer's manager, asked me to produce Leo's next album [**Moonlighting**]. I thought it would really interfere with getting my band together, but he told me it had to be finished in 15 days, that Leo had all the songs ready and that the studio time had been booked. I figured it had to be worth doing, after all, what's two weeks? It only took twelve days as it turned out. Again, it would have been a better album if we'd taken longer. It sounds very rough, but Adam Faith likes to work like that.

TP: Do you plan on doing more production?

RB: Not right now. That's why I got Muff Winwood to produce **Winning**. I do think I have a gift for it, though. I know a good song when I hear it.

TP: How did you get involved with writing "New York Groove" for Hello?

RB: Their manager came to me and said, "We need a single; have you got any?" I said I didn't and he asked if I'd write one. I don't plan on recording it myself because I really manufactured it for the band. I wrote it in about half an hour. It sold two and one half million in Europe.

TP: What are your current plans?

RB: I'd just like to work with the band I have now. I think we can really be good. I enjoy working with young, enthusiastic musicians rather than a bunch of older session men, and that's what I have right now.

TP: One last question—why have you always worn the dark glasses?

RB: I've worn them since I was twelve because I was hit in the eye and I'm blind in one eye and pretty bad in the other one too. I guess it has given me an image of sorts, though.

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green circles

By Jim Green

This column is so packed with records to review, pronouncements to proffer and even pix to print that we couldn't cut it down to a mere page and a half. Besides, I'm just now getting some answers to my pleas for comments/criticism/suggestions, and (blush) it seems a few of you out there actually enjoy this here column and what I'm trying to do with it—so here 'tis in all its glory.

I must mention once again my idea of picking a Trouser Special from the American 45's I review each issue and arranging to have one or more stores to stock it in bulk. This would hopefully counteract the tendency of U.S. singles to be as hard to order as ones from England. I got some but not enough response on this, so if you think it's a good idea, and would be willing to support it, write to me now and we'll see about setting something up in the fall. OK?

Readers have come through with some handy info: Dave Gnerre informs that Balloon Farm's 45 (my moldie oldie in #12) did actually crack the Billboard Top 100—but don't get the follow-up single; "trivial tripe" sez Dave. He also mentions that Dan Hrdlicka of Eric Carmen's current band was axeman with Circus (see #13), and recommends Marmalade's "Radancer" (London 20072) as another fine disc from the band that brought you issue #14's classic obscure opus.

This month's chunk of "ancient" esoterica comes from 'way back in (gasp) 1974. And as distinctly English as it sounds, it's totally the work of some jolly Germans going by the name of Justin Wolf with Love and Tears. J.W. has a remarkable voice, and only the knowledge that anything can happen in rock 'n' roll explains how it's possible for him to vanish into thin air. He sounds like equal parts Rod Stewart, Steve Marriott and Noddy Holder, believe it or don't. "One Way Ticket to Nowhere" (CBS S2459, UK) has a curiously limp backing track, but the tension created by his voice and a buzz-saw fuzz-guitar thrashing about back in the mix serves to rivet one's attention to an otherwise merely pleasant tune. "Turn Turn" on the back is a poppier track, featuring less identifiable though still excellent vocalizing and some snazzy guitarisms too. Frustrating that there's no more of this around, but, to coin a phrase, such is rock 'n' roll.

On to the rest. They're in sections this time—summertime singles, a regular rundown and, due to the phenomenal upsurge in the amount of do-it-yourself singles, an "inspired amateurs" section, with which we shall commence immediately.

"Call Me" b/w "On the Road"—The Hounds—POJ 000-1/2

"Nobody ever said it was supposed to be good music," said Bill Haley. The Hounds' attractive sleeve bears that legend, which belies its contents. These folks, who've been active in N.Y. on and off for years in different aspects of the scene, are less "amateurs" than most N.Y. bands, and here turn in a catchy A-side that grows on ya. Lots of Rolling Stones/Chuck Berry influence (a hint of "I'm Free" in the refrain?), but the vocals and guitar have a clean, poppy sound to them, and there's plenty of piano up front and bass bubbling underneath. None of the de rigeur raunch prevalent in so much of this month's crop, but its exuberance is downright catching. (The B is so-so.) $1 at Discophile or by mail from POJ Records at 210 E. 21 St., Apt. 6A, New York City 10010.

"Speedball" (EP)—Count Bishops—Chiswick SW1.

This band is an international hybrid (England, Australia and Brooklyn) turning out versions of what the British call classic r 'n' b—"Route 66," "I Ain't Got You," "Beautiful Delilah," "Teenage Letter"—with maximum energy (this ain't called "Speedball" for nothing). Nothing new here, not a thing. But, dammit, this stuff has the kind of drive that the Feelgoods only wish they could put on vinyl. Set the controls for max vol and rock out! (w/glossy picsleeve; inquiries to Chiswick—pronounced CHIZ-ik—Records, 3 Kentish Town Road, London NW1, England. Or, if your import dealer does business with Skydog, who put out "Grease" and "More Grease" by the Flamin' Groovies, ask them; Discophile should be able to get it.)



Ed Duvall

SLICKEE BOYS

"Hot and Cool" [EP]—Slickee Boys—Dacoit 001.

These Washington (D.C.) weirdos are doing their share for good ol' rock 'n' roll—"Brand New Cadillac" (by Britain's own Vince Taylor; the original's just out again on Chiswick), "Psychodaisies" (legendary Yardbirds B-side) and "What a Boy Can Do" (by arcane mid-60's Britrockers, the Downliners Sect), plus their rock arrangement of "Exodus" and their Quicksilver/Autosalvage tinged original, "Manganese Android Puppies." I like "Cadillac" and "Boy" for their straight-ahead energy, the husky female vocals (yes, one Slickee Boy is a Girl) and fleet-fingered guitar licks. The other trax are of varying quality and taste. If you are game, and sleeve-nuts (there will be a picture sleeve), send $4 to Dacoit Records c/o Steven Lorber, P.O. Box 32390, Washington, D.C. 20007.

"Final Solution" b/w "Cloud 149"—Pere Ubu—Hearthan HR 102.

These Cleveland crazies score again with two more absolutely manic sides. Crunchy bass 'n' drums carry us through "a miasma of smoke and gasses peopled with queer shapes," machines' death shrieks, dementoid guitar and the angry/agonized ranting of Crocus Behemoth—and that's only the A-side! "Cloud 149" is the oompah that ate Cleveland, and more. Black visions of desolate landscapes, all yours for only $2. Hi, I'm Don Wilson, and the number in New Jersey is . . . (Pere Ubu, 2314 Bellfield Ave., Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44106, or at Discophile.) [ATTENTION all Ubu-watchers: Contrary to my announcement that PU were going to destroy the world come summer vacation, it seems summer vacation has destroyed PU. Crocus speaking: "Ubu has dissolved as a performing unit for at least the summer . . . Our next single, 'The Modern Dance,' will be released in July or August," and shortly thereafter an album. "In September I'll make the decision to either reform the group (in Cleve.) . . . or (probably) move it all to N.Y."]

"Sneakers" (EP)—Sneakers—Carnivorous 1.

I definitely think this is the pick of this issue's "inspired amateurs"—but I don't know whether as a consumer-minded reviewer I can in good conscience recommend them. See, they sound incredibly like Big Star on the **Radio City** LP (something I considered impossible to do and unlikely to be attempted, to put it mildly, until now), and Big Star's following, even among critics, is so small it barely qualifies for cult status. But I enjoy **Radio City** beyond critical appraisal, and having fallen for Sneakers for many of the same reasons I wonder if I'm able to recommend this as freely as I might wish to. But now that that's off my chest, it's great. (The record, not my chest.) For those who are unfamiliar with Big Star, they were a blend of the vocals and guitar jangles of early Byrds, Who and Kinks plus some moves I ain't even identified yet. And some swell lyrics, weirdly personal, which, once you made 'em out, became yours alone (after all only you and Big Star knew what they were). If this ain't the same with Sneakers, I'm a Monkee's uncle. In the course of repeated listenings the unorthodox twists of melody and lyric unfold, and, one by one, the songs become accessible (again, a technique learned from living in **Radio City**). "Ruby" is the immediate favorite, a melodic discourse on "character assassination" punctuated by chirps of "talk is cheap." Then we're "On the Brink" of heartbreak only to subsequently discover that "Love's Like a Cuban Crisis" anyway. "Condition Red" is a tribute to Americana ("you make a pretty good dancer . . . you're an American"), there's some tremendous lead sitar on

"Nonsequitur" and before we know it we're "Driving" off into the vinyl horizon. Shit, I can see the blank faces looking back at me already, and I'm still alone with my typewriter. Then again, I've always hoped that Big Star failed because they weren't heard by enough people (not critics), and blew what chances they did get themselves. There may not be any "September Gurls" here, but these guys are only just beginning and "Ruby" comes close. Fuckall, BUY THIS!! ($2, in money orders or certified checks only, from Chris Stamey, Accident Distribution, 2A Clark Court, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514, and from Discophile, Musical Maze/85 St., and maybe others too in N.Y.C.)

Before we go on to other areas, a word or three about The Boys, a find from last ish. After thanking me for my interest, their manager told me that in fact a fan of theirs had sent me the record (no wonder the letter was unsigned), that it was a year and a half old and admittedly was not so well recorded as they would've liked. Still, he said, it was somewhat representative. Anyway, they recently managed to sneak onto a Blue Oyster Cult/REO/Rush bill in Minny, and got some other stuff cookin'. ($1 from Discophile or Outrage Records, P.O. Box 81432, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.)

Now on to the "real" records:

"Writin' on the Wall" b/w "Cruisin' in the Lincoln"—Eddie and the Hot Rods—Island (UK) WIP 6270.

Dr. Feelgood, allegedly great live, make what must be the most boring records I've heard in years. Not bad, but mediocre. And here's another Feelgood, tho' I've no idea how they are live. Dull clichés—how excited can one get about "cruisin' for chix/kix" for the zillionth time when delivered with the ersatz, mechanical "verve" E & the HR's exude? The vocals on "Wall" are vaguely promising, and perhaps the group's subsequent association with Andy Mackay will yield something—but for now, gimme Count Bishops, and even the Slickee Boys.



Leee Black Childers

BLONDIE

"X Offender" b/w "In the Sun"—Blondie—Private Stock 45-097.

This debut disc from these "former inspired amateurs" is surprisingly good. Surprising because as with many N.Y. bands, changes of goals and personnel (for instance, losing their bass player to Television) made for much inconsistency. But this record says they've got something. It's the Surfaris meeting the Shangri-Las down at CBGB's. Producers Craig Leon (he of Ramones notoriety) and Richard Gotteher have gotten a good Shadow Morton-type sound: pumping bass and Dick Dale guitar enhanced by a neat organ hook, with plenty of echo. The flip opens with a "Wipe Out" drum roll, a casual "surf's up" and off we ride into a nice outtake from the soundtrack to "Beach Blanket Orgy."



Roger Rejda

THE BOYS—It must have been something they ate . . .

"I Want to Hold Your Hand" b/w "Under the Table with Her"—Sparks—Island (UK) WIP 6282.

THIS IS NOT OFFICIALLY RELEASED. This review is a public service announcement to let you people know what the record's like, so you'll be forewarned when the inevitable copies turn up for auction. It was originally recorded as Russel Mael's solo single, and was produced by Jeffrey Lesser and Rupert Holmes, who also did Barbra Streisand. When these two slowed down and mangled the original chords of this classic Beatles song, introduced strings and a female chorus and cocktail piano, someone had obviously forgotten to tell them that Russel is not Barbra Streisand. Perhaps someone forgot to tell Russel. Who knows? This thing was pressed two ways, one with the flip from **Indiscreet** and the other with a song called "England"—done with Earle Mankey!!—on the B. Only the dj copies, I understand, were not destroyed. There are rumors of it being released in one or another form on the Continent, or even here, but certainly not in England.

"Man from Manhattan" b/w "Waiting in the Wings"—Eddie Howell—Warner Brothers (UK) K16701.

This'n is a slick slice of pop produced (A-side only) by that old Queen, Freddie "Short-shorts" Mercury, and sounding remarkably like "Killer Queen." Unfortunately for this tune about a raffish rogue, as nice as it is, it suffers from the comparison; Howell's voice and song lack the sheer nerve of "KQ" that grabs the listener by the lapels, saying "You better believe this is the ritz, bub." Perhaps its having such a distinguished predecessor serves to put this in the light of an imitation rather than a further exploration of the style (Howell of Mercury and Mercury of Roy Thomas Baker, Queen's own producer). Still, on balance, it's a good record, bolstered by some striking Brian May-ish guitar—if that's not May himself, he ought to listen and take a lesson! The backing band on the flip I am sure of—it's Brand X, Phil Collins' "other" band, who also did the rest of **EH's Gramophone Record**, from which "Waiting" is taken.

"Boston Tea Party" b/w "Sultan's Choice"—The Sensational Alex Harvey Band—Mountain (UK) TOP 12.

The best part of Alex & Co.'s recent efforts has been their sheer whimsy, and there's no lack of that here. However, although it's certainly one of the best U.S. bicentennial songs (from a bunch o' Scots, a' tha'), it isn't really a single, more like an album cut misplaced. Much better than muck like that yielded by the "reformed" (without Mark Lindsay) Paul Revere and the Raiders which is so dire I refuse to review it. Here, Alex lays his pronouncements on us over a pulsing beat embroidered by Zal C.'s guitar doodles. "Goin' to the party? Goin' to the Boston Tea Party?" Natch, if you lads are playing there. The flip is neat-o too, guys 'n' gals, Alex telling tales over a faintly Mid-Eastern rhythm this time, with some Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs organ courtesy Hugh McKenna.

Und now volks, a discussion of zummer zingles. The first is ("EIN-ZWEI-DREI-VIER") "Blitzkrieg Bop" by the Ramones (Sire SAA 725). Now, not everybody can take an album of this stuff, but a single slice is just right, and this'n (with its "AY-OH, Let's go!" chant over drumbeats 'n' handclaps) is great for jukebox play. So is "Jukebox Jive" by the Rubettes (State 40549), doo-wops over a furiously rocking beat (and coupled with an excellent flip, which slams harder and faster). Cliff Richard's back with "Devil Woman" (Rocket PIG 40574), which is a hooky popsong in an Elton-ish vein (on EJ's label). The muscular "Flaming Youth" by Kiss (Casablanca NB 858), "Light Up" by Styx (A&M 1818S, in which Bad Co. meets Yes), and the Stones-ish rave-up "Fool for the City" by Foghat (Bearsville BSS 0307) are all fine stuff as well. The kingpins, of course, are Thin Lizzy with "The Boys Are Back in Town" on the A-side and "Jailbreak" on the flip (Mercury 73786); this one is of possibly classic proportions.

These were all listed because they share in common that 1) they are all American pressings, 2) they all sound fantastic played loud, especially on the radio or jukebox, 3) they are all either representative of, or even the quintessence of, the albums from which they are culled, so that if you want a sampling of these groups and/or can't afford the LP's, buy these and your problems will be solved (the Ramones flip is good, and the Rubettes and Lizzy flips are almost A-sides in their own rights). And they all supply the energy we need in languid summer months.

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