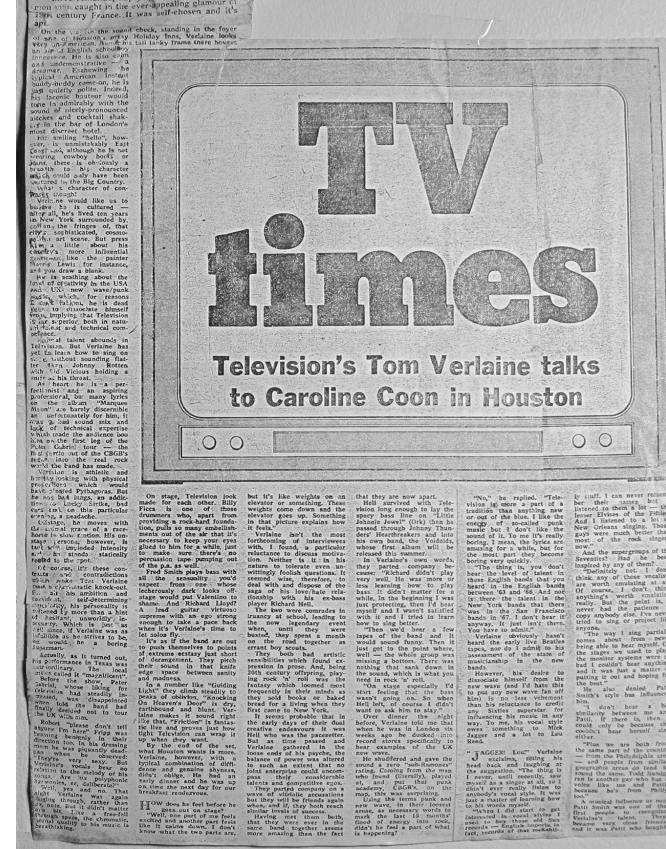
TOM VERLAIME. The name could hardly be a more romantic, implying as it does the common ton to caught in the ever-appealing glamour of Tays century France. It was self-chosen and it's are.

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but it's like weights on an elevator or something. These elevator goes up. Something in that picture explains how it feels."

Verlaine Isn't the most forthcoming of interviewees with, I found, a particular reluctance to discuss motivation. Neither is it in his nature to tolerate even unwittingly foolish questions. I would be saga of his love/hate relationship with his ex-bass player Richard Hell.

The two were comrades in iruancy at school, leading to the now legendary event when, until they were botted to the now legendary event when, until they were botted to the now legendary event when, until they were botted to the now legendary event when, until they were botted to the now legendary event when, until they were botted to the now legendary event when, in the good of the sensibilities which found expression in prose. And, being 20th century offspring, playing rock in roll was the fantasy which loomed most frequently in their minds and bread for a living when they first came to New York.

It seems probable that in the early days of their dual creative endeavours it was Hell who was the pacesetter. But as time passed and Yousine gathered in the early days of their dual creative endeavours it was Hell who was the pacesetter. But as time passed and Yousine gathered in the early days of their dual creative endeavours it was Hell who was the pacesetter. But as time passed and Yousine gathered in the causaltons but they will be friends again when, and If, they both reach similar levels of success both that they were ever in the same band together seems more amazing than the fact

that they are now apart.

Hell survived with Television long enough to lay the spacy bass line on "Little Johnsie Jewel" (Ork), then hoped or the space of the sp

"No," he replied. "Television is, more a part of a tradition than anything new or out of the blue. I like the energy of so-called punk music but I don't like the sound of it. To me it's really boring. I mean, the lyries are sound of it. To me it's really boring. I mean, the lyries are more than the lyries are to be most part they become boring very quickly.

"The wing is, you don't hear the level of talent in these English bands that you heard in the English bands that you heard in the English bands between 63 and 66, And not is there the talent in the New York bands that there was in the San Francisco bands in 67. I don't hear it anyway. It just init there. You have not only live Beatles than the early live Beatles tapes, nor do I admit to his assessment of the state of musiclanship in the new bands.

However, his desire to dissociate himself from the new wave (and I'd hate this to put any new wave fan of him is no less veherment than his to put any new wave fan of him is no less veherment than his to put any new wave fan of the surgestion. "The thing is I never, until recently, saw myself as a singer at all, so I din't ever really listen to anybody's vocal style. It was just a master of learning how. "When I did start to get interested in vocal atyles I used to buy those old Sun etc., records of that rockabil.

ly stuff. I can never remember their channes but I listened to them a lot — the listened to them a lot — the listened to them a lot — the listened to them a lot of New Orleans singing. Those guys were much better than most of the rock singers now."

And the supergroups of the Seventies? Had he beningired by any of them?

"Definitely days of them?

"Or course, I don't think anything's worth emulating really. But the point is, I never had the patience to copy anybody else. I've never tried to sing or project like anyone.

"The way I sing partially comes about the hear myself. On the monitor systems were so had I couldn't hear anything and it was just a matter of putting the cot and hopping for the best."

