

new **MUSICAL EXPRESS**

PATTI SMITH trips
and busts her neck/
PETER GREEN flips
and gets 'put away'/'

STRANGLERS in obscene t-shirt row

(A 'Strange Days' Special, pages 7, 9, 3)



**TELEVISION: Vinyl masterwork
for spring schedules everywhere**

(Nick Kent finds genius on page 29)

EXCITING TREATMENTS OF
TWO OLD FAVOURITES

'IN THE MOOD' RAY STEVENS

Warner Brothers K16875

'YOURS' LOVE APPLES

B & C BCS 0002

EMI MUSIC, 138-140 Charing Cross Rd, London WC2
01-836 6699

GENESIS

THE NEW ALBUM

WIND & WUTHERING

CDS 4005

ADVERTISEMENT

FIVE MINUTES AGO

VIRGIN BARGAINS

Todd Rundgren — Runt.....	£1.89
Bryan Ferry.....	£2.19
Roxy Music — Country Life.....	£2.19
Badfinger — No Dice.....	£2.49
Badfinger — Ass.....	£2.49
Badfinger — Magic Christian Music.....	£2.49
Eagles — One Of These Nights.....	£2.59
Spirit — Son Of Spirit.....	£2.29
Faces — Nod's As Good As A Wink.....	£1.99
Faces — Long Player.....	£1.99
Genesis — Foxtrot.....	£2.29
Genesis — Nursery Cryme.....	£2.29
Lenny Bruce — What I Was Arrested For.....	£2.69
Gypsy — Antithesis.....	£1.59
Harvey Mandel — Shangerenade.....	£2.49

Plus each day a different new release at near cost price
At The Virgin Warehouse, New Oxford Street only

THE VIRGIN WAREHOUSE

108 New Oxford Street, In The Shadow of Centre Point

Available from most stores at:
BRADFORD, BIRMINGHAM, BRIGHTON, BRISTOL, COVENTRY, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, NOTTINGHAM, PLYMOUTH, NEWCASTLE, SOUTHAMPTON, SWANSEA, SHEFFIELD, HULL, LEEDS, LONDON: NOTTING HILL GATE, MARBLE ARCH.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending — February 2nd, 1972.

Last This Week		
1	1	HORSE WITH NO NAME.....America (Warner Bros.)
2	2	TELEGRAM SAM.....T. Rex (T. Rex)
3	3	FO LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING.....New Seekers (Polydor)
4	4	MOTHER OF MINE.....Neil Reid (Decca)
5	5	BRAND NEW KEY.....Melanie (Buddah)
6	6	STAY WITH ME.....Faces (Warner Bros.)
7	7	LET'S STAY TOGETHER.....Al Green (London)
8	8	WHERE DID OUR LOVE GO.....Donnie Elbert (London)
9	9	I JUST CAN'T HELP BELIEVING.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
10	10	HAVE YOU SEEN HER.....Chi-Lites (MCA)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending February 4 1967

Last This Week		
1	1	I'M A BELIEVER.....Monkees (RCA)
2	2	MATTHEW & SON.....Cat Stevens (Deram)
3	3	NIGHT OF FEAR.....Move (Deram)
4	4	LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER.....Rolling Stones (Decca)
5	5	I'VE BEEN A BAD BOY.....Paul Jones (HMV)
6	6	GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME.....Tom Jones (Decca)
7	7	STANDING IN THE SHADOWS OF LOVE.....Four Tops (Tania Motown)
8	8	HEY JOE.....Jimi Hendrix (Polydor)
9	9	HAPPY JACK.....Who (Reaction)
10	10	I'M A MAN.....Spencer Davis Group (Fontana)

15 YEARS AGO

Week Ending February 2nd 1962

Last This Week		
1	1	THE YOUNG ONES.....Cliff Richard (Columbia)
2	2	LET'S TWIST AGAIN.....Chubby Checker (Columbia)
3	3	FORGET ME NOT.....Eden Kane (Decca)
4	4	ROCK-A-HULA BABY.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
5	5	MULTIPLICATION.....Bobby Darin (London)
6	6	HAPPY BIRTHDAY SWEET SIXTEEN.....Neil Sedaka (RCA)
7	7	I'D NEVER FIND ANOTHER YOU.....Billy Fury (Decca)
8	8	STRANGER ON THE SHORE.....Acker Bilk (Columbia)
9	9	WALK ON BY.....Leroy Van Dyke (Mercury)
10	10	LET THERE BE DRUMS.....Sandy Nelson (London)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS C · H · A · R · T · S

SINGLES

This Last Week			Week ending February 5, 1977		Highest Position in chart
1 (2)	DON'T GIVE UP ON US	David Soul (Private Stock)	6	1	
2 (1)	DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA	Julie Covington (MCA)	6	1	
3 (3)	SIDE SHOW	Barry Biggs (Dynamic)	6	3	
4 (6)	ISN'T SHE LOVELY	David Parton (Pye)	4	4	
5 (21)	WHEN I NEED YOU	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	2	5	
6 (5)	I WISH	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	6	4	
7 (9)	DADDY COOL	Boney M. (Atlantic)	5	7	
8 (4)	YOU'RE MORE THAN A NUMBER	Drifters (Arista)	5	4	
9 (10)	CAR WASH	Rose Royce (MCA)	5	5	
10 (8)	WILD SIDE OF LIFE	Status Quo (Vertigo)	7	8	
11 (15)	SUSPICION	Elvis Presley (RCA)	3	11	
12 (7)	THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE	10cc. (Mercury)	7	7	
13 (12)	DON'T BELIEVE A WORD	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	3	12	
14 (14)	LIVING NEXT DOOR TO ALICE	Smokie (Rak)	8	7	
15 (20)	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY	Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes (CBS)	2	15	
16 (—)	JACK IN THE BOX	Moments (All Platinum)	1	16	
17 (16)	NEW KID IN TOWN	Eagles (Asylum)	3	16	
18 (11)	DOCTOR LOVE	Tina Charles (CBS)	8	6	
19 (24)	EVERYMAN MUST HAVE A DREAM	Liverpool Express (Warner Bros)	3	19	
20 (—)	WHAT CAN I SAY	Boyz Scaggs (CBS)	1	20	
21 (13)	MONEY MONEY MONEY	Abba (Epic)	10	2	
22 (30)	SING ME	The Brothers (Bus Stop)	2	22	
23 (—)	MORE THAN A FEELING	Boston (EMI)	1	23	
24 (—)	BOOGIE NIGHTS	Heatwave (GTO)	1	24	
25 (23)	SMILE	Pussycat (Sonet)	3	23	
26 (29)	FLIP	Jesse Green (EMI)	4	26	
27 (26)	LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE	Bread (Elektra)	3	20	
28 (—)	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY	Thelma Houston (Motown)	1	28	
29 (—)	WAKE UP SUSAN	Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)	1	29	
30 (18)	UNDER THE MOON OF LOVE	Showaddywaddy (Bell)	12	1	

BUBBLING UNDER

YEAR OF THE CAT — Al Stewart (RCA); EVERY LITTLE TEARDROP — Gallagher & Lyle (A&M); EVERYBODY'S TALKIN' 'BOUT LOVE — Silver Convention (Magnet); BODY HEAT — James Brown (Polydor); YOU + ME = LOVE — Undisputed Truth (Warner Bros).

ALBUMS

This Last Week			Week ending February 5, 1977		Highest Position in chart
1 (1)	RED RIVER VALLEY	Slim Whitman (United Artists)	4	1	
2 (2)	DAVID SOUL	(Private Stock)	9	2	
3 (7)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	16	1	
4 (3)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	11	1	
5 (4)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	6	4	
6 (11)	EVITA	Various Artists (MCA)	4	6	
7 (6)	ABBA GREATEST HITS	(Epic)	44	1	
8 (9)	WINGS OVER AMERICA	(EMI)	5	8	
9 (8)	WIND AND WUTHERING	Genesis (Charisma)	4	8	
10 (10)	SHOWADDYWADDY GREATEST HITS	(Arista)	7	4	
11 (5)	A DAY AT THE RACES	Queen (EMI)	7	2	
12 (12)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	9	8	
13 (15)	LOW	David Bowie (RCA)	3	13	
14 (14)	DISCO ROCKET	(K-Tel)	9	7	
15 (18)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	4	15	
16 (16)	THE GREATEST HITS	Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons (K-Tel)	12	4	
17 (—)	THEIR GREATEST HITS	Eagles (Asylum)	35	1	
18 (17)	HOT CHOCOLATE GREATEST HITS	(Rak)	11	8	
19 (—)	JOHNNY THE FOX	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	6	9	
20 (13)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Glen Campbell (Capitol)	12	1	
21 (20)	100 GOLDEN GREATS	Max Bygraves (Ronco)	13	4	
22 (—)	LOVE ON THE AIRWAVES	Gallagher & Lyle (A&M)	1	22	
23 (29)	LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE	Bread (Elektra)	2	23	
24 (—)	MOTORVATIN'	Chuck Berry (Chess)	1	24	
25 (21)	GREATEST HITS	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)	6	17	
26 (—)	WHITE ROCK	Rick Wakeman (A&M)	1	26	
27 (—)	BOXED	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	4	19	
28 (—)	THE SHADOWS 20 GOLDEN GREATS	(EMI)	1	28	
29 (25)	ATLANTIC CROSSING	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	46	1	
30 (27)	THOUGHTS OF LOVE	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)	7	15	

BUBBLING UNDER

BOSTON (Epic); BEST OF LENA MARTELL (Pye); RA — Utopia (Bearsville); HIT SCENE '76 (Warwick); DREAM-BOAT ANNIE — Heart (Arista).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending February 5, 1977

This Last Week		
1 (2)	BLINDED BY THE LIGHT	Manfred Mann
2 (3)	TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS	Mary MacGregor
3 (1)	I WISH	Stevie Wonder
4 (4)	HOT LINE	Sylvers
5 (8)	NEW KID IN TOWN	Eagles
6 (9)	ENJOY YOURSELF	Jacksons
7 (5)	DAZ	Brick
8 (14)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE	Steve Miller
9 (10)	I LIKE DREAMING	Kenny Nolan
10 (12)	WEEKEND IN NEW ENGLAND	Barry Manilow
11 (7)	WALK THIS WAY	Aerosmith
12 (13)	LOST WITH OUT YOUR LOVE	Bread
13 (15)	NIGHT MOVES	Bob Seger
14 (17)	YEAR OF THE CAT	Al Stewart
15 (6)	CAR WASH	Rose Royce
16 (21)	LOVE THEME FROM "A STAR IS BORN"	Barbra Streisand
17 (20)	DANCING QUEEN	Abba
18 (16)	JEANS ON	David Dundas
19 (22)	GO YOUR OWN WAY	Fleetwood Mac
20 (23)	HARD LUCK WOMAN	Kiss
21 (11)	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR	Marilyn McCoo & Billy Davis
22 (18)	SOMEBODY TO LOVE	Queen
23 (27)	CARRY ON WAYWARD SON	Kansas
24 (19)	YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE DANCING	Leo Sayer
25 (—)	THE THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE	10cc.
26 (29)	SAVE IT FOR A RAINY DAY	Stephen Bishop
27 (—)	LIVING NEXT DOOR TO ALICE	Smokie
28 (—)	BOOGIE CHILD	Bee Gees
29 (24)	SATURDAY NIGHT	Earth, Wind & Fire
30 (—)	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY	Thelma Houston

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

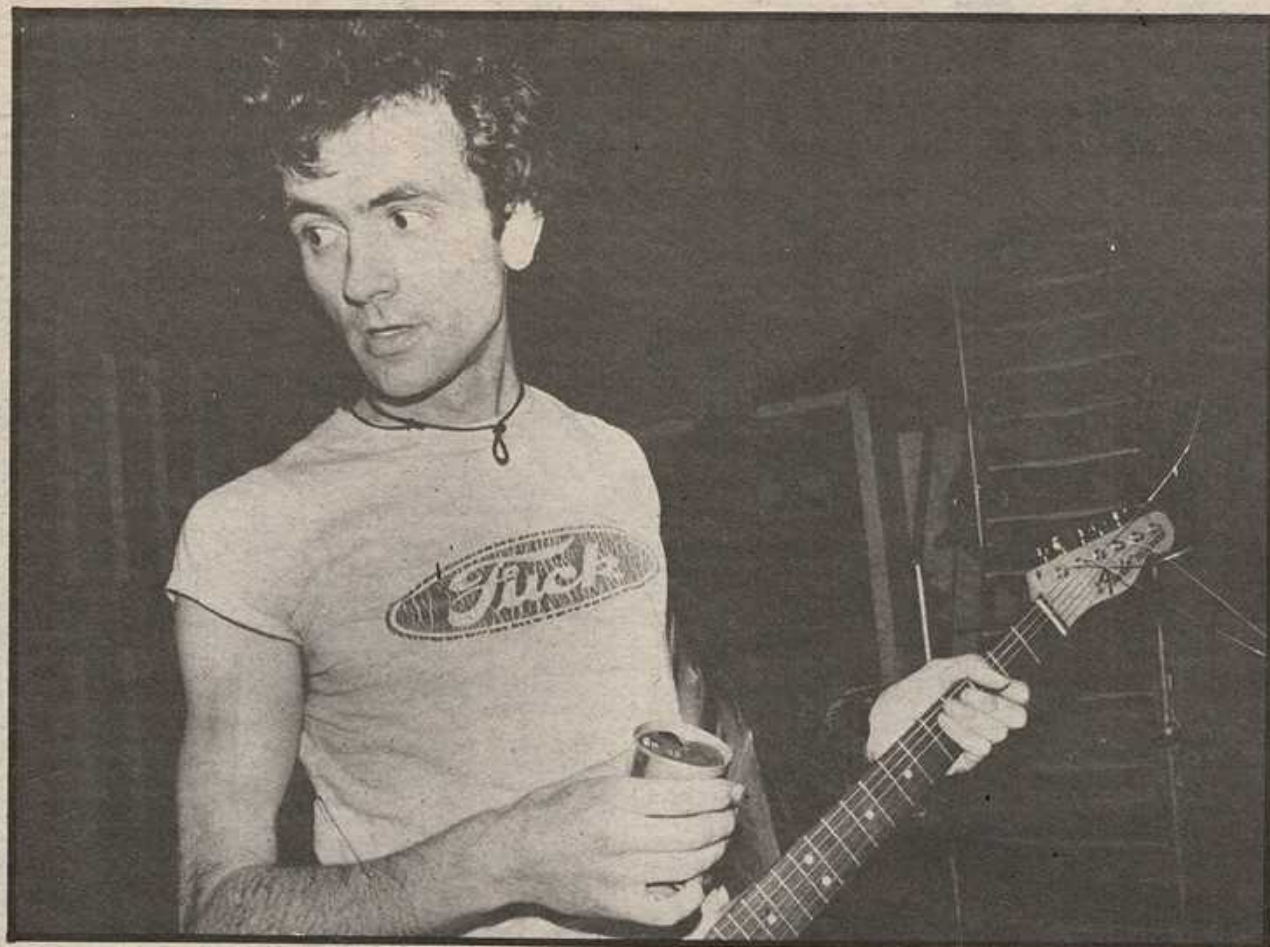
Week Ending February 5, 1977

This Last Week		
1 (4)	A STAR IS BORN	Streisand, Kristofferson
2 (1)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
3 (2)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder
4 (3)	WINGS OVER AMERICA	Wings
5 (5)	FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE	Peter Frampton
6 (7)	BOSTON	
7 (6)	GREATEST HITS	Linda Ronstadt
8 (9)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE	Steve Miller Band
9 (8)	BEST OF THE DOOBIES	Doobie Brothers
10 (14)	A DAY AT THE RACES	Queen
11 (12)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	ELO
12 (11)	ROCK AND ROLL OVER	Kiss
13 (10)	A NIGHT ON THE TOWN	Rod Stewart
14 (15)	THE PRETENDER	Jackson Browne
15 (16)	CAR WASH	Original Soundtrack
16 (19)	YEAR OF THE CAT	Al Stewart
17 (23)	TEJAS	ZZ Top
18 (13)	GREATEST HITS	James Taylor
19 (18)	THIRTY-THREE AND 1/3	George Harrison
20 (20)	THEIR GREATEST HITS	Eagles
21 (17)	HEJIRA	Joni Mitchell
22 (25)	NIGHT MOVES	Bob Seger
23 (21)	SONG OF JOY	Captain & Tennille
24 (24)	SPIRIT	Earth, Wind & Fire
25 (26)	CHILDREN OF THE WORLD	Bee Gees
26 (28)	GOOD HIGH	Brick
27 (30)	THIS ONE'S FOR YOU	Barry Manilow
28 (—)	LEFTOVERTURE	Kansas
29 (22)	BLUE MOVES	Elton John
30 (27)	SILK DEGREES	Boyz Scaggs

(Courtesy of "CASH BOX")

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson



Stranglers guitarist Hugh Cornwell in the t-shirt that caused the row.
Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

The t-shirt that stopped a gig

By CHRIS SALEWICZ

ALLEGATIONS THAT the GLC is operating a punk rock 'blacklist' were being made this week after Sunday's Rainbow gig by The Stranglers was curtailed because one of them wore an "obscene" T-shirt.

Guitarist Hugh Cornwell defied a GLC requirement, written into the Council's licensing deal with the Rainbow management, when he went onstage during The Stranglers' act wearing a T-shirt bearing the word "fuck". As a consequence the group's set was cut short three quarters of the way through when the stage lights were switched off.

NME understands that the Greater London Council's Public Committee had seen The Stranglers perform previously at the Red Deer in Croydon, and had demanded an assurance from the Rainbow that certain words "would not appear on their apparel or over the amplification."

This was written into the contract between the Rainbow and the concert promoters, Beggars Banquet Promotions, and it was the promoters who curtailed the set after being informed that they were in breach of contract. Eight GLC representatives were watching the show.

On Monday NME learned that when

Beggars Banquet first wanted to book The Stranglers into the Rainbow, it was intimated to them by informed music business parties that this would be impossible because the band were on "a blacklist", which, it was maintained, the GLC operates. Eventually, after the promoters had agreed to provide 20 extra security men, and after they had given two written assurances to the GLC, the gig went ahead.

Cornwell then went onstage wearing the aforementioned T-shirt, apparently with the logo on the back, took it off when requested to do so some 30 minutes into the set, but then replaced it 15 minutes later, resulting in the show being stopped.

Onstage Cornwell also swore several times.

Inquiries within the music business on Monday revealed a belief that a GLC "blacklist", official or otherwise, does exist. One leading promoter, after pointing out that the GLC is the licensing authority for London's music venues, told me: "You have to compromise with them. They're civil servants." He claimed that to his knowledge Kiss and Hawkwind had been on a blacklist at various times. He added: "I think they are just giving the Rainbow a hard time. For some reason they don't like it."

According to another source close to the

promoters of The Stranglers gig, the GLC men were in attendance because the Rainbow was the first large London venue to book punk rock bands. He claimed all punk bands were on the blacklist.

Alan Schaverin of the Rainbow management told NME that he has experienced no requests by the GLC for similar stipulations in other acts contracts. Nor had The Men From The GLC been to see other bands who'd played the theatre.

When asked by NME why the Stranglers had been taken off, Mr G. M. Saxby at the GLC replied that it had been a Rainbow management decision. It was pointed out to him that the management was complying with a GLC stipulation.

"The GLC are interpreters of public opinion," he commented. "We licence premises and not entertainment." The paradox in his comment was pointed out to him.

Mr Saxby then stated that the audience had made the decision for themselves anyway; that they'd been walking out in droves since the first hints of "bad language".

When asked if there was a blacklist, his reply was somewhat surprising: "Quite erroneous. Every act is considered on its merits. We supported EMI on their stand against the Sex Pistols and we're taking a stand against The Stranglers."

Akkerman Band tour

THE NEW Jan Akkerman-Kaz Lux Band undertake their debut tour of Britain next month. Akkerman, former key member of Dutch band Focus, is co-leader of the outfit with vocalist Kaz Lux — and the other members are keyboards man Joachin Kuhn, bassist Cees van der Laars and ex-Focus drummer Pierre van der Linden.

They will be featuring material from their recently released album "Eli", as well as from Akkerman's solo set "Tabernacle", both on the Atlantic label.

Dates are Brighton Dome (March 2), Hanley Victoria Hall (3), Lancaster University (4), Sheffield University (5), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (6), Birmingham Hippodrome (8), Oxford New Theatre (9), Portsmouth Guildhall (10), Bristol Colston Hall (11), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (12), London New Victoria Theatre (13), Newcastle City Hall (15), Liverpool venue to be set (16), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (17), Ipswich Gaumont (19), and Croydon Fairfield Hall (20). Support act is Kayak.

Prior to the tour, the band guest in BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on March 1. Promoter Ian Wright of MAM announces that all box-offices are now open.

Ticket prices for the New Victoria gig are £2.50, £2, £1.50 and £1.25, but they vary elsewhere.

PISTOLS LATEST

SEX PISTOLS have decided not to go ahead with their projected European tour, originally planned to run from this week until February 24. A spokesman for the group explained: "We decided it was rather pointless when they don't have a record to promote. And in any case, it would not have been financially viable. The Pistols feel they would rather remain in Britain to await a new recording deal". Manager Malcolm McLaren is currently having discussions with several major labels, and the spokesman added that he is hopeful about a new contract being signed shortly.

BEACH BOYS SPRING VISIT

THE BEACH BOYS are planning to visit Britain in the late spring as part of a full-scale European tour. The group set out on an extensive U.S. tour later this month, and they intend to bring their full road show over here when their American commitments are completed. Officially their British visit is still tentative, with no details yet available of the venues they would play. But they are expected to

headline at least one open-air event, and NME understand there is a distinct possibility of the group headlining a major concert at Wembley Stadium on June 11.

Meanwhile, they have a new album released by Warners on February 25 titled "The Beach Boys Love You". It consists entirely of new songs, mainly compositions by Brian Wilson, who also produced the set.

WHITE DELAY?

BARRY WHITE's British concerts, exclusively reported by NME last week, may now have to be put back. He was scheduled to play four dates here in mid-March — at London New Victoria and in Manchester, Birmingham and Eastbourne — preceded by gigs in Italy. But now problems have arisen between White and the Italian promoters, which could result in his visit being delayed.

Commented British promoter Jeffrey Kruger: "I am doing everything possible to mediate and help resolve the situation. Unfortunately some tickets have already been issued for Barry's proposed mid-March concerts, but I must stress that no further applications can be accepted until a decision has been taken on the timing of his visit. I expect to make an official announcement very shortly."

Aerosmith due back

AEROSMITH, the million-selling U.S. band who made their debut in this country last autumn, are to return here in the late summer. They are at present being lined up for a tour at that time, involving festival appearances both in Britain and on the Continent. The outfit have a new single titled "Walk This Way" issued by CBS on February 18 — it is taken from their 1975 album "Toys In The Attic".

Original Renaissance now an Illusion!

ILLUSION, a new band comprising most of the original Renaissance line-up, are supporting Bryan Ferry on his solo tour which opened this week. And they have been signed by Island Records, who release their album "Out Of The Mist" at the end of Feb.

The present Renaissance has a totally different line-up from when the band was first launched in 1969. The re-formation of the

original personnel, using the name Illusion, was suggested by Keith Relf before his accidental death last year.

The band features ex-Renaissance members Jane Relf (vocals), John Hawken (keyboards), Jim McCarty (vocals, rhythm, percussion) and Louis Cennamo (bass) — plus new men John Knightsbridge (lead guitar) and Eddie McNeill (drums).

Floyd concerts: booking details

BOOKING arrangements have now been announced for Pink Floyd's eight concerts next month. As previously reported, they play four shows at Wembley Empire Pool from March 17 to 20 inclusive — the first three gigs start at 8 pm, and the March 20 concert at 5 pm. The other four shows are at Stafford New Bingley Hall from March 28 to 31, all starting at 7.30 pm.

Tickets for the Wembley gigs are available by post only, and are restricted to four per applicant. Prices are £4.25 and £3.75, plus some with an obstructed view at £2.50. Bookings should be sent to Pink Floyd Box Office, P.O. Box 471, London W1A 4TL, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope. Cheques or postal orders only, made payable to "Pink Floyd Box Office". Applications will be accepted from next Monday (7) and tickets will be

dispatched during the week beginning February 21.

Stafford tickets are all at the one price of £3.50, and are available to personal applicants from February 21 (limited to four per person). They may be obtained from the Bingley Hall box-office, County Showground, Stafford, from Hime & Addison, 8 St. James Square, Manchester 2; from Virgin Records shops in Birmingham and Manchester; or from Mike Lloyd Music Shops.

NEW VICTORIA
WILTON RD. S.W.1
SUNDAY 6th FEBRUARY at 7-30
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
LEO KOTTKE
WITH GUEST
LEON REDBONE
TICKETS £2.50, £2.00, £1.50, (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 834 0671, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTSBURY AVE., 439 3371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE: 230 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

FASTBACK MUSIC - BY POST
This week's best-selling songbooks
NME Book of Rock 95p
Jackson Browne/21 Songs £5.50
Nile Rodgers/Cry Tough £3.50
Stevie Nicks/23 Songs £3.95
Free/12 Big Hits £2.00
Paul McCartney 13 New Songs £1.60
Paul McCartney/In His Own Words £1.95
Stones/Black & Blue £2.50
Bad Co. 1st Album £3.95
Bad Co. Straight Shooter £3.95
Bob Dylan/Delire £2.35
Frankston Come Alive £2.95
Beach Boys/20 Golden Greats £2.95
Pink Floyd/Dark Side Of The Moon £2.50
Miles Oldfield/Tubular Bells £2.50
Kinks Greatest Hits £2.95
Jimi Hendrix/40 Greatest Hits £2.95
Hollies Greatest Hits £2.50
Rod Stewart/15 Songs £2.95
Alabama Bros. 15 Songs £2.95
74 78 Guitar Chords £4.00
Beatles Complete/Guitar Or Piano £6.00
Status Quo/42 Songs £2.00
Eagles Greatest Hits £4.95
Eagles & Desperado £4.95
Eagles/On The Border £3.95
Eagles/One Of These Nights £3.95
Queen/19 Songs £2.00
Queen/Sheer Heart Attack £1.25
Queen/A Night At The Opera £2.25
Songs Of David Bowie £2.50
Bowie/Diamond Dogs £2.95
Bowie/Lyrics & Photos 30p
Yes/Songs/Yes £2.95
Lead Guitar Tutor with Record £2.50
Rhythm Guitar/Self Tutor £2.95
Rock Bass Tutor with Record £3.50
Lad Zappellin Complete (1-5) £3.95
Plantsy 28 Songs £1.75
Rock Guitar Tutor with Record £1.50
Bass Guitar Tutor with Record £1.50
Clapton/Ocean Blvd & others £2.95
Lindisfarne/10 Songs £2.10
Wishbone Ash/15 Songs £1.50
Marc Bolan/Warlock Of Love 95p
Marc Bolan Lyrics Book 95p
T. Rex Songbook £1.50
Neil Young Complete Vol. 1 £8.95
Neil Young Complete Vol. 2 £8.95
Sutherland Bros & Oliver Song Book £2.95
Top 20 Sheet Music in Stock 35p per song.
Orders £1 and under add 15p p.p. Between £1 & £2 add 25p. Between £2 & £3 add 35p. Over £3 add 50p. Comprehensive Catalogue Available 20p. Send Cheque/P.O. To:
FASTBACK MUSIC, 5 Elgin Cres., London W.11

News Desk



BAD COMPANY featuring (left to right) MICK RALPHS, PAUL RODGERS with new cropped hair style, SIMON KIRKE and BOZ BURRELL.

Bad Company back to work

BAD COMPANY are back in business again after a lengthy period of inactivity. Their new album "Burnin' Sky" is released by Island on February 25, preceded by the single "Everything I Need" on February 11. And they go back on the road in the early spring, with a week-long German tour from April 1 as a warm-up to an extensive American itinerary, starting on April 25 and lasting three months. It is understood that they are planning one or two selected British appearances in late summer, probably including a major open-air event. Meanwhile, they are lined up for a BBC-2 "Whistle Test" interview in the near future.

Stones deal clinched

IT HAS NOW officially been announced that the Rolling Stones have signed with Polydor Records, confirming NME's previous forecast. The deal is for a three-year period, and reportedly has a built-in £1½ million guarantee to the Stones. First release under the new agreement will be a live double album, recorded during the band's 1976 European tour, due out in June. It is understood that the Stones are also likely to re-record some of their early hit singles, partially to update them, and partially because the original recordings do not earn the large royalties which the band can command today.

Drury Lane Sunday gigs

GARY GLITTER's first concert since his return to the business (discounting his guest spot in a charity show before Christmas) is set for London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on April 3. Tickets are on sale now priced £2.50, £2.25, £1.75 and £1.50. Glitter's comeback begins in earnest this Sunday (6), when he opens his previously-reported six-week cabaret tour, and further concert dates are expected in the spring. The London show is being recorded by Capital Radio for subsequent broadcast in a new series titled "Sunday Night At The Lane". Among other artists appearing at the venue, who are expected to be included in the series are Sergio Mendes (February 27), Roy Orbison (March 27), Climax Blues Band (April 10) and The Drifters (17). The series runs until May 29 and other acts being lined up include Dr. Feelgood, Kusaal Flyers and Sutherland Brothers & Quiver.

John Martin promotes on behalf of Capital.

AC/DC: 25 concerts

AC/DC headline a 25-venue tour starting later this month. The Australian outfit play Edinburgh University (February 18), Glasgow University (19), Blackpool Imperial Ballroom (20), Cardiff Top Rank (22), Derby King's Hall (23), Malvern Winter Gardens (24), Cambridge Corn Exchange (25), Exeter University (26), Reading Top Rank (27), Portsmouth Locarno (March 1), Swansea Top Rank (2), Newcastle Mayfair (4), Northampton County Ground (5), Maidenhead Skindles (6), Plymouth Fiesta Suite (7), Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (10), London Rainbow Theatre (11), Leeds University (12), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (13), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (15), Manchester Electric Circus (16), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (18), Southend Kursaal (19), Croydon Greyhound (20) and Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (21). Atlantic are to release a three-track maxi-single by the band to coincide with their tour.

Edited: Derek Johnson

On The Road

GORDON GILTRAP BAND promote their new album "Visionary" with gigs at Salford University (tomorrow, Friday), London North-East Polytechnic (Saturday), Newcastle University (February 9), Aberystwyth University (11), Leicester University (12), Glasgow Strathclyde University (18), Hull University (21), Leeds University (24), Durham University (March 4), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (5) and Manchester University (9). More gigs to follow next week.

F.B.I. play a major London concert when they headline at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, February 13. Other gigs for the band are Dundee Angus Hotel (this Sunday), Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom (February 8), Sheffield University (11), Guildford Civic Hall (17) and Birmingham Barbarella's (18).

CAROL GRIMES & the London Boogie Band have February gigs at Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (this Saturday), Sheffield Polytechnic (9), London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (12), London Fulham Golden Lion (13), Glasgow Strathclyde University (18), London Camden Dingwalls (22), Dudley J.B.'s Club (25) and Wigan Casino (26).

FLYING ACES, the band fronted by former Ace member Martin Ace, have gigs at Cardiff Top Rank (tomorrow, Friday), Portsmouth Polytechnic (Saturday) and Aberystwyth University (February 11) before leaving for an Irish tour. Subsequently they play Oxford Polytechnic (February 26), London Camden Dingwalls (March 1), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (2), Derby Cleopatra's (3), Burton 76 Club (4), Bolton Technical College (5), Lancaster St. Martin's College (11), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (12), Leeds Florde Green Hotel (13), Cheltenham Pavilion (18) and Leicester Polytechnic (19).

JACK THE LAD have extended their previously reported March tour with extra dates at Scunthorpe Tiffany's (March 22), Sheffield Polytechnic (23), Rugby Lanchester Polytechnic (25), Bristol Polytechnic (26) and Blackpool Tiffany's (29). Their gig on March 10 is switched from Glasgow University to Leeds Polytechnic.

NATIONAL HEALTH tour dates: Newcastle University (February 17), Stirling University (18), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (19), Dundee University (20), Nottingham University (22), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (24) and Slough College of Education (26). More gigs are still being finalised.

CALEDONIA, who supported Hot Chocolate on tour during the autumn, play Huddersfield Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Manchester Electric Circus (Saturday), Wolverhampton Lafayette (February 11), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (12), Brighton Top Rank (13), Clacton Institute of Technology (18), Havering Technical College (19) and Weybridge College of Food (25).

OSCAR PETERSON'S concert tour next month has now been finalised. He plays Birmingham Town Hall (March 6), Southport Theatre (8), Croydon Fairfield (10), London Royal Festival Hall (12), Cardiff Capitol (13), Nottingham Albert Hall (15), Bristol Colston (17), Paignton Princess (18), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (20), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (21), Brighton Dome (24), Eastbourne Congress (25), Norwich Theatre Royal (27) and Glasgow Kelvin Hall (29).

BRANDY, the all-girl band recently signed by Polydor, have dates at Corby Exclusive Club (this Saturday), Bristol University (February 11), Bristol Granary (12), Petersfield Mercury Club (16), Paignton Penelope's (19), Barrow Maxim's Disco (24) and Peterlee Senate Club (26).

LONE STAR, who cancelled all January gigs when their lead singer left suddenly, have now re-set several dates and added a few new venues. They play London Hampstead Westfield College (tomorrow, Friday), Manchester University instead of Bristol University (Saturday), Cardiff Top Rank (February 8), Carlisle Market Hall (10) and Barry Memorial Hall (24). Rest of their February itinerary remains unchanged.

MEDICINE HEAD'S February gigs are London Marquee Club (tonight, Thursday), Derby College of Technology (Friday), Brighton Top Rank (8), Chester College of Education (11), Edinburgh Napier College (16), Aberdeen University (18), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (21) and Aberystwyth University (25).

NUTZ, whose new album "Hard Nutz" is released by A & M this month, play Birmingham Barbarella's (February 8), Cardiff Top Rank (15), Newport Stowaway Club (16), Brentwood College of Education (18), London Cockfosters Trent Park College (25). The band also support Black Sabbath on their U.K. tour starting March 2.

BOYS OF THE LOUGH tour Britain and Ireland with dates at Coleraine Ulster University (February 17), Belfast Whitla Hall (18), Dublin (19), Fermanagh Arts Festival (21), Brighton Sussex University (23), Colchester Essex University (26), Matlock Baths Pavilion (27), Dumfries Lorneburgh Hall (March 1), Motherwell Civic Theatre (2), Stirling University (3), Inverness Civic Hall (4), London Victoria Palace (6), a benefit concert in Kinross (7), Basildon Towngate Theatre (9) and Birmingham Repertory Theatre (11).

WURZELS headline a March concert tour at Oxford New Theatre (2), Taunton Odeon (3), Gloucester Leisure Centre (4), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (6), Preston Guildhall (7), Edinburgh Usher Hall (8), Glasgow Kelvin Hall (9), Middlesbrough Town Hall (11), Southport New Theatre (12), Newcastle City Hall (13), Bradford St. George's Hall (15), Llandudno Arcadia Theatre (16), Oakengates Town Hall (17), Nottingham Playhouse (18), London Lewisham Concert Hall (19), Slough Thames Hall (20), Eastbourne Congress (22), London New Victoria Theatre (23), Portsmouth Guildhall (24) and Birmingham Town Hall (26).

SHAKIN' STEVENS & the Sunsets play Horncastle Town Hall (tomorrow, Friday), Norwich Crookers (Saturday), Cambridge Homerton College (February 10), Weston-Super-Mare Masquerade Club (12), Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College (16), Stafford North Staffs Poly (18), Liverpool University (19), Leeds University (23), Aberystwyth University (25), Oxford Exeter College (26), Bradford University (March 9), Birmingham Chaleit Club (10), Durham Nevilles Cross College (11), Bognor College of Education (12), Derby Bishop Lonsdale College (18), Reading Technical College (19), London Finchley Torrington (20), Chichester College of Education (25), Bedford Corn Exchange (26) and Horsham Roffey Club (27).

CASINO, newly signed by State Records, are on tour at Cardiff University (tomorrow, Friday), Hereford Town Hall (Saturday), Aberystwyth University (February 7), Cardiff College of Music (11), Bath Globe (12), Plymouth Woods Centre (18), Fishguard Frenchman's Motel (19), Doncaster College of Education (25), Loughborough Lion Hotel (26), Chippendale Technical College (March 4), Reading Technical College (5), Rhondda Leisure Centre (11), Cardiff College of Education (12), Bath Viaduct Hotel (17), Clacton St. Osyth's College (18), Worcester College of Education (19), and St. Albans City Hall (26).

IVOR CUTLER — singer, composer, musician, poet, writer and humorist — has a few dates to promote his recent Virgin album "Jammy Smears". He plays Dundee University (February 16), Edinburgh Traverse Theatre (18-20), Glasgow Third Eye Centre (22), Belfast Queen's University (24), Galway University (25) and Dublin Project Arts Centre (27).



STEVE GIBBONS BAND, who complete their British tour with Be-Bop Deluxe on February 19, are to be the support act in Ted Nugent's upcoming concerts starting just four days later — on February 23 in Manchester. Subsequently they have gigs in their own right at London Southbank Polytechnic (March 10), Bromley Stockwell College (11) and London Kensington Imperial College (12).

TED NUGENT has had another gig added to his British tour with the Gibbons Band. It is at Sheffield City Hall on February 24.

THE GORILLAS play London North Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Huddersfield Polytechnic (February 10), London Kensington Nashville (13, 20 and 27), Leeds Polytechnic (25), Portsmouth Polytechnic (March 5), Manchester Electric Circus (11), Dudley J.B.'s Club (12) and Matlock Black Rocks (31).

COUNT BISHOPS have the following gigs between sessions for their first Chiswick Records album: Liverpool University (this Saturday), Swindon The Affair (February 9), Huddersfield Polytechnic (10), Dundee University (11), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (12), Keele University (16), Liverpool Annabelle's (17), Bath University (18), Colchester Essex University (19), London Queen Mary College (24) and London Chiswick Polytechnic (25).



Top groups make the most of their music on stage with Celestion speakers...you can make the most of their music at home with Celestion hi-fi speakers

Many of the top British music amp manufacturers use Celestion Power Drive Units in their equipment, because they know they can rely on Celestion quality and performance. The same Celestion expertise has produced a series of hi-fi loudspeakers tailored for your home. Listen to the Ditton and UL series, you won't regret it.

Celestion



Send this coupon for literature or ask your dealer for a demonstration. I am interested in large, medium, small speakers.

Name _____

Address _____

Rola Celestion Ltd., Ditton Works, Foxhall Road, Ipswich, Suffolk IP3 8JP.
Telephone: Ipswich (0423) 73131. Cables: Voicecoil Ipswich. Telex: 98365.

13.06.02

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson



The new look T. Rex comprising (left to right) HERBIE FLOWERS, MILLER ANDERSON, MARC BOLAN, DINO DINES and TONY NEWMAN.

Bolan concerts — with new Rex

FIRST TOUR dates have now been announced for Marc Bolan and his new-look T. Rex. The itinerary is confined to leading concert halls around the country, including London Rainbow. These will be Bolan's first dates with his re-shaped band, now comprising Dino Dines (keyboards), Herbie Flowers (bass), Miller Anderson (guitar) and Tony Newman (drums), with only Dines remaining from the previous line-up.

Confirmed gigs are at Newcastle City Hall (March 10), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (11), Glasgow Apollo Centre (12), Bristol Colston Hall (14), Birmingham Odeon (17) and London Rainbow Theatre (18). More dates are being finalised and will be announced shortly.

As a prelude to the tour, Bolan and the new Rex have a single issued tomorrow (Friday) titled "Groove A Little", followed a week later by their album "Dandy In The Underworld".

A support act has not yet been announced, but NME understands that new wave band The Damned — who were axed from the Sex Pistols' ill-fated tour before Christmas — are being negotiated for this role.

Dory Previn due

DORY PREVIN is being lined up for a string of dates here in late spring. Paul Charles of Asgard has so far confirmed two Irish gigs — at Dublin National Stadium (May 19) and Belfast Whittla Hall (20). Dory subsequently plays a string of dates in England, and possibly Scotland. They include London Royal Albert Hall on May 28.

SUZI GIGS

THE FIRST seven dates have now been confirmed for the previously reported tour by Suzi Quatro, her first here for two years. She plays Sheffield University on February 11 followed by Cardiff University (12), Stafford Room At The Top (14), London Kensington Imperial College (19), Salford University (22), Bristol University (March 4) and Leicester University (12). Further gigs are at present being finalised.

DOMINO'S IN TOWN!

FATS DOMINO plays two concerts at London New Victoria Theatre on Sunday, March 27 (5 and 8 pm). This is his only projected appearance this year, and is part of a four-week European tour, including concerts in Eastern Europe. Tickets priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £1.50 go on sale on Tuesday (7). To coincide with his visit, United Artists will be releasing the compilation album "Fats Domino 20 Greatest Hits!" at the beginning of next month.

Moments & Rimshots co-headline package

TWO OF America's leading funk-soul outfits, Moments and Rimshots, co-headline a three-week British package tour starting later this month. Dates so far confirmed by promoter Henry Sellers are Swindon Brunel Rooms (February 18), Dunstable California (19), Southend Zero Six (23), Norwich Cromwell's (March 3), Birmingham Barbarella's (4) and Bracknell South Hill Park (5).

Many other dates, including a

major London concert, have still to be finalised. Although absent from the NME Charts last year, both groups registered in 1975 — notably Moments, who had a string of four hits. A new album and single by Moments are due in early spring.

RAH date by Hollies

THE HOLLIES play a rare London concert when they headline their own show at the Royal Albert Hall on Tuesday, March 8. They are also set for two provincial dates early next month — at Bradford University (March 5) and Edinburgh Usher Hall (6) — prior to leaving for a German tour. A new Hollies album will be issued by Polydor to coincide with these three concerts.

TOURS ROUND-UP

●SAHB WITHOUT ALEX have added another date to their current tour schedule — at Plymouth Fiesta Suite on February 21.

●MUD are being lined up for a short series of college dates in April, details to follow shortly.

●5th DIMENSION support Frank Sinatra in his London Royal Albert Hall concerts from February 28 to March 5. They also film their own TV special during the visit.

●TAVARES return to Britain in late April to start a three-week one-nighter tour. Dates and venues are currently being finalised.

●FOSTER BROTHERS are the support act in the Streetwalkers' upcoming British tour, opening February 11.

●TOMPALL GLASER replaces Jimmy Buffett in the third night of the Country Music Festival at Wembley Empire Pool on April 11, headlined by Emmylou Harris.

●DONNA SUMMER will be gigging in Britain during the spring. The exact period of her visit is not yet determined.

●MAGNA CARTA support



Waits: spring visit

TOM WAITS, the American singer-composer who made his British debut at London Ronnie Scott's Club last year, returns in mid-spring for a four-day visit. He will be here from April 30 to May 3 inclusive, together with his regular three-piece backing band. Highlight of his brief visit will be a major London concert, currently being set up by promoter Frederick Bannister, and he will also play a couple of provincial gigs.

RECORDING NEWS

Byron bounces back in new 5-piece band

ISLAND RECORDS have signed Rough Diamond, the new band featuring vocalist David Byron and noted sidemen Clem Clempson and Geoff Britton. They have just completed work on their debut album, for April 2 release in Britain. They make their live debut by way of a European tour starting in mid-April, to be followed by a British tour in May, and they then spend the rest of the year in America.

Byron is the former Uriah Heep singer, who was sacked late last summer because of a personality clash with the other members of the band. Guitarist Clempson is best-known as an ex-member of Humble Pie, while drummer Britton worked with the Wild Angels and East of Eden prior to his more recent spell with Wings. The other two members of Rough Diamond are Damon Butcher (keyboards) and Willie Bath (bass).

●Status Quo's first live album is released by Vertigo on February 25. It was taped during three concerts at Glasgow Apollo in December, which were specially arranged for recording purposes. Titled "Status Quo Live", it is a double set retailing at £4.99. Included are most of the band's better-known stage items, among them "Is There A Better Way", "Junior's Wailing", "In My Chair", "Roll Over Lay Down", "Bye Bye Johnny" and "Caroline".

●Several of the current U.S. gigs by Manfred Mann's Earth Band are being recorded, for possible inclusion in their next album, which they complete on returning to London in March. Summer release is planned by Bronze. Meanwhile, their single "Blinded By The Light" has reached No. 1 in the American charts.

●Billy Ocean's follow-up to his recent "Stop Me" hit is titled "Red Light Spells Danger" and set for release by the GTO label on February 25.

●Eric Clapton's new single "Carnival", issued by RSO Records on February 11, is a track from his "No Reason To Cry" album.

●The new Charlie single "Johnny Hold Back", for Polydor release on February 25, is taken from their current album "No Second Chance".

●The Soundtrack album of "A Star Is Born", featuring Kris Kristofferson and Barbra Streisand is issued by CBS on February 18.

●Jethro Tull's new single "The Whistler" and the album from which it is taken "Songs From The Wood" are both issued by Chrysalis this weekend.

●George Hatcher Band have a ten-inch maxi-single issued by United Artists on March 4. Titled "Have Band Will Travel", it retails at 99p, and was recorded recently in front of an invited audience at London's Olympic Studios.

●John Stevens' Away will have their March 18 gig at London Marquee Club recorded, for subsequent release as a live album.

●Dirty Tricks, who begin an extensive British tour next week, have their single "Too Much Wine" issued by Polydor on February 11.



●Kiki Dee's latest album is scheduled for February 25 release by Rocket. The highly original title is "Kiki Dee".

Elton single

●Rocket Records are rushing out a new single by Elton John this weekend. Taken from his "Blue Moves" album, it is titled "Crazy Water".

BY PUBLIC DEMAND

A SPECIALLY RECORDED SINGLE ON CHRYSALIS.

'THEY SHOOT HORSES DON'T THEY?'

From the album "Downtown tonight" by:

RACING CARS

"The band most likely to succeed in 1977." John Peel.
"The most promising band for 1977." Music Press.



Chrysalis
Records & Tapes

Gentle Giant: Just five one man bands putting it all together.

A one man band is a guy who plays a helluva lot of instruments.

And in that sense each member of Gentle Giant is a one man band, 5 guys playing 27 instruments.

Behind them are eight amazing studio albums.

And a series of live gigs which have proved to be absolutely stunning.

We thought it was time the two were combined.

Hence 'Playing the Fool'.

It's live. It's a double album.

And it's priced at £3.99.

On it you'll find some of their most electrifying pieces.

Like 'Octopus', 'Freehand' and 'Funny Ways'. Plus nine other chunks of brilliant musicianship.

The whole thing was recorded au naturel on their last European tour.

And the first 10,000 albums will include a booklet telling all about the band.

So if you're slightly disenchanted with the sterility of the dinosaur bands and the naiveté of the current new wave give 'Playing the Fool' a listen.

For £3.99 you can't go wrong.



CTY 1133



By TONY PARSONS

Seventh vertebra during the seventh number . . .

It, uh, doesn't sound too good — but even after breaking her neck in a stage fall PATTI SMITH reckons she'll be touring Britain in March

DURING THE seventh number of her band's Florida gig on January 23, Patti Smith fell 15 feet from the stage and broke her neck.

Long distance information, get me New York City, please . . .

"I went for a space that wasn't there," Patti said over the trans-Atlantic wire just five days after the accident. "It was one of those things, I felt like a discus thrower when they spin out of the circle . . ."

She sounded tired and in a great deal of pain but in amazingly high spirits considering that her fall from the stage had only been a matter of a few days before our talk. Her voice was strained but warm. I told her I thought she had a lot of guts . . .

"Ahhh, I'm pretty tough," she chuckled. "It was like a Bugs Bunny cartoon, when he walks over a cliff into mid-air and just keeps walking until he realises there's nothing there, y'know?"

And the neck is actually broken?

"Yeah, I broke the seventh vertebrae, if ya want the medical term. Apparently that's the least serious that ya can crack . . . so I was lucky!"

What song were you singing when you fell off stage, Patti?

"It was 'Ain't It Strange', the seventh number of the set, and I broke the seventh bone in my neck, so that was strange . . ."

And they took you to a hospital in Florida and when they released you from there you travelled back to New York?

"Yeah, I've got my neck in a brace, got a buncha stitches, 22 stitches, and I'm really black 'n' blue, just like the Stones album, right? I was pretty rough for a while but when I got released from the Florida hospital we came back to New York and the Blue Oyster Cult are off the road and they're taking care of me . . . just give me a chance to get set and we'll bounce right back."

What did you land on when you fell?

"Well, luckily there were no kids below because there was a police barricade, so I landed on the ground . . . it was a high stage, over 14 feet; it's a big stadium they got there . . ."

How long do they say the neck's gonna take to heal, Patti?

"The neck brace should be off in six to eight weeks . . . I figure I'm going to have a nice little scar, a rock 'n' roll battle scar . . ."

So Patti Smith is, even with a broken neck, in high spirits and living for her art. Luckily she's surrounded by people who love her, like her old man Allen Lanier of Blue Oyster Cult, of whom Patti declared from the stage of the Hammersmith Odeon, "Yeah! I'm a genuine starfucker! I ain't never gotta sell out because my old man is Allen Lanier and he makes the bread in our house! He don't care if I never make a cent! He hopes I don't make a cent!"

ALSO STANDING by Patti are the rest of BOC, plus her own band — including her original keyboards man, Richard Sohl, who played on both "Horses" and "Radio Ethiopia" but quit after a nervous crack-up caused by the pressures of being on the road.

Happily Richard Sohl's shot nerves are okay now and he's back in the band and ready for the road again.

Said Patti: "You tell everybody over there we got Richard back and he's fine now. He's all better, and we're looking forward to coming back to Europe as soon as I'm healed. We got a new battle plan!"

Five days after you busted your neck you're talking about getting back on the road . . .

"Sure!" she said happily. "As you know we had to cut the last tour short because we had lost Richard and we had to go back home to try out our new piano players before we

played all the places that we should have . . . so this time, as soon as I'm better, we're gonna come back and play all the places we didn't get a chance to last time. We only played London and Birmingham last time, we gonna play for the kids in the other places in England next time . . ."

When do you reckon the tour will be, Patti?

"March."

And there'll be no London dates?

"No, I love London, there's a great scene there now, but we're gonna play the other places . . ."

And when we gonna see the third album?

"Spring. I'm writing now, writing all the time, songs and

poems, it's all one thing with me . . . working on the new book and the new album."

HOW WOULD you describe the new album?

"It's more of a resurrection . . . it's more creatively sparking, more celebratory, we're bouncing right back! It's gonna be a celebration of the whole new scene, the whole new wave . . . it's rock 'n' roll. Y'know when we toured last year we got the most energy from Europe . . . it's really starting to happen again now and we're one hundred per cent behind the Sex Pistols. The Clash, all those kids . . . but they gotta work really hard! They've gotta always maintain that original energy if it's all gonna last . . . and it mustn't be just a fad."

"They've gotta practise their skills and be disciplined about it — The Dolls failed because they didn't do that enough. If your ideals and visions are strong you've gotta back it up with hard work."

How's your guitar playing coming along?

"Hey, I know more than three chords now! I know four and a half! I'm practising it all the time . . . the Blue Oyster Cult have shown me that rock 'n' roll is hard work, it's harder than being in the army. And your guitar is your machine gun, your instruments are your implements of battle . . . you've gotta know your instruments."

I think that a lot of people who could have got into Patti Smith have been turned off by the fact that Patti hasn't always had this attitude, and too often, especially on the last

tour, her live work suffered from a lack of discipline. At times the whole thing was so loose that it looked on the verge of collapse.

The nagging thing was that at other times, like during her performance of "Pumping", she was giving you some of the most vital rock 'n' roll of this or any other decade . . .

With her new found discipline "Horses" should be merely the start, as opposed to the summit, of her contribution to rock 'n' roll . . .

"It's like CBGB's all over the world now, not just London but in Brussels, Copenhagen . . . kids are pawing everything they got to start bands . . . I'm gonna check out that club in London you were talking about when I get there . . ."

The Roxy, yeah. Have you heard that The Clash got a recording contract yesterday with CBS?

"No! That's fantastic! They're my favourite English band, y'know . . ."

Yeah, I saw you get on stage with them at the ICA gig where Shane got his ear chewed up. What's the story behind the bootleg single, "Piss Factory"?

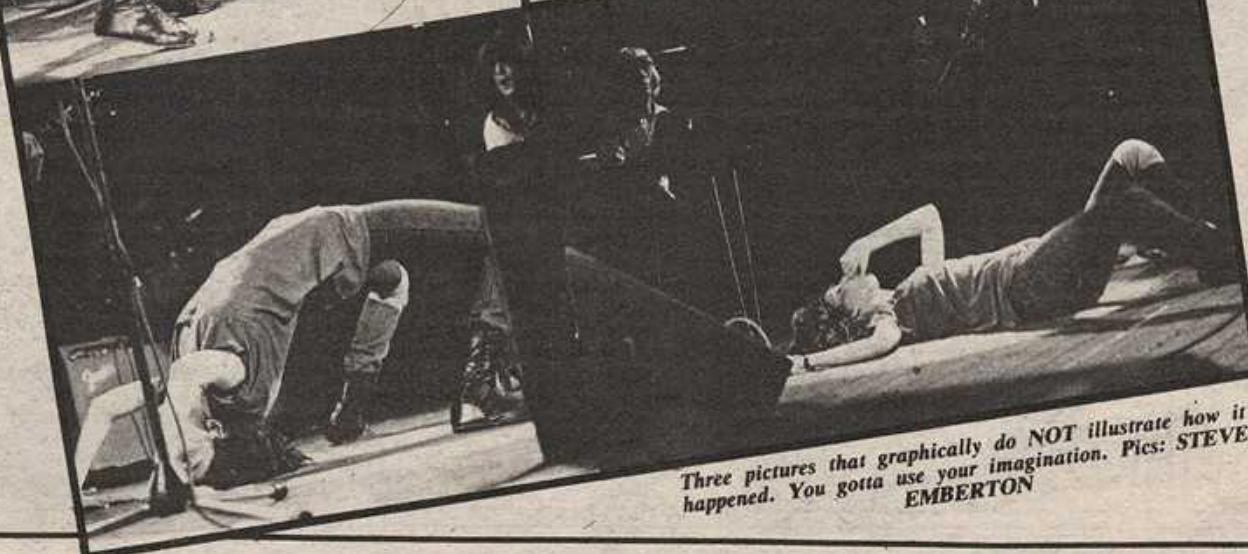
"We recorded that song before we'd signed with anybody on June 5, 1974 . . . somebody ought to get that out fast! Listen, I want you to tell all the kids over there not to worry about my broken neck, not to think about me, zero in on themselves, keep working on their playing and their writing . . . AND KEEP GROWING!"

Sweet Angels, you have made her no longer afraid of death.

Nor a broken neck.



Pic: STEVE EMBERTON



Three pictures that graphically do NOT illustrate how it happened. You gotta use your imagination. Pics: STEVE EMBERTON

THRILLS



How genuine is Leon Redbone?

GEORGE MELLY on the trail of a Legend . . .

IT WAS CLEARLY GOING TO BE a tough assignment interviewing Leon Redbone. The Warner Brothers "biog" had a note of jaunty desperation to it induced by the difficulty of finding anything to say about him at all.

His press-cuttings were equally uninformative. The life and times of Leon Redbone: how old he is, where he was born, how he started performing, his ambitions if any; all these basic facts are unknown to anybody except Mr. Redbone himself, and he isn't telling.

I read that if asked to divulge the simplest detail he clams up, falls asleep, or mutters an answer which although entirely appropriate to a character in *Alice In Wonderland* is of little value to a conscientious journalist.

His work of course is more accessible. There are two L.P.s, "On The Track" and "Double Time", which offer a fair picture of his taste and ability. Yet even these are enigmatic.

I listened to them both several times and felt differently at each playing.

Were they naive or naively knowing?

My final feelings, and they have persisted, I can only describe as perplexed admiration.

HE DRAWS HIS MATERIAL from a narrow yet bizarre field: ballads of the Twenties and Thirties, black blues, early country and western.

The spirits of Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller, Blind Blake, Lonnie Johnson, Jimmy Rogers and the early Bing Crosby hover near at hand, but the effect is entirely original.

What puzzles me is that very competent guitar-playing and fine singing can suddenly give way to disorganised amateurism and bumbling intonation of a wine-bar drunk. How can an artist of Redbone's sensitivity choose a number like "Lulu's Back In Town" and not only sing a version which ignores the melody as written, but substitutes a



series of chords which don't make any sense at all? (How indeed? — Ed.)

Yet in the end it doesn't really matter. Fresh idiosyncratic sincerity wins over-all. A true feeling and understanding of the originals seem more important than polish.

I even suspect that the rough edges are justifiably deliberate.

I realised of course why I'd been asked to interview him.

Not only was I a fellow-performer first and a journalist second, but also a certain amount of our material coincides (including "Lulu's Back In Town" sung in my case to the right tune). Nevertheless, it was with some trepidation that I sat in the back of Warner Brothers hired limo approaching the Telly Centre where that very afternoon the mysterious Mr. Redbone was to record two songs for *The Old Grey Whistle Test*.

HE WAS REHEARSING when I got there, perched on a stool, hunched over his guitar, his eyes invisible behind dark glasses, and dressed like Groucho Marx in the role of a 19th century medicine man. Everybody who's written about him says he looks like Groucho Marx for the simple reason that superficially he does, even to the moustache, and the cigar.

He lopes like Groucho Marx too as I discovered after the rehearsal, when waiting to home in on that most



Who the hell is George Melly?

popular of fall-about stations, the B.B.C. club.

Introductions were going on when Redbone suddenly appeared only to vanish through some double-doors with the single-minded haste of a man who knows exactly which dressing-room harboured the imperious if infatuated Margaret Dumont.

He found us later, and favoured a bacardi and coke. I brought it over to him and he handed me, with old-fashioned courtesy, a small card on which was printed the message "How do you do?" I found this extraordinarily disconcerting, but noted that it was not a cheap card, being engraved rather than printed. Mr. Redbone is a

fastidious person.

Later in his dressing room for example, while drinking more white rum he asked if it were possible to be given a glass instead of the plastic cup provided by the Beeb. There is nothing unconsidered about his persona.

To return to the club I decided, being forewarned, that there was no future in shooting questions at him. He must be stalked, like an antelope, from down wind.

I was at another disadvantage. I am rather deaf and wear a hearing aid. This is fine in a small quiet room with a few people, but hopeless in a large noisy one. The BBC club is enormous

and as noisy as a parrot house.

In the event it turned out to be a help.

Once I'd explained my weakness to Mr. Redbone, he reacted by speaking both clearly and at greater length than might have been the case if I'd had ears like a fruit-bat. I decided his work was the place to start.

HE'S QUITE OPEN about his influences, but very secretive about how long he's been singing and playing. On his L.P.s he uses an extraordinarily catholic collection of musicians chosen, he told me, for their ability to absorb, as if by capillary attraction, his needs. He claimed to very little theoretical knowledge; a failing he also used to explain, with the wryest of smiles, his occasional if drastic variations on tunes as written.

Like Morton who doubled between piano-playing and pool, Redbone let slip that he had originally made a living from taking people on at snooker. It sounded convincing; he would look as much at home in a pool room as W. C. Fields; but I was wary of it. It was almost too likely.

Later however his manager asked where he could find a snooker-hall in London.

The other information he wanted was where to go to buy records.

"Jazz records? Blues?" I asked him.

No, classical.

Looking at him closely I recalled that Bob Dylan had said that, even after sitting right next to him, he had no idea how old he was.

This is true.

Even stranger is that after a bit I decided he didn't look at all like Groucho Marx precisely because of his moustache, cigar and the solar toupee he was wearing. Leon Redbone is a walking conjuring trick.

In my experience, I hazard, most entertainers are natural exhibitionists. He, I continued, seemed to be modest almost to the point of neurosis.

He agreed this was so, adding that he didn't sing for, or wish to communicate with an audience. He sung and played entirely for himself.

And his clothes? For someone who wished to remain anonymous surely his appearance must have the reverse effect?

He very thoughtfully relit his cigar; his movements are as carefully deliberate as a slow loris.

"It's a paradox", he said.

HE DIDN'T ENJOY playing in public. He didn't like foreign travel. Every step of the way he'd had to be forced forward like a particularly obstinate mule.

He's refused for a long time to record, resisted for ages appearing on television.

I reflected that it was because of an N.B.C. show (*Saturday Night*) that his records had moved from hardly any sales at all into the American charts. His obstinacy was more successful in promoting his career than most artists' banging on every door.

Putting this to him I was deflected yet again by the perfectly accurate, if none too helpful, explanation that it was "another paradox".

It was time to go to his dressing-room. I stopped asking questions.

Everybody chattered except for Leon Redbone. He sat and listened, offering only occasionally a sardonic and pointed comment.

They came to get him, and we watched him record on the monitor. He sung and played beautifully, not only guitar, but a very sensitive mouth harp and a couple of early Armstrong-like choruses in a curiously touching imitation of cornet, scatted on what he describes as his "throat trompet".

HOW GENUINE is Leon Redbone? Entirely, in my view.

Where he is unique is in his ability to acknowledge his contradictions and to have exteriorised them. It's this that throws everyone so off-balance.

If he is crazy, he's crazy like a fox.

PCs ROUT SKYNYRD
NO DOUBT Lynyrd Skynyrd and the Royal Lancaster Hotel, London, are mutually glad to have parted company.
 This fun-loving band were staying at the hotel before their London gigs this weekend, engaging in the kind of behaviour which some might regard as only too characteristic. On their first night, they were apparently involved in scuffles with several other guests, and were described, with tactful reserve, as "rowdy and loud".
 On the second evening, the band were again involved in a fracas with guests — this time members of a convention holding their annual dinner at the hotel. This time the boys emerged bruised and bloodied; drummer Artimus Pyle and guitarist Gary Rossington were knocked unconscious, and both required medical treatment.
 The convention? No meeting of paunchy ICI executives or pacific computer operators. It was the Metropolitan Police Boxing team.

□ JULIE EMBERTON

LONE GROOVER



BENYON



If you thought "Low" was the work of a lunatic, wait till you hear the bootleg!

BOOTLEG NEWS

... brought
to you by
NICK KENT

DAVID BOWIE and Frank Zappa fanatics, take note; a whole slew of bootlegs have just materialised from God-knows-where. Most contain the usual sloppy live in concert - cassette - mike - in - the - audience - muffled - accoustics - one - off - the - wrist - jobs on both artiste's tours, but amidst all this overpriced murk there exist a couple of real humdingers.

Take Dave the Rave, for example. A bootleg named "Thin White Duke", complete with snazzy colour cover of two exploding asteroids, has found its way to these shores, and anyone who rates the Big D. should get searching 'cos this double album is something special.

Three-quarters of this product is a fine stereo recording (off the mixing board?) of last year's "Station To Station" tour, featuring superb renditions of "Fame", "Diamond Dogs", "Word On A Wing", "Stay", "Panic In Detroit", "Suffragette City", "TVC 15", and "Station", but it's the final side which contains the real grist.

You may recall noticing in this journal and elsewhere a shot of dapper Dave astride the leggy languorous Cher early last year. Apparently they weren't merely swapping beauty tips but were recording a televised duet for Cher's prime-time C.B.S. TV series. The 20 minute performance has now been captured in all its glory for you Angloid Bowie fans and yipes, is it wierd 'un!

Starting with an impassioned "Can You Hear Me"? Cher and Bowie sequel straight into morsels of "Right" and a lengthy heavily orchestrated "Young Americans". So far, so good. Bowie then zaps straight into Neil Diamond's "Song Sung Blue" for several bars, barely halting for breath to wax lyrical on Nilsson's "One" while Cher counter-croons a bit of "Da Doo Ron Ron". Dave retaliates with Laura Nyro's "Wedding Bell Blues", "Day Tripper", and the old chestnut "Only You".

A campishly dramatic burst of Velvetinesque "Temptation" from Dave slips into Bill Withers' "Ain't



Green committed

APPEARING UNDER his real name of Peter Greenbaum, former Fleetwood Mac guitarist Peter Green (30) was last Wednesday, at Marylebone Court, committed for treatment at a mental hospital.

This followed an incident last month when Green was arrested following a row with accountant Clifford Adams at his Westbourne Park address over Green's demands that royalty payments from his hit records be stopped. Amounts involved are in the region of £30,000-a-year.

Green admitted having a pump-action rifle without a firearms certificate, but denied threatening to damage windows at Adams' West End offices.

In his defence David Bray told the court that since his client left the group in 1971, "it appears there has been some difficulties ... and his

CHRIS SALEWICZ details the sad story of PETER GREEN, which last week culminated in a court-order committing him to mental hospital...

attitude is that he wishes to make his own way through life rather than make use of any royalties from his past records."

Making the hospital order Sir Ivor Righy told Green: "I hope you understand that I am really only interested in trying to help you."

SINCE GREEN decided to quit

Fleetwood Mac and announce that he intended to give away all his earnings from both past and future — there have frequently been "some difficulties". This is not the first time that he's been committed to a mental home.

In 1973 he spent some time in one at the instigation of his father, who spoke to the *Daily Express* last week.

"The magistrate made the right decision. Peter definitely needs help. He must have given away tens of thousands. He would help the whole world if he had the money. He lives in an Alice-In-Wonderland world of his own."

Close associates of the guitarist have intimated to *Thrills*, however, that they believe relations between Green and his father are not perhaps as perfect as they might be.

The stories that have filtered out into the media about Green's existence since he left Mac have been

appropriately colourful: Green going to work as a grave-digger; Green playing in a pub band in Southend; Green flying out to JA with only a one-way ticket, getting sent back, buying another ticket (return this time) in London, and going back again.

The reality, as might be expected, is less romantic. As old associates of Green's who have still remained in touch with him tell it, a picture of the man emerges that is considerably different from the legend. Apart from the odd days when he'd return to stay at the home near Southend he bought his former postman father, his life has been one of dossing around London sleeping on music business acquaintances' floors.

Always penniless — he apparently considers his royalty money to be "unclean" — he is apparently well into passing off demands that he should run up large phone bills and ask friends to buy larger homes so that he may live there as part of his "hippy" philosophy. Tales emerge of Peter Green standing around in people's pads in the nude, uttering strange noises.

OF LATE, in addition to having declared that a coalman's life was the one for him, Green has been becoming even more obsessed with his "Jewishness" than he was in the years immediately after leaving the band. It was then that he changed his name back to Greenbaum and visited Israel.

Lately, as well as being more insistent than ever that his money should go to Jewish charities, Green has apparently been engaged on something of a desperate search for the perfect Jewish wife. He has also been particularly anxious to maintain links with other Jewish musicians.

For a while he stayed with Marc Bolan. Bolan, presumably in an attempt to help Peter get himself back together, gave him a guitar. Green left it in the boot of Peter Bardens' car.

At the time that he was arrested at his accountant's, a warrant was also out for his arrest for various petty motoring offences. Only the other week he was so impecunious that a journalist from *Sounds* lent him ten pounds.

"People," comments one person with whom he's been staying recently, say that Peter's just suffering from San Francisco-itis — that he just did too much dope — but that's not true at all. He doesn't smoke anything or drink at all."

No Sunshine", ending up with climactic Cher-Bowie duet on the Coasters' "Youngblood". Cher then sings "Just give me one damn song that can make me break down and cry" before she breaks down into fits of laughter and the pair finish off "Young Americans".

The album title again? "Thin White Duke". Must be heard to be believed.

Frank Zappa has often mentioned his desire to find an outlet for his 10-record audio-history of the Mothers Of Invention which must have been collecting dust in the vaults of his Laurel Canyon villa for years now. We-e-ell, possibly despairing at the thought of ever finding such an outlet,



Unca Frank has maybe let the product be bootlegged in part — either that, or some cus has swiped the tapes and done it for him.

The immediate results are to be found on a rather remarkable bootleg effort simply entitled "ZAPPA BEEFHEART — CONFIDENTIAL 365 A/B" which features material recorded before the Mothers ever existed and has Zappa and Beefheart together in an outfit known as the Soots. Tracks featuring this aggregate were recorded between the years of '63 and '64 and possess titles like "Metal Man Has Hornet's Wings" and "The Story Of Electricity". For their time conception, they really are rather exceptional — a unique hybrid of bizarre heavy metal.

The pre "Freak-out" Mothers are showcased on tracks with titles "Gone Behind The Sun", "Mondo Hollywood", "Rock Around The Clock", "Sandwich Song" plus an early out-take of "My Guitar Wants To Kill Your Mama".

"Boogie For Berkeley" is '68 Mothers and there's also the first prototype attempt at what eventually was to reach fruition as "King Kong". There are also a couple of out-takes from the "Trout Mask Replica" sessions.

Zappa has also graced the package with his own inimitable form of narrative.

□ NICK KENT

CARELESS TALK

"The Fleetwood Mac pop group was never exactly a household name, and it has been nearly six years since Peter Greenbaum stopped being the group's lead guitarist."

"Yet a court is told that even today, Greenbaum is receiving £30,000 a year on royalties for past recordings."

"Greenbaum seems to be an eccentric. He didn't want any money from his past. He tried to have it stopped. He had a row with his accountant and brandished a gun, which was why he appeared in court."

"The court's decision was that he should be admitted for treatment to a mental hospital."

"But when the economy of our country is so balanced that a minor pop guitarist can earn £30,000 a year for recordings he did six years ago, isn't it the rest of us who should be in a nuthouse?" John Junor, *Sunday Express*, January 30 1977.

"Great! The new Chris Spedding single!" — Steve Jones of the Sex Pistols on hearing "Anarchy In The U.K." played at Dingwalls January 28 1977.

"Because of the artificial popularity that they (the music press) have created out of punk rock, they have broken the backs of young people for the next two or three years who really have got some genuine artistry to offer. They will have the label 'punk' stuck to them no matter what they try to do". Ian Anderson, *Daily Mirror*, January 31 1977.

"Jack The Lad have extended their March concert, college and university tour until the end of February". Publicity handout from Keith Goodwin's office, January 26 1977.



I AM indebted this week to cute **Dave Skinner**, from Hounslow, who sent Velda a very interesting clipping from the current edition of *Airport* magazine. It concerns that beautiful couple **Rod 'n' Britt**.

Seems Britt (isn't she just adorable?) and Rod (he's not quite so adorable) recently gate crashed the British Airways Executive Club at Terminal 1, Heathrow Airport, while awaiting a flight to Scotland.

Well, where *else* would you expect them to wait? The cafeteria my

angels? Doesn't sound like *Britt* to me.

Anyway, some of the staff on duty in the lounge decided, famous though the woosome twosome were, they were not exactly *executive* material, and firmly, but politely, pointed out that the lounge was reserved for those possessing executive cards only.

Yes, my lambie pies, they were ejected from the VIP lounge!



ROD 'N' BRITT: shocking humiliation.

Oh I wish I'd been there. I also wish (oh how I wish) I'd been in the lounge the moment after, when according to my source, their departure was greeted with a round of *applause* by the bona fide executive present.

I WAS thrilled, my angels, when **David Byron**, ex lead singer with **Uriah Heep**, finally made an honest woman of his *live-in* girlfriend of six years, German model, **Gaby Liehamn**.

Such a *divine* reception, held at Rags in Mayfair (of course) where the lovely Gaby, 22, looked an absolute picture in a *cream* dress she had so cleverly designed herself.

David, it would appear, is a *man* of his word. He proposed to pretty Gaby last October, and promised they would *marry* before the end of '77.

"And we've *done* it just a matter of weeks into the new year," he smiled.

Anyway, champagne flowed all evening — **John Wetton** (also ex-Uriah Heep) was on hand, I noticed, chatting *earnestly* to the bridegroom; and the best man, a *diminutive* comedy actor named **Dick Emery**, was sweet to *everyone*.

Just one question — Is Gaby aware that young David also made a promise to himself that he would get married before he reached the age of 30?

The wedding you see, took place on January 28, the day before his 30th birthday.

I HEAR lovely **Elvis Presley** still has a soft spot for his first love **Priscilla** despite his hot romance with 20-year-old beauty queen **Ginger Walden**.

Ginger, you may recall, has already received gifts (including a diamond ring and a Lincoln car) worth \$60,000 from the cute pelvis over the past few months.

Priscilla was dining with her new steady, handsome **Elie Ezerzer** (lovely word *steady*, don't you think?) when a bottle of wine was sent to their table courtesy of The King.

Elvis also flew them both to Vegas so that they could catch his nightclub act.

Possibly Elie is just an ageing fan of the ageing pelvis?

I HEARD a lovely **Bianca Jagger** story this week, my angels, that I feel duty bound to pass on to you...

POLICE TAKE WONDER'S STUN GUNS

STEVIE WONDER flew off to Nigeria on Friday minus his Taser guns. Police confiscated three of the illegal stun weapons after finding them in Stevie's 175,000 dollar Brownstone residence off Stuyvesant Square while he was packing for the Black African Festival of Arts and Culture in Festac Village, Nigeria.

Acting on a tip-off, the heat stepped by and asked for the weapons — which look like torches and fire two darts attached to copper wires carrying an electric charge which can stun victims with a 50,000 volt shock.

The guns have been declared dangerous weapons in most of the United States, and possession can be punishable by a year inside.

A spokesman for Stevie said he bought the guns, but the police

voucher listed the property as belonging to a **Damian Smith** of Philadelphia. Police said that Mr Smith might be an employee of Wonder's.

A search for all such weapons was initiated after they were outlawed recently, with customers' lists being confiscated from Taser manufacturers after the weapons were used in a rash of robberies.

Smith's name came up on the lists, but he told police that Wonder now possessed three of the guns. Stevie's contacts here claim they were purchased by him legally in California where, being legally registered as "guns," they bear a serial number.

The spokesman said Wonder brought the guns to New York to protect his wife and daughter, and had voluntarily surrendered them to the police on discovering that they were illegal.

□ JOE STEVENS

Seems young **Bianca**, who is now 31 (and looking well on it my dear), once went to a night club in London sans Mick. Arriving at the premises, she must have noticed the large queue formed in the foyer, for those wishing to gain access.

Nevertheless, she completely ignored the queue (well I doubt if she's caught a bus *in years*, my dears) and rushed to the front, flashed that famous Nicaraguan smile and obviously expected *instant* attention.

Sad to say, my angels, she was firmly but *politely* instructed that everyone, no matter who, had to queue.

The smile vanished, but amazingly Bianca didn't.

Strangely she did not use her fiery Latin temperament and storm off. Instead, patiently, along with lots of *unrecognisable* faces she waited her turn to gain access.

Bet she didn't tell Mick when she got home.

I HEAR **Helen** (I am all woman) **Reddy** and her husband / Manager, **Jeff Wald** recently celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary in an extremely *yukky* manner.

Several "happily married couples" were invited to a special party and instructed to wear something romantic.

Some, my dears, even had the bad taste to wear their *original* wedding clothes.

The colour for the evening of course was *white* — so while waiters were tarted up in white gloves and tails, the bannisters in the establishment were decorated with white flowers.

And to crown the whole occasion, Governor **Jerry Brown** (groupie of the year, according to *Rolling Stone*) re-married each and every couple.

OUR PRICE RECORDS

CHECK OUR PRICES BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE!!

90p OFF
TOP 50 ALBUMS OF THE WEEK

	Our price		
1. SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE — Stevie Wonder	5.25	25. VICIOUS BUT FAIR — Streetwalkers	2.60
2. WIND AND WUTHERING — Genesis	2.60	26. THE STORY OF THE WHO	3.60
3. HOTEL CALIFORNIA — Eagles	2.90	27. GREATEST HITS — Gilbert O'Sullivan	2.70
4. LOW — David Bowie	2.80	28. JOAN ARMSTRONG	2.70
5. EVITA — Soundtrack	4.95	29. THE BEST OF GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS	2.35
6. WHITE ROCK — Rick Wakeman	2.70	30. ATLANTIC BRIDGE — Billy Connolly	2.35
7. WINGS OVER AMERICA	5.15	31. FLY LIKE AN EAGLE — Steve Miller Band	2.35
8. DAVID SOUL	2.45	32. FOUR SEASONS OF LOVE — Donna Summer	2.35
9. ENDLESS FLIGHT — Lao Sayer	2.60	33. DARK SIDE OF THE MOON — Pink Floyd	2.70
10. DREAMBOAT ANNIE — Heart	2.40	34. FOREVER AND EVER — Denise Roussos	2.35
11. ARRIVAL — Abba	2.90	35. GREATEST HITS 1971-1975 — Eagles	2.90
12. A NEW WORLD RECORD — Electric Light Orchestra	2.60	36. WISH YOU WERE HERE — Pink Floyd	2.70
13. NATURAL AVENUE — John Lodge	2.60	37. A NIGHT ON THE TOWN — Rod Stewart	2.90
14. LOVE ON THE AIRWAVES — Gallagher & Lyle	2.70	38. JAILBREAK — Thin Lizzy	2.60
15. GREATEST HITS — Linda Ronstadt	2.40	39. ATLANTIC CROSSING — Rod Stewart	2.90
16. A DAY AT THE RACES — Queen	2.95	40. THE BEATLES 1962-1966	5.00
17. GREATEST HITS — Showaddywaddy	2.40	41. ROYAL SCAM — Steely Dan	2.50
18. GREATEST HITS — Abba	2.50	42. THE BEATLES 1967-1970	5.00
19. LUXURY LINER — Emmylou Harris	2.40	43. GREATEST HITS — Barry White	2.35
20. HEJIRA — Joni Mitchell	2.40	44. LOVE TRILOGY — Donna Summer	2.35
21. BOXED — Mike Oldfield	6.25	45. THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME — Led Zeppelin	4.20
22. R.A. — Todd Rundgren's Utopia	2.40	46. FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE — Peter Frampton	3.00
23. JOHNNY THE FOX — Thin Lizzy	2.60	47. THE BEST OF JOHN DENVER	2.60
24. BLUE MOVES — Elton John	4.60	48. BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US — D. Hall & J. Oates	2.60
		49. 20 GOLDEN GREATS — Beach Boys	2.45
		50. THE PRETENDER — Jackson Browne	2.40

WHY PAY MORE!!



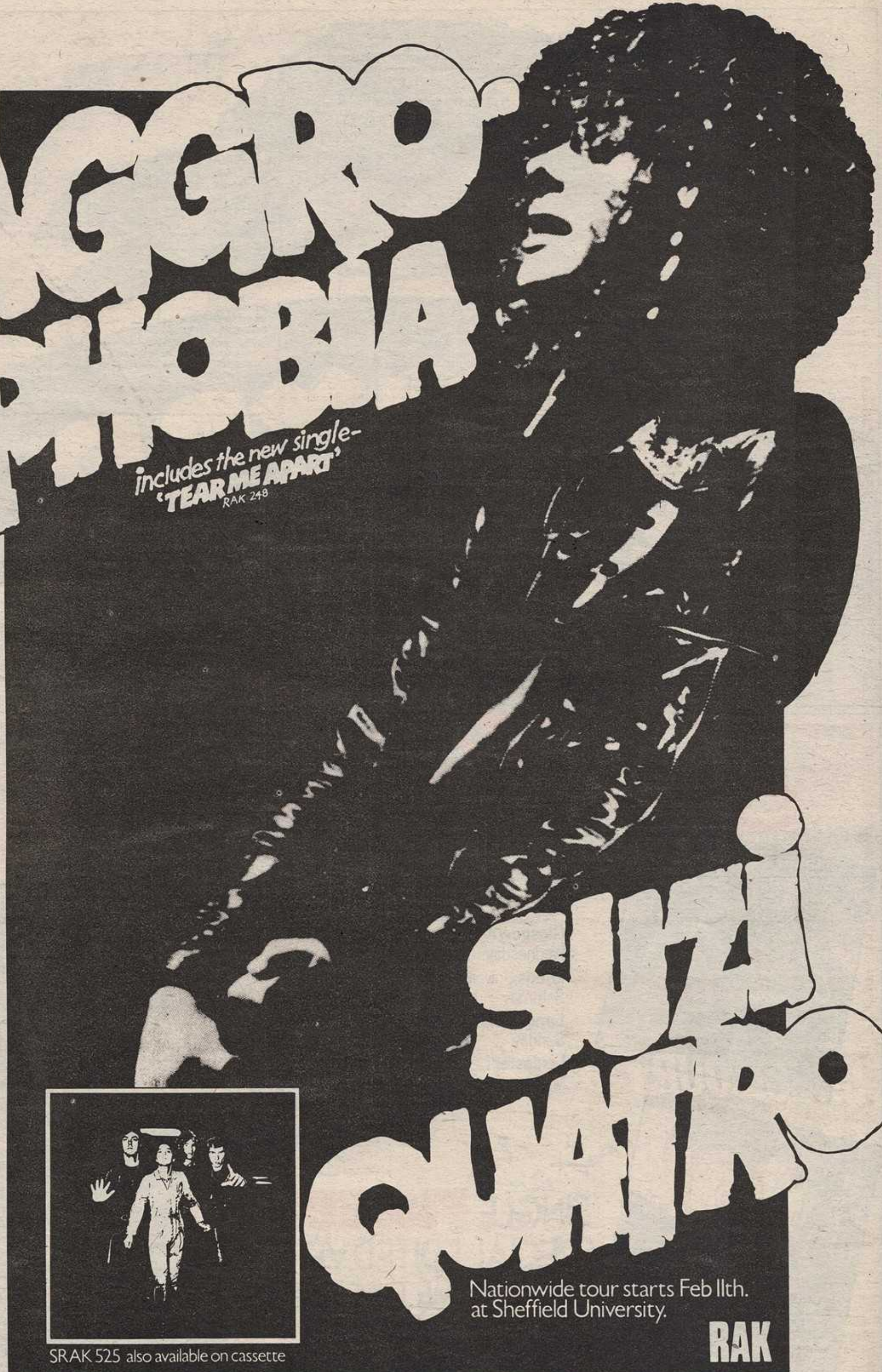
ALL ALBUMS DISCOUNTED
(EXCEPT TV ADVERTISED ALBUMS)

FOREIGN VISITORS SAVE 8% VAT on orders of £80 plus by our Export VAT Scheme; available at Charing Cross Road Branch only.

SUPERDEALS

SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE — Stevie Wonder
List Price £5.99 Our Price £5.25
WINGS OVER AMERICA — Wings
List Price £5.80 Our Price £5.15
BOXED — Mike Oldfield
List Price £7.99 Our Price £6.25
NEW GENESIS
List Price £3.50 Our Price £2.60
NEW FLOYD (when available)
List Price £3.60 Our Price £2.70
NEW BOWIE
List Price £3.70 Our Price £2.80

137 CHARING CROSS RD. (OXFORD ST. END) WC2 TEL: 01-437 1713 • 70 NORTH END (NEXT TO WOOLWORTH'S) CROYDON TEL: 01-681 7107
12 TOTTENHAM COURT RD. W1 TEL: 01-636 4631 • 26/28 KENSINGTON CHURCH ST. W8 TEL: 01-937 4282 • 95 CLARENCE ST.
KINGSTON TEL: 01-546 6353 • 219A FINCHLEY RD. NW3 TEL: 01-624 2217 • 16 GOLDERS GREEN RD. NW11 TEL: 01-455 1078



AGGRO PHOBIA

includes the new single-
'TEAR ME APART'
RAK 248

SUZI QUATRO

Nationwide tour starts Feb 11th.
at Sheffield University.

RAK



SRAK 525 also available on cassette

LYNYRD SKYNYRD

British *On The Road*



ONE MORE FROM THE ROAD
MCA 279 (Two album set)



PRONOUNCED LEH-NERD SKIN-NERD
MCA 3502

Liverpool Empire
Sunday 6 February
Newcastle City Hall
Tuesday 8 February SOLD OUT
Glasgow Apollo
Wednesday 9 February
Leeds University
Saturday 12 February
Lancaster University
Sunday 13 February
Leicester De Montfort
Monday 14 February



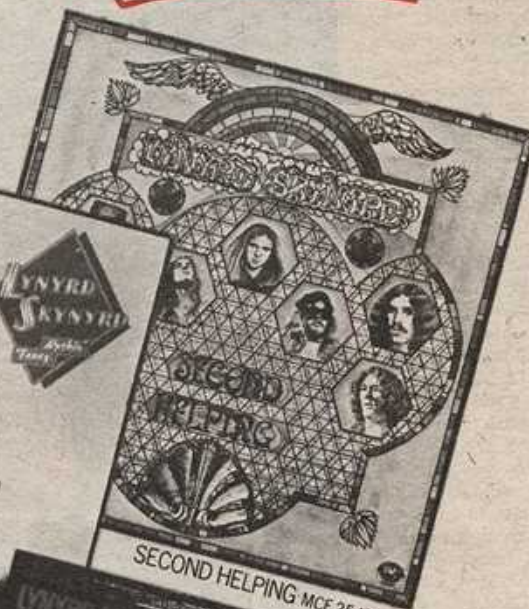
SINGLE FREEBIRD
SPECIAL EDITED VERSION
c/w **GIMME THREE STEPS**
MCA 275

MCA RECORDS

All available on tape



NUTHIN' FANCY
MCF 2700



SECOND HELPING MCF 2547



GIMME BACK MY BULLETS
MCF 2744



BILL NELSON practising environmental guitar. Pic: JOE STEVENS

BE BOP? CLOSE SECRET REVEALED

THE LATEST news from the Be Bop Deluxe camp has been kept very quiet, but here at NME we refuse to hide the truth. At last it can be told: BE BOP DELUXE'S GUITARIST HAS LEFT!

Immediately after the completion of their recent three-month, United States tour, he left the band. Just like that.

His name was Mick Close. Like their other, more famous guitarist, Bill Nelson, he was a Yorkshireman. Unlike Nelson, he was a temporary fixture, imported specially to play rhythm on the band's September UK tour to promote the "Modern Music" album, then thrown straight into a U.S. slog — and straight out at the other end.

Actually, that's a rather harsh version of the story. I recently visited chez Nelson at Bill's Marble Arch Holiday Inn apartment — well, room — where he was quartered while Be Bop rehearsed for their current UK tour.

Feeling, despite Bill's typically warm welcome, very much an intruder — Nelson and his wife Jan gazed at the mute mid-morning colour TV throughout the interview, hypnotised by its irresistible flicker — I put it to Bill that it was a shame Mick Close had not gotten more publicity from his stay with Be Bop.

"For him it was a total experience," Bill replied, his soft accent barely registering on the tape machine. "He'd done nothing up to then except play in local clubs round Yorkshire — and we took him straight out of that and put him straight in at the deep end. On a personal level he adapted very well, but he didn't add as much as we'd expected."

"So it's back to a four-piece for this tour. But I think it's gonna do Mick a lot of good, because his own music is bound to develop and change a lot through that experience."

As ever with Bill Nelson, it's music first. He doesn't think about whether Close is better off financially as presumably he is, but whether the experience helped his music.

Nelson is a musical seeker, which is part of the reason why on the one hand he can do things with that guitar that almost nobody else on earth can do, yet on the other hand he has failed to produce a consistent album. Always over-reaching, his music is destined to remain permanently flawed and permanently changing.

When I spoke to Bill he was bemusedly trying to work off the lethargy of four weeks off. What does he do in his free time?

"It's been that long since I've had time at home," he smiled. "We've been working the last year solid without a break. We got a new house before we went to the United States," (Jan had followed the band over there after five "terrible" weeks apart),

"and we've hardly spent any time in it. So we went there and just took it completely easy, sitting around the house and trying to adjust to normal living."

(Nelson, of course, is famous for living in Selby. Either it's a clever PR scam or the music biz really does find people who live outside London strange, it's mentioned so much.)

"Since I turned professional I've not had a holiday at all," Nelson admitted. "I had time at home when I wrote the last album, but I set myself a rigid schedule, getting up at nine o'clock and working through till late in the evening without a break. Just writing and recording stuff on our machine at home, listening to it back and re-writing it."

"Writing that last album took just two weeks of working every single day, working solid without even a break for dinner. I'd sit down and have a think about something I'd done for ten minutes, then pick the guitar up and..."

Surely working so fast, and never having time to stop for any kind of perspective, must affect your music.



BILL NELSON practising being a house owner. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

"Yeah, definitely," Bill sighed. "I was saying to Jan the other day, if I wasn't a professional musician, obviously I wouldn't have the house I have now, I wouldn't be comfortable financially, but I think my music would be five years in front of what I am now."

"I made a heck of a lot of strides two years before I turned professional — I was changing the band every couple of months, not because the musicians weren't good, but I just wanted to put myself in different situations so I could develop."

"And the one thing with this band, now we are established to some degree, we're almost — not quite — but we're almost in the syndrome of the local bands of being a human jukebox. Where they have to reproduce Top 40 hits, we have to reproduce our first three albums."

"You get trapped by your own success, no matter how meagre it might be, it traps you."

Be Bop Deluxe's success in the past year has not been as great as might have been expected. A year ago they were set up, with the overpraised hit

album, "Sunburst Finish", their first headline tour, and a hit single, "Ships In The Night", to become major UK stars. So why didn't the follow-up single and superior album, "Kiss Of Light" and "Modern Music", take them further up the ladder? Well, the Radio One playlist may have had something to do with it.

"It's unbelievable," Bill groaned. "Kiss Of Light" didn't get on the playlist even though "Ships In The Night" got in the charts!"

The same thing happened with "Maid In Heaven," (the leading track on the recent "Hot Valves" Be Bop sampler EP, their commercial theme tune ever since the 1975 "Futurama" LP).

"The judges on the panel, these faceless Norman Normals who sit there listening to it all, put three seconds of it on and there's a time change, something they can't figure out, and take it off."

"John Peel was telling me they have something called 'the Acceptability Threshold'..."

EMI didn't seem to push "Modern

Music" remotely as hard as its predecessor, and Be Bop could only manage those eight dates themselves to promote it here, so... it looks like their UK career progress had been sacrificed to the great god USA of late.

Bill based the "Modern Music" suite on American experience, the feeling of isolation and alienation the rock'n'roll circus had given him on previous visits. A space freak since childhood and *Flash Gordon* on TV, America got metamorphosed into an alien planet and Americans, as he laughingly confessed, into "bizarre creatures from another world".

"But they're five years behind the times," Nelson shrugged ruefully. "It's so strange. There's bands over there making a real killing that nobody would even listen to over here."

"Like we played with Angel: if you can imagine five people dressed exactly like Freddie Mercury, with wind machines in the wings to blow their hair back and five-inch platform heel shoes, legs wide apart, leaning back as far as you can go, and totally meaningless solos. And lyrics I'm sure even they don't relate to; they've just heard so many other people singing about ogre battles or something like that."

Aha, you had Be Bop down as part of the EMI techno-glam master race with Queen and Cockney Rebel, didn't you? Well, Bill's always been very frustrated with the struggle for control over his own life and — while enthusing about how he's wrung permission from above to make the next album a double set on which he can go at least some of the way towards his "environmental guitar" concept by taking the band to unexpected locations and recording "live" without an audience — he's also pleased to see a self-reliant "new wave" springing up.

"I think the ethic's great," he remarked. "The business of doing it for yourself. We came through that, fighting against that situation where you had to do other people's material, and in a way the business has got like that today. Record companies will only sign you if they feel that you are similar to something else that's already happened."

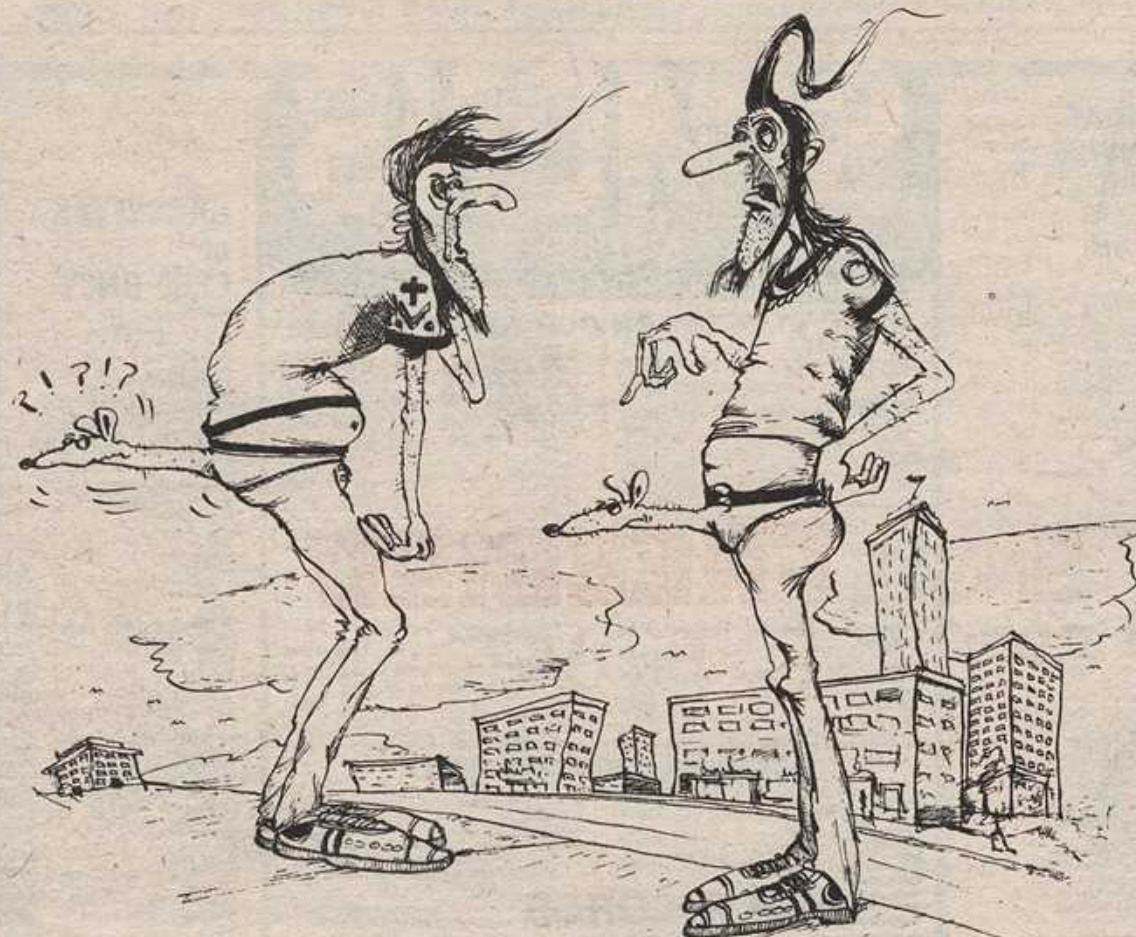
"Now bands like the Pistols kind of embody that ethic of being in complete control for yourself. But I think the media's fed on it to such a degree that it makes a lot of people cynical: I don't think they believe that it is real."

True, Mr. Nelson, true. We are parasites, but we try to keep the faith too. It's just awfully hard to strike the balance between exposure and over exposure.

After all, consider my problem here: if printing this interview turns one more person on to Be Bop Deluxe, that's another notch by which the trap of success closes on a great musician. And I'd hate to do that to such a good person.

□ PHIL McNEILL

BENYON



IDOT!

Monkee scores big mathematics gig

IF YOU'VE ever struggled to envisage the poignant scene as Peter Tork took his leave of The Monkees (eh, what... you haven't??) we can at last give full details.

"The last official get-together I had with them was when they gave me a six dollar watch upon my retirement from the group," Tork, 34, revealed in an interview recently.

You will recall that he was the first to leave the TV supergroup, back in 1968.

"They all chipped in, and even had it engraved. It read, 'To Peter from the guys at work'," Tork added.

Recalling the presentation, he felt it was the best way of summing up his days with The Monkees.

Since then Tork has retaken his old name, Thorkelson, and is teaching music, maths, French, and politics at the Pacific Hills School in Santa Monica, California — a loosely structured experimental academy for children.

How does an ex-teen heart-throb land an academic job with no qualifications... something he's now returning to school for? "It was just like the Monkees thing," he confides. "I auditioned and got the job."

□ BARRY DILLON

I WANNA SING — GIMME A DOOR KNOB

Guitarist **LEO KOTTKÉ** on vocal techniques...

AS AN interviewee, Leo Kottke is widely noted for his qualities of charm, affability and good humour, but under certain circumstances these can become strained, if the questions are dumb enough.

And they were.

Not mine, he added defensively. They belonged to a girl from a local magazine, just ahead of me in the interview queue in Hamburg last week. She revealed immediately that Kottke's name had recently been prominently perched at the head of her paper's black-list, and then found herself threatening to arouse Kottke's normally even temper by describing his brand new album, "Leo Kottke", as neurotic.

Admittedly, his songs do sometimes shift without warning from *adagio* to *allegro* and back again, but even so, neurotic was not the adjective he'd have chosen.

He became moderately alarmed, and slightly aggressive in tone, before resuming his quiet placidity. He's in the middle of a European tour which will conclude with his concerts in Britain at the end of the week; supporting him is 1977's most definitively charismatic rock star, Leon Redbone (see page 8).

Kottke discovered that the reason he had been black-listed was that he'd pulled out of a European tour scheduled for late summer when it had not only been extensively advertised, but also — in Germany at least — near enough sold out. The reason for his withdrawal was that the album, his first for Chrysalis, was not then ready for release.

"With this one, I really wanted to have all the kinks ironed out."

Kottke's manager, Denny Bruce, accordingly nixed the tour at the eleventh hour.

Kottke is abstractedly sympathetic with his accuser, and agrees in principle with the idea of a black-list for performers who fail to meet their public commitments. While he says, "It's a decision I place squarely on the shoulders of my manager, because I was ready to do it," he also points out that the public is never in a position to understand fully why things happen in the way that they do, and opines that the person to whom he really owes an apology is Pete Atkin, who would have been the support act, and was instead left out in the cold, gigless in Islington.

As a guitarist, Kottke is widely

noted as one of the great individual stylists of contemporary music; both his short impressionistic pieces and his more lengthy and complex compositions are quite distinctive. Black-listed or not, he was undeniably accounted a success at the Musikhalle in Hamburg, as not only his guitar skills, but also a particularly complex anecdote (related in English but understood perfectly), were richly savoured by the SRO audience.

There are probably few guitarists who can, unaccompanied, claim the rapt attention of an audience of 2,000 for almost 90 minutes.

As well as nimble fingers, Kottke, a sort of cross between Roger Moore and a young Richard Ingrams, has the good looks of a conventional Hollywood leading male.

He has been playing professionally in clubs since 1965, though since a vocation as solo guitarist is rarely one which provides overnight acclaim (Mike Oldfield notwithstanding), he spent the early years treading the boards with little financial gain. In 1970 he sent tapes of his songs to several companies, while with a friend, Mike Justin, he made an album himself called "Circle Round The Sun", of which 1,000 copies were pressed; some were distributed to friends, and others sold locally.

He enjoyed no immediate response from the tapes. John Hammond at



KOTTKÉ: "I take the blame fairly and squarely on my shoulders." Pic: ALAN BALLARD

CBS was one of the few who bothered to reply. "He said it was too bad I hadn't run into Bob Dylan, because he felt that I could have played with him — but as I hadn't, no thank you."

Strange, perhaps, but maybe not altogether unlikely. Dylan is supposedly one of the 1,000 who possess a copy of "Circle Round The Sun"; and certainly Kottke was offered — and declined — the invitation to be a Rolling Thunderer.

Some six months after the despatch of his tapes, Kottke received a mildly encouraging reply from the enigmatic John Fahey. (On the subject of Fahey himself, Kottke is, for once, reticent. "John is a well-spring of gifted eccentricity, but I know that he considers that if myths are going to be propagated about him, then he feels he should do the propagating himself.")

Six months later Kottke recorded "Six And Twelve-String Guitars" for Fahey's own Takoma label. "I didn't know it at the time, but that was my most fortunate record, as we'd had all those years to prepare for it. It took three hours, and none of them have been that easy since."

The album however solved none of the pressing problems. "I really needed a manager — someone who could get me a deal. By this time, my guitar had been stolen, I was broke, my wife was very sick and very pregnant, and we were spending eight hours a day in the Free Clinic." (The U.S. has no National Health as such; just Free Clinics with long queues.)

Fahey introduced Kottke to Denny Bruce, who had been one of two original drummers in Frank Zappa's Mothers, but had had a breakdown just before the band recorded "Freak Out!" and had spent six months on a psychiatrist's couch.

Bruce duly became both Kottke's manager and producer and was also able to provide an introduction to Jack Nitzsche, at that time working with Crazy Horse. Nitzsche has provided the arrangement for "Leo Kottke".

A contract with Capitol Records was arranged by Bruce on Kottke's behalf, as a result of which they both managed to leave behind straightened circumstances. Kottke made six albums for the company, the last of which, "Chewing Pine", was issued at the end of 1975. He has recently signed for Chrysalis, thus becoming the first US artist on the company's roster.

"I remember meeting Chris Wright (co-founder of the company with Terry Ellis) in Germany when I was over with Procul Harum; he was the first record executive I'd got along with, and felt comfortable with — though maybe that was because I didn't know at the time that he was a record executive."

"Another reason I moved was that with Capitol I was required to turn in a record every six months — and twice a year is going to the well once too often. Chrysalis are happy with the knowledge that I'll give them one when I've got one."

Though Kottke was happy to make any kind of debut album, he was asked to provide an instrumental album. "They said that they weren't sure exactly how they would promote it if it had vocals on it. I'm not sure exactly what they meant by that. Of course, after we'd finished recording Terry Ellis came to a concert in Los Angeles, and said he loved my vocals — would it be possible to get any on the first album?"

Maybe next time around.

"My throat shall return at some future date," promises Kottke, though in truth he used to be an indifferent vocalist, and has only rarely added vocals to his songs.

"For a long time I tried to figure out how to sing. I met a singing sergeant from the air force who told me either to lie on my back and sing, or grab both sides of a round door-knob (which I find doesn't exist very much over here. Sometimes I yearn for a round door-knob)."

"Anyway, I tried it, but you just feel plain silly. My first real clues came on a Linda Ronstadt tour, when I got to hear her during a sound-check. There's a little valve in your throat that you have to tilt, and for years I hadn't known what to do with it. If you close it off, you tend to tear yourself a new asshole; if you open it up, frightening things start resonating in your head and nose, and you feel this breeze over your upper-lip. I knew you had to have wind, but my biggest discovery was that you must not take a gulp of air to get your wind, you must treat it like speech."

As well as the possibility of an entire vocal album, Kottke is working on a collaboration with Nitzsche. "The way I imagine it is like Paganini, whom I've been learning about from Leon."

At the present time, he says "Six and Twelve String Guitars" is his best-selling album, though that's mainly because it's been out the longest.

"My albums sell almost identically from one to the next; though in general it looks as though each one sells a little bit more than the last. It's a very dull but dependable product for a record company."

While Kottke mulls over the possibilities of issuing either "Buckaroo" or "Uptempo" to help stimulate sales of the new album, he suddenly recalls previous interviews given to British journalists. In 1975 he was interviewed by Fred Dellor for NME and also by Zigzag. "I got the impression they just wanted to know all about me. So I was just spilling it out by the ton. I just brimmed over with bullshit."

"I guess overall it should have been like this interview — brief, to the point, witty and conclusive," he concluded, with his first brief and to-the-point statements of the evening.

□ BOB WOFFINDEN

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE MATCHES

WHEN JERRY Lee Lewis warbled wickedly about great balls of fire, he could well have had evangelist Billy Lane on his mind. Young Billy, of Cathage, Mo., really lights up when he gets rapping on Hell.

In fact, he's been ending his fiery sermons in the past four years by setting himself alight — and he's done it more than 200 times!

"But I've only been burned real bad once. So I guess somebody up there likes what I'm doing."

Billy, a former ironworker, says the Guy Fawkes imitations are his way of getting across the reality of the fiery furnace waiting for us all Down There, but that man can escape the Big Fry-Up if he behaves himself.

"I've preached all over the country, and used up a shirt a sermon, near enough. Once in a while I'll get two or three fires out of one shirt, but not often. I've a wife and two little girls and they're real proud of what I'm doing."

I expect Billy's old flames feel the same way.

"The Lord came to me to be His preacher, and He put it into my mind that this would be a good way to get my message over about eternal Hell-fire."

"I really don't know what I could do to follow it. Setting yourself on fire for your beliefs is about as far as you can go."

I don't know. He could always sacrifice himself.

□ JULIE BURCHILL

**GRAND SALE—
FANTASTIC SAVINGS
ONLY
£1.99 each**

Todd Rundgren
Run! La Days Are Over
Bryan Ferry
Another Time, Another Place
Uriah Heep
Return to Fantasy
Best Of
High and Mighty
Mike Oldfield
Hergest Ridge
Orchestral Tubular Bells
Sens. Alex Harvey Band
Penthouse Tapes
Tomorrow Belongs To Me
Live
Bo Hanson
Lord of the Rings
Black Sabbath
Volume 1
Paranoid
Master of Reality
Volume 4
Mountain
Live
Flowers of Evil
Elton John
Caribou
Crusaders
Southern Knights
Chain Reaction
Leo Sayer
Just a Boy
Another Year
Cat Stevens
Buddha & The Chocolate Box
Chris Squire
Fish Out of Water
Steve Howe
Beginnings
Barry White
Let the Music Play
Steve Harley
Best Years of Our Lives
Budgie
If I Were Britannia

**GREAT
SAVINGS
ONLY
£2.49
each**

Neil Sedaka
Tra La Days Are Over
Stepping Out
Status Quo
Quo
Genesis
Live
Nursery Crymes
Foxy
Steve Hillage
Fish Rising
Sens. Alex Harvey Band
Penthouse Tapes
Katy Lied
Faces
A Nod is as Good as a Wink
Long Player
David Bowie
Station to Station
The Outlaws
Outlaws
Beatles
Let it Be
Carol King
Wings
Lynyrd Skynyrd
Nuthin' Fancy
Monty Python
Another Monty Python
Neil Young
Tonight's the Night
Joe Walsh
So What
E.L.O.
On the Third Day
Linda Lewis
Not a Little Girl Anymore
Stylatics
You Are Beautiful
Roberta Flack
Feel Like Making Love
Groundhogs
Best Of (Double)
Rick Wakeman
Journey to the Centre
of the Earth

SIMONS

DISCOUNT RECORD & CASSETTE CENTRES

UP TO £1.25 OFF ON OUR TOP 30 ALBUMS

Stevie Wonder Songs in the Key of Life	£6.99	£5.75
David Bowie Low	£3.69	£2.49
Pink Floyd Animals	£3.60	£2.40
Thin Lizzy Johnny The Fox	£3.50	£2.75
Abba Arrival	£3.79	£3.00
Queen Day At The Races	£3.90	£2.99
Wings Wings Over America	£6.80	£5.75
E.L.O. A New World	£3.50	£2.75
Eagles Hotel California	£3.79	£3.15
Peter Frampton Comes Alive	£3.99	£2.99
Mike Oldfield Tubular Bells	£7.99	£6.75
Shadows 20 Golden Greats	£3.35	£3.25
Gallagher & Lyle Love On The Airwaves	£3.60	£2.60
Abba Greatest Hits	£3.35	£2.90
Emmylou Harris Luxury Liner	£3.35	£2.90
Bread Lost Without Your Love	£3.35	£2.90
Billy Connolly Atlantic Bridge	£3.35	£2.75
Gary Wright Light Of Smiles	£3.35	£2.90
Hot Chocolate His	£3.35	£2.35
Carpenters Live at the London Palladium	£3.35	£2.35
Dave Mason Chicago 10	£3.79	£3.00
Jon Mitchell Hearts	£3.35	£2.90
Evite Spike Milligan	£5.99	£5.00
John Miles Live (Double)	£3.99	£3.25
Stranger in the City Xoot Allures	£3.60	£2.90
Frank Zappa Mo'Nsters	£3.35	£2.75
Frank Zappa Best Of	£3.35	£2.65
Thin Lizzy Jailbreak	£3.50	£2.75

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL OFFER

Genesis Wind and Wuthering	£2.50
Elton John Blue Moves LP	£4.50
Elton John Here and There, Cassette	£1.49
Gallagher & Lyle Breakaway Cassette	£1.99
Story of The Who Cassette	£3.25 (Double)
Beatles Rock 'n Roll	£2.99

on cassette or L.P.
FREE SINGLE (our choice) with
EVERY LP IN AD.
New issues dispatched immediately on release. Money back guarantee if not supplied within 14 days from receipt of order. UK P&P: 40p for first item plus 10p for each subsequent item; 4 or more 60p only. Send cheque/PO to 16 Ripple Road, Barking, Essex. Prices in shop may differ slightly. No catalogues available.

SUPERB COLLECTION AT SUPERB PRICES BY SUPERB ARTISTS

History of British Rock Volume 2
Double LP
Artists including Elton John (Lady Samantha), Rod Stewart, Cream, Beatles, Van Morrison, Deep Purple and many others.
Only £2.49

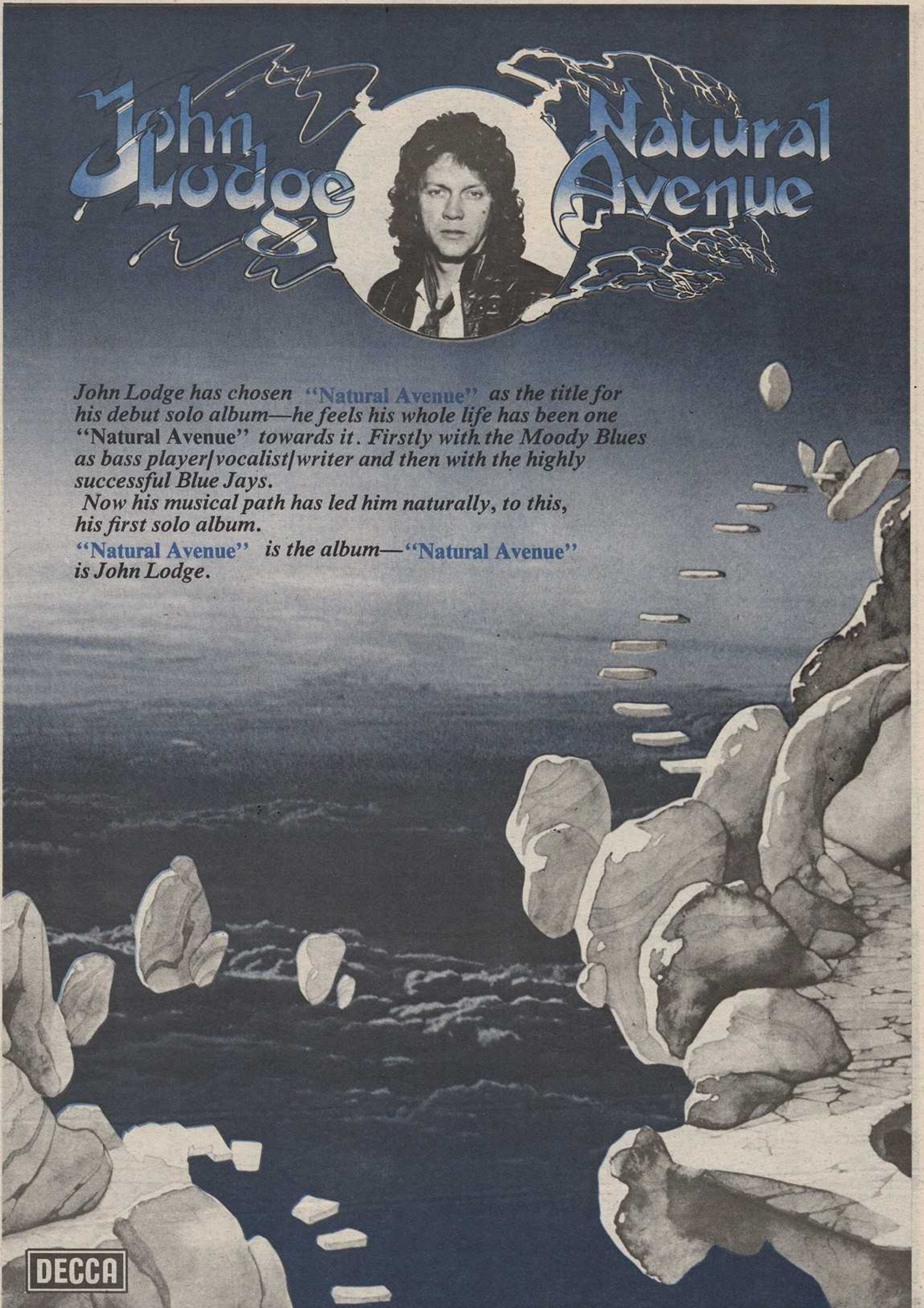
Rocking Easy, Double Album
24 Hits, including Jas. Taylor (You've Got a Friend), Jackson Browne (Take It Easy), Daryl Hall & John Oates (She's Gone).
Only £2.99

Special Comedy LP
Picks in the Eye with Monty Python, Goodies, Peter Cook, John Bird, Jonathan Miller, etc.
Only £2.99

Silver Bullet, Double Album
With Todd Rundgren (I Saw the Light) Double Bros. (Long Train Running), Deep Purple (Might Just Take Your Life).
Only £2.99

LPs at £1.49 ONLY

Alan Hull Pipedream	Our Price
Bo Hanson Magician's Hat	£2.49
Carlos Santana Illuminations	£2.49
Ron Wood I've Got My Own Album	£2.49
Rab Noakes Red Plums Special	£2.49
George McCree Mocrae	£2.49
A Bellyful of Laughs (Includes Peter Cook, Billy Connolly, Bernard Manning, Ronnie Corbett, etc.)	£2.49
Small Faces Ogdens Nutgon Flakes	£2.49
Edgar Winter Shock Treatment	£2.49
Talbot Brothers Talbot Brothers	£2.49
Sparky Indiscreet	£2.49
Graham Parker Howlin' Wind	£2.49



John Lodge

Natural Avenue

John Lodge has chosen **"Natural Avenue"** as the title for his debut solo album—he feels his whole life has been one **"Natural Avenue"** towards it. Firstly with the Moody Blues as bass player/vocalist/writer and then with the highly successful Blue Jays.

Now his musical path has led him naturally, to this, his first solo album.

"Natural Avenue" is the album—**"Natural Avenue"** is John Lodge.

DECCA

TEEN REBEL SCORES £250 FROM DAD

*This feature bears the New Wave
Seal of Quality*

BUZZCOCKS are : Howard Devoto, lyricist (rock lyrics are poetry ... maybe), singer, 21, maybe 22, even ... 40; Pete Shelley, guitarist (he plays a faded cherry red Woolworth Audition, with only half the body; a rock-'n'-roll guitar!!!), 19; Steve Diggle, electric bass, 18; John Maher, sweet 16 but subtly murderous behind the traps.

That line-up was finalised only a few days before their debut public performance, last June, at the Lesser Free Trade Hall, Manchester, third on the bill to Slaughter And The Dogs and The Sex Pistols. It was a legendary performance; audacious, spontaneous, a whalloping kick in the gut to the majority of experienced rock bands continuously, insipidly gigging.

The gig more than justified Buzzcocks reason for existing: "There's nothing like being ground into the dirt of your braincells by some clever flashy group who are essentially just dull, when you know that with half their equipment and a tenth of their technique you could be ten times as exciting".

Buzzcocks entertained without blushing that night, as they've done every time they've managed to grab a gig. Finding a place to play is difficult. The band themselves have staged some do's with the help of co-appearers (The Dogs — Pistols concert; one with Chelsea, now Generation X; another with Eater).

Other times they've happened to be

in the right place at the right time. They replaced The Rat Scabies Affair in the first Manchester appearance of The Clash / Heartbreakers / Pistols package, and they went down great. They also replaced Chelsea, who in turn had replaced The Scabies Affair, again supporting Slaughter And The Dogs — a definite case of last resort.

They've played a couple of times in London, almost got a residency at a local 'in' disco, but were 'misunderstood' after their first appearance and the arrangement was terminated. They helped at an anniversary benefit

for Manchester's strained 'what's on doo dah', *The new Manchester Review* — possibly their best recital — and that's about it.



BUZZCOCKS provoking reactions — like drooling, laughter ... walk-outs ...

When they do grab a gig they rarely fail. On stage they play games with a casual intensity. They provoke reactions: laughter, straight walk-outs, drooling, comparisons (from Beefheart's "Lick My Decals Off Baby" right through to "a provincial (huh?) Sex Pistols"). Their tunes, and they've a lot, are short, brutal, vigorous, boasting melody, attack, variation, shifts in temperature, danceability — they're fun not dull; a breathless fun, they're relentless.

The set Buzzcocks worked with last year is now largely redundant, courtesy of in-group reluctance to fall into the trap of stereotype and predictability, and honest recognition that new material needs to be constantly introduced to keep both Buzzcocks and listeners interested.

New material under preparation right now promises looser structures, springboard arrangements, and hopefully, heady steps into battling formless passages.

The old set contained two non-originals: "I Can't Control Myself," the Troggs tune, done straight but

faster, and a thick, rolling, total re-work of "I Love You Big Dummy", based only loosely on the Beefheart knockup. Apart from that, there were numerous Shelley-Devoto tunes, with young Shelley providing most of the music and Howard the majority of the words.

Shelley is a truly bizarre bundle of eccentricity. His head seems too big for his body, covered with hair the colour of Anchor butter stained with brown (natural?). He cuts a nice line in off-the-peg tramp's clothes, and talks with a totally incongruous Oldham accent. He's thoughtful, talkative and proud of Buzzcocks' involvement in the New Wave thing.

His approach to guitar playing is interesting and refreshing. For a start, he plays a cheap Woolworth's instrument because he's happy with the sound and he sees no reason to peel pounds just for a guitar with a name.

His favourite guitarist is Michael Karoli, of Can; his favourite solo is Lennon's piece de abstraction, "Why", off the Plastic Ono Band album. Shelley's own solos are them-

There was never a performance like it.

"The show is a perfectly designed, and superbly sustained essay in shock and derangement."
—Allan Jones MM.

"His voice is amazing. It's like Beefheart singing Oscar Wilde."
—Miles NME.

"He's a dangerous and provocative performer, uncompromising, unpredictable and utterly compelling."
—Allan Jones MM.

"It was a close, dangerously close brush with reality. Kevin gives it everything he's got... working his way there with black humour and dynamite rock 'n' roll."
—Miles NME.



Now it's on record.
Kevin Coyne.
In Living Black And White.

Give your heart to Kevin Coyne.
Or he may just tear it out.

Double live album out now on Virgin Records VD2505.

selves abstract, frenetic flurries devoid of any obvious careful construction, often very funny, often not working; when they do work they're delightfully exciting.

Even if you find him unlistenable there must be admiration for his approach. "It's necessary to know what to you yourself can do with a guitar, to experiment. Someone new coming along would find it difficult to get the kind of solos I get. I mean, I can play so called ordinary rock riffs, Status Quo riffs, like any one else."

"In my modest way I can handle a guitar. But to play like a host of other people, well, it bores me. I might as well listen to someone else rather than do it myself."

Maybe that's what Lenny Kaye should've said to Steve Lake.

Devoto's words are pessimistic and claustrophobic — often pleas for freedom, relief, participation. They concern dispassionate sexuality (one song, "Orgasm Addict," has the line, "It's a labour of love fucking yourself to death"), tedium, love and nothing much in particular.

I can make these remarks about Devoto's words because I have them printed out in front of me; a casual listener to Buzzcocks (if such a thing can exist) is able to discern very little. Devoto's taut, human at 78 vocals fall as well as any into Buzzcocks' turbulence, but the words are almost totally drowned by the noise.

Occasionally glimpses or clues are offered as a word or phrase juts out of the surge, but in performance the words are most definitely and unfortunately secondary.

Because of this, plus the fact that an attempt to interview Devoto met with a "I have nothing to say. It's all in my songs", may I present the lyrics to Buzzcocks' theme tune, "Boredom": "Well I say what I mean / I say what comes to mind / I never get round to things / I'm living a straight straight line / (You know me I'm acting dumb / You know the scene — very humdrum) / Boredom — Boredom — Boredom / Now I'm living in a movie / Which doesn't move me / I'm the man waiting for the phone to ring / Ring-a-ring-a-fucking-ding / Now there's nothing behind me / And I'm already a has been / My future ain't what it was / I think I know the words that I mean / I've taken this extravagant journey / So it seems to me / To arrive from nowhere

/ And to go straight back there.

Better than any mundane interview eh? Lyrics, by the way, come courtesy of New Hormones. Copyright 1976.

"Boredom" is one of the four tracks on an E.P., "Spiral Scratch", which is released as a New Hormones product at the end of this month. A £250 loan from Pete Shelley's dad financed the platter. The other tracks are "Times Up", "Breakdown" and "Friends Of Mine".

Now it's time to introduce Buzzcocks' manager, genial Richard Boon, a shrewd observer of the pop scene who stumbled on the group at that first gig. A self-confessed fan he describes the motive for his dutiful ringing, writing and worrying as being just to get the group on stage.

He reckons the E.P. consolidates a certain amount of the band's initial territory — what Boon calls the "overdrive raunch meets pop melody". Certainly it's great to get some of the early tunes on disc before any new developments knocks them irrevocably ancient, and the rough mix I've heard suggests that fans who feared a smooth production job, turbulence sucking, need worry no more. It's active and assorted.

"Breakdown" is the track to be plugged when Radio 1 automatically chucks it on its playlist; fast, catchy ... Devoto performs wanders squeezing the words in.

"Time's Up" has a great vocal from Devoto. "Boredom"'s two-note guitar break, which I'm convinced should last well over ten minutes on stage, is just the right length on the disc, plus just there are some fancy if obvious bass runs to cause further wrinkles.

"Friends Of Mine" has a couple of guitar solos which, though not quite as funny-ridiculous as when done live in front of an audience are still preetee decadent.

It's great pop E.P. (Took six hours to make, mixing and all, done 'live') A distribution deal is being negotiated — rush out and buy a copy.

And, when Buzzcocks have interfered fully with the muzak spirit, and the thing's a hit ... Well, as Sandie Shaw once said, "It's so fabulous being young and being a girl and you can have nice clothes and can dress up, and that's the nicest part about it, being famous and people admiring you."

□ PAUL MORLEY

PISTOLS: WAS IT VOMIT?...

Lisa Robinson

WHAT AMERICA IS saying about the Sex Pistols and P*nk In The U.K. '77:

"So, tell me about these English punk rock bands. Is the music any good?" — **Bette Midler.**

"Punk rock? Oh, I've been in it for years dear ... Actually I saw the Sex Pistols at the 100 Club and thought they were pretty good. Well, not good really, but you know, they could be. This scene has been going on in the streets for three years, the press just picked up on it now ..." — **Mick Jagger.**

"Lisa, I'm telling you as a friend, you shouldn't become too closely identified with punk rock ..." — **Clive Davis.**

"Malcolm's smart, he really is. What do those kids there think about me?" — **David Johansen.**

"I wanted to see the Sex Pistols, but they were in Rotterdam when I was in London." — **Ahmet Ertegun.**

"I like the music, but already ... it's a business. It's like what John



JAGGER: I was there...



SMITH: green socks debt ...

Osborne said years ago, all the things he rebelled against and now he's part of it. All those things we heard in the 60s about the working classes ... It's just that in the end you become a part of everything you hate, basically, if you mean it. Because if you become successful, you're using the same machinery to do it. I think if you really want to do it, you have to create a new form. Unless you decide that all the money you make you'll give away." — **Ray Davies.**

"I searched all over for the single, and finally found it in an import shop. What a great record." — **James Wolcott, Village Voice.**

"The guitar player probably blew his nose at the airport and they had him pukin'..." — **Unidentified fan.**

"The Sex Pistols are a great band." **Seymour Stein, Sire Records**

"The Sex Pistols sent me these great day-glo lime green ankle socks. I'm wearin' them now." — **Patti Smith.**

"Do you have any photos of this English punk rock band, you know, the Sex Pistols? Any of The Clash?" — **Features Editor, Chicago Sun-Times.**

"Do you have any photos of any of the English punk rock bands?" — **Photo Editor, Village Voice.**

"Oh, I've heard about them. They're really disgusting, aren't they?" — **Production Director, Hit Parade Magazine.**

"Boy, this scene sounds really weird." — **Editor, Field Newspaper Syndicate.**

"I love the Sex Pistols and everything they stand for." — **Danny Fields.**

"You know, the MC5 used to have a clause in their contract that said they couldn't say 'fuck'." — **Jon Landau.**

"I play the single all the time at Max's, people really love it." — **Wayne County.**

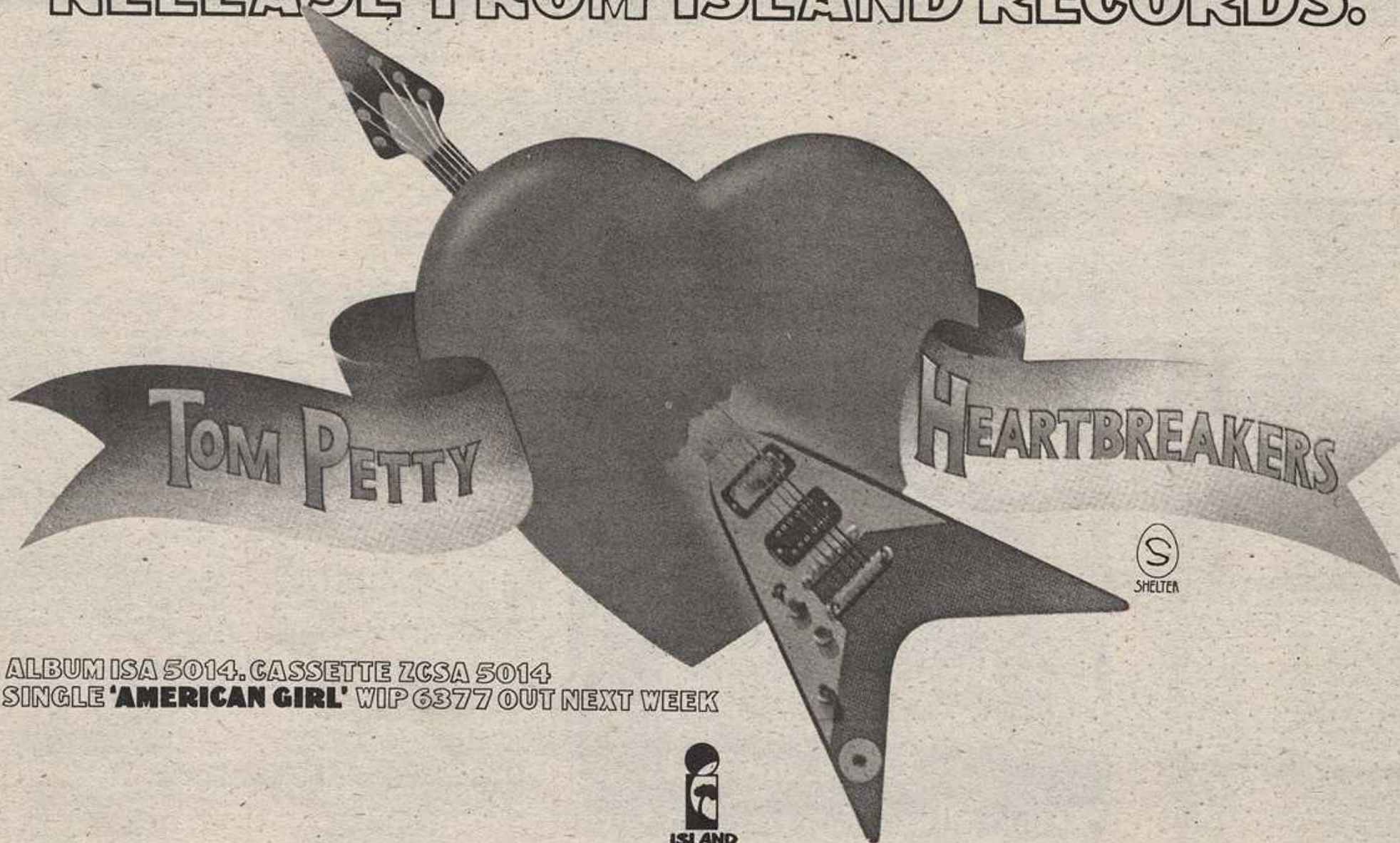
STAY TUNED, there's bound to be more. At the moment, America is on the brink of a deluge of press about the Sex Pistols. Articles in *Rolling Stone*, *The Village Voice*, and a variety of family-oriented newspapers have been set in type or are in progress.

Employees of Capitol Records here (who cannot be identified) are extremely disappointed that they will not be able to release "Anarchy In The U.K.", and that EMI has dropped the band.

NBC-TV is in the process of filming the Pistols in London for a nationwide U.S. TV broadcast sometime in March. Record company presidents have been made aware of the situation here and there is strong interest.

□ LISA ROBINSON

TIPPED BY THE MUSIC PRESS TO BE THE SENSATION IN '77. NOW ON RELEASE FROM ISLAND RECORDS.





Pictrickery: CHALKIE DAVIES

IN SEARCH OF THE REAL ELVIS

Otherwise known as an interview with
FELTON JARVIS
(Felton who???)

NOT ALL that long ago someone remarked — I can't quite remember who — that Mao Tse Tung and Elvis Presley were the most widely known men in the world, in that order. Now Chairman Mao has gone, where does that leave Elvis Presley?

I doubt that magazines like this would stay in business if a great many of us didn't share an idle fascination about the concealed lives and personalities of the very, very famous. This kind of fascination is particularly acute in the case of someone like Elvis Presley, not only because he has ascended to such astronomical heights of fame, but also because he has, as far as possible, shut himself away from the world.

A measure of Presley's isolation is that out of all his card-carrying fans, only one has spoken to him in recent years, and that conversation only lasted for a matter of minutes.

Presley's isolation is a further cause of speculation and interest. What exactly happens to a human mind when it withdraws in pampered seclusion in the way Presley's has done?

Of course, we aren't going to get direct insights into any of this. Presley doesn't socialise in a context where he might be directly observed by mere mortals. He doesn't give press or TV interviews. Even his circle of acquaintances is strictly proscribed.

About the closest anyone can get is to talk to one of his close associates, one of the so-called Memphis Mafia. Felton Jarvis is one of this inner circle. He produces Presley's records and appears to form a link between Presley the singer and the production end of the music industry.

When you listen to him talk you get the feeling that despite his guileless, good old boy southern accent, the man is careful not to give anything away. Before he starts giving the interview, he knows the limitations on what can be revealed. You also get a feeling that his life is now totally bound up with Presley's career.

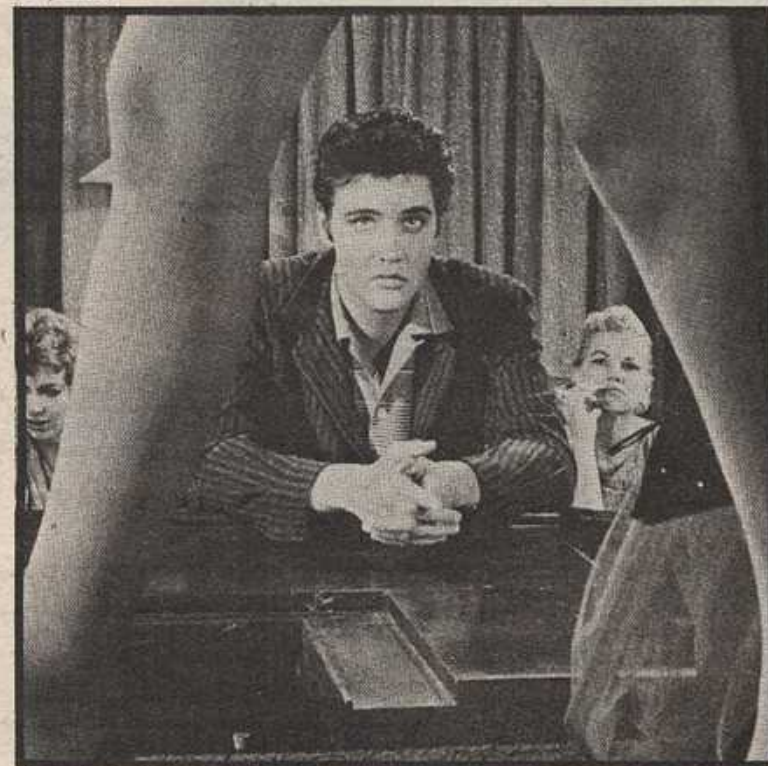
Jarvis first met Elvis Presley during the 50s. He was in the Marine Corps and Elvis was still recording for Sun Records in Memphis. After that there was a long break. Jarvis went to work for RCA Records as a staff producer, while Presley turned into a superstar.

The two men met again when Jarvis was sent by RCA country overlord Chet Atkins to supervise the second Presley gospel album, "How Great Thou Art". During these sessions a sound working relationship was formed between the two and Jarvis was retained as a full time producer and key member of the tight knit Presley entourage.

Today, as far as Elvis Presley's recorded output is concerned, Felton Jarvis has virtually total control. Only Colonel Tom Parker and Presley himself are able to override his decisions.

As he describes the way he manages Elvis' recording career, it at first sounds all very down home and cosy. You almost forget that the conversation is about one of the greatest entertainers the world has ever seen.

"I listen to the songs first. I don't like to take songs direct from writers. I get all the songs from bona fide publishers. I only deal with publishing companies."



Nor this, really

By MICK FARREN

"I pick out all the songs I think merit taking to Elvis."

Doesn't Elvis have any part in selecting his own songs?

"Elvis doesn't like to listen to the songs before he records them."

At this point it starts to get a bit chilling. It begins to emerge between the lines of the simple country monologue that Jarvis not only has control over Presley's musical output, but he also controls his intake.

You suddenly realise that if Presley decided he wanted to record a McCartney song, a Dylan song, a Springsteen song or even, for that matter, a Wilko Johnson song, the mechanism doesn't exist for him to do it. Ol' Felton comes around with his bundle of tracks and if that track ain't among them, Elvis can forget it.

In the next breath, however, Jarvis tells us that it is in fact Elvis who's in charge.

"Elvis has final approval of everything. He has complete control over everything he does."

That seems pretty dandy, Presley is, after all, the one up there doing the singing, right? The trouble is, how much control can Elvis Presley have if all his material is pre-selected by Felton Jarvis? Felton explains that Elvis's area of choice is after a track has been picked and it's being laid down in the studio. He gives us an example.

"Elvis likes to come in and sing with just a rhythm section. After that, he leaves me to put on horns, strings, extra voices, whatever I think the song needs. Once I've done this I send the tape round to Elvis for him to listen to and give his approval."

So Elvis just rubber stamps the productions? Not so, apparently.

"Elvis takes a keen interest in everything that goes into his music."

(I can hardly believe that statement, but let's press on for the moment.)

"Take 'In The Ghetto' as an example. Elvis came into the studio and sang 'In The Ghetto'. Elvis left and we got in these funky girl singers to do the chorus. When Elvis heard the tape he called me up and said, 'Felton, those voices are terrible. Take them off. They're really bad.'

"Anyway I kept on working on the track and as it happened I never quite got around to wiping the girls' voices off the master. Two days later Elvis called back and said, 'Leave 'em on there. The more I listen to 'em, the more I like 'em.'

"I guess it was lucky I never wiped off those voices. I guess you could say that Elvis knows what's best for Elvis."

At this point we start to digress into Elvis's phone habits for a while. It begins to look as though Elvis is a phone freak.

"Elvis likes to call up at night. He'll call you at three, four, five in the morning. It never seems to occur to him that the rest of the world is supposed to be asleep. He just calls up when he wants something."

"Elvis is a night person. He likes to live at night. He gets up when the sun goes down and goes to bed when the sun rises."

Another bizarre image flashes up. Dracula in sideburns and a white spangled suit. Already we seem to be coasting towards the unreal edge.



He's not like this

Let's get back on course for a while with an obvious question.

How come Elvis Presley doesn't write songs?

"He doesn't have the time."

Either this is an obvious answer or you have to shout WHAAT? WHAAT?

"Elvis doesn't write songs. He doesn't have the time. He used to write some things, years ago, but these days I guess he has other things that take up his time."

Don't think that Elvis is no dumb slubbo, though.

"He does have some good ideas. He'll take a line of a song and make changes to it so it comes out better."

An idea starts to filter through. At first it's kind of preposterous, but Jarvis's next statement seems partially to confirm it. Maybe Elvis has got to the point where he simply doesn't give a damn.

"We like to get Elvis into the studio at least twice in a year. Sometimes, though, he'll only come in one time in a whole year. We try and get him to do as many sides as we can when he does come in. Enough to keep putting out records until the next time."

"You never know when Elvis is going to take off."

Another image. Suddenly there is a picture of an Elvis Presley who has to be coaxed or conned into the studio, an overgrown child who's even bored with the thing that made him a superstar.

Elvis is not the only problem however, that presents itself when attempting to produce an Elvis Presley record. There is also the relationship of other musicians to Presley.

"You have to get people who are used to Elvis. You can pick really good musicians but when Elvis is around them they just freeze if they're not used to playing with him."

"A few years ago we were going to

record in the Stax studio in Memphis. I'd planned to use really good people, people who'd played with Booker T and Otis Redding. People like Hal Jackson and Duck Dunn."

"When Elvis came into the studio they just froze up. They couldn't play, I said to them, 'Hell, the man's only waiting to hear you pick.' But they couldn't. They kept saying things, like, 'That's Elvis Presley standing over there. My mind's a complete blank.'

"That's the kind of effect that Elvis has on people. They get spooked and freeze."

The problems that seem to stand between Elvis Presley and the final production of a worthwhile musical product don't only come from the sidemen. A good few stem from Presley himself. By 1970s standards Presley seems to insist on working in kind of primitive conditions.

"Elvis doesn't like to overdub. He figures it loses a whole lot of the spontaneity of the thing."

It would be churlish to ask when Elvis last made a record that sounded truly spontaneous. Felton goes straight on.

"He likes to sing right along with the band. Usually he does all his part with the rhythm section. He likes to move around and get those little extra accents and things. He'll move, and the drummer will add something. That's the way Elvis likes to work on a song."

Although this sort of studio practice must make life hell for a producer, Jarvis talks about it with an attitude of almost uncanny calm. It's the same kind of calm that seems to permeate high-powered religion. Elvis can do no wrong. You feel that maybe people close to the Pope or the guru Maharaji talk the same way.

As though asserting his faith, Jarvis, with what amounts to quiet

pride, tells a story of how Presley's capriciousness in the studio can result in a better product than that which was originally intended.

There's little doubt that "Promised Land" was one of Presley's better recordings of recent years. The original schedule for the sessions that turned out the track was for yet another gospel album. Colonel Tom and RCA Records had, in their wisdom, decided that what the world really needed was another Elvis Presley gospel album.

When Jarvis arrived at the studio, Presley and the rhythm section were amusing themselves by playing all the Chuck Berry songs they knew. They weren't about to break it up and start getting sacred. The Berry songs went on and on until Jarvis abandoned all hope of working to plan and, instead, just let the tape machines run. After a comparatively short length of time, "Promised Land" was in the can. In the world of Elvis Presley, that, it would appear, is how hits are born.

The next obvious question is, how come Presley doesn't do the "Promised Land" kind of thing more often? The answer comes with what sounds like genuine regret.

"I'd like to get him to do more rock stuff, things like 'Burning Love'. For a while back there it looked as though Elvis really wanted to get back into rock and roll. For the last couple of years, all he's really wanted to do have been ballads. I guess he was down over his divorce or something, and ballads were closer to what he was feeling."

This seems to be as far as Felton is prepared to go on the subject of Presley in the studio. Similarly he doesn't go much further about either Presley's live work or his private life.

"If I started telling stories about what went on around Elvis, particularly when he's on tour, everyone would either be divorced or locked up."

What does emerge is a shadowy picture of the nocturnal Presley, constantly surrounded by the same hired entourage, constantly moving between his homes in Memphis, Beverly Hills and Palm Springs.

"He just kind of rotates."

The man has to be guarded from thrill seekers, souvenir hunters and supplicants with ready stories of incurable diseases, 12 hours to live, and a fixed belief that proximity to Elvis Presley will be the answer to all their problems.

An idea of life inside this luxury menagerie comes when Felton lists a few of Presley's favourite pastimes. "Karate, movies, girls. Girls come pretty high on the list."

It all starts to sound like a massive exercise in self-induced, stage managed paranoia. It sounds like that until Jarvis relates what happened the last time Presley took it into his head to go out and mingle with the plain folks in the big outside world. Briefly, the plain folks went ape.

"Elvis went to this shopping centre in Las Vegas. It was around nine in the morning. As usual, Elvis had been up all night."

"I got to tell you, it was just unreal. Directly people spotted him, there was chaos, total chaos. There were people all over the place trying to look at him, trying to touch him, talk to him."

"Then to make things worse, Elvis started acting crazy. He started giving money away. He asked this little kid what the time was. The kid told Elvis he didn't have a watch, so Elvis gave him the money to buy a watch."

"This is the kind of effect that Elvis has on people."

It becomes increasingly clear that there is something about Elvis Presley that sets him apart even from other superstars. Lennon, Dylan and even Jagger can walk the streets, go to bars, visit stores, without stopping traffic or producing total chaos. They may be pestered and stared at, but it rarely grows to riot proportions.

I still can't put my finger on what it is that makes Presley so different. I know that in every sense of the word he had a radical effect on my life. He brought rock and roll storming in to close the book on what had been a uniformly unpromising childhood.

Maybe the aura of that first impact still lingers, surviving the bad records and the cringingly awful movies.

(Even Felton Jarvis disowns those 60s films — "I didn't want to get involved in those movies. He was singing with dogs and chickens and what have you...")

The fact does remain that despite any absurdities and disappointments, people seem to become a little unbalanced when confronted with Elvis Presley. Perhaps the day we find out beyond doubt, why, it'll stop happening.

RAGING PRESLEY IN STUDIO SHOTGUN INCIDENT

AND HERE's the latest scam from the States: while in a foaming rage, Elvis Presley is said to have grabbed a shotgun and threatened to blow away the recording equipment in his private Memphis studio.

The incident occurred because El was frustrated over the sound he was getting. He bounded into the 200,000 dollar studio at his Graceland Mansion waving the gun, bellowing that he'd blow out the speakers.

It is claimed he had to be physically restrained by the frightened musicians, who managed to stop him before he sprayed the joint with buckshot.

His outburst was just one of the series of tantrums Presley has been throwing in recent months. Violence seems to be the mode of the day around old Graceland, one incident that comes to mind being the Jerry Lee Lewis opus — still a conversation piece in Memphis and elsewhere.

It took place on Elvis's lawn, and ended with Jerry Lee being busted with a gun while full of booze and screaming about the good press Elvis gets.

Jerry was lucky that old Elvis didn't come out and burn his ass up with that shotgun...

As one of the musicians put it: "Elvis is really getting hard to work with."

Presley has apparently decided that he no longer likes his recording studio, his musicians — and most of all the way his records are selling. He pines for the Nashville sound — Nashville musicians and the RCA Nashville studio where he recorded many of his earlier hits.

Recently he tried importing a group of Nashville cats, to Memphis for a session, apparently thinking it would change his luck. But it didn't work that way.

"I filled out 15 time cards and never played a note," one of the session guys reported afterwards.

On another occasion he tried New York musicians, but in the end ordered everybody out, snarling, "Send those horn-rimmed sons-a-bitches back to New York!"

"Elvis really needs a hit record", a Presley associate in New York told this *Thrills* reporter. "His last album was cut at his place, and it didn't sell near what was expected".

"Oh, sure, there were some songs on it that hit the charts — but not anything like what he wanted".

The album — "From Elvis Presley Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn." — sold 400,000 copies. And for him that's not good enough. He's still thinking about the million-copy solid gold days back in '71.

"One of the problems is he doesn't like fast songs anymore," said one of the New York session guys. "He's doing love ballads".

As previously reported, Presley's work style is strictly nocturnal. He sleeps days, hence the fact that the bedroom windows at the mansion are covered with tinfoil. Then he shows up at 10 pm and likes to work till dawn.

Whatever the case, the Presley sessions are going back to Nashville. He's booked the old RCA studios there for January. And he's so down on his own equipment that he freaks out whenever someone mentions the words "private studio".

"I don't know what's going to happen to the Graceland studio," says an RCA engineer. "It was installed last February. Maybe he'll turn it into a McDonald's. Elvis likes his cheeseburgers, you know."

□ AL CAPONE



ZZ TOP

Tejas

THE LATEST
AND FINEST
ALBUM FROM
TEXAS'
GREATEST
ROCK BAND



TEJAS (pronounced TAY'has)...

from **ZZ TOP** (pronounced ZEE ZEE Top)

LONDON

Marketed by

DECCA

Welcome to ZZ Top's Texas.

COULD YOU list all the Alex Harvey singles — both 'A' and 'B' sides?

KEVIN RANCE, Northwood, Middx.

● Thanks to the efforts of such readers as Vambo's Wee Sister (Glasgow) and Cliff Gater (HMV Record Shop, London W1), I've managed to compile the following list of British singles released by Harvey. I've got a feeling there may be more — but this is the best I could come up with.

I Just Wanna Make Love To You/Let The Good Times Roll (Polydor NH 52.264 — Feb 1964): I Ain't Worried, Baby/Got My Mojo Working (Polydor NH52.907 — May 1964): Agent 00 Soul/Go Away, Baby (Fontana TF610 — Sept 1965): Work Song/I Can Do Without Your Love (Fontana TF764 — Nov 1966): The Sunday Song/Horizon (Decca F12640 — July 1967): Maybe Someday/Curtains For My Baby (Decca F12660 — Sept 1967): Midnight Moses/Roman Wall Blues (Fontana F1063 — Dec 1969): There's No Lights On The Christmas Tree, Mother/Harp (Vertigo 6059-070 — Dec 1972): Jungle Jenny/Butts Bar Blues (Vertigo 6059-075 — March 1973): Faith Healer/St Anthony (Vertigo 6059-098 — Nov 1973): Sergeant Fury/Gang Bang (Vertigo 6059-106 — Sept 1974): Anthem — two version (Vertigo 6059-112) — Nov 1974): Delilah/Soul In Chains (Vertigo ALEX 001 — July 1975): Gambling Bar Room Blues/Shake That Thing (Vertigo ALEX 002 — Nov 1975): Runaway/Snake Bite (Vertigo ALEX 003 — Feb 1976): Boston Tea Party/Sultan's Choice (Mountain TOP12 — May 1976): Amos Moses/Satchel And The Scalp Hunter (Mountain TOP19 — Sept 1976).

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Vambo's wee sister aids Harvey quest

WHERE CAN I HIRE 16mm or 35mm rock films? — G. BYRNE, Dublin 14, Ireland. ● Scores of 16mm rock films are available for hire, the main companies dealing in these being Fair Enterprises, 5 Park Village, London NW1, and Columbia-Warner Distributors (16mm Division), 135 Wardour Street, London W1. Others worth checking out include Harris Film, Glenbuck Road, Surbiton, Surrey, who have James Dean — *The First American Teenager* on their catalogue, and TCB Releasing, The Mail House, Brockham End, Bath, whose list includes items by Don McLean, Cecil Taylor etc, plus *Blues Like Showers Of Rain* featuring BB King, Sonny Boy Williamson and Roosevelt Sykes.

Worth buying is "Films On Offer 1976" (price £1.25, plus postage) which Nigel Algar and Stephen Jenkins compiled for the British Film Institute. This is a listing of all the major

films currently available for hire through the Central Booking Agency of the BFI, 81 Dean Street, London W.1. It quotes hiring fees, renters, terms of booking etc. and checking quickly through, I see that it includes such movies as *Zabriskie Point* (£23), *Woodstock* (£25), *Jazz On A Summer's Day* (£20), *American Graffiti* (£15), *Zachariah* (£15), *Gimme Shelter* (£15), *Glastonbury Fayre* (£30), *Nashville* (£20) and *Reggae* (£15). The fees quoted are just the basic ones, of course. To these you have to add a booking fee (£3 for any movie costing over £15) plus the cost of your projection equipment, if needed.

RECENTLY I heard an old recording of "Hurry On Down", sung by a singer named Nellie Lutch. Is this record still available? And just who is Nellie Lutch anyway? — PETE SHEENE, Banbury, Oxon.

● Nellie's a 60-year-old, black R&B singer/pianist who hails from Lake Charles, Louisiana. Originally she played in a big band, along with her bass-playing father, later joining the Southern Rhythm Boys. During the late 30s and early 40s, she worked with small groups at various West Coast clubs, eventually becoming signed to Capitol Records and gaining a million-seller with "Hurry On On", cut at Nellie's first recording session in 1947.

With her unusual vocal style and her habit of scat singing an octave or so up on her piano part, she became a world-wide favourite, establishing herself with British fans when Capitol discs were belatedly released in this country. But her career faded as rock'n'roll moved in and Nellie opted for a staff job with the Hollywood local of the Musicians' Union, where she was employed until the beginning of the '70s.

By 1973, she was back in New York playing at clubs again but I haven't heard of her since that time and virtually none of her discs are available anymore — though "Hurry On Down" can be found on a compilation called "Capitol Presents Those Classic Years 1948-56" (Capitol E-ST3368).

COULD YOU tell me why we're not allowed to take photographs at concerts? Also — what would happen if someone's caught doing so? — LESLIE MILLER, Thornhill, Southampton.

● Lord Leica himself, Chalkie "Say Camembert" Davies, was dragged from a heavy darkroom session in order to answer this one.

He said: "The reason you can't take pics at a gig is fairly simple — there is limited access. And the record companies and the bands themselves feel that this access should be given to bona fide piccy-takers."

"Personally, I don't see why people should be stopped from



YUD BETTER not be hidin' onythin', Alex...

taking a shot or two as long as they don't obstruct anyone's view; get in the way of the photographers who are officially there; or — worst of all — use flash, as this annoys everyone. But, if you do decide to take a chance, don't climb over the orchestra pit — just stay on the audience side. And if you do get caught, the possibility is that you'll have your camera confiscated for the duration of the gig.

COULD YOU supply me with any info on American band Blue Cheer — I believe this group to be the innovators of today's heavy music. — ANTHONY XUEREB, Gozo, Malta.

● The late Lillian Roxon

disagrees with you. In her 1971 *Rock Encyclopedia* she says that the band were fairly unpopular on American's East Coast... "Where they were put down for coming on like carbon copies of two other trios — Cream and the Jimi Hendrix Experience."

Originally comprised of Paul Whaley (drums), Randy Holden (guitar) and Dick Peterson (bass), Blue Cheer had a huge hit with their version of "Summertime Blues" in early '68 (released in March, it stayed in the charts for 13 weeks), following this with a minor one in "Just A Little Bit", later the same year. Their albums (on American Philips) included: "Vincebus Eruptum", "Outsideinside", "New! Improved Blue Cheer", "Blue Cheer", "Oh! Pleasant Hope" and "Original Human Being". And that's all I have on Cheer. Pathetic, ain't it?

I HAVE been totally unsuccessful in obtaining a copy of Norman Greenbaum's all-time classic, "Spirit In The Sky", and I wondered if it was still available, either as a single or as part of a compilation album? I would appreciate any info you have on the subject, as I cannot find any albums by Greenbaum and this kinda leaves a great gap in my record collection. — KEVIN DANN, Eastbourne, E. Sussex.

● "Spirit In The Sky" is one of the tracks that forms "Disco-rax" (Warner Bros. K56207), a fine compilation that also includes items by Todd Rundgren, Ides Of March, Van Morrison, Major Lance and 15 other artists. Funny thing though, both Greenbaum's "Spirit" album and the later "Back Home Again" elpee — which features Norm's only other hit, "Canned Ham" — have been turning up in the London cheapo boxes recently. In fact, I saw a whole stack of 'em in a three-for-a-quid box only a couple of weeks back.

GORDON GILTRAP Band

UK TOUR DATES

February 4
SALFORD UNIV
February 5
NE LONDON POLY
February 9
NEWCASTLE UNIV
February 11
ABERYSTWYTH UNIV
February 12
LEICESTER UNIV
February 18
STRATHCLYDE UNIV
February 19
HERIOT-WATT UNIV
EDINBURGH
February 21
HULL UNIV
February 24
LEEDS UNIV
March 2
LOUGHBROUGH UNIV
March 3
EASTBOURNE
WINTER GDNS
March 5
LEASCLIFFE HALL
FOLKESTONE
March 9
MANCHESTER UNIV
March 11
COVENTRY
March 16
BRADFORD UNIV
March 17
DERBY CLEOPATRAS
March 18
HARROW TECH



The Electric Record Co.
Marketed by Decca

"Brilliant." *Melody Maker*

"An evening of rare delight." *Daily Telegraph*

"Compelling...A rare evening's entertainment." *NME*

"The most exciting debut this year." *Guardian*

When your last appearance got such acclaim,
what do you do for an encore?

An encore.

Kate & Anna McGARRIGLE ON TOUR

FEBRUARY 8TH
BELFAST, QUEENS UNIVERSITY
FEBRUARY 10TH
GALWAY, LEISURELAND
FEBRUARY 11TH
CORK, JAMES CONNALLY HALL
FEBRUARY 12TH
DUBLIN, STADIUM
FEBRUARY 16TH
MANCHESTER, OPERA HOUSE
FEBRUARY 17TH
LEEDS, UNIVERSITY
FEBRUARY 18TH
LIVERPOOL, PHILHARMONIC
FEBRUARY 19TH
LONDON, NEW VICTORIA
FEBRUARY 21ST
BOURNEMOUTH, WINTER GARDENS
FEBRUARY 22ND
BIRMINGHAM, TOWN HALL
FEBRUARY 23RD
AYLESBURY, FRIARS
FEBRUARY 25TH
CROYDON, FAIRFIELD HALL
FEBRUARY 27TH
BRISTOL, COLSTON HALL

KATE & ANNA McGARRIGLE



THE
McGARRIGLE SISTERS
NEW ALBUM

"Dancer with Bruised Knees"



K56356

Electric Light Orchestra

Rockaria!

ROCKARIA!
C/W POKER

THE NEW SINGLE FROM
Electric Light Orchestra

(First 40,000 copies in picture sleeve)

UP 36209 **Jot** RECORDS
MARKETED BY UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

SINGLES

'Depressed, deprived, misunderstood — suffering for the cause of True Art. Ah yes, I remember it well . . .'

Neurotic, psychotic, you name it, she got it

SINGLE OF THE WEEK — EIN

PATTI SMITH: Piss Factory (Mer Import) The Zelda Fitzgerald of rock-'n'-roll stops working out to Arthur Rimbaud's Greatest Hits for long enough to lay down maybe the best song ever written about what it's like to leave school at sixteen and start work in some dead-end, boring, stinking, lousy nowhere job. (The only song about the same subject that's in the same class as "Piss Factory" is the as-yet-unrecorded "Career Opportunities" by The Clash . . .)

"Piss Factory" ain't a song that you could call pleasant, pretty, melodic or nice . . . in fact the lyrics are blunt, crude, bitter; perfect for a song about teenage factory fodder. "I had to earn my dough."

Richard Sohl's simple-but-effective piano playing running over Lenny Kaye's guitar work is the main feature of the sparse musical backing to Patti's chant, and if she's not singing out of gut-level personal experience then she's the greatest con-man that ever lived . . . "Sixteen and time to pay off . . . these bitches are just too lame to understand, too goddamn grateful to get this job to know they're getting screwed up the ass . . ." The new kid figures she's speed on a motorcycle, gotta earn her pay check, but she's working too fast, filling up the quota too quick and a few of the workers in the piss factory tell her that unless she slows down she'll lose a few teeth . . . "The way they smell . . . it's monotony that's got to me, every day like the last one, every day like a re-run . . . and I will . . . get out of here . . ."

This is the most important song Patti Smith ever wrote and confirms her status as one of the most original song-writers of this or any other decade. Ain't no one damn song that can make you break down and cry? Try "Piss Factory". Or maybe you're too goddamn lame to understand

By the way, it's the B-side, the A-side being Patti's version of "Hey Joe" with Tom Verlaine on lead guitar. At the moment the single is only available as a bootleg.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK — ZWEI

NANKER PHELGE: Cock-sucker Blues (Bootleg) If ever there was a juke box gem, a legendary slice of mysterious vinyl, a collector's item of the highest merit . . . then it's this one. Was a time when neither love nor money could get you a copy, but right at this moment there seems to be a few of them on the black market and you can pick up a copy for a

quid plus fifty pence. It is, of course, the last recording that the Stones did for Decca when they had but one more record to cut before they were free to leave the company. Jagger strums an acoustic guitar and sings the sad story about what happens to young boys who come to the big city, while on the B-side is an absolute killer version of "Brown Sugar" with, rumour has it, Eric Clapton on slide.

STRANGLERS: Get A Grip Of Yourself/London Lady (United Artists) The Phil McNeill Fan Club make their recording debut with a stunning double-sided single of distinctive, intelligent, contemporary rock-'n'-roll that sounds like Roxy Music would have if that old capped-tooth smoothie Ferry had been influenced by The Doors (as opposed to Humphrey Bogart at the start of his male menopause). The B-side, "London Lady", is perhaps more like the noise you would have expected from a squad of elder punksters — Hugh Cornwell's slashed-out riffing more up front on this two minute twenty-five song than on the A where the main feature is Dave Greenfield's swirling keyboards backing up the hookline chorus (which is maybe strong enough to get them some "chart action").

HAWKWIND: Back On The Street (Charisma) Unlike the majority of dandruff-encrusted hippies, this lot have never been adverse to knocking out a decent single once in a while. "Silver Machine" was okay and the sunk-without-trace "Kings Of Speed" was great. This single sounds more like the stuff you hear coming from the stage of the Roxy than does The Stranglers' — which just goes to prove once more how meaningless labelling anything punk-rock is. Here you get cranked-out basic chords designed to make your eardrums bleed, lyrics that are unintelligible apart from the chanted title-chorus, and the rhythm section playing like they enjoy feeling those blisters squish against their instruments . . .

TALKING HEADS: Love Goes To Building On Fire (Sire Import) Beautiful psychotic weirdness from some of New York's finest, who only recently signed their recording deal with Sire and this single will not be out over here for a couple of months. However, the sound they make is so damn infectious, refreshing and original that you'll find it hard not to resist purchasing the import single and miss out buying the album you were gonna get this month. David Byrne sings in a high whine about his love being a building on fire and chants animal noises over the backing track of bells, guitars, pianos, tambourines and lots of Motown-type saxes . . . Sparks



tried for years to make a single like this and Talking Heads make it look easy. It's a pity they didn't have their song "Psycho Killer (Qu'est-ce c'est?)" on the B-side, though.

MUD: Mud Giants — Tiger Feet/Oh Boy/Dyna-Mite (Rak) At their peak (during The Era Of The Platform Boot) Mud understood the trash aesthetic better than anyone — apart from maybe the mincing hodge-carriers in Sweet. Great to hear "Tiger Feet" again, you

can almost see the boys acting like buffoons on TOTP — falling over their feet, bumping into each other and grinning pointlessly. It's too bad they changed direction and got earnest because everybody knows that Mike Chapman and Nicky Chinn are the Lennon and McCartney of the Seventies.

GRAND FUNK RAILROAD: Pass It Around/Don't Let 'Em Take Your Gun (EMI) Even produced by Frank Zappa, this mob remain

the masters of gross Assembly-Line Raunch suitable for Stateside youth to get wrecked on quaaludes and red wine while getting nostalgic about Idiot Dancing and line-ups in the back of the van. The B is a celebration of the individuality of the American citizen, the right to defend a man's property from the drug-crazed sexual degenerates who haunt the home of the brave: "Son, don't let 'em take your gun, won't be nobody taking over our land, if everybody's brother got a gun in his hand . . . you got to understand, we are American men!" Dirty Harry will love it.

DEAF SCHOOL: Taxi! (Warner Brothers) A camp lost-love song with painful chord changes that grate on the eardrums and spoken parts that sound like a rip-off from the Kursaal Flyers plus a chorus highly derivative of that of "Gotta See Jane".

SUPERCARGO: Get Up And Dance (Virgin) It always makes me vomit over my blue suede shoes when I hear disco fodder muzak singing about rock-'n'-roll, while those mass-production funk symphony orchestras chase the ghost of Isaac Hayes over the gilded landscape of the fun fifty. Is this what Eddie Cochran died at twenty-one for?

MANHATTAN TRANSFER: Chanson D'Amour (Atlantic) Sounds like a plodding Charles Aznavour song done by a troupe of out-of-work tapdancers and a sax player who has done too many downers.

SPLIT ENZ: Another Great Divide (Chrysalis) A combo of painted pierrots hung up on intentional overkill, if you go merely by their grotesque visual. However, below the repulsive surface there's a melodic imagination and inventiveness all too rare these days. Trouble is, they change their musical theme so often in the course of just one song that the whole thing lacks direction and ends up leaving not too much of a lasting impression. More than anything, it reminds me of why I never got into Genesis. Still, they write some good lines like — "Neurotic, psychotic, you name it, she got it."

KIKI DEE: First Thing In The Morning (Rocket) Without the aid of the Little Bob Piazza of MOR, Kiki is just another goodlooking girl singer with a strong set of pipes who nevertheless relies heavily on the strength of somebody else's song to keep her in royalty cheques and the charts. It's sure too bad for her that this song's not even good enough to keep her name in the mind of a fickle record public for very long — unless she pulls something stronger out of the bag next time round. Don't matter how many times you warble the title of the song, if the song itself sucks then it's not gonna be the one thing a hit single should be: addictive.

THE SHADOWS: Apache, Wonderful Land, FBI (EMI) Lucky for the Shads that they showed up around Rue

Morgue 1960 when Clean Cut Cliff still thought he was Elvis and English rock was dead as a dingbat. If they'd arrived on the scene a few years later they woulda been trashed for sure. As it is, they rate up there amongst such Old Masters as Bert Weedon and Lonnie Donegan — yes, the men who blazed the primal trail of British rock 'n' roll. It must have been lousy having Hank Marvin as your idol. This re-release of their golden greats will no doubt please all their ageing fans as they sit at home smoking dope and watching TV when the kids have been put to bed.

JUNIOR CAMPBELL: Baby Hold On (Rocket) A very *ordinaire* ballad aimed in the direction of the charts by a man who used to write excellent Motown-influenced songs almost in the same league as the real thing. Sadly, it seems Junior has decided the time has come to cross to the other side of the tracks (to where TV cops have number ones and Swiss bank accounts). This record got buried under the deluge of release just before the birthday of Little Lord Jesus Light And Mild, and so the record company have decided to try pushing it again. Thanks, fellas, but really you needn't have bothered.

SISTER SLEDGE: Cream Of The Crop (Cotillion) When they were a few years younger I thought that these ladies were gonna be as great as The Jackson Five should have been. "Mamma Never Told Me" was an instant classic if you were young, in love and had nowhere to go apart from the local discomat. However, they too have got caught up on the Grim Reaper of the soul city assembly line and nowadays are on the strings-and-bouncy-rhythm-section level of Gloria Gaynor. File under "Fag Bar Fodder." Tom Robinson will love it.

FLEETWOOD MAC: Go Your Own Way (Warner Brothers) No, it's not another single taken from the solid platinum (Stateside, that is) Fleetwood Mac white album which did next to nothing over here while moving millions in the USA. This cut, and the B side "Silver Springs", are both taken from the long-awaited "Rumours" album and would seem to indicate, if they're representative of the rest of the album, that Fleetwood Mac are getting better than they've ever been. The A is a superb hard-but-still-melodic rocker soaked in LA sunshine and the flip side is a beautiful Stevie Nicks love song with tight surfs-up harmonies that Brian Wilson would have been proud of — "You'll never get away from the sound of the woman that loves you . . ." I just hope that Fleetwood Mac get their collective fingers out and start doing some touring over here to back up their quality vinyl and get it the recognition that it deserves.

BEN E. KING: Supernatural Thing (Atlantic) A couple of years old now but sounding as good, cool and supernaturally funky as it ever did. And Lord knows I ain't lying. This is the kind of stuff that should be coming out of the discotheques. Disco Fodder is *not* the only answer.

LAST WEEK'S singles included two on the Dynamo label, (by The Snakes and Sean Tyla). These are imports, and are only available from specialists like Bizarre, Rock On and Rough Trade.



ANDMOREAGAIN: the pics just keep on comin' — this week (clockwise from top) **THE SHADOWS, TALKING HEADS, DEAF SCHOOL, FLEETWOOD MAC, THE STRANGLERS . . .**

Art is no longer in art. It's in living.

—A semi-retired sheep
breeding popstar,
Herefordshire,
UK

ROY HARPER An open letter

AVON CALLING:
I have decided, from the sincere depths of my oft-misguided wisdom, not to give another interview to the even more misguided music press, as this invariably involves talking to some degree or other about us all, which degree is later bent, stretched and shuffled onto two pages — sometimes — of, more often than not, stultifying shit (that could have come off a bog wall 15 years ago).

Sometimes I am driven into becoming a spokesman for the mysterious recluses we all are, which is all right until I realise that my answers come more often than not out of defending us all.

I wish I knew you all that well. Maybe I do. As one of you once said, there's got to be something else.

Well, there *has* got to be something else, and it's up to the old boys like me who need a bit of promo now and then to find it and sort it out.

If there is a way: (b) it must be a direct line to the grass roots, if we haven't devoured them, and (a) I'll let you know, cause I'm sure we could all do with something in an upward direction.

I have had great help from all of you in the past. I think of you all with great warmth. You are the people I love. But there is a point beyond which it is impossible to help someone's career or whatever. And that point has been over-reached.

I was very hurt by that last article. If you were, just try for a moment to imagine what I felt.

I love you,
Roy

P.S. I'm still here, and I guess I'd like to feel one or two hands stretched out across the darkness now and then.



I THINK the most important thing I should say right now is that the last three or four times I've come into contact with the music press I've made a fool of myself. The habit's got to stop."

Thus spake a calm, open and self-chastened Harper last week as we sat over tea in the front room of his Herefordshire farm house.

Outside, a flock of very pregnant sheep, newly delivered ewes and their pretty baa-lambs were requiring his vigilance and constituting one of the uppermost of his contemporary concerns. A virus infection has just killed some of his animal family, and it's clearly heavy going giving birth to a new album and embarking on a tour in lambing season.

An artist who is also taking sheep raising seriously (they aren't for sweaters or chops, by the way, but breeding) has a lot on his hands.

Which could be the explanation for

Words ANGIE ERRIGO

having exposed his Achilles heel — the Past.

"It's been a bit unlucky in that when I've given an interview the last three or four times it's always been on a day when I've been attacked on all sides and I'm on the floor. But I have made a fool of myself, I really have.

"It's easy for me to own up. It

wouldn't be easy for the Prime Minister or any of those stupid politicians to own up to making mistakes — cause they don't make them, you know. But I haven't got a face I'm trying to preserve in that way.

"I think actually they'd be much better off if they did admit once in a while that they make mistakes — then people would relate to them being human.

"But that doesn't excuse me.

"The fact remains that the last times I've come into contact with the press have been *disastrous*. I feel that I must say that. I've tried to once or twice, but people don't believe you."

I LIKE HARPER a whole lot. I believe him, because he's a good man. He writes great songs, too.

I guess I don't believe that most people give a flying one about the search for truth or efforts at communicating or struggles in becoming a self-actualised human being. I

think most people want to know how a record or performer appeals to them on sensual levels — whether you can dance to it, jerk off to it or fantasize to it.

Maybe, *maybe* it also matters sometimes that you can dig what someone's saying to the beat because you've been there too and can appreciate it being verbalised well. Because that, basically, is what Harper does.

The title of Harper's new album, "Bull In A Ming Vase", is a joke on himself, an allusion to his Gemini sensibilities besieged by Taurus Rising. Taurus Overflowing might be more accurate.

In fact, the recent teeth-grinding and genuine distress over press episodes are a side issue to the work he's been doing and where he is now.

So: a few Ming vases get knocked over in the anarchist's straining to get out. Big deal.

Screw the compilation of by-now-truly-tiresome Famous Friends factoids, the lives and lost loves of, and mental case history of, R. Harper. We are a direct line to the grass roots, and the word is that Harper is doing things, he's mellowed out and being highly positive.

The thing to do, taking an upward direction, is to see what he's up to now.

OKAY, 18 MONTHS AGO Harper's tour with Trigger (the excellent, if temporary, teaming with Chris Spedding, Bill Bruford and Dave Cochran) concluded with Harper up to here in business and personal conflicts. He thought of turning solely to writing, occasionally performing solo to the regular army of cultist fans — then he split to the States for a long while, wrote, played some and came home.

What's made him take up with Andy Roberts, Dave Cochran, John Halsey, Henry McCullough and Dave Lawson and hit the trail again? For money, he can breed sheep.

"I came upon them in what I thought was the twilight of my career. I thought it's a shame that the only band I've ever had that I could call a band had to come to grief, and that it was worth one more chance back home.

"The devotion that Andy Roberts put in and the good vibes and advice that John Halsey put in were worth a try in England. And Dave Cochran is not that old, but he was always a hundred per cent — unlike most of the other musicians I've ever had playing on records and gigs who were literally 'here for the beer'."

Back on Albion's shores Dave Lawson and Henry McCullough also joined, completing the ensemble that played together on the whole of the new album and will appear next month as Harper and Chips.

"Henry has very good ideas. We needed a bona fide lead guitarist because my lead guitar is capable of raising the odd eyebrow on stage — like 'where's he gone to now?' Avant garde, you know.

"And there's a lot for Dave Lawson to do on synthesizer, he's going to make it sound a lot bigger.

"This time I really want to play the acoustic guitar. I'm a killer on the electric guitar. It just gets hold of me and I get carried away. You realise you're makin' noises that you're not makin'; what you're doing is influencing 'that out there' over the PA.

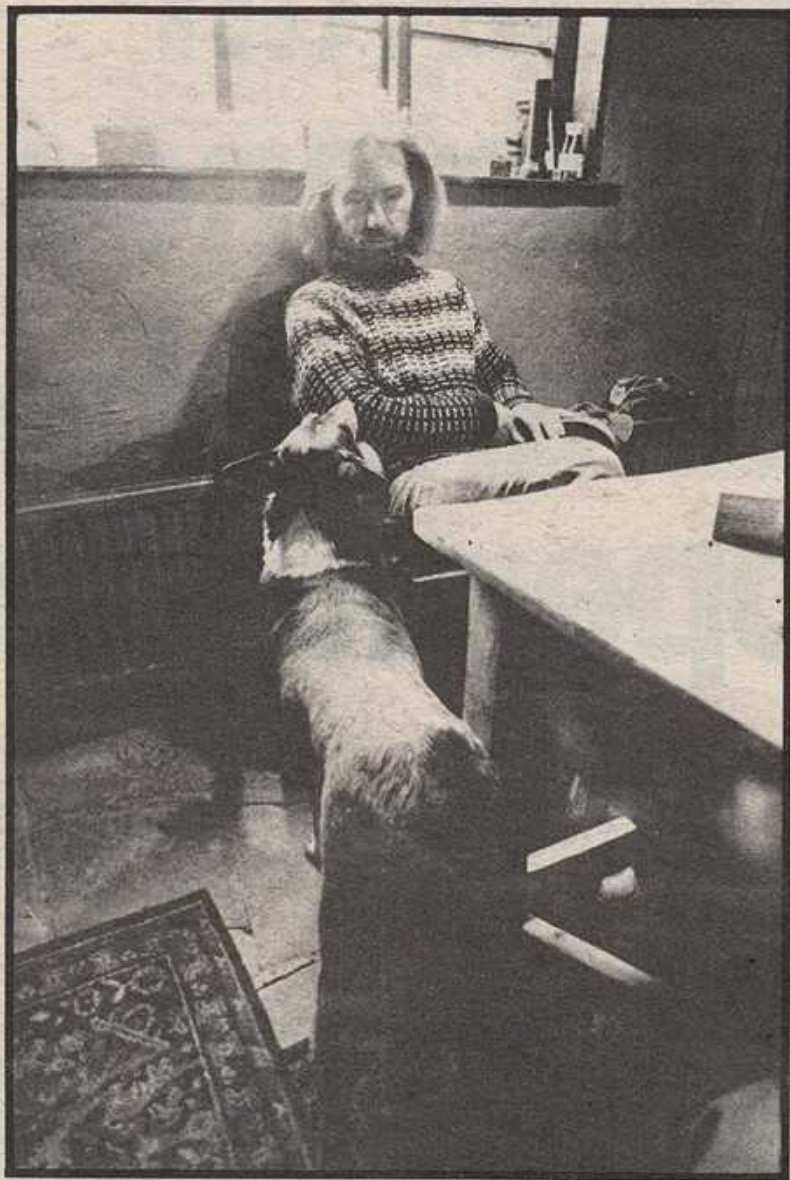
"Hendrix had that one down, how to influence the PA — how to win friends and influence the PA.

"I do tend to be like a bulldozer. I tend to get on a stage and, not having been a member of a group for very long, not take them into consideration sometimes.

"I'm attempting to melt in a bit more. I have sometimes taken more ground than I deserved or than was artistically necessary."

THAT'S BECAUSE he's always thought he had to get the lyrics across if it killed him.

In view of that, "Bull In A Ming



Pictures PENNIE SMITH

Vase" is less pushy than the powerful "HQ". Considering this is the first album Harper's produced for himself, it has a surprisingly ethereal quality.

While the lyrics are largely romantic and rich in imagery, the music is substantial but fun.

"It's not as electric as the last one,

yet it's a bit more rock-and-roll because I'm getting more and more into the medium — not just the way songs are written but the general feel. I'm more like 1977 in 1977 than I sounded like 1970 in 1970."

"These Last Days" is the simple haunting — melody — shot — through — with — elegaic — lyrics at which Harper

excels. The rhythm section ticks over almost imperceptibly under lavish harmonies and synthesizer and Harper's floating vocals.

"Cherishing The Lonesome" sets out as a faintly psychedelic, romantic acoustic piece which sails in the break into an elegant but punchy McCullough solo prefacing a stinging vocal attack, the band coming up to full power before the re-entry into the acoustic treatment.

To be completely different, there's a loony bluegrass offering in "Watford Gap", the ultimate statement on Roadside Services amenities, with a Jew's Harp, maniacal drunken choruses and a stomping bass line fit to shoe a mule by.

The inclusion of "The Naked Flame", a song written a few years ago about a relationship that is long since over, but reached some bitter moments, rather surprised me.

"It stood the test of time as a poem, so it was worth putting on," says Harper.

It works well as a depiction of an all-too-common situation, saved from being an awful re-opening of wounds by the heady, almost ruthlessly bouyant delivery of lines such as "I can't believe we just exist as figments of each other's past. Where is it at to get to this, when lawyers lurk where lovers kissed?"

I ONLY PUT things on that are general things, that everybody's different, but generally speaking we're all humans of the same race. We're all prone to the same emotions when something like that happens.

"That's why good songs appeal across the board to others. As many times I've had somebody come up to me and say 'I wish I'd written that song'. That's the one justification, really, that I've got for carrying on."

"It's always nice to hear that because then you realise that you are actually doing a job for people, that you're not just wanking into the wind.

"The one neurosis I have, if I have any, is that I want to be useful. I suppose everybody's like that."

I don't know, I told him — me, I just want to be praised and loved.

He knows that one, but he's gotten over it for the most part.

"I'm totally, absolutely disturbed that 'HQ' didn't do better than it did. That's probably the most disturbing thing that's happened to me. After that, it didn't matter any more because I knew there was something basically wrong altogether — about either my approach or the approach all the promotion had had with me.

"It comes out looking like 'Harper craves success' and I think that's being too heavy on me. I'm not going to cry in a corner and chew my teddy bear. When you're making records that you think are as good as anything around, you want to know out of interest alone why they never do anything.

"I've gone over the top on the success thing. I've had as much success in music as I probably deserve. I think the art is no longer in art, it's in living.

"I am the one who writes the songs. I'm the one who writes the music and who sings on the record and produces the record too. So what more do I want?"

"Now, somebody who gets his songs written for him, his clothes made for him and his record produced for him is likely to really love his gold records.

"When you do the whole number that is the achievement. It doesn't matter about anything else.

"If I had somebody more cynical than you here, he'd say I'm only saying that, I'd really love a gold record. It would be nice to have one.

"But I don't need one because I have a lot of good friends who do give me a pat on the back and say 'never mind, we know'. So I have got my just deserts, my reward for doing what I do. I don't wish to either seem greedy or be greedy."

"BULL IN A Ming Vase" is certainly mellower than "HQ", reflecting the mood of the man. While as he says, it's "just as wordy", the words are perhaps more up front and accessible.

"I think 'HQ' was a brilliant whole piece that went from the inaccessible, really overbearing 'The Spirit Lives' into 'The Game', which for me is one of the best pieces I've ever done and ended with 'Grown-Ups Are Just Silly Children' at the end of all the heavy statements.

"This is more kind of 'Take me or leave me. I'm over here if you want to say hello'.

"Maybe the time is right for me now. I've never felt so much as I have in the last few weeks. This record has been a stepping stone from one medium to the next, labyrinthine as the others but more spontaneous."

The tour de force of the new album is "One Of Those Days In England", a "little astral projection" that unfolds aspects of England, past, present and future, from the sword in the pond of Albion's lore to the wireless living room, ration books, soccer, the dole queue and an upward glance into space.

The introduction is characteristically cheeky:

"... I give the Queen my autograph, she gives me the yen.

Just another day down on the dole queue.

But the government must love me cause they keep me out of work, Must be keeping me for something special.

Maybe it's the job of rolling spliffs for Captain Kirk, Or giving Miss Lovelace a pubic hairdo."

THE BODY of the song cycle incorporates four parts. The first, repeated at the end, has been re-done in shorter, more concise form for a single, which also appears on Side One.

Beaty and reminiscent of "Abbey Road" in its ascending runs and soaring harmonies, it's "silly romantic" and joyful. Gee, you can even dance to it. I can even imagine it getting played on the radio.

Parts one to four run from dream-like historical glimpses to sober reflections on recent changes ("You and me brother... seeing ideals we were one time a part of rip us apart in our holiest places.") to laments for times past (and "the farthing in the change") to a very "up" concluding look to the future.

Musically it's a delight, running from the mock blues intro through balladry to get-up-and-boogie. And Harper has coined some effective characters and expressions therein as a bridge between the eras and emotions in play, like "The Time Lords of the Slowly Revolution".

"I'm trying to get further into my own mind. Work's a great help towards that. I'm trying more and more to realise the majority of the things that I think all at once. It's very hard to explain it.

"I've just found in this last few months that I've gone a step deeper into myself than I thought was possible, so there are obviously a few more steps yet. I shall probably end up in old age being very weird indeed.

"I don't think I'm capable of astral projection actually, but I'm trying, and 'One Of Those Days In England' is in that cause. It's situated in a lot of places all at once."

I wonder if an artist's appeal to others is enhanced when he becomes more in tune with himself? Could be, if what we're looking at is something or has something we'd like to cop hold of too.

Because, funnily enough, that's when it doesn't really matter so much any more.

"I'm getting somewhere, but it's hard to say where. My whole being is less of a splintered entity."

Whole entities are always worth listening to.

Tchaikovsky, Debussy and Haydn would have listened to it. Tom, Dick and Harry can operate it.

Sony announces the impossible. A push-button, fully automatic music centre with a sound that satisfies the most demanding ears.

Its name is the Sony EX 2K.

Put a record on the turntable and press the "play" button. The EX 2K finds out for itself what size the record is, and automatically places the stylus at the beginning.

You don't have to lift tone arms; fiddle with cueing arms or twiddle knobs. You can even play the same record over and over again, simply by pressing the "repeat" button once.

The stereo cassette deck is just as foolproof. Insert cassette, press button, sit back and listen. Recording is no problem either.*

To listen to radio, press a button to select your wave-band and tune with the circular control.



A light tells you which wave-band you're on. Another light comes on when you're tuned to a stereo station.

That's just about all you need to know to operate the EX 2K. And in case you think hi-fi this simple isn't hi-fi at all, let us reassure you.

It sounds a good deal better than many systems made up of separate units.

The amplifier whacks out a healthy 40 watts.**

The speakers are the new passive radiator type. A great improvement on other small speakers, especially on the bass notes.

You get a servo controlled belt drive turntable, a magnetic cartridge, four wavebands and a tape select switch for either

normal or chromium-dioxide tapes.

And you can hear every instrument in the orchestra, from triangle to double bass bassoon.

But words alone can't do justice to the Sony EX 2K. Look and listen to it at your local Sony dealer. We don't think you'll be disappointed.

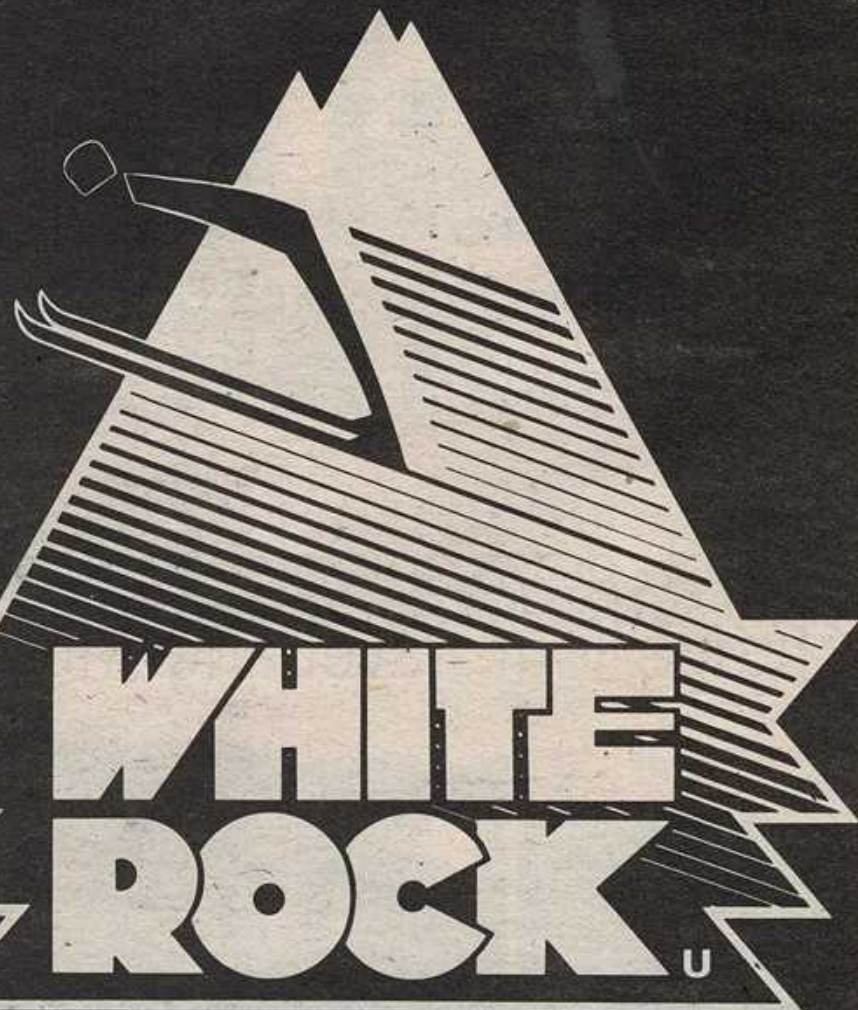
Even if your name is Tom, Dick, Harry, Haydn, Tchaikovsky or Debussy. **SONY.**

DON'T MISS THE CINEMA EVENT OF 1977!!!

The 1976 Melody Maker Poll Winners together in one Super Sensational Rock Package

A film by Tony Maylam.

THE FILM OF THE
XIITH WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES



FEATURING
James Coburn
AND THE
UNIQUE MUSIC CONCEPT OF
Rick Wakeman

Worldmark - Samuelson International Productions and Tony Smith
by arrangement with Harvey Goldsmith presents a film by Tony Maylam.
Genesis sound track recorded and Co-produced by David Hentschel
PANAVISION® TECHNICOLOR®
Distributed by EMI Film Distributors Ltd.

Written and Directed by TONY MAYLAM; Produced by MICHAEL SAMUELSON
Shueisha Publishing Company Limited, Japan Presents
A Film by Worldmark Productions Ltd. - Samuelson International.
FUJICOLOR® PANAVISION® TECHNICOLOR®
Distributed by EMI Film Distributors Ltd.



The original motion picture
soundtrack available on AMLH 64614



NOW ABC1 Shaftesbury Avenue
Tel: 836 8861 Licensed Bar

Daily Inc. Sun. 2.00, 5.20, 8.20.
Late Night Sat. 11.20.

ALL SEATS BOOKABLE

ALSO SHOWING

FOR ONE DAY ONLY WEDNESDAY FEB. 9 ABC DONCASTER *ABC NEWCENTRE BRISTOL *ABC LONDON RD. READING AND THURSDAY FEB. 10 VICTORIA1 CAMBRIDGE.

* LATE SHOW FEB. 11 & 12 (BRISTOL) * LATE SHOW FEB 11 ONLY (READING)

PLATTERS



TELEVISION Marquee Moon (Elektra/Asylum)

CUT THE crap, junior, he sez and put the hyperbole on ice.

I concur thus.

Sometimes it takes but one record — one cocksure magical statement — to cold-cock all the crapola and all-purpose wheatchaff mix 'n' match, to set the whole schmear straight and get the current state of play down down down to stand or fall in one dignified granite-hard focus.

Such statements, are precious indeed.

"Marquee Moon", the first legitimate album-release from Manhattan combo Television however is one: a 24-carat inspired and totally individualist creation which calls the shots on all the glib media pigeon-holing that's taken place predating its appearance; a work that at once makes a laughing stock of those ignorant clowns who have filed the band's work under the cretinous banner of "Punk-rock" or "Velvet Underground offshoot freneticism" or even (closer to home, maybe, but still way off the bulls-eye) "teeth-grinding psychotic rock" (Sister Ray and assorted sonic in-laws).

First things first.

This, Television's first album, is a record most adamantly not fashioned merely for the N.Y. avant-garde rock cognoscenti. It is a record for everyone who boasts a taste for a new exciting music expertly executed, finely in tune, sublimely arranged with a whole new slant on dynamics, chord structures centred around a totally invigorating passionate application to the vision of centre-pin mastermind Tom Verlaine.

Two years have now elapsed since the first rave notices drifted over the hot-line from down in the Bowery. Photos, principally those snapped when the mighty Richard Hell was in the band, backed up the gobbledegook but the music — well, somehow no-one really got to grips with defining that side of things so that each report carried with it a thumbnail sketch of what the listener could divine from the maelstrom.

Influences were flung at the reader, most omni-touted being guitarist / mastermind Verlaine's supposed immense debt to one Louis Reed circa "White Heat / White Light" — which meant teeth-gnashing ostrich gee-tar glissando and whining hyena vocals. You get the picture.

Above all, one presumed Television to be the aural epitome of junk-sick boys straight off the E.S.T. funny farm — psychotic reactions / narcotic contractions.

Hell split the scene mid-75 taking his black widow spider physique and blue-print anthem for the Blank Generation, leaving ex-buddy-boy Tom Verlaine to call all dem shots, abetted by fellow guitarist and all purpose West Coast pin-up boy Richard Lloyd, a

most unconventional new wave jazz-orientated drummer, name of Billy Ficca — plus Hell's replacement, the less visually imposing but more musically adept Fred Smith.

It's been a good two years now since Television got those first drooling raves — two long years which led one at times to believe that Verlaine's musical visions would never truly find solace encased within the glinting sheen of black vinyl.

The situation wasn't helped in the slightest by Island Records sending over Brian Eno and Richard Williams to invigilate over a premature session back in '75, the combination of the band's possible immaturity and Eno and Williams' understanding of what was needed to flesh out the songs recorded, resulting in the taping of four or five horrendously flat skeletal performances which gave absolutely no indication regarding the band's potential.

Following that snafu, Verlaine became, how you say, more than a little high-handed and downright eccentric in his dealings with other record companies and potential middle-man adversaries to the point where even those who quite desperately wished to sign him threw up their arms in despair of ever achieving such an end.

REPORTS filtering through the grapevine made Verlaine's behaviour seem like that of a madman. Even when the ink had dried on the contract Joe Smith signed with the band for Elektra Records late last year, Verlaine was apparently still so overwhelmed with paranoia that he activated a policy of never properly enunciating the lyrics to unrecorded songs in performance for fear that plagiarists might steal his lyrics before they'd been set to wax.

The only number he dared to sing close to the microphone at this point was "Little Johnny Jewel", the one-off cult single of '76, a bizarre morsel of highly sinister nonsense verse shaped around a quite remarkably lop-sided riff/dynamic which set off visions (at least to this listener's ears) of an aural equivalent to the visuals used in the German impressionist cinema meisterwerk "Dr Caligari's Cabinet", spliced in half (the track took up both sides of a 45 — labelled Parts 1 and 2) by a guitar solo which bore a distinct resemblance to, well, yes, to Country Joe and The Fish. Their first album, you know. The guitar pitch was exactly the same as that utilized by Barry Melton — fluid, mercury-like.

That's the thing about Television you've first got to come to terms with. Forget all that "New York sound" stuff. For starters, this music is the total antithesis of the Ramones, say, and all those minimalist aggregates. To call it Punk Rock is rather like describing Dostoevsky as a short-story writer.

This music itself is remarkably sophisticated, unworthy of even being paralleled to that of the original Velvet Underground whose combined instrumental finesse was practically a joke compared to what Verlaine and co. are cooking up here.

Each song is tirelessly conceived and arranged for maximum impact — the point where decent parallels really need to be made with the best West Coast groups. Early Love spring to mind, The Byrds' cataclysmic "Eight Miles High" period, a soupcon even of the Doors' mondo predilections plus the very cream of a whole plethora of those

Television's Tom Verlaine



JUST WATCH THIS SCREEN

NICK KENT raves about a
New Wave New York Boob Tube.

psychedelic-punk bands that only Lenny Kaye knows about.

Above all though the sound belongs most indubitably to Television, and the appearance of "Marquee Moon" at a time when rock is so hopelessly lost within the labyrinth of its own basic inconsequentiality that actual musical content has come to take a firm back-seat to "attitude" and all that word is supposed to signify is to these ears little short of revolutionary.

MY OPENING gambit about the album providing a real focus for the current state of rock bears a relevance simply because here at last is a band whose vision is centred quite rigidly within their music — not, say, in some half-baked notion of political manifestomongery with that trusty, thoroughly reactionary three chord back-drop to keep the whole scam buoyant.

Verlaine's appearance is simply as exciting as any other major innovator's to the sphere of rock — like Hendrix, Barrett, Dylan — and yeah,

Christ knows I'm tossing up some true-blue heavies here but Goddammit I refuse to repent right now because this record just damn excites me so much.

To the facts then — recorded in A & R Studios, New York, produced by Verlaine himself, with engineer Andy Johns keeping a watchful eye on the board and gaining co-production credits, the album lasts roughly three quarters of an hour and contains eight songs, most of which have been recorded in demo form at least twice (the Eno debacle to begin with, followed a year later by a reported superbly produced demo tape courtesy of the Blue Oyster Cult's Alan Lanier, which, at a guess, clinched the band's Elektra deal) and have been performed live innumerable times.

The wait has been worthwhile because the refining process instigated by those hesitant years has sculpted the songs into the masterpieces that are here present for all to peruse.

Side one makes no bones about making its presence felt, kicking off with the full-bodied thrust of "See No Evil". Guitars, bass and drums are strung together fitting tight as a glove clenched into a fist punching metal rivets of sound with the same manic abandon that typified the elegant ferocity of Love's early drive.

There is a real passion here — no half-baked metal cut and thrust — each beat reverberates to the base of the skull with Verlaine's voice — a unique ostrich-like pitch that might just start to grate on the senses (a la his ex-sweetheart one P. Smith) were it not so perfectly mixed into the grain of the rhythm. The chorus / climax is irresistible anyway — Verlaine crooning — "I understand destructive urges / They seem so imperfect ... I see ... I see no e-v-i-l-l."

The next song is truly something else. ("The arms of) Venus De Milo" is already a classic among those who've heard it even though it has only now been recorded. It's simply

one of the most beautiful songs I've ever heard: the only other known work I can think of to parallel it with is Dylan's "Mr Tambourine Man" — yup, it's that exceptional.

Only with Television's twin guitar filigree weaving around the melody it sounds like some dream synthesis of Dylan himself backed by the Byrds' circa '65. It's really damn hard to convey just how gorgeous this song is — the performance, all these incredible touches like the call-and-response Lou Reed parody.

The song itself is like Dylan's "Tambourine," a vignette of a sort dealing with a dream-like quasi-hallucinogenic state of epiphany.

"You know it's all like some new kind of drug / My senses are not and my hands are like gloves! ... Broadway looks so medieval like a flap from so many pages ... As I fell sideways laughing with a friend from many stages."

"Friction" is probably the most readily accessible track from this album simply because, with its fairly anarchic, quasi-Velvets feel plus (all important) Verlaine's most pungent methedrine guitar fret-board slaughter, here it'll represent the kind of thing all those weaned on the hype and legend without hearing one note from Television will be expecting.

It's good, no more, no less — bearing distinct cross-breeding with the manic slant sited on "Johnny Jewel" without the latter's insidiousness. "Friction" is just that — throwaway lyrics — "diction / friction" etc. — those kind of throwaway rhymes, vicious instrumentation and a perfect climax which has Verlaine vengefully spelling out the title "F-R-I-C-T-I-O-N" slashing his guitar for punctuation.

IT'S DOWN to the album's title track to provide the side's twin feat with "Venus De Milo". Conceived at a time when rock tracks lasting over ten minutes are somewhere sunk deep below the subterranean depths of contempt, "Marquee Moon" is as riveting a piece of music as I've heard since the halcyon days of ... oh, God knows too many years have elapsed.

Everything about this piece is startling, from what can only be described as a kind of futuristic on-beat (i.e. reggae though you'd have to listen damn hard to catch it) built on Verlaine's steely rhythm chopping against Lloyd's intoxicating counterpoint.

Slowly a story unfurls — a typically surreal Verlaine ghost story — involving Cadillac pulling up in graveyards and disembodied arms beckoning the singer to get in while "lightning struck itself" and various twilight loony rejects from "King Lear" (that last bit's my own fight of fancy, by the way) babbling crazy retorts to equally crazy questions.

The lyrics mean little, I would guess, by themselves, but as a scenario for the music here they become utterly compelling. The song's structure is practically unlike anything I've ever heard before. It transforms from a strident two chord construction to a breathtakingly beautiful chord progression which acts as a motif / climax for the narrative until the music takes over altogether.

The band build on some wierd Eastern modal scales not unlike those used in the extended improvised break of Fairport Convention's "A Sailor's Life" on "Unhalfbricking".

Continues over page

From over page

ing". The guitar solo — either Lloyd or Verlaine — even bears exactly the same tone as Richard Thompson's. The instrumentation reaches a dazzling frenzied peak before dispersing into tiny droplets of electricity and Verlaine concludes his ghostly narrative as the song ends with that majestic minor chord motif.

"Marquee Moon" is the perfect place to draw attention to the band's musical assets. Individually each player is superb — not in the stereotyped sense of one who has spent hour upon hour over the record player dutifully apeing solo, riffs, embellishments but in that of only a precious few units — Can is the only band that spring to mind here at the moment.

Each player has striven to create his own style. Verlaine's guitar solos take the feed-back sonic 'accidents' that Lou Reed fell upon in his most fruitful period and has fashioned a whole style utilizing also, if I'm not mistaken, the staggeringly innovative Jim McGuinn staccato-free-form runs spotlighted on the hideously underrated "Fifth Dimension" album (which no one, McGuinn included, has ever bothered to develop).

He takes these potentially cataclysmic ideas and rigorously shapes them into a potential total redefinition of the electric guitar. As far as I'm concerned, as of this moment, Verlaine is probably the most exciting electric lead guitar player barring only Neil Young.

As it is, Verlaine's solo constructions are always unconventional, forever delving into new areas, never satisfied with referring back to formulas. Patti Smith once told me, by the way, that Verlaine religiously spends 12 hours a day practising his guitar playing in his room to Pablo Casals records.

Richard Lloyd is the perfect foil for Verlaine. Another fine musician, his more fluid conventional pitching and manic rhythm work is the perfect complimentary force and his contribution demands to be recognised for the power it possesses.

Bassist Smith is always in there holding down the undertow of the music. He emerges only when his presence is required — yet again, a superb player but next to Verlaine, it's drummer Billy Ficca, visually the least impressive of all members standing aside the likes of cherub-faced Lloyd and super-aesthetic Verlaine, who truly astonishes.

Basically a jazz drummer, Ficca's adoption of Television's majestic musical mutations as flesh-to-be-pulsed-out makes his pyrotechnics quite unique. Delicate but firm, he seems to be using every portion of his kit most of the time without ever being overbearing. As one who knows little or nothing about drumming, I can only express a quiet awe at the inventiveness behind his technique.

Individual accolades apart, the band's main clout lays in their ability to function as one and perhaps the best demonstration of this can be found in "Elevation", side two's opening gambit and, with "Venus", probably this record's most immediately suitable choice for a single.

Layer upon layer of gentle boulevard guitar makes itself manifest until Lloyd holds the finger-picked melody together and Verlaine sings in that by now well accustomed hyena croon.

The song again is beautiful, proudly contagious with a chorus that lodges itself in your subconscious like a bullet in the skull — "Elevation come go to my head" repeated thrice until on the third line a latent ghost — like voice transmutes "Elevation" into "Television".

Guitars cascade in and out of the mix so perfectly.

"Guiding Light" is reflective, stridently poetic — a hymn for aesthetes — which, complete with piano, reminds me slightly of Procol Harum in excelsis.

"Prove It", the following track, is another potential single. Verlaine as an asthmatic ostrich-voice Sam Spade — "This case . . . this case I've been working on so long". And of course that chorus which I still can't hesitate quoting — "Prove it / Just the facts / Confidential".

From Chandler, Television move to Hitchcock — at least for the title of the last song on this album. "Torn Curtain" is one of Verlaine's most recent creations — a most melancholy composition again reminiscent in part of a Procol Harum song although the timbre of Verlaine's voice is the very antithesis of Gary Booker's world weary tones.

A song of grievous circumstances (as with so many of Verlaine's lyrics), the facts — cause and effect — remain enigmatically sheltered from the listener. The structure is indeed strange, like some Bavarian funeral march — with Verlaine's vocals at their most yearning. The song is compelling though I couldn't think of a single number written in the rock idiom I could possibly compare it to.

SO THAT'S it. "Marquee Moon", released mid-February in America and probably the beginning of March here. I think it's a work of genius and had Charlie Murray not done that whole number about "first albums this good being pretty damn hard to come across" with Patti Smith's "Horses" last year then I would have pulled the same stunt for this one.

Suffice to say — oh listen, it's released on Elektra, right, and it reminded me, just how

great that label used to be. I mean, this is Elektra's best record since . . . "Strange Day". And (apres moi, le deluge, kiddo) I reckon Tom Verlaine's probably the single most important rock singer / songwriter / guitarist of his kind since Syd Barrett, which is my credibility probably blown for the rest of the year. But still . . .

If this review needs to state anything in big bold, black type it's simply this. "Marquee Moon" is an album for everyone whatever their musical creeds and/or quirks. Don't let any other critic put you off with jive turkey terms like 'avant-garde' or 'New York psycho-rock'.

This music is passionate, full-blooded, dazzlingly well-crafted, brilliantly conceived and totally accessible to anyone who (like myself) has been yearning for a band with the vision to break on through into new dimensions of sonic overdrive and the sheer ability to back it up.

Listening to this album reminds me of the ecstatic passion I received when I first heard "Eight Miles High" and "Happenings Ten Years Ago" — before terms like progressive / art rock became synonymous with baulking pretensions and clumsy, crude syntheses of opposite forms.

In a year's time, when all the current three-chord golden boys have fallen from grace right into the pit to become a parody of "Private Eye's" apeing of moron rock bands — Spiggy Topes and The Turds Live at the Roxy — Tom Verlaine and Television will be out there hanging fire, cruising meteorite-like with their fretboards pointed directly at the music of the spheres.

Prove it? They've already done it right here with this their first album. All you've got to do is listen and levitate along with it.

Nick Kent



NIK COHN in "Awop-bopaloobop" described "The Doors" as "dire". In the same pages he portrays P. J. Proby as "magnificent", so you can tell where his head was at.

As chroniclers of the perplexed Human Empire in decline, The Doors say more than some Texan with a ponytail. As rock and rollers they're better to dance to. As heroes they won't let you down.

Jim Morrison especially won't let you down. One of nature's aristocrats, physically perfect and essentially malevolent, he dominates the first album's sinisterly simple sleeve. John Densmore and Robby Krieger and Ray Manzarek were never more hollow-eyed and unappetizing, but Morrison is already the dream of which delusions are made.

"I'm interested in anything about revolt, chaos, disorder, especially activity that has no meaning. It seems to me to be the road to freedom".

So said Jim, conscious of the Kleig lights monitoring his every move, to the choreography of Paul A. Rothchild carving out anew the cliched niche of Celine in blue jeans that Kerouac and Dean sculpted before him.

Listening to Jim Morrison, always the showman supreme; was already akin to gazing into the eyes of the one you love, only to comprehend that the reason they're returning your besotted stare is because

they're getting off so good on their own reflection.

The Doors initially barnstormed the consciousness of a generation with the first legally recorded statement of the philosophy. "Break On Through (To The Other Side)" Morrison tore down barricades with a voice like curtains of thunder, Manzarek's organ stamped everything as indelibly as blood and John Densmore's drumming kept everything tight.

A deceptively reticent, catchy, shifting acid samba of satcheting riffs building up to a ripple of icy crescendos — "Everybody loves my baby!" — it was tinged with hints of hidden shallows yet to come.

Helter-skelter treasure-trove pleasure-seekers in the process of being driven ecstatically insane by the flowers of their own psyche, The Doors were still essentially romantic — "I found an island in your arms, country in your eyes" — even in the bone-crunching throes of transcendental alienation.

The port after the storm, "Soul Kitchen", was an uptight cool exercise in spiralling incendiary persistence. The time-bomb scenario was Sunset Strip capsizing into a moonlit nightmare, the streets seen as wise-guy minefields ready to self-destruct at the merest hostile nuance.

"The cars crawl past all stuffed with eyes . . . still one place to go" Pictures seen through the wreaths of gold-

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

Flight Log



Definitive, vintage Airplane!
21 tracks covering ten great years
of Jefferson Airplane/Starship

CYL2 1255 also available on tape
2 record set including 12 page booklet

GRUNY
Marketed by RCA

The Doors' Debut — After Such Knowledge What Forgiveness?

filter black Russian cigarette smoke of Morrison the kerb-crawling snake-charmer at half-throttle, backed by the numb neon drum beat of Densmore.

The glacial passion of "The Crystal Ship" saw Morrison as the voyageur exploring the hollowness of the only possible escape route. Manzarek's organ as sedate for the Wedding March yet with added harem sensuality. Morrison was Sinatra beneath a white Etruscan balcony "Oh tell me where your freedom lies, the streets are fields that never die. Deliver me from reasons why you'd rather cry — I'd rather fly" Everyone's epitaph of too many girls, too many thrills, too many journeys on the crystal ship to no man's land, in which day becomes night and night becomes an alibi.

"The days are bright, and filled with pain ..." Morrison said in eight words what Rimbaud failed to say in all the Alexandrine glory of "The Drunken Boat".

"20th Century Fox" was a shrewd, not untender under-view of a lean, lame American minx to the taunts of timeless, tireless guitars like nerves plucked with a plectrum.

"She's a 20th Century Fox — got the world locked up inside a plastic box" — Miss Modern America in all her head-tossing, butt-switching, tail-chasing, dust-raising mortality.

Weill-Brecht's "Alabama Song (Whiskey Bar)", which started life as a satire of sinful Western society, a high-

kicking rouged and corsetted burlesque line reminiscent of Christopher Isherwood's Berlin, became on Morrison's lips a hymn of hedonism — or maybe we're the suckers and Jim knew more than everyone reckoned.

To the ambience of a fair-ground ferris wheel and a deceptively harmless honky-tonk organ, Morrison rang every last histrionic nuance from the nursery rhyme chimes hiding the hell-for-leather psychological addiction of girls and whiskey or an unearthly mutation of the two. The Doors examined humanity's touching faith in anaesthetic as the only means of existence.

"O show me the way to the next little girl, O don't ask why, for if we don't find the next little girl, I tell you we must die" Morrison as ringmaster with top hat and whip, the comforts of capitalism writhing under the lash of his tongue.

"Light My Fire" was the killer that seduced an American generation into a million apocalyptic orgasms. Sexy black leather animal Jim, acceptable as long as he used metaphors and didn't flash anything. "The time to hesitate is through, no time to wallow in the mire ..." Morrison's innocently cajoling vocals made you an offer you couldn't refuse while hosing a gun to your head. It worked, and young America was sold.

"Light My Fire" became the Number One of July '67, edited for public consumption, and later bastardised countless times by grossly incompetent

cabaret singers.

Morrison and Manzarek duel relentlessly for the laurels of Cool and exploding comet ricochet chords echo the self-destructive quality of The Doors themselves.

Love me or I'll kill myself? Love me and I'll kill myself. Death and love go hand in glove. Jim gave you the long instrumental improvisation in which to make your decision, running the gauntlet of guitars, organs and drums to the eventual relief of his voice waiting on the other side — confirmation in 6.50 minutes of suicide pact rendezvous extravaganza that sex and death were the only things life ever had to offer.

No time to wallow in the mire as America the Beautiful came to rest on a funeral pyre.

Side two opened with Willie Dixon's "Back Door Man", Morrison becoming the evil nigger feared by white men and yearned for against their better judgement by white women.

"The men don't know, but the little girls understand" The Doors sound totally unlike themselves, dragging their feet through hot swamps, tasting the sawdust on bar-room floors, Morrison wailing like a voodoo werewolf. "You men eat your dinner, eat your pork and beans ... I eat more chicken any man ever seen ..." They were right to fear him.

"I Looked At You" could have been taken as 2.18 minutes of cryptic trivia, were it not that The Doors cryptic trivia ran rings around



Jim Morrison: "Some Are Born To The Endless Night."

everyone else's profound meisterworks. Even in such a flirtatious mood the apocalypse snaps at their heels. "And we're on our way, no we can't turn back ... 'cos it's too late, too late, to late to turn back" — The galloping bass on the one-way dirt track to suicidal adoration sounds like a wing-heeled freight train flying down to Hades.

Morrison was innocent and vain, casual as assassination, and the melody whirled like a carousel, false stops like cold logic. You didn't give Morrison you fraternity pin, you sold him your soul. All or nothing.

Morrison was the dream date, the dry ice silent drive along the freeway to park at the end of the dark in "End Of The Night". The guitars like vibrato stalagmites conjured

up visions of damned and transitory bliss, of hot desperate trysts up countless flights of cold metal Tennessee Williams tenement stairs.

"Some are born to sweet delight ... Some are born to the endless night ...". No one born to sweet delight could ever really dig The Doors. Morrison knew where the kids who loved him were at. They loved him as voyeurs, because he took their thrills and spills for them while they sat safely in their rooms or auditoriums. After such knowledge, what forgiveness?

Sleaze's answer to "Turn, Turn, Turn", Morrison seemed to be subscribing to T. S. Eliot's theory that there was "time to murder and create" in "Take It As It Comes".

"Take it easy, baby!" warned Jim, smiling sadly for a law he could not obey, the

barely restrained anticipation in his voice and his wildly sybaritic persona at odds with his all-things-in-moderation lyrics. Nevertheless it worked, probably struck a chord in the frenetic psychedelic quagmire of 1967.

"Go real slow, you like it more and more, take it as it comes, specialize in having fun!"

"The Doors" closed with "The End", ostensibly the piece-de-resistance which got them fired from the Los Angeles Whiskey A GoGo club. Morrison was now an angel-faced leather Oedipus in a Roman wilderness of pain, with a voice as desolate as the twilight ruins of the Parthenon reflecting the half-hearted melancholy anarchy of the insane children of the Love Generation, everything torn down and nothing at hand to replace it with; "This is The End, beautiful friend, This is The End, my only friend, The End."

Maybe a serenade to Nico, "The End" was redolent of "Venus In Furs" in its serenity through chaos, signified by a sob like pain yet more tortuous. Morrison's screams cut the night like the razor-edge between pain and pleasure in a journey to the wrong side of the tracks and a subterranean danger zone, chilled delirium and dicks on Route 66.

"It hurts to set you free, but you'll never follow me ..."

"The Doors" is widely thought to be The Doors definitive album. In many ways it's also the definitive album of the era which still malingers on. Jim Morrison, the rebel in the pauper's grave with no cross or headstone or cold marble angels, epitomized the nervous malaise of America.

"The Doors" was so sublime that down was the only unconquered territory.

It hurts, and you can dance to it.

Julie Burchill

HAVE BAND WILL TRAVEL

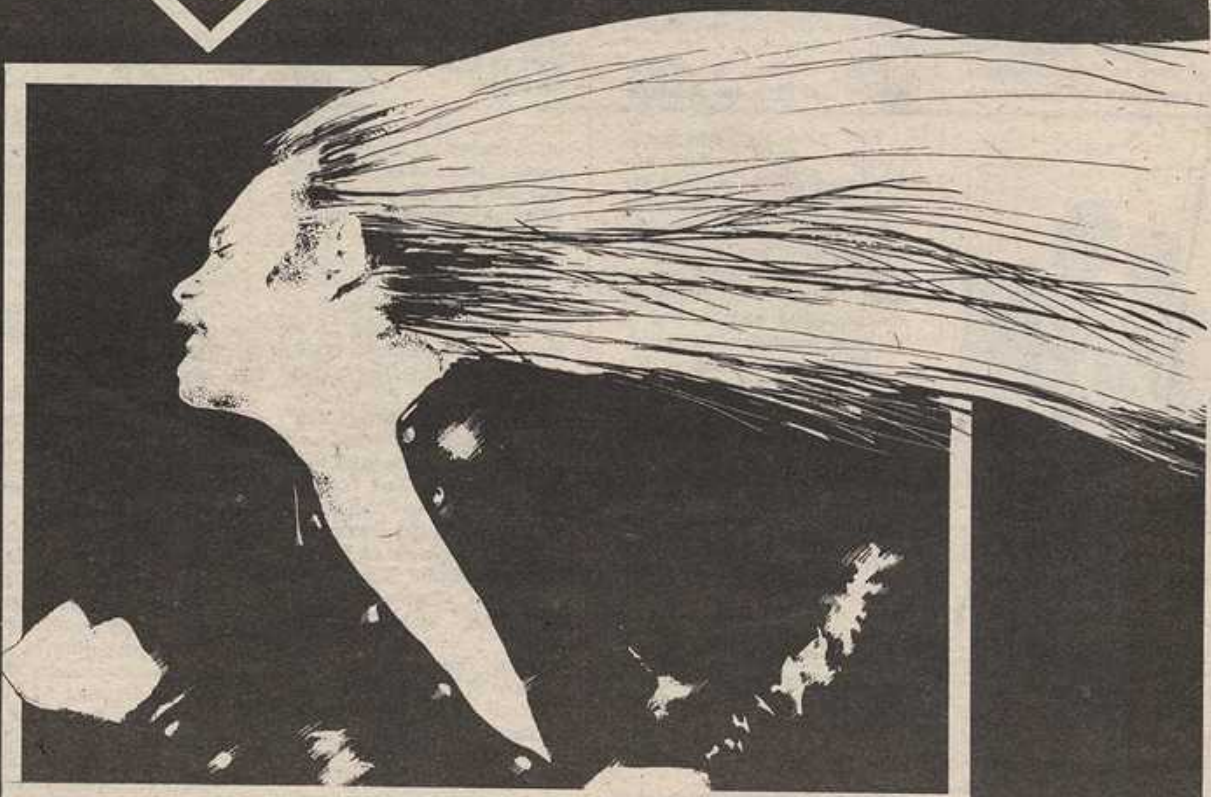
A 10" LP?

**"You must be joking!"
says a dealer**

'Have Band Will Travel' is the George Hatcher Band's debut headline tour.

To celebrate this tour United Artists records release on Feb 18th a very limited edition 10" L.P. — with over 19 minutes of 'live' playing time — at the special low price of only 99p (RRP inc. VAT).

EXP 100  UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS



FEBRUARY

2nd NEWPORT Stowaways Club

3rd SWANSEA Circles Club

4th GLASGOW Hamilton College

5th EDINBURGH Herriot Watt College

6th ABERDEEN Gordon Hotel

7th EDINBURGH Tiffanys Hotel

9th LONDON Marquee

11th STAFFORD College Of Further Education

12th MANCHESTER Electric Circus

13th SHEFFIELD Top Rank

14th DONCASTER Outlook Club

17th BRANSFORD Bankhouse

18th BURTON ON TRENT '76 Club

25th BROMLEY Saxon Tavern

26th DUDLEY JB's Club

27th LONDON Roundhouse

MARCH

1st BRIGHTON Top Rank

4th WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette Club

5th WIGAN Casino

6th CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall

7th LONDON Marquee

10th DERBY Tiffanys

11th RETFORD Porterhouse

12th BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's



Bobby Womack: They expect me to sing and read?

WOMACK & BUTLER SOUL SURVIVORS

BOBBY WOMACK:

Home Is Where The Heart Is (CBS)
JERRY BUTLER:
Suite For The Single Girl (Motown)
BOTH THESE men are soul veterans who have survived about 20 years in the dodgiest business in Christendom, beginning in gospel-styled R&B groups and emerging through their writing and vocal skill as solo stars.

They are members of that rare breed who not only entertain the public but give pleasure to their peers; singers/singers who are coincidentally recognised as all-round nice guys.

Finally, throughout all the twists and turns of their respective careers they've retained their integrity and individuality — no mean feat, particularly in these dreary days of anonymous disco slaves.

Both men are basically romantics, but there's more to it than that.

Womack generally sounds like he's hot to trot, though he also frequently sounds zonked. Probably a bit of a stud on the quiet he gets impassioned in the emotional heat of the moment and likes to wrap his throaty notes around a vibrant scream now and again. He's given to ignoring the established rules of the record biz by introducing or interrupting his songs with stumbling monologues. For all of his blatant ostentation (his own *Rolls Royce* pictured on an album sleeve for instance) he's still a street brother at heart.

Butler is more refined, carries himself with the air of a real gent. Not for nothing was he nicknamed The Ice Man. But don't take that to mean he's frigid. On the contrary, he's real sensual — just cool with it. Upfront though. Not one of your pseudo-smoothies is this man, he's pukka through

and through.

This is his second album under his contract with Motown and has been totally supervised by Butler to create a much more satisfactory whole.

It's that dubious animal, a concept album, but don't let that put you off. Within the overall picture of the Modern Miss (who's the subject), lie a pleasing and cohesive variety of moods, each deftly handled by Butler who is singing better than ever.

The opening title track is a smoochy ballad that introduces the girl and describes her situation, a narrative if you like, as is the disco-styled "Ms. Fine", which contrasts the reality of her life with what she'd like to be doing.

"I Wanna Do It To You" and "What A Pleasant Surprise" are respectively another ballad and a subtle reggae-sound sung directly to the girl as though by a couple of lovers, and when she's been shucked off again, it's a big brother figure who sympathetically advises: "Chalk It Up To Experience".

On side two, the girl's fantasies of stardom as a singer and actress are dreamily explored and destroyed in "Music In Her Dreams" and "Only Pretty Girls Are In The Movies" (far too syrupy these) before the final two tracks introduce an optimistic note, telling her to get away from the daily grind and start believing in herself.

Yes, it is straight out of *Woman's Own* and if it hadn't been performed by Jerry Butler, I wouldn't give it house-room. However, he's sounding so good that he remains one of the few easy listening singers who's truly easy to enjoy. It's that elusive element called soul that makes all the difference.

Bobby Womack is undoubtedly a soul man, for although

he too occasionally interprets MOR material (like "We've Only Just Begun" on this album) his undisciplined technique, or lack of technique, always makes him sound like he's expressing his own emotions.

For this, his first on CBS, he's returned to Muscle Shoals Sound Studios — source of most of his finest recordings — and produced what is arguably his most consistent album to date.

It's all delivered with that husky intimacy which makes the listener feel a part of the session, like you're tucked somewhere in the corner of the studio watching a bunch of friends celebrate their musical and spiritual empathy with spontaneous accord. At least, that's my fantasy.

On the rugged side, "Standing In The Safety Zone" (the unused title track of a previous, UA, album) employs The Ohio Players' "Skin Tight" bass pattern and Mac Rice's "I Could Never Be Satisfied" is driven by a similar riff to Johnnie Taylor's "Who's Making Love" and "I Could Never Be President". But even if derivative they're still great.

Phillip Mitchell — an under-publicised talent who's composed a lot for amongst others Millie Jackson — contributes the title track and "Something For My Head". These are both better than average songs which, with "How Long", are arranged to approximate disco rhythms while retaining the overall feel of Womack's familiar brand of southern rock 'n' soul.

In gentler mood, Womack once again remembers the late Sam Cooke with a poignant version of "A Change Is Gonna Come".

If you were disheartened by the man's last couple of UA releases, now is the time to perk up again. He's right back on form. **Cliff White**

This is all well and good, except the gentlemanly middle-aged good old boys are two of the great historical figures of guitar playing. Indeed so great that guitars made to their specifications and then commercially manufactured became two of the most popular in the world.

They're not sitting in the front porch either. They're actually in Nashville's most sophisticated recording studio, and every note, fluff, joke, comment, cough and good-natured verbal exchange is being preserved with a production of crystalline clarity.

The approach is as laid back as you can get without nodding off.

I suppose the record is a slice of history but, like I said, it's not a record you hear every day of the week or, I'm afraid, really want to. **Mick Farren**

SON OF MORRIS ON ASHLEY HUTCHINGS & FRIENDS

(Harvest Heritage)

Almost alone, Ashley Hutchings has been trying to

turn contemporary audiences on to traditional English dance music. "Morris On" five years ago was the most popular, and although Hutchings' musical and verbal histories of the dance — "Compleat Dancing Master" and "Rattlebone & Ploughjack" — must have lost out on sales because of the inclusion of narrative tracks, they were interesting experiments.

"Son Of Morris On", although not as adventurous as its predecessors, is a far more straightforward and commercial album, celebrating the undeniably catchy dance tunes with a bunch of ex-Fairport players, Martin Carthy and Hutchings' wife Shirley Collins wassailing for all they're worth.

With Fairport a mere shadow of their former selves, Richard Thompson a Muslim recluse and Steeleye an out and out rock band, Ashley Hutchings is one of the few people recording commercially today trying to interest people in traditional music.

"Son Of Morris On" is a testament that he is willing to stand firm by his decision to play indigenous English dance

tunes, directed as much at a rock as folk audience.

The electricity throughout the album is muted with only Hutchings' bass and Simon Nicol's guitar high-lighting the natural rhythms of the songs, as opposed to the overkill approach frequently adopted.

The songs on this new album have been lovingly collected over the years, and what they lack in freeform atonal playing or innovatory time changes, they make up for with a naive charm and undeniable rural simplicity.

The highest praise I can give "Son Of Morris On" is that whenever I play it, I can imagine myself watching a troupe of Wiltshire Morris Men outside a Wadsworth's pub, a glass of 6X in hand, dancing their clogs off all on a summer evening, and I can't say that about Bowie's "Low". **Patrick Humphries**



LEON REDBONE

Double Time
(Warner Bros.)

THIS RECORD is the work of a devout traditionalist and walking, talking, yodelling anachronism. Leon Redbone is less concerned with cooking old time ingredients in a contemporary stew than with presenting the raw matter as it was before the internal combustion engine.

He's already carved himself a comfortable niche across the water by purveying a brand of singing and playing considered to be dying out with its original practitioners. It's easy to see why.

It's an intoxicating dream and should you take "Double Time" to your heart you're running the risk of developing disconcerting habits like cakewalking from room to room and drawing on long cigars while bemoaning the outrageous price of snuff.

The skeletal facts. Bob Dylan reckons that if he owned a record company, Redbone would be his first signing. Nobody knows where he comes from or who he really is. His age has been estimated at somewhere between 20 and 60 and he encourages mystique, covering his visage with sunglasses and exotic headgear. His idolatry of the late Jimmie Rodgers has been carried through to the extent of dressing up in full Singing Brakeman garb for the sleeve of "On The Track", his first album. Not a lot, is it?

The songs that he chooses to exercise his ridiculously dark brown croon on are nothing but purest corn; hokey sing-along, New Orleans second line steppers, hearts-on-sleeves Broadway romances and Delta Blues laments.

The lack of aggression is disarming in itself. He even cut "Polly Wolly Doodle" on his last and follows it undeterred this time with "Shine On Harvest Moon". He pulls it off near perfectly and "Double Time" is one of those records for which the word charm was invented.

At its best his laconic delivery exudes Deep South atmosphere, assuredly tripping through things like Blind Blake's "Diddy Wa Diddy" or the traditional "Mr Jelly Roll Baker". His innate respect for swing perfectly offsets the delicate syncopation of a superb horn section under the direction of jazzman Al Cohn.

Not that an artist of his kind can resist playing the occasional game at the expense of his work, laying on the lugubrious scat too thick at times, notably on a stupid zip through "Sheik of Araby"; he caricatures himself into the ground. It's a tighter and more satisfactory set than the first. **David Hepworth**

GONG

Gazeuse! (Virgin)

ALLAN HOLDSWORTH
Velvet Darkness
(CTI) (import)

THE PRESENT Gong lineup includes only three of the members of the line up on the last album "Shamal". They are Didier Malherbe, Mireille Bauer and Pierre Moerlen.

The strength of "Shamal" came in part from the space created by producer Nick Mason and from the restricted use of guitars. Gong always seem to get swamped by guitars and this new album is a case in point.

Allan Holdsworth dominates, except when they are playing charted material, and inadvertently turns the rest of Gong into backing musicians. This happens during Pierre Moerlen's opening track "Expresso" but is really apparent on the Holdsworth number "Night Illusion".

He is a fine guitarist with a very characteristic sound: wandering progressions which abruptly change direction — notes which are sometimes sustained for seconds and lines which frequently end in a dizzy cascade.

This track can't help sounding similar to Soft Machine who Holdsworth was once with, playing on their "Bundles" album for which he wrote a couple of numbers. With Gong his numbers sound too cerebral. I'm not asking for a return of the flying T-pots, anything but that, but a tongue-in-cheek humour and lightness of touch which I associate with their music.

"Percussions" Parts 1 and 2 seemed to me to be the most satisfactory tracks because here Gong's subtle combination of rhythmic and melodic elements using percussion are presented at their best. Mireille plays marimba and with Beniot and Pierre Moerlen on vibra; they make an extraordinary rhythmic repeating fabric from a haunting endless melody which underpins Pierre's drum solos.

Side two begins with "Shadows Of", another eight minutes of extended Holdsworth soloing but with breaks now and then to let Mireille play some vibes. Didier's flute is too mixed down to be fully appreciated.

"Eshuria" is a friendly exercise in building up a time structure then playing round, in and out of it and includes some fine bass playing from Francis Moze with Mireille playing beautiful marimba — who knows, the Baha Marimba Band might break in Europe yet... Moze also authored "Mireille" on which he plays some moody piano.

Despite the psychedelic sleeve and free poster, the album represents a shift into a more cerebral realm — closer to jazz rock that I'd like to see them go, caused in part by lack of vocals. This is an already crowded field and I doubt if they would find much grazing space if they opt for it.

It's a pleasant album and gets better the more you play it but after the magnificent "Shamal" I can't help feeling a tinge of disappointment.

I'm not laying the blame on Allan Holdsworth — much of his playing is brilliant and very enjoyable. If they were all that strong there would be no problem.

Allan's solo album, on the other hand, does present problems. Its title track, "Velvet Darkness" is "Night Illusion" on the Gong album under another name (or maybe vice versa), except that here it is some how pompous.

The album has serious flaws, the main one being that Holdsworth is just not ready for a solo album.

He hasn't enough good material to last out the time. The album is padded with inconsequential acoustic numbers which, though mildly pleasant, just go to prove that Holdsworth is not Julian Bream, Paco de Lucia or Ry Cooder. **Miles**

FROM THE WOOD TO THE WORLD.

February

1st
Capitol
Aberdeen

2nd
Apollo
Glasgow

3rd
City Hall
Newcastle

4/5th
Apollo
Manchester
(formerly ABC)

6th
Odeon
Birmingham

7th
Empire
Liverpool

9th
Gaumont
Southampton

11/12/13th
HAMMER-
SMITH
ODEON

14th
Colston Hall
Bristol

TULL ON
TOUR
SOLD OUT

In Concert on
'Sight and Sound'
BBC2 and
simultaneous
broadcast on
Radio One VHF
Stereo on
Saturday,
February 19th,
6.30 pm.

Chrysalis
Records & Tapes



CHET ATKINS AND LES PAUL

Chester And Lester (RCA)
WELL NOW, this isn't exactly the kind of record that you hear every day of the week.

Just imagine these two gentlemanly, polite, good old boys sitting out on the front porch. The heat of the day is just mellowing down to the cool of the evening, and they've taken their axes out and are getting down to some relaxed cracker-barrel picking.

It may not make you want to jump up and beat your feet, but it's a pleasant enough kind of thing to hear drifting across the still, heavy air.



Jethro Tull present 'Songs from the Wood'. A new album of Old Magic.

'Songs from the Wood'

It's inspired by the thought that perhaps nature isn't as gentle as we'd like to believe.

And it takes as its theme the natural and supernatural inhabitants of the

woodlands of old England.

Warm and friendly, harsh and bitter by turns it includes 'Ring out Solstice Bells' as well as Tull's new single, 'The Whistler' and seven other songs.

Find a quiet spot and listen to it soon.



CHR 1132


Chrysalis
Records & Tapes

The NME/Virgin Record Stores RocksOffer

KNOW THE RULES? Thought you did. We'll repeat them nevertheless. The first 30 albums listed are our selection of interesting, exciting, possibly dynamic, new releases, and can all be obtained from Virgin record shops throughout the U.K. at a discount of 70p.

Those albums on the second list can also be obtained at a discount of 70p., but only if you produce the special Rocksoffer discount voucher in the bottom left-hand corner of the page.

Since the NME agreement with Virgin record shops expires this week, this is your last chance to take advantage of the Rocksoffer scheme; if, however, some of the albums on the top list (for example, the Pink Floyd) are not released on time, the offer will remain valid until such time as they are released.



70p Off Top 30 NME New Releases

THE BABYS
The Babys
BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND
A-A-Ah The Name Is Bootsy
BOSTON
Boston
DAVID BOWIE
Low
BURLESQUE
Acupuncture
CHARLIE DANIELS BAND
High Lonesome
KEVIN COYNE
In Living Black And White
GENTLE GIANT
Live
EMMYLOU HARRIS
Luxury Liner
HEART
Dreamboat Annie

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE
Flight Log 66-76
JOURNEY
Next
KANSAS
Leftover
LEO KOTTKE
Leo Kottke
UDO LINDENBERG
Panic
KATE AND ANNA McGARRIGLE
Dancer With Bruised Knees
JOHNNY NASH
What a Wonderful World
PHIL OCHS
Chords Of Fame
PINK FLOYD
Animals
ELVIS PRESLEY
In Demand

PURE PRAIRIE LEAGUE
Dance
LEON REDBONE
Double Time
I. ROY
Musical Shark Attack
SAHB (WITHOUT ALEX)
Fourplay
THE SHADOWS
20 Golden Greats
STREETWALKERS
Vicious But Fair
UNDISPUTED TRUTH
Method To The Madness
UTOPIA
Ra
BOBBY WOMACK & BROTHERHOOD
Home Is Where The Heart Is
Z.Z. TOP
Tejus

**This week's Special RocksOffer,
only available to NME readers.**

JOAN BAEZ
Diamonds And Rust
BEACH BOYS
20 Golden Greats
THE BEATLES
Revolver
DAVID BOWIE
Hunky Dory
Station To Station
THE DOORS
The Doors
Weird Scenes Inside The Goldmine

DR. FEELGOOD
Stupidity
BOB DYLAN
Blood On The Tracks
Desire
More Bob Dylan Greatest Hits
ARETHA FRANKLIN
Aretha's Gold
GRATEFUL DEAD
American Beauty
KATE AND ANNA McGARRIGLE
Kate and Anna McGarrigle

GRAHAM PARKER & RUMOUR
Heat Treatment
THE RAMONES
The Ramones
TODD RUNDGREN
Todd
A Wizard A True Star
THE WHO
A Quick One/The Who Sell Out
NEIL YOUNG
On The Beach

**You can only find these bargains at Virgin Records.
The company that put music back into record stores.**

Virgin Stores at

London: 9, Marble Arch, W1. 108, New Oxford St. WC1., under the shadow of Centrepoint. 130, Notting Hill Gate, W11. Nottingham: 7, King St. Plymouth: 131, Cornwall St. Sheffield: 137, The Moor. Leeds: 20, Queen Victoria St. Liverpool: 169, Market Way, St. John's Centre. Manchester: 9, Lever St. Newcastle: 10&12, High Friars, Eldon Sq. Glasgow: 308-11, Argyle St. Hull: 5&6, Mill St., Prospect Centre. Birmingham: 74, Bull St. Bradford: 37, Arndale Mall, Kirkgate. Coventry: 11, City Arcade. Edinburgh: 18a, Frederick St. Southampton: 16 Bargate St. Swansea: 34, Union St. Brighton: 126, North St. Bristol: 2a, The Haymarket.



Virgin/NME RocksOffer
Take this voucher to any Virgin Record store to get
70p OFF
the recommended price of any album
in this week's Special RocksOffer.
Hurry, this voucher is only valid until
9th February 1977.
One album per voucher.
One voucher per album.



Tender tribute

PHIL OCHS

Chords Of Fame (A & M)
SINCE I knew Phil there is no way in which I can review this album objectively. In fact the damn thing brought tears to my eyes the first time I played it.

If you didn't buy Phil's albums when he was alive, then it won't do him much good for you to buy one now — you might do yourself some good though because much of what Phil said is still valid and true.

I recall once sitting outside with Phil, looking out over the necklace strands of lights of Hollywood and the distant Santa Monica Freeway. The air was clear and warm and still.

"How can those people feel what its like to be napalmed? How can we get them to understand what America's really doing in Vietnam?" The balmy air of Hollywood in no way detracted from his central understanding of today's reality.

Michael Ochs, Phil's brother, has made a superb compilation. It is not only the story of a man, but also of a movement and even a country. Elektra have made all their recordings available, and so it is an accurate history.

It begins with his early Greenwich Village 'protest' songs, written from the cafe environment and a friendship

circle which included Dylan, Dave Van Ronk, Judy Collins and the other folk 'revivalists'.

Ochs' songs reflect his social concerns, at first with miners and civil rights and then, as the war grew, he concentrated more and more on anti-war work. The 'anthem' of the movement "I Ain't Marchin' Anymore" is included here, very appropriately in a live version.

In the end the horrors of living in NYC finally got to him and he moved to California where his brother was already resident. He described his reasons for moving in "Tape From California". Many of his songs were like this — open letters to friends and strangers explaining his actions and thoughts.

California caused a change in his musical direction. His music always had a purpose — of informing people — but the direct statements of fact which characterize his early journalistic folk material gave way to a more introspective approach, dealing with personal matters as well as political.

He never lost his wry humour though — it runs like a thread through all four sides of this album from "Draft Dodger Rag" and "Love Me I'm A Liberal" to the very last recording he made: "Here's To The State Of Richard Nixon."

What happened in California was that he fell under the influence of such crazed producers as Andy Wickham and Van Dyke Parks. He recorded songs such as his James Dean record "Jim Dean Of Indiana" and the lovely "Flower Lady".

His attempt to reach people through the mass media superstructure of the record biz resulted in him wearing a gold lame Elvis Presley suit.

It was the height of the Los Angeles country sound and so Phil sang C & W like all the others. He was never really happy with the big arrangements though — quintessential Ochs needed to be performed live, with no barriers between him and the audience.

Phil probably played more benefit gigs than paying ones. If there was an anti-war rally in Washington, Phil would be there on the great lawn in front of the White House. A benefit for Tim Leary? Phil was right there, up on stage with Allen Ginsberg and the Yippies. Wounded Knee, the Kentucky Miners.

His clear, high, slightly wavering voice, was instantly recognisable. It was a little too melodic maybe for his protest songs where people expected something more like the rough, tuneless drawl affected by the early Dylan. When he did 'go commercial' he was already tagged as a folk singer.

Many of these songs are beautiful, some are lasting, one at least has entered public consciousness as a folk song. I have heard "I Ain't Marchin' Anymore" sung at demonstrations of thousands of people.

And Phil? Just as eminent Victorians always had their presence on this planet recorded in two fat volumes of biography, so Phil, in the modern age, leaves behind his double album — a lifetime's work.

Miles



JANIS IAN

Miracle Row (Columbia Import)

POOR JANIS Ian. Not only did she have feet like fiddle cases, and a complexion that made the Rocky Mountains look like chiffon velvet, she was also blessed with the ignominious handle of Fink, which, needless to say, she swapped for Ian at the first available opportunity.

See Janis now! Carrie has nothing on this babe. From weedy wallflower weirdo to Belle of the White Liberal's Ball, Janis perches enticingly on a wall, her glistening blue eye shadow echoing the bright blue sky which serves as her backdrop, a jaunty cap sitting perkily on her bubbling black curls, Janis's immaculately maquillaged visage presents a picture of hope for all you ugly little adolescents biting your nails (and your pillows) out there!

The dilemma of the ugly duckling was best explored in the three-minute "At Seventeen", which came from Janis Ian's last - but - one album "Between The Lines". Though hers can hardly have been a typically miserable puberty (first album in the charts when she was sixteen, Murray the K filling the FM airways with tracks nightly), she captured the essence of teenage anguish

more succinctly than any solo Americano wimpo since Paul Anka.

Unfortunately, having escaped unscathed the clutches of the Teen Demon, young Janis (a spry 26) seems to be wallowing. The piano sound is cute, but the songs are weak and the overall plastic Latin effect is one of an unsuccessfully submitted score to "West Side Story".

When you're a wimp, you're a wimp. In all of the ten self-composed compositions on this album, Miss Ian reveals an admirable inclination for making muzak for Clean, Sensitive graduates in English Literature.

The soft "Party Lights" is a lachrymose little sonnet about the evils of this Wicked World with an indifferent tune and slightly wet lyrics, like; "Don't lose your head / remember all the thing your mama said / but every vampire here appears well fed / you look half dead / they like you, kid". And then there's; "Champagne and Caviar Cocaine and Shalimar", lines which are presumably intended to make one snuggle closer to the Everglade with a smug sigh of pity for all the drug-infested wrecks out there, but which only serve to make me think wistfully; Gee that sounds like fun.

In a similar slippery soft vein we have "I Want To Make You Love Me", which is really a long luxurious exercise in emotional masochism — not even the fun kind. A woman's place is in the washing machine, Janis?

Janis pokes a cautious toe into jazz territory for "Sunset Of Your Life" which is the type of thing sung by elegant chicks in smokey nightclubs. The cascading drums and guitars add to the aura of transience. The lyrics seem to be about getting old (lousy subject for a song) and are predictably maudlin.

"Candle Light" is another cry from the iron lung; "I'm

begging you, pleading / I like you best / when night runs a shadow on the soul / no more empty hands to hold". Let's just say Andy Williams will record it on his next album.

"Let Me Be Lonely", which opens Side two, is Mexicano so crass that only a gringo could be responsible. The congo drums and cymbals are nice, but the words are just clichés by another name.

"Slow Dance Romance" finds Janis reliving her adolescence and exploring the intricacies of popcorn and fumbling at a drive-in movie. Yet some how she's too far away from it now to capture the taste under the tongue, the essence of forbidden delicacies.

Despite her occasionally searing insight into the female psyche — and despite the fact that Miss Ian left her closet in a recent *Playboy* interview — for the most part Janis Ian displays women as little more than life-size vinyl Venuses obsessed with men and tears (though not necessarily in that order).

"Will You Dance?" is typical of this mentality, a prissy, fussy little tune with nothing to recommend it at all.

"I'll Cry Tonight" is maybe the best track, with something dangerously near quiet dignity, yet a little too weepy to get worked up over.

"Miracle Row / Maria" will raise a few tasteful middle-class eyebrows. But Laura Nyro explored this whole Catholic Lesbian obsession so much better in "Desiree", leaving "Maria" somewhat redundant. It really isn't good enough to stand up as a song without a cause celebre behind it.

In the past women could get away with wearing long skirts and mouthing soppy platitudes about *Lurve* under the pretence that they were too delicate to face the real life realities of Sex and Death. There's no excuse for this kind of shmuckery anymore.

Julie Burchill



featuring

Dave Greenslade—Keyboards Mick Rogers—Guitar
Jon Hiseman—Drums Tony Reeves—Bass

February 4th Brunel University
February 6th Skindle's, Maidenhead
February 8th Palace Theatre, Newark
February 11th New Victoria, London
February 12th Friar's, Aylesbury
February 15th Civic Centre, Guildford

*Special Guests AFT



Dave Greenslade
CACTUS CHOIR K56306



(Above). Annie Leibovitz is the staff photographer on Rolling Stone. Her shot of Keef flaked out after a gig on the '72 American tour has to be one of the greatest rock pictures ever taken.

ROCK PHOTOGRAPHY'S GREATEST HITS



(Above). Although the majority of Jim Marshall's pics in this book are offstage, as a live photographer he really excels. Hendrix is onstage at Monterey and this pic sums up both the agony and the ecstasy. It also shows the difficulty of working at an outdoor gig; you're way under the stage and you have to use a long telephoto lens against a messy background.



(Left). Thomas Weir's shot of the Grateful Dead was taken on a camera he made himself. The unusual effect was produced by a variation on a process called solarisation. Weir does not submit to magazines but sells prints in art galleries. Wish I could make a living like that!

Charity Performance

Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel

Playing at the
Rainbow Theatre February 12.

In aid of and all proceeds
to The Associated Charities for
the aid of the homeless
in Northern Ireland.

SIDESWIPE

POP PICS ARE ART?

Chalkie Davies thinks so and he's taken a couple

WHILE ROCK has always been intensely visual, it's only recently that rock photography has been recognised as an art form in itself.

Early rock photographs were usually posed publicity pix, or corny show biz 'everyone smile' news photos. Most were taken with flash, and were fuzzy and flat.

Then younger photographers, who had grown up with the music, and the more artistic and aware established photographers, started paying attention to the subject's character, finding suitable locations, and so on. Album covers like the Beatles' "Please Please Me" and "With The Beatles" were typical of the new approach. Most memorable rock pictures were taken for album covers, or were high

class prestige shots for the top magazines. Average weekly rock punters didn't do so well.

With the advent of *Rolling Stone* in the late sixties, Rock and Roll pics were at last given decent magazine exposure, and rock photographers started to get respect with people like Jim Marshall and Michael Cooper being spoken of in the same breath as great war photographers like Terry Fincher or fashion photographers like David Bailey and James Wedge.

Three years ago *Rolling Stone* compiled *Shooting Stars* from the black and white pics they had published featuring the work of America's best rock photographers. It is difficult to talk about the book in anything other than superlatives but I do have two criticisms.

Firstly, although the quality of the paper is first class, the

binding is virtually non-existent so by the time you and a few friends have looked through it you are left with about one hundred and fifty loose pages and a cardboard cover.

Secondly, although I respect Annie Leibovitz greatly as a photographer, I think that as an editor she is restricting. There are a great many posed and candid shots, very few live pics, and there is no shot that shows real creative use of a studio.

The book has just been reissued and is readily available from Compendium Books in Camden at £2.95.

For any one interested in the visual side of Rock or who just likes looking at good pics it's well worth missing a night at the pub for.

But why are there no pics of Jim Morrison?



(Top). Bob Seidemann's study of Janis Joplin was taken in a studio with a strobe flash in 1967.

(Bottom). Michael Cooper committed suicide in 1973; he was a close friend of the Stones and captured on film those hectic years in the late '60s and early '70s.



(Above). Barry Feinstein says he finds photography easy. His shot of Dylan is a classic, illustrating great use of the ultra wide angle lens. (If you are one of the kids we'd like to hear from ya.)

(Below). Stephen Paley is the type of photographer who gets the trust and friendship of his subjects before he takes any pics. This shot of the MCS was taken just after a gig.



Ten Years After, ten years after.



In the autumn of 1967, Ten Years After were formed.

They went on to play some of the biggest rock concerts ever staged and turned out albums that turned on thousands to what real rock 'n' roll was all about.

'Classic Performances' is the best of that magic distilled on to a single album.

If you've never heard them before, take a listen.

And if you're familiar with Ten Years After you'll know exactly what you're letting yourself in for.

The tracks are:

I'm Going Home, One of These Days, I'd Love to Change the World, Tomorrow I'll be out of Town, Good Morning Little Schoolgirl, Baby Won't You Let Me Rock 'n' Roll You, Rock & Roll Music to the World, It's Getting Harder, Positive Vibrations and Choo Choo Mama.

Chrysalis
Records & Tapes
CHR 1134

OLYMPIC RUNNERS



HOT NEW ALBUM 'HOT TO TROT'

Some of the world's
most in-demand
session players.

A brand new funk band.

The Olympic Runners are
Pete Wingfield
Joe Jammer
DeLisle Harper
Glen Le Fleur
Mike Vernon



Including their single 'Personal Thang'

(CHIP3)

Marketed and distributed by The Transatlantic Records Group.



FLASHES



DOES THE SAHB WITHOUT ALEX work? The answer is a definite yes, as proved by their gig at Edinburgh University. Mind you, for all the musical resemblance they bear to previous outings, they might as well be another band.

"Jungle Rub Out" was the only SAHB number included in the set, the rest being material from their LP plus some more self-penned songs in the same straightforward mould. Not quite all their own work, as also included was David Bowie's "Stay", which provided the workout that was the highlight of the evening, and the surprise anticlimax climax of "King Kong". They encored with an instrumental "Delilah" with the crowd taking over the vocals instead of "the wee guy who used to shout with us".

This is a band effort all the way. No one wants the limelight and Zal Cleminson (pictured above) consistently refuses to be the focal point. Hugh McKenna does most of the lead chores from behind keyboards, ably assisted by Chris Glen's prominent pump-iron bass. A good night for rock fans from an able band who are a cut above workmanlike without ever being truly impressive.

Ian Cranna

IT WAS ONE of those now rare nights in London that prove beyond doubt that straight down the line, headbanging rock and roll hasn't become the exclusive preserve of the spike haired, scrap couture teens.

This evening of old folks' rock kicked off at the Marquee with **MOTORHEAD**. Motorhead, in the past, haven't had the greatest of reputations. Their catalogue of foul-ups and haphazard amphetamine stumbles has been an albatross that has hung leadenly on their commercial potential.

Times have changed, however. After buckling down to some serious rehearsal they've transformed themselves into a tight, aggressive, exciting, if basic, three-piece with everyone pulling to the maximum. If they can convince the business that the disasters are a thing of the past, there's nothing to stop them carving out a very viable slice of the Quo market.

Twenty minutes away, **THE PIRATES** were playing the late shift at Dingwall's. Five weeks ago, at the NME party, they were brilliant. During this short interval they've not only added some new tunes to their book but tightened up beyond belief. I may have had a few brandies by the time I got to the club but I truly swear that Mick Green was playing better than any other two guitarists you'd care to name.

Verily, if God ever needed a back-up band it would have to be the Pirates.

Mick Farren

90 DEGREES INCLUSIVE are a welcome addition to the increasing roster of home grown reggae outfits. They are tight and gutsy, with a good front man in guitarist Henry Barnes, write a fair proportion of their own material (and their version of Hendrix' "Little Wing" is great), but lack compelling melody lines and instrumental variety. The energy level was upped considerably by the arrival of producer Eddie Grant (he of Equals fame) and the groggy Dingwalls crowd responded accordingly.

After that it was madness to go on and sing a droopy version of "Tequila Sunrise" (more like beery hangover in Camden) but **BEES MAKE HONEY** did it anyway. They suffered, and had to retire for five minutes to, uh, get the vibes right. They did themselves more justice after the break, on the rockier side of the repertoire ("Lights Out" et al) which they obviously enjoy more, and so does the audience. So why these dutiful dismal drone-outs of Eagles soundalikes?

Neil Spencer

HEY YOU, you down there with the Arista recording contract. Yeah, you, Ray Davies. Hurry up and give **TOM ROBINSON** a single or two on (Crouch End's Own) Konk label. If a gay liberation act can play the Brecknock on a Thursday night and get most of the audience off (I won't mention that hurled glass) then they're clearly no gimmick. Robinson is made for *Top Of The Pops* outrage, plays bass like it was rhythm, does a crazy version of "Waitin' For My Man", and exhibits a great sense of humour. He has a pretty nifty guitarist — Beck technoflash — and a drummer who looks like a refugee from The Blackpool Mecca Tartan Rooms and who plays like early Carl Palmer. They're sixties music seventies style, so New Wave, yeah. And they could sell a lot of singles, Ray.

Neil Spencer

MAN IN THE STREET is a five-piece group which plays at the George Robey pub opposite the Rainbow when there's a major concert across the road, entertaining pre-gig boozers first set and journalists who couldn't get in to see Lynrd Skynyrd second set. Hardly scintillating, the very clumsiness of the quintet of well-meaning singer-songwriters — with such sappy announcements as, "This is another song about urban deprivation, written by Peter, our second most prolific songwriter," generated an atmosphere of friendliness like I haven't met for ages. I know I wouldn't have said goodbye to the people around me at the end of the Skynyrd show.

Phil McNeill

ON THE TOWN

Ry Cooder

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

WELL, WHAT A weird one. It's not every night you're treated to the spectacle of three sharp muscle-bound spades, a bunch of Tex-Mex musicians more used to playing some binge down San Antino way where they do the bolero all night long, and Ry Cooder all on the same stage, now is it? When this bunch walks on stage, you really wonder what's hit you.

There's this old weather-beaten Indian-looking guy on rhythm guitar, so inscrutable he makes Bill Wyman look animated by comparison. And get a load of that bass player. He's old enough to be the old man of just about any one of the audience (no spring chickens themselves) and he wears a pony tail and a look of mild incredulity at being on the stage of Hammersmith Odeon on a Saturday night in the first place.

The culture shock level is high, to be sure.

And to top it all off, the man himself, Mr Ry Cooder, the most original guitarist working in rock, if you can call it that, is no Norman Normal either. Meet him off a stage and he's like a regular fella, but once he's up there, Stratocaster in hand, he becomes distinctly manic. The Cooder eyes bulge, his hair refuses to stay put, and he continually flaps about like a ship in a storm, putting everything he's got into playing his guitar. It's maximum commitment all the way and there's no fake Guitar Hero posturing here.

In fact the music this bunch produces over the next hour and a half is like nothing you ever heard before. On record Cooder is refreshingly enough, operating in spheres far removed from the rest of those who populate rock record labels, but on stage it's even more detached from the mainstream, praise the Lord. There is nothing about this show which is remotely slick.

And yet the band is far from sloppy, even if there are times when the rhythm section comes on with such a kind of Top Rank primitivism it makes you wonder just what is going on — and if the whole thing is going to hold together. But it does, though during "Goodnight Irene" bassist Red O'Jada and drummer Issac Garcia were doing such ludicrous things, it was a very close thing.

But then I suppose one is so used to hearing highly proficient rock rhythm sections that when you do get to hear something a little out of the ordinary it can't but throw you. It's doubtful whether these musicians have ever heard of, say, Al Jackson and Duck Dunn. And in a way it's reassuring to know that not everybody follows the pack and outside rock music there are a whole lot of other musics going on. Listening to O'Jada and Garcia is like looking at a child's painting: before the innocence has been wrenched out because of instructions to conform.

There are basically four distinct parts to Cooder's show: Cooder with the full line-up, Cooder with the gospel singers, Cooder with the Tex-Mex players and Cooder on his own. And each one is as enjoyable as the other, though the finest moment of Saturday night was when the guitarist played bottleneck on "Dark End Of The Street". It was the fifth number in and so far Cooder had been content to pick at his Stratocaster — no mean feat in itself, because I've never heard

"Aw jimminy, ah sit hyar wit' ma tongue out jest so, but ah still cain't gob!"
COODER — Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES



WHY SHY GUY RY FLIES SKY HIGH

Our aerospace correspondent reports from somewhere over Hammersmith

(and our Polish affairs expert finds a satisfactory climax in North London)

any other guitarist get a sound like this.

His electric picking is the total opposite of rock'n'roll guitar. He very rarely plays chords, and when he picks it's a very even, blunt sound. Great as it is, it was that bottleneck solo in "Dark End Of The Street" which had the audience in collective ecstasy, Cooder doing things to the instrument no-one else working under the rock umbrella would even dream of doing.

The man was so inventive and humorous too. The audience lapped it up, and doubtless there were more than a few who felt their spines set a-tinkling.

Cooder in fact only played three such solos all night. In this first section of the show he played that great song he had a hand in writing, "The Tatler", and Ben E. King's "Stand By Me", both of which brought home Cooder's weakest front — his singing. He's a much better singer when he's working with an acoustic instrument, like the guitar or mandolin he picked up for his solo set. On the electric numbers his pitch is all wrong and he sings too quickly. But then even a genius like Cooder has got to have an Achilles' heel.

The acoustic set featured those idiosyncratic songs Cooder is so fond of, wry songs like "Fool For A Cigarette" and "One Meat Ball" (which, like the subsequent "How Can A Poor Man Stand Such Times And Live", seemed frighteningly apt — one wondered whether the audience applauded at the beginning of these two songs because they recognised the song or whether it was because they would relate to what the song said), and "Ditty Wa Ditty", all graced with Cooder's peerless acoustic picking and a fine humorous delivery, especially "One Meat Ball", where his vocals and mannerisms exaggerated the shouting sequences of the number. Cooder brought out his mandolin for "Billy The Kid" and focussed the audience's attention on another part of his considerable talent.

Accordion player Flaco Jimenez came into his own during "Goodnight Irene", receiving ecstatic applause for his fine solo, and his duet with alto saxist Pat Razzo (a friend of Cooder's from California and not a Tex-Mex musician) in "He'll Have To Go" was a treat.

The only number which

Muscles

MARQUEE
AMBIGUOUS NAME,
Muscles. Smartass journalists can talk about the group's flexibility and pulling power. Unfortunately they might also note their tendency to cramp. Sorry 'bout all that, I'll start again.

Muscles are a four-piece, Birmingham-based outfit who specialise in funk and other musical styles that stem from black America but are now, rightfully commonplace. I only mention cramp because although they exceed the normal limits of keyboard,

came close to rock'n'roll was the closing "Money Honey". Cooder reappeared for a three number encore, "Chicken Pie", "How Can A Poor Man Stand Such Times" and "Slab Dab In The Middle", during which the players got a little funky. The audience wanted more but Cooder was exhausted, flat out in his dressing room.

Really, a heartwarming display. And it's reassuring to know it's not just the music the public are told to like by the radio and record companies which gets them off.

Steve Clarke

Climax The Strangers

RAINBOW

THREE THOUSAND seater Rainbow? Well, I mean, it's just like a club date for the band, you know. Just been playing with Skynyrd, you know, on this American tour. 10,000 seaters all of them. Just a club date, this one.

Mind you, you can tell that anyway it's at least a London club date. At the end, see, there's like a mirror ball and very bright, very psych-controlling lights that spell out the band's name. And they've got this three-man horn section for the appropriate moments in The Hit Single, said single almost certainly being the prime cause for the club being over three-quarters full and the band on the verge of being launched into that sphere where, if they watch their back-passing, they may be allowed to be Very Big Indeed. Three encores they get, anyway.

You know, I've seen lots and lots of bands recently that've been Interesting or Exciting or Impressive. There've been none around that actually qualify for being called EXCITING, though. None that actually give you like a bit of a rush. Climax do that these days, though.

Maybe it's all to the best, then, that they tuck themselves away up in Stafford and keep away from the London music scene. Matter of fact, one of the Climax strengths is that sense of Northern showbiz flash — as exemplified by all sixties Northern Beat Groups — that tarts up their (now very black-sounding) sound.

Course, though, it's the sound mostly that causes the buzz. Buddy Guy, Moroccan rhythms, Dr. John, James Brown, New Orleans jazz. Sly ... all tied together in beautifully straggly knots with a well-seasoned and matured confidence that makes the complexity of the band's playing seem frankly effortless. The empathy between horns man Colin Cooper and guitarist Peter Haycock — they've played together for something like fifteen years — is obvi-

ously a major cause of this. But it's more than just that: it's a love and delight in rock 'n' roll and its sires that the band give you a nonstop panoramic view of.

Course, as well, the five members are all nonstop walking Americana, English style. Cooper: the shades over the Charles Bronson cool face; drummer Cuffley: stylishly laidback buffoonery; keyboardman Richard Jones (MA): US beer shirt, jeans, cowboy boots and sensitivity; bassist Derek Holt: denim dungarees and cudliness. And Peter Haycock: black "Climax" T-shirt (buy it today!!!), thousand bucks Navajo necklace (not counting the bracelets and the rings) and hair just slightly dirty. And the Mexican metal belt. Plus the attributes of the other four all melted down and stuck together.

"Country Hat", a slide solo from Haycock with occasional assistance from Cooper, is his Big Moment. Not only is the number really quite stirring — and this from a man who generally loathes soloing of all kinds — but it also gives Peter a chance to act out all his guitar hero fantasies. Closed eyes, lengthy tuning ... the whole packet. But he does it very well indeed. So long as he hasn't posted his application too late it seems he's almost certain for a place within the next couple of years.

Points to watch for: Climax proving yet again that it's always the Brit re-interpretations of US rock that come out cleanest in the end — their now and then Allman Bros touches are much defter and neater than The Snitcher and Dicky's outfit; C. Cooper's Sly-like gravel tones (e.g. on "Running Out Of Time") which would be perfect with just a little more nasalization; Haycock's and Holt's spine-tinkling (sic) falsetto harmonies; the graceful fluidity of the set; on the encores they remove the pejorative connotations from the word "BO-O-O-OGIEEE" and change it into a positive.

I THOUGHT that The Strangers had been reading too much Genet but felt that ALL THINGS CONSIDERED (see page 3) they should be given the benefit of the doubt.

Chris Salewicz

guitar, bass and drums combination I don't think the current foursome are going to be able to fully exercise their evident talent without a broader framework. A little bit of help will give them room to stretch out, y'see.

Always assuming that they want to stick with, and improve upon, their present musical direction, I recommend the addition of a rhythm guitarist and a modest horn section. 'Course, that's going to take time and money, so until their ever-improving records start to bring some payback, and if this sparsely attended night at The Marquee

was a typical gig, Muscles' audiences can expect to enjoy lotsa bouyant rhythm — bounced somewhere between Kool & The Gang and Rufus Thomas — a selection of calmer, more ambitious pieces involving acceptable synthesizer doodlings and some very tasty guitarwork. Their vocals are better than average too.

Their P.A. system leaves a lot to be desired — indeed, the overall sound of the group wasn't really as crisp as their music demands — but through the distortion a lot of emerging talent finally brought forth hearty applause from the assembled company.

Cliff White



ARISTA

Chicago

HAMMERSMITH

BART MILLS of the *Daily Mail* wrote almost the first interesting piece I've ever read by him about this mob and now I see why.

Chicago are squares.

This cannot be stressed strongly enough. As one whose acquaintance with the group has been negligible since their grandstand entry onto the world rock stage in 1969, turning on the Rock Machinery with an extravagant double album... as one whose interest has since lapsed, I'd never actually realised that the erstwhile Chicago Transit Authority up-against-the-wall street fighting men had subsequently

owned up musically and settled unashamedly into the MOR bag they'd initially disguised as in Indian weave propaganda-smuggling hippy tassled shoulder satchel.

Squares.

I got nothing against 'em. It's just a shock. Square in sound... and square in shape. Terry Kath, once in the World's Greatest Rhythm Guitar stakes, is the squarest, a positive parallelogram of a person, a squat, Beatle-cut behemoth straight out of Presley's back-up band, arrayed in boutique overalls.

Aligned next to him stand the three in the middle, the hornmen: trombonist James Pankow, the hip one, in a tassled leather suit of a delicate fawn colour; woodwind Walter

X SQUARED IN FLATULENT C.T.

Parazaid, a lanky Roy Orbison in a yellow two-piece, the top bit one of those loose pullover shirt things; and trumpeter Lee Loughnane, similarly geared in white.

And at our end twitches bassist Peter Cetera, the man whose vocals and twelve-string

on "If You Leave Me Now" make him the TOTP Face of Chicago, with his expensive hair and C&A C&W suit...

The most extraordinary looking rock band I've ever seen, an off-duty footballer's sartorial fantasies run riot, every one of them so butch in

their Las Vegas rock'n'roll threads... they're several numbers into the set before I stop laughing. How can they fail?

Also onstage are keyboardist Robert Lamm, drummer Danny Seraphine and many tons of electronic hardware. Percussionist Laudir de Oliveira has gone missing; we won't get to see him till the encore.

The Chicago logo glares down in lights from behind the stage, Seraphine towers in headphones on a huge drum riser, surrounded by such accessories as his own personal bank of electric dials and gauges, de Oliveira's paraphernalia waits forlornly for his arrival, and across the stage-spanning riser base, old-fashioned bandstand type motifs flash gaily in prismatic colours over the ever-present monicker. And we haven't even mentioned Lamm's grand piano and other ivories, or the red carpet covering the stage front — which extends out over the photographers' pit to meet the front stalls, forcing the lensmen to scurry about the aisles throughout the gig.

These blokes may play the zero image game, but they sure put on a show.

The music is quaint. None of this skittery funk fixation that binds virtually every horn section you care to name these days, from Gonzales to the JB's: Chicago play that odd classic honky rhu-barb, just like they used to... hunting horn intonations on brassy riffs, painstakingly interlocking.

Sometimes they strike a timbre of, well, grandeur; sometimes they impress with their clever arrangements, occasionally punching the right steer; never do they move you by passion, often by brute force or sentiment; and sometimes they are just funny. The classic example of the latter was the gigantic number that closed the first half (yup, they played right from 8.15 to 11.00 with half an hour off).

It started out fast and latin, brash and vivid, the sort of song mum would buy the record of if she heard it in Torremolinos, before sashaying through a trite melodic sax break of the kind that used to be adopted for Olympic Games theme tunes, into Loughnane's trumpet feature, not so much a sketch of Spain as of the Costa Brava. Then... then came the drum solo, a rather modest specimen, highlighted by the weird sight of Seraphine rattling away on this kind of revolving metal disc which a roadie adjusted to give different pitched steel drum sounds! Let's see the NDO beat that....

However, don't go thinking I didn't enjoy them. Really, I did — and not just because they were amusing. Between numbers they stood around drinking out of plastic cups and making everyone feel happy, and in between drinking out of plastic cups they played a lot of extremely competent, attractive, honest music. Five of the seven members sang, none of them badly.

Terry Kath's guitar tone was awful, buzzing on solos — until he turned the volume up for "I'm A Man" — and a plastic clatter on his rhythm. The sound of the rest was very clear, pretty quiet and a little tinny.

The material ranged from redneck romance to algebraic abrasion, from hits of the distant past like "Does Anybody Know What Time It Is" to the present — several from "Chicago X", including the hit — and on to the forthcoming "Chicago XI", represented by a ponderous heavy metal funk axe showcase with a good wahwah solo called "Uptown". There y'are, Chicago fans, get yer special previews here.

The audience loved them in a very refined way, but towards the end people started trickling to the front like Billy Graham converts choking down their reluctance and gingerly casting away inhibition, till the band finished to an unprompted sea of clapping hands. Their less than brilliant "I'm A Man" didn't deserve it (guess they're sick of it) but a hefty "25 Or 6 To 4" did.

De Oliveira finally showed for the encore of "Got To Get You Into My Life". He played two tambourines at once.

It's quite a pleasing shape, square.

Phil McNeill



KATH and CETERA model the latest line in off-duty Rugby League starwear. The stiff neck is just one of the hazards of being a rock 'n' roll star...



FEBRUARY

- 16 Salisbury, City Hall
- 17 Middleton Town Hall
- 18 Bridlington, Spa Royal Hall
- 19 Leicester Polytechnic
- 20 Redcar, The Coatham Bowl
- 21 Stafford, The Top Of The World
- 23 Tunbridge Wells, Assembly Rooms
- 25 Newcastle Polytechnic
- 26 Loughborough University
- 27 Canterbury, Kent University

MARCH

- 1 Penzance, The Gardens
- 2 Plymouth, The Fiesta

- Eastbourne, Winter Gardens 3
- Bath University 4
- Reading University 5
- St. Albans City Hall 7
- London, The Marquee Club 8
- (Doctors of Madness Only)
- Keele University 9
- Glamorgan Polytechnic 10
- Southampton University 12
- Sheffield, Top Rank 13
- Doncaster, Outlook 14
- Cleethorpes, Winter Gardens 15
- Bournemouth Town Hall 17
- Cromer, The West Runton Pavillion 18
- London, The Rainbow 19
- (Pat Travers Only)

PAT TRAVERS



PAT TRAVERS

DOCTORS OF MADNESS



LATE NIGHT MOVIES, ALL NIGHT BRAINSTORMS

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS



The Outsiders

ROXY

"DON'T WRITE that we've got long hair," Adrian the grammar school boy instructed me in a nervous phone call the morning after The Outsiders got their first taste of the Big Time by playing before The Vibrators but after The Drones at the redoubtable Roxy Club.

Long hair in more ways than one; before they play, well-intentioned Adrian tries to convince me that anarchy is nihilism and that violence is unnecessary. You guessed it; they're into dope.

They also wear bicycle clips on their flares to make them seem punky. Their main claim to fame is (and always will be) that Adrian jumped onstage at the second night of the Patti Smith Hammersmith debacle and was promptly hurled back into the auditorium by irate big brother Todd. At first glance they represent everything that's mediocre about "new wave" rock.

At closer examination they prove they sure are mediocrity personified, but they're about as new wave as the Grateful Dead.

They play their instruments as good as any youth club band and the bass player wears a jumper that his mum knitted, but as far as I could see the

majority of the Roxy audience felt as I did about them — though Adrian tells me that Brian James of The Damned liked them. Draw your own conclusions.

They play songs with titles like "Hit And Run," "You're Boring" (particularly apt, I thought), "Blowtorch" and "Weird," as well as "Raw Power" and "Waiting For The Man" (which Tom Robinson does much better). The set reached its gross apex with the appallingly naive "Calling On Youth," which goes: "Are you prepared to admit to the strangest hold / grabbing what you can, doing what you're told / I'm calling on youth to fight for the truth / It's time to open eyes, it's time to open doors / It's time to move against all that's gone before."

And they mean that most sincerely.

Adrian, Bob and Adrian are all well bred boys from good homes and grammar schools who won't have their hair cut because they say that's what you have to do in the army. They're 19 and come on like 90. I've seen better punks in *The Sound Of Music*.

It's just the Emperor's New Clothes all over again; call something "punk" and give it the obligatory Iggy song to mutilate and people think they're witnessing the birth of tomorrow's stars. *Top Of The Pops* has more potential energy than The Outsiders.

Julie Burchill



Arista News

Published by Arista Records - Where careers are launched.



THE BAND MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED IN 1977



Rave reviews precede amazing Arista album from exciting new act - Burlesque

The Sun

"To say they're good is a mealy-mouthed understatement. They are a refreshing example of new-wave rock of the sort which doesn't need to depend on being classed as a social phenomenon to get noticed." **Brian Harrigan.**

MELODY MAKER

"Burlesque produced a set that proves their standing as one of the most impressive bands to have emerged during the latter half of the year... One of their best features remains their ability to combine an undertone of humour with their enormously varied song diet." **John Hornblower.**

NATIONAL ROCK STAR

"BURLESQUE is one of the best. I nominate them The Band Most Likely To Succeed in 1977." **Bob Hart.**

"Burlesque are inevitable." **Phil Sutcliffe.**

SOUNDS

"They were off beat, funny, really original. The word's going around that record company fat cats are after them in a very big way and I'm not surprised." **James Belsey.**

BRISTOL EVENING POST

"A rock scene that has to turn to the punks for an infusion of new blood is obviously in sad need of the real thing from Burlesque." **Brian Harrigan.**

MELODY MAKER

"For my money Be-Bop were upstaged by support band Burlesque - a new signing to Arista - who not only had musicianship, but humour and originality too. The audience liked them, which bodes well for the future of rock." **John Hayward.**

MUSIC WEEK

"... they proved, with a mixture of jiving music and comedy, that they must have a big future. They even managed to get about half of the audience to do an impromptu tango, which takes some doing for a support." **Chris Nelson.**

SHIELDS GAZETTE

"File under Tidal rather than New Wave; that they will be a very big deal seems inevitable, and hopefully it will be very soon." **David Housham.**

SUN

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

"... in Huddersfield and Hoyland they talk of Burlesque as if they were really big stars. Mind you if they've been playing as well out in the sticks as they did the night I saw them in West London they certainly deserve Fame and Fortune." **Chas. de Whalley.**

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

"Burlesque, not only a future headline act but also a band of alarming perception." **Robin Duke.**

WEST LANC'S EVENING GAZETTE



◀ The album that will prove them right

Burlesque Live

ACUPUNCTURE
ARTY 151

Also available on cassette

U.K. tour dates confirmed

Thurs. 27 Jan. Croydon, The Red Deer
Fri. 28 Jan. London, Southbank Poly.
Sat. 29 Jan. Oxford, Poly.
Sat. 29 Jan. London, Royal Col. of Art
Wed. 2 Feb. London, Middx. Poly.
Thurs. 3 Feb. Enfield, Stockwell Coll.
Fri. 4 Feb. Bromley, Poly.
Sat. 5 Feb. Kingston, Nashville Rooms
Sun. 6 Feb. London, The Plough
Wed. 9 Feb.
Torrington, Devon - The Plough
Thurs. 10 Feb.
Torquay, Devon Tech. College

Fri. 11 Feb.
Plymouth, Coll. of St. Mark & St. John
Sat. 12 Feb. Bristol, Poly.
Sun. 13 Feb.
Newbridge, Wales - Club & Inst.
Mon. 14 Feb. Abertillery, Six Bells
Tues. 15 Feb. Cardiff, Top Rank
Wed. 16 Feb.
Newport, Mon. - The Stowaway
Thurs. 17 Feb. Swansea, Circles
Fri. 18 Feb.
London, Univ. of London Union

Sat. 19 Feb.
London, Royal Holloway College, Egham
Wed. 23 Feb. Portsmouth, Poly.
Thurs. 24 Feb. London, City University
Fri. 25 Feb.
London, Queen Elizabeth College
Sat. 26 Feb. London, Chelsea College
Sun. 27 Feb. Southampton University.



NATIONWIDE GIG

THURSDAY

AYLESBURY Britannia: GREEN MACHINE
BEDFORD Angel Hotel: KELLY'S EYE / GABRIEL MCKEON
BELFAST Queen's University: GIGGLES
BELFAST Ulster Hall: FARON YOUNG / HANK LOCKLIN
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: HOOKER
BIRMINGHAM College of Food: ARBRE
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Lea Hall Tavern: THREE'S COMPANY
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BISHOP AUCKLAND West Valley Hotel: VIN GARBUTT
BLACKPOOL Pleasure Beach Casino: TERRY LIGHTFOOT BAND
BRISTOL Locarno: RIVENDALL
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: JACOB MARLEY
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: ALBION COUNTRY BAND / MARTIN CARTHY
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: THE HEROES
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE / STEVE GIBBONS BAND
FAREHAM Collingwood Club: SMACKEE
GALASHIELS Kingsway Centre: JOE'S DINER
GRAVESEND Wings Club: MUSCLES
GUILDFORD Surrey University: JOHN MILES / KRAZY KAT
HASTINGS Lazy Bones Disco: TOBY
LEEDS Yorkshire Crown: GAMBLERS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: BRYAN FERRY
LIVERPOOL Empire: GALLAGHER & LYLE / CADO BELLE
LIVERPOOL Mountfort Hall: SENSATIONAL ALEX
HARVEY BAND without ALEX / BANDIT
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: STREAMLINER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LITTLE BOB STORY
LONDON ENFIELD Middlesex Polytechnic: BURLESQUE
LONDON ENFIELD Starlight Room: STUART GILLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BUSH-WACKERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: MANHATTANS/HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES
LONDON HOLLOWAY Lord Nelson: MASQUE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: TYLA GANG
LONDON Marquee Club: MEDICINE HEAD
LONDON PICCADILLY White Bear: JAMBALAYA
LONDON RICHMOND Beehive: PEABODY & McNULTY
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: MANIACS
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: JOHN OTWAY
MANCHESTER MIDDLETON Civic Hall: MIKE HARDING
MANCHESTER Midland Hotel: BICYCLE THIEVES
MANCHESTER The Phoenix: TRACTOR
MEXBOROUGH Jesters: SCREAMIN' LORD SUTCH & THE SAVAGES
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWCASTLE City Hall: JETHRO TULL / RICHARD DIGNANCE
NORWICH Wyndham College: MARTIN SIMPSON
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PEACEHAVEN Central Club: TONY ROSE
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: VIBRATORS
POYNTON Folk Centre: TURNPIKE
SALFORD University: PAUL BRADY
STAINES Pathfinders Club: DAVE COUSINS
SUTTON COLDFIELD Dog Inn: STAGE FRIGHT
SWANSEA Circles Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
SWANSEA University: FLYING ACES
WALSALL Alumwell Schools Theatre: ZETH
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: BERNIE PARRY
WORCESTER Bankhouse: CHARLIE
WORCESTER Green Room Rock: RAMROD
YEovil Johnson Hall: SLIK
YORK College of Arts & Technology: HORSLIPS



RALPH McTELL

LONDON KENSINGTON Queen Elizabeth College: SIMON TOWNSEND BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: POODLES
LONDON North Polytechnic: COUNT BISHOPS / LITTLE BOB STORY / THE GORILLAS
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: THE BOOT BAND
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Bedford College: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON School of Economics: STRIKE A LIGHT
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FORTUNES
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TUSH
LONDON STRAND King's College: CHARLIE
MAIDSTONE Technical College: SASSAFRAS
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: JETHRO TULL/RICHARD DIGNANCE
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall: BICYCLE THIEVES
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: LYNRYD SKYNYRD/CLOVER
NEWBURY R.A.F. Greenham Common: BOUNCER
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: ROOGALATOR
NORTHAMPTON The Romany: SCRATCH
NOTTINGHAM Victoria Leisure Centre: HENRY COW
OXFORD Polytechnic: BOB DAVENPORT
OXFORD Westminster College: MOON
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: BRYAN FERRY
SALFORD University: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
SLEEFORD Black Bull: MARTIN SIMPSON
STAFFORD North Staffs. Polytechnic: HINKLEY'S HEROES
STONEGATE Bridge Inn: COCKY
SWINDON Greyhound: TONY ROSE
THATCHAM Hamilton's Club: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
TORQUAY 400 Club: SLIK
ULVERSTON Penny Farthing: WILDFIRE
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: GREENSLADE
WELWYN GARDEN CITY Cherry Tree: MASQUE
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: A.F.T.
YORK University: JOHN MARTYN

SATURDAY

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: BE-BOP DELUXE / STEVE GIBBONS BAND
BARROW Civic Hall: MIKE HARDING
BEDFORD College of Further Education: ALKATRAZ

BEDFORD College of Education: GIGGLES
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Waterside Rock Club: SPELLBOUND
BIRMINGHAM International Club: CHANTS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOI-POLLOI
BIRMINGHAM University: MIKE ABSALOM
BLACKPOOL Opera House: MANHATTANS / HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: PAUL BRADY
BRADFORD University: SASSAFRAS / GONZALEZ
BRIGHTON Art College: VIBRATORS / AMAZOR-BLADES
BRISTOL Polytechnic: UNCLE PO
BRISTOL University: JOHN MILES / KRAZY KAT
CAMBRIDGE Portland Arms: MARTIN SIMPSON
CHELtenham St. Paul's College: MAGNA CARTA
CHIPPING SODBURY The George: BOB DAVENPORT
COLCHESTER Essex University: KEVIN COYNE
CONINGSBY Castle Club: Cissy Stone Band
CORBY Exclusive Club: BRANDY
COVENTRY College of Education: TOBY
COVENTRY Sportsman's Arms: STAGE FRIGHT
COVENTRY Zhivago's: BEANO
CRAWLEY Technical College: LITTLE BOB STORY
CRAWLEY White Knight: ABBOTT
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: MEAL TICKET / LEE KOSMIN BAND
DUDLEY College of Education: MUSCLES
DUNSTABLE California (doubling LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball): LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS
EDINBURGH Heriot-Watt University: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: SEAN CANNON
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: JENNY HAAS / LION / CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: FARON YOUNG / HANK LOCKLIN
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: U-BOAT
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: F.B.I.
GLOUCESTER Sports & Social Club: CIMARONS
HEREFORD Town Hall: CASINO
HULL University: JOHN STEVENS' AWAY
IPSWICH Brantham Club: BUSTER JAMES BAND
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: GALLAGHER & LYLE / CADO BELLE
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: APPLEJACKS
KINGSTON Polytechnic: BURLESQUE
LANCASTER University: SENSATIONAL ALEX
HARVEY BAND without ALEX / BANDIT
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: SNEAKERS
LIVERPOOL University: COUNT BISHOPS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BONE IDOL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: DARTS / SLING
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: POODLES
LONDON LEWISHAM Concert Hall: BERT WEEDON
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: PAUL BURNETT
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TROUPER
LONDON STRATFORD Rex Cinema: PAPPER ZUKIE / CIMARONS / NICKY THOMAS
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: MABEL
LONDON W.12 White Horse: TIDAL WAVE BAND
LUTON Technical College: AFTER THE FIRE
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: JETHRO TULL / LEO KOTTKE
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall: BICYCLE THIEVES
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: CALEDONIA
MANCHESTER University: LONE STAR
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: ROOGALATOR
NEWBURY Ackland Hall: McCALMANS
NEWCASTLE University: HINKLEY'S HEROES
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: SAM APPLE PIE
NORWICH Crookers Disco: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS

NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: MOTORHEAD
NOTTINGHAM University: SUPERCHARGE
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: FLYING ACES
SHEFFIELD City Hall: LYNRYD SKYNYRD / CLOVER
SHEFFIELD University: JOHN MARTYN
WATFORD College: CHARLIE
WELWYN GARDEN CITY Mid-Herts College: A.F.T. / SKY
WIGAN Casino: TRAIN
WREXHAM North-East Wales Institute: HOOKER

SUNDAY

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: M.O.
ALCESTER Cherry Tree: McCALMANS
AYLESBURY John Hampden: MASQUE
BANBURY Wheatheaf: BILL CADDICK
BEDFORD Nite Spot: SLIK
BELFAST Queen's University: JOHN MARTYN
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SNEAKERS/XTC
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: HEARTBREAKER
BRISTOL Colston Hall: GALLAGHER & LYLE/CADO BELLE
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: TRUTH
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: DAVE BURLAND
COVENTRY Zhivago's: APPLEJACKS
DUNDEE Angus Hotel: F.B.I.
DUNDEE Caird Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: JOHN MILES / KRAZY KAT
HULL Telstar Club: DAVE BERRY & THE CLEVELAND COUNTY BAND
KEELE University: BERNARD WRIGLEY
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: U-BOAT
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: MANHATTANS / HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES
LIVERPOOL Empire: LYNRYD SKYNYRD/CLOVER
LONDON BATTERSEA Nag's Head: JAKE WALTON
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Roundhouse: ANAHATA (Musicians from Stomu Yamash-ta's Red Buddha Theatre)
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: BOB DAVENPORT
LONDON E.17 Lord Brooke: COCKY
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: LITTLE BOB STORY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON HOLLOWAY Lord Nelson: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BURLESQUE
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: LEO KOTTKE / LEON REDBONE
LONDON Palladium: FARON YOUNG/HANK LOCKLIN
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DUST ON THE NEEDLE
LUTON The Cuck: MARTIN SIMPSON
LUTON The Unicorn: ZIB BAND
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: GREENSLADE
MANCHESTER Stalybridge Commercial Hotel: BICYCLE THIEVES
NOTTINGHAM Co-op Folk Club: PAUL BRADY
POYNTON Folk Centre: THERAPY
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: SENSATIONAL ALEX
HARVEY BAND without ALEX/BANDIT
RUGBY Radea Club: BREAKER
SHEFFIELD Bailey's (daytime) doubling LONDON
PADDINGTON Cue Club (late night): LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: RACING CARS
THAME Swan Hotel: DEREK & DOROTHY ELLIOT
TODMORDEN Town Hall: MIKE HARDING

FRIDAY

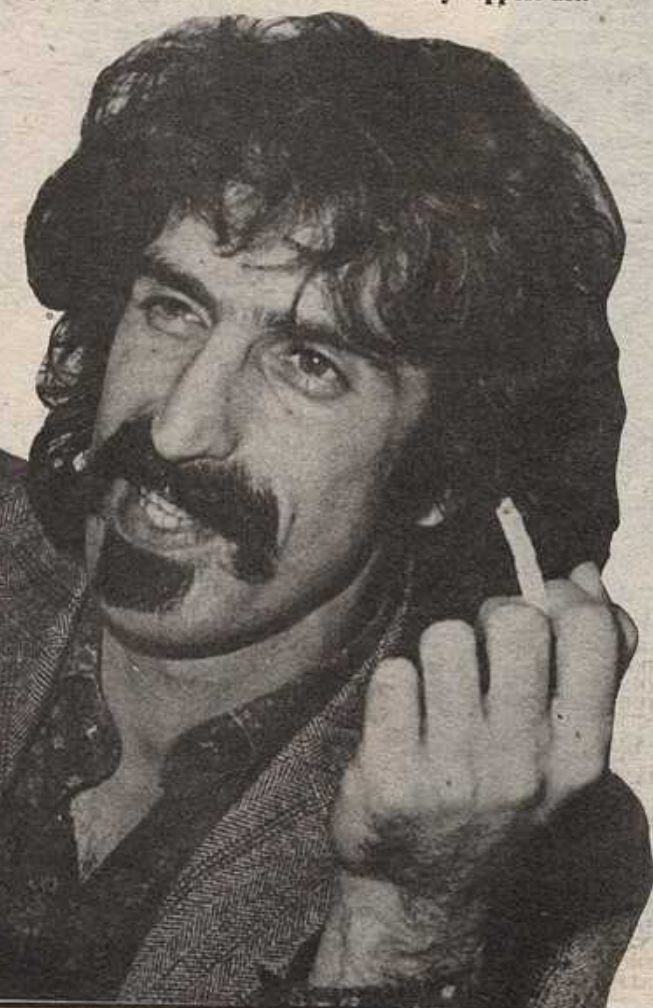
ABERDEEN Music Hall: FARON YOUNG / HANK LOCKLIN
ABERDEEN University: U-BOAT
BARNET Trent Park College: ABBOTT
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: SUPERCHARGE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Monica Club: BOB KING
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: GALLAGHER & LYLE / CADO BELLE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BRADFORD Star Hotel: BILL CADDICK
BRISTOL Colston Hall: THE MANHATTANS
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: STORMTROOPER
BRISTOL University (Churchill Hall): DAI THE ROCK
BROMLEY Stockwell College: BURLESQUE
BROMSGROVE North Worcs. College: HOOKER
BURTON 76 Club: PLUMMET AIRLINES
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: JOHN MILES / KRAZY KAT
CARDIFF Top Rank: FLYING ACES
CARDIFF University: CASINO
CHELtenham Pavilion Club: ALKATRAZ
CLACTON Colchester Institute: ARBRE
COVENTRY Sportsman's Arms: STAGE FRIGHT
COVENTRY Zhivago's: BEANO
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: SMOKIE
DERBY College of Art: MEDICINE HEAD
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: VIBRATORS
DURHAM St. Chad's College: GONZALEZ
DURHAM University: SENSATIONAL ALEX
HARVEY BAND without ALEX / BANDIT
GALASHIELS College of Textiles: THE HEROES
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: BE-BOP DELUXE / STEVE GIBBONS BAND
GLASGOW Hamilton College: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
GLOUCESTER Roundabout: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
GOSPORT John Peel: S.A.L.T.
GRAYS Thameside Theatre: FLAKY PASTRY
HARROW Technical College: MUSCLES
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: JUNE TABOR
HORNCastle Town Hall: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: CALEDONIA
LEEDS Prospect Hotel: NICK STRUTT & STEVE DIXON
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Hunt Hotel: HANDS OFF
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: TOBY / TOPAZ
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: BERT JANSCH
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STRUTTERS
LONDON HAMPSHIRE Westfield College: LONE STAR
LONDON ISLINGTON King's Head: TIDAL WAVE BAND

ZAPPA'S BACK!



● **FARON YOUNG** headlines a concert series of great appeal to all country freaks, specially as C & W veteran Hank Locklin is on the bill. Opening dates are Belfast (Thursday), Aberdeen (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), London Palladium (Sunday), Portsmouth (Tuesday) and Eastbourne (Wednesday).
 ● **JOHN MARTYN** begins his winter tour at York (Friday), followed by Sheffield (Saturday), Belfast (Sunday) and Coleraine (Tuesday).
 ● **GREENSLADE** have been re-formed for a short-tour, and they now feature a new-look line-up of Dave Greenslade, Jon Hiseman, Tony Reeves and Mick Rodgers. Catch them at Uxbridge (Friday), Maidenhead (Sunday), Exeter (Monday) and Newark (Tuesday).
 ● **RALPH McTELL** is back on the road after a lengthy lay-off, coinciding with the release of his new album "Right Side Up". First gig in his comprehensive tour is at Cardiff on Wednesday.
 ● **LEO KOTTKE** headlines his one-and-only London concert at the New Victoria on Sunday, with special guest artist LEON REDBONE. Kottke is also Jethro Tull's guest in Manchester on Saturday.

FRANK ZAPPA returns to Britain early next week to play his first British dates for two years. He'll be headlining seven concerts, four in London and the remainder in the provinces, and the first is at Hammersmith Odeon on Wednesday (9). He's bringing along his new band, called simply Zappa, which includes Roxy stalwart Eddie Jobson in the line-up. And he's performing a full two-hour set without any support act.



Compiled by Derek Johnson

GUIDE

This is supposed to convince you that Greenslade



DAVE GREENSLADE

... are back on the road

MONDAY

ABERYSTWYTH University: LONE STAR/CASINO
BIRMINGHAM Crown & Cushion: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BOSTON Folk Club at the Copper Kettle: ROARING JELLY
BOURNEMOUTH Wessex Hotel: DEREK WADWORTH'S ROCK WORKSHOP
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: JOHN MILES/KRAZY KAT
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: SUMMER WINE
COLESHILL Ivy Lodge: McCALMANS
COVENTRY Zhivago's: APPLEJACKS
CROYDON Red Deer: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: U-BOAT
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: F.B.I.
EGHAM Royal Holloway College: PAUL BRADY
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
EXETER University: GREENSLADE
FAREHAM Bugle Hotel: BILL CADDICK
HULL Tiffany's: BANDIT
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
LIVERPOOL Empire: JETHRO TULL/RICHARD DIGANCE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLOWBONE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: KITES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: WINDOW
LONDON EARLS COURT Jingles: ZIB BAND
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: HANDBAG
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE JAM
LONDON Marquee Club: RACING CARS
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas: A'Beckett: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: CHRIS JONES BAND
LONDON Queen Mary College: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: BRYAN FERRY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TUSH
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
READING University: COCKY
STAFFORD Top of the World: SLIK
SWINDON The Affair: CABASA
TEWKESBURY Abbey Mill: STEREO GRAFFITI

TUESDAY

ABERDEEN Fusion Ballroom: F.B.I.
BELFAST Queen's University: THE MCGARRIGLES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: LITTLE BOB STORY/NUTZ
BIRMINGHAM Monica Club: APPLEJACKS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRIGHTON Top Rank: MEDICINE HEAD
CANTERBURY Kent University: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: GALLAGHER & LYLE/CADO BELLE
CARDIFF Top Rank: LONE STAR
COLERAINE Ulster University: JOHN MARTYN
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: CASPIAN
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: DUST ON THE NEEDLE
LEEDS Grobs: NICK STRUTT & STEVE DIXON
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SQUEEZE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: WEIGHT WATCHERS
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Three Horseshoes: PAUL BRADY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: PLUMMET AIRLINES/BLOOD DONOR
LONDON Marquee Club: CHARLIE
LONDON OXFORD ST 100 Club: ROOGALATOR
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: BRYAN FERRY
LONDON School of Economics: OCEAN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CONSORTIUM
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: CULPEPPER COUNTY
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX/BANDIT
NEWARK Palace Theatre: GREENSLADE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: LYNRYD SKYNYRD CLOVER
NORTHOLT The Target: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: FARON YOUNG/HANK LOCKLIN
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: MARTIN SIMPSON
SALFORD University: GONZALEZ

SHEFFIELD City Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
SWANSEA White Swan: PETE QUIN
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: XTC
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: JOHN MILES/KRAZY KAT

WEDNESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SLIK
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIRGO
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: HOOKER
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: GALLAGHER & LYLE/CADO BELLE
BRADFORD University: ROOGALATOR
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
CARDIFF Top Rank: SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX/BANDIT
CARDIFF University: RALPH McTELL
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall doubling **LONDON** W.I. **LONDON** Gulliver's Club: LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS
CHIPPING SODBURY Stars & Stripes Club: MUSCLES
COLERAINE Ulster University: FUMBLE
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: THE MANHATTANS
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: FARON YOUNG/HANK LOCKLIN
EDINBURGH Napier College: CASPIAN
EXETER University: BE-BOP DELUXE/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: LYNRYD SKYNYRD/CLOVER
KEELE University: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
LEEDS Pentagon Suite: CISSY STONE BAND
LIVERPOOL Empire: JOHN MILES/KRAZY KAT
LIVERPOOL University: LONE STAR
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BURN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MULATTO
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: ZIB BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CLAPHAM FUNKTION
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: FRANK ZAPPA
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: S.A.L.T.
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Westfield College: KITES
LONDON Marquee Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: STAG
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: BRYAN FERRY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BONE IDOL
LONDON University College: BILL CADDICK
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
NEWCASTLE University: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: LITTLE BOB STORY/CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: JETHRO TULL/RICHARD DIGANCE
SWINDON The Affair: COUNT BISHOPS
SWINDON Cabin Club: APPLEJACKS
TORRINGTON The Plough: BURLSQUE
WOKING Central Halls: STRANGLERS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: GONZALEZ

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club: GARY GLITTER
 Week form Sunday
BLACKBURN Cavendish: GREENGAGE
 Thursday for three days
CHESTER Celebrity Club: DAVE BERRY & THE CELESTINE COUNTY BAND
 Thursday for three days
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Place: VINCE HILL
 Tuesday (8) for five days
DERBY Bailey's: LEIGH GRANT EXPLOSION
 Thursday for three days
HEREFORD Crystal Rooms: BERT WEEDON
 Wednesday (9) for four days
HULL Bailey's: SILVER CLOUD
 Thursday for three days
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FALMES
 Thursday for three days
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: BRYAN FERRY
 Monday for three days
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: EDISON LIGHTHOUSE
 Thursday for three days
STOCKPORT Poco Poco Club: CHAMPAGNE
 Week from Sunday
TRING Pendley Manor: FOLK MUSIC WEEKEND with JON RAVEN/BRIAN PEARSON etc.
 Friday for three days.

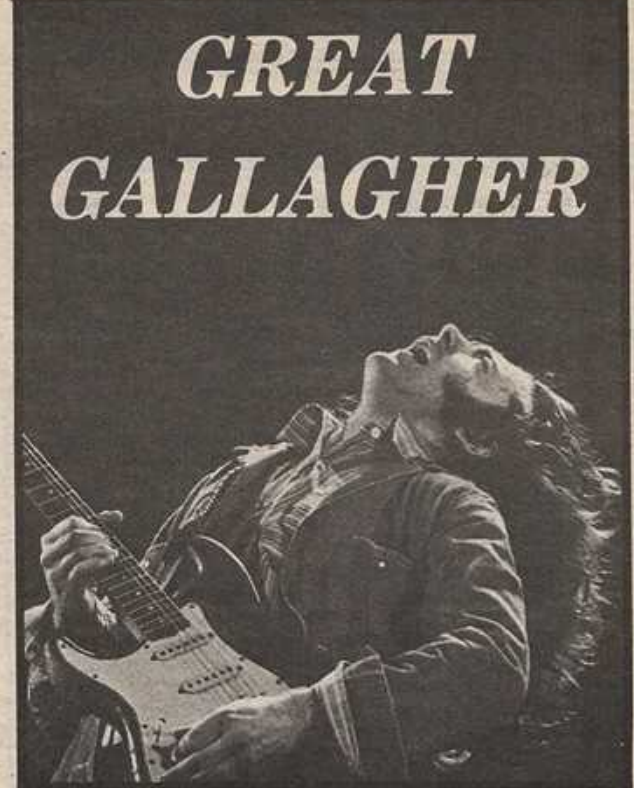
Rory Gallagher LEEDS

JUST AS SOON as The Joe O'Donnell Band left the stage the people were on their feet flush up to the makeshift barrier in front of the stage, jockeying for choice positions, jammed so tight together that nobody could turn around to spit. The whole hall seemed to be wired on booze, adrenalin and nervous anticipation. Me, I just sprawled about on the balcony, grinning at everybody and feeling inexplicably glad to be there.

When Rory Gallagher and band finally made the stage all the tension that had been cranking up in volume for the past half hour finally found a point of focus, and 2,000 plus wild-eyed rock'n'roll crazy people did the things 2,000 plus wild-eyed rock'n'roll crazy people normally do when confronted with their hero. Rory smiled a lot and plugged in.

I guess he's a star of sorts, but he doesn't act like one, doesn't dress like one, and he sure doesn't play like a man who's earned enough respect from his fans to take it easy now and again. He does everything with verve and total commitment, his playing omnipotent and aggressive, riding hot rails over his band's energised rhythms.

His slide playing, in particular, was potent and fiery, his bottleneck slipping and skittering up and down the fretboard, propelling an intense inferno of notes wild with emotion. His fans, needless to say, greeted every number with the same ecstatic cacophony, but for me the country blues numbers were the most enjoyable, primarily because his playing was less cluttered and claustrophobic, and more fluid,



with more emphasis on technique than power.

Without a doubt, however, the most exciting moment came at the end of the show, with "Bullfrog Blues." Lusty and rocking, quite simply the most exciting rock'n'roll I've heard in a long time. Listening to it on Saturday night, I think came as close as a non-disciple can come to experiencing something the other 2,000 Gallagher fanatics present had been feeling all night.

After the show he jumped down onto the row of tables that had been hastily erected to form a barrier to shake hands with the fans nearest the stage. Nobody got heavy, and everybody went home happy. The atmosphere had been incredible, high on good times; I wanted to laugh, I don't know why. I just laughed anyway.

"Listen, you just write that Rory Gallagher is the very best we've ever had at Leeds University, and we've had all the greats here." Andy Haddleton, the Entertainment Secretary, said that. I'm not so sure, but there again, I don't claim to be any special kind of fan.

What I would say, however, is that in his field Rory Gallagher is the best, and as a performer he gives his fans more value for money than anybody I've ever seen. And I'd have to be some kind of bastard to knock that.

Looks like I've come to the end of the review without giving his band their due praise. An odious error considering they played perfectly, rockin' and swingin' without fault, as far as I could tell.

John Hamblett

"Is it worth saving?"

Virginia, Virginia Water.

Well it's certainly not right to throw it away. What with tapes being the price they are, you should get our Cassette Salvage Kit. In it there's a screw up cartridge case, splicer, protected blade and spindle key.

Going cheap at 62p*. If you want something for nothing, ask for our entertaining, enlightening catalogue.

*Excluding VAT



Metrocare. More good sound ideas.

Metrosound Audio Products Ltd., Audio Works, Cartersfield Road, Waltham Abbey, Essex EN9 1JF. Tel: Lea Valley 712712.



marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm. to 11.00 pm.
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs 3rd Feb (Adm 75p) BENEFIT NIGHT Friends of The Earth (Whale Fund) MEDICINE HEAD JENNY HAAN'S LION Skeeter & Ian Fleming	Mon 7th February RACING CARS Special Guest Simon Drake & Jerry Floyd Advance tickets to members 85p Non members at the door £1.
Fri 4th Feb (Adm 70p) THE 'FABULOUS' POODLES Silent Sister & Ian Fleming	Tue 8th February (Adm 75p) CHARLIE Plus support & Jerry Floyd
Sat 5th Feb (Adm 70p) Free admission with this ad before 8p.m. HUNGRY HORSE Metro & Ian Fleming.	Wed 9th Feb (Adm 70p) GEORGE HATCHER BAND Plus support & Jerry Floyd
Sun 5th Feb (Adm 60p) Free admission with this ad before 8p.m. BEARDED LADY Panama Scandal & D.J. Nick Lee	Thurs 10th & Fri 11th Feb (Adm £1) The return of..... PINK FAIRIES Street Band & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers and other hot & cold snacks are available

KINGSTON POLY ENTS PRESENTS
in the Main Hall, Penryn Road

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5th

BURLESQUE

+ SUPPORT

Admission: £1.00 Doors open 8 pm

ROUNDHOUSE
CHALK FARM NW1
GOOD EARTH PRESENTS
F.B.I.
Diversions
DARTS
SUNDAY 13th FEBRUARY 6-30
TICKETS £1.50 in advance
FROM ROUNDHOUSE BOX OFFICE 267-2564
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS 439-3371 PREMIER BOX OFFICE 240-2245 & USUAL AGENTS

CITY OF LONDON POLYTECHNIC
102/105 Whitechapel High Street, London, E.1
FRIDAY FEBRUARY 4th

BERT JANSCH

+ DISCO

Admission 80p on door. Doors open 7.30p.m.
nearest tube: Aldgate East

TICKETS... TICKETS... TICKETS

AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS
OF THE FOLLOWING:

February 3 HAROLD MELVIN	February 25 STREETWALKERS
February 6 FARON YOUNG	February 27 GENE PITNEY
February 6 LEO KOTTK	February 27 SUPERCHARGE
February 7/9 BRYAN FERRY	February 28 FOXX
February 9 MANHATTENS	February 28 CHIEFTAINS
February 11 GREENSLADE	March 3/4/5 J. J. CALE
February 13 AL JARREAU	March 5/6 TED NUGENT
February 13 JETHRO TULL	March 6 URIAH HEPP
February 13 F.B.I.	March 6 BOYS OF THE LOUGH
February 14 GALLAGHER & LYLE	March 10 ROY HARPER
February 15 HALL & OATES	March 13 GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
February 16/17 FRANK ZAPPA	March 13 NATIONAL HEALTH
February 18/19 BE BOP DELUXE	March 13/14 BLACK SABBATH
February 19 & 20 KATE & ANNA MCGARRIGLE	March 18 MARC BOLAN
February 19 EDDIE & THE HOT RODS	March 16 BARRY WHITE
February 20 JOHN MARTYN	March 19 PAT TRAVERS
February 20 VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR	March 22 STYLISTICS
February 21 GALLAGHER & LYLE	March 28 BRUCE FORSYTH
February 23/24 MANHATTEN TRANSFER	April 4/5 GLEN CAMPBELL
	April 11/23 JACK JONES
	April 18/21 JAMES LAST
	April 25/30 FRANKIE VALLI & FOUR SEASONS
	May 9-15 JOHNNY MATHIS
	May 16-22 NEIL SEDAKA

For more information send s.a.e. to:

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS

96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.1. Tel. 01-439 3371

RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6
Friday February 4th 50p
THE STRUTTERS
Saturday February 5th 50p
BEES MAKE HONEY
Sunday February 6th Free
TOM ROBINSON BAND
Thursday February 3rd 50p
BUSHWHACKERS
Wednesday February 9th Free
S.A.L.T.

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES
THE NASH VILLE ROOM

Thursday February 3rd	Free
Friday February 4th	75p
Saturday February 5th	£1.00
Sunday February 6th	75p
Monday February 7th	Free
Tuesday February 8th	Free

TYLA GANG
SAM APPLE PIE
THE FABULOUS POODLES
BURLESQUE
JAM
PLUMMET AIRLINES

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel. 01 603 6071)

"Don't miss
Harry Nilsson's
THE POINT
London's
magical hit"
DAILY EXPRESS
with "the electrifying
WAYNE SLEEP"
DAILY TELEGRAPH
and BERNARD MILES
Nightly at 8pm.
Mats Wed & Sat 5pm.
MERMAID THEATRE
01 248 7656
SEASON
EXTENDED

UNIVERSITY OF ESSEX ENTS PRESENTS

in Concert
with

Kevin Coyne

+ Gentlemen

In the S.U. Dance Hall
Saturday Feb 5th

Tickets £1.00 from Students Union & Parrot Records
Late Bar — disco

Next week: JOHN MARTYN tickets £1.20.

CHERRY TREE BALLROOM,
Cherry Tree, Welwyn Garden City
Friday February 4th at 8 pm

MASQUE

+ Bleak House Admission 50p
Disco — Bar — Lights

WORDS (Barry Clarke),

CITY HALL ST ALBANS

Friday Feb. 4th
Almost Late Rock Show VII!
(7.45 — midnight)

STRAY THE DAMNED

+ SEIDEWINDER

Mary Jane Disco
Bar Food

Advance tickets £1.20 from Box
Office, Chequer Street, St. Albans,
Telephone 64511 or £1.20 on door
(inc. VAT).

Saturday Feb. 12th
Back by Public Demand

"O" BAND + STRIPJACK

with Lee Jackson, ex Nice/
Jackson Heights/Refuge

Mary Jane Disco
Bar Food

Tickets available from Box Office,
Chequer Street, St Albans, Tele-
phone 64511.

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD
PAVILION

Sunday Feb. 13th
at 7.15pm

JOHN MILES

+ Krazy Kats

Bar — Food

Advance tickets from Pavilion
Box Office, Telephone 64451, or
on door

QUEENSWAY (CIVIC)
HALL, DUNSTABLE

Thursday Feb. 17th
at 7.30pm

BUDGIE + SEIDEWINDER

Mary Jane Disco
Bar — Food

Advance tickets from Box Office,
Telephone 603326, F. L. Moore
Records, Record Room St Albans, or
on door

Sunday Feb. 27th S.A.H.B. (Without Alex) at The Queensway Civic Hall, Dunstable. Telephone 603326.



SPEAK-EARLY

Thursday February 3rd
JOHN OTWAY
+ Simon Drake (Magic Man)
Friday February 4th
Ring For Details
Saturday February 5th

MABEL (from Denmark)
Monday February 7th

LANDSCAPE
Tuesday February 8th

ANDY + Friends
Wednesday February 9th

Ring For Details
Thursday February 10th

RED SHADOWS
Friday February 11th

MANIACS
Saturday February 12th

RAINMAKER

Speakeasy
50 Margaret St.
Oxford Circus, W.1.
Reservations 01-580 8810

AFTER THE FIRE
+ SNATCH BACK
AT

LUTON TECH

SAT. February 5th
7.30 pm
70p (60p S.U. MEMBERS)

HENRY COW IN CONCERT

3PM SUNDAY AFTERNOON

13th FEBRUARY

DOORS OPEN 2.30 PM

£1 ADMISSION

THE GRAND HALL

BATTERSEA ARTS CENTRE

LAVENDER HILL, SW11

4 MINS FROM CLAPHAM JUNCTION

LINDSAY KEMP....



"This is the man
that started it all"
— David Bowie

DON'T MISS
LINDSAY KEMP AND COMPANY

in
FLOWERS
(until 12 Feb)
and
SALOMÉ

Opens Mon
21 Feb

FOR THREE WEEKS ONLY
Reduced price prevs. 17, 18, 19 Feb



The Round House
01267 2564

Middlesex Poly
Queensway, Enfield
Thursday February 3rd

BURLESQUE

+ Brown

70p members

90p on door

LEW'S B(L)OOZE

Low Lewis

DINGWALLS

THE BAND are on stage in five minutes and The Man With The Golden Gob-Iron looks worried.

"I heard they pay ya by cheque in this place," Lew Lewis says as he moves around the tiny graffiti-stained dressing room with his usual natural abundance of nervous energy. "A cheque's no good... I want cash... bevvv money, y'know?"

Yeah, Lew. Why are ya hacking at all your Echo Super Vampers with a razor blade?

"Got to, otherwise they cut me mouth," he says and proceeds to blow a few alcoholic riffs in demonstration. Unfortunately, just at that moment somebody pushes the dressing room door open and Lew, still with razor in hand, gets his arm jogged and accidentally chivs himself. Blood'n'booze ooze out the cut and when it's taped up Lew leads his band on stage to face a mournfully half-empty Dingwalls Monday night crowd. That a band as great as this should be playing in front of an audience as small as that is nothing less than tragic.

They wade into that unique Lew Lewis sound with the first number "Shake And Finger Pop", South Side of Chicago blooze pumped through Basil-don New Town and Canvey

Island White Suburban rivvum'n'blooze. But that's a Motown number... Lew stage centre hunched over the mike, knee pumping as he gets in his tributes via harp of gold and vocals to Little Walter, Sonny Boy Williamson, Sonny Terry and all his other idols.

Lee from the Feelgoods on slide on one side of the stage and Pete Zears on lead on the other, and Clouter (surely the Ultimate Drummer's moniker) pounding and thrashing his kit and Johnny Squirrel on looping bass line through "Shame, Shame, Shame" and "Mister Bartender", complete and utter total empathy between the musicians and their music like I ain't seen since I don't know when ("This music don't belong to just the Americans," Lee said before the gig. "It belongs to everyone. We gave it back to 'em...")

For the next number, the Kingsmen's "Louie Louie", Clouter stepped to one side to let some yob with spiky red barnet called Chris Miller hold down the rhythm section for a number, then Clouter was back for the B-side, and superior side, of the Lew Lewis Stiff single, the great "Caravan Man", done even better than the recorded version which was one of the best three singles of last year and no question about it.

GODDAMMIT, WHY
AIN'T THERE MORE
PEOPLE HERE?

"Watch Yourself" is followed by "Out For A Lark", which will be on Lew's UA single to be released next month, and it could well turn into the definitive Lewis self-penned number. It's what the lad's all about...

He does a version of "Messing With The Kid" that wipes the floor with any version Rory Gallagher ever did (but it's a Junior Wells song — Ed) and then it's the last couple of numbers — "Train Blues" and "Down The Road Apiece" — and they split for some more lubrication before the second set... Lew searching through his Echo Super Vampers endlessly for one in the key he's looking for...

Sparko stepped in on bass for the second set, which was looser, much MUCH looser than the first set (which is saying something), and it swerved and soared from the edges of brilliance to, at times,

looking as though the whole thing was so loose that it was just gonna collapse... Lee handling more vocals, Lew slightly out of it but still getting in some alcoholic harp riffs so sweet that it almost broke your heart, at one point both Lee and Lew jumping off stage and into the audience to trade licks... or maybe Lew didn't jump... it's real hard to tell with him, one of his gigs is like watching a man on a tightrope ride...

It's great that Lew Lewis has got mates like the Feelgoods to come down and play on his gigs, but I'd really love to see him get a crew of young, red-hot, enthusiastic kids to be HIS BAND, THE LEW LEWIS BAND and nobody else, a permanent band, some solid rock, blue rock, to build on.

With as much natural talent as Lew Lewis has got, a band like that could turn out to be something very special.

Tony Parsons



Demon 'arp down Singbats



Cliff White

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

TED NUGENT

WITH GUESTS
STEVE GIBBONS BAND
ANDY DUNKLEY 'THE LIVIN' JUKE BOX'

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST W6

SAT/SUN - 5th/6th MARCH at 7-30

TICKETS £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50, (INC VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 748 4061, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE. 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY

At THE PHOENIX, Cavendish Square, W1 (Oxford Circus tube) 8.00 pm

Wednesday 2 February
STAN SULZMANN QUARTET
+ JULIAN BAHULA Malombo Drums

Wednesday 9 February
JEFF CLYNE'S TURNING POINT

At SEVEN DIALS, 27 Shelton Street, WC2 (Covent Garden, Leicester Square tubes) 8.30 pm

Thursday 3 February
HENRY LOWTHER'S
QUARTERNITY with ART THEMEN
+ TOM BRIDGES TRIO

Thursday 10 February
TONY COE'S AXEL

Enquiries to the Jazz Centre Society,
c/o JCA, Carlton House Terrace, SW1 930 4261

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY S.U. Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middx
PRESENTS

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4th
in the Kingdom Room

GREENSLADE

+ SUPPORT

TICKETS: £1.00 in advance, £1.20 on door

Tickets available from Social Secretary, Brunel University S.U., Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex. Tel (89) 39125. Members Bar, Tube Uxbridge, Buses 204, 207, 223. M4 one mile

KEVIN COYNE

WINDSOR CASTLE
309 HARROW RD., LONDON W.9.

Thursday February 3rd
Friday February 4th
Saturday February 5th
Sunday February 6th
Monday February 7th
Tuesday February 8th
(played on sessions with Mayall Lennon & Roxy)

**JOKER
SCARECROW
SCARECROW
PHIL RAM BAND
PUMP HOUSE GANG
(Ex-McGuinness Flint)
BLUE JOHN**

Striptease 7 days a week

BEGGAR'S BANQUET PROMOTIONS
present at the

NEW VICTORIA THEATRE

a unique opportunity to see

GREENSLADE

Featuring:
DAVE GREENSLADE - JON HISEMAN - TONY REEVES - MICK RODGERS

with guests: **AET**

on **FRIDAY 11th Feb.** TICKETS £2.25 £2.00 £1.50 £1.00
FROM THEATRE BOX OFFICE (834-0671) PREMIER BOX OFFICE (240-2245)
BEGGAR'S BANQUET RECORD SHOPS (373-2987)
AND ALL USUAL AGENTS

Kent Ents '77 presents

JOHN MARTYN

+ Guest support

at the **ODEON, FRIARS, CANTERBURY**
FRIDAY FEBRUARY 11 at 8pm

Tickets £2.00 and £1.50 available by post from the Odeon, and by personal application. Also from Long Player Canterbury, and U.K.C. Students Union Shop at the University Campus. Further details Phone Canterbury 65224.

California Ballroom

Presents
Saturday February 5th
Sensational Double Bill Direct From The U.S.A.
Hitmakers of "Climbing The Steps Of Love"

LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS

Plus
Magnet Recording Stars
THE MAJORS

Whipsnade Road,
Dunstable

Latest Single "It Only Happens"
Admission only £1.00. Doors open 8 pm Fully licensed bars

Hall & Oates Andy Desmond

HAMMERSMITH

IF YOU HADN'T already sussed it, Phil McNeill's authoritative piece on this duo a couple of weeks ago confirmed their crossover connection with the nether regions of soul music. Which is why I come to be giving them the once over — and which is also why you needn't start reaching for the acid-tipped quills when I admit that I wasn't overly impressed.

But first, since no other reviewer had the courtesy to mention the fact, it should be noted that the dreaded opening spot was courageously — and more to the point, successfully — carried by a lone figure known as Andy Desmond, who strolled on to a smattering of polite applause and walked off with a respectable ovation.

If the time was right this likeable character would obviously be going places, but somehow I think his intimate brand of acoustic togetherness comes far too late to interest ageing hippies and a bit too early to spark a revival of the spirit in the new generation.

I liked him a lot. His voice is good (rather like Don McLean), his songs are interesting (mainly autobiographical and frequently romantic, but without any cloying sentimentality) and he quickly established a warmer rapport with the audience than the superstars of the evening.

Hall & Oates are, of course, onto a winner right now. It's not often one sees such rabid enthusiasm from an audience. This was real big time stuff.

My own enjoyment was tempered by several conflicting impressions. For instance: Daryl Hall (for it was he, the beguiling blond bombshell, in person) is unquestionably a hell of a singer, but he cuts such a prissy stage figure — all too concerned with his flop-

ping locks, which he constantly caresses and flicks back from his face — that it's hard to believe he's involved in the songs he's delivering with such vocal skill.

John Oates, who I've always assumed to be an equal part of the relationship in songwriting and on record, turned out to be of secondary importance on stage, only contributing harmony vocal and, except for one solo, rhythm guitar. No doubt we'd have missed his presence but by the same token it was difficult to judge his talent, buried as it was in the overall wall of sound.

And that brings me to the third annoyance: the balance and volume of the mix. Hall & Oates carry a very tasty bunch of musicians, particularly the bassist, lead guitarist and saxman, who contribute as much to the quality of the show as the featured front-men. But everything was so loud that, being one of the few members of the audience who was unfamiliar with the material, it took me the best part of each song to estimate what was being performed.

I'll take it from those who know about these things that H & O's recorded works are generally ace, and just remark that, for the most part, I had to content myself with their presentation of the material rather than the sentiments therein. And as presentations go theirs was too heavy on the head and too light on the soul.

Had the full-house of pleasure seekers recognised my discontentment they'd have doubtless booted me clean across the adjacent flyover, for they seemed well satisfied with each and every number, finally demanding that the duo return for an increasingly unpleasant encore which started like a metallic doowop and quickly degenerated into a cacophony of hard rock cliches. It was every man for himself, so I quietly slipped into the night, disappointed but determined to try them again after I've got to grips with their records.

Cliff White

RPM

FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING IN

RING ANDY McDUFF ON 01-261-6172

TANDY'S

THE EXPERT EXPORTERS

ATTENTION!

ALL OVERSEAS READERS

(U.K. readers should go quietly FRANTIC!)

If you live in NORWAY, DENMARK, SWEDEN, FINLAND, GERMANY, BELGIUM, HOLLAND, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, etc., why pay £4 and over for your LPs when you can buy high quality new and unplayed LPs from the expert personal exporters for half that price.

Write today for full details including the new TANDY'S catalogue plus list of new releases.

Trade enquiries welcome



TANDY'S RECORDS

LTD.

(DEPT. NX)

Anderson Road

Warley

B66 4BB

Tel. 021-429 6441/2

Telex: TANDORDS 338024

HAVE YOU GONE

FRANTIC

YET?

If you don't mind paying £3.50 for your LP's FRANTIC is not for you, but FRANTIC customers save up to 85p off the price of top selling LP's and £1.50 off double albums. Of course, they also enjoy the FRANTIC 48-hour service given by the experts of mail order.

Write today for the new FRANTIC catalogue which contains 1,000 amazing bargains.

FRANTIC

MAIL ORDER COMPANY

WARLEY

WEST MIDLANDS B66 4BB

Tel. 021-429 6441/2

SHOPS — RECORD COLLECTORS — DJs

WHAT'S BELOW IS IMPORTANT

For seven years we have been the leading mail order outlet for oldies and current records. We issue every fortnight a booklet that contains 1,000s of oldies dating back to the 40s until the present day. We have also pages on soul, disco, rock and pop, and country music. The booklet costs (UK) 1 year £1.10p, 6 months 70p (Overseas) 1 year £1.75p. Wholesale and overseas welcome.

BELOW IS A SMALL SAMPLE OF WHAT YOU'LL FIND IN OUR BOOKLET

SECTION ONE

Oldies 'n' Imports
78p each
Bay City Rollers — Yesterday Heroes
Bay City Rollers — Rock 'n' Roll Love Letter
Bay City Rollers — Dedication
Led Zepplin — Trampled Under Foot
Led Zepplin — Candy Store Rock
Led Zepplin — Rock 'n' Roll
Led Zepplin — Black Dog
Jimi Hendrix — All Along The Watchtower
Jimi Hendrix — Fanny
Dave Clarke Five — Glad All Over/Bits And Pieces
Booster — Long Time
George Harrison — Crackbox Palace
Arthur Brown — Fire
The Beatles — Got To Get You Into My Life
The Beatles — Slow Down/Matchbox
Bobby Fuller Four — I Fought The Law
The Fendermen — Mule Skinner Blues
Bowie — Stay
Curtis Lee — Under The Moon Of Love
Inez And Charlie Fox — Mockinbird
The Who — Pinball Wizard
Ricky Nelson — Garden Party
Hot Legs — Neanderthal Man
New Seekers — I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing
Sly And The Family Stone — Dance To The Music
Rod Stewart — I Know I'm Losing You
The Supremes — The Happening/Reflections
Conway Twitty — It's Only Make Believe
Vanity Fare — Hitchin A Ride
Ritchie Valens — Donna/La Bamba
Wings — Another Day
Wings — Mary Had A Little Lamb
Wings — C Moon/Hi Hi Hi
Mary Wells — My Guy
Walker Bros. — Make It Easy On Yourself
Chuck Berry — School Days/Memphis Tennessee

SECTION TWO

70p each
Bob Dylan — Knocking On Heavens Door
Bob Dylan — Lay Lady Lay
Pink Floyd — Time/Us And Them
Terry Jacks — Seasons In The Sun
Lennie Donegan — The Battle Of New Orleans
Leo Sayer — Long Tall Glasses
Shadows — Apache/F.B.I.
Suzi Quatro — Devil Gate Drive
7 Mark — 95 Tears
Ringo Starr — Only Sixteen
The Sweet — Blockbusters
John Leyton — Johnny Remember Me
Hawkeye — King Of Speed
Hawkeye — Silver Machine
Yes — And You And I
Acker Bilk — Stranger On The Shore
Black Sabbath — Am I Going Insane
Roy C — Shotgun Wedding
David Cassidy — How Can I Be Sure
Chicken Shack — I'd Rather Go Blind
Cockney Rebel — Make Me Smile
Russ Conway — Side Saddle
Status Quo — Caroline
Status Quo — Paper Plane
Status Quo — Break The Rules
Les Crane — Desiderata
The Drifters — Kissin' In The Back Row Of The Movies
Slim Dusty — A Pub With No Beer
Johnny Duncan — Last Train To San Fernando
Bill Haley — Rock Around The Clock
Buddy Holly — Peggy Sue
Jet Harris — Diamonds
Tornadoes — Telstar
Isaac Hayes — Theme From Shaft
The Hollies — The Air That I Breathe
Janis Ian — At Seventeen
Mad — Tiger Feet
Newbeats — Bread And Butter

POST/PACKING: 1 to 5 records 10p over 5 — 25p Overseas 10p per single
All orders sent by return. We don't keep you waiting for weeks
SEND YOUR P.O. OR CHEQUE TODAY FOR ANY OF THE ABOVE OR OUR BOOKLET

RECORD CORNER (Dept. One)

27 BEDFORD HILL, BALHAM,
LONDON S.W.12 9EX

COB RECORDS

N-120 PORTHMADOG, GWYNEDD, WALES, UK

Tel: (0766) 2170 3185 (10 lines) Mon.-Fri.

★ ★ ★ THE MAIL ORDER SPECIALISTS ★ ★ ★

♦ DISCOUNTS TO ALL COUNTRIES ♦

ANY available LPs/Tapes supplied at Discount Prices to U.K. and Overseas customers. Up to 50p discount per LP on U.K. orders and up to 70p discount per LP on Export orders. FREE POSTAGE on all U.K. orders and on most Export orders over £12.00; incredibly low postal charges on smaller Export orders. All items are brand new, factory fresh and are fully guaranteed by us for quality and against loss or damage in transit. Speedy delivery in strong purpose cartons. Substantial extra discounts on orders over £25 (U.K.) and £30 (Export). Please write or phone for our FREE COB CATALOGUE listing over 2,000 Top Selling LPs at our usual discount plus many other Brand New LPs on Special Offer of up to £1.25 off full retail price.

ADDITIONAL SERVICES (U.K.) ONLY

RECORD EXCHANGE SERVICE. If you have any unwanted LPs in good condition, we will buy or part exchange them for ANY brand new LPs — up to £1.20 cash paid or up to £1.70 allowed in part exchange. Please send s.a.e. or 'phone for details. FIRST. (U.K. ONLY).

QUALITY GUARANTEED SECOND HAND LPs. Over 10,000 always in stock; send for FREE catalogue. All second hand LPs are checked for quality before being accepted into stock and are fully guaranteed. These stocks are completely separate from stocks of Brand New LPs. (UK ONLY).

♦ SAVE £'s AT COB ♦

GOLDEN OLDIES

The following are 65p each

Elvis Presley — Cinderella Rockafella
Eric Clapton — I Shot The Sheriff
Thin Lizzy — Whiskey In The Jar
Ten Years After — Love Like A Man
Arthur Brown — Fire
Freddie & The Dreamers — You Were Made For Me
Peter Starostedt — Where Do You Go To
Area Code 616 — Old Grey Whistle Test
Theme
Jeff Birkin — Hi Ho Silver Lining
Jane Birkin — Je t'aime
Stones — Satisfaction
Black Sabbath — Paranoid
Boyz — Get Back
David Bowie — John I'm Only Dancing
T. Rex — Solid Gold Easy Action
Troggs — Wild Thing
Roberta Flack — Killing Me Softly
Sonny & Cher — I Got You Babe
These are just a sample of 1000's we have in stock, priced from 30p. 16 page Catalogue 10p. Please enclose 25p P + P

ROX LTD 255 Liscard Road, Wallasey, Merseyside.

ITS

POST
FREE

Strawberry Alarm Clock — Incense & Peppermints £4.99
Strawberry Alarm Clock — Wake Up — it's Tomorrow £4.99
Mike Nesmith — Standard Ranch Stash £3.25
Mike Nesmith — Hits Just Keep On Comin' £3.25
Kaleidoscope — When Scopes Collide £3.25
Captain Beefheart — Safe as Milk £2.25
Captain Beefheart — Mirror Man £2.25
Mike Nesmith — Loose Salute £9.9p
Mike Nesmith — Nevada Fighter £9.9p
Mike Nesmith — Magnetic South £9.9p
Best Of The Monkees £1.50
David Ackles — American Gothic £9.9p
Genesis — Foxtrots £2.50
Genesis — Nursery Cryme £2.50
Genesis — Reel To Reel £1.99
Best Of Lovin' Spoonful £2.50
Lovin' Spoonful — Everything Playin' Buzzy Linheart — Pussycats Can Go Far £2.25
Ben Sidran — Don't Let Go £1.50
John Stewart — Lonesome Picker £1.99

ITS RECORD SHOP

308 Raeburn Place, Edinburgh

Clive Loney — address please!

MISS THAT HIT SOUND WHILE IT WAS AROUND? GET IT FROM THE DEALER WITH ALL THE CLASSICS.

All the singles listed below are ONLY 50p each and are but a small selection from over 2,000 titles listed at incredible prices. SEND S.A.E. FOR LIST

BEGINNING OF THE END

Funky Nassau
KIKI DEE BAND
I've got the music in me
DAVID ESSEX
Rock on
MARVIN GAYE & TAMMI TERRELL
The onion song
HOLLIES
The air that I breathe
HOT CHOCOLATE
Emma
ISLEY BROTHERS
Live it up
K.C. & SUNSHINE BAND
Sound your funky horn
MAIN INGREDIENT
Just don't want to be lonely
PAUL McCARTNEY
Jet
HAROLD MELVIN
The love I lost
MUD
Rocket
COZY POWELL
Na na na

ELVIS PRESLEY

Don't cry Daddy
LINDA RONSTADT
It doesn't matter anymore
RUFUS
Once you get started
SHOWADDYWADDY
Rock and roll lady
STATUS QUO
Rain
ROD STEWART
It's all over now
SUPREMES
Up the ladder to the roof
TEN C.C.
I'm Mandy, fly me
TIMMY THOMAS
Why can't we live together
FRANKIE VALLI
Fallen Angel
WHO
Won't get fooled again
WIZZARD
Are you ready to rock
ROBERT WYATT
I'm a believer

Postage & Packing 25p EXTRA ANY NUMBER OF RECORDS

ALSO A BARGAIN

100 DIFFERENT REGGAE SINGLES — £6

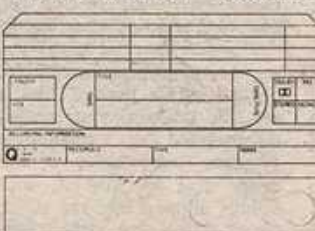
(PLUS £2 IF OVERSEAS)

OLDIES UNLIMITED DEPT N

6/12 Stafford Street, St Georges

TELFORD, TF2 9JQ, SHROPSHIRE

DON'T GUESS! CATALOGUE YOUR OWN CASSETTES WITH



For larger quantities, trade, own label, multi-colour etc., details from:—

PEELABLE SELF-ADHESIVE INDEX/TITLE LABELS

Fits all standard cassettes. Just PEEL OFF and RENEW as you record

150 for £2.00 (INC. VAT & P.P.)
SEND YOUR CASH, CHEQUE/PO To:—

DALE PRODUCTS LTD
EMPRESS STREET
MANCHESTER M16 9FP

KONCEPTS KORNER

Pretentious old superstars refuse to lie down

Genesis

EDINBURGH

ONLY HALFWAY through the first month of 1977 and I shall count myself singularly blessed if I get to see a better concert in the remaining eleven months.

So what was so impressive? The music for a start. "Squonk", "One For The Vine", "Robbery, Assault & Battery", "You Have Your Own Special Way", "Firth Of Fifth", "In That Quiet Earth", "I Know What I Like", "Fifth Earl Of Mar", "Supper's Ready", "Dance On A Volcano/Los Endos", plus an encore of a medley of "Lamb Lies Down" and "Music Box" with a snatch of the old "On Broadway" classic as a bridge. All were performed so much more strongly than on album you'd hardly believe it.

The effect of the music was considerably heightened by a most intelligent use of lights and extras. Let's hear it for the lights first. Then there was the laser. Pretty neat that, and not overdone. And the old favourite, dry ice. Don't sigh like that, because there's life in the old trick yet. It's blown upwards and outwards into the stalls. Certainly has a new effect when it gets into the old Ear Nose & Throat Dept.

New drummer Chester Thompson is very busy,

providing more attack at the back. When Phil Collins hops up onto the drum dais and both men lay into their kits, they simply power forward, carrying everything with them.

And Collins, ladies and gentlemen, what an excellent front man he is, acting out little sketches with neat touches of humour, performing acrobatics with his tambourine and tying the show together with his excellent links and introductions for new adherents.

The new songs are interesting. A feature of much of "Wind And Wuthering" is that it marks a swing away from the heavy, slow-pulsed, mellotron-dominated Genesis trademarks towards a new, lighter approach with more emphasis on guitar. It's less dramatic, less accessible, but as for less quality — let's just wait until all is assimilated and time will tell.

Faults? If you peered close enough you could find a couple. Phil Collins' vocals — it could be just that he was pacing himself for the second show, but some notes he was straining to get. Also you couldn't make out the words when he sang hard.

But that's really splitting hairs. This was two hours of quintessential Genesis. It's not often that you get such a powerful combination of show and quality music in a concert, and it was worth every moment.

Ian Cranna

So Crom preserve us from the NEXT volley of verbosity

Next

BRISTOL

ONE OF THE nasty, cruel facts of life for a young band on the road is that in order to get any sort of attention from your audience you have to intersperse your own material with well-known songs by other people. Often, of course, a group or a singer can make this worthwhile and interesting with creative interpretations, but on just as many occasions these cover versions are uninspired and boring. This is certainly true of the Liverpool band Next — frustratingly so, because their own numbers are very good indeed.

During their act they do Family's "Burlesque", Roy Orbison's "Pretty Woman", 10cc's "Art For Art's Sake" and a version of Bryan Ferry's cover version, "Let's Stick Together", all played practically note for note the same as the originals and all very tedious. Sure they show that the rhythm section of Steve Emberton (bass) and Terry Sterling (drums) play aggressively and proficiently well together, that Ron Stone is a competent guitarist and that Phil Jones sings well and plays flute and sax even better, but otherwise it's definitely "I wonder what's on television right now" time.

However, when they play their self-written material, things are a whole different bunch of bananas. "Bionic Blues" is (would you believe) a blues about the unique sexual exploits of Steve Austin, featuring a really good flute solo from Jones.

The two highlights of the

show are "Zsa Zsa La Carre" and "Bumble", and it is in this pair of songs, especially the latter, that Next are extremely reminiscent of the Genesis of 1972/3. For these two numbers Jones wears several costumes, and, like Peter Gabriel, it is only then that he comes alive and is able to project himself and the songs in the full theatrical sense. Moreover, the influences of Victorian literature and nursery rhymes (they play a dazzling "Frere Jacques") and various time signatures ranging from rock and jazz to waltz are all similar to early Genesis.

They introduced "Bumble" as "a new number", and very impressive it was; a 15-minute mini-epic based on the three most memorable characters from *Oliver Twist*, Bill Sykes, Fagin and Mr Bumble himself. Jones, dressed in some good costumes, hams up the three roles superbly, while the group slip in a hilarious heavy metal burst of "Food Glorious Food". Unfortunately when Jones goes off stage to change, a serious weakness becomes evident; left on their own the other three exude as much charisma as a herring packer with halitosis. They launch into pounding rifferama, and although Sterling and Emberton play in an excellent manner which belies their youth, Stone tends to let his solos slide into flying fingers cliches and he overuses his FX, especially the voice box. Still, this opus deservedly got the loudest applause of the night.

They finished with "Faith Healer" and for an encore "Tomahawk Kid", Jones impersonating Alex's tortured psychoses and Stone injecting a nicely controlled feedback solo, but although they almost captured the power of the SAHB, it was merely an anticlimax after "Bumble".

David Housham

Postal Bargains from: Permaprints (Dept. N.M.138), P.O. Box 201, 96 Newington Green Road, London, N1 4RR

PUT COLOUR ON YOUR CHEST!

With Permaprints 1977 range of designs!



DESIGN NO. 106. SPARKS
T-SHIRTS
Only £1.95 each
or £3.00 any two



108. HAVE ANOTHER
Heavy Cotton Fleece Lined
SWEAT SHIRTS
only £3.95 each (or £7.60 any 2)

All designs shown below are available on both garments

Details as follows:
Colours: Red, Yellow, Blue, Black and White
Sizes: Sml, Med & Large
(106 Type T-Shirts also available in
child sizes: 26", 28", 30" & 32")

Now available HOODED SWEAT SHIRTS

All designs shown in this advertisement are
available on this garment



ADULT
SIZES ONLY
36" 38" 40" & 42"
Colours: Red,
Black and
Blue
Available Plain
or Printed

VERY HEAVY
COTTON
Fleece lined

HOODED SWEATS
Printed..... only £6.35 each
Plain..... only £5.95 each
When ordering state size, colour and
one alternative colour. If printed - give
details of design. If not printed state
"plain."



655. NORTON



126. LIPSMAKIN

Also
available
655. HONDA
656. YAMAHA
657. BMW
658. SUZUKI
660. TRIUMPH
661. HARLEY
DAVIDSON



662. STARKY & HUTCH (2)



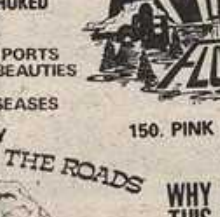
188. PRODUCT



186. STATUS QUO



506. STATUS QUO



150. PINK FLOYD (2)



157. BLOODY SLOGAN



653. STARKY & HUTCH



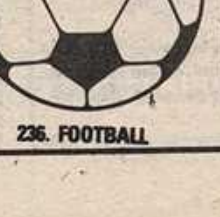
115. BLACK SABBATH



111. NEWCASTLE BROWN



235. GUITAR DRUMS



236. FOOTBALL



199. EAGLES



188. PRODUCT



517. TRUCKIN'



234. THIN LIZZY



237. STEELY DAN



238. CHICAGO



159. BEETHOVEN



175. UNION JACK



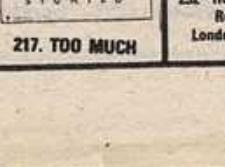
135. STATUS QUO



233. GENESIS '2



161. JAMES DEAN



232. REALITY

NEW FROM PERMAPRINTS YOUR OWN SLOGAN

Added to any Permaprints design. We
print the design
of your choice
plus any word-
ing you want
added in 2" bold
capital letters
and colours of
garments as
shown on left
hand side of
advertisement.

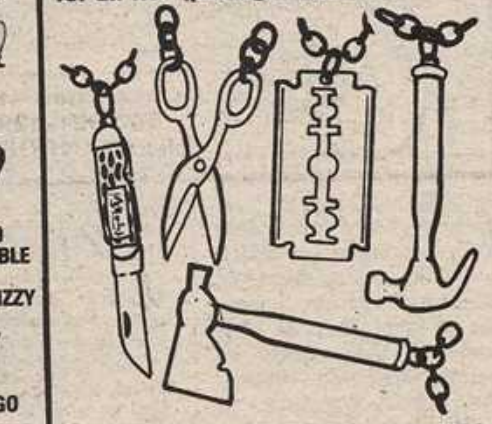


DESIGN NO. 106. SPARKS
T-SHIRTS
Only £1.95 each
or £3.00 any two

Prices (including design and wording up
to 10 letters) T-shirts £2.45, Sweats
£4.45. For extra letters add 4p for each
letter (over 10 letters) NOTE: maximum
of 20 letters per shirt.

★ SPECIAL OFFER ★ From PERMAPRINTS

Pendants only 55p each to clear or £2
for all five (postage included).



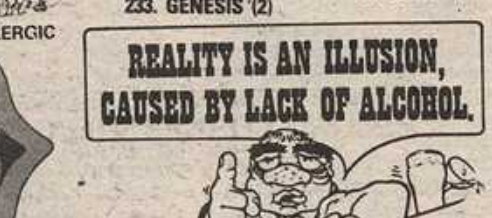
Heavy steel (nickel plated) pendants approx. 1 1/2" long
complete with 22" chain. 5 titles available, ONLY 55p each.
(or £2 for all five) (A) razor; (B) scissors; (C) axe; (D)
hammer; (E) knife.



175. UNION JACK



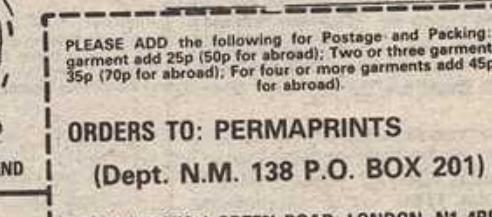
135. STATUS QUO



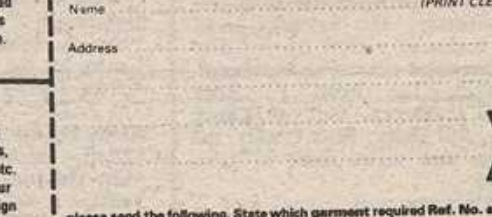
233. GENESIS '2



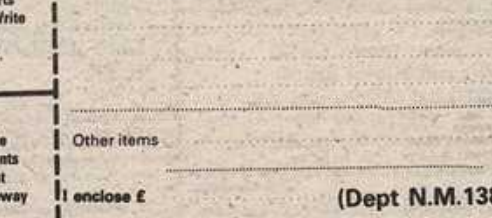
161. JAMES DEAN



232. REALITY



232. REALITY



232. REALITY

CONTENTS
untouched by
human hands
CERTIFIED
all moving parts in working order



129. CONTENTS



132. FLY UNITED



215. SING IN MORNING



227. MILCH TRAY



220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT



222. JOIN THE NAVY



224. WINGS



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



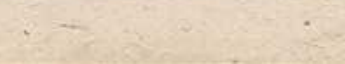
221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



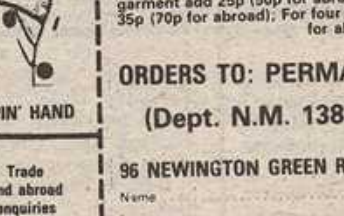
221. UNDERSTAND



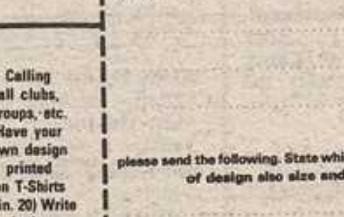
221. UNDERSTAND



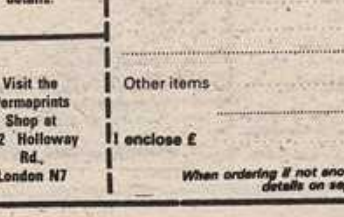
221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



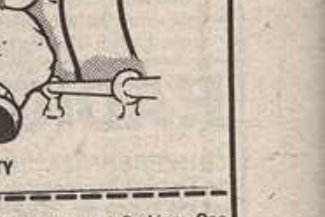
221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



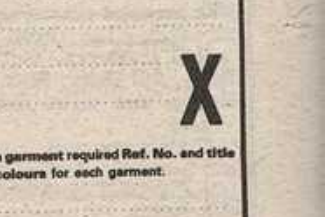
221. UNDERSTAND



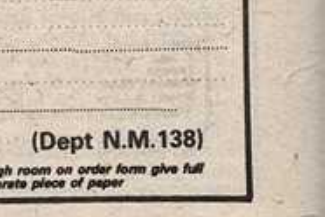
221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND



221. UNDERSTAND

MIKE OLDFART



David Bedford
ROYAL ALBERT HALL

I DON'T regard "The Odyssey" as Bedford's best composition, but in a work like this there is a big difference between record and live concert. Whereas on the album he was able to play all the keyboard tracks himself by overdubbing them, to perform live he needed ten keyboard players. His choice of an unbelievably heavyweight lineup to play what are essentially backing tracks added a further dimension of doubt to the proceedings — the thought that at least some of them might be better employed onstage than playing arpeggios.

With Jon Lord and Mike Ratledge assisting him on synthesizers, Pete Lemer and Dave Simmons on string synthesizers, Dave Stewart on grand piano, Brian Gascoigne on electric piano, Dave Lawson on clavinet, Neil Ardley on Hammond organ, Stuart Bedford on grand organ, the stage became a road crew's nightmare — or paradise — since each required a different form of amplification. The concert producer was Bedford's producer Pete Jenner — I was surprised he hadn't hung his Blackhill Enterprises banner across the stage.

Nicky Horne introduced the proceedings and Jon Lord opened with a section from "Sarabande" — a sort of Brubeck 6/4 time melodic piece which cheered everyone up. Lord played a grand piano, Bedford used the early Moog "rubber band" setting on his synth and Ratledge chewed gum and played a few right hand chords.

There were three Jon Lord pieces, the third of which opened with turn-of-the-century Satie-like simplicity and then developed a huge beat, allowing Ratledge to play a fine attacking solo. It was the first time he's been on stage since he left The Soft Machine

"I dunno what they see in him..."



nine months ago and he had a lot to say.

Pete York played one of the best drum solos I've ever heard, every idea resolved itself, each shape was completed, the cross rhythms wove in and out of each other in very interesting patterns and he's a master technician. He seemed to be sight reading the solo, which, if he was, is an even more remarkable achievement considering the speed and apparent spontaneity with which he played. He drew applause and cheers.

It's a pity the interval wasn't announced, because instead of going to get drinks, most of the audience remained in their seats and there was much whistling and blowing of raspberries as they waited for Lord to do another bit.

Then came "The Odyssey." There were hearty cheers as fifty or so girls from Queen's College entered dressed in white. I'm always suspicious of choirs of expensive over-educated young ladies being used in these functions — remember the Vangelis debacle last year — but the choir and wine-glass orchestra of Queens managed to pull it off, despite the crude craning of necks to inspect their nubility. None of this from Mike Oldfield, I might add — in fact they were all peering at Virgin's golden goose themselves and he seemed positively embarrassed.

Mick Ratledge got a girl of his own to turn his pages, and she stayed with him all the way through, unlike Jon Lord's girl who soon left him. There was much discussion among the critics as to which of the girls was Clement Freud's daughter Emma and which was Kate Collier, Lee Remick's child.

Oldfield's bit is an extremely awkward passage even on the record, and though he played it accurately it sounded jerky and hesitant. It certainly wasn't designed to show off his talent.

Sophie Dickson from Queen's College Choir sang the solo vocal, but with so much humming equipment it was hard for the sound mixers to push up the volume of the open mikes without feedback and she was very hard to hear.

Mireille Bauer from Gong, on vibraphone, encountered the same problem and the first half of her solo was lost entirely.

But these were small problems. The overall impact was very satisfactory. The passages where the girls sang with little accompaniment were easily the most beautiful, particularly on "The Sirens."

"The Odyssey," by the way, is a Greek myth, similar to Star Trek only with more sex in it. One of the enemies is a huge whirlpool called Charybdis, which Bedford created by means of a 360° sweep of abstract sound. Since it was far louder than the onstage music and appeared to be coming from above, the effect was something like being attacked from outer space. The sound was definitely Quatermass Experiment or Dr. Who, not like a whirlpool at all.

There was a nice bit where the girls rubbed wine glasses to produce an eerie, ancient sound. McCartney did it on "McCartney" and I believe the art form has a long name of its own.

The levels and textures built up. Oldfield's second solo was much more interesting. Even the great organ of the Albert Hall was used (of course), played by Stuart Bedford. While all this was going on, Oldfield had a surreptitious fag, holding it behind his back — until he realised that about a thousand people were sitting above the back of the stage.

Mireille Bauer's big moment came on the kettle drums, coupled with great blasts on the RAH organ and the choir. If it was going to collapse anywhere it would have been here, but Bedford held everything together very tightly and it worked.

I must say I preferred the encore, the "Rio Grande" sea shanty from Bedford's "The Rime Of The Ancient Mariner," which was very beautiful.

The Albert Hall was full — 7,000 people — and I think they enjoyed themselves, even the Arab sitting in front of me who smoked huge cigars all the way through the concert. He applauded wildly.

Miles

THE ORIGINAL OLD DENIM GEAR



tommy

And also at:
17 St. Giles Street,
Northampton.

Send cheques/P.O.'s or Access/Banc-
laycard nos. to:

When in Northampton pay a visit to:
TOMMY'S JEAN STORE,
Wellingborough Rd.,
Northampton.

Tommy Clothing Ltd., (NME 1)
2 Oakley Street,
Northampton.
Please send double postage and pack-
ing outside U.K.

SPLIT KNEE JEANS

£6.95 + 65p p&p
Original old Levi or Wrangler jeans to the knee, but
flaring out with panels of matching old denim to
28" bottoms. State waist (girls-hip) and inside leg
measurements. (Up to 42" waist)

JEAN OVERCOAT

£14.00 + 70p p&p with fur collar (as illus-
trated)
£15.95 + 70p p&p with fur lining
£13.00 + 70p p&p with plain denim collar
Knee length old denim overcoat with metal button
fasteners and half belt. State chest/bust size.

JEAN LAPEL JACKET

£7.95 + 65p p&p. Nicely fitted flared jacket with
single centre-back vent. State chest/bust size.

JEAN WAISTCOAT

£4.95 + 60p p&p. Very well fitted old denim
waistcoat. Looks good on guys or chicks. State
chest/bust size.

JEAN SHIRT

£7.50 + 65p p&p. Our ever popular old denim
jean shirt, wear it as a shirt or a jacket. Cut to fit
guys or chicks. State chest/bust size.

JEAN BOMBER JACKET

£7.00 + 65p p&p with fur collar (as illus-
trated)
£5.95 + 65p p&p with fur lining
£5.95 + 65p p&p with plain denim collar
Old denim bomber with two front pockets, chunky
zip fastener and elasticated waistband and cuffs.
Looks good on guys or chicks. State chest/bust
size.

JEAN SKIRT

£4.95 + 60p p&p. Cell length skirt made from old
Levi or Wrangler jeans with V insert front and back.
State hip size. (30"-44")

JEAN SHOULDER BAG

£2.50 + 40p p&p. (Not illustrated). Made from old
Levi/Wrangler shorts, with base sewn in and shoul-
der strap.

SHORTS

£2.95 + 45p p&p. Levi or Wrangler cut-offs. State
waist size (girls-hip)

Please allow 10-14 days delivery. If not fully satis-
fied money will be refunded on all goods returned
unworn within 7 days of receipt.
All goods are made from famous name old
worn denim jeans. Trade enquiries welcome.

GENUINE
"LEVI & LEVI"
TYPE JEANS

Preworn and shrunk, just need
patches.

Send £2.00 + 50p P & P to:
M. HANGER, Esq.,
55 Northall Street
KETTERING, Northants
Money back guarantee

Great
NEW DEAL

EMBROIDERED AFGHAN COATS!

£11.75 + £1.00 carr.

Brown sheepskin, hairy fur, 1/2 length. New but
slightly marked in storage. 32-36" chest only.

Perfect 38-42" chest
£15.75 + £1.00 carr.

Shop price £19.95

BIG BOY JEAN CO. (XMI)

48 Manor View, London, N3.

CHEESECLOTH KURTA
A good quality white natural cotton cheese-
cloth kurta with white embroidery. Only
£2.60 + 20p P&P. Chest sizes 28" to 40" girls
39" to 44". Him state chest size, her state bust
size.

COLLAR SWEATSHIRT
Cotton sweatshirt with a collar. £3.50 + 25p
p&p. CHEST SIZES 30" to 36". Bust sizes 32" to
38". Colours: Black, navy, light blue, & rust.
Please state alternative colour.

PLAIN SWEAT SHIRTS
Cotton crew neck sweat shirt. £3.15 + 30p
p&p. Colours: Sky blue, brown, cream, black,
navy. Chest/bust sizes: 34" to 36". Girls hips
32" to 39". (33" inside leg length). Please state
alternative colours and your waist size. Girls
state your hip size. Also black, drk. green,
Pacific blue in guys waist 26" and 28", girls
hips 32" and 33-34".

**EMBROIDERED LIGHT BLUE DENIM
SHIRT**
A light blue denim shirt, fades when washed,
with colourful embroidery on the pockets, pop
button front, cuffs and pockets. Still £4.45
plus 55p p&p. Guys chest 32" to 37", bust 34"
to 38". Please state your chest / bust size.

COTTON DRILL LOONS
A good quality cotton drill in the original hip
fitting loons made in Britain. Still only £2.60
+ 40p p&p. 2 pairs 65p p&p. Colours: Navy,
olive green, red, yellow, purple, brown,
maroon. Guys waist sizes 28" to 34". Girls hips
32" to 39". (33" inside leg length). Please state
alternative colours and your waist size. Girls
state your hip size. Also black, drk. green,
Pacific blue in guys waist 26" and 28", girls
hips 32" and 33-34".

**DELIVERY 7-10 DAYS. POSTAGE OUTSIDE U.K. DOUBLE
PLEASE WRITE YOUR NAME, FULL ADDRESS, COLOURS
AND SIZE CLEARLY. ALL GOODS CAN BE EXCHANGED
OR REFUNDED IF RETURNED UNWORN WITHIN 7 DAYS.
SEND A P.O. CHEQUE TO:**

SHAPES MAIL ORDER (Dept C)
252 High Street, Waltham
Cross, Hertfordshire

**Our shop is open all
week with bargains in
Jeans, Knitwear, Tops,
Tee Shirts, etc.**

BERLYN
ARCADE

ALL PRICES
INCLUDE AN
18" STERLING SILVER
OR 9 CT GOLD
CHAIN

THINGS
GO
BETTER
WITH
COCAINE £5.25
Silver Only

Screw
£5.75 or have
it in Gold £29.50

SHARP PRICE
BLADE
Silver £4.25, 9CT £27.95

WISHBONE
Silver £5.75, 9CT £30.75

FOR
YOUNG
CHICKS
AND
RANDY
ROOSTERS

INITIALS ANY TYPE OF
LETTERS A-Z. Silver £3.45, 9CT £19.75

ALL OUR GOODS SOLID SILVER OR
9 CARAT GOLD

QUOTE YOUR ACCESS NO OR MAKE PO OR
CHEQUE PAYABLE TO:

GARY BERLYN
Dept NME, 32 Market Row Arcade,
London SW9 9DL
7 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

RADIO TV JAZZ DIARY

THE PERENNIAL "Old Grey Whistle Test" at last seems to have found a settled spot in BBC-2's Tuesday schedules, with a regular starting time of 11.15 pm. This week the **Average White Band** are the featured attraction.

The channel's other weekly rock series, "Sight And Sound In Concert" (Saturday 6.30 pm), offers 60 minutes of **John Miles** in a simultaneous stereo link with Radio 1.

Still with BBC-2, the three-part documentary "The Friendly Invasion" comes to a close on Saturday with the most interesting instalment, subtitled "The Road To Rock 'n' Roll". There's film of **Chuck Berry**, **Bill Haley**, **Elvis Presley**, the **Beatles** and many more of their vintage.

ITV's main music contribution is the Saturday morning "Supersonic" (most regions) which includes **Slade's** first British TV appearance for two years, plus **Gary Glitter**, **Paul Nicholas** and **Miquel Brown**.

Radio 1 has an hour-long special at 12.30 pm on Saturday, when **George Harrison** talks to **Anne Nightingale** about his days with the **Beatles** and subsequent solo career. And **Alexis Korner** hosts another blues and soul show at 5.30.

JAZZ CENTRE Society's Northern branch has copped a clutch of top US jazzmen — the first UK appearance of the **Clark Terry Big Band** at the Davenport Theatre, Stockport, on March 27. The 17-piece band includes **Richard Williams**, **Ernie Wilkins**, **Jimmy Heath**, **Eddie Bert** and **Ed Thigpen**. Following his stint at Ronnie Scott's, **Dexter Gordon** will be playing at the Band on the Wall, Manchester on 17th. February; **Hurlfield Campus**, Sheffield on 19th.; **Astoria**, Leeds on 20th.; **Birmingham**, Opposite Lock on 22nd.; **Football Club**, Great Harwood on 24th.; **Black Bull**, Milngavie, Glasgow on 27th.; **The Sands**, Dundee on 28th.

Back in The Smoke, The Seven Dials has **Henry Lowther's** **Quaternity & Art Themen** and the **Tom Bridges Trio** on 3rd. February. **John Taylor's** **Octet** will be at the Battersea Arts Centre on the 4th., and **Paul Lee's** **Journey** at the Star & Garter, Putney on the same night. On Sunday 6th. **Joy** are at The Zodiac — ex-Klook's **Clique** — in West Hampstead, with **Keith Tippett** and **Harry Miller**. A new feature is the free Saturday lunchtime gigs, kicked off by the **Paul Lee Trio** with **Mike Osborne** on 5th. February. That fascinating tandem, **Talisker & Voice** are at St Botolph's Church, Aldgate on 8th. **Jeff Clyne's** **Turning Point** are at The Phoenix, Cavendish Square on 9th.

Following **Dexter** in at Ronnie's — from 14th. February, **Louis Hayes-Woody Shaw Quintet**; from 28th. **Carmen McRae**.

New release from A&M, **Chuck Mangione's** "Main Squeeze" featuring many a bob in the meter. On **Black Lion**, **Dudley Moore** at The Wavedon Festival.

Any punter handy for Lagos, Nigeria still has time to catch the African Arts Festival, including **Sun Ra**, **Muhai Richard Abrams**, **Jackie McLean**, **Pharoah Sanders** and **Milford Graves**.

Just William Limited

We are now able to offer the very latest in **Drill Jeans**. They are "A" Lines, with 28" bottoms and are available in four colours: **Bright red with white inserts in back pockets, royal blue with light blue inserts, white with red inserts, and emerald green with bottle green inserts.**

Because we insist on Quality Finish and FIT, at £12.95 per pair these are possibly not the cheapest Drill Jeans you have seen, but we will guarantee you will be delighted or your money will be refunded.

Send P/Orders, Cheques for £12.95 to:—

JUST WILLIAM LTD.,
21 Taff St., Pontypridd, Mid.
Glamorgan, South Wales

Name _____
Address _____
Size Waist □ 26; □ 28; □ 30; □ 32; □ 34; □ 36
Colour □ Red; □ Blue; □ Green; □ White
Please state second colour choice

GENUINE
Soft Kid Leather
WESTERN
★BOOTS★

IN LIGHT & DARK TAN

Sizes Mens 6-11

Girls 3-7

£18-95

PLUS £1 P&P

Smart round fashion toe, pull on leather tabs, strong double stitched seams, leather covered stacked heel, welted stitched sole, 7-14 day delivery. If not fully satisfied money will be returned on boots returned unworn within ten days of receipt.

Just send P/O Cheque to:

TENNESSEE BOOT CO.

413-415 Eccleshall Rd. Sheffield Yks

CANNABIS LEAF

Fabulous Jewellery

By popular request we have designed a good quality highly detailed Cannabis Leaf Ring for you!

chunky real silver bargain at only £7.00. (Send size or we can make it adjustable). Our 1 1/4" high real silver leaf pendant on silver plated chain is £4.00 or on quality real silver chain £7.00. A 3/4" single earring on silver hook is £1.85. Join the rush and sent money to:

ATLAS (Dept N)

40 SYDNEY ST. BRIGHTON

DSTART
CONSTERS
CLOGS

AT LAST SCANDINAVIAN STYLE
CLOGS PRODUCED IN BRITAIN!

Model: Slip-in
Sizes 3 1/2 - 6 £7.50
6 1/2 - 10 £8.00

Model: Slip-on (with strengthening strap)
Sizes 3 1/2 - 6 £6.00
6 1/2 - 10 £6.50

Brown-stained beech soles with leather uppers in black, brown, blue, red, tan or green. Hand-embossed and dyed slip-on clogs also available at 75p extra (in brown, red and green only).

ALL PRICES INCLUDE P & P AND VAT

Send to: 17 Bannister St.,
Wetherby, N. Humberdale.

Trade enquiries welcome.

To Advertise
in this section

RING

RING ANDY McDUFF
ON 01-261 6172

FAN CLUBS

12p per word

GILBERT O'SULLIVAN Official Fan Club. Send stamped addressed envelope to P.O. Box 51, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffs.

RECORDING

12p per word

J. J. STUDIO — Multi Tracking demo tapes £3.50 per hour. 01-673 5055

INSTRUMENTS WANTED

9p per word

PURCHASED FOR CASH Good Guitars, Amplifiers, Hammond Organs. Top prices — 01-836 7811.

INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE

9p per word

"KING CONGAS" Fibre glass drums on metal stand, very good condition. £100. Tel: 01 361 2879.

INSURANCE

12p per word

MOTOR INSURANCE. Archway Insurance Brokers, 664 Holloway Road, N19. 01-272-0557.

ARTISTES WANTED

9p per word

ROCK VOCALIST for 3 piece band. No time wasters please. Phone Hatfield 62484.

MUSICIANS WANTED

12p per word

GUITARIST BASSIST drummer to form rock and blues band. Singing sight-reading advantageous. Laurie 01-794 1915.

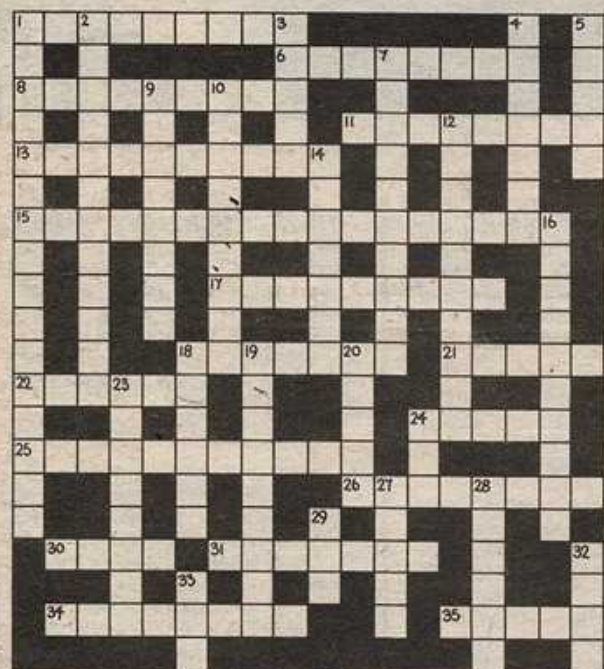
VIOLINIST REQUIRED with keyboard ability to join pro. band with own recording studio. Work waiting. 021 373 3517

ENGAGEMENTS WANTED

9p per word

A1 ACORDIONIST. 01-876 4542.
A1 PIANIST 01-876 4542.

EXPRESS WORD



ACROSS

- 1 Current disco fave (5, 4)
- 6 Almost a fish, the former D. Purple drummer (3, 5)
- 8 "Animals" drummer (4, 5)
- 11 See 3
- 13 Classic Stones' 45 — some have said it was "dedicated" to Claudia Lennear (5, 5)
- 15 El Ferranti's eulogy to glue? Or is it bondage? (4, 5, 8)
- 17 Wrote about his experiences in "Diary Of A Rock-'n'-Roll Star" (3, 6)
- 18 The former Mrs Wonder
- 21 Canned food giant/50s rock'n'roller
- 22 Label
- 24 & 35 They were to East London what The Who were to the west
- 25 Of "Pain + Pleasure = Ecstasy" (4, 7)
- 26 See 33
- 31 The family that smiles together
- 34 Ginger Baker's first stop after Blind Faith (3, 5)
- 35 See 24 across

DOWN

- 1 Phil Lynott warns against the gossips? (4, 7, 1, 4)
- 2 Posthumous smash hit for Otis Redding (4, 2, 3, 3)

- 3 & 11 Don't stain lard (anag. 5, 8)
- 4 Ms Safka
- 5 Don't cry for Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber!
- 7 Starred Ron Mael as Josef Goebbels?
- 9 Steve Stills' old band
- 10 The Doctor's live goodie
- 12 He cut the original of the garage classic "Woolly Bully" (3, 3, 4)
- 14 As in the Rainbow axeman
- 16 Had some 27 hits between 1957-64 — these days plays the rock circuits (4, 6)
- 18 Rodnee elpee
- 19 David O'List, ex of Nice, was their first (short-term) guitarist (4, 5)
- 20 "24 Hours From . . ."
- 23 Scored a U.S. No. 1 with his last single (3, 5)
- 24 The absent Mr B
- 27 A friend of Big Ears
- 28 Derived from Bluebeat
- 29 & 30 Early Floyd producer and leading light of U.K. underground, he's worked with Incredible's, Nick Drake, Nico, Maria Muldrar among many
- 32 John McVie's instrument
- 33 & 26 A.k.a. Olias Of Whatsit

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW

ACROSS: 1 Julie Covington; 5 "New Kid In Town"; 9 Ayers; 12 "My Love"; 13 (David) Soul; 14 Kevin (Ayers); 15 "I Heard It Through The Grapevine"; 16 (John Lee) Hooker; 17 (Tony) Palmer; 18 Lee; 20 Ted (Nugent); 22 Gates; 23 "Low"; 24 Steve (Harley); 25 (Denny) Laine; 26 (Rose) Royce; 28 Cash; 29 (Dickie) Betts; 31 Tom Paxton; 35 Chet (Atkins); 37

Mick (Taylor); 38 Slade; 39 Johnny (Cash). **DOWN:** 1 Joni Mitchell; 2 Lowell George; EMI; 4 Tony (Palmer); 6 Deep Purple; 7 Nashville; 8 Walker Brothers; 10 Elvis Presley; 11 Sandie Shaw; 19 "Eat A Peach"; 20 "The Last Time"; 21 David (Gates); 22 Gene Clark; 27 "Ohio"; 30 Harley; 32 Marcy (Levy); 33 Taylor; 34 Nugent; 36 Sax.

RECORDS FOR SALE

12p per word

ABOUT RECORDS AND CASSETTES. efficient Mail Order for OVERSEAS CUSTOMERS only from **JO-JO'S TAX FREE, SEND FOR UP-TO-DATE CATALOGUE AND BARGAIN OFFERS.** — **JO-JO'S RECORDS,** 60 Adams Street, BIRMINGHAM B7 4AG, England.

ALBATROSS RECORDS U.S. Imports. **AMBOY DUKES** Survival of Fittest — Live, Dr. Slingshot £4.25 each. Call of the Wild £4.00. **NUGGETS** (dble) £5.70. **DICTATORS** — Go Girl Crazy **EARTHQUAKE** 8.5. **MODERN LOVERS** 1st & 2nd. **SPIRIT** — Son of All £4.00. **FREE STORY** (Canadian limited edition) (dble) £5.50. **FLOCK** — 1st. **RANDY CALIFORNIA** — Kapt. Kopter & Twirly Birds £2.50. **GEORGE HARRISON** — Electronic Sound £2.60. Deletions — **THE CITY** — (Carole King) £2.20. **TOM RAPP** — Familiar Songs £1.90. **DILLARDS** — Roots & Branches £1.80. **TODD RUNDGREN** — Runt £2.45. **JERRY GARCIA** — Garcia £2.25. **JOHN SEBASTIAN** — Tazana Kid (w. Amos Garrett) £2.00. **CHILLI WILLY** — Kings of Robot Rhythm £2.80. **NORMAN GREENBAUM** — Back Home Again (w. R. Daddell) £1.80. **BEAU BRUMMELS** — sing (compilation) £2.60. **STORIES** About Us £2.00. **EARTH OPERA** — 1st £1.20. **CRABBY APPLETON** £1.50. Post & Packing: 1 Record 28p, 2 records and doubles 55p, 3 records 65p, 4 or more 80p. Overseas postage extra. Open Mon-Sat 10-6. Tel: 01-937 8820. Albatross Records (NM4), Kensington Market (basement) 49/53 Kensington High Street, London W8 5ED

ALBUM HIRE. S.a.e. details Dianne, Taw Records, Westover, Ivybridge, Devon.

AMERICAN SOUL. Vintage pop, rock. February collectors' auction. S.a.e. 6 Wendover Drive, Frinton, Surrey.

AVAILABLE NOW our latest list of pop oldies 1956-1975. Send 10p & large s.a.e. — F. L. Moore (Records) Ltd., 167a Dunstable Road, Luton, Beds.

BEACH BOYS "Stack O' Tracks" original super rare U.S. Capitol copy. Also Dylan / Beatles rarity "Masked Marauders" on Deity. Offers please to Jiggs, 232 Cliftonville Road, Belfast 14, N. Ireland.

BEST SHOP in London for 60's singles. Also deleted LPs. Curios, 453 Edgeware Road, Little Venice, London, W9. Tel: 01-262 3598.

CENTRAL CASSETTE LIBRARY no hire charges, subscription only. Stamp — 176a Coombe Lane West, Kingston, Surrey.

"CHARTBUSTERS" 56-76 for collectors and D.J.s. S.a.e. Diskery, 86/87 Western Road, Hove, Brighton. Callers welcome.

CLIFF RICHARD and Shadows record sale, many rarities. S.a.e. to: 44 Maxwell Gardens, Orpington, Kent

CLIFF RICHARD — set of 20 singles 1960 to 1970. Immaculate condition. Sensible offers to Duncan, 12 Raleigh Close, South Molton, Devon.

COMPLETE SET of No. 1's 1975 & 1976, all unplayed — 37 records. Offers? — Andrew Bainborough, 45 Elizabeth Ave., Exeter, Devon.

FIVIS RARE records H.M.V. etc. S.a.e. lists — 7 Woodland View, Chesham.

EX TOP 30 Records (1955-76) from 10p. Thousands of titles, hundreds of stars. S.a.e. for free lists — 82 Vandyke St., Liverpool L8 0RT.

"FROM THEN TO YOU" £20 mint. — McGee, 13 Dundonald Road, Glasgow.

FUNHOUSE RECORDS buy & sell. — Buckley, MCS, Stoores, Deviants and all rarities. Send wants and s.a.e. — 136 High Street, Margate, Kent.

LOOKING FOR OLDIES? Then you need **RECORD MART.** Every issue lists 1000s of Vintage sounds from the '50s, '60s and '70s. For this month's bumper edition send 50p P.O. to 16 London Hill, Rayleigh, Essex.

NINE BOB Dylan LPs. S.a.e. for list. Callers welcome — Miss Williamson, 5 Kedleston Road, Derby.

OLDIES 56-76 guaranteed condition. Large s.a.e. plus 5p for lists — 24 Upper Hall Park, Berkhamstead, Herts.

ORIGINAL 1961 Sandy Nelson "Let There Be Drums" LP on London. Offers Henry, 28 Kensington Road, Reading.

OVERSEAS READERS. Speedy delivery records and tapes. Tax free, large discounts. Free catalogue. Counterpoint, 12 Graham Road, Malvern, Worcs.

PASTBLASTERS! Thousands available '56 — '76. — S.a.e. 24 Southwalk, Middleton, Sussex.

SINGLES FROM 29p — Large s.a.e. — T.S.M. Records, 220 Victoria Road West, Cleveleys, Lancs.

SOUNDS GOOD. We are Nottingham's Oldies Specialists: Rock'n'Roll on London, Brunswick, etc. Soul on Stateside, Tamla, Atlantic, many Demos, etc. Best Groups on Decca, Parlophone, etc. Send large s.a.e. or pay us a visit. Sounds Good, 51 Alfreton Road, Nottingham.

SUPER SINGLES — top artists — post FREE. Send s.a.e. for list to: Selektadisc, 11 New Close, Acle, Norwich, NR13 3BG

TERRY RILEY "Inc" (original import) "America" Yes. Both mint. S.a.e. offers — 65 The Vale, Strichley, Telford, Salop.

THOUSANDS SECONDHAND Records, all types. Send 15p for fantastic February list. Stop Look and Listen, Hayle, Cornwall. (Overseas customers send 3 International reply coupons).

POP CLASSICS Johnny Tillotson — Poetry in Motion. Offers — wants lists 1958-1970. Duncan, 12 Raleigh Close, South Molton, Devon.

BANDS 12p per word

A1 BANDS — 01-876 4542. **DISCOTHEQUES BANDS** groups. — Tel: 01-361 9385.

HOWARD BAKER bands, groups — Tel: 01-550 4043.

Classified

Charge for Box Numbers is 90p. All Classifieds must be pre-paid.

FOR SALE

12p per word

BADGE COLLECTORS read on: Alex Harvey, Wings, Bad Company, Zeppelin, Sabbath, Bowie, Heep, Yes, Deep Purple, 10cc, Pink Floyd, ELP, Santana, Genesis, Stones, Queen, Roxy, Wishbone Ash, Quo, Cockney Rebel, Rod Stewart, Knebworth Fair, 15p each plus s.a.e. Hope to hear from you soon. Love and Peace. — Julie Williams, 7 Candy Street, London E3 2LH.

FREE CATALOGUE of posters, sew- ons, flags plus Nazi and American gear. Just send stamp for postage. — Ken Walker, 37 Rosedale Cresc., Reading, Berks.

HERBAL HIGHS — do they work? Try some and see. We supply the famed **GUARANA POWDER, KAVA KAVA** and more. Range of **PIPES** and **ACCESSORIES** ready soon. Send s.a.e. to **HTS IMPORTS** (Dept. NME), 46 Mount Pleasant Road, Hastings, Sussex.

LATEST TOUR colour photos. — Genesis, Stewart. Set of 10 3 1/2" x 5" £3.40 post free. Refund if dissatisfied. B & W's of above and following — Santana, Thin Lizzy, S. Harley, Mott, Beefheart, Fairport, J. Armatrading. Set of 5 10" x 8" £2.30 post free. — Pete Still, 11 Greenbank Loan, Edinburgh, EH10 5SH.

N.M.E.'S MAR. '66 to Feb. '69. **DISCS** Feb. '67 to May '73. Steve 061 881 9032.

ON THE SCENE L.P. Yardbirds, Animals, Downliners Sect, etc., Sorrows L.P. Take A Heart, Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush — Traffic, Spencer Davis. Excellent condition. Offers to: Mr Bryant, Flat One, 44 Magdala Road, Mapperley Park, Nottingham.

RICK GRIFFIN 1960's AMERICAN ROCK POSTERS Limited Edition, superbly printed and individually numbered posters. Send SAE to: Alcock & Dicks Trading Company, P.O. Box 244, London SE3 9JW.

PERSONAL

24p per word

ALONE? FRIENDSHIP. Agency for over eighteens. Free details: Sue Carr, Somerset Villa, Harrogate. Tel. 0423/63525 anytime.

ALONE! MEET new friends, inexpensive, confidential and efficient service. Write: — Countrywide Introductions, ME/Martin House, Brighouse, Yorks.

CHICKS/GUYS in London get together through London Dating Services (NME), Berkeley Suite, 79 Gt. Titchfield-St., W.1.

HERBAL HIGHS See 'For Sale'.

HOW TO GET GIRL FRIENDS. I will show you how to date any girl you fancy — s.a.e. for free details: Dept. NM 38 Abbeydale, Winterbourne, Bristol.

INTERESTED MAGIC, astrology withcraft? Join Arcanum Occult Circle. S.a.e. Arcanum, 25 Heslin Close, Haxby, York.

JANE SCOTT for genuine friends. Introductions opposite sex with sincerity and thoughtfulness. Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 3/NM North Street, Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex, BN1 3GL.

NATIONWIDE OCCULT, witchcraft contacts etc. S.A.E. — Baraka, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT.

PHOTODATES (NM) — 29 Westfields Avenue, London, SW13 0AT.

POEMS NEEDED URGENTLY for new books, exciting prizes. Send poems for free editorial opinion. — Regency Press, (A3), 43 New Oxford Street, London, WC1A 1BH.

STRAIGHT LADY 25 years North London area, going to America in Spring. wishes to meet same. Box No. 3356.

WORLDWIDE PEN FRIENDS Write for free details — Pen Friend Service, PL27, SF-20801, Turku 80, Finland.

MUSICAL SERVICES

12p per word

EARN MONEY songwriting. Amazing free book tells how — L.S.S., 10-11 (X) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London, W.1. 8 1/2p stamp.

LYRICS TO MUSIC! Details (s.a.e.) — Franklin, West Africa House, Hanger Lane, W.5.

LYRICS WANTED. No publication fee — 11 St Albans Avenue, London, W4 5LL.

SONGWRITER MAGAZINE explains copyright protection, recording, publishing royalties, songwriting competitions and interviews famous songwriters. Free sample from International Songwriters Association (NME), New Street, Limerick, Ireland.

YOUR SONG recorded professionally — Henshiwood, 130 Frankby, W. Kirby, Wirral.

SITUATIONS VACANT

9p per word

BEAT INFLATION — good rates for homeworkers. S.a.e. to — Somerville, McIntosh Hall, St. Andrews, Fife, Scotland.

ESCAPE EMPLOYMENT on Liners, Oil Rigs. Experience unnecessary. Details Maritime Employment Guide. Price 60p. Working Holiday & Free Travel Guide. Price 70p. Mailbox, November House, Oakhill Avenue, Pinner, Middx.

SITUATIONS WANTED 9p per word

YOUNG D.J. seeks resident work, any area considered. — Phone after 7.00 pm. Tregaron (Dyfed Wales) 335.

RECORDS WANTED

12p per word

ALL YOUR UNWANTED 45's & LP's bought or part exchanged for new records. Large collections urgently required. Send records or lists with s.a.e. F.L. Moore (Records) Ltd., 167a Dunstable Road, Luton, Beds.

A QUICK service and top prices guaranteed for your unwanted LP's and cassettes. Any quantity bought. Send details with s.a.e. for our cash offer by return of post — Gema, Dept. NME 1, P.O. Box 54, Crockhamwell Road, Woodley, Reading, Berks.

BEST PRICES paid for your unwanted blues albums. Send details with s.a.e. for my offer: K. Smith, Hendy, Ynysfor, Llanfrothen, Gwynedd, Wales.

RAW POWER, Stoores, mint, exchange for Nils Lofgren live bootleg. S.a.e.: Colin Sturman, 2 Vange Place, Haverhill, Suffolk.

URGENTLY WANTED — Beatles 1962 Decca auditions bootleg, in good condition. Will pay in region of £20. — John, 16 Wadhurst Avenue, Luton.

WANTED 12p per word

DOCTORS OF MADNESS bootlegs wanted, state details: Ian Wheatley, 12 Givendale Grove, Osbaldwick, York.

DYLAN. WANTED to sell, buy or trade any Dylan E.P.s, records, articles and photos (especially non-concert pics): Sparrow Photos, 155 Netherwood Crescent, Montreal H3X 3H3 PQ, Canada.

LED ZEPPELIN cuttings, photos, tapes, autographs, etc. Box No. 3357.

SONGS LYRICS wanted, exciting proposition. Details (sae): Robert Noakes, 30 Sneyd Hall Road, Bloxwich, Staffs.

WANTED URGENTLY two Abba tickets London — Underwood, 53 Eastern Way, Letchworth, Herts

Computer Dating... Find Friendship, Love or Marriage. Dateline, Europe's largest most successful and reliable service for all ages in all areas — Send for free colour brochure & details Now — To: Dateline Dept (NM) 23, Abingdon Road, London W8 Tel: 01-937 6503

ISLE OF WIGHT Extremely spacious detached family house with benefit of fully equipped 4 track recording studio, acoustically treated recording area, sound proof control room. Reception/musical sales area, fine accommodation consisting, lounge, 3 bedrooms, kitchen/diner, bathroom, full central heating, good sized garden, outside buildings, £15,950 to include studio equipment. Apply Way, Riddett, 62 Pyle Street, Newport, IOW. Ring Newport 2236.

OUR ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER NEEDS A SECRETARY!

If you are a good accurate shorthand typist with a pleasant telephone manner. If you can liaise with clients and their advertising agencies and answer their queries. If you are over 21 and looking for an interesting job in a friendly modern office then write giving full details of your qualifications and experience to:

Peter Rhodes, Advertisement Manager, NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1 9LS.

DISCO SCENE All lineages in this section 12p per word

DISCOTHEQUES

CAN'T Get The Best? Then try the Mad Hatter Mobile Disco. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ring 01-254 6812.

CHRIS STUART ROADSHOW 01-897 1879.

DAVE JANSEN — 01-699 4010.

GISMO DISCO. Ring Paul 01-462 1309

NO CHARGE for large light show when you use Bar Disco — Ring 01-670 2006.

STEVE DAY. Tel: 01-524 4976.

EQUIPMENT FOR SALE 10p per word

D.J. MAJOR 200w McDonald Decks plus all extras. Pair 100w Carlsbro columns. Pair Simms watt horns. sound to light unit, plus lightshow. £500 the lot. Tel. Halesworth 2625.

PERSONALITY PLUS D.J. REQUIRED

Croydon area — Evenings 7 till midnight.

*Phone 01-688 0128 or 01-905 3322.

DJ JINGLES

I.J. ENTERPRISES Tel 069-83 72748 (evenings only)

LIGHTING EQUIPMENT

DISCOLIGHTS. 3-chan Sound-lights £17.50; Strobes £22; etc. etc. etc. Free catalogue: AARVAK, 12a (C) Bruce Grove, London N17. 01-808 8923

for further details ring
01-261 6122
or write
Penny Morgan,
New Musical Express,
Classified Advertisements,
Kings Reach Tower, Stamford
Street, London, SE1

ELLIE JAY RECORDS
(01-346 4558)
Announce that their professional tape to disc services are now available direct to the public. Here are examples from our price lists:
100 12" stereo LPs at £2.75 per record
500 12" stereo LPs at £0.95 per record
5000 12" stereo LPs at £0.45 per record
We can also offer a 'package' which includes record manufacture and printing of labels and sleeves, for example:
500 12" stereo LPs, including printing of labels and sleeves (colour) from £2.50 per record
Studio or mobile recording facilities can be arranged at budget prices
All prices subject to V.A.T.
Please call us for price lists or quotations
day or evening on 01-346 4558

LOUISA ON A HORSE & MISTY MOUNTAIN
John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett
Produced by Pete Townshend of The Who

Are you over 20 and under 32 with stage experience as a harmony singer? If you meet these requirements we are urgently looking for three girls and two boys for the biggest national TV show of the year. Please send tapes and photos and biographies to Target Records, 108 Park Street, London W1Y 3RB. Professional performers please!

OUR ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER NEEDS A SECRETARY!
If you are a good accurate shorthand typist with a pleasant telephone manner. If you can liaise with clients and their advertising agencies and answer their queries. If you are over 21 and looking for an interesting job in a friendly modern office then write giving full details of your qualifications and experience to:
Peter Rhodes, Advertisement Manager, NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1 9LS.

DISCO SCENE
All lineages in this section 12p per word

DISCOTHEQUES

CAN'T Get The Best? Then try the Mad Hatter Mobile Disco. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ring 01-254 6812.

CHRIS STUART ROADSHOW 01-897 1879.

DAVE JANSEN — 01-699 4010.

GISMO DISCO. Ring Paul 01-462 1309

NO CHARGE for large light show when you use Bar Disco — Ring 01-670 2006.

STEVE DAY. Tel: 01-524 497

I HAVE read carefully the two 'reviews' of the new David Bowie album, and consider them both to be of little value to the reader who hasn't heard the album and is considering whether to buy it.

Of the two pieces, Ian MacDonald's was perhaps more helpful in actually reviewing the music, but even he "got bored describing side one" of the album, and the first section of his review seemed to have very little relevance to the job in hand.

What particularly irritated me was the excessively pompous and degrading manner Charles Shaar Murray adopted in his review. His subject becomes not an album, but, "a state of mind beyond desperation, a state where you're so far down that you have to reach up to touch bottom."

Why did this not occur to me when I listened to the music? Why is this horrid, degenerate state of mind already featuring in the music charts? Not because we are all turning in desperation to the second Nazi movement; not because we are preparing for the "summer of hate"; not even because we want to lay on our asses and listen to our wounds fester. It's because we "don't give a shit" (your words, not mine) about what the music conjures up in a mind so obviously polluted and misguided as Mr. Murray's.

Do you honestly believe that your articles on fascism and more sordid aspects of the punk-rock movement mean much more to the vast majority of youths today? Look, at least 90% of us kids still find our release and enjoyment in going to ordinary discos, ordinary aggro-ridden football games, and listening to super music, such as is provided by Bowie's album.

So "we're low enough already" are we, Mr. Murray? You may be, mate, but don't forget we millions who are still enjoying ourselves, and who listen to music because we like the sound of it.

PHIL ROBINSON
University of Kent,
Canterbury

Charlie's gone sick and is unable to answer his portion of the deluge of "Low" mail. He's at home playing Muddy Waters records because he likes the sound of them.—N.S.

ENJOYABLE THOUGH CSM's review of 'Low' was, I feel that his criticism was founded on the fundamentally mistaken premise that the artists' role in society is to supply solutions to the problems of the day.

If Bowie finds himself in a basically soulless and mindless atmosphere his creation can only transform that wasteland into an aural image, for this is his chosen art-form. A photographer, no matter how great, is not expected to provide answers to the photographic images he presents to us. If we, the viewer (or listener in Bowie's case) find answers, then they were already with us: the artist has merely opened the door.

"Low" is like a crystal ball: some see only a blank sphere, which may or may not appear beautiful depending on one's point of view, whilst others are able to perceive in its passive surfaces whatever their minds and imaginations dictate. It is not a mirror to reflect its creator's image, it is for us to see our own reflections.

LARRY JENKIN
Todmorden, Yorkshire

Enjoyable though your letter was, I think the artist's role in society is precisely to supply not only descriptions, but also diagnoses and remedies for society's ills. I don't think Bowie is süss enough to do that, but side one of "Low" is almost as good as "Another Green World."

NOT SO much a review, more a rejection of one man's imagination, justified on the grounds of CSM's supposed superior outlook on life.

CSM has abandoned a critique based on enjoyment and understanding of the material, and instead slams Bowie for not being aggressively optimistic. I don't think that there's much to be optimistic about. CSM should stick to books with happy endings, escapist films with loving couples. Does CSM think that such mindless pap as Smokie and Tina Charles are healthier morally?

Surely the crux of the matter is that



"You can write to us at: GASBAG, NME, 21st Floor, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1. We read all letters and print as many as we can. We burn the rest."

I find "Low" an exciting album, just as I find those tower blocks made of glass wonderfully menacing.

Negativity is a state of mind that always precedes REAL intensity.

P. COLLINS,
Havant, Hants.

"Wonderfully menacing" huh? Just try working or living in one pal. It's easy to see how easily you're fooled — N.S.

MAYBE IAN MacDonald doesn't take "Low" as a personal insult but I certainly do. Thank heavens for Charles Shaar Murray, he said more about Bowie's album in his last three paragraphs than MacDonald did in his entire review.

I echo Mr. Murray; give us a high, we're low enough already.

BOB BLAND
Gt. Yarmouth, Norfolk

CAN ANYONE tell me what Ian MacDonald was on about last week in his review of "Low." I haven't a clue.

I could just grasp the tenuous train of Charles Shaar Murray's thoughts, but he's definitely on the wrong track. If he's looking to David Bowie for reassurance and comfort in his troubles he's got the wrong man. Bowie

has always given us only the truth in his records, and he's done it again with "Low." Why not invest in some reviewers who think in English like the rest of us NME?

KATE SMYTH
Fallings Park,
Wolverhampton, Staffs.

Shut your cakehole, you stupid bleeder. — Ian Mac.
There you are, I. Mac does think in English—N.S.

IT WAS good to see I. Mac back in the paper again. I think his intellectual-type reviews are a good thing because they make us think twice about records we might dismiss out of hand. He makes us try that bit harder to get into the records because if we don't we feel thick. I still think the Bowie record is a bunch of crap though.

JOHN DAVIE
London

DEAR New Musical Express — You're wonderful people, but you've got problems.

CODY STEEL
P.S.: I never leave my room.
It shows.

RE MICK Farren's forecast on Fascism. In all probability it does seem as if our "green and pleasant land" is in for a political wave similar to that witnessed in the thirties with Mosley's infamous and misguided "black shirts."

However, to equate fascism with all its stark ugliness and bitter hatred, with a bunch of silly teenagers in torn t-shirts is totally wrong.

British mainstream opinion recognises the fact that the men behind the fascist curtain, and indeed the more respectable 'National Front' curtain, are calculating, intelligent yet completely heartless and bitter people. Consequently they are treated, by the vast majority, with the contempt they deserve.

So Nazi regalia seems to be popular fashionwise, but merely because the punk children get a thrill out of the shape of the swastika, and the Kings Road boutiques have decided to commercialise the fact, doesn't mean that Adolf Hitler Mark II is on the horizon.

JON DALEY
Miles Platting, Manchester

THOSE BORINGLY normal thinking people who constitute the majority of the rock community will no doubt have laughed heartily at Mr. Farren's little fantasy and turned, chuckling still, to the album reviews, as I did today. In the words of Mr. Murray (in a different context) "Who needs this shit?"

SEVILLE SORVANTE

ALL I want to know is whether the cretin in the bottom inset (the one with the swastika on his/her mush) is male or the other sort because I would like to catch hold of it and hit it with a hammer.

LARAMY DOG THE
COLESLAW SANDWICH H.A.
Yeah, peace and love man. You were probably at the gig in the next letter.

I AM writing to express my disgust at the behaviour of the audience at The Damned gig at the Electric Circus, Manchester.

It was a brave attempt by the band and an excellent performance, extremely powerful and exciting. Unfortunately, the spectators were, in the main, ridiculously hostile towards The Damned. They were an essentially 'heavy rock' audience weaned on Led Zeppelin, Deep Purple, Bad Company, et al; the staple diet of the Electric Circus. This led to extreme conflict between the long-haired 'bedeviled' brigade and the innovative nature of the 'punk' genre, as personified by The Damned. Never have I seen so much hatred generated by an audience, it culminated in a mass chorus of "Shit, shit, shit" upon the band's departure.

This action epitomised the entrenched, reactionary stance of many music followers who are scared of change and intolerant of genuine progress within rock music. It's sickening.

DERMOT McGUINNESS
Heaton Moor, Stockport

Well spoke squire. If you can't have the freedom to play music, what chance has free speech got?

WHILST BUSILY enjoying a Vibrators concert at our Poly recently, some smart-ass streetpunk told me to stop clapping or he'd force feed me my teeth. I obliged by putting my hands in my pockets. Does this qualify me for this month's "All in favour of the Alternative Society but not quite prepared to lay it on the line" award?

ARTHUR SHEDD
Newcastle

No but it means you can still smile at people.

HAVE THE Tremeloes said "We've always been punks," yet?

ELEPHANTS MEMORY
No, but you got the 1977 smart ass one liner running challenge trophy.—N.S.



NAZIS!!

Gasbag reveals the hidden menace to our nation's pop kids!

Why is this man walking free in our streets today?

Enclosed is a pic of *International Times* staff circa 1968-69. Tell Mick Farren to put that in his pipe and smoke it.

PETER, Withington, Manchester 20.

the image straight

Over the last few years the romanticising of Nazism has gotten a little out of hand. The black-clad, inhuman SS super-Adonis has become such a part of pop imagery that many here among us are even tempted to dress up like one.

Edited by
NEIL
SPENCER

On TV's 'New Faces' This Week

BILL CAMPBELL
'SWEET'S MY SWEETNESS'

EMI 2552

Touring The UK Soon

ROY ORBISON
'I'm A Southern Man'

Monument MNT 4797

EMI MUSIC, 138/140 Charing Cross Rd., London WC2
01-836 6699**MUSICAL
EXPRESS**Kings Reach Tower,
Stamford Street,
London SE1 9LS.
01-261 6820
01-261 5000**EDITOR: NICK LOGAN**Assistant Editor: Neil Spencer
News Editor: Derek Johnson
Production Editor: Jack Scott
Special Projects Editor: Roy Carr
Associate Editors (Features/Reviews):
Bob Woffinden, Charles Shaar Murray
Contributing Editor: Mick Farren**Staff:**Julie Emberton
Tony Stewart
Steve Clarke
Phil McNeill
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill**Contributors:**Tony Tyler
Ian MacDonald
Andrew Tyler
Nick Kent
Bob Edmunds
Tony Benyon
Max Bell
Fred Dellar
Chris Salewicz
Brian Case
Cliff White
Rod McShane
Miles
Edward Barker
Angie Errigo
Kate Phillips
Lester Bangs
John May**Photography:**Pennie Smith
Chalkie Davies**New York:**

Lisa Robinson

Research:

Fiona Foulger

Advertisement**Department****Ad Director:****PERCY DICKINS**

(01) 261 6080

Ad Manager:

Peter Rhodes

(01) 261 6251

Classified Ads

Penny Morgan

(01) 261 6122

Ad production:

Mike Proctor, Frank Lamb

(01) 261 6207

Publisher: Eric Jackson
Editorial Consultant: Andy Gray
IPC Magazine Ltd. Production of any
material without permission is strictly
forbiddenby writing to WEA Sales Office,
69 New Oxford Street, London,
W.1.Talk of Cooder leads us to
mention that his exceptionally
fine concerts at the weekend
were attended by numerous
luminaries — **George Harrison,**
Bill Wyman, Ralph McTell, Phil
May, Marc Bolan, Bryn
Haworth, and half the **NME**
staff amongst others.More on WEA. Last week
they came close to signing
label-less **Sex Pistols**, but at last
moment — so we hear —
manager **Malcolm McLaren**
upped the six-figure signing-on
fee he was demanding, and
WEA tactfully withdrew.Talking of contracts (would
you believe we pay someone to
write these links?), CBS have
taken the plunge and signed **The**
Clash. And at press time we also
learn that Arista has inked
ageing West Coast punks **The**
Dead to a new record deal.**Phil Manzanera** joining **B.**
Ferry's backing band for the
current tour.**Chicago's** percussionist **Laudir**
de Oliveira didn't turn up until
the encore for band's concert at
Hammersmith Odeon last week.
Afterwards 'twas explained that
his late arrival was due to the
fact that he was flying back from
Brazil, whither he had jetted
"for personal reasons" after the
Birmingham gig. He'd have
arrived back in time, but missed
a flight. Still, he did play a
splendid encore.Nice to see young **Brian Case**
with the cover story in last
week's *Observer* colour supp.,
even if writing for that august
organ did seem to cramp his
style somewhat.Sad to report death of **John**
Franz, A&R manager of
Phonogram. Franz, 54, had been
with the company for 23 years
and was responsible for
discovering and recording artists
like **Shirley Bassey, Frankie**
Vaughan and **Dusty**
Springfield.Readers in the home counties
urged to make particular effort
to catch **Charlie Gillett's**
"Honky Tonk" this coming
Sunday at noon. Aside from his
normal quota of esoteric
delights, Gillett will be featuring
Cliff White (NME's own) who
promises to unravel enigma of
James Brown, aided by an
exclusive interview copped
during Brown's recent whirlwind
trip round Britain. Against the
odds, White caught the man in
untypically humble mood,
offering many anecdotes about
the early days of his career.Anyone notice the thoroughly
crass theme-tune to the 1964
movie "Doctor In Clover"
shown on BBC-1 last Saturday
after Dr Who? If so, didja notice
who was singing it? **Kiki Dee**,
that's who.**Eagles' manager Irv Azoff**
reckons the band would have
made a better album if they
hadn't spent so much time in the
studio. No doubt if they'd never
gone near the place, they could
have managed a masterpiece.
Okay, well that's blown any
slender hope we have had of
getting an interview.**Hugh Cornwell** of **The**
Stranglers spotted last week at
Dingwalls, trying to score tickets
for upcoming **Abba** concert.**The Stones** will not tour U.S.
this summer. They plan to finish
mixing their live double album,
and then spend March and April**FOLLOWING** last week's
Thrills report about **Pete**
Townshend's encounter with the
Sex Pistols, Teazers would like
to tell you that the story has a
happy ending.Aspiring young rock
photographer **Steve Davis** was
down the **Speakeasy** to snap
Aylesbury's Man Of The Match
John Ottway, and whilst leaning
against the bar he spotted a
Schoolboy Snappers dream:
Townsend talking to **Steve Jones**
and **Paul Cook**...**Pete**, however, thought he was
being set up for a **NME Shock**
Horror Probe, and had an
altercation by the bar during
which some of **Steve's** equipment
was damaged.All was soon remedied
and they ended up the best
of friends.

Altogether now, Aaaaaah...

recording new studio album,
probably in Holland.**Jean Genet**, the **Jean Genie**,
French author of "The Thief's
Journal" and other modern
classics of amorality, wrote last
week to London magazine **Time**
Out as follows: "On occasion
your magazine publishes
material from **Mr Lindsay Kemp**
which implies that his comedies
and mimes are in some way
based on my work or associated
with my name. I would be
grateful if in future you would
not connect my name, nor any
title of my work, with **Mr**
Kemp's productions, as he has
never been authorised to make
use of either. It is important that
there should be no confusion, in
the minds of my reading public,
between this gentleman and
myself." Kemp's "Flowers" is
generally assumed (even openly
claimed) to be based on Genet's
"Our Lady Of The Flowers";
Kemp and Genet between them
could reasonably claim to have
taught **David Bowie** both his
sensuality and his sexuality.**Peter Baumann** has left
Tangerine Dream again, this
time for good. He is to be
replaced, natch, by a computer.**Nils Lofgren's** new album,
released March 25, to be called
"I Came To Dance".EEEE!!! **Fab Macca** was
amongst those singing back-up
vocals on **Roy Harper's**
recording of his new single,
"One Of Those Days In
England" at Abbey Road
studios over the weekend. "It's
a monster," comments primal
existentialist **Harper**..."If **Chicago** stopped working
right this very sec," say their
publicists **Rogers and Cowan**,
"All eight members would be
guaranteed an annual income
of 150,000 dollars for life...""I'm the type of guy who'd
sell you a rat's asshole for a
wedding ring." — **Tom Waits**
in **Rolling Stone**...And a fusillade of parting **T-**
Zers triple dots to **John Galpin**,
who left the **NME** Ad Depart-
ment the other week for a new
career in...In Los Angeles residents at
new housing development not
amused that streets have all been
named after rock stars. We can
understand how they feel. We
might be prepared to take up
residence in **Janis Joplin**
Avenue, but wouldn't be seen
dead in either **Simon And**
Garfunkel Street or **Seals And**
Crofts Crescent.

Kevin Coyne.

In Living
Black And White.Give your heart to Kevin Coyne.
Or he may just tear it out."Even the standard list of reviewers
superlatives can't convey the impact
of this album.....
Do yourself a favour and give him
a listen." Patrick MacLachlan
NATIONAL ROCKSTAR"Telling the world about Kevin Coyne
is a bit like smashing your head against
a brick wall at times.
Look, you got this little chap whose
lyrics make **Bernie Taupin** look
like a graffiti artist.....
D'you think if one were to ask very
nicely- you might just sample a little
next time you're shopping for sounds?
Hope so."Giovanni Dadomo
SOUNDS"Heard any Kevin Coyne? If not, maybe
you should.
.....Roll over, **Leonard Cohen**.
Coyne's songs have an eloquent tendency
to speak for themselves.
Just walk on in. Why not share some
humanity? It's all we've got going for
us."Angus MacKinnon
N.M.E.Double live album
out now on
Virgin Records
VD2505.

TEAZERS

MORE NEWS of El Zim.**T-Zers** understands that he's
abandoned building his
home in sunny California,
and instead returned to the
icy streets of New York,
where he was spotted reeling
in the years, hanging out at a
Greenwich Village coffee
house.He was there to hear
highly-touted folksinger, **Shomo**
Haviv, billed as The Israeli Bob
Dylan. If he ever tours Israel,
Bob told the club owners, he'll
bill himself as The American
Shomo Haviv.After the new **Pink Floyd**
album was debuted before a
champagne-sipping middle-aged
audience at the Midem Festival,
and was heartily applauded loud
and long, one cynic was heard to
suggest that no-one would have
noticed had "A Saucerful Of
Secrets" been played backwards
instead. Phooey, we replied
earnestly, of course they
would.Within next two months,
Charisma will be releasing an EPof three **Genesis** songs that
failed to make the "Wind And
Wuthering" album. However,
guitarist **Steve Hackett** is
adamant: the tracks aren't
out-takes, but first-class
songs.**Ian Anderson** offers three
reasons for **Jethro Tull** not
playing large U.S. venues: "I
know that many fans would
prefer to see the band in a
relatively relaxed setting where
the greater intimacy affords a
degree of subtlety missing from
arenas and outdoor gigs; it gives
the average critic a better shot at
the small space between my
eyeballs; and thirdly, I quote
from my accountant, 'So who
needs money anyway?'"After **Ry Cooder's** visit to the
U.K. last week, he complained
bitterly that all sleeve info on
"Chicken Skin Music" had been
omitted by WEA when album
was released in this country.
Warners now say relevant info
will be added when album is
re-pressed later this month;
those who've already purchased
it can acquire the missing parts

ARISTA



MAYBE I'M AMAZED

C/W
SOILY

NEW WINGS SINGLE
FROM THE ALBUM
WINGS OVER AMERICA

R6017

