



SPLINTER

Approximately every so often

Contents

Why do we do it?	3
Nottingham's Relics	4
Porn Shop Blues	6
Visual Poems	8
Profit or Personality?	11
Three Poems	12
Summer Infatuation	14
Warhol and Peace	18
Janet Suzman:	
A brief encounter	19
The Floppits	20
Great Moments in Folk	21
Eisenstein's Relativity	22
Jazz & Sympathy: Al Gay	23
Roxy Music: Interview	24
Rock Album Reviews	26
Robin Hood	28
A Country Idyll	28

Graphics

Drawings: Al Atkinson 3, 11, 24, 15, 20, 21, 30; John Spence 5, 6, 7, 22, 28; Lou Moore 28; Ree Hajdul 4.

Photographs: Al Atkinson 21; Alain Jullien 10; Mick Mayor 11; Erik Skau 13; 19 & 29 by courtesy of the Nottingham Film Theatre; 23 by courtesy of Al Gay.

Layout: John Sheffield.

Centre Pages: Lou Moore.

Cover: by John Spence represents the Odessa Steps sequence from Eisenstein's 'Battleship Potemkin' (see page 22).

Comments

of all kinds welcomed. Correspondence, criticisms, and contributions to John Sheffield, 44 Pyatt Street, Meadows, Nottingham. Tel. Nottm. 865885.

Copyright reserved

WHY DO WE DO IT?

READERS WHO HAVE been eagerly awaiting edition two of 'Splinter' will notice a number of changes. First of all it's bigger and posher and still only 10p - this means we lose more money, of course, but never mind, we're in it for love not money.

Secondly, the general tone is a little more sedate - people age fast in the amateur magazine business. We hope the present balance of content will please those who were critical of the first issue, without being too pompous to please those (and there were some) who liked it.

In the course of getting our feet stuck in various rapidly closing doors ('No madam, I'm not a Jehovah's Witness or the Betterwear Man'), we were faced with a number of fairly pointed questions. After dismissing the obviously ludicrous (e.g. 'Where's the money going?'), we were left with two basic queries - Who are you? and Why are you doing it?

Who's who

Well. Al Atkinson and John Spence are Art teachers. John paints, and plays string bass in a modern jazz group. Al is a painter who specialises in print making, is a well-known figure on the folk scene, and is obsessed with recording old Nottingham before it all disappears. Lou Moore is an Art student, as well as an expert mechanic and (fully qualified) electrician. John Sheffield teaches English at a local grammar school. Jane Baker and Dave Brett are post sixth-formers hoping to go to University next year. Dave has recently been doing some work in the rock music field for Radio Nottingham.

This has been the nucleus so far, but as can be seen from this issue, others are becoming involved - may we issue an open invitation to possible contributors to get in touch: all contributions will be happily considered.

Finally, the difficult one: Why do we do it? Apart from a basic urge to show off in print, we all have interests

which a magazine seems a good way of expressing. Some of us were involved with 'Platform' magazine, and were united by a feeling that its approach was a little narrow and heavy. It was obvious, however, that 'Platform' supplied an important need - with our limited time and resources, we can't hope to replace it, and in any case this was never our intention.

Variety

What we are trying to do instead is to produce a magazine open to a variety of ideas and enthusiasms, depending very much on the interests of those who want to contribute. There is plenty of activity and talent in the Nottingham area which is never expressed in print. We would be very happy if some of this found its way into 'Splinter'.

Readers of the first issue will have noticed also that 'approximately every six weeks' was a wildly optimistic forecast. In view of our professional commitments, it seems obvious now that 'Splinter' will be a casual magazine, appearing as often as we can get it together. Interest in the first issue was encouraging, however, and there is no reason why 'Splinter' shouldn't continue to appear every two or three months in the foreseeable future.





NOTTM'S RELICS

a final solution

IN A DEVELOPING CITY like Nottingham incongruous combinations of new and older buildings are bound to arise. The ideal solution would of course be complete redevelopment of whole areas in a uniform modern style. Steel, concrete and glass are after all the materials that make the urban Englishman feel at home. It is reassuring to discover that modern Nottingham is pretty much the same as Sheffield, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham ... and not one of those frighteningly idiosyncratic places like

Norwich or Lincoln.

However, expense and the activities of misguided pressure-groups make the ideal hard to achieve. Instead we are stuck with an unhappy compromise. Marks & Spencers is completely obscured by St Peter's Church. Potentially dramatic prospects of the Albany Hotel and the Mount Street Car Park are obscured by the Castle. Discrepant buildings mar St James's Street and Castle Gate.

concrete & glass

I propose a cheap and practical solution. Where it is impossible to demolish and replace an older building, it should be possible to screen it behind concrete and glass facades specially designed to

harmonize with surrounding modern buildings. Slight alterations to the old building might be necessary in some cases. For instance it would almost certainly prove cheaper to demolish church towers than to erect screening to their full height.

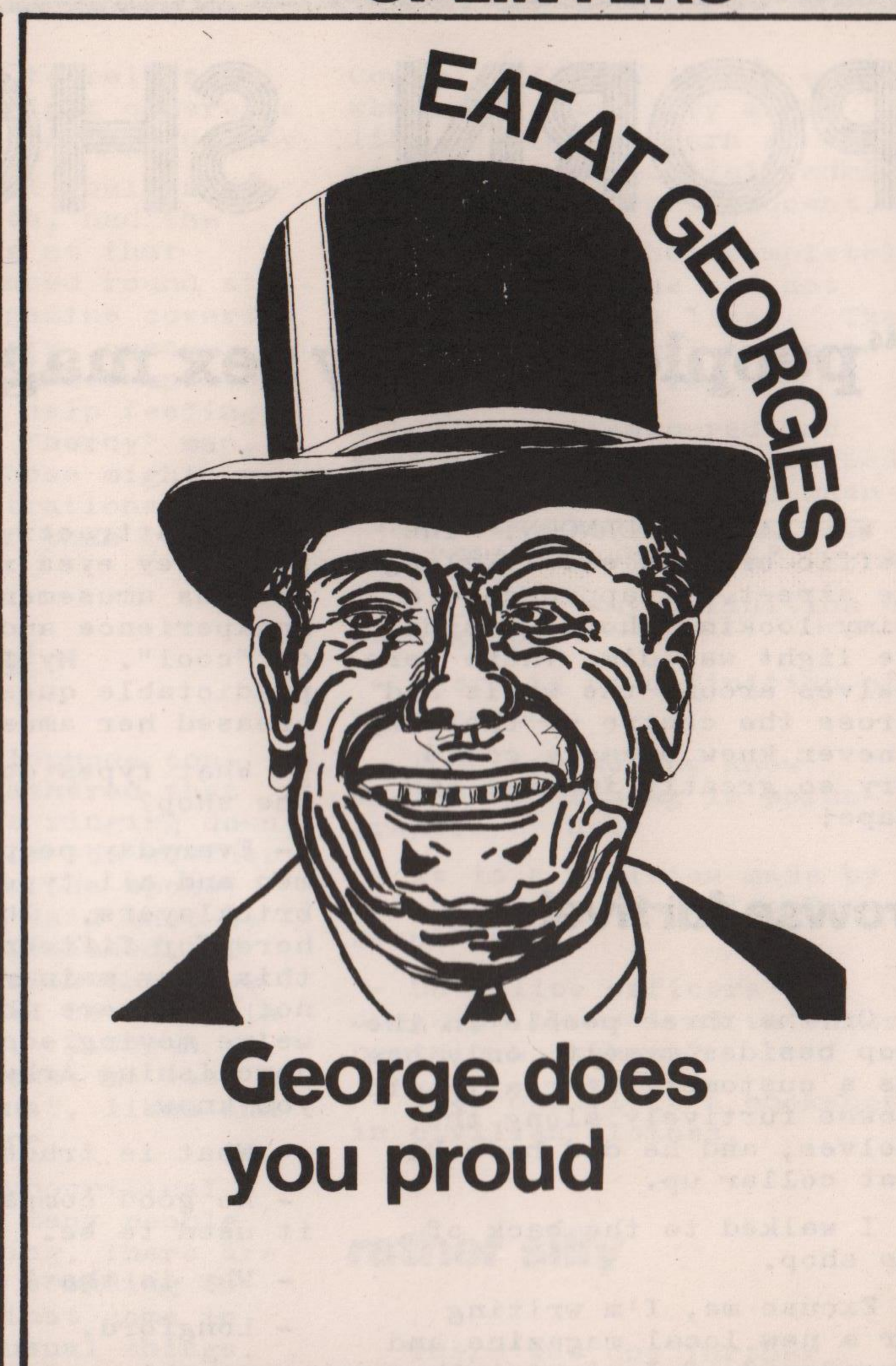
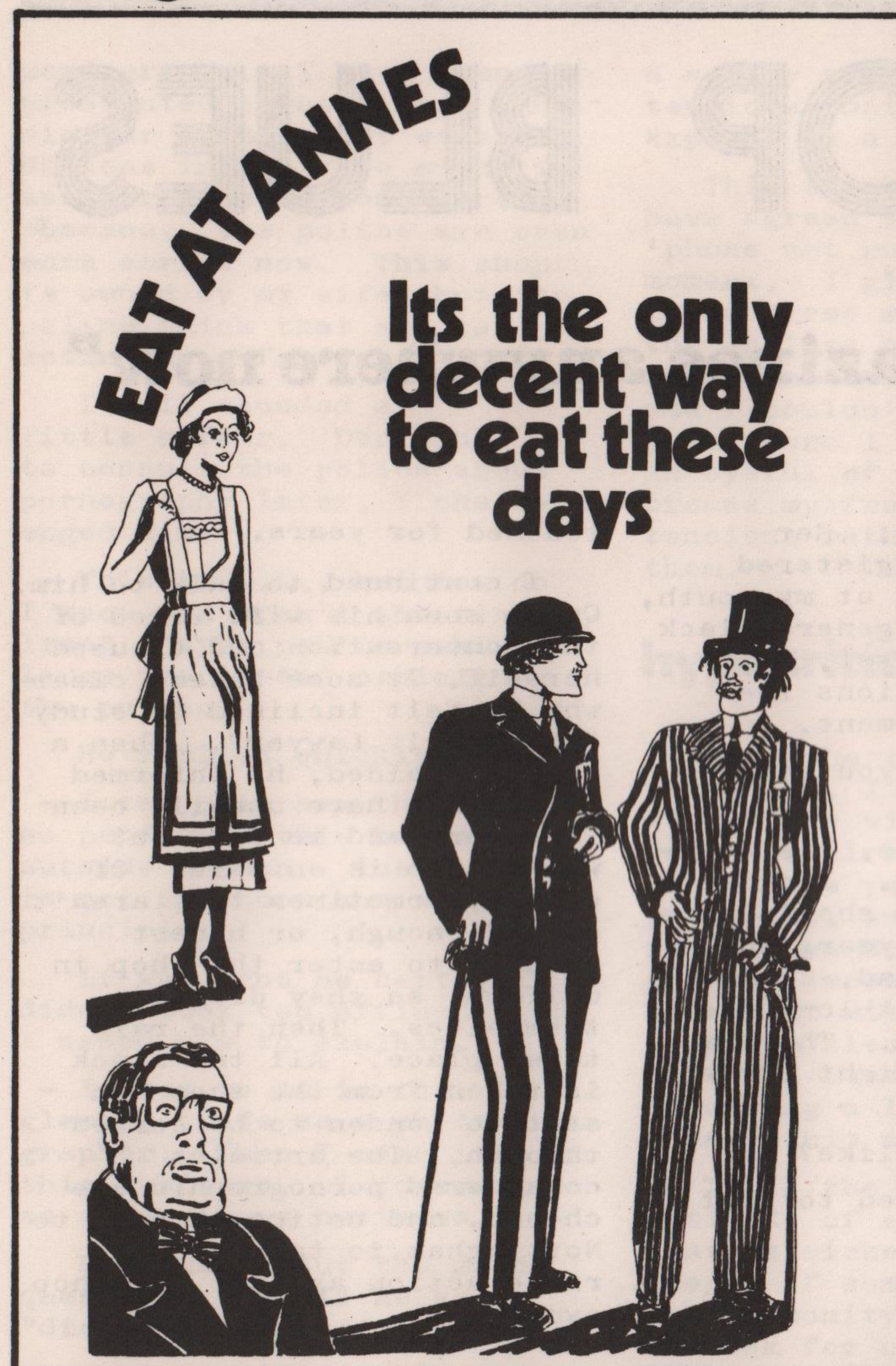
There are of course some disadvantages. The facades would require space, and many pavements would be narrowed or eliminated. It seems unlikely, however, that they would need to intrude into the roadway and interfere with the free flow of motor traffic. In some cases it might even be possible to provide sheltered parking space between the facade and the building, an amenity that all motorists would surely welcome.

less cost

Apart from their appearance the facades would offer many important advantages. The screened buildings would be protected from the weather and could thus be maintained at much less cost. It would for the first time be possible to make a small charge to people who came to see the buildings. At the moment tourists enjoy the architecture of our city without making any contribution to its upkeep. After a few years the accounts would show which of the old buildings was commercially worth keeping; and of course any unprofitable building could be quietly demolished behind its screen without attracting the attention of sentimentalists.

Unfortunately the Castle and Castle Rock will not lend themselves to this kind of treatment. Their sheer size would make the erection of suitable facades prohibitively expensive. But much could be done with simple hoardings. The whole site could be turned into an Advertising Display Complex, which would be the biggest in the world. Frequently changed bright posters would be displayed round the Rock; while the Castle itself would carry an immense battery of neon lights. The revenue from this site would quickly pay for the whole scheme. Players, so well-known for their disinterested sponsorship of sporting events, would surely pay handsomely for pride of place here.

KEITH LORD



LATE NIGHT FILMS

AT THE

NOTTINGHAM FILM THEATRE

BRADY ST.

THE SEVENTH SEAL (X) Sat. 9th June	One of Ingmar Bergman's greatest films, full of mediaeval mysticism: witches burnt at the stake, spirits, plague and the famous scene when the knight plays chess with death. With Max Von Sydow, Gunner Bjornstrand and Bibi Andersson.
HELL IN THE PACIFIC (U) Sat. 16th June	Lee Marvin as the American and Toshiro Mifune as the Japanese (remember him in the Kurosawa Samurai movies?) when they are shipwrecked on the same deserted Pacific island in World War II. A superb film and so funny as they attempt to catch each other, whilst trying to survive as Crusoes in a wild and beautiful land.
200 MOTELS (X) Sat. 23rd June	Starring Ringo Starr, The Mothers of Invention and of course, Frank Zappa, in this strange surrealist extravaganza. It's visually stunning with many new animation techniques & great music.
A DAY AT THE RACES (U) Sat. 30th June	One of the earlier Marx Brothers films with Harpo, Groucho, Chico, Zeppo & Margaret Dupont too - that brilliant lady stooge who never fails to be taken in by Groucho. Yet again the bizarre and crazy antics as only the Marx Brothers know how.

All shows: 11.00 p.m. 25p members, 35p public.

PORN SHOP BLUES

"people can buy sex magazines anywhere now"

IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON. The traffic crawled slowly along the street. I approached a grimy-looking shop. Inside, the light was dim. There were shelves around the walls and across the centre of the shop. I never knew breasts could vary so greatly in size and shape!

browse furtively

Of the three people in the shop besides myself, only one was a customer. He really did browse furtively along the shelves, and he did have his coat collar up.

I walked to the back of the shop.

- Excuse me, I'm writing for a new local magazine and I wondered if I might talk to you about your business.

The two people looked at me. The man, frail-looking with very short fair hair, sat huddled in a brown fur coat in front of a small electric fire. A large book was open on his knee: "The Family Lawyer". He gestured towards the woman.

- Speak to my wife, she owns the shop.

She was younger and

rather attractive. Her pale grey eyes registered obvious amusement at my youth, inexperience and general lack of "cool". My first, quite predictable questions increased her amusement.

- What types do you get in the shop?

- Everyday people. Businessmen and all types. Judges to bricklayers. The shop's been here for fifteen years on this busy main road. We've not been here that long and we're moving soon. They're demolishing Arkwright Street, you know.

- What is trade like?

- No good compared to what it used to be.

- Why is that?

- Longford.

At this point, the man, much to my relief, lost his air of indifference and entered the conversation.

- It's not just Longford. Of course Longford has something to do with it, but the real reason is that people can buy sex magazines anywhere now. They can get them with their newspapers. What Longford's done has made the police tighten up. We were raided two months ago. Previously this shop hadn't been

touched for years.

I continued to talk to him. Quite soon his wife tired of the conversation and excused herself. It soon became clear why he felt inclined to study "The Family Lawyer". When a shop is raided, he informed me, police have usually been in beforehand to find out what there is on sale. Of course, sometimes they aren't stupid enough, or honest enough, to enter the shop in uniform, so they disguise themselves. Then the raid takes place. All the stock is taken from the shop and sent to London to be sorted through. The articles considered pornographic are chosen, and notice is sent to Nottingham to take appropriate action against the shop owner.

over a barrel

What of the rest of the stock?

- An order is issued for it to be confiscated. If you don't agree to this, they find more stuff pornographic until you agree to it. The police have you over a barrel. There are no definitions and no guidelines about

pornography. I have been prosecuted three times, and similar things that were not obscene in one case might in another case be considered obscene. The police are even more strict now. This shop is owned by my wife, but the police think that she is acting as a front.

It all sounded a little unfair. Deciding to consult the police about pornography later, I challenged him:

- This is O.K., but how do I know you aren't shooting a line? Maybe you're making a large profit and exploiting the public.

He replied quickly:

- I can only say there's no profit in this business outside London. The profit is not so important as the principle.

It was true he certainly didn't look too affluent, so I asked him to explain.

- I used to be in the glamour trade as a photographer. Then I came into this business. I regard it as an ordinary business.

But what about the moral question? Should he sell "dirty" books and magazines?

- As far as personal morals are concerned, I don't believe that I am doing anything wrong. I believe that people's lives should be their own. If people want to buy books, it's their affair.

The argument, though unoriginal, seemed none the less convincing, and, free-thinking woman that I am, I agreed.

- In fact, I believe that sex magazines can act as

a safety valve to release tensions that might otherwise explode in a more harmful way.

This theory I would also have agreed with, had the 'phone not rung at that moment. I glanced round at the endless magazine covers, the endless busty, open-legged blondes and brunettes, and I couldn't help feeling that, were I a "horny" man, an eyeful of those might increase my frustrations and tensions rather than release them.

hypocritical

From the telephone conversation, I gathered that it was his wife ringing down from upstairs to see whether I had gone yet. He spoke patiently, and said that he would soon be finished. I got the impression that now he really wished to make his position clear. I began to think less that he was "shooting a line", liked and trusted him more.

- It is the hypocritical attitude of so many people that is sickening. There are people of some standing in the community that come in and ask for unusual things. Yet it is these people that oppose you most strongly in public. The last time I was raided and coming up for trial, the barrister's advice was to go to the Magistrates' Court (where there is no chance of getting off) rather than the Crown Court (where there is usually a 50/50 chance of getting off, but heavier penalties if guilt is proved). His reason for giving this advice was that there was a jury in the Crown

Court, and even though every member of that jury might like looking at porn at home, not one would publicly admit it by finding you innocent.

I left the shop completely believing that he had not been "shooting a line". The Police Inspector I spoke to confirmed my belief.

Calm, self-assured and efficient looking, he showed only slight irritation when I asked him about pornography and "dirty book shops".

- Is there any definition of pornography?

- There is no definition of pornography.

- Then how do you know whether something is pornographic or not?

- It is a decision made by the Director of Public Prosecutions.

- Do police officers disguise themselves to enter certain bookshops?

- They may visit a bookshop in civilian clothes.

rather silly

There was one further question I asked, well aware he had said there was no definition of pornography.

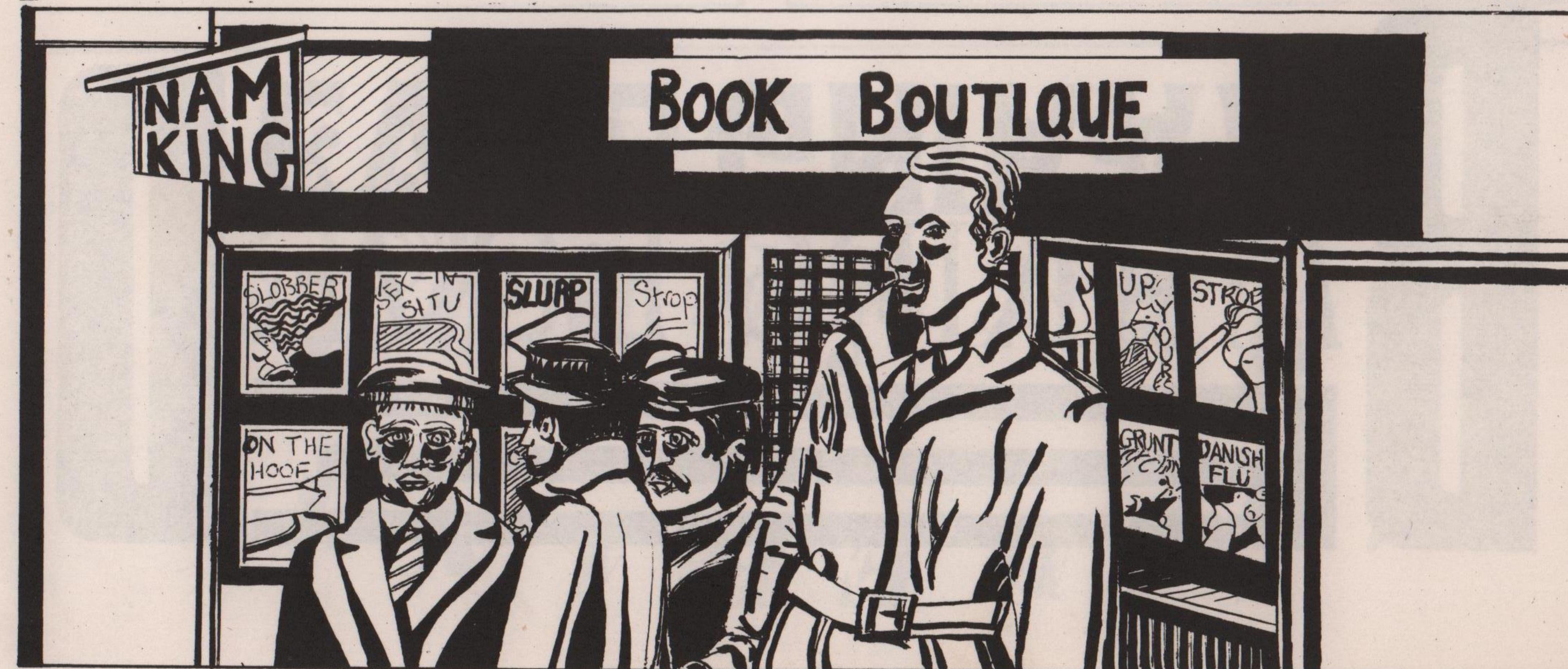
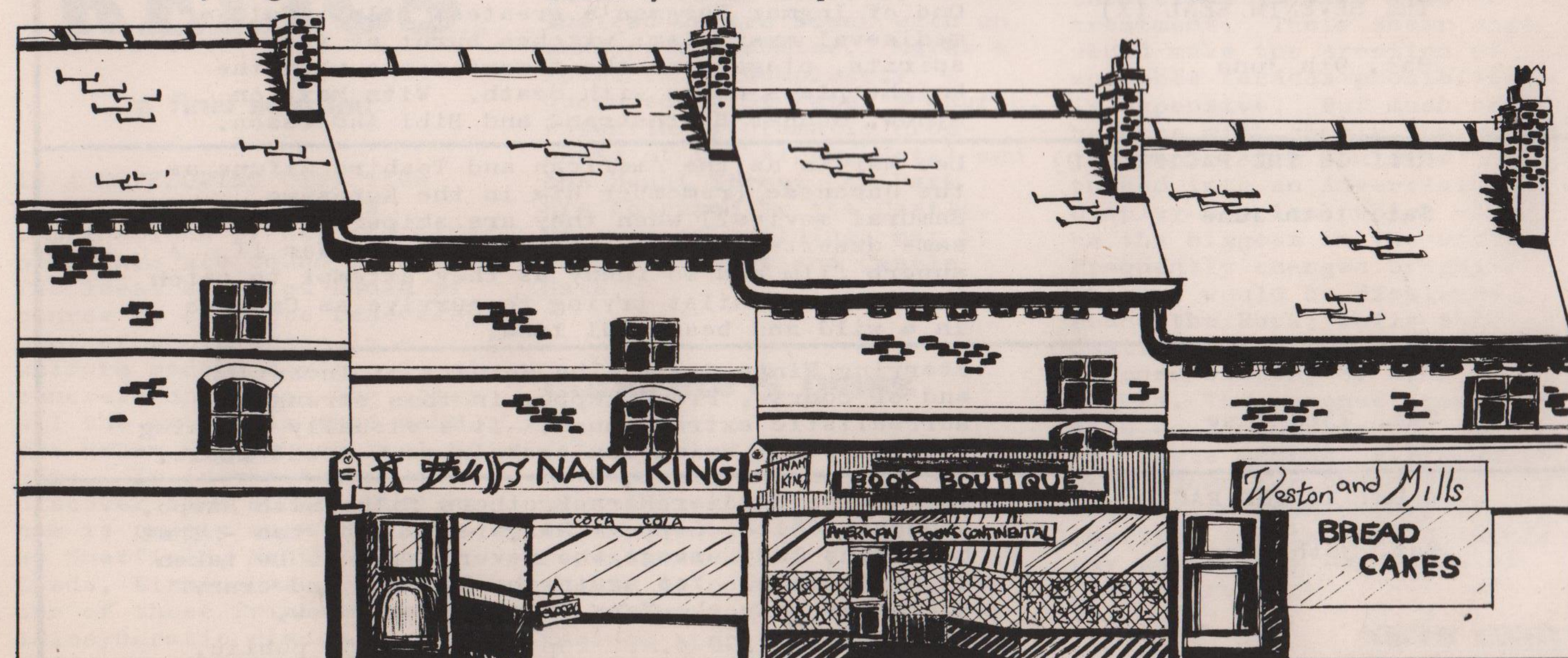
- Why do you suddenly choose to raid a shop that has been left alone for several years?

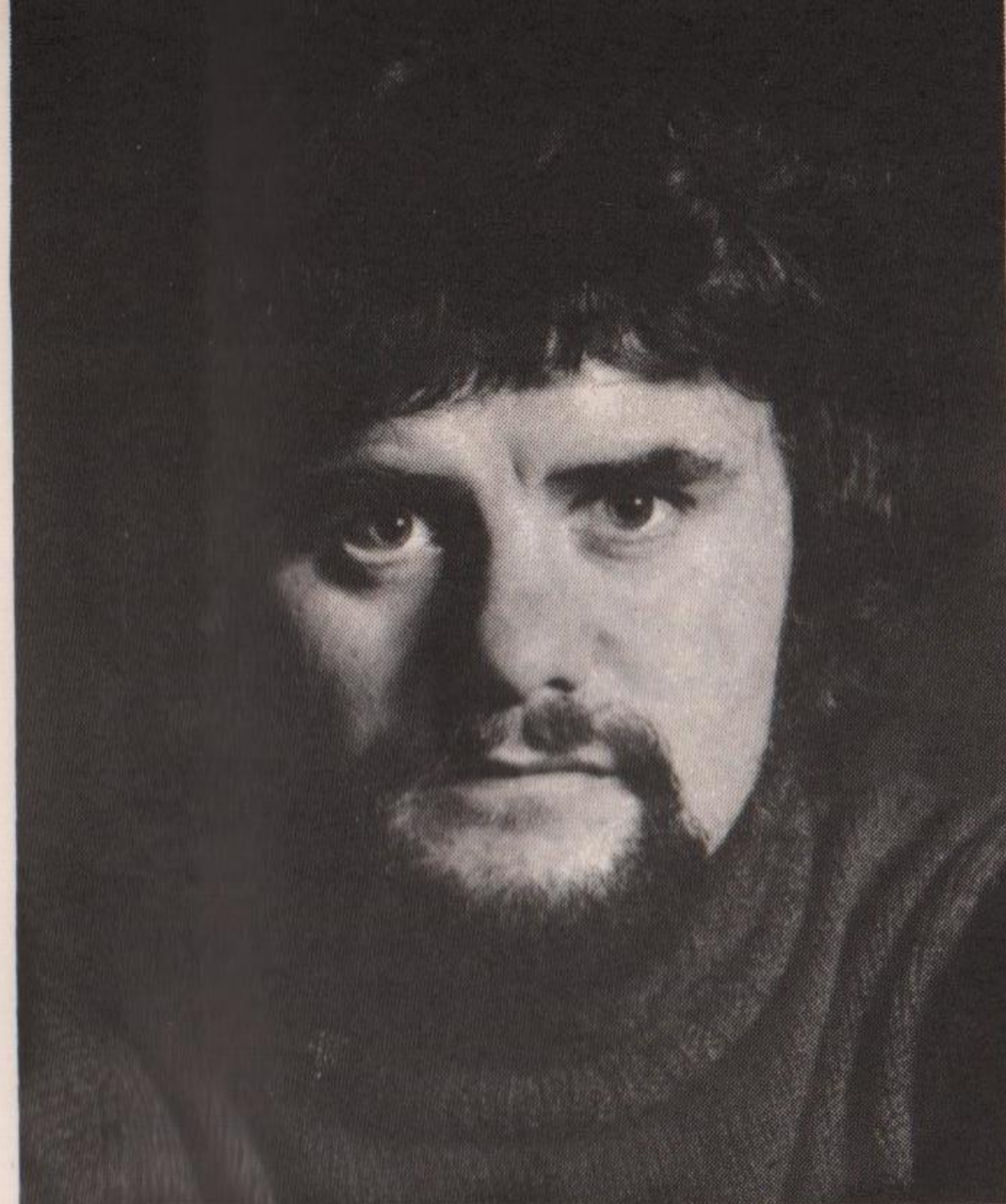
The Inspector smiled at me.

- Maybe they had nothing pornographic till then.

It seemed rather a silly thing to say.

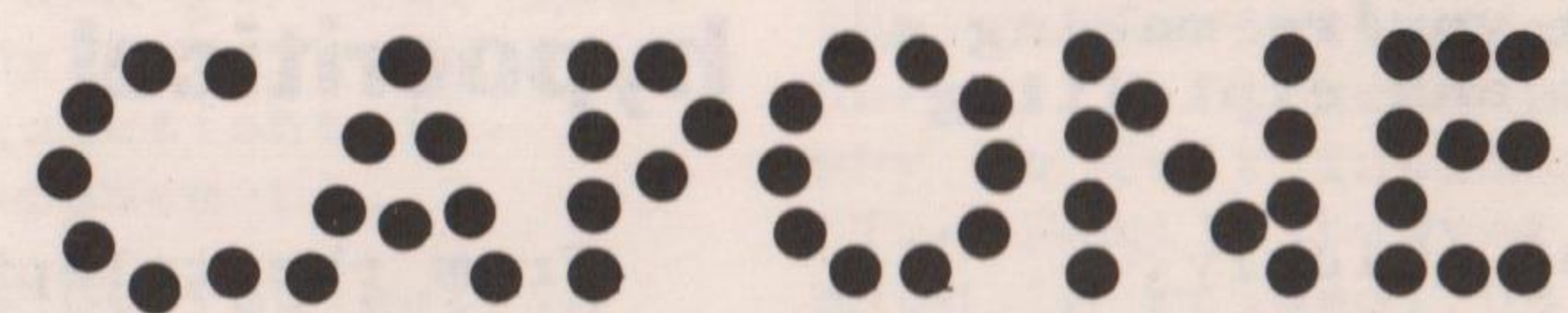
JANE BAKER





VIOLENT POEM

TR  SKY



MAN UN  IED

 PAL  LACH

blending two arts

"A visual poem exists on several levels simultaneously. I exploit symbolic language, letter sequences, patterns and the potential inherent in the original cliché. Ideally my illustrations are statements and my statements are illustrations, working either together or individually.

"In my visual poetry I also make comments about the society that I live in, there is also a certain amount of humour, and basically, I hope, the blending of two creative arts: i.e. art in the Fine Art and Graphic sense, and the art of literature."

STEPHEN MORRIS teaches in the Faculty of Art at Wolverhampton Polytechnic, has published poetry in numerous books & periodicals, & has read his work on the Continent & in the U.S.A. A number of exhibitions have featured his visual poetry & paintings.

BED POEM

B  **D**
M  **A**  **K**  **I**  **N**  **G**  **L**  **O** **V** **E**

LOW JUMP POEM

K A N G A R O O

Old Star Movie Poem

CHAPLIN
♥alentino
JOLSON

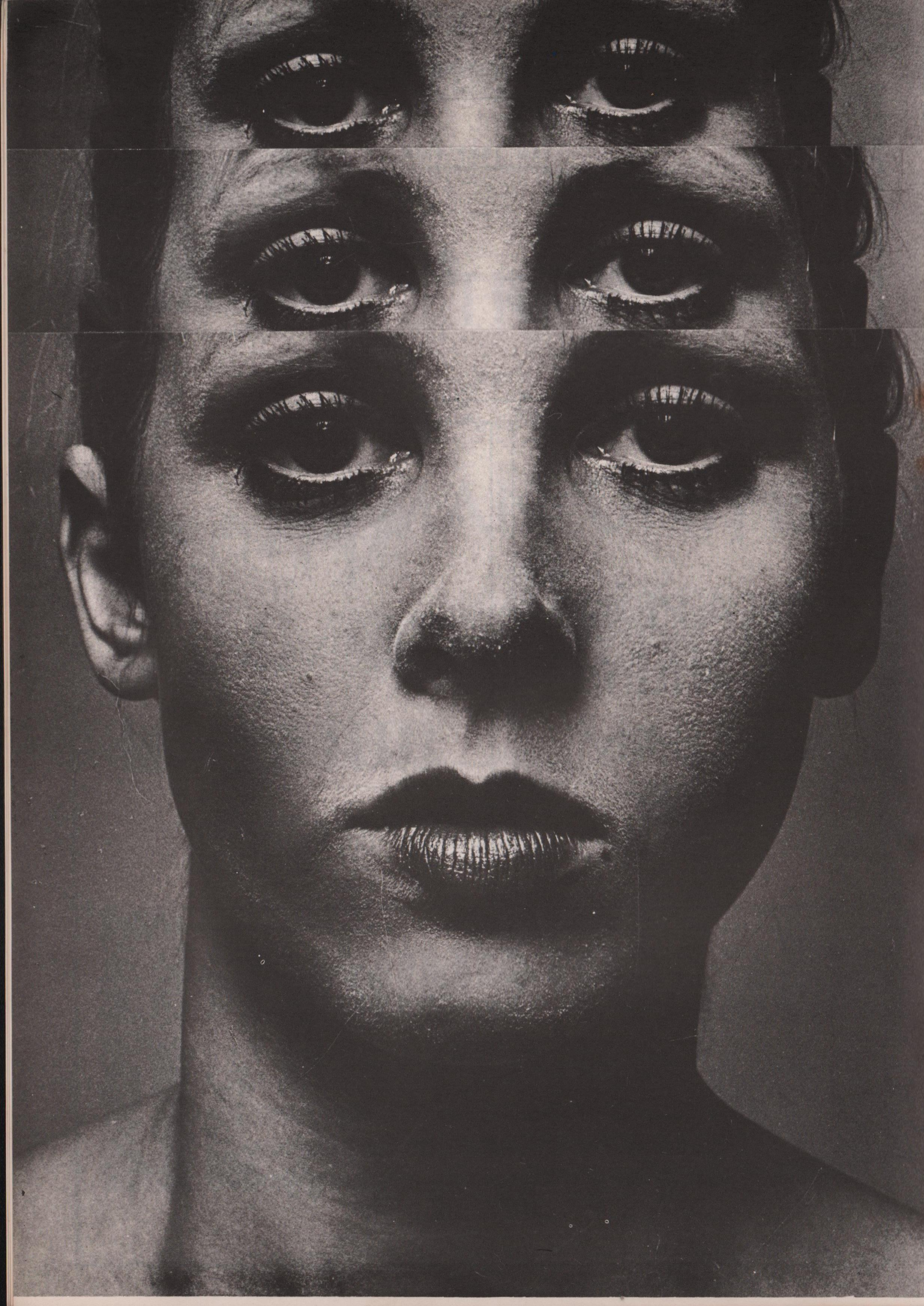


SEASONS POEM


S  M M M E R
aut 
WINTER

AUSTRALIAN POEM

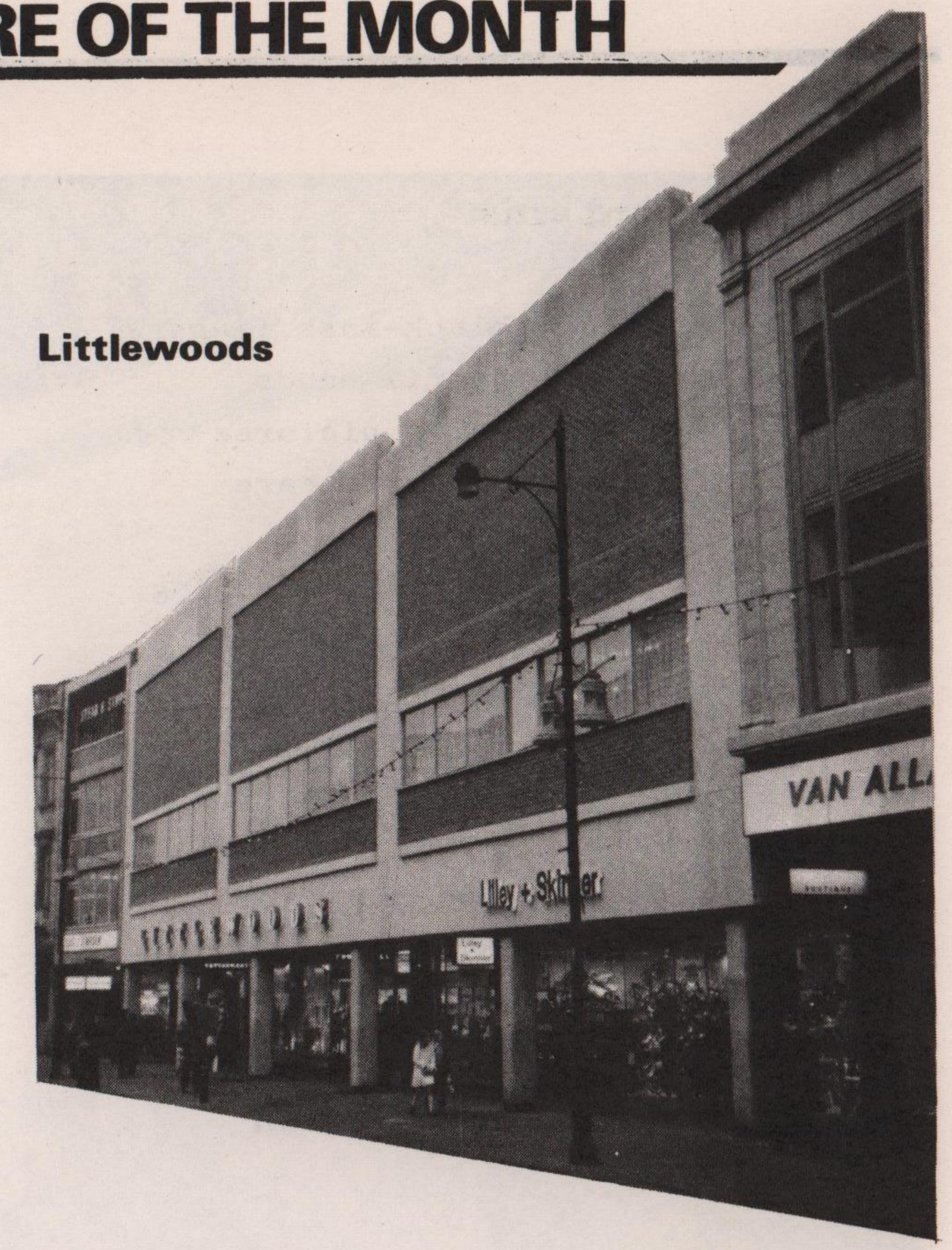
(O O M E R A N G)
G N E R A N O



**Profit or
Personality?**

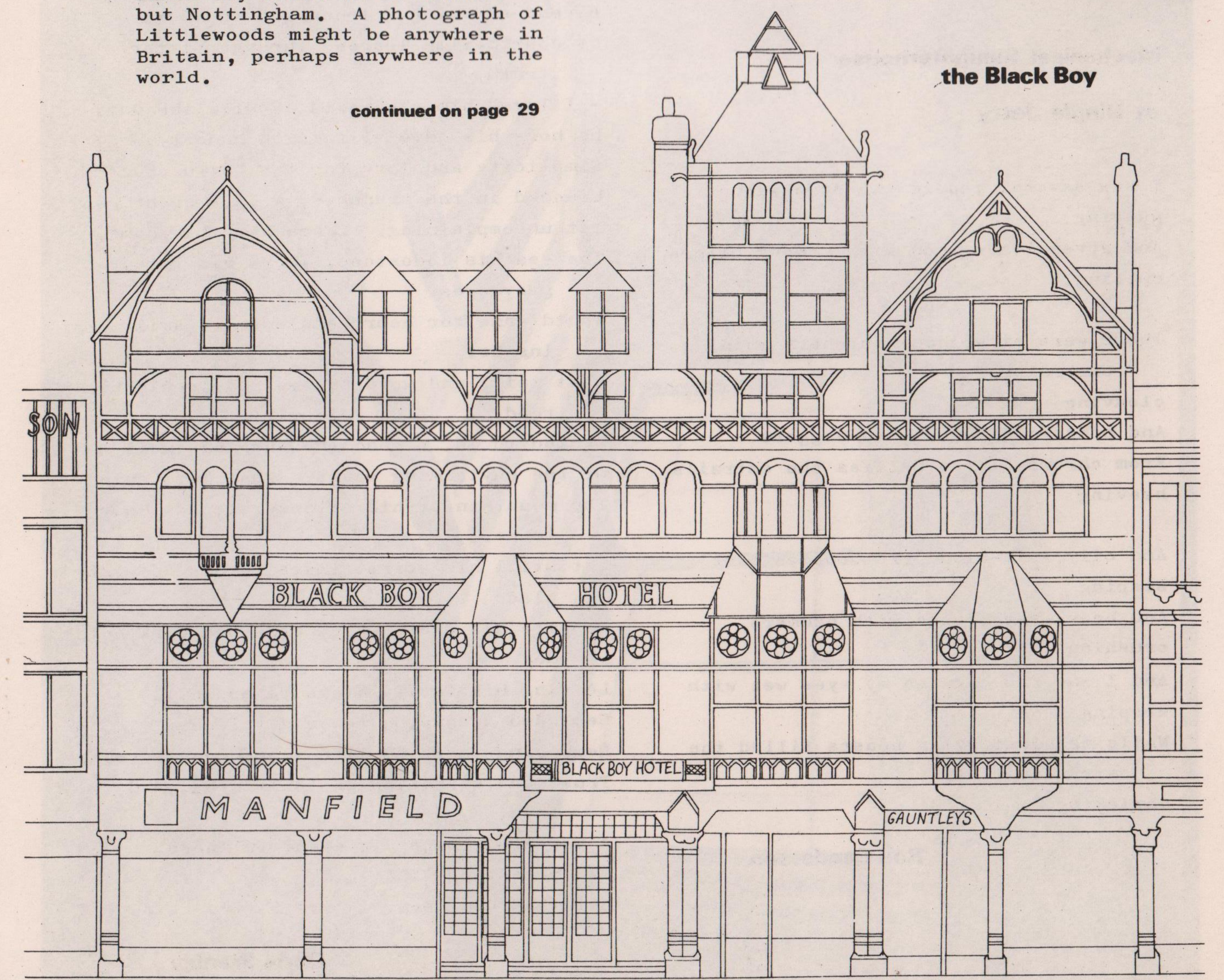
AT FIRST SIGHT there seems little to say about these pictures - they so clearly speak for themselves. It is not that Littlewoods store is an obvious eyesore. A newcomer to Nottingham would probably see an inoffensive, rather dull new building which made some attempt to preserve the unity of Long Row by continuing the same roof line and the distinctive arcading. What is significant here is what it is replacing. Again, it is not that the Black Boy Hotel was a monumental masterpiece of national importance. It is simply that it was a highly individual and interesting building which perfectly expressed the quirky genius of its architect, Watson Fothergill. In doing so, it was one of the things which made Nottingham different from other places. A photograph of the Black Boy could be of nowhere but Nottingham. A photograph of Littlewoods might be anywhere in Britain, perhaps anywhere in the world.

Littlewoods



the Black Boy

continued on page 29



Magic wizard artist

with the matted black-mass fingers
by the twisted-tendrils hands
I can see him drawing pictures
finely lithographed with care

and I see his brows are twitching
cunning quavers of his mind
deftly drawn in tiny etching
trilling quivers of his hand

then the liquid flow of colours
painting prints upon the page
so a child can pass the hours
thumbing through his picture-maze

Ron Sanderson**Mechanical Slaughterhouse****at Dingle Jetty**

I saw several men in the stockyard
gutting
And several more men with strong pliers
cutting.

There were oil-bloody butchers into
carbrains
cleaving
And other men there with daggers
From chrome-plated bellies the entrails
heaving

And oily life-blood from bodies came
seeping
And heavy-set cranes with hammers
crushing
And I saw the carnage my eyes wet with
weeping
While the last dying beasts filled the
air with their
shrieking.

Ron Sanderson**THREE
POEMS****from a verse autobiography**

He was a man of terse and tight-lipped
epigrams:

"You can drag a horse to the water but
"You can't make him drink" (he never
reached far

Beyond enduring silence and the force
Of dour maxims learned through bitter
truth)

- I loved him always in a childlike way.
He bore his quiet life with honesty,
Simplicity and love for the North country.
Wounded in the trenches, a life spent poor
Yet uncomplaining. Lancashire his home,
The sea his lodestone, where his tired
grey eyes

Would gaze for hours and seem to smile
inside.

What still and wordless message could he
read,

Denied to me, beyond the surging swell
Of the unyielding waves? What lay behind
The mountain of his silence, is now lost
to me.

Yet still his spirit lives in his dearest
place

Despite his death which came one dark cold
day

Leaving his family alone to mourn.
Secluded avenue, a few old friends
Remaining there as life flowed on, serene.
Trust and affection in their eyes, and
love,

A peaceful, happy love and fullness,
accepting

All that had been.

Chris Stanley



Verbena Street

Summer Infatuation

THE STORY SO FAR.....

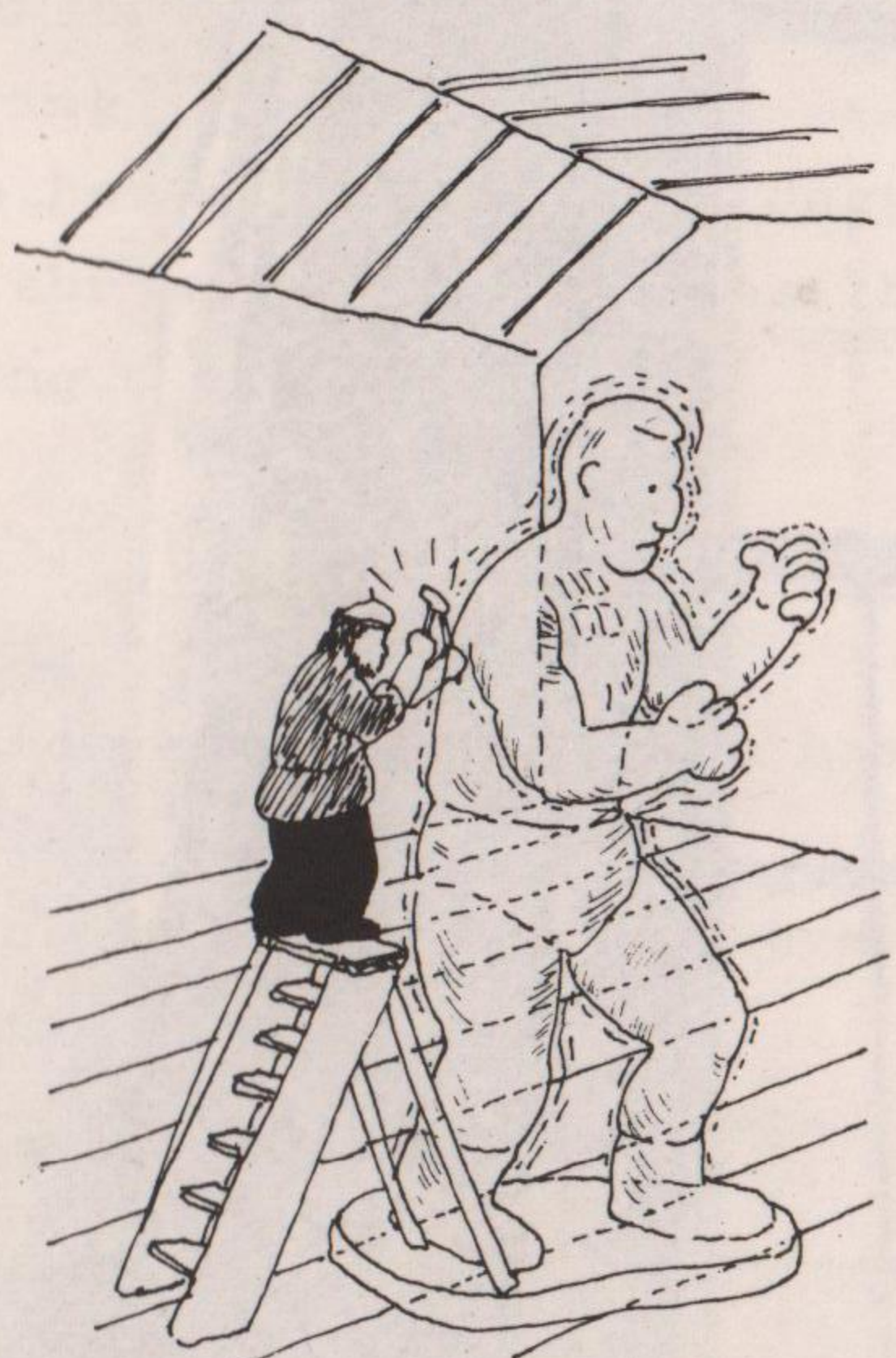
3 AT A FANCY DRESS PARTY SHE MEETS GORDON DIBLEY, AN ARRESTING PERSONALITY (ARRESTING PERSONALITY) GET IT?



4 GORDON INVITES FIONA OUT FOR AN EVENING AT THE PICTURESQUE LOCAL TAVERN

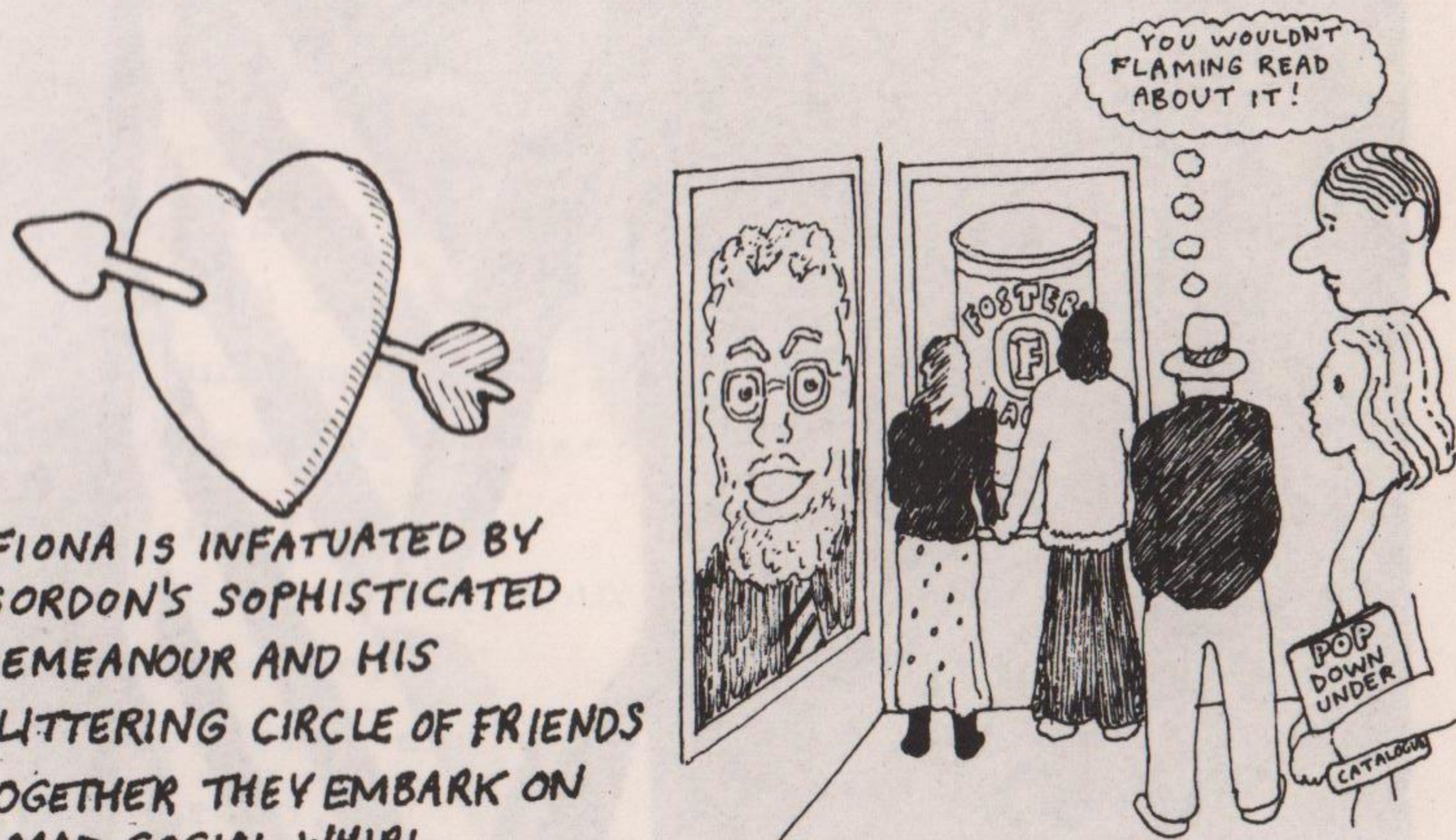


7 GERVAISE INVITES FIONA AND GORDON OVER TO THE VILLA OF NORBERT ST. JOHN THE WORLD-FAMOUS JELLY SCULPTOR, WHO IS WORKING ON HIS MASTERPIECE - AN 18 FOOT STATUE OF BILLY TWO CHIVERS

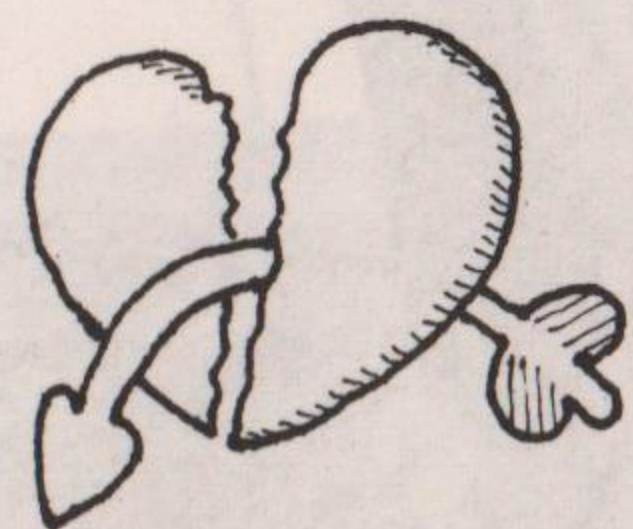
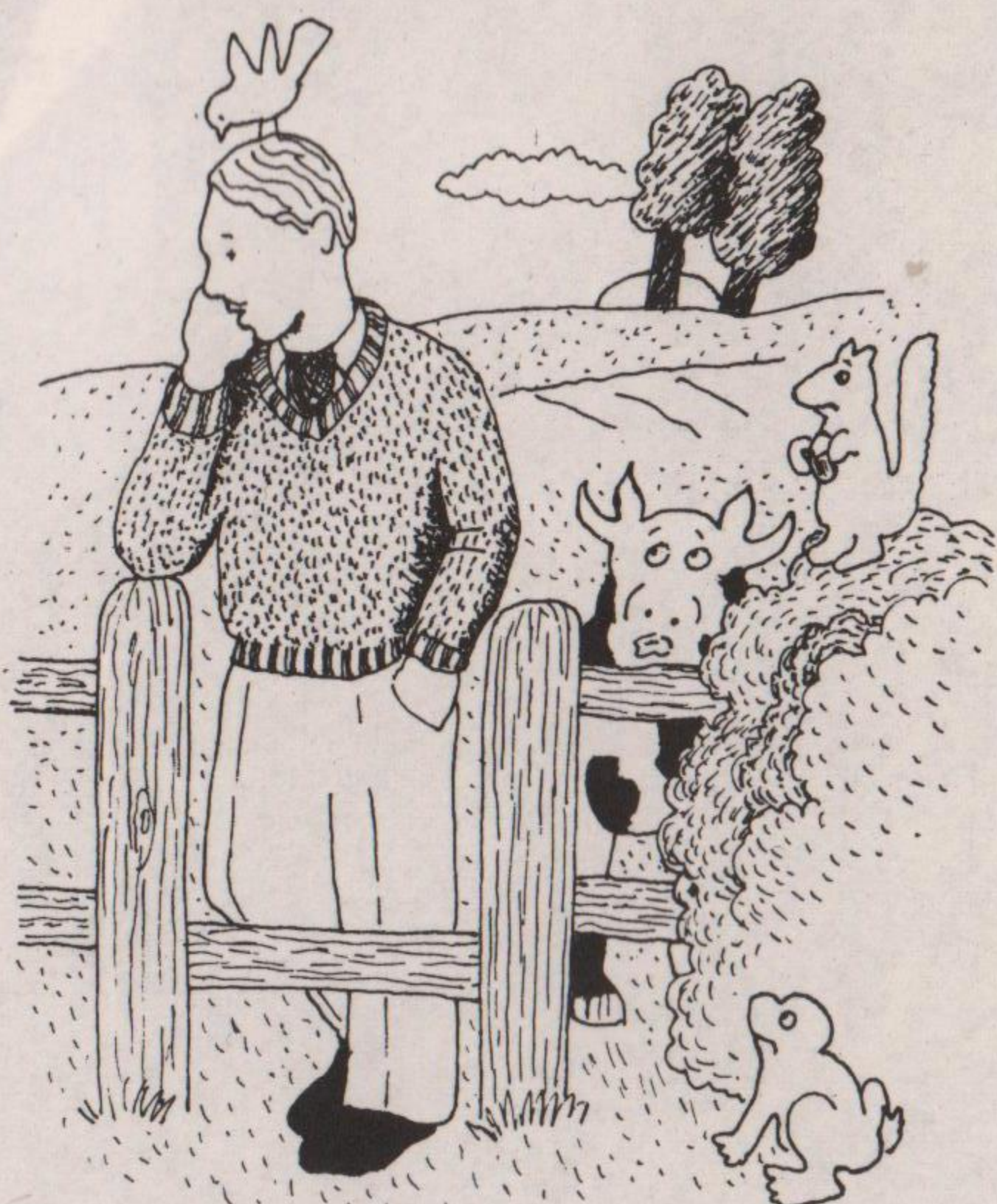


8 FIONA IS INFATUATED BY GORDON'S SOPHISTICATED DEMEANOUR AND HIS GLITTERING CIRCLE OF FRIENDS - TOGETHER THEY EMBARK ON A MAD SOCIAL WHIRL...

... VISITING THEATRES AND GALLERIES...



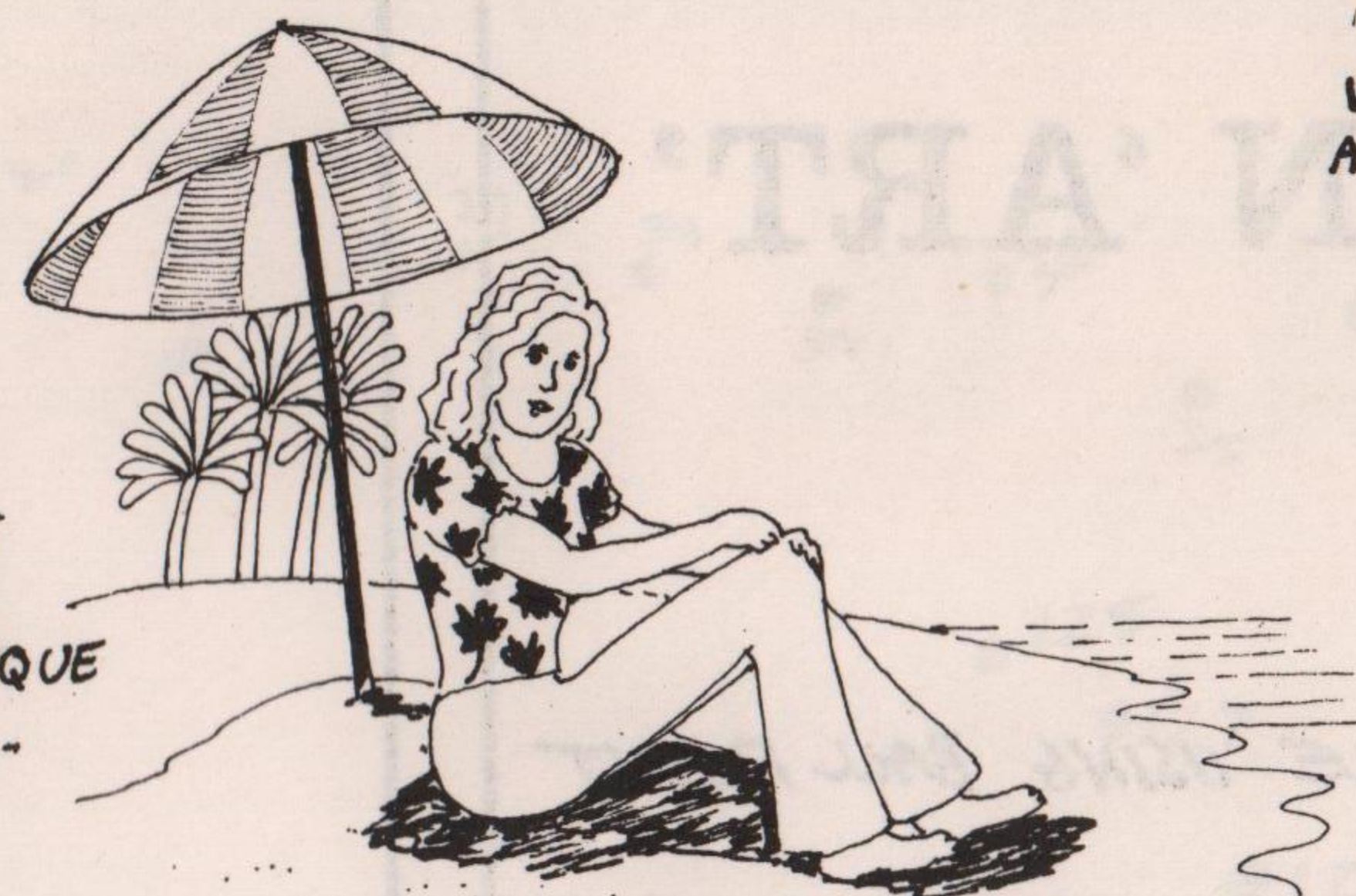
11 BUT FIONA CANNOT BANISH FROM HER MIND THE THOUGHT OF HER FIANCEE ♥ RODNEY ♥ WAITING FOR HER BACK IN THE VILLAGE. IS SHE BETRAYING HIS TRUST, SHE WONDERS?



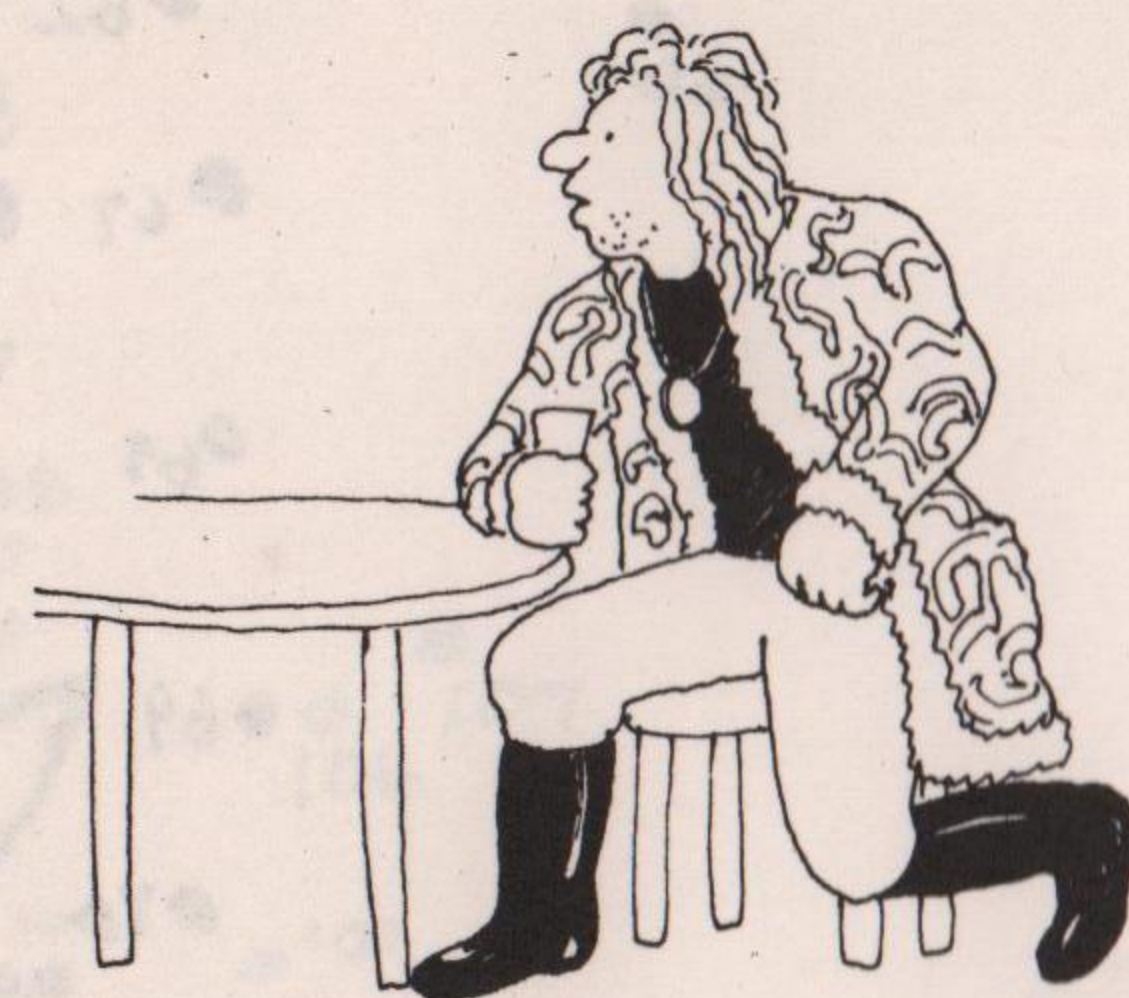
AL ATKINSON
WITH THANKS TO
GREN BLATHERWICK AND
BOB NANCOLLIS

WITH HER QUAIN OLD AUNT HERMIONE AND DEAR UNCLE WOLFGANG, THE WORLD FAMOUS ORNITHOLOGIST

1 PRETTY FIONA FORSYTHE IS SPENDING HER SUMMER HOLIDAYS ON THE PICTURESQUE ISLAND OF SANTA DAGO...



5 WHERE HE INTRODUCES HER TO GERVAISE PLIMPTON THE WORLD FAMOUS IMPRESSARIO, ENTREPRENEUR AND CHANCER.



6 GERVAISE IS ON THE ISLAND TO SHOOT A DOCUMENTARY ON ECCENTRIC RECLUSE SENOR SICKOVERYA CARPET, THE WORLD FAMOUS PHEGLEMENCO CATARRHIST

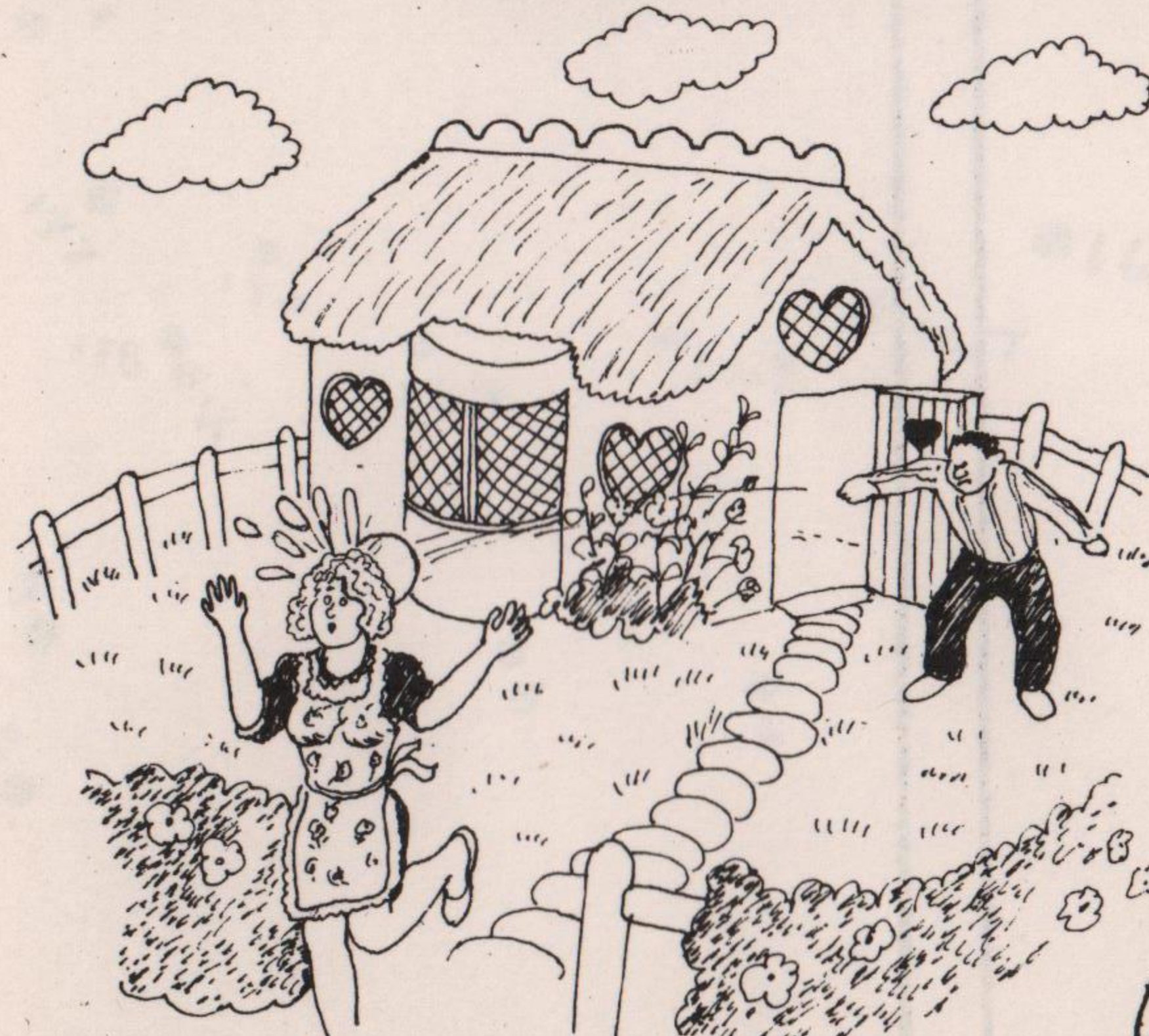


9 ... DINING IN EXOTIC SURROUNDINGS...



10 ... AND ENJOYING THE STIMULATING COMPANY OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND TALENTED.

12 MEANWHILE, AT HONEYMOON COTTAGE, YOUNG JACK HAS FOUND OUT THAT SWEET SUE CAN'T COOK EITHER



NOW READ ON...

OPERATION 'ART'

PHASE ONE.

JOIN THE DOTS IN SEQUENCE USING BALL POINT

PHASE TWO.

USING GARISH COLOURS FILL IN AREAS OF THE DRAWING

PHASE THREE

MOUNT AND FRAME THE PICTURE.

PHASE FOUR

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU HAVE NOW COMPLETED A PAINTING COMPARABLE TO ONE OF ANDY WARHOL'S. YOU ARE NOW ELIGIBLE TO WEAR "FAMOUS ARTIST" BADGE. CUT IT OUT AND MOUNT IT ON EXISTING SMILEY BADGE OR CAR WINDSCREEN.

AS YOU DID THIS WORK YOURSELF, YOU HAVE IN FACT DONE MORE THAN WARHOL WOULD DO IN THE CREATION OF AN 'ART' WORK SO, TO VALUE YOUR WORK, TAKE WARHOL'S PRICE PLUS YOUR OWN TIME!

TAKE YOUR COMPLETED WORK AND EITHER

1. SELL IT TO 'ART' DEALER
2. HANG IT PROUDLY IN YOUR APARTMENT
3. SLIP INTO 'ART' GALLERY AND HANG IT WHEN NO ONE IS LOOKING. STEP BACK AND WAIT FOR FAVOURABLE COMMENTS. NOTE REACTIONS AND COMPARE TO REACTIONS TOWARDS "ORIGINALS."

I
AM A
Famous
ARTIST

CUT ALONG
DOTTED LINE



WARHOL & PEACE

Lou Moore, designer

of the centre pages, launches an assault

SINCE 1962, WARHOL HAS shocked the world with his work. Taking subjects ranging from Brillo pads to Liz Taylor, he hammers them home by repeating image after image in day-glo colour on giant canvases. He reproduces exactly a Campbell's soup tin and sells it for x thousand dollars. In fact, like many "artists", he doesn't even do the work, but has someone do it for him. Is this art?

urinals as art

Marcel Duchamp said that a work of art is what an artist says it is, and that it is the artist who is the masterpiece. This philosophy led him to exhibit bicycle wheels and urinals as art. This is the idea that Warhol subscribes to. I have no objection to this philosophy, and neither should anyone else - providing they believe Warhol is capable of making their aesthetic decisions for them. I say that anyone with real integrity and artistic ability would find Warhol's work shallow and sensational, designed for shock value with no lasting engagement. That is all his car crash pictures could ever hope to be.

Art critics (who are usually more corrupt than artists, because they depend for a living on those they criticise) perpetuate this anti-art by glamourising this destructive attitude, and convincing the public that it's a very brave and revolutionary step to create art in which there is no personal involvement, up to the point where there is no physical involvement either.

It's like the King's new clothes. You tell everyone that Warhol has made you a



ANDY WARHOL Campbell Soup Can 1964

suit of clothes so aesthetic, so artistic, and so on, and when you walk into the show stark naked, all the critics scream "Wonderful!" (because they don't want anyone to know they can't tell art from butter), and all the buyers shout "Wow!" (because they can't tell the difference either, but believe the critics can), with the result that when poor old Joe Public walks in by accident and screams "It's obscene!" all hands jump on him and tear him to shreds "just to show how dedicated they are". And so we are left wondering.

I do think that Warhol's work is pleasing (but, of course, that is one of its primary functions), and, of course, shocking (to mums and dads and ministers of the Church), and titillating (to all the people who have sold their souls for a middle-class existence, and become

warped in the process), but do we really consider such decadence art?

Francis Bacon's art is really decadent, but it has great depth, great talent, it is created to be what it is. Warhol takes a soup can and throws it in front of the public and says, "There you are". Whatever you think of this, you must realise that he couldn't do it if society wasn't as perverse as he is, and that anyone who is looking for an answer will only find a question in his work. I say, make art progressive. Let us question things and become free thinking through art, not bogged down with problems involving the aesthetics of a soup tin.

An unpainted canvas has infinite possibilities. On it can be created a situation involving complicated illusions of dimension, fantastic combinations of colour and alternatives of visual stimulus that we cannot perceive in the general mass media. Art should be visually stimulating and intellectually engaging. It should rise above the condition that we live in and give us an alternative situation. It can make us aware of what we really could be.

nightmare

The power of the mind has been proved. A table can be raised in the air. A man can have spikes driven into his body or can walk on fire with no ill effect. People can see into the future. I know people who can. So why are we so concerned with the tangible world of motor cars and fitted carpets? They can only cause disillusion and distress, because they are

false gods. Art should be a method of communication for people who have this vision, not another decadent method of entertainment.

When we look to art, let us reject that which is not forward moving and does not rise above the level of "the American dream". In this way true art will thrive, and have for us the importance that it should, and not be the pseudo-enigmatic nightmare that is creating an ever-increasing gulf between those who are "in" and those who are not.

mass suicide

Don't be dragged down to a level of understanding that makes "Crossroads" the most popular level of entertainment. Don't forget that the society that exists supports the bombing of innocent people for the perpetuation of big business, and causes illness in thousands of people by mass pollution. If you don't make a stand against it, you condone it.

It's the same with art. If you lower your standards to appreciate an art that is a glorifier of existing standards, then you will be subscribing to the situation that exists; and then art will become another form of entertainment, instead of a medium which expresses ways of thinking that can replace the situation where mankind is slowly committing mass suicide.

FRANCIS BACON Screaming Nurse



Janet Suzman

A brief encounter

HAVING LOOKED AT A LIST of Janet Suzman's achievements over the past few years, I felt a little nervous about meeting her, as I was scheduled to do at the Albany Hotel recently. On arriving, it soon became apparent that I needn't have worried, since apart from Miss Suzman being perfectly approachable, two ladies in green were standing by to distribute liquid bonhomie. The press reception was for 'A Day in the Death of Joe Egg' at the Nottingham Film Theatre, in which Alan Bates co-stars with Miss Suzman. Other recent roles include Lady Macbeth, Shaw's Saint Joan, Ophelia, Masha in 'The Three Sisters', Kate in 'The Taming of the Shrew', Rosalind in 'As You Like It', Portia in 'The Merchant of Venice', and Hedda Gabler in a television production.

Since Miss Suzman has worked for theatre, film and television, I asked the obvious question, which did she prefer?

A. Each has its own quality which can be exploited meaningfully to get the best from the material: one adapts one's technique to suit.

Q. So you don't feel that there is still the dichotomy between film acting and stage acting?

A. No, I think that any intelligent actor can adapt from one to the other; if there is an audience, one is influenced by the nature of that audience, and reacts accordingly, whereas before the camera, one plays the part strictly as the form and feeling of the content dictates.

Q. But do you feel that there is more difficulty in filming, where the continuity of the script is broken up by the shooting script?

A. An actor should be a professional. If one takes a part, one learns the script, becomes familiar with the sentiments and nuances of it, and then uses one's acting know-how and experience to interpret it in terms of the medium in which it is being played. In front of a good audience in the theatre, one



enjoys the actuality of the atmosphere, but is still as professional as on a film set, where this atmosphere does not exist and one is surrounded by technicians and perhaps only accomplishes a couple of minutes of the final film in a complete day's work.

hamburgers

Q. Is this thoroughly professional attitude typical of actors, or do you find that acting is still a rather mannered profession, where actors are liable to mix socially with other actors, and where the glamour of the roles just left in the theatre tends to pervade the conversation afterwards?

...At this point in the conversation, it was someone else's turn to attract Miss Suzman's attention, with a comment about the quality of hamburgers in Britain. When they both discovered that they rated 'Tommy's Place' in Los Angeles, or was it San Francisco, as the best in the world, and attempted to capture the essence of its success, I was out of my depth and retired to the refreshments counter.

JOHN SPENCE

THE FLOPPITS

WORDS BY JOHN SHEFFIELD
PIX BY AL ATKINSON

(CONT.)

THE AFTERNOON DRIVES JOE INSANE, HE SLAVES LIKE MAD, BUT ALL IN VAIN

THE FOREMAN SHOUTS, THE GIRLS ALL CURSE JOE'S TEMPER'S GETTING WORSE AND WORSE

SO WHEN THE HOOTER GOES AT LAST JOE GETS DOWN TO THE BOOKIES, FAST

HIS BET HAS WON HIM SIX POUND THREE TONIGHT JOE'S ON A DRINKING SPREE

CO-OP FOLK CLUB

GET AWAY FROM THE PUB

AMERICAN STORES

WAREHOUSE

YOUR PERSONAL TAILOR

SOBER

SO ON THE BUS HE SITS AND SCANS THE EVENING POST, AND MAKES HIS PLANS

AT HOME THE HOUSE IS IN A RIOT, BUT JOE'S ARRIVAL SOON BRINGS QUIET

THEY ALL SIT DOWN TO MABEL'S STEW AND WATCH THE TELLY WHILE THEY CHEW

THEN JOE SITS BACK AND LIGHTS A FAG WHILE MABEL HAS A LITTLE NAG

"DON'T START" SAYS JOE 'IVE AD-SOME LUCK ON ORSES - WERE OFF OUT, ME DUCK

HERE'S MABEL WITH HER BEST CLOTHES ON AND JOE, GOING OUT TO HAVE SOME FUN

AND HERE WE SEE OUR BERYL, KNITTING WITH HER YOUNG FELLA, BABY-SITTING

MEANWHILE OUR JOE JUST WONT BE TOLD HE'S ON THE BROWN ALE ANYROAD

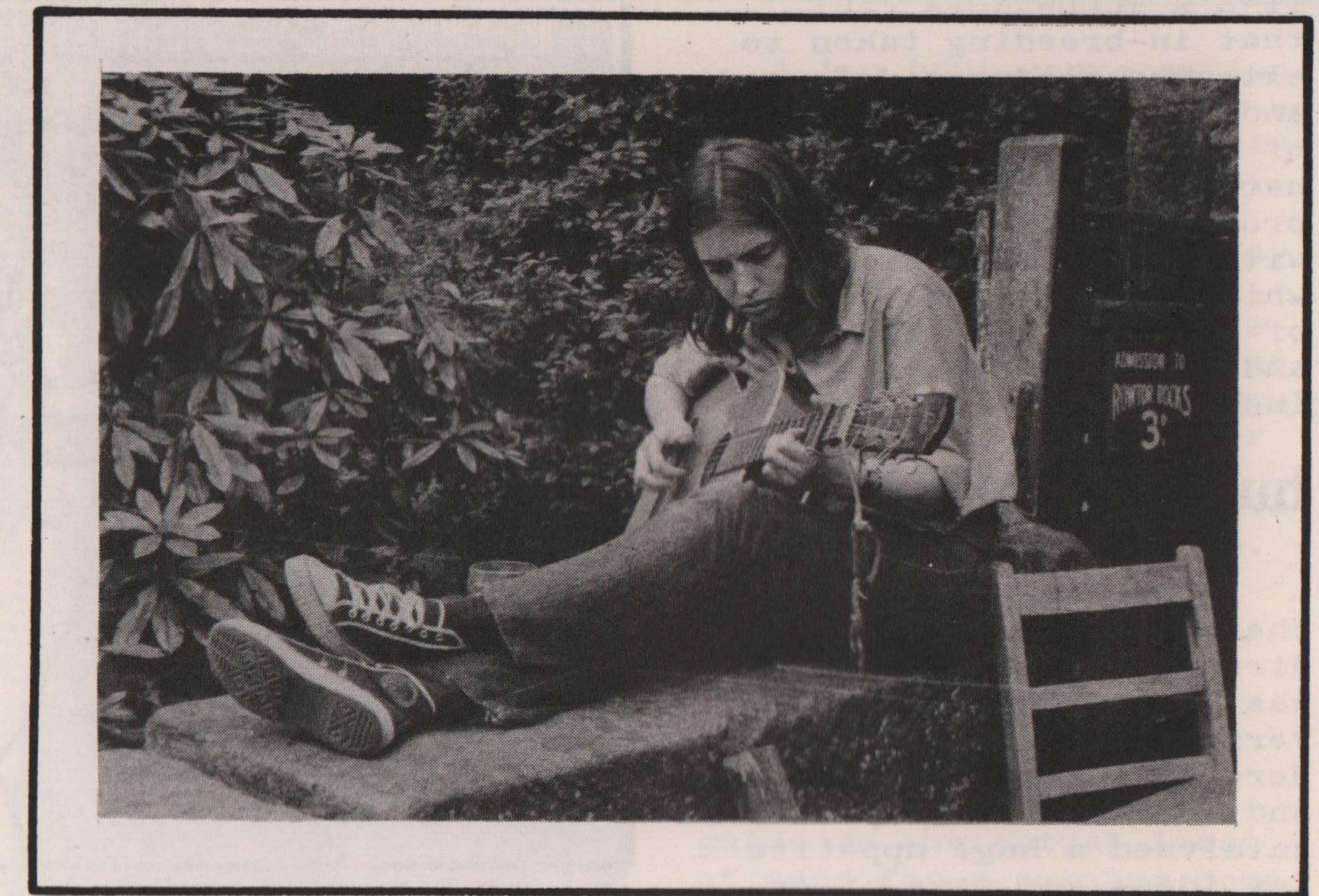
THE FENRET'S ARMS AT HALF PAST TEN - JOE'S GETTING SLIGHTLY JARRED AGAIN

JOE AND MABEL SAY GOODNIGHT THOUGH TIPSY, THEY'LL GET HOME ALRIGHT

AND SO TO BED, JOE, WATCH THAT GAME FOR THAT'S HOW LITTLE LINDA CAME

Anne Briggs

THE FIRST FOLK songs I ever heard were sung by a gent with a rich Radford Appalachian accent who was less concerned with the subtleties of his performance than with trying to sing louder than the three guitars and to keep in touch with the ever-accelerating washboard player. Fortunately this alarming aural assault was largely obliterated by the roaring fits of the Espresso Coffee Machine, so the experience was not too traumatic and failed to deter me from further involvement in the Folk Scene. That was in the Good Old Days of skiffle, and there's been a lot of water flowed over Lloyd Bridges since then.



GREAT MOMENTS IN FOLK

breakthrough

The first great breakthrough in the Folk Revival was to get folksong out of the coffee bars and into the more congenial atmosphere of the pub, ale being a better medium than coffee when it comes to ethnic singing. Nowadays the clubs that are the backbone of the folk world are largely organised around one particular aspect of folk music - traditional, contemporary, blues, bluegrass, whatever. This has not always been the case - the old folk clubs were democratic gatherings where singers of any kind of folk material were welcomed - you'd be sailing to Greenland one minute and hitching a ride on the Old 97 the next, and nobody seemed to mind.

exclusive

There was, however, one early club that catered for an exclusive section of the folk audience, namely the Jules et Jim on Stoney Street. This was strictly for the homeless, inebriate insomniac. It may not have been the greatest folk club out, but at one a.m. it had few rivals. I remember Lloyd Winston Watkins there, giving a devastating rendition of 'Spanish Ladies' from a tabletop - his performance unhindered

by the pith helmet and calf length anorak he was wearing. Outside a thunderstorm was adding dramatic intensity to the proceedings, lighting up the canyons of the Lacemarket with a livid brightness and accentuating the sinister presence of the Dave Turner Frankenstein models that decorated the walls.

For intensity of performance I give first place to a song by Grenville Blatherwick in the Druids Inn at Birchover. Gren's opening gambit was to throw back his head and let out a high-pitched howl - at first it seemed to be some heartfelt cry of longing for the open spaces of the Peak (he had had the misfortune to get locked in the pub all afternoon) but eventually it became apparent to the aficionados that we were witnessing a rare revival of Jerry Colonna's 'Ebb Tide', the initial word being the most protracted since Terry Melin's forty-foot 'J-A-Y-S-U-S' when falling off the top of Birchen's Edge. A riveting performance this; half of the audience were immediately rendered sober while others

ran blindly into the night to seek refuge on Rowtor Rocks.

local singer

Perhaps the best local singer to emerge from the Folk Revival has been Anne Briggs from Toton who, on her day, must be about the pick of the English girl singers. It's unfortunate that most people have to see Anne in an urban folk club setting - her appearances in town seem to me to be rather grudging affairs, the countryside is so much more her natural setting. I've heard her sing on the seashores in Cornwall, in the dales of the Peak and in the beautiful woodlands round Silverstone, and it's there that her voice seems entirely at one with the song and the surroundings.

Johnny Moynihan of Dublin was a fine singer of a ballad. I remember him singing 'Eppie Morrie' one winter evening in the Peak, leaning against the stone pillars of Ben Froggatt's Barn while the last traces of light were dying over the horizon, we all sitting around the glow of the

continued on page 29

IT'S A WELL-KNOWN FACT that in-breeding taken to extremes produces deformed and sterile stock, whether of cabbages or kings. A narrow, confined vision produces over-familiarity with limited material, which exhausts the vitality of the original experience and saps the creative instincts.

huge appetite

In Sergei Eisenstein, the notable Russian film director of the 20s and 30s, was to be found the converse of this situation. Here, his basic integrity and intellectual capacity catalysed a huge appetite for ideas and ways of expressing them. He was able to, may I say, make capital of the most remote items of interest, and draw them together into something new, dynamic and functional.

During his childhood, he woke daily to the view of a Japanese screen:

"A bough of lilac, white with double flowers and rich green leaves - bathed in dazzling sunlight. Behind the bough of lilac was the traditional Japanese landscape - small boats, reeds, bridges across streams - sharp-prowed boats drawn in two strokes.

"And so, before I came to know Hokusai, before I fell under the spell of Edgar Degas, I became accustomed to the beauties of foreground composition.

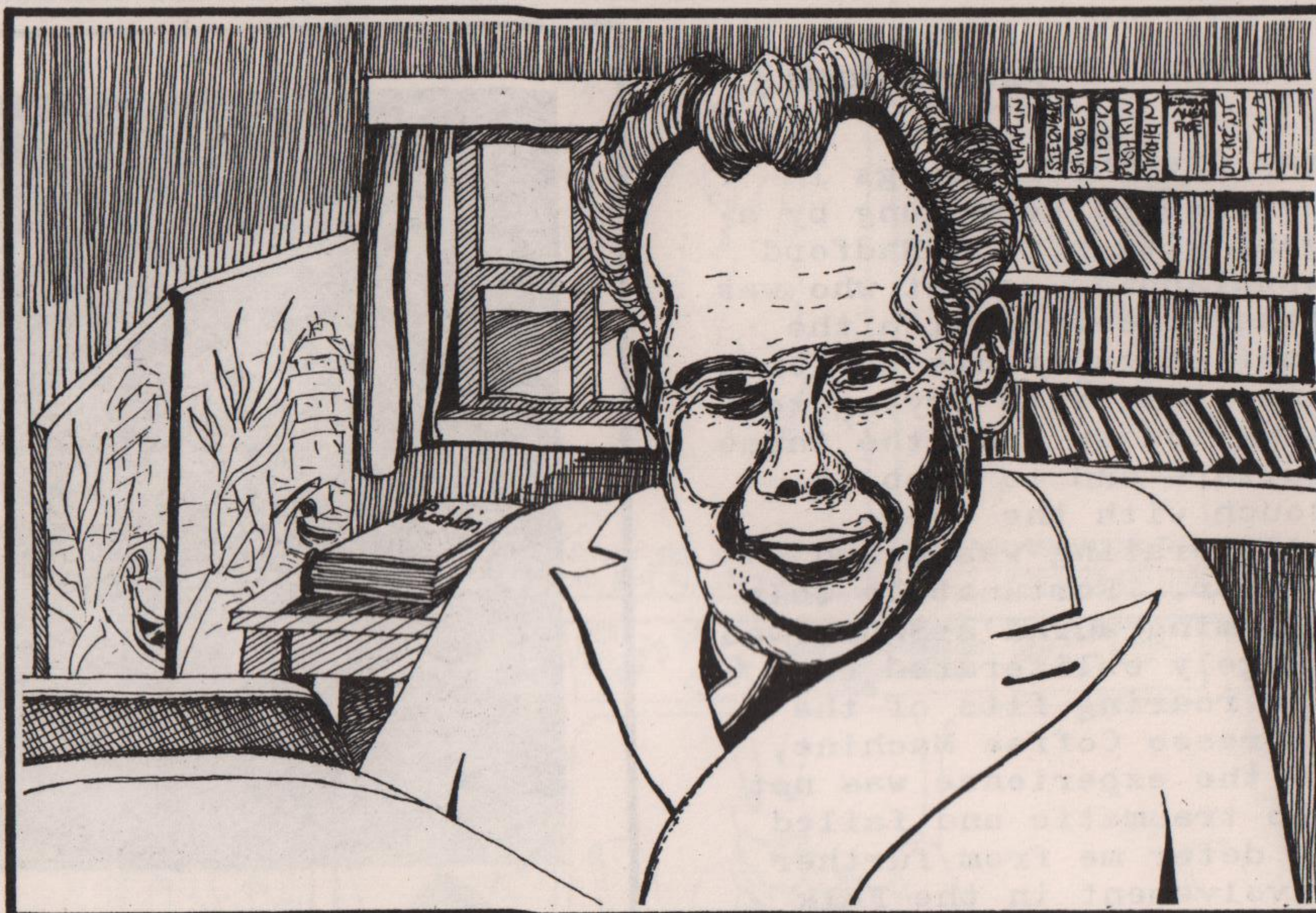
"Two Edgars for me carried on the tradition of foreground composition - Edgar Degas and Edgar Allen Poe."

He compares his method of building up sequences of images with that of Pushkin's system of narrative.

He was fascinated by the caricatures of Daumier. Of one of Daumier's prints of Louis Philippe:

"...when I recall my childhood impressions of that print, and what I made to be the image of the Deity in 'October', I am deeply convinced that the one undoubtedly suggested the other in my subconscious."

He explains that his feelings for the decorative in religious practice were acquired at this early stage. As the rays of light



EISENSTEIN'S RELATIVITY

on the Japanese screen had illuminated the lilac bough, so this effect is increased by psychological inferences from Catholicism, through the stage management of the service - rays of light, piercing incense, the priest in 'Potemkin', the religious procession in 'Ivan the Terrible', cassocks, chasubles:

"Father Nikolai personified splendour during the performance of the eucharistic rites. For anyone with a straying imagination, he was irresistible."

manipulation

From the use the Church made of dramatic principles (to an end he in adulthood considered dishonest), Eisenstein himself was able to draw filmically and make political capital, changing the pursuit of the splendour of the Deity into the graphic illustration of temporal and more immediate issues, by a similar manipulation of the audience's senses.

A precedent for the juxtaposition of material to form a new and more meaningful identity is found in Japanese writing, which had a great influence on the young Eisenstein. Two pictures are placed together

to gain a composite meaning greater than and different from the two separate ones.

Thus the Japanese word for crying represents water and an eye; for sorrow, knife and heart; for singing, mouth and bird.

A striking example of this 'dynamic technique' was compiled by Podovkin in the 1920s. Three close-ups are required:

1. A man smiling.
2. A revolver being pointed.
3. The same man looking frightened.

By showing 1 before 2, followed by 3, the man appears a coward, but show 3 prior to 2, followed by 1, and the man is a hero.

As the editor can manipulate these sequences to form entirely new dynamic functions, so Eisenstein was able to edit the information he acquired from many sources, some casual, some philosophical, some political, and evolve the greatness of Soviet film, with its ability to drive home ideas and propaganda by the use of editing.

As Father Nikolai's splendour was irresistible to the straying imagination, so Eisenstein's filmic logic was irresistible to an unsophisticated audience. Eisenstein would have



JAZZ & SYMPATHY

A chat with Al Gay

WHEN I MET AL GAY, he was not living up to his name, for Al Gay has moved North. To the grey of the Midlands from the green pastures of Windsor, where he ran a nursing home for the elderly, set in several acres of lush lawns and gardens. From here, he was able to enjoy easy access to the jazz venues in London, and was also appreciated by his clients and their relatives (including several titled persons) for his skill and service.

not a bad one

While I was discussing this with him, a tape was playing for my benefit of an old 'Jazz Club' session, where, from amongst Sandy Brown's garbled introductions, emerged the Al Gay Quartet, and not a bad one at that - Al on tenor and clarinet, Brian Lemon on piano, Lennie Hastings on

drums, and Brian Brocklehurst on string bass.

Obviously, Al is a man used to mixing in the best of company; other names mentioned included Tony Coe, whom Al rates as number one tenor in Britain at present, Colin Smith, who was with Acker Bilk on trumpet in the early days, and has now matured into a fine soloist, and one of my own personal favourites on string bass, Kenny Knapper.

Why, then, should Al choose to come and live on Woodborough Road, near Lambley, in Nottingham, a backwater for modern jazz and a long way from London?

Secondly, he was cajoled by friends up here, but the first and rather impelling reason was that his Windsor house was compulsorily purchased, and house prices up North are rather more reasonable than in London. Which leaves Al feeling high and dry...

CINEMA continued

pointed out that his manipulation was to illuminate historical facts, not to offer vague hopes of reward after a life of struggle. Eisenstein himself, however, was not

above using the versatile language of film to distort time, to emphasise, to make metaphor to his own purpose, and capture the audience by the same deceit, innocent or otherwise, as Father Nikolai.

JOHN SPENCE

A two hour conversation with Al was mainly taken up with grumbles about Nottingham City Council, then apologies for grumbling, followed by more grumbling. He was angry. Obviously Al's mind was less on his music than on the apparent unwillingness of the community to allow him to offer it his valuable services by way of care of the aged in his private nursing home.

no joy

An advert placed in the 'Evening Post' as a guide to the actual level of need for a nursing home produced a flood of replies, including interest from the hospitals, who actually wished to place patients immediately. So Al went ahead and had expensive conversions made to the house on Woodborough Road: suites fitted in bedrooms, structural alterations, re-decoration. The house is set in a large plot of land with plenty of width to the side and back, so no problem was foreseen in planning permission being granted for an extension of about fourteen feet to the side of the house to bring the total capacity up to a commercial proposition. No joy, however, from the Planning Department - the project would constitute a traffic hazard! Presumably, since the half dozen residents would be aged and probably partially infirm, they meant the cars of the constant flood of relatives who would be visiting them. And as Mrs Gay pointed out, just up the road is the Gedling Miners' Welfare, where car density is measured in hundreds, all pouring onto the roads at regular periods, and after licensed hours at that.

frustrated

Al is not a happy man at present, which is a pity. Apart from his professional expertise with the aged being frustrated, the local music scene is being denied the services and pleasures of his musical company, which could lift a rather sagging modern jazz city scene to new heights.

JOHN SPENCE

INTERVIEW ROXY MUSIC

Bryan Ferry & Eno

ROXY MUSIC HAVE BEEN taking the pop world by storm. Britain fell around the middle of last year, France in November, America in December, and the rest of Europe in a couple of months.

original idea

Roxy aren't really a young group. Much of the material on their first album was written in 1970, when the group was beginning to evolve from an original idea by Andy Mackay (oboe and sax), and Bryan Ferry (voice and piano). Eno, who is perhaps the most glamorous member of the group (he also claims to come from the planet Xenon), joined on synthesizer and tapes early in 1971. Phil Manzanera became lead guitarist, Paul Thompson drummer, and Graham Simpson bass guitarist (he's since been replaced by Rick Kenton, from Nottingham, who also left the group a couple of months ago).

The atmosphere at a Roxy Music concert is unique. The "gay glam" act is remarkable. Instead of detracting from the music as most "glamorous" acts do, the group's visual performance is directly relevant to the nature of the music. Bryan's voice adds a somewhat voluptuous tone to the entertainment - it's superbly fluid, with an incredibly wide range.

A second album was released in March (see review), and a single was released at the beginning of the same month, titled "Pyjamarama", which confirmed Roxy's popularity with a wide audience.

I interviewed Bryan Ferry and Eno after a

performance at Trent Polytechnic.

Q. Did the success of Virginia Plain as a single surprise you?

Bryan Ferry. Not really. I thought it was strong enough to do quite well. Originally, when we went into the studio, I thought it was strong enough to make number one even, but after we finished mixing it and everything, it had lost something for me, and I thought it would just about make seventeen. I was pleasantly surprised that it did go higher.

Q. Is there any chance of you doing a live album?

B.F. Definitely yes. Probably later this year, because in lots of the gigs we do there are moments which we could never produce in a studio.

Q. Who are your favourite vocalists?

B.F. Billy Holliday, Joni Mitchell - she's very good. A lot of very straight singers I like very much, like Frank Sinatra, Johnny Ray.

Q. Who do you think has influenced your writing the most?

influences

B.F. Probably not a musician. If I was going to say a musician, I'd say Cole Porter, but if I was going to say who's influenced my writing I'd say someone like T.S. Eliot or Scott Fitzgerald. Perhaps Dylan, I like his music very much.

Q. It's been said that you're just an electronic version of Sha-Na-Na. Would you agree with that?

B.F. (laughs) Not really!

Q. Don't you ever get bored

doing the same material night after night?

B.F. It depends. So far, not really. I can see it coming, but so far there are enough differences in each performance to make it interesting.

Q. I once read that you thought it would be a good idea to have the music recorded and mime to it at each performance.

B.F. Oh yeah. This is basically because it's so tiring playing night after night. It really is shattering, and we're not really made for that.

Q. What is your musical background?

four year stretch

B.F. Total obscurity, because I was at University for four years, which is a long stretch of time, and the only other bands I was with were college bands. I used to play "art" piano independently of playing about or playing "freaky" piano. I'd never play chords. I only started playing structures and chords about a year and a half ago, when I started writing songs for this lot.

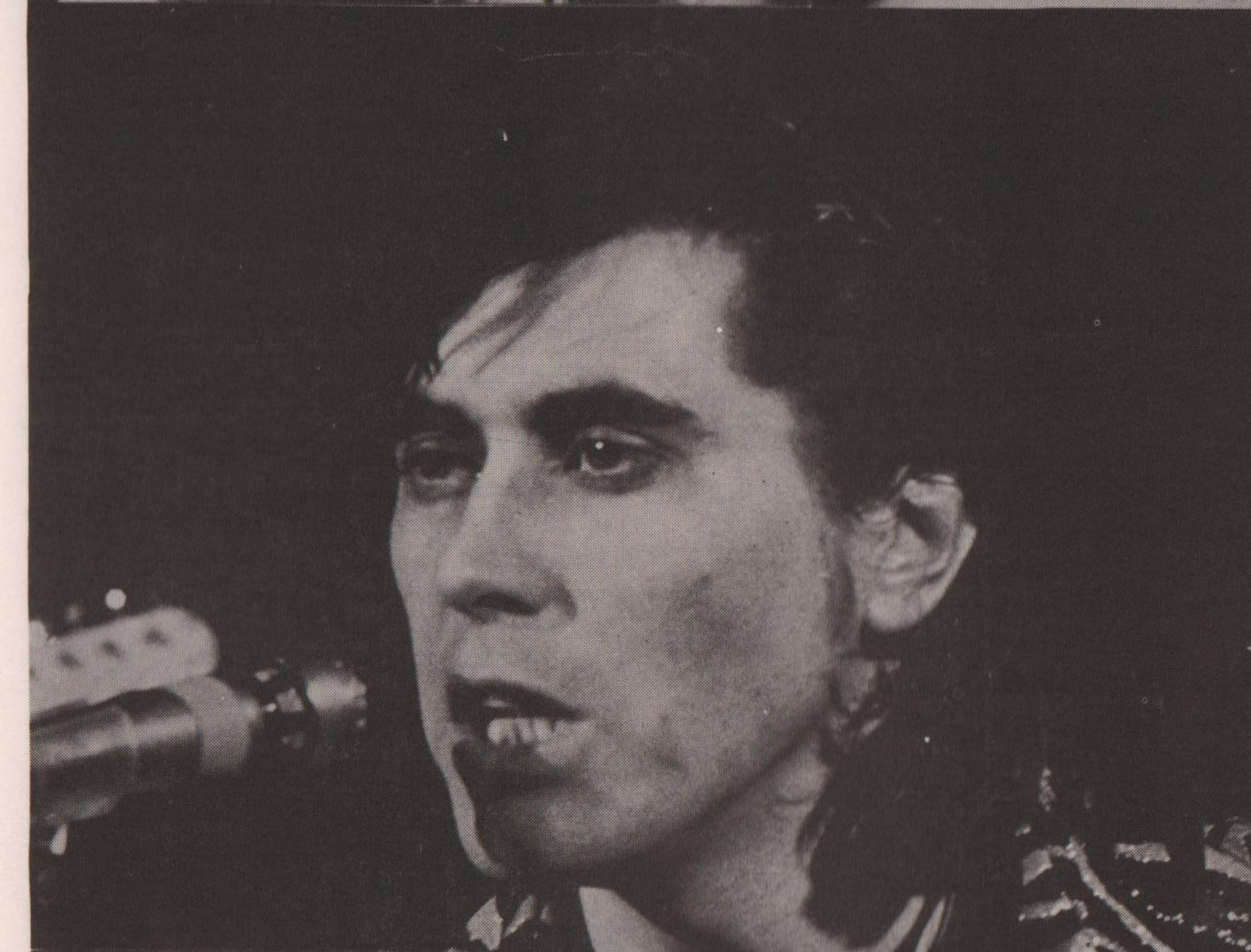
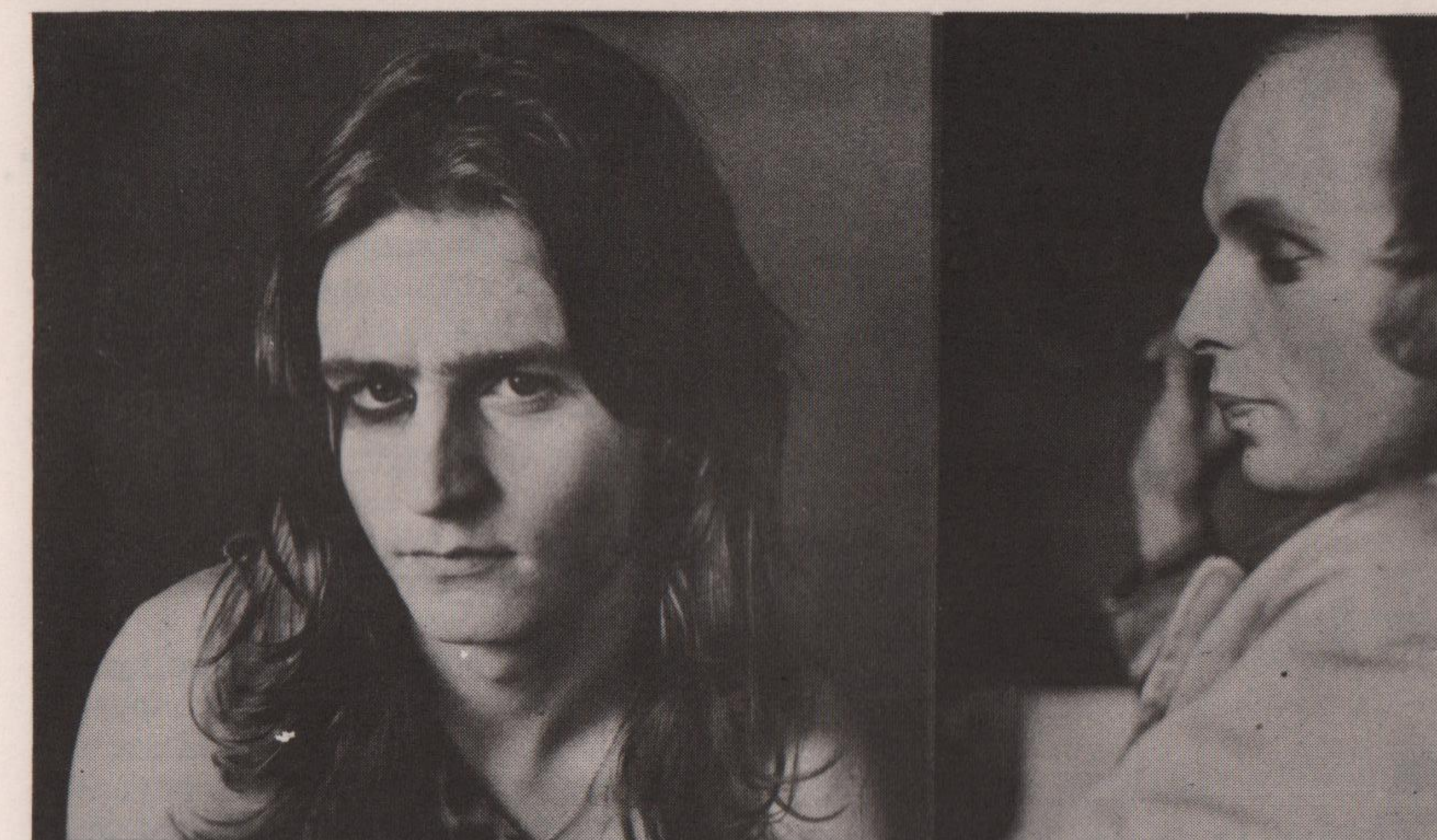
Q. How have audiences reacted to you in other countries?

B.F. Well, we went to Paris not long ago and we were incredibly received. It was like the greatest thing to have happened to us. They are reputedly very cool in France. Alice Cooper appeared the night before, which is a totally different thing anyway, but apparently their reception of us was twice as good as that, which is amazing. People have told me before that we go down well at

Top: Paul Thompson, Eno

Middle: Bryan Ferry

Bottom: Phil Manzanera,
Andy Mackay



concerts because there's a certain glamorous quality about our stage presentation which you can imagine the French people getting into rather any of the English fans, who really don't like this at all.

Q. What made you choose Pete Sinfield (ex-King Crimson) to do the production on your first album?

type of sound

B.F. Well, basically for very boring reasons. We'd never been in the studios before, and you can save an awful lot of money by having somebody who'll get a certain type of sound. I always liked the clear sound of King Crimson albums, so we used him. Incidentally, Fripp also said he'd do it, but he was away at the time. We won't be using either of them next though, we want to use one of the Stones' engineers.

Q. (to Eno) Have you used other synthesizers besides the VCS 3?

Eno. I have. In fact, I've just had one made for me which I designed, but I haven't brought it on the road yet because it's so complicated I can't understand it quite.

Q. Did you play in many other bands before Roxy?

Eno. I've played with my own band some time ago, in fact I've had two groups. Both performed modern music I didn't concentrate on one particular instrument. I played any sort of avant-garde instrument I felt like.

DAVE BRETT

(With thanks to Nick Wayne of Trent Polytechnic Students Union)

ALBUM REVIEW

Dave Brett & Chris Stanley

ARGENT: "In Deep" (Epic)

This is it, the album which should launch Argent into recognition as one of the best rock groups in Britain. The record is well balanced, with rock and roll tracks such as "Rosie" in contrast with "Christmas for the Free", which could almost be termed a carol. "It's only Money", "Losing Hold" and "Candles on the River" are the highlights on the album. Rod Argent's excellent organ work is perfectly complementary to some fine guitar from Russ Ballard. My only criticism of the album is about "God Gave Rock and Roll to You" (also released as a single), which sounds uncannily like Billy Preston's "That's the Way God Planned It". D.B.

CURVED AIR: "Air Cut" (Warner)

It would have been easy to say that Curved Air were finished after line-up changes which could only pronounce the death sentence on the band. Far from it. Curved Air are now a far better group, with a wealth of ideas both new and exciting. The album opens with a fine rocker, "Purple Speed Queen", which could easily have been a number one single. The tracks range from hard rock through gentle, soothing acoustic numbers to the classical rock for which Curved Air are famous. I find "Metamorphosis", by new member Eddie Jobson, the best track: it features some excellent uninhibited piano, organ and synthesiser work, coupled with a military drumbeat and haunting vocals by Sonja. Curved Air's best yet, and I've a feeling they're going to get better. D.B.

DONOVAN: "Cosmic Wheels" (Epic)

Welcome back, Donovan! He's kept us waiting two years for this album, but a masterpiece like this is certainly well worth the wait. The style on this presentation shows just how much Donovan has matured over the two years: from simple, airy tunes

and similarly unobtrusive lyrics to intense, very heavy music and stable, vivid lyrics. Tracks such as the title number, "Sleep", and "Maria Magenta" explore fields which one would never associate with Donovan, and are all excellent. A unique album for Donovan - well worth a good listen. D.B.

F AIRPORT CONVENTION: "Rosie" (Island)

"Rosie" is the first album by the re-vamped Fairport group, containing two musicians from the much-vaunted but now defunct Fotheringay, and has something of the style of that "supergroup". However, Trevor Lucas and Jerry Donahue don't seem to have answered the problem created by Simon Nicols' departure and the many recent changes of personnel. This album doesn't maintain the inspiration of "Babbacombe Lee"; although the group playing is predictably tight, with clear-cut guitar and violin lines, the songs lack impact and originality. The album's best moments come on Swarbrick's two ballads, "Rosie" (with ex-Fairport Sandy Denny and Richard Thompson) and "My Girl". There's also a medley of traditional reels on Side 2. Despite the occasional striking ideas, most of "Rosie" is merely pleasant and inoffensive, and fails to hold the attention. Let's hope there's some stronger material on their next release. C.S.

K ING CRIMSON: "Larks' Tongues in Aspic" (Island)

The present Crimson band has a distinctive instrumentation, including violin, viola, mellotron and "percussion and allsorts" played by Jamie Muir, supporting ex-Yes drummer Bill Bruford. The ambitious attempts to use this combination for new textures meet with varying success, especially on the title track, which is in two parts and lasts over twenty minutes. This performance takes different forms and styles, beginning with a light, fragile, Oriental-sounding figure, repeated in the manner of Terry Riley or John Cale, and superseded by delicate percussion. This leads into a contrasting heavy riff which is developed by increasingly complex rhythmic patterns, creating real drive and excitement. The music again becomes simple and oriental, with a strings-and-percussion section which leads into the rather pretentious "Book of Saturday". The album is full of these abrupt contrasts, giving the music a mosaic pattern. "Exiles" on Side 1 contains interweaving violin

and guitar in the style of It's a Beautiful Day, and strong lyrics:

"And from these endless days
Shall come a broader sympathy."

"Easy Money" has tongue-in-cheek words and a Zappa-like guitar solo from Fripp. Part II of the title track features some tightly arranged playing and fine violin solo, but is over-long and becomes monotonous and self-indulgent. Despite the evident musical sophistication and technical prowess, the album is patchy, comparing badly with Crimson's earlier music. C.S.

K INGDOM COME: "Anyway" (Polydor)

Incredible. This album features the freshest sound I've heard for months. Kingdom Come have been around for quite a while now but, as yet, aren't particularly well known. This album should firmly establish them. The album opens with ominous sounds from a drum machine operated by Arthur Brown: this track, "Time Captives", is certainly the best, featuring some fine synthesis from Victor Perraino. Brown's vocals are also interesting, something of a cross between David Bowie and Bryan Ferry. "Gypsy" and "Come Alive" are the other highlights of the set. If you like E.L.P., Roxy, Floyd, Hawkwind or Bowie, you'll like this! D.B.

N AZARETH: "RazamaNaz" (Mooncrest)

Nazareth are not a new band; they've been around for more than two years and already have two albums released. With this one, however, they've changed. "RazamaNaz" is of paramount importance to Nazareth: it's the album that's going to prove them to the British public. The first bar of "RazamaNaz" confirms that the group are raw, fresh and good. Their adaptation of Leon Russell's "Alcatraz", with its solid drumming and sound guitar colouring is indicative of a band who have plenty going for them. "Woke up this Morning" features simple yet effective lyrics from Dan McCafferty, and "Broken Down Angel" is a very catchy number, which should do well as a single, and will, I hope, entice you to buy a fine album. Keep your eye on Nazareth - they're going to be very big! D.B.

P ETE SINFIELD: "Still" (Manticore)

So! Bob Fripp is King Crimson, is he? I'm afraid I'm inclined to disagree. If anyone could claim to be the immortal King,

it's surely Pete Sinfield, and this album confirms it. It features Crimsoids old and new: Greg Lake, Boz, Mel Collins, Ian Wallace and John Wetton, who contribute to an over-all sound which could only be described as the real King Crimson. "Song of the Sea Goat" and "Night People" are the best tracks, with good solid vocals and fine sax on the latter. The lyrics are intense, with some fine imagery. Sinfield is a genuine poet, perhaps the only true poet as far as rock music is concerned. A fine solo album. D.B.

P INK FLOYD: "Dark Side of the Moon" (Harvest)

As usual the Floyd present a well composed, finely arranged album with the concept of "life". Without being too pretentious, this theme is well explored. Roger Waters' lyrics in "Money" and "Breathe" concern death by overwork, and the causes of lunacy. "Us and Them" presents a rather unglorified view of war and, to me, sounds very reminiscent of the Moody Blues; none the less it is an excellent track. "Brain Damage" and "Eclipse" I find are the best tracks on the album, presenting a thematic climax which few bands could equal. Finally, an unknown voice informs us, "There is no dark side to the moon really...it's all dark". D.B.

R OXY MUSIC: "For Your Pleasure" (Island)

With a very small amount of luck this album should make it as the best this year. Roxy present a unique sound throughout the album, which must go down in the annals as a major variation in the style of rock music. It was once stated that Roxy had gone from juvenescence to senescence without an intervening period of maturity - this album disproves it. "Do the Strand" has a merciless beat to it with some really subtle sax from Andy Mackay which gives the track a superb flow. "Editions of You" exhibits the mastery of Bryan Ferry's voice, along with "In Every Dream Home a Heartache", a song about an inflatable doll. "For Your Pleasure" features some amazing synthesizer from Eno, and leaves you with the feeling that this time you really have got a bargain for your money. D.B.

S TEELEYE SPAN: "Parcel of Rogues" (Chrysalis)

Steeleye find themselves alone on a plateau surrounded by bands that have tried to make it into the elite of the folk-rock world, but have miserably fallen short.

The band present a unique sound which could only ever be matched: it is difficult to think it could be surpassed. This album is easily their best to date. It has far greater depth and a solid resonant quality which could easily deafen a few ears with the best of them. "Come Ye O'er Frae France" features excellent "razor-edged" chording from Bob Johnson, "The Ups and Downs" (euphemism extraordinaire) reveals fine vocals from Tim Hart, Bob Johnson and, of course, Maddy Prior, who seems far more certain of her superb voice nowadays. If you doubt any of Steeleye Span's merits see them at Trent Polytechnic on June 15th. D.B.

S TEPHEN STILLS' MANASSAS "Down the Road" (Atlantic)

It could be said that Stephen Stills has reached the status of "superstar". It could also be said that on an album by a group called Stephen Stills' Manassas, Stills would be the focal point. However, after the first few bars one realises that the band is working as a single entity, no-one dominates. Stills' guitar work is typically excellent, notably so on "So Many Times", and Chris Hillman plays some very nifty mandolin on "Do You Remember the Americans", but the backing vocals on "Business on the Street" are atrocious. This is my only complaint, however - the vocals on the other tracks are excellent. D.B.

S TRAWBS: "Bursting at the Seams" (A & M)

The Strawbs have been changing their style for a considerable time now, evicting their folk image and instilling a heavy, solid rock one. This metamorphosis has certainly been for the best as far as the music has been concerned. The compositions are far more intense with pessimistic, dark lyrics and complicated, very inventive music. "Down by the Sea" is an emotive number with rather despairing lyrics from Dave Cousins and fine guitar work from new member Dave Lambert. The folk style is still there, but in no way dominates the set, Lambert's "The Winter and the Summer" being illustrative of this. A vital album for the Strawbs who, now they've found their feet, should end up "Flying". D.B.

URIAH HEPP: "Uriah Heep Live" (Bronze)

It's nine o'clock on a cool evening in January. You're sitting in the Town Hall in the fine city of Birmingham and, after paying your

£1.99 entry fee, you expect to hear something quite out of the ordinary. You're not going to be disappointed. The set opens with "Sunrise" followed by "Sweet Lorraine", an excellent rock 'n' roll number. "Traveller in Time" reveals the versatility of David Byron's voice and leads expertly into "Easy Livin'". The band proceed through the other favourites, ending with "Look at Yourself", and then, of course, two encores. If this double album doesn't get you into Uriah Heep, nothing will. Give them the chance to prove themselves by buying the album. I'll guarantee you won't regret it. D.B.

IN BRIEF

DAVID BOWIE: "Aladdin Sane" (RCA)

Typical excellence from Bowie, with a wealth of new ideas. Only one thing needs saying about this album - buy it.

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA: "ELO 2" (Harvest)

Infinitely superior to the first album, with some very interesting vocals from Jeff Lynne.

HUMBLE PIE: "Eat It" (A & M)

The Pie have devoted themselves to making a rough, loose album which is typical of their stage performance - it's worked well. A double album with one side live for only £2.89.

LED ZEPPELIN: "Houses of the Holy" (Atlantic)

A nauseatingly short album.

MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA: "Birds of Fire" (CBS)

Superb. Usual fine violin from Jerry Goodman, some vivid synthesiser work - and the world's greatest guitarist!

PROCL HARUM: "Grand Hotel" (Chrysalis)

An album of many moods: love, pain, reminiscence, and hate. It requires many hearings to appreciate its quality, but once you've discovered it...

RUPERT HINE: "Unfinished Picture" (Purple)

First solo album, exceptionally good. Watch out for the next, "Colditz".

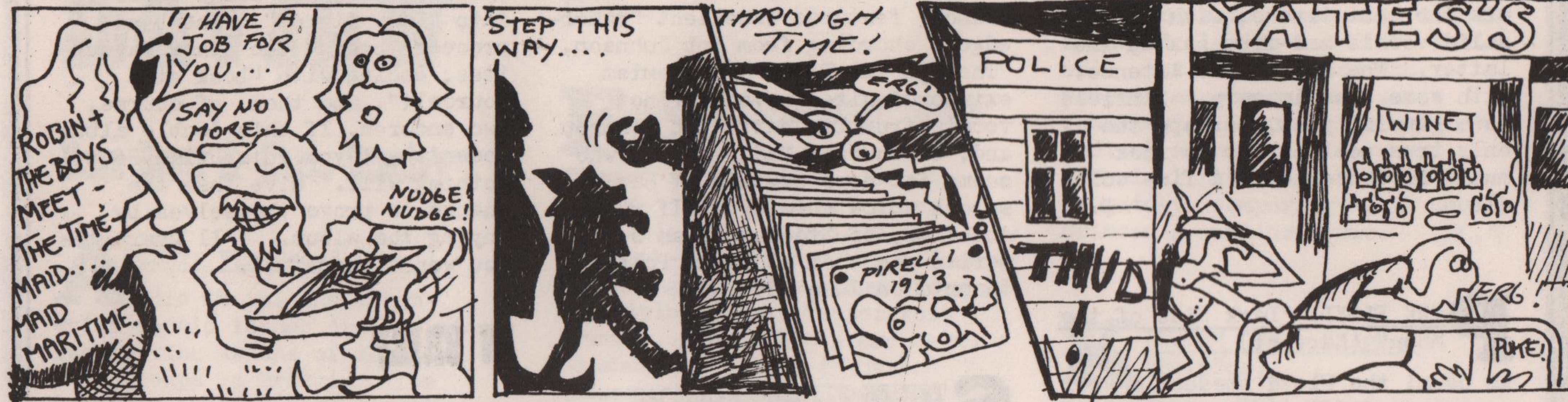
T. REX: "Tanx" (T. Rex)

Bolan has been slated for a long time. T. Rex still have a lot to offer. Some subtle mellotron work on a couple of tracks.

D.B.

Lou Moore

THE INCREDIBLE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRIE MEN THE SHIPPO'S AFFAIR II



John Spence



A Country Idyll

Frank Zappa

'200 MOTELS'

Nottingham Film Theatre



EYESORE continued

To destroy the Black Boy was to rob Nottingham of part of its personality, like robbing Sherlock Holmes of his pipe. There is nothing wildly criminal about this. Littlewoods apparently needed a branch in Nottingham. Nottingham, in spite of its multiplicity of department stores, apparently needed a Littlewoods. Trade seems good, the restaurant is said to be excellent. But it is sad that the faceless should replace the eccentric. Whimsical waterclocks in the Victoria Centre are no substitute for a building of vivid personality like the Black Boy.

In other words, it should never have happened. We ought to be very clear what sort of arguments destroyed the Black Boy, and why they are false. The Flying Horse on the Poultry, symmetrically opposite to the Black Boy site, may yet fall by the same arguments.

First, of course, it doesn't matter in the slightest whether the building is of outstanding architectural merit, or of historical importance. Few buildings in Nottingham are or have ever been - it has merely been a unique and pleasantly individual place to live. Every demolished Black Boy makes it less so.

Second, and equally obvious, it is simply fatuous to argue as developers do that a building is hopelessly out of date and uneconomical

to run. One wonders how many directors of the companies concerned live themselves in attractively modernised old houses, or retire at weekends to renovated and highly desirable old cottages in the country. Property owners can doubtless make more profit from a new development, but there are countless examples of skilfully modernised old buildings which operate perfectly efficiently, and are quite often more refreshing to live or work in than mediocre new ones.

In fact, there is no reason, apart from the merely avaricious, why buildings like the Black Boy should be destroyed.

Not so long ago, there was an old John Mills film on television, in which someone remarks quite casually, "Do you know the Black Boy in Nottingham?" It is difficult somehow to imagine the same remark being made about Littlewoods store.

JOHN SHEFFIELD

FOLK continued

primus in the gathering dusk.

It's an interesting phenomenon, this association of singer, song and location - for instance, Padstow in Cornwall always brings to mind a joyful ride in the Watsons' van with everyone singing their hearts out on 'Pretty Flamingo'; and 'Willow Garden' takes me straight back to busking in Killarney pubs, this being

the collectional hymn, while Kevin O'Carroll took the cap round for 'students on the road'.

And it's not always the 'official' occasions or singers one recalls - there used to be an old feller in the Anglers Rest at Miller's Dale who used to beat the life out of 'Macnamara's band' accompanying himself on two tin plates, and bringing the place down every Saturday night.

It can sometimes be a disappointment hearing the acknowledged great performers of folk. The wear and tear of the folk circuit can take the edge off even the most experienced artist, and the reaction and sympathy of the audience is all-important in folk-singing, for in no other musical event is the performer in such an intimate relationship with his audience. For me, the best example of this communication came last summer in Dublin where the great piper Seamus Ennis made one of his rare appearances. Ennis looked a very sick and frail man at the outset, but the audience were enthusiastically willing him on: he responded magnificently and gave one of the performances of his life. I'll never forget Ennis introducing his last tune, a difficult test piece called 'The Bucks of Oranmore': 'I now intend to wipe this platform with "The Bucks of Oranmore" - and so he did, and they cheered him to the echo.'

AL ATKINSON



THOROUGHGOODS

THE ONLY NAME FOR
CUMBERLAND
SAUSAGE

CASES STREET, LIVERPOOL