

new **MUSICAL EXPRESS**

BOYS • BEACH • GENESIS

RAY DAVIES

Life & Times Of . . .

The Kinks. Page 23.

A WELL-NEGLECTED MAN

BADGER

"BIDING MY TIME"

MCA 293

GEORGE HAMILTON IV

"I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW"

Anchor ANC 1039

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



Chinese Rocks L.A.M.F.

Jonathan Richman Roadrunner-£1.00 Thundertrain Hot for Teacher-£1.00
Little Bob Story I'm Crying (ep)-£1.00 Crime Hot Wire my Heart-£1.50
Ramones Blitzkrieg Bop-£1.00 Lew Lewis Out for a Lark-70p
Damned Neat Neat Neat-70p Tyla Gang Suicide Jockey-£1.15
Hot Rods Might be Lying (ap 1st)-70p Count Bishops Train Train-70p
Teenage Depression-70p Little Bob Story Let me in-£1.00
Live at the Marquee-£1.00 Corillas Gatecrasher-70p
Woolly Bully-70p Flamin Groovies Grease (ep)-£1.50
Writing on the Wall-70p More Grease-£1.15
Flamin Groovies Him or Me?-£1.50 Rubinoos I think we're alone Now-£1.50
Saints I'm Stranded-70p Rockfield Chorale Jingle Jangle-£1.50
Nick Lowe Keep it out of Sight-85p Snakes Teenage Head-£1.15
Beserkley Six Pack incl. Modern Lovers-Earthquake-Rubinoos-etc. 6 for £4!!
mail order p.p.p free for uk only.

BiZZaRRe Record Distribution
33, FRAED ST., LONDON W.2. tel: 01-402-1939

peter gabriel

FIRST SINGLE

'SOLSBURY HILL'

Chart Climber!

CB 301

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending April 15, 1972

This Last Week		
1	1	WITHOUT YOU.....Nilsson (RCA)
12	2	AMAZING GRACE.....Royal Scots Dragoon Guards, Pines, Drums and Band (RCA)
9	3	SWEET TALKIN' GUY.....Chiffons (London)
4	4	HOLD YOUR HEAD UP.....Argent (Epic)
2	5	BEG, STEAL OR BORROW.....New Seekers (Polydor)
3	6	ALONE AGAIN (NATURALLY).....Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
6	7	MEET ME ON THE CORNER.....Lindisfarne (Charisma)
7	8	DESIDERATA.....Les Crane (Warner Bros)
13	9	HEART OF GOLD.....Neil Young (Reprise)
15	10	BACK OFF BOOGALOO.....Ringo Starr (Apple)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending April 15, 1967

This Last Week		
3	1	SOMETHIN' STUPID.....Frank and Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
4	2	PUPPET ON A STRING.....Sandie Shaw (Pye)
1	3	RELEASE ME.....Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
8	4	A LITTLE BIT ME, A LITTLE BIT YOU.....Monkees (RCA)
2	5	THIS IS MY SONG.....Harry Secombe (Philips)
11	6	HA! HA! SAID THE CLOWN.....Manfred Mann (Fontana)
5	7	SIMON SMITH AND HIS AMAZING DANCING BEAR.....Alan Price Set (Decca)
8	8	IT'S ALL OVER.....Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7	9	I WAS KAISER BILL'S BATMAN.....Whistling Jack Smith (Deram)
6	10	EDELWEISS.....Vince Hill (Columbia)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending April 13th, 1962

This Last Week		
1	1	WONDERFUL LAND.....Shadows (Columbia)
2	2	HEY! BABY.....Bruce Channel (Mercury)
4	3	DREAM BABY.....Roy Orbison (London)
9	4	WHEN MY LITTLE GIRL IS SMILING.....Jimmy Justice (Pye)
5	5	TWISTIN' THE NIGHT AWAY.....Sam Cooke (RCA)
3	6	TELL ME WHAT HE SAID.....Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
14	7	HEY LITTLE GIRL.....Del Shannon (London)
6	8	CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
12	9	NEVER GOODBYE.....Karl Denver (Decca)
8	10	LET'S TWIST AGAIN.....Chubby Checker (Columbia)

C · H · A · R · T · S

SINGLES

Week ending April 16, 1977

This Last Week			Highest position in chart
1	(1)	KNOWING ME KNOWING YOU.....Abba (Epic)	7
2	(2)	GOING IN WITH MY EYES OPEN.....David Soul (Private Stock)	4
3	(5)	WHEN.....Showaddywaddy (Arista)	6
4	(10)	RED SPELLS DANGER.....Billy Ocean (GTO)	4
5	(8)	SOUND AND VISION.....David Bowie (RCA)	9
6	(4)	I DON'T WANT TO PUT A HOLD ON YOU.....Bernie Flint (EMI)	4
7	(17)	FREE.....Deniece Williams (CBS)	2
8	(13)	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR.....Marilyn McCoo/Billy Davis (ABC)	4
9	(7)	SUNNY.....Boney M (Atlantic)	5
10	(3)	CHANSON D'AMOUR.....Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	10
11	(9)	OH BOY.....Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	5
12	(12)	LAY BACK IN THE ARMS OF SOMEONE.....Smokie (Rak)	5
13	(6)	MOODY BLUE.....Elvis Presley (RCA)	6
14	(30)	PEARL'S A SINGER.....Elkie Brooks (A&M)	2
15	(14)	LOVE HIT ME.....Maxine Nightingale (United Artists)	5
16	(—)	LONELY BOY.....Andrew Gold (Asylum)	1
17	(—)	SIR DUKE.....Stevie Wonder (Motown)	1
18	(21)	TOGETHER.....O. C. Smith (Caribou)	3
19	(—)	WHODUNIT BY TAVARES.....(Capital)	1
20	(—)	HAVE I THE RIGHT.....Dead End Kids (BDS)	2
21	(19)	ROCKBOTTOM.....Lynsey De Paul/Mike Moran (Polydor)	2
22	(24)	GIMME SOME.....Brendon (Magnet)	3
23	(16)	MY KINDA LIFE.....Cliff Richard (EMI)	6
24	(18)	I WANNA GET NEXT TO YOU.....Rose Royce (MCA)	2
25	(28)	HOW MUCH LOVE.....Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	2
26	(—)	SOLSBURY HILL.....Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	1
27	(11)	TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS.....Mary MacGregor (Ariola)	8
28	(27)	SOUTHERN NIGHTS.....Glen Campbell (Capitol)	2
29	(—)	THE SHUFFLE.....Van McCoy (H & L)	1
30	(—)	A STAR IS BORN (EVERGREEN).....Barbra Streisand (CBS)	1

ALBUMS

Week ending April 16, 1977

This Last Week			Highest position in chart
1	(2)	ARRIVAL.....Abba (Epic)	21
2	(4)	ENDLESS FLIGHT.....Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	14
3	(1)	PORTRAIT OF SINATRA.....Frank Sinatra (Reprise)	6
4	(3)	THE SHADOWS 20 GOLDEN GREATS (EMI)	11
5	(7)	HOLLIES LIVE HITS.....(Polydor)	4
6	(6)	ANIMALS.....Pink Floyd (Harvest)	10
7	(9)	COMING OUT.....Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	5
8	(10)	RUMOURS.....Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	8
9	(8)	ABBA GREATEST HITS.....(Epic)	54
10	(5)	STATUS QUO LIVE.....(Phonogram)	7
11	(12)	EVERY FACE TELLS A STORY.....Cliff Richard (EMI)	5
11	(12)	EVITA.....Various Artists (MCA)	14
13	(18)	THE BEST OF JOHN DENVER II (RCA)	5
14	(21)	WORKS VOL. 1.....Emerson Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	3
15	(16)	IN YOUR MIND.....Bryan Ferry (Polydor)	8
16	(15)	PETER GABRIEL.....(Charisma)	5
17	(13)	20 GREAT HEARTBREAKERS.....(K-Tel)	10
18	(14)	A NEW WORLD RECORD.....Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	19
19	(22)	DAVID SOUL.....(Private Stock)	19
20	(17)	LOW.....David Bowie (RCA)	13
21	(25)	THE UNFORGETTABLE GLENN MILLER (RCA)	2
22	(—)	A STAR IS BORN SOUND TRACK (CBS)	1
23	(19)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA.....Eagles (Asylum)	16
24	(—)	BARRY WHITE GREATEST HITS VOL II (20th Century)	1
25	(23)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE.....Stevie Wonder (Motown)	26
26	(24)	BURNING SKY.....Bad Company (Island)	4
27	(—)	LIVING LEGENDS.....Everly Brothers (Warwick)	1
28	(30)	BOSTON.....(Epic)	10
29	(—)	DANDY IN THE UNDERWORLD.....T Rex (EMI)	1
30	(28)	DAMNED DAMNED DAMNED.....The Damned (Stiff)	3

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending April 16, 1977

This Last Week		
1	(2)	DON'T GIVE UP ON US.....David Soul
2	(1)	RICH GIRL.....Daryl Hall & John Oates
3	(3)	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY.....Thelma Houston
4	(4)	THE THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE.....10cc
5	(6)	I'VE GOT LOVE ON MY MIND.....Natalie Cole
6	(7)	SO IN TO YOU.....Atlanta Rhythm Section
7	(8)	SOUTHERN NIGHTS.....Glen Campbell
8	(9)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA.....Eagles
9	(11)	RIGHT TIME OF THE NIGHT.....Jennifer Warnes
10	(14)	LIDO SHUFFLE.....Boyz n the Band
11	(13)	TRYIN' TO LOVE TWO.....William Bell
12	(15)	WHEN I NEED YOU.....Leo Sayer
13	(5)	DANCING QUEEN.....Abba
14	(17)	I WANNA GET NEXT TO YOU.....Rose Royce
15	(18)	COULDN'T GET IT RIGHT.....Climax Blues Band
16	(10)	LOVE THEME FROM "A STAR IS BORN".....Barbra Streisand
17	(12)	CARRY ON WAYWARD SON.....Kansas
18	(22)	ANGEL IN YOUR ARMS.....Hot
19	(23)	I'M YOUR BOOGIE MAN.....K.C. & The Sunshine Band
20	(16)	MAYBE I'M AMAZED.....Wings
21	(25)	CAN'T STOP DANCING.....Captain & Tennille
22	(19)	DISCO LUCY (I LOVE LUCY THEME).....Wilton Place Street Band
23	(27)	YOUR LOVE.....McCoo & Davis
24	(29)	CALLING DR. LOVE.....Kiss
25	(20)	HERE COMES THOSE TEARS AGAIN.....Jackson Browne
26	(24)	DO YA.....Electric Light Orchestra
27	(—)	SIR DUKE.....Stevie Wonder
28	(21)	TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS.....Mary McGreggor
29	(28)	WEEKEND IN NEW ENGLAND.....Barry Manilow
30	(26)	I LIKE DREAMIN'.....Kenny Nolan

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending April 16, 1977

This Last Week		
1	(1)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA.....Eagles
2	(2)	RUMOURS.....Fleetwood Mac
3	(3)	A STAR IS BORN.....Streisand / Kristofferson
4	(5)	BOSTON.....Boston
5	(4)	THIS ONE'S FOR YOU.....Barry Manilow
6	(7)	LEFTOVERTURE.....Kansas
7	(6)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE.....Stevie Wonder
8	(8)	ANIMALS.....Pink Floyd
9	(9)	NIGHT MOVES.....Bob Seger
10	(10)	LOVE AT THE GREEK.....Neil Diamond
11	(12)	UNPREDICTABLE.....Natalie Cole
12	(13)	SONGS FROM THE WOOD.....Jethro Tull
13	(11)	YEAR OF THE CAT.....Al Stewart
14	(14)	ASK RUFUS.....Rufus featuring Chaka Khan
15	(15)	IN FLIGHT.....George Benson
16	(16)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE.....Steve Miller Band
17	(17)	GREATEST HITS.....Linda Ronstadt
18	(23)	BURNIN' SKY.....Bad Company
19	(24)	A ROCK AND ROLL ALTERNATIVE.....Atlanta Rhythm Section
20	(19)	A NEW WORLD RECORD.....Electric Light Orchestra
21	(—)	WORKS VOLUME 1.....Emerson, Lake & Palmer
22	(20)	WINGS OVER AMERICA.....Wings
23	(22)	BEST OF THE DOOBIES.....Doobie Brothers
24	(27)	SILK DEGREES.....Boyz n the Band
25	(26)	SLEEPWALKER.....Kinks
26	(—)	JEFF BECK WITH THE JAN HAMMER GROUP LIVE
27	(21)	FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE.....Peter Frampton
28	(18)	JOHN DENVER'S GREATEST HITS VOL 2
29	(—)	CAROLINA DREAMS.....Marshall Tucker Band
30	(—)	BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US.....Hall & Oates

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

News Desk

ON THE ROAD

REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD play Bristol Granary (tonight, Thursday), Burton 76 Club (Friday), London Marquee (April 19), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (22), Lincoln Castle Club (23), Bournemouth The Village (25), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (26), Portsmouth Polytechnic (27), Croydon Red Deer (28), Tolworth Toby Jug (May 2), London Putney Railway Hotel (3), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (6) and Bishops Stortford Hockerill College (14).



GEORGE HATCHER BAND headline a tour of Ulster and Eire in mid-May, then return to play Birmingham Barbarella's on May 27 and 28.

SQUEEZE, the upcoming South London rock band, have gigs at Middlesbrough Rock Garden (tomorrow, Friday), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (April 18), London Hammersmith Red Cow (21 and 28), Dudley J.B.'s Club (22) and Reading University (23).

"**SALUTE TO SATCHMO**" is a 40-date concert series set up by Ronnie Scott's Directions featuring the Alex Welsh Band, Humphrey Lyttelton, George Chisholm and Bruce Turner. It opens at Loughborough Town Hall on May 15 and continues until the autumn.

GEORGE MELLY and the Feetwarmers' remaining April dates are Rhyd St. Asaph Talardy Hotel (18 and 19), Liverpool Kirklands (20), Worcester Bankhouse (21), Middlesbrough Town Hall Crypt (23), Leeds Astoria Centre (24), High Wycombe Nags Head (25), Nottingham Isabella Two (27), London Wimbledon Dog and Fox (28), London Oxford St. 100 Club (29) and Oxford St. Peter's College (30).

BETHNAL, recent Polydor signing, play Buckley Tivoli (tonight, Thursday), Barrow Maxim's (Saturday and Sunday), Cheltenham Tramps (April 20), Coventry Mr. George's (21), Corby Nags Head (23), Bletchley Tramps (May 4), Jacksdales Grey Topper (5), Manchester Electric Circus (6), Bradford University (11), East Dereham Memorial Hall (13) and Thatcham Hamilton Club (14).

Jansch concerts

BERT JANSCH headlines a string of concerts timed to aid promotion of his new Charisma album "A Rare Conundrum", released April 29. So far confirmed are London School of Economics (May 14), Penzance The Garden (17), Plymouth Woods Leisure Centre (18), Aberystwyth University (20), Liverpool Eric's Club (21), Chester Gateway Theatre (22), Keele University (25), London Marquee Club (31), Birmingham Aston University (June 3), Norwich East Anglia University (4) and Slough Fulcrum Theatre (5). A few more gigs are being added to this itinerary.

Isaac Hayes: autumn visit

ISAAC HAYES is now scheduled for a British tour in September, when he will headline ten major concerts nationwide. He was originally expected here in February for a co-topping tour with Dionne Warwick, but the project fell through because it was found to be not economically viable.

RAY STEVENS is also being lined up for a series of concerts here in September, and confirmation of his visit is expected shortly.

BARRY WHITE, whose short British tour this winter was heavily over-subscribed, is returning next year. And to accommodate as many people as possible, he will play three or four concerts in the biggest venues available — such as Wembley Empire Pool and London's Earls Court.

UPCOMING RELEASES

DENNY LAINE has recorded an album of Buddy Holly songs titled "Holly Days". Produced by Paul McCartney, it is issued by EMI on May 6, preceded this weekend by a single extracted from it, "Moon Dreams".

GLORIA GAYNOR has her single "Most Of All" out on Polydor on April 22, followed next month by her album "Glorious".

BOXER — now comprising Mike Patto (vocals), Chris Stainton (keyboards), Tim Bogert (bass), Adrian Fisher (guitar) and Ed Tuduri (drums) — have signed with CBS and have started work on a new album in Los Angeles for July release.

COLOSSEUM II, Jon Hiseman's band, have signed with MCA. Their first album, "Electric Savage", is due out in June.

WISHBONE ASH have a 'best of' compilation album titled "Classic Ash" issued by MCA on May 6. An EP containing two of the LP tracks — "Blowin' Free" and "Phoenix" — plus another Wishbone standard "Jail Bait" comes out on April 22.

THE DARTS, Flying Saucers, Matchbox and Freddie "Finger" Lee feature on the album "It's Rock'n'Roll", released this weekend on the BBC's Beeb label.

MARSHALL TUCKER BAND: their new single "Hear It In A Love Song" is issued by Capricorn on April 22. Their album "Carolina Dreams" comes out in May.

Diamond sell-out

NEIL DIAMOND's five concerts at the London Palladium, starting June 23, have already sold out through postal bookings. Over 20,000 applications were received for the 11,500 available tickets. This means that despite the high prices (the five shows will gross over £100,000) the box-office will not be opening to personal callers. No other dates for Diamond have yet been fixed.



AYERS FOR U.K. DATES

KEVIN AYERS goes back on the road later this month, to headline a string of nationwide college gigs. He will also be playing two major London concerts on May 14 and 15, although the venue has not yet been announced.

Confirmed dates are at Leicester University (April 27), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (28), Edinburgh University (4), Bristol University (6), Manchester University (30), Dundee University (May 1), Hull University (4), Bristol University (6), Manchester University (7), Leeds Polytechnic (8), Keele University (11) and Norwich East Anglia University (13).

Ayers will be supported by his regular backing band, comprising Andy Somers (guitar), Rob Townsend (drums), Charlie McCracken (bass), Bill Livesey (keyboards) and Bill Evans (vocals and flute).

JUDAS JAUNT

JUDAS PRIEST return to the concert circuit after a lengthy absence, headlining an extensive 25-venue tour at leading halls throughout the country. To coincide with their trek, the band have a new album and single issued by CBS on April 22 — "Sin After Sin" and "Diamonds And Rust" respectively.

Dates are Cambridge Corn Exchange (April 22), Southend Kursaal (23), Maidenhead Skindles (24), Bournemouth Village (25), Cardiff Top Rank (26), Exeter University (27), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (29), Northampton County Ground (30), Croydon Greyhound (May 1), Plymouth Top Rank (2), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (3), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (5), Glasgow University (7), Sheffield Top Rank (8), Birmingham Town Hall (9), Liverpool Stadium (11), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (12), Newcastle Mayfair (13), Redcar Coatham Bowl (14), Blackpool Imperial Hotel (15), Canterbury Odeon (17), Guilford Civic Hall (18), Swindon Brunel Rooms (20), Hastings Pier Pavilion (21) and London New Victoria (22).

Little Bob back

FRENCH BAND Little Bob Story begin yet another British tour next week. They have gigs at High Wycombe Nags Head (April 21), Liverpool Eric's Club (22), London Kensington Nashville (23), London Oxford St. 100 Club (26), Cheltenham Pavilion (27), Plymouth Woods Centre (28), Wigan Casino (30), Accrington Lakeland Lounge (May 1), Manchester Oaks Hotel (3), York University (4), London Camden Dingwalls (5), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (6) and Birmingham Barbarella's (7). They are now working almost as frequently in Britain as in France, and their next tour here is already set for a month from mid-June.

Muscles headlining

MUSCLES, the Birmingham-based band who have already supported on several major tours, are set for a headlining series of dates in their own right. They play Sutton Coldfield Good Hope Hospital Club (April 25), Birmingham St. Peter's College (27), Folkestone La Clique (28), Retford Porterhouse (29), Fishguard Frenchman's Motel (30), Cradley Heath Haden Hill Centre (May 2), Leeds New Pentagon (5), Langley College of Further Education (6), Stroud Leisure Centre (7), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (10), Doncaster Outlook (11), Plymouth College of St. Mark and St. John (13), Brighton Top Rank (15), Bingley College of Education (18), Sheffield Thornbridge College (19) and Birmingham Aston University (27).

Edited: Derek Johnson

HAMBURG TAPES Beatles lose Court battle

THE DOUBLE ALBUM of the Beatles live at the Hamburg Star Club in 1962 has been given High Court clearance for sale in Britain. And Paul Murphy's Lingasong company plan to make 100,000 copies available within the next month, retailing at £4.99 each.

The Beatles had sought an injunction to prevent release of the albums, recorded on a domestic tape machine before they sprang to fame. But the judge dismissed their last-minute plea because, he said, they had

known of the existence of the tapes for months and should have acted sooner.

The Star Club set features 26 tracks, 13 of them never commercially recorded by the Beatles. Titles include "Your Feet's Too Big", "Lend Me Your Comb" and "Ain't Nothing Shakin' Like The Leaves On A Tree". Although initially recorded on a single hand-held microphone, over £40,000 is said to have been spent on improving the technical quality.

STAR LINE-UP ON NEW DALTREY LP

ROGER DALTREY's new solo album, "One Of The Boys", is released by Polydor on May 13. It marks his debut as a songwriter, with composer credit on three tracks — "Doing It All Again", "Satin And Lace" and "The Prisoner". Paul McCartney contributes the song "Giddy". Colin Blunstone wrote "Single Man's Dilemma", and Phillip Goodhand-Tait penned two numbers (both featuring Hank B. Marvin on guitar) — "Parade" and "Leon". The set also includes Daltrey's newly-released single "Written On The Wind". Among guest musicians are Alvin Lee, Eric Clapton, Andy Fairweather-Low, Mick Ronson, John Entwistle, Jimmy McCulloch and Rod Argent.

TWO FOXES AND A YELLOW DOG



FOX founder members Kenny Young and Herbie Armstrong have formed a new group called Yellow Dog. They have been signed by Virgin Records, who release their debut single "For Whatever It's Worth" this weekend, followed on May 13 by their first album, "Yellow Dog".

Also in the line-up are ex-Stealers Wheel bassist Gary Taylor, Cat Stevens' regular drummer Gerry Conway, guitarist Jim Gannon and guitarist Andy Roberts, who is currently a member of Roy Harper's band.

Although all these musicians are likely to be involved in future live work by Yellow Dog, it will not occupy them full-time, nor interfere with their other commitments. Neither does it mean that Fox have broken up,

and they are expected to be back in action later in the year.

Roy presses on

ROY HARPER has now completed the European leg of his re-scheduled tour, and begins British dates next week. His manager said that Harper is, with medical advice, managing to carry on without further health upsets — and he has no doubt that his British itinerary will be completed without further interruption.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

ROGER MCGUINN'S THUNDERBYRD

CHRIS HILLMAN BAND

GENE CLARK

ODEON BIRMINGHAM

FRIDAY 29th APRIL at 7:30

TICKETS £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFF. 10-30 a.m. 8-00 p.m., MON-SAT. TEL. 021 6436101, OR ON NIGHT

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

SAT. 30th APRIL at 7:30 & SUN. 1st MAY at 7:30

TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00 (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

FREE TRADE HALL

MONDAY 2nd MAY at 7:30

TICKETS £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 (INC. VAT) AVAILABLE DAWSONS-STOCKPORT & WARRINGTON, CENTRAL RECORDS: MIDDLETON & ASHTON under LYNE, FREE TRADE HALL BOX OFFICE 834 0943, OR ON NIGHT

APOLLO THEATRE

THURSDAY 5th MAY at 7:30

TICKETS £2.50, £2.00, £1.50, £1.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 041 332 6055 OR ON NIGHT

CLOVER



THEIR NEW ALBUM IS...

UNAVAILABLE

Album 6360 145 Cassette 7138 086



VERTIGO

marketed by
phonogram 

INSTEAD OF the customary dazzling LA sunshine, a greyness covers the landscape, emphasising its monotony as the cab takes us through a seemingly endless mire of neon-infested boulevards from Sunset Strip to the Genesis gig at Inglewood.

Such is the incessant repetition of advert hoardings — psychotic-looking male models staring out at you from the cigarette ads — that you get the impression you're not moving.

But the appearance of the brilliant matt white of the Forum tells us we have not in fact been standing still.

The Forum is the gig — an immaculate, impressive building whether viewed from outside or in. It's a sports arena-cum-rock venue. Squat 'Norman' arches interrupt its circular perimeter at regular intervals and the entire thing looks as perfect as if it had just been dropped from outer space.

Inside, the ushers and usherettes, in the tradition of LA tack, wear (wait for it) 'togas'. The girls' legs are clad in panty hose, so if you're into legs this is for you.

Oh to be a tax exile, now that April's here...

GENESIS haven't gone yet — but the thought is obviously in mind. When you're getting big in America the Taxman becomes a problem. **STEVE CLARKE** visits L.A. to check it out.

The Forum's ceiling is like a gargantuan bicycle wheel, spoke-type struts radiating from the roof's centre.

Right, it's one hell of a venue. There's space to breathe, and despite its 18,000 capacity (for a rock concert) you can still see and feel part of what's happening.

But to the point. Genesis have pulled in 15,000 Californians tonight, double the number they played to in LA last year on "the Bill Bruford tour". And while their rise is by no means mercurial, the current tour is going to consolidate their position in the States as a Top Rock Attraction.

Their 45-date tour began in February and they've already played New York's 22,000 seater Madison Square

Garden, drawing 15,000 or so, for the first time in their career.

They haven't made it on a large scale *everywhere* in the States. They're still playing a few college dates, especially in the South — but as Phil Collins later tells me, "In every town we've played, we've at least doubled our audience."

Moreover, their recent

album, "Wind And Wuthering", despite lacking the immediacy of its predecessor "A Trick Of The Tail", has become Genesis's most successful in America. To date it's sold 150,000, reaching the low 20s in major album charts.

Genesis, as you may remember, re-opened London's Rainbow Theatre at the New Year to less than

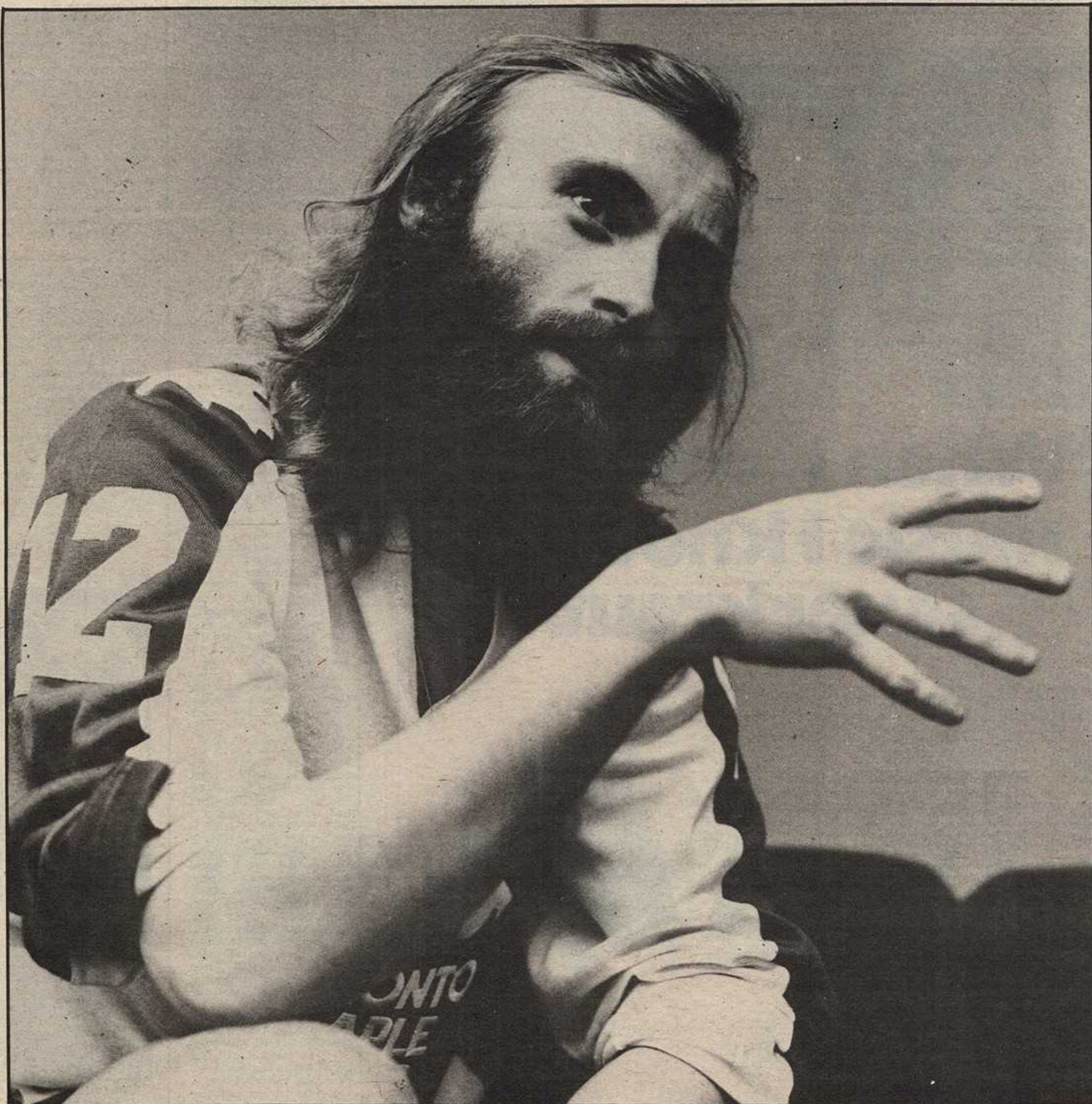
unanimous good reviews — although I reckoned that apart from new drummer Chester Thompson's performance there wasn't a lot to complain about — and they're keen to set the record straight, presumably a reason why I've been invited to see the group in Los Angeles.

IN TERMS of material and presentation there has been little change in their set since their third London date (after the first two Rainbow gigs Genesis restructured their set), though, of course, Thompson is playing a lot better.

Thompson now plays with bite. But strangely enough, he doesn't sound like a black American drummer, instead playing like Phil Collins, though with less decoration, only occasionally showing his roots with funky phrases. His only lapse at the Forum was during parts of the epic "Supper's Ready" — though with an arrangement so complex you can't blame him, seeing as how he's only been with the band a few months.

Overall, Genesis played heavier in LA than they did at the beginning of the year in London, and with more style

■ Continues over



Well, y'see, it's like this... **PHIL COLLINS**

pic: **PAUL CANTY**

GENESIS

■ From previous page

once they'd lost an initial stiffness, making the last two thirds of the show excellent. Collins worked with incredible energy at times receiving more applause for his intrinsically British comic routines (you know, the tap dancing, tambourine banging sequences) than the music.

And while it seems totally redundant just point a laser at the stage as a way of heightening their visual licks (as Genesis do during parts of their show), they have one visual trick involving lasers which is pretty damn stunning, creating a revolving catherine-wheel-like effect immediately above them at the climax of "Supper's Ready".

Onstage, Genesis remain one of the Seventies finest rock bands.

WE'VE GONE from being in debt to having a tax problem," says voluble Phil Collins, stretched out on his hotel bed after the gig, fatigue showing on his face. His wife Ann is watching TV next door, and Collins is drinking a cold Coors (America's best beer, although that isn't saying a lot).

Our conversation has found

its way to the ticklish subject of money.

"I never think about doing this kind of thing for money... I mean, Christ...," said Collins after I'd put to him Peter Gabriel's point about one of his reasons for quitting Genesis being his desire not to become part of the rock machinery, i.e. not to get bogged down in the business.

"I can understand what he means, but he's as much part of the rock machinery now as we are. I see faults with what we do but then I see a damn sight more faults with a lot of other bands.

"Everybody's doing it to be as successful as possible, and we all know what that means. It means you have to think about whether you spend this year in the country or whether you don't. Whether you make twice as much money or you don't.

"Peter has to be involved in that otherwise his record company wouldn't... you know.

"I don't want to make it sound like I'm rolling in money. I'm overdrawn, right? My current account is overdrawn. I get 25 dollars a day over here to pay for my food. Personally I have no money, but I've been told



From left; Steve Hackett, Tony Banks, Chester Thompson, Phil Collins (in foreground) and Mike Rutherford. Pic: ROBERT ELLIS

In fact, Genesis have got to the point where they have a tax problem. With their ever increasing success in the States it's not impossible that they might join the legion of the tax exiles.

The problem has arisen essentially because of money earned through touring — and that's money made in America and Canada. Whereas while their albums always achieve good chart positions in Britain

they don't sell more than 200,000 or so, peanuts compared to what, say the Floyd sell.

Only last summer that Collins' lifestyle changed appreciably — the drummer and his family moving from a £15 a week flat in Chiswick to a £22,000 house. And that was after several years of success with Genesis. Guitarist Steve Hackett too has moved to a reasonably sized town house from a flat.

When discussing the pros and cons of leaving Britain for a year to become a tax exile, Collins also makes the point about Genesis's relatively limited future.

"Within three years Genesis won't be anymore. I might not make any more money for the rest of my life."

Why the three-year life span? Well, guitarist Hackett has set aside time later this year to do another solo album, and therefore there's the possibility that other members might also want to get involved in solo projects.

Collins points out: "Tony (Banks), for instance, likes to get heavily committed to something and if he became heavily committed to a solo thing and it started to work... Basically the point is if we all said we're not going to see each other for six months there's a chance we might not come together again, although we do get on well — we don't argue anymore."

Collins himself has been more heavily involved in solo pursuits than the rest of his colleagues put together — working in the studio and on the road with Brand X, exercising penchant for jazz and less-arranged music, doing the odd session, working of late with such diverse artists as American singer-songwriter Elliot Murphy and Eno.

He appears on the soon-to-be-released Brand X album "Moroccanroll" but has been replaced in the line-up so the group no longer have to rely on gaps in Genesis's work schedule for their own live dates — although he doesn't rule out the possibility of working with the group onstage at some point in the future.

Genesis, however, still comes first and the addition of jazz/rock-experienced Chester Thompson to the line-up gives Collins added confidence in the band's music.

After Bill Bruford's departure he had several drummers in mind, including Elton John's drummer Roger Pope, former Joe Walsh and Steve Stills' drummer Joe Vitale, and the excellent Aynsley Dunbar — as well as Thompson.

"Having Chester is a positive shot in the arm. He wouldn't play with someone like a son of Weather Report," he says — showing signs of musicians' paranoia and the great respect he holds for musicians in the jazz-rock field. "Chester gets off on our melodies. And the mere fact of him getting into it from that angle gives me more confidence in our music. That sounds like a jerk off, but it's not."

"Obviously when Genesis are doing an album I'm totally into it but then I listen to the freedom... Basically, what I find frustrating — and I've talked to Chester about this — is I try and play as black as possible within the confines of Genesis, therefore I wanted him to play what he plays rather than what I play. I think he's in sympathy with what we're doing."

"I'm much happier playing with him than Bill because I think it does groove more now."

"When Bill and I played together I think the sense of occasion over-rode what we were actually playing. I've got a tape of Hamburg from the tour we did with Bill, which I remember as being a good gig. But when I played it to Chester to give him an idea of what we were doing with two drummers a lot of the time it sounded like we were at each other's

throats. We were getting in each other's way."

However, for my money the Collins/Thompson team is yet to reach the potency of the Bruford/Collins liaison — and Collins does admit that musicians tend to regard what they're doing now as better than what they did immediately before.

GENESIS WILL, according to Collins, play London again in June and are anxious to convince Londoners they haven't lost their touch — an impression they feel might have been given at the Rainbow.

"London was well... errhh," Collins hesitates, and finally admits he doesn't know what to think about it anymore.

"It could have been magical. But it wasn't as magical as we hoped."

So do you think you blew it?

"I'm keen to get back, put it that way. 'Cause I think the show now is a different group from the one that played London."

"Although there is a formula, Genesis don't work to a formula. There aren't that many bands that go down consistently well every night. But we do now."

"I saw ELO recently and ELO use their lasers every single tune," he digresses. "There was no taste. I think there was apathy from the audience as well because they didn't feel they were being treated with respect."

Future plans for Genesis include the release of an EP later this month and a live album in late summer. The EP features four tracks Genesis couldn't squeeze onto "Wind And Wuthering", including two, "Match Of The Day" and "Pigeons", which Collins reckons could give Genesis a hit single.

He insists: "No way is the music on the EP secondary to what we did on the album. We feel as strongly about these things as the rest of the stuff."

The live album will feature tracks recorded on the current tour and material recorded when Bruford was with the band. It'll be a double album and sell for less than the price of a studio double. Sounds familiar, eh? But Collins says the group's decision to release it has nothing to do with the success of "Frampton Comes Alive".

Says Collins: "A live album is a very valid statement. And I think we live seem to cut it a lot better, even now, than on record."

Even so, he thinks the record will be their biggest seller to date. Doubtless it'll do well in the States.



PHIL COLLINS. Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

Richard Wagner
1813-1883

'When it comes to music I know my sauerkraut'

"So take a tip from me and get your copy of a new album by Adrian Wagner called "INSTINCTS".

"INSTINCTS" is a series of musical pictures played on a Moog Synthesizer and composed for your own instinctive interpretation.

It's fascinating and creatively different, I wish I had an instrument like that in my day. I've been listening a lot to "INSTINCTS" lately, and so will you. It's one of those albums that sort of gets its hooks into you. And then you've had it — somehow you just can't stop playing it.

"INSTINCTS" — A very different kind of record album from Adrian Wagner. It's on Charisma, naturally.



Adrian Wagner
INSTINCTS
CAS1124
Available from all good record stores.



Marketed by Charisma Records

DAVID MCWILLIAMS



David McWilliams is one of the most perceptive singer/songwriters of our time.
Listen to him.

"David McWilliams" is twelve beautiful songs on one album,
including the haunting single **"By The Lights Of Cyrian."**
Listen to it.

DAVID MCWILLIAMS EMC 3169 TC-3169 8X-3169. "BY THE LIGHTS OF CYRIAN" EMI 2586.



EMI Records Limited, 20, Manchester Square, London W1A 1ES.



WHAT NOW FOR ROY HARPER?

IT'S UNLIKELY that Roy Harper would be admitted to a health and happiness club. Because of his seemingly chronic illness he is facing a real possibility that the curtain will prematurely close on his career — yet another cruel body blow on top of all the misfortune he's experienced in the past.

"I guess I'll be unlucky to the day I die," he gloomily predicts. "And I'll probably be unlucky on that day too."

Genius, you see, really is pain. "Anybody who's an innovator, and I think I am one, is made to suffer for various reasons. It's almost like the old saints doing penance and getting killed before the rest of Christianity could settle down to a middle road."

"If you're in the vanguard you automatically suffer."

Over a month ago, during his eagerly-awaited British tour, Harper was hospitalised with a serious blood infection. Since his discharge he's

made an almost desperate effort to continue performing.

With his band Black Sheep he worked Europe as soon as he was fit enough, and although he collapsed in Germany he honoured all bookings. Next week he begins his rescheduled British concerts.

After that he'll decide whether it was his final farewell.

He is still ill. He's suffering a strain on his lungs and feels washed out. He says that if his health continues to deteriorate he'll seriously consider quitting stage work.

According to him there are only two other options: first, to stop writing songs he finds strenuous to perform; second to move into the shadows as a rhythm guitarist and engage a lead vocalist.

"Townshend's done pretty well with Roger Daltrey," he opines. "So I don't think it's an insane idea. I just do far too much, and I have to abdicate on one or two levels soon."

You may recall that four years ago



ROY HARPER: "I'll be famous when I'm gone."

Harper thought he was near death's door — but recovered. This time, however, he seems resigned to rethinking his approach simply to make sure he doesn't join rock's casualties.

It's particularly distressing because he has at last achieved a musical ideal by forming Black Sheep after his previous band, Trigger, experienced several disasters. Fresh artistic satis-

faction and enthusiasm is illustrated on his latest album, "Bull In A Ming Vase", which he proudly asserts is really only his 'second' album — "HQ" being the first — even though he's made eight other sets previously.

"If I'd got a band together when I was younger, instead of becoming a solo artist, I think I'd have found my true niche sooner. I probably did the

wrong thing for seven or eight years. My great joy is working with others and manipulating from within, rather than being a dictator from without."

Musically he believes he has adapted to the year 1977. He's mellowed out, both in style and lyrical statement.

"It's a mellow time we're living in," he explains, "and that makes the record ('Bull') sound more accessible."

"I could still be malicious and militant, but if I worked in those terms I might just as well ditch the band and become an acoustic guitarist/singer again. There's no point having a band if you're going to become Phil Ochs (the late American protest singer)."

"But the thing is, everything Phil Ochs portrayed actually did die in 1972/73, and Phil died with it. There was no point in carrying that on, because a great uselessness was seen about all that sort of behaviour around him."

"And I don't want to stay in the old position. I'm not an idiot. I continue to move with the world, and sometimes ahead of it unfortunately."

It's sad that Harper has yet to fulfil his aspirations for artistic independence. Recently he recorded the single "One Of Those Days In England" as a deliberate attempt to gain commercial success — so that he would no longer have to rely on record company financial backing.

"It's almost like being supported by the government," he comments bitterly. "I would dearly like to be independent, but I'm not."

"If this current situation carries on I'll have to become a single acoustic guitarist/singer again — which is a step I do not want to make. My work can not be done justice by anything less than a band."

"If it happens it'll be a sad day — a kind of artistic death. 'You'll still get the poems, but they won't be performed the way they should be.'"

"I'm just fighting for that economic stability to achieve my artistic ideals."

But he gives an unhappy impression that time is quickly running out. And since ill health has caused him to appraise his success, he's also only too aware of his failures.

"There was so much in music I could have changed if I'd had the power — and that one has always bugged me. I know that my own generation has changed the world the same way that the last generation did, and the one before that. But I'd have liked to have played a greater part."

"What's going to happen to me is that I'll become well-known after I'm dead, when all I've written is no longer relevant."

□ TONY STEWART

THE MAKING OF A LEGEND

SYLVESTER STALLONE is a showman, a publicist's dream.

Not long ago he was just another struggling actor with only bit parts (*Death Race 2000*) and a starring role in *The Lords of Flatbush* to his credit.

Down and out in New York with the rent due and his wife pregnant, he set out to write a script that would pull him out of the hole.

His idea was for a boxing movie, based on the true-life tale of Chuck Wepner, the Bayonne Bleeder, a no-account bruiser who had the big break of fighting Ali and managed to floor the champ in Round Nine.

Using this as his inspiration Stallone created *Rocky*, the Italian Stallion, who by a strange quirk of

fate gets the chance to fight The Big One and for the first time in his life gain some self-respect.

The first rough draft took him three days and it wasn't long before the major studios were sniffing.

They offered Stallone 10,000 dollars for the script — for use as a vehicle for such box-office big boys as James Caan or Burt Reynolds.

Stallone wasn't selling.

Like *Rocky*, he sensed that this was his main chance, and he wasn't going to let anyone else take it for him.

Eventually United Artists agreed to invest a chicken feed million dollars hiring a bunch of solid professionals to back Stallone and pull the movie through if Stallone flopped.

The result exceeded all expectations. Stallone's belief in the movie and its message shone through and when word-of-mouth messages began turning to a steady stream of dollars at the box office United Artists suddenly realised they had potential goldmine on their hands and put the whole weight of their machine behind it.

The results must have staggered even Stallone.

The movie has been at Number One in the cinema audience ratings in the U.S. for over six consecutive weeks, grossing more than 25 million dollars in the process.

Stallone was nominated for Oscars as both Best Actor and Best Screenwriter (only Sir Charles Chaplin and Orson Welles have previously been so honoured), and although he lost out in both

categories the movie was voted Best Picture, with another golden trophy going to the Director John G. Avildsen.

This success led to a cover war on the music from the movie, with eight versions of "Gonna Fly Now", the theme song, and five of "You Take My Heart Away", the movie's other significant tune.

Stallone's struggle to make it has paid off, though there are signs that he is already a trifle wary of the way his suffering - to - stardom life is being portrayed.

He told one reporter: "You guys love to lay it on — how I grew up in an orphanage and brushed my teeth every morning with a spike."

Nevertheless at the age of 30, Stallone is the Golden Boy with a sequel to *Rocky* already on the cards.

□ DICK TRACY



All Around My Hat.
An original master.



'ROCKY' STALLONE, the Golden Boy

THRILLS



1 Take a sample of tomato and cheese sandwiches ...



2 ... add a large handful of bay leaves ...



3 ... and two old boots ...



4 ... shake well ...



5 ... sample the mixture. Too much cinnamon, perhaps? ...

PATTI SMITH COUSCOUS WITHOUT TEARS

Yes you too can fantasise mosques and Persian rugs the same as the stars. It's all here in an easy to follow illustrated guide.

PATTI SMITH recently took a well-deserved rest from scratching around in her neck brace to etch a cozy sketch of life chez Smith-Lanier. At her Greenwich Village apartment she spoke out from amongst the pool-tables and reggae singers to reveal her domestic bliss.

In the corner, a five-foot high white wicker bird-cage. In the bird-cage, one ostrich egg.

Said young Patti (a hard-wearing if slightly shopsouled 30 plus): "Allen gave me a load of bread to buy furniture and I bought that birdcage. He got the egg. If it hatches we're in trouble. He's been my boyfriend for

six years and he's the breadwinner. Takes care of me. We're old-fashioned in that way. We've lived in every dive imaginable."

Looking cute if slightly emaciated, Patti shared the secret of how she maintains that sylph-like silhouette.

"I've been 105 pounds for 10 years. Before that less. That's why I had to fantasize about Arthur Rimbaud. I wasn't exactly a dream date. I eat all the time. I love to eat. But with this manic energy I burn it off as I'm swallowing."

"I'm on a weird diet. I eat a lot of couscous and drink a lot of mint tea. The basic idea of couscous; keep it intuitive, a private ritual. It takes me out of my environment, calms me

down. I fantasize mosques and Persian rugs.

"I'll tell you, the men usually do the cooking around here because none of them will eat my couscous. They all laugh at me."

If you want to try my recipe for couscous, here it is:

PATTI'S COUSCOUS FOR TWO

Handful of raisins
Small tin of anchovies
10 green olives
1 small bottle of olive oil
1 small natural yogurt
1 cup of couscous grain
Handful of fresh mint
Salt and pepper
1 garlic clove

Set two cups of water boiling in two saucepans. Throw most of the mint into saucepan 1, along with salt to taste and the garlic clove. Put 1 sprig of mint in saucepan 2. Reduce both pans to a simmer. Add couscous grain to saucepan 1, stir 2 minutes.

Cover. Leave for 3 minutes. Throw in raisins, stir, cover again. Wait 3 minutes. Strain mint tea from saucepan 2 into 2 glasses. Spoon the couscous mixture into 2 bowls. Half the anchovies and half the olives go into each bowl as does the olive oil. Stir and add pepper, then yogurt, then chopped dry mint, and serve."

Joe Stevens, our man in New York City, pronounced the couscous delicious, and added that Patti could roast his raisins anytime.

□ JOE STEVENS/JULIE BURCHILL



6 ... enjoy that feeling of post prandial satisfaction and ponder whether Clive Davis will advance you £1 million on your first cookery book.

Good time
country swing
is not dead-

it's only
Asleep At The
Wheel.
live at Hammersmith
Odeon Sat. April 16th.



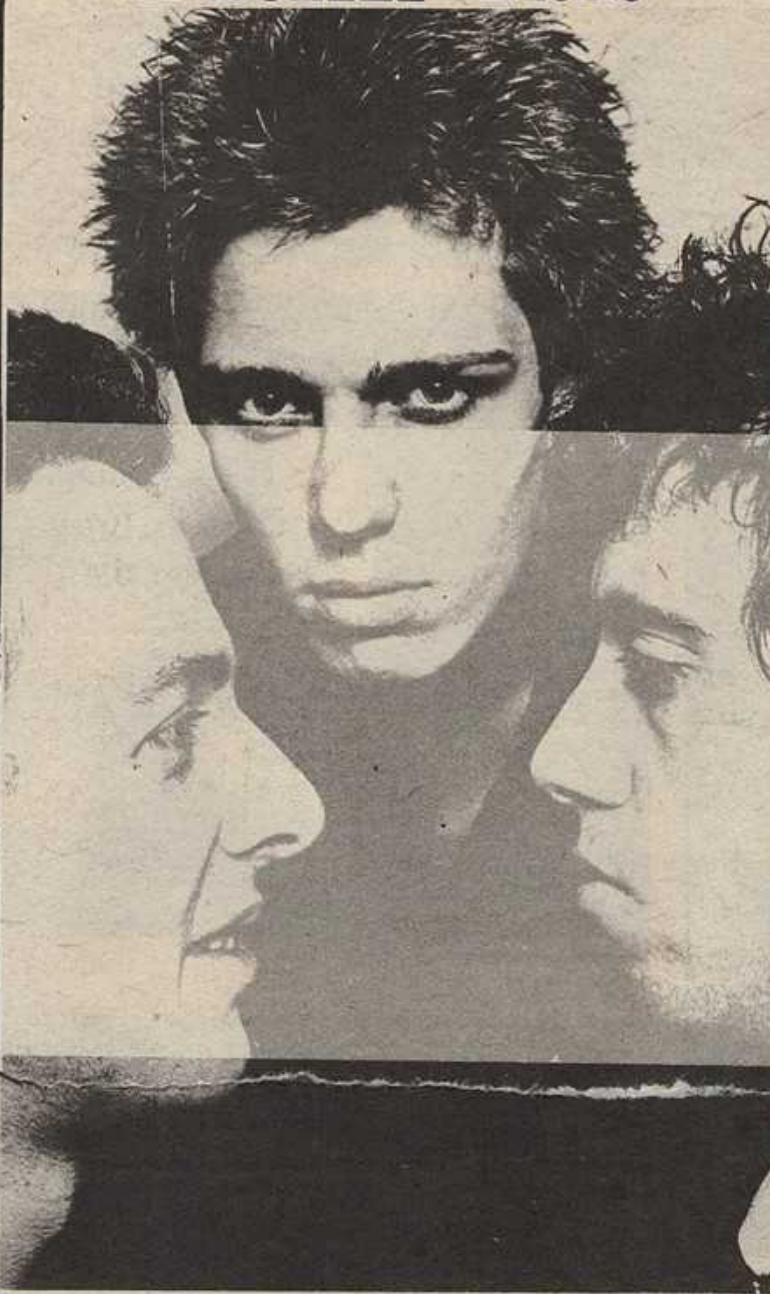
EST 11620

The Wheel
their latest album



Marketed by EMI Records Limited,
20 Manchester Square, London W1A 1ES.

CLASH OFFER -FREE E.P.



A RIOT OF YOUR OWN! 1977 is the Year Of The Clash

Hideous Bill Gangrene says so — and this is a second chance to obtain some of The Sound Of The Westway X-CLUSIVE for those NME readers shrewd enough to buy, borrow or steal (Cool it, Hideous old fellow! Ed) a copy of the band's first album which is going into the record shops now. What we're giving away (yeah, giving away) is a genuine collector's item — a 14-minute EP which contains two new Clash, "Listen" and the UTTERLY INCREDIBLE "Capital Radio", plus an extended burst of our very own gunslinger Tony Parsons interviewing the band about Clash Philosophy 1977. This is the stuff you read in NME. Hear it from their own lips (if you don't believe us) on this FREE 45. To get this contemporary classic here's what you gotta do. On the inner bag of the first 10,000 copies of The Clash album you'll find a red sticker. Attach this to the announcement that you're now reading, legibly scrawl your name and address across the shaded area of the photo above and mail the lot to the following address: The Clash Offer, Pembroke House, Campbourne Road, London N8 7PT. That's all. You don't need to enclose stamped addressed envelopes; and we don't want any money. The whole deal (including postage and packing of the single) is FREE. A gift from NME and The Sound Of Westway to anyone who's interested enough in getting hold of a copy of the new Clash elpee. Got it? Right! Can you think of a better way to spend Easter? N.B. This offer is open to readers in the U.K. only, and closes at the end of April '77

FROM THE ARCHIVES



An archive pic. that will inevitably evoke feelings of sadness. The Jimi Hendrix Experience — Noel Redding, Mitch Mitchell and Hendrix — pictured with Mama Cass Elliott. We'd date the shot sometime in 1968. Both Hendrix and Mama Cass died in London — the former in September 1970 and the latter in July 1974.

New Deal in New York

THE CONTINUING relaxation of U.S. laws relating to "soft" drugs was taken a step further last week by the District Attorney of Manhattan, who announced that no-one would in future be prosecuted for possession of two ounces or less of marijuana.

This is even more lenient than the newly-taken steps towards decriminalisation in California, where maximum fines of £40 have been introduced for possession of one ounce or more.

MEANWHILE, calls for changes in the cannabis laws in the U.K. were made last week by 76-year-old Labour MP Marcus Lipton.

The Sun reported that Lipton had shocked his colleagues in the House of Commons by suggesting that cannabis should be freely available over the counter at the corner tobacconists'. He said that the present laws were a mess and should be scrapped.

More surprising, perhaps, than this, was the fact that the delegates at the annual conference of the Federation of Conservative Students voted overwhelmingly in favour of the legalisation of cannabis. All they need to do now is convince Maggie.

AT 5am on the morning of Saturday 26th March, the police code, "Julie has arrived", went out. It was the signal for 800 police, drawn from six of Britain's nine regional crime squads, to swing into action, in the largest police drug operation in Britain in living memory.

More than 60 search warrants and some firearms were issued for the massive series of raids in Scotland, Wales and the South West, aimed at breaking up what was alleged to be a major manufacturing and distributing organisation for LSD.

The outcome of the weekend raid, and others carried out in the following days, was that a total of 125 people were arrested.

Twenty-six people including two women, have been remanded in custody, while the rest have been bailed for various sums and are expected to appear in court in July.

Operation Julie, named after undercover W.P.C. Julie Taylor, was, in the words of Deputy Superintendent Dennis Greenslade of the South Western Regional Crime Squad, "successful beyond my wildest dreams." The police said they found two LSD factories and seized a large quantity of LSD.

Detectives from Scotland Yard co-operated fully with US narcotics agents, Interpol and various continental police forces.

Needless to say, Fleet Street took the opportunity to embellish the story. The Express for instance, quoted an unnamed detective as saying: "Some aspects of this operation make anything you have seen on TV or at the pictures seem very ordinary."

NME contacted Superintendent Wakeley at Swindon Police HQ, from where the raids were co-ordinated.

He claimed that the police operation had been going on "in excess of six months," and confirmed that it had been "extremely successful".

The News of the World claimed that when the cases come to court, "well-known names will be mentioned including a friend of the Royal Family."

The paper's other claims that undercover detectives spent 12 months posing as members of hippie communities in the West Country were described by Wakeley as "journalistic license" and the estimate that the ring "handled half the world market in LSD" as "inaccurate."

The Superintendent did confirm that no "society figures" were involved, and that among the people remanded were two doctors and two chemists. He could not confirm another press statement that among those still being sought was the brother of an ex-member of the Animals.

The most puzzling factor in the whole affair is that in the experience of Release, LSD has not been a common street drug in this country in recent years, which perhaps leads credence to reports that the syndicate was working mainly for the export market.

It seems that no-one outside the police have a clear overall picture of the true extent or nature of Operation Julie.

□ DICK TRACY

The Detroit Spinners

On Record. On Tour.

including

Rubber Band Man
Ghetto Child
Could It Be I'm Falling In Love
Then Came You
Wake Up Susan

APRIL

22nd	Friday	Odeon, Birmingham
23rd	Saturday	California Ballroom, Dunstable
24th	Sunday	Empire, Liverpool*
29th	Friday	Hammersmith Odeon, London
30th	Saturday	Apollo, Manchester

MAY

1st	Sunday	Fairfield Hall, Croydon
-----	--------	-------------------------

Support: Brass Construction

*Support: J.A.L.N. Band.

THE DETROIT SPINNERS SMASH HITS

including

Rubber Band Man
Ghetto Child
Could It Be I'm Falling In Love
Then Came You
Wake Up Susan

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

10,000 12" EPs
in a special presentation box
(All other copies 7")

Side 1: 'Could It Be I'm Falling In Love'
'You're Throwing A Good Love Away'
Side 2: 'Games People Play'
'Lazy Susan'

K50363



Mighty Diamonds

Ice on Fire

Ice on Fire.

It's not just a new reggae album.
It's the start of a unique relationship
in rock music.

Because that's what you get when you
take the rhythms of JA, The Mighty
Diamonds and add to them the legendary
influence of Allen Toussaint and the
sound of New Orleans.

Ice on Fire. Cajun reggae from
The Diamonds.

The 12 Tracks include:

Sneakin Sally Through The Alley.

Tracks Of My Tears.

Get Out My Life Woman.

And 5 brand new songs by The Diamonds.



On Virgin Records now. V2078

New single out now on Virgin Records. VS169
Country Living
c/w **Coming Through**

"The Monkees didn't break up . . . the TV contract ran out." Pic: TOM SHEEHAN



NESMITH: IT'S ALL IN THE CONSCIOUSNESS

HE OFFERS me the only available ashtray.

"You don't smoke?" A languorous shrug.

"Filthy habit?" He wouldn't know, he's never smoked.

There's no way you can come straight out and ask a loquacious grandiloquent gentleman like Michael Nesmith whether or not the current rumours concerning the reformation of The Monkees are so much eye-wash, and not feel pretty stupid.

After all, he's cosily tucked away in a Kensington hotel to talk about his hit single "Rio" and he has long since proved himself an idiosyncratic solo artist with his own (small) devoted following.

He was the misfit Monkee (the tall, skinny one with the woolly hat) and I don't want to offend him. I could attempt a circuitous route, ask him about Darwin (not entirely inappropriate considering this Monkee's musical evolution) but then we'd probably still be there.

But, bless him, he mentions them first so I casually enquire about Mickey Dolenz's recent outbursts.

"Oh well, you've been having rumours since the show stopped."

He's smiling and appears to be wanly good-humoured, but that amiable Texan drawl can be deceptive.

"We're not getting back together. The only way The Monkees would get back together was if we did a show — that's feasible, but unlikely. You can't get The Monkees back together as a rock'n'roll group — that would be like Raymond Burr opening up a law practice."

So is he going to punch Dolenz in the mouth?

"Not me. Every once in a while Mickey will put The Monkees back together. I tell him 'I'll deny it. He says 'Well, OK'."

Doesn't that miff him?

"Why should it? It would be a waste of my consciousness."

If I had a fever for every time Nesmith uses the word 'consciousness' or diminutives thereof I'd be able to stand the London Symphony

Orchestra a drink.

Is he a cosmic cowboy or a pendant old fart?

Certainly his last two concert appearances in this country have owed more to a prayer meeting, a master preaching to his brethren, than to rock'n'roll.

Some people find him vaguely patronising but I think he's more amiably disdainful, seeming wilfully to take the hard road. It's difficult to imagine many people relating to his austere "Prison" project (which Island have recently made available, together with the book).

"That's the same dialogue I had with RCA when they put out 'Magnetic South'. The term country-rock wasn't invented then so they couldn't

categorise it, and neither could the radio programmers.

"They're not interested in playing a record if it might cost them listeners. They might lose the 7-Up account. But I'm not making things hard for myself. I just realise that it takes time for these things to come home."

So does he write, primarily, for himself?

"No. I'm really interested in contributing and having my works be useful. But I'm not prepared to compromise, to work toward a standard that I don't think is valid."

Most of his work (Excluding "The Prison" and his new album — which is probably the most accessible music he's yet recorded) has been steeped in C & W, employing it as an entirely indigenous form of American folk music. It's difficult to equate the ex-woolly-hatted buffoon with the trim, clean-cut country-style singer.

"The country-style is something the press have labelled. It's not a conscious effort. I grew up in Texas, and that's bound to weave its way into the music. If you listen to the music you'll see it's all very filmic. You say it's C&W bar stuff."

"I didn't mean it derogatorily."

"I understand. Have you ever been to the American Southwest?"

Never.

"Any idea of what it may look like?"

Only from the movies.

"That's the only place it exists. Western heroes — the movies. All that American mythology, is what those records are about. So your concept of it as C&W is that filmic thing, that visual capaciousness of the music."

"What happens when you listen to the music is that a film plays out in your head. That's what happens to me, so it's bound to happen to somebody else."

He laughs.

"With 'The Prison', a book was as close as I could get to a film at that point. Now we've got this . . ."

He indicates a video playback machine.

"On my new album and on 'Rio' I'm filming it, I'm actually making the movies now."

Which you've consciously (woops) been heading for?

"Yeah. All this time. Seven years. But you can't do it in the Hollywood community because you're talking to people who don't have any musical consciousness. I wanted to take the music and let the visuals grow out of it."

We watch his "Rio" film on the video software. It's prodigiously imaginative, encompassing multifarious pastiche styles from cinema and TV. Everything is included, from zoom to nuts, and the music is brilliantly married to the film. "We used some very advanced techniques, mixing film and video and editing on video and computer."

"It's a first effort, but I'm real proud of it because it's a good first effort."

His extraordinarily diverse output since The Monkees' demise suggests he may have been somewhat schizophrenic at that time.

"I didn't feel that way. Now I don't remember a lot about it. It's a decade ago. But it was first and foremost and only a TV show. It had this cross-

SPRINGSTEEN SINGS FOR SOMEONE ELSE'S SUPPER

THE POSSIBILITY of having his recording career put on hold indefinitely — until such time as litigation involving himself and former manager and co-producer Mike Appel has been resolved — has forced 1975's future of rock'n'roll, Bruce Springsteen, to

resort to unnatural practices.

The problem is that since the hysteria that accompanied the release of "Born To Run", and the promotional brouhaha that subsequently flared, a large cult following has sprung up around Springsteen.

Such partisan support is a bootlegger's dream, and illegal albums, with titles such as "Hot Coals From The Fiery Furnace", "The Jersey Devil", "Flat Top And Pin Drop" and "You Can Trust Your Car To The Man Who Wears The Star", have been legion in recent months.

Hence, given his current contractual hiatus, Springsteen is reluctant to preview any new compositions in his stage show simply to benefit the lurking bootleggers. And though he does have three albums on catalogue from which he drew his material, he is probably reluctant to retreat the same songs nightly.

His solution to this dilemma has been to increase the quota of oldies in his show.

While this has delighted hard-core fans who regard Springsteen as an archetypal '60s artist working in the '70s, it has hardly solved Springsteen's problem.

The bootleggers are still making a killing.

A new bootleg album has recently appeared under the counters of certain U.S. emporia. It's Bruce and the E-Street Band's own "Moondog Matinee", and the album contains the following tracks: "Wear My Ring Around Your Neck", "It's My Life", "It's Gonna Work Out Fine", "Up On The Roof", "Then He (She) Kissed Me", "When You Walk In The Room", "Goin' Back", "Pretty Flamingo", "Oh! Carol", "Quarter To Three", and a lengthy Mitch Ryder medley featuring parts of "Devil With The Blue Dress On", "Good Golly Miss Molly", "C.C. Rider" and "Jenny Jenny".

□ ROY CARR



"I'm only coming out if you promise not to bootleg me."

fertilisation of the two mediums because you and I still differentiate between music and film. There really isn't any difference and time will prove that."

He cites people like Bob Rafelson, Paul Mazursky, Jack Nicholson, Peter Fonda, Dennis Hopper, Hendrix, Nilsson and Zappa as emergents from the Monkees environment.

"So it's not unusual for me to be clipping right along doing nice work, too, because it was a tremendous training ground, a positive experience, and people who don't see it as such are missing the point."

"The thing that appears to make it exploitative is that so much money can be made from it: buy the record, buy a toy, buy a doll."

"But it wasn't anything but a TV show. It wasn't a musical force. The Beatles were a musical force, four cats who got together a very high musical consciousness that blew us all away."

"The Monkees were about 35 people who put together a hot TV show. People ask why did The Monkees break up? The Monkees didn't break up. The TV contract was over and we split."

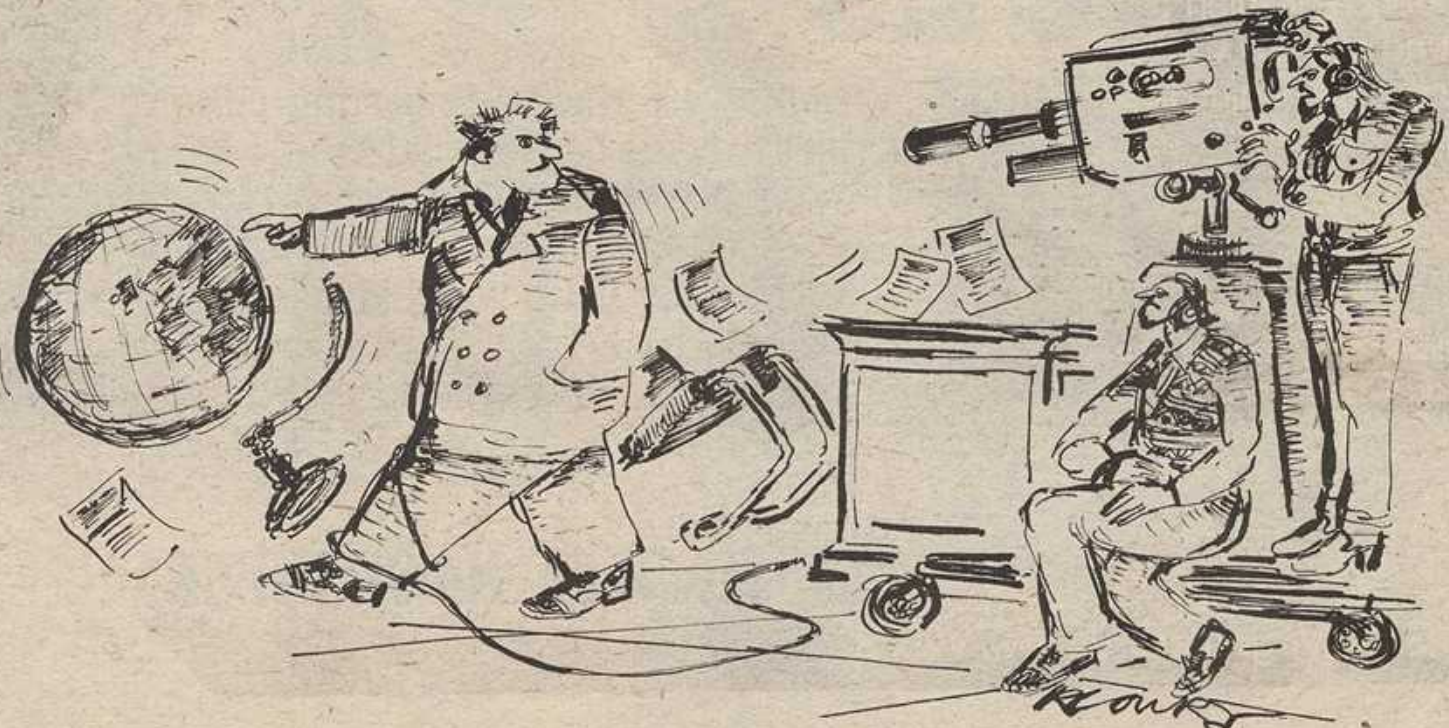
Before I leave he hands me a copy of his new album, "From A Radio Engine To The Photon Wing".

Ah, that was one of the questions I wasn't going to ask you — what the title means.

"Oh good. Don't."

□ MONTY SMITH

LOWRY



"The punk rockers are yesterday's news, man. Patrick Moore's the only genuinely disturbing performer on television."

THE VELDA TAPES

SPECIAL FRIEND OF J. ROTTEN REVEALS ALL (SHOCK)

UNDERNEATH the thick black lines and heavily rouged cheeks there might well be a stunning female trying to get out. It's so hard to tell my dears, for Jordan does such a good job of covering up any good features she may possess. Even her hair (brown at the roots, white at the tips) is engulfed in a thick layer of lacquer.

Jordan (real name Pamela) is something of a star. Although she's a shop assistant (in Seditionaries, the shop owned by Sex Pistols' manager Malcolm McLaren), there's little that is mere routine in her life.

Because of her looks and associations with the New Wave, when she went to America recently she was given the star treatment and even got a spot on television.

Johnny Rotten is a close friend (yes, he does have some) and if he's bored, down, or just plain fed up, invariably it is Jordan he phones to cheer his flagging spirits.

I met Jordan at the shop, situated, ironically enough, next door to a Conservative Club, but there was little conservatism about her as she strode purposefully across the road, seeming oblivious to the open-mouthed stares of Joe Public.

Her obsession is fashion. So every incident in her life (she is 20) is referred to via associations with clothes worn and make-up applied.



School was her pink period ("I had bright pink hair"). Harrods (yes, Harrods) was her green period. America? Well that was when she was into rubber.

Spring '77 finds her clad mostly in black. A black jacket resembling a straight-jacket, all zips and bits. Black trousers (more zips and bits), and black suede boots. The only break is vivid pink rouge and brightly coloured lipstick.

This strange fashion-conscious lady originated from Seaford, a quiet backwater near Brighton. Her parents weren't into fashion or theatre, but by the age of seven it was obvious their offspring was.

"My father," says Jordan in a well-educated voice, "was a clerk. My mother was a barmaid." (Both are now retired.)

Neither parent exactly approves of the way their daughter dresses:

"They'll never get used to the fact that I didn't turn out the way they wanted."

And her mode of dress has also presented numerous problems with, er, the opposite sex.

"I've been walking out with people, totally ordinary people, and they've freaked out just going down the street with me."

Even the police have shown an interest in Jordan.

"They once tried to arrest me for being indecently dressed in public."

And what was the sweet girl wearing at the time?

"Stilettoes, stockings with huge holes, see-through knickers and see-through bra."

Ah, I see.

Prior to Seditionaries' Jordan worked for a time in Eastbourne — "Where I dressed the same". She later worked at The Way In at Harrods, where "they were very good and never said anything about my green lipstick or make up; I was treated very well."

She adores working for Malcolm. "I'm very involved in the shop and have great faith in the clothes. Vivian (McLaren's girlfriend) and Malcolm are the two most creative people around."

Jordan was one of the first people to ever clap eyes on the Pistols.

"I remember watching them rehearse in Hammersmith before John was in the band. He was just a customer then."

And as a close associate of Mr Rotten's, can she tell when he is



In spring a young girl's fancy turns to...

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

putting on an act? It has been suggested that Mr Rotten deliberately does so whenever a member of the press is present.

"He never puts on an act — he won't compromise. If he feels like spitting he'll spit."

Jordan sees Seditionaries as "the hub of the situation that young people are in." And she adds: "We get other

bands in the shop to get the clothes the Pistols wear. Mr. Big even came in to buy vinyl trousers."

For some obscure reason Jordan does not like Queen.

"If I ever see Freddie Mercury in public no doubt I'll tip something over him," she confides.

What I wondered has Freddie done to incur such wrath?

When we signed Chip Hawkes... we knew that he'd leave us



ALBUM PL25044

When an English singer-songwriter of the calibre of Chip Hawkes came to RCA and said he wanted to make a country album, we did the best thing possible. We sent him to Nashville, with our compliments. Six months later Chip was back, with one hell of an album. 'NASHVILLE' is that album—Listen and you'll know what we mean.

Special guest on the Twiggy tour
Croydon, Fairfield Hall, April 15
Birmingham, Odeon, April 16
Liverpool, Empire, April 17
Bristol, Colston, April 22
Manchester, Palace, April 24
Brighton, Dome, April 25
London, Royal Albert Hall, April 26

Chip Hawkes-'NASHVILLE'

RCA

"Actually, I've never met him, only the drummer. It's just that they cater for a certain kind of people — hippy college people — and I feel violent towards him. I don't like what he's doing."

Jordan is not exactly modest when talking of her success when she visited America recently. "I was a knock-out," she says. "There were pictures of me in *Woman's World Daily* and I even made Channel 3 news. That was the time I was wearing rubber . . ."

Rubber what, precisely?
"Stockings, skirt . . ."

Not surprisingly, boyfriends never seem to feature in Jordan's life. Nor have they done so in the past. "I was very much an outcast at school. If it was 'kiss, chase' they'd run away from me. No boy would touch me. Still, I didn't really want their attention. But I was very hard up for people on my wavelength."

Now, of course, there are many others who share the outlook, although it's still difficult to walk down the street without getting rude remarks or gaping stares.

"I remember once getting on a train and sitting opposite a woman with her young son. First she stared and then she asked the boy, 'Is that woman opposite upsetting you?' He nodded. Then she asked if I would kindly leave the carriage."

"Well of course I didn't!"

"Next thing she asked me was if I was a stripper. So I turned round and asked her, 'Do you think strippers look like me?' And I also said that if I had a son like that I'd throw him out the door."

Back on the subject of Rotten, Jordan claims: "He doesn't have actual girlfriends — he's not really interested in permanent girlfriends. But he does need someone to pour his thoughts out to. He'll ring up and say, 'Please come over and keep me sane.'"

"He said to me he liked me better than anyone because he liked my clothes and he felt I had the potential to say what I wanted and be very demonstrative."

And on these evenings, how (dare I ask?) do they spend their time?

"We listen to an awful lot of reggae. John really likes reggae. It's the only thing we ever dance to."

So now we know, my angels.

□ VELDA DAQUIRI



JORDAN. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

BENYON:



GET A JOB AT THE DOLE DISCO . . .

THE CONCEPT of dole queue rock was taken a step further recently by a young youth worker in the London council borough of Haringey who is combining a disco with an employment exchange to try and help the unemployed young of the area find work.

Oliver Dines, 22, spends the week contacting local employees for details of jobs available, prints them on duplicated job sheets and hands them out at his Tuesday evening disco at the Rainbow Rooms, Manor House.

The scheme has the backing of the local Community Relations Council, whose spokesman, Mr. Crawford, told me that Dines was now getting up to 40 job offers a week.

Haringey, although not one of the worst affected areas in the country, still has unemployment problems, particularly because of the high density of black kids.

The importance of schemes like this were underlined by a recent report from the Manpower Services Commission, who are proposing a plan whereby jobless teenagers would be paid £17 a week to take part in a series of work projects and training programmes.

Their alarming long-range forecasts estimate that the peak unemployment figures of 450,000 amongst 16—18-year-olds for this year are unlikely to change for another five years at least.

(Tax exiles take note.)

□ DICK TRACY

The Lone Groover

MARVIN GAYE LIVE



A stupendous double album recorded at the London Palladium and featuring the classics, 'I Heard It Through the Grapevine', 'Too Busy Thinking About My Baby', 'Let's Get It On', 'How Sweet It Is', and a full length studio version of the disco smash 'Got To Give It Up'.
TMSP 6006 Only £4.99 also available on tape.

EMI



(Above) Sylvester Stallone goes the distance in *Rocky*. (Right) Shari Eubank comes on mammalian in *Super Vixens*. (Below) Lightly clad lady assaults truck in same movie.



SILVER SCREEN

Rocky (A)

Directed by John G. Avildsen. Starring Sylvester Stallone, Talia Shire.

WHO SAYS the age of heroes is dead and gone? Who says the American dream is a nightmare? Not Rocky.

Our story begins in downtown Philadelphia. Loser territory. We see Rocky punching bags in a seedy gym, Rocky

hustling debts for the sleazy local loan shark, at night going home alone to his crummy ghetto bedsit with only his turtles for company. It's not a pretty sight.

Enter Apollo Creed, flash spade heavyweight champ. Creed has a big-money championship bout set up when his challenger pulls out. In the true spirit of American showmanship, Creed has the idea of fighting a complete unknown

and lands on a no-hoper with a flashy monicker, the Italian Stallion, Rocky.

Needless to say, the fleshy-jowled promoter figures his suave black champ will floor this crumbum in Round 3 so everyone can go home early. What the hick bums don't realise, however, is that beneath his no-luck exterior, Rocky is a MAN. For him this fight is the Big One and he isn't about to flush it down the drain. He begins training and training hard. Down in the frozen meat factory he works out pummeling solid sides of beef. Early morning sees him pounding the Philadelphia pavement, pushing himself to the limit, getting ready for the fight of his life.

Rocky's love life begins to flourish too. His casual affair with the insecure petshop girl (Talia Shire) deepens into true love and we see her gradually shed her stutter and towrags and blossom into a beauty.

By the time the big day comes, Rocky's set. He doesn't plan to win but he's sure as hell going to stay the distance. Creed starts out hard but come Round 2 Rocky floors him with a furious jawshot and the champ begins to realise this ain't going to be no third round cop-out. Rocky's out there to fight for all the years of frustration and pain, for his very life.

Okay, its sentimental stuff but it makes it. Sylvester Stallone was hungry when he made this movie and he puts all of himself into it. The result is a loser's dream, the ultimate in wish-fulfillment fantasies.

Dick Tracy

Supervixens (X)

Directed by Russ Meyer. Starring Shari Eubank, Charles Napier and Charles Pitt

LIKE RUSS MEYER, I enjoy obsessive grossness and *Supervixens* (despite pruning by the indelicate hands of our censor) fairly ODs on comic book sex and cartoon style violence. Mayer's robustly childish sense of humour is evident in every frame (since he's editor, cinematographer, writer, producer and director, that is inevitable) and the sheer audacity of his absurdly comic situations make it hard to resist.

Because he chooses to work in the sex-comedy field (he made the classic *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls*), Meyer is generally considered to be little more than a purveyor of soft-porn nonsense. Yet, far from being a shambling slob in a pool of drool, he's an astute film-maker whose work resembles that of a particularly deranged Mel Brooks.

In *Supervixens* he perfectly captures and neatly ridicules the American fetish for buxom-built women and custom-built cars, and the omnipresent phallic imagery (from car-parts to cacti) is overwhelming. The heroines are half-a-dozen astonishingly pneumatic women who each find clean-limbed Clint Ramsey (Charles Pitts) irresistible. A former gas-pump jockey for ex-Nazi Martin

Bormann (it's that kind of movie), Clint is on the run from fascist cop Harry Sledge (Charles Napier, very funny) who, despite his muscular prowess, is a dud in bed. When venomously ridiculed by a disappointed bedmate, Harry berserkly murders her in a blood-filled bath.

As Clint starts living an idyllic life with Supervixen (Shari Eubank), the scene is set for a climactic confrontation between Good Clint and Evil Harry which (as each of Harry's ever more elaborate traps backfire) becomes a humanised version of the *Roadrunner* cartoons.

Here the censor steps in and ludicrously alters the sense of the sequence, making it far 'worse' than the original in that the audience can but assume Harry has placed a dynamite stick up Vixen's vagina rather than in front: "What you need is a long fuse and a big bang."

Despite the cuts, *Supervixens* remains a nippily-paced, tasteless comedy with more going for it than against. By placing his camera beneath the ladies' (bikini'd) crotches and (bared) breasts, Meyer creates an effect which is simultaneously funny and imposing. I guess normal women just don't figure in his wonderful world of wobbles.

Monty Smith

Stand Up Virgin Soldiers (AA)

Directed by Norman Cohen. Starring Robin Askwith, George Layton and Nigel Davenport

AT LEAST the producers kept one promise. When they signed Robin Askwith for the lead role, they swore blind this wouldn't resemble a *Confessions* picture. They're right. *Stand Up Virgin Soldiers* is more like a limp hybrid of TV's *Get Some In* and *It Ain't Half Hot Mum* with barrack-room language.

It is Singapore in 1950 and the reluctant recruits have just been informed that conscription has been increased from 18 months to two years. The main source of amusement is "a quick shit and shave and down to the village." There is located the Golden Grape Club, where the resident whores are possessed of capitalistic instincts but little knowledge of English ("You lotten flucking riar"). Mind you, Askwith and George Layton (as our less than intrepid heroes) don't fare much better.

Author Leslie Thomas has adapted his own book to the screen with a surprisingly heavy hand, giving most of the characters redundant expository comments, remarks which merely tell us what we've already seen. Coupled with the director's misplaced faith in static reaction shots, it makes for an exceedingly flat film (ie the sort of thing you'd see on television), looking as though it were shot on a giant studio lot.

There are a couple of neat cameos by Irene Handl as a snobbish welfare worker in Edna Everage sunglasses forlornly reminiscing about her days "in Injah"; and John Le Mesurier, imperturbably vague as the regimental colonel, longing for the cricket season to begin and for his wife to stop sending him home-made jam.

The only others to emerge with any credit are Edward Woodward as the cowardly Sgt Wellbeloved ("Real war is shit and bullets, not a load of poncey Communist guerrillas hanging about in trees") and Warren Mitchell as a whining Welsh reservist on recall ("Will you look at these ablu-tions — they're more like a bloody shithole").

Actually, so many of the film's scenes take place in the camp toilets that one is forced to equate conscription with full-scale masturbation. Perhaps that is why Nigel Davenport's Sgt Driscoll is awaiting pensioning off for "slowly going blind".

Monty Smith



PETER HAMMILL an open letter...



Peter Hammill
Over (Charisma)
The new album CAS 1125

...and an open heart. By now you may have read reviews of the new Peter Hammill album 'OVER', a collection of eight love songs. As ever, this latest offering from

Van Der Graaf Generator's guiding light has been followed by an enormous amount of critical controversy. NME's Nick Kent writes: "... well away from the identikit terrain of good ole rock and roll or plushy veleveteen singer-songwriter introspection". Tim Lott of SOUNDS: "Angst and introspection, always on the borders of Hammill's previous work, reach conclusion with 'OVER'. What marks Hammill out as different is that the music is just as anguished, cracked, anarchic and effective as the words".

In NATIONAL ROCK STAR Stephen Lavers says: "... different from anything he's ever done before ... effective because Hammill

seems to be experiencing the emotions he's written about, while singing the song."

Inevitably, it seems, Peter Hammill's work attracts diverse and fiercely conflicting reaction — not least from his own firm following.

For what it's worth we believe that 'OVER' represents something of a milestone. On it Peter Hammill has managed to write down and interpret musically a description of love from a man's viewpoint — at least as effective in its way as Joni Mitchell's most eloquently feminist pieces. If at times the resulting songs are a little raw or uncomfortably direct it is because he's discarded the metaphor or machismo imagery behind which male songwriters have previously hidden. As the critics have hinted, Peter has lived through all that he expresses in this album.

Whatever your own reaction, you cannot fail to respond. Listen — and we think you'll agree that, by any standard, this is a courageous and, ultimately, uplifting album.

You can hear an excerpt from Peter Hammill's 'OVER' by dialling 01-499 9441 anytime.

MARKETED BY CHARISMA RECORDS





5025177

NEW FACE FOR UK COMICS?

The spearhead of this new breed of tough publications were a set of highly explicit and technically accurate war comics.



It was almost inevitable that someone should start producing a comic for the junior blank generation. It's only logical that when their older brother and sister have *The Ramones*, the *Stretford End* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, the under-12s should want something like *2000 A.D.*

**Have you noticed
what your little
brother's reading?**

The methods of slaughter include

A sobbing lady newscaster, who happens to be a dead ringer for Angela Rippon, tells the country the bad news. King Charles III flees to

**and see what
they've done to
Dan Dare**



Dan Dare: (left) circa 1952 with Treen buddy; (right) the new improved model.

Can you
imagine what
happens when
nine guys and
one girl get
together for
a good time—

it's all on
The Wheel
the latest album from
**Asleep At The
Wheel.**



EST 11620

Catch them live
at Hammersmith Odeon
Sat. April 16th.



Marketed by EMI Records Limited,
20 Manchester Square, London W1A 1ES.

Our next progression is finding the toilet...



From left: Chris Thompson, Dave Flett, Chris Slade, Colin Pattenden, Manfred Mann.

DECISIONS, decisions. For Manfred Mann, there are always decisions. Backstage at a gig in southern Germany, he announces a dilemma: "How can I go to the toilet?" he asks. "People will see me".

Manfred has just changed into his stage costume. To be precise, he has swapped a blue t-shirt for a red one.

Changing t-shirts hardly transforms Manfred's appearance. Whether in blue or red, still he looks like a bemused beatnik who took a wrong turn on an Aldermaston march.

Manfred, though, obviously sees things a little differently. It's as though Clark Kent has stepped into his phone box, but still wants to remain incognito despite his cod-piece and tights.

Hence, the toilet dilemma. The architect of the Donauhalle in the town of Ulm has failed to pencil in a can within easy reach of the star dressing room. Indeed, to strain the potatoes one is obliged to cross the stage area in full view of the audience.

No problem, if you're wearing a blue t-shirt, but in a red one, it's a problem.

Manfred finds the answer in his overnight bag. An anorak that appears to be made out of silver foil. Manfred goes glitzy? Not quite. The foil is merely the lining, designed to keep out extremes of climate. He zips himself in, and, collar hunched around him, makes for the door, looking furtive.

You may be wondering why Manfred should wish to encourage debate about his ablutions. It's a little unhip, after all. Hardly the sort of thing you'd expect from Robert Plant or Ritchie Blackmore or Keith Richards. But that's Manfred. A curious mixture of perplexity, authority, and self-mockery.

Manfred describes himself as "a living rock legend". It's another little joke. Perhaps.

Manfred has just enhanced that legend by scoring a number one single in the States with Bruce Springsteen's "Blinded By The Light". And as he once performed the same trick with Dylan's "Mighty Quinn", this latest feat rather encourages the view that Springsteen is the new Dylan.

One the other hand, maybe it just shows that Manfred hasn't lost that ear for a great song that served him so well in the '60s, when he latched up no fewer than 15 hit singles.

Naturally, you'd expect a rock legend with a No. 1 American single to ponder the next step. Weighty debate about tactics and policy would come as no surprise.

But Manfred's decision-making has a range and momentum that goes somewhat further. He tends to agonise aloud over the very minutiae of existence.

"How can I go to the toilet?" he will ask. "People will see me".

When they come to film the Manfred Mann story, the

part's a natural for Dustin Hoffman, re-running his Benjamin routine from *The Graduate*. Except that Hoffman doesn't look like Manfred, and Manfred's naivety is only partly genuine. Mainly it's an elaborate put-on, a defence mechanism, designed to confuse and amuse potential detractors.

He also frequently adopts the role of the loser musician, offering astute little sketches of life on the road.

"How about coming out for a night with the boys?" he says, after a gig. "Have a tragic little evening sitting in the corner of the club."

SO HERE we are, on the road with Manfred Mann's Earth Band, who were big in Germany before "Blinded" made them big in the States. A chance to assess the band's long-term potential. Will "Blinded" prove to be no more than a brief reminder of former glories? Or is a major new rock band about to establish itself in the big league?

Whatever, no sooner have we checked in our Ulm hotel that there's a graphic example of Manfred's obsessive commitment to his music. He has a keyboard set up in his room and is instructing his guitarists in the intricacy of an instrumental break he's thought up for a new number. He's been working on the song since before he left London three weeks before, and in his own words, "we've changed it every night".

The idea is that a chunk of be-bop should spring from the middle of the song, in contrast to the rock riff on which the tune hangs. And he's so keen

on the idea he's virtually jiving in his seat as he plays.

Upon arrival at the concert hall the band immediately rehearse the song again, by way of a sound check. You wonder whether Manfred is perhaps a perfectionist who's gone over the top.

Chris Thompson (guitar, lead vocals) says: "A person who's had Manfred's amount of success, followed by his amount of failure, followed by success all over again, just has to be someone special. You may want to go down the shops, he just wants to go over an arrangement again. He's always talking about the music. But working with him is always a laugh."

He's not autocratic, in any way?

"He's not at all bossy."

"He analyses himself in the same way he analyses other people. He recognises his own mistakes. He's always willing to listen."

Manfred explains his approach: "Some very talented bands know exactly what they want and go straight to it. I struggle, sweat, and strain, and move in ever-decreasing circles around my objective until I get there. Frequently I hover around songs like a vulture over a carcass."

We start a formal interview. I've been warned that Manfred is a tough interviewee.

The warnings prove uncannily accurate.

It's as though he becomes a different person when confronted by a journalist's cassette. After 15 years, he's no doubt well aware of the dangers of misrepresenting himself.

The first signs that we're in for a rough time are his

avoidance of eye contact and his apparent absorption in the latest issue of a trade paper.

Well, Manfred, congratulations on a No. 1 single in the States. What took you so long?

"It's not the sort of decision one takes. You'll have to ask the American public. I mean, you just work, and one day people buy your record. One wasn't aiming exclusively in that direction."

"We've been concentrating most of our energies on other aspects of our work, tracks that last five or 10 minutes, rather than three minutes. Also, it's a different style of music now. The band's changed slightly since the '60s."

But surely this renewed success indicates a change of tactics?

Manfred went through a phase at the end of the '60s when he deliberately moved away from hit singles to concentrate on more ambitious music.

For some reason, discussion of his musical policy seems to anger him.

So I say: "I have a feeling that at one time you had distaste for commercial songs. Have you now lost that distaste?"

Manfred starts shouting: "It's a lovely question. Great. (To the band). You must observe this: 'I have a feeling you once had a distaste'. Starting off with a degree of uncertainty, then assuming that that is the case. Now, I'm meant to answer your assumption as if it was fact. Fuck off!"

From being relatively friendly, the interview has degenerated into flat-out abuse. And that's after two questions.



MANFRED MANN is something of an eccentric. He goes berserk when people turn on tape recorders. Otherwise he's very pleasant. In this feature he has problems getting to the toilet. BOB EDMANDS investigates...

Manfred continues: "Unfortunately the answer is the same as the answer to your first question. One wasn't aiming that way. That's not to say one had distaste for singles, only the wrong kind of singles. One wanted singles that fitted the band."

The dogged reporter plods on with a question about what sustained Manfred in the years of failure.

"I decided that I enjoyed being on the road more than writing film music and TV commercials — the other alternatives available in the early '70s. The leisured life of a composer in London didn't suit me. There are aspects of travel that I dislike, but on the whole I prefer being on the road to doing anything else."

This answer is less unpleasant, but certainly no more revealing.

He stayed on the road, because he preferred it. Surprise, surprise.

The reporter decides to try to outflank Manfred with a little aggro of his own. Earlier Manfred had spoken disparagingly of the band's "cosmic lyrics". Was he cynical towards what the band offered the public?

"It's merely a healthy ability to laugh at oneself. There's a fine line between being pretentious and being natural. That's the line we walk."

"As for me being cynical, anyone who is in the least bit intelligent is accused of being cynical, unless he goes round with an inane grin on his face 24 hours a day."

In the course of the next question, the reporter attempts to go for the jugular by calling Manfred "a confident intellectual".

Question: "As a confident intellectual, why do you sell yourself short? You put other people's songs on the A-side of your album. You sing very little on the album. You call the band Manfred Mann's Earth Band as an apparent gesture to democracy."

Answer (spoken with intonation of disgust): "First of all, I don't feel I'm a confident intellectual. I'm an intelligent, confident human being, perhaps, but intellectual, not at all. An intellectual is a guy unable to see the essence of a simple issue."

"The quality that marks me out, I think, is that I have very good judgement and that's as high as my ability goes. My judgement tells me that 'Blinded By The Light', written by Bruce Springsteen, is better than 'On The Road To Babylon' or 'This Side Of Paradise', written by us. I think you'd have to agree with that. 'Singing The Dolphin Through', written by Mike Heron, is better than anything on the second side. That's what my judgement tells me."

Okay, so why do you personally do so little singing? (Manfred sings a duet on the last stretch of "Blinded").

"I'm not a good singer. I thought my voice would fit 'Blinded By The Light'. You needn't be a good singer to

sing a little bit, but you need to be a good singer to sing all the while. In this case, my voice was a good contrast to Chris Thompson's unpleasant, gruff, big hero voice."

Chris Thompson shouts something abusive across the room.

So why is the band called the Earth Band? Is it a gesture to democracy?

"Well, the word 'band' rhymes rather well with the word 'Mann', we thought."

The interview continues in this fashion for some time, a wearing bout of verbal pugilism.

Curiously, when the cassette is switched off, Manfred reverts to normality. No more paranoia. Instead, there are abundant jokey reflections on the state of the music business, followed by appeals not to quote him.

In many ways, it's sad. When Manfred is talking for public consumption, he's guarded, secretive, unpleasant. When he's talking privately, he's frank, open, and amusing. The mask is uglier than the face.

AS MANFRED'S Band prepare to go on stage, a man with close-cropped grey hair appears to be putting on a pair of combinations. He's Chris Slade the drummer, and it transpires that the outfit is a Kung Fu outfit.

Chris Slade is into martial arts, particularly karate and zen archery. He explains that

the point of zen archery is not simply hitting the target, but the way you pull the bow. Which is, of course, true of many things.

Chris is known as "The Guru". He does not smoke, drink, visit clubs, or eat meat. Instead, he does yoga and meditates.

Does he feel better for it? He says he does — but people keep asking him why he looks so ill.

Chris Slade and the bass-player Colin Pattenden have been with Manfred the longest, and both have similar backgrounds. Chris played drums in Tom Jones' group The Squires, and Colin was with Engelbert Humperdinck's backing band.

Colin recalls that Humperdinck still owes his father £5 for petrol. When Engelbert was still called Gerry Dorsey, Colin's dad took them both to a gig in his car. Not that it matters much now, he says.

The Earth Band take the stage to a massive roar. And it's soon clear that Manfred is no spotlight hog, he has five keyboards, and two are positioned as some sort of screen to hide him from the crowd.

All you can see is that bespectacled, scholarly face peering over the top, like an eccentric professor at a lectern. In fact, he does a quirky little dance behind the Hammond organ, but you can't see that from the crowd.

Equally, the show is not given over to endless keyboard solos. Rather, the set consists of melodic songs, with a rich,

attacking, ensemble sound. Manfred takes solos, but no more than Dave Flett, the lead guitarist. Both men favour fast, aggressive flurries of notes which gather momentum from the songs that support them. No one outstays his welcome.

The front man is vocalist Chris Thompson. On vinyl, his voice suggests a mix between Rod Stewart and Elton John. But onstage, the name that suggests itself is Paul Rodgers of Bad Company, though arguably Thompson has more range and volume.

The biggest number is inevitably "Blinded By The Light", but a number of others run it close. Dylan's "Father Of Day, Father Of Night", recorded three years ago, being among the most powerful.

The only song that can possibly top the reception accorded "Blinded" is "Mighty Quinn", a British No. 1 for Manfred in 1968. That's the encore, and the crowd go bananas. These days it's an excuse for the band to power through some instrumental breaks as well, but it's the appeal of the chorus that counts.

THE GIG over, there are no wild scenes of triumph. Colin Pattenden makes everyone a cup of tea, Manfred says he's finally worked out the best possible chord sequence for his new song, and then everyone pelts off down the autobahn for the earthly delights of Munich.

At the Munich Hilton half the party decide they'd rather not go out again as it's 1.30 am, and opt instead for a further pot of tea. The more adventurous spirits venture forth into the night.

The next day's gig is at an equally obscure town — Hof, two miles from the East German border.

The Freiheitshalle is yet another sports hall, capable of holding three to four thousand people. But while Ulm was a full house, Hof is not expected to deliver. Not that anyone's worrying much. Manfred is announcing that once again he's come up with the answer to his problem over that chord sequence for his new song, and Chris Thompson is amusing himself with his dead bears.

Someone at some gig somewhere noticed a choice piece of graffiti on a dressing room wall. "Manfred Mann's Earth Band fuck dead bears", it said.

No one in the band is more amused by this than Chris Thompson. He suggests the next Earth Band tour should be called "Dead Bears Over Europe". It is, he feels, a joke that is built to last.

Manfred is less convinced. But Chris is unabashed.

Chris Thompson joined the band 18 months ago along with guitarist Dave Flett, the two of them replacing one man, Mick Rogers, who both sang and played lead guitar.

He has spent most of his life in New Zealand, coming to Britain three years ago and quickly getting lucrative session jobs singing on TV commercials.

"You only needed one session for American television a month. You get a huge amount for three hours work. So you only need a few sessions to live quite well. I was very lucky."

He still does his ads but the Earth Band is his main concern. Suddenly, he's the voice on an American No. 1. Was that hard to cope with?

"There's not much to cope with, really," he says. "Everyone's so down to earth in this band. There are no heads in the clouds. If anyone gets excited, Manfred keeps them in line."

Dave Flett was driving a laundry van, as well as playing in local bands before he joined. Manfred gave him a month's trial — which just happened to be on an American tour....

AT THE Hof Freiheitshalle, the jury is somewhat muted. No more than two thousand people have turned out, which leaves some floor boards on display. A few punters bop to the set's most commercial tune, and the applause has enough momentum to carry the encore. But the mood is generally a downer.

A dignified dinner follows at Hof's most splendid hostelry, the Hotel Strauss, and the band and road crew tuck into the wee, small hours.

Colin Pattenden enthuses

over the wine, entering into careful negotiations with the record company representative over who should pay for which bottles. Colin is a wine buff, and used to bear the brunt of Manfred's mockery on this score.

"Then one day, we noticed the jokes had stopped," says Chris Slade. "And we discovered that Manfred had joined the Wine Club."

During dinner, Manfred is prompted to recall an incident from the '60s, when he was a famous face. He'd had a car crash on the A1. He was slumped over the steering wheel, both collar bones broken, blood pouring from his mouth. A workman ran up to the car, looked inside, saw the casualty, and said "Hey, it's Manfred Mann. Give us your autograph, Manfred."

THE FINAL gig of the tour is Nuremberg. And on arrival Manfred announces that he has finally got the right chord sequence for his new song. The news is greeted with polite indifference.

The band play a driving, energetic set, determined to end the tour triumphantly. By the end of the third song, another by Springsteen, "Spirits In The Night", they're already taking little bows in response to the audience's noisy approval.

By the time they get to "Quinn" they're playing so hard that Chris Slade barely notices a firework that's lobbed out of the audience. It hits him on the shoulder, exploding noisily, burning his shirt. He never misses a beat.

For good measure, this is a two-encore show. "We never play a second encore," says Manfred. "We can't follow our first encore." Just so the kids get the message, the lights go up after "Quinn", and a tape plays "Land Of Hope And Glory".

Go home, kids. But they don't. A good eight minutes of hysteria ensues, and the band return to bash out an ad hoc oldie that creaks a little from disuse.

The champagne in the dressing room is drunk as though it was earned.

ON THE plane home the next day, Manfred is thinking aloud about decisions. Not quite taking decisions, you understand. Just thinking about them. There is the decision about the next single. The decision about the songs for the next album. The decision about the order of the set for the American tour due to start in three weeks time. There's the decision about the future of the recording studio he's got a stake in.

Of one thing, however, he is certain. He's rejected all earlier possibilities. This is the big one. He's finally and irrevocably got the chords right for this new song.

Decisions, decisions. For Manfred Mann, there always decisions.



PHILIPS

"With this machine, Philips will make you as brilliant a DJ as I am."



"Well, almost."

A brilliant DJ (myself for instance) needs two things. Incredible modesty. And superb equipment.

Now just fasten your eyeballs on the Philips N2214 Cassette Recorder, and you'll see that Philips can't help you with the modesty. But they certainly can make the equipment.

For a start the N2214's control panel makes you feel like the guy at Mission Control (though it will probably cost you less than the chair he's sitting in).

It's got full push-button operation. Quick repeat control. Pause button. Tape travel indicator. Automatic stop with indicator light. Tone control. Automatic recording level. Battery/mains operation.

And that's not all it's got to turn you into a DJ overnight... or overday, if you're an early bedder.

You see, not only can you record music direct off the radio or Hi-Fi through its direct line input.* Not only can you record your own gorgeous voice through its built-in mike.

But, with the N2214's special mixing facility, you can actually (gasp, faint) do both at the same time.

So you can talk in and talk out your records ("It's 68 degrees here at sizzling Radio Surbiton and the sounds keep on coming" that sort of stuff).

You can record your own glorious vocals over instrumental tracks. You can even make your own commercials.

If you want to do an easy ad. to start off with, why don't you do one for the N2214?

It's so magnificent, any old fool could do one.

Joel Edwards

Simply years ahead.

*Recording and playback of material may require consent - see Copyright Act 1956 and the Performer's Protection Act 1958-1972



STRAIGHTENING OUT THE KINKS

**Ray
Davies
Looks
Back**



I RECENTLY did three interviews with Ray Davies, a total of about 4 hours — and we still didn't cover everything I wanted to. Does that surprise you? It shouldn't.

In thirteen years, while The Rolling Stones have released 14 albums and The Who just nine, The Kinks have released 17, plus two only available Stateside.

Apart from bland-out merchants like The Hollies, these three are the only stable survivors from the Great British Explosion of 1963/5 — and in every way except in terms of popularity and onstage dynamism, the case is strong for suggesting that The Kinks have always been the most artistically ambitious and imaginative of the three, that they have a greater roster of great songs, and even that they have a healthier future. They are, after all, still a working band.

It is arguable that The Kinks were the first heavy metal band; were the raunchiest '60s R&B band yet cut the first major rock song about homosexuality; were the first satirical rock band yet also one of the most politically compassionate; used Indian effects before any other rock band yet are the most English of all rock bands; wrote the first album length rock opera/musical, and have pioneered the rock musical both onstage and on TV; and have almost never cut an album or a single that marked time artistically.

And to most intents and purposes Ray Davies is The Kinks.

Davies himself has written a film score, acted in a straight TV play as well as starring in his own TV musical, and has written an

● Continued over

**From trad jazz to transvestites
... A Great British History**

Tape machine: PHIL McNEILL

Camera: PENNIE SMITH

● From previous page

album for a TV musical of some-one else's scripting that was never produced.

The Kinks also have their own record company, Konk.

Now I'm not a Kinks apologist, and I'm well aware that certain of the ventures I've listed were not wholly successful — but the fact is that many of them were, and as for the rest, well, at least they've had the nerve and the spirit to refuse to rest on their laurels.

Tales abound of Davies' moodiness, and it was typical that after well over a year of trying sporadically to get an interview I should be granted one virtually by accident at 36 hours' notice.

Of our three sessions together, the first was by far the most successful, and that is the one reproduced below. It took place on Friday March 11 in a sunlit reception room at the Konk Studios in Hornsey.

Ray looked like Ray, somewhat to my relief: I hadn't been sure what to expect. He's tall, wears smart casual clothes and that little scarf, hair swept back through his fingers — Norman without his "satin strides and two-tone daisy roots". We drank coffee.

Mr. Davies seemed to have come prepared for the "big job": his publicist had said he wanted to do, because with very little ado he picked up the voluminous sheaf of questions I'd hurriedly cobbled together, and just read from the top. Hence there are few interventions from me to his monologue (and no quotation marks): I was quite happy for him to take the uncontroversial topics of the band's early days at his own pace.

He was surprisingly forthcoming — yet at the end of it all I was really no nearer to knowing him. Strictly a business association.

During our two-hour session we only covered their Pye career, which makes it a convenient point to break this feature. Using Ray's thoughts from our two subsequent conversations alongside my own, the second part of this feature next week will concern itself with assessing The Kinks' career in the '70s on RCA and, now, Arista.

So dust off your kinky boots and your red hunting jacket, and take it from the top, Ray.

I WAS AT ART SCHOOL, THAT'S RIGHT, IN '63, and I was playing in bands just playing guitar. I wasn't singing at all. I was, as they say, getting experience.

At the same time Dave (Ray's brother) was still at school, and he had a band with Pete Quaife playing bass. I did a gig with them, it was New Year's Eve 1963, beginning of '64, at Hornsey Town Hall. We were just a fill-in band. I turned up to play, and that was my first real gig with them.

(Other accounts have The Kinks forming both in December '63 and late '62. As their first single, "Long Tall Sally", came out in February '64, it seems likely that Davies is actually referring to a gig on New Year's Eve 1962/3).

I decided to leave art school, though I stayed on for a few more weeks to get the grant. So it was Dave's band to start with.

This was The Ramrods, was it? They had all different names. The Ravens, Ramrods, right! That was a good name, sounds like it's a punk rock group — The Vibrators, yeah. Ramrods, The Studs, anything, The Bo Weevils, Ravens.

We were looking for drummers like nobody's business. Eventually I think we found Mick (Avory) around February, March. He came to an audition upstairs at a pub called the Camden Head, which is still there. He actually cut his hair short to impress us — he didn't realise we were long haired. The bands he'd played in had to look smart. Butlin's bands.

What were you going to do when you were at art college?

I started off at Hornsey. I wanted to paint pictures, and I realised that really was a totality, a total commitment. Art was going in a new direction, and the sort of pictures I wanted to paint weren't part of it. So I went into another facet of art school — I went into theatre. Stage. Three dimensional painting, and lights.

I did that for a couple of terms, and

I did a bit of drama with the local drama club.

Apparently a guy called... I think he had a record out a little while ago, he came from Croydon... Jeff Tull? Jeff... McTell! Ralph McTell. I met him in Copenhagen. He said he remembers going to a Croydon Christmas dance, and I was drunk and I got on the stage and pushed the other band off, and started playing a boring harmonica solo. I can't remember that, but apparently I did.

But I did that sort of thing. I was really torn apart. I was four different people: I was at art college, I was playing in a band, I was somebody else who lived in Highgate — I was commuting everyday — and I was playing soccer in the evenings twice a week for Finchley Youth team.

I was interested in all sorts of music. I tried a bit of classical music to start with, and Spanish music, and I was into folk music. But I was more into country music.

Country blues? Yeah, and R&B of the Leadbelly, Broonzy School. I think the thing that changed my life was a programme called *This Wonderful World*. It was a John Grierson, who invented the documentary — he had a programme on Granada. They showed clips of films from all over the world, and it was on that programme that I first saw Big Bill Broonzy. And it changed my life.

Granada TV seems to have played a big part in your career.

Granada TV? What a cheapo claim! But Broonzy, seeing that... Then I went to play in R&B clubs, and I thought it would be like Broonzy with a drum player and a bass player — and I got there and it was Chuck Berry and Ray Charles.

The band I was playing in was old traddlers. They used to be a trad band, and the horn players had stayed and they'd got a coloured singer, and they were playing R&B.

That's a little like the very early background of The Stones.

Yeah. The Stones were playing in the same club. Our band, we did the main set and The Stones did the fill-in set.

I REMEMBER the first time I saw The Stones. The band leader said, "Come on, let's go over the pub." It was in Piccadilly, Archer Street, the pub. I said, "No, I wanna stay and see the other band," 'cause they all looked about the same age as me — I was the baby of this group. He said, "Don't watch 'em. They're a skiffle group."

And I sat down and I saw them play, and I saw energy. I saw Brian Jones — a total star. I saw Keith, I saw Charlie, saw Jagger — not so prominent then. They stood in a line, the three of 'em, all in their round button collars and their little shirts.

The sound was exciting. Couldn't hear the vocal, but that was great — he was just there, a really treble, bad PA... I think that was the best I've ever seen 'em play. Really.

People used to come and sit in, and I remember one day we were playing in Richmond, and Davy Graham actually borrowed my guitar for his set. He was someone I really admired.

So it was a mixture of that as well, and all the other bands that were around. Georgie Fame and The Blue Flames. I think, were the ultimate R&B band in London at that time. There were some fine bands, with energy. That's the most important thing in any kind of music. Belief.

So I was still at art school. The band I was with, we had good nights and bad nights — and one night there were literally no people there, so we had to take turns to go in the audience and clap. But one of my fondest memories of that time was my turn to be the audience. The piano player — I don't know his name — he was an old timer — played a song called "Honky Tonk Train Blues", just him and the drummer. Nobody in the club... and he was magic.

I've got good memories from that. Going to rehearsals in Notting Hill Gate, y'know, basements... and carrying an amp and a guitar...

I still wasn't singing very much.

What, even in Dave's band?

Yeah. We were really an instrumental based group. I was really into The Ventures. Dave and I used to get together and play tapes at my nephew Terry's — Dave used to buy Duane Eddy records — and I remember saying it'd be great one day, Dave, if we could have a group like The Ventures with vocals on top.

Groups like The Shadows were always into big echo machines, but



FLASH RAY: The Memoirs Of A Gentleman Neurotic



Above: "Tired Of Waiting" era. Left to right: MICK AVORY, DAVE & RAY, PETE QUAIFE.

'I remember the first time I saw The Stones. Our band leader said: 'Don't watch them — they're a skiffle group.'



The Ventures were sort of dry, and they had that chunky guitar: really ahead of its time.

We used to share vocals. Pete would do some — I did a third of the vocals, and there was no harmonies at all. And I really wasn't into writing at all.

When were you signed? I think it was around January, February. We made our first record, got signed on our first tour, and signed with our agency and record company all at once.

WE WERE ON A FIVE-WEEK TOUR with The Dave Clark Five and The Hollies, opening the show — and we did four numbers. One of the things we did on the show was "You Really Got Me". It started off as one of those almost Ventures backing tracks, and I stuck a line on top.

Do you remember writing it? Yeah. I wrote it for somebody else, because I still wasn't sure what I was going to do in this group — I've never had Dave's drive as a guitar player — and then I realised after the first tour I could sum up the group sound. I could write a song which contained the group sound.

We signed to a publisher, management and things — we had three managers, who all went in different direction — and they'd given us songs of theirs, the publishing guys. But we didn't want to do them, so I started writing.

They wanted us to write some Beatle type material. I remember doing four or five demos in Regent Sound in Denmark Street, and they said, "Yeah, the first three, they're what's happening. We don't want to hear the last one."

The last one was "You Really Got Me".

On that first tour they asked us to take it out, because we had to do cover jobs, things the audience knew. We were just there to test out the sound really.

They sent the road manager, Alan Carter, to get us together, because we were really untidy and had no stage act, and he said you've got to do numbers everyone knows. And he was putting through a rehearsal, and it was Graham Nash — he was in The Hollies — Graham said, "Don't make them play what other people do. Let them play what they play."

So we kept it in. Then we went on one-nighters all over the country, topping the bill in clubs. We worked a lot round Manchester — people actually thought we came from Manchester — and then we did some sessions and decided to record "You Really Got Me".

We had to get permission from the record company to record it! They said, "You're going to go in the studio and they're going to let you do 'You Really Got Me'. You're happy now, are you?"

We went with Shel Talmy and, with respect to Shel, it sounded like Phil Spector. It wasn't us at all. I remember we did a gig at some ballroom in Margate, and we played "You Really Got Me" and the audience clapped at the end of the song — and they didn't do that after anything else. It represented us. It was our song — and Shel made it sound like...

What, you weren't happy with the single?

I wasn't happy with the production. And they said, "Well it's going out, like it or not." I said, "If you put this single out I'm never going to pick up a guitar again. I'll just give up, because I'll probably never write another song like it."

It wasn't all Shel's fault about the production. He wasn't as close to it as we were. In the end, fortunately, through the publisher withdrawing the copyright, they said, "Right, you're going to have the chance to re-record it the way you want it."

So we booked a little studio, Studio IBC in Portland Place. I said to Shel, "I don't want any echo on this record." We had three hours to do it, and the publisher phoned up and said, "Right, it's costing us money — you'd better make a better record or else!"

Did you have Nicky Hopkins? No, we used Arthur Greenslade. He used to do orchestrations — and I was knocked out because he was more famous than any of us! I was on rhythm — I had a Maton, an Australian copy of a Gibson.

Dave got this fuzz sound by having a Vox AC30 and little green pre-amp,

The Book of Invasions

A CELTIC SYMPHONY by HORSLIPS.



DJF 20498. CASSETTE DJH 40498.

RECORDS
AND TAPES

From the ancient lays of the Celtic past comes this deeply mystical rock album from Horslips. A fantasy of melody, a hauntingly powerful tone poem which traces the strange and terrible legend of the mythical king Tuatha De Dannan.

This ambitious project has been a long labour of love for these dazzlingly talented musicians. Now completed, on the eve of their major British tour, it stands as a testament to their creativity and to the powerful influence of their Irish homeland.

The Book of Invasions. A Celtic Symphony by Horslips. The sound of magic in the air.



£1.95 buys you an hour with Joan Baez.



Includes:

Barbara Allen/Silver Dagger/North Country Blues/Love is just a four letter word.

Look out for the rest of the Golden Hour Series.



SOME THINGS just stick in your mind. Like the very first time I ever met Dennis Wilson, during The Beach Boys' first expedition to Britain. I was a musician at the time, and by sheer coincidence we were both appearing on a Radio Luxembourg EMI-sponsored plug show with the highly imaginative title *Friday Spectacular*.

Perhaps the only lip-sync radio show in history, *Friday Spectacular* was taped each week in EMI House before an audience of around 300 precocious little horrors who knew it was all a con and acted accordingly.

After being plied with free samples courtesy of the Milk Marketing Board, these kids were more interested in seeing who could belch the loudest during transmission than in who was up on stage trying to impress the EMI warloads. Gary Glitter, or Paul Raven as he was then called, was also on the bill.

Brian Wilson was still an active member of the candy-striped shirted Californians, who were on a whistle-stop Eurotour to promote "Help Me Rhonda".

It was all a bit of a lark.

Backstage, Mike Love made no secret that he was infatuated by programme-presenter Muriel Young's cleavage; Dennis Wilson was scoring the phone numbers of anything in skirts and over the age of consent; Carl Wilson and Al Jardine were on their best behaviour; while every few minutes someone had to be despatched to drag Bro' Brian out of the loo.

Meanwhile, a music publishing company rep was trying to persuade every act on the show to cover a Beach Boys song. I was offered "Little Deuce Coupe". Lambrettas I could relate to — but what the hell was a Little Deuce Coupe?

Anyway, I wasn't buying. My attention was distracted by the sound of the Brothers Wilson trying to sort out the chords of some Beatles songs.

My guitarist and I ended up teaching them both chords and lyrics to The Fabs' "I Should Have Known Better" and "Tell Me Why". And a few months later both songs appeared on The Beach Boys' best-selling "Party" album.

WE'VE ALL grown beards since then. On a recent visit to The Beach Boys' Brothers Studio at Santa Monica I hadn't been inside more than half-an-hour when Dennis suddenly leapt up from behind the control desk, wrapped a pair of cans around my ears and, joined by his extrovert friend Baron Stewart, began laying down backing vocal tracks for Dennis' first solo album, "Pacific Ocean Blues".

By the way Dennis, my bill's in the mail . . .

BRO' BRIAN may be projected as the creative, eccentric brains of the organisation, but it has always been left up to Dennis Wilson to live out The Beach Boys fantasy of the All-American Red Blooded Male. While the others count the calories and meditate on mountains, Dennis is the only one who avidly follows the outdoor pursuits The Beach Boys songs have celebrated.

Dennis is an extremely physical person. When the pressures of recording become too intense he doesn't lock himself away in a closet. He lets off steam the only way he knows how.

This afternoon a thrash on a Captain Fantastic Pinball table isn't enough, and so he straps on a pair of speed-racing rollerskates and tears up 10 miles of Santa Monica's sidewalks. And later on he enters a powerboat race along the seaboard.

Come to think of it, drummers are a bit like bass players. Dark horses.

Perhaps it has something to do with being stuck either right at the back of the stage or to



Hi, I'm Brian.

Waitin' for The Man

Waitin' for Brian Wilson, to be precise. Next to surfin' that's been THE BEACH BOYS' fave leisure pursuit. But now Brian is back and Dennis is making a solo album and . . . ROY CARR reports

one side. For the most part, the rhythm section isn't called upon to do anything but lay down a backbeat, and that kinda job gives a man plenty of time to think and build up frustrations.

The result is that bass players and drummers are frequently the first sidemen to cut loose and make solo albums.

So Dennis has been recording his own album.

After just one more week of overdubbing, re-mixing and programming the set he has co-produced with Gregg Jakobson will be ready for delivery to James Guercio's CBS-distributed Caribou label.

During a break in the session, Dean Torrence (the Dean in Jan And . . .) arrives in the control room with a selection of visually attractive album sleeve mock-ups. Dennis agrees with Dean's choice and guarantees the artwork will be completed around the same time as the mastertape.

Dennis has recorded 14 songs (tentatively titled): "Rainbow", "Thoughts Of You", "Taking Off", "Time", "You And I", "Tug Of Love", "Pacific Ocean Blues", "River Song", "Dreamer", "School-girl", "What's Wrong", "Moonshine", "Friday Night", "Farewell My Friend", "I Don't Know", "Holy Man" as well as re-recording "Only With You" from off "Holland". From these tracks

he'll make a final selection.

This isn't the first time he has flown solo. In 1963 he and Gary Usher cut some singles as The Four Speeds, and, as late as 1969, cut an obscure British single "Sound Of Free" as Rumbo.

But "Pacific Ocean Blues" (originally entitled "Freckles") is his first serious commitment.

Instead of hauling a bunch of El Lay's finest into the studio and completing the project in a few weeks, Wilson has chosen to play almost every instrument himself. It's taken him nine months. The sound is impressionistic in texture, and from what I've heard of it the music appears to be an ethereal reflection of the album's title.

He tells me that "Pacific Ocean Blues" is totally extraneous from any official Beach Boys project. It's his brainchild and his alone. The only stipulation placed on it by Warner Brothers' President Mo Ostin was that Bro' Brian should not contribute material, and that the rest of the gang should not sign on as deckhands.

IT'S COMMON knowledge that since signing The Beach Boys and Brothers in 1970, Warner-Reprise have been less than ecstatic about the group's recording schedule and their selling power. According to one Warner Executive, up until the release of "15 Big Ones" The Beach Boys had only scored one gold album for the office wall.



The hey-day of The Candy-Striped Surfers.

Originally, "15 Big Ones" — one of three albums The Beach Boys were working on simultaneously to fulfil their contractual obligations to Warner-Reprise — was intended as The Beach Boys "Pin-ups". But as it transpired, only about half of the album was given over to re-running other artists' oldies: songs like "On Broadway" and "You've Lost That Loving Feelin'" being shelved. "The Beach Boys Love You" roots album is just out as I write, and a third set is in preparation.

Actually, The Beach Boys' problems started showing as far back as 1966. After the controversy that greeted "Pet Sounds", the subsequent emergence of The Beatles' "Sgt. Pepper" motivated Bro' Brian to abort his masterpiece "Smile" and withdraw even further into his paranoid shell. Nine of the 15 "Smile" tracks were dispersed over subsequent albums, but consecutive collections like "Smiley Smile", "Wild Honey", "Friends", and "20/20" did little to transform The Beach Boys from a successful singles band into a hotshot album act.

And the move to Warner-Reprise did little either. "Sunflower" — their first offering under the new agreement — was the last album on which Bro' Brian participated.

Warner-Reprise went into shock. The Beach Boys without Brian Wilson in the driving seat just wasn't on.

Under pressure, "Surf's Up" — a collection of old unreleased masters plus some new material — temporarily pulled the band out of a skid, partly due to much emphasis being made of The Boy Wonder's involvement.

But "Carl & The Passions — So Tough" / "Pet Sounds" bombed. And the costly, highly-publicised "Holland" junket was rejected and refurbished before being given a release date.

Allegedly, "Holland" didn't recoup its production costs, while "Concert" — originally a single album — had to be re-submitted before being unleashed.

Taking into consideration that The Beach Boys have been far from prolific, it's a wonder that Dennis Wilson should feel able to devote so much time and energy to producing the first of what he insists will be half-a-dozen solo albums.

"My material," he states, running his hands through his shag of hair, "doesn't necessarily concur with what The Beach Boys are doing. When there's a quorum there's a vote, and that's it. I also happen to respect Brian's judgement on such matters".

Dennis Wilson has been

quoted as saying: "Brian is The Beach Boys. He is the band. We're his messengers. He is all of it. Period. We're nothing. He's everything".

He's still adamant. This time he tells me: "Everything I do is a stepping stone from Brian — he's taught me so much".

Whether he and the rest of the band are just playing up The Living Legend syndrome of The Troubled Genius, no one will ever admit. That's the party line and everyone toes it. When tackled about their

sporadic releases, the reply has always been that The Beach Boys are awaiting Bro' Brian's availability.

Now, it's not that Al, Carl, Dennis and Mike (or Bruce Johnston) are without talent, but it certainly does often appear that, as a collective unit, The Beach Boys are reluctant to take a major step without Brian's involvement — even though Brian's Wilson's greatest achievements have often been misunderstood. (It's a fact, that both the band and Capitol had second

thoughts about "Pet Sounds" when they first heard it.)

Dennis Wilson can't offer what he feels to be an adequate explanation for depleted record sales and other similar traumas.

"I guess," he begins, "maybe the people who normally buy records just didn't want to buy ours... it's hard to try and understand why... truthfully, I dunno."

"As an artist," he continues, "and I'm speaking for myself, I have always been a little

intimidated by Brian's immense talent."

He pauses. "It's like if you're in a team and the person who plays in the position you prefer also happens to be a far superior player. You tend to stand back and help his game. And like I've already stated, Brian is The Beach Boys."

Waiting on Brian Wilson's recovery has been a long, drawn-out process. In the meantime, Capitol Records' re-packaging programme has kept the band hot poop by proxy, with compilations like "Endless Summer" and "Spirit Of America" topping the American best-sellers.

Dennis says he doesn't feel haunted by an illustrious past and the problems of living up to their reputation as The All-American Rock Band. But one doesn't have to resort to force to get him to admit that towards the close of the 60s, the Boys were beached by their American fans even though abroad their stature remained intact.

"Yeah," he sighs. "The Beach Boys went through a big slump. This is what happened. At the end of the 60s there was a transition from surfin', and the record companies were so used to promoting us as surfers that they didn't realise things were changing."

"With people like Jimi Hendrix coming up, it was an image that was extremely difficult for us to try and outlive. It was a time of great change and we found it almost impossible to shake off our old identity."

Ironically, during the Beatles Boom, The Beach Boys didn't have to contend with such problems. In terms of popularity, they were at their zenith. But with Second Assault, Americans suddenly grew apathetic.

"I'd put it much stronger than that, they ignored us," he insists. "There's no use denying it, we suddenly went from being a very large group into being a very small group again."

He's not exaggerating — The Beach Boys actually went back to playing small clubs like the Whiskey A Go Go on Sunset Strip.

"Maybe," he reflects, "at the time, we were in the right frame of mind. Look, I could offer all kinds of theories... but the plain fact is that The Beach Boys went through a big dip in popularity."

How did you react?

"It broke my heart. It hurt. It's no use me saying it didn't. Believe me, it really does hurt to suddenly realise that you're not what you used to be. And that people don't want to know."

AFTER 15 years in business, The Beach Boys' fortunes have now turned full circle. Despite their sparse vinyl output, they're one of Planet Earth's major concert attractions.

Dennis Wilson still does a mental double-take on that count.

The final stage of their comeback began last summer. Bro' Brian had finally gotten out of bed and returned to active public life.

"Fifteen Big Ones" — the album around which his artistic re-entry was enacted and according to reliable sources, The Beach Boys first all-new album in 42 months — took a supporting role in the carnival, however, because most people seemed more intrigued by Brian's presence than the actual purpose of his resurrection.

While some treated the album as The Second Coming, the more cynical viewed it as a Mad Hatter's Tea Party. The music took a backseat as in interview after interview Brian Wilson acted... er, a little weird and fuelled his own Madcap Mystique.

Dennis doesn't really give a shit about what people think.

"We were more concerned with Brian's return to the group. Everyday he just gets better and better — more so when he's in the studio. And that's all that really matters."

"He's lost weight, he's healthy again and working well. I suppose a sign of any artist's true greatness is when, against all odds, they make a successful comeback."

So the Beach Boys have been let off the hook, but Dennis doesn't disguise the years of anxiety.

"I'll be truthful with you. There were many times when I'd look at my brother and think to myself, maybe he won't ever pull it together again. He went through a lot of bad times. Drugs didn't help."

"If we had lost Brian, I guess we'd have had to go on without him but we always felt in our hearts that things would turn out the way they have and we were prepared to wait and wait."

"But there were other things as well. Michael and his meditation... there were our divorces... Carl fighting the draft board... so many things can come down at the same time, and they did. Also, when it came to the matter of business affairs, I have to admit The Beach Boys weren't the smartest guys around."

THINGS HAVE changed quite drastically. They've tidied up their affairs both marital and business, taken stock of where the money is coming from, and, more important, where it's going to.

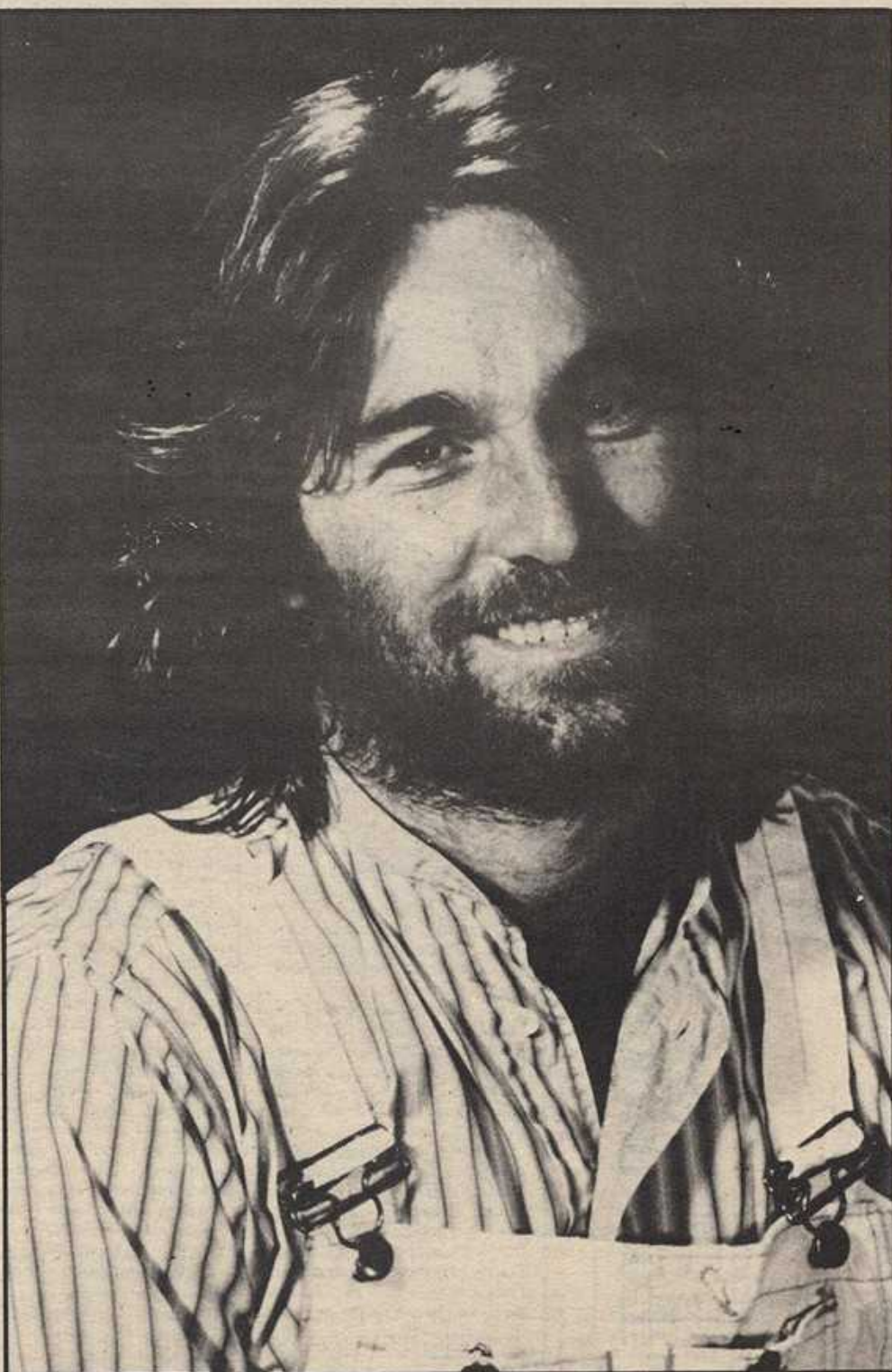
The album that led them back into the big time however, fared much better in America than it did in Europe.

And it's an album with which Dennis is dis-satisfied. He insists it should have been all-original, and that an oldies album should have been shelved for later. But he was out-voted on that score.

Dennis puts the lack of success abroad down to marketing — bearing in mind EMI's TV blitzkrieg here for their "20 Golden Greats".

As a matter of interest, at the peak of its sales EMI's "20 Golden Greats" sold more copies than the combined sales of Britain's next four best-selling albums.)

However, Dennis isn't perturbed that the old still continues to outsell the new. He's philosophical on the subject. "It's all part of the same thing," he muses. "Our roots go right back to 'Surfin' and we don't try to disassociate ourselves from our past. I'm honoured by our achievements and proud to still be around, so ultimately it doesn't really matter if the public bought more copies of '20 Golden Greats' than '15 Big Ones'. The one thing that they all had in common was that they were buying The Beach Boys."



Hi, I'm Dennis.

£1.95 buys you an hour with Country Joe



Includes:
The Fish Cheer and I Feel like I'm Fixing to die Rag/Love Machine/Tricky Dicky.
Look out for the rest of the Golden Hour Series.

JACKSON FIVE: victims of the Motown ball game.



J5: The Sublimation Of The Sublime

THE JACKSON FIVE
Anthology (Motown)
THIS REVIEW is late partly because I've been prevaricating. See, the J5 are the only act in years whose records (singles, anyway) I've actually collected. That said, I'm very reluctant to admit just how little this recorded history of the band's Motown career inspires me.

It seems I've spent years making excuses for the Five on the strength of their shattering first year. Amazingly, on checking *Rock File*, you'll find that not only have they never scored a No. 1 here, but they haven't topped the US chart for six years.

"Anthology" kicks off with that fantastic foursome, "I Want You Back", "ABC", "The Love You Save" and "I'll Be There" — Christmas '69 to Christmas '70.

At a time when Motown seemed washed up, these five kids appeared out of the blue with ecstatically exciting music. "I Want You Back" seemed to shoot Tamla into yet another dimension of perfection, as well as opening new vistas for a driving soul style whose energy stemmed from explicit small group interplay rather than relentless drums powering heavy orchestrations.

Even more astonishing was the fact that the ages of the vocal group working alongside this brilliant band of session men ranged from a high of 18 to a low of a mere 11 — and that 11-year-old was the lead singer. Perhaps Michael's exuberant, faultless performance over his brothers' intricately beautiful back-up was the very thing that spurred the musicians to such heights.

With that triumph behind them, The Corporation, the anonymous team of writers/producers/arrangers who masterminded "I Want You Back", could be excused a couple of soundalikes.

"ABC" was okay — a little discomfiting in its harping on juvenalia, not so well meshed as "I Want You Back", but it bubbled well. "The Love You Save" combined the drive of "I Want You Back" with the softer focus of "ABC" and featured a great moment when Jermaine's hoarse 15-year-old voice suddenly took over the lead.

For Christmas '70 they hit us with a ballad, "I'll Be There", a misty-eyed romance: pure cornball slop, and it was perfect. Incidentally, the B-sides thus far had all been excellent.

But as "Anthology" moves into 1971 the standard drops. "Mama's Pearl" is conventional, "Never Can Say Good-bye" is a good stab at maturity but lazily orchestrated, "Sugar Daddy" is more evidence of The Corporation re-working their original groove without the initial excitement... and then Michael went solo.

Elliott Willensky's "Got To Be There" is a weird one, a completely bland base for

Michael to demonstrate his vocal control as he held excruciatingly high notes for ages. Good trick, but so what?

So Michael was a teen idol, that's what. The '71 "Maybe Tomorrow" album, Stateside version, had an inner sleeve like something out of 16 magazine. Pushing them in the order of Michael, Jermaine, Marlon, Tito, Jackie, it exhorted fans to send for autographed photos, stickers, magazines, posters and paraphernalia galore.

Suddenly the group were out there in the chicklets' bedrooms scrapping with The Osmonds over every square inch of wall space.

As we move into side two and '72, the music changes accordingly. Twee is hardly the word for Michael's "Rockin' Robin" and the Five's "Little Bitty Pretty One". Even more dimly, the songs were evidently the result of archive scanning for the most perkily juvenile numbers Mel Larson and Jerry Marcellino could locate.

Things looked up again later in '72 with three Hal Davis productions: Michael's "I Wanna Be Where You Are", a light, vigorous song; "Ain't No Sunshine", which has lost some of its charisma with time; and the only J5 record to ever chart higher here than in the USA, "Lookin' Through The Windows".

The Five's entry in the great teenybop war of Christmas '72, the song ridiculed the artifacts matched against it: "Long Haired Lover From Liverpool", "Crazy Horses" and "Ben", Michael Jackson's own mawkish ballad.

"Windows", a Clifton Davis song (who?), is structurally bizarre and less oppressively produced than virtually any J5 record, but if there was a direction here to be followed nobody bothered.

With one brief stop to shove a little garish sparkle into Jackson Browne's "Doctor My Eyes", the next couple of years were pretty awful; side three of "Anthology" is quite charmless.

To follow his pleasantly funky, Johnny Bristol-produced "That's How Love Goes", Jermaine (now all of 18) cut the smoochy "Daddy's Home". Michael's '73 offerings are the messily conceived but almost carried off "Morning Glow" and the Matt Munro-style "Music And Me".

As for the group, they bashed joylessly through "Hallelujah Day", phased aimlessly about on "Skywriter", and gave Berry Gordy's "Get It Together" and Deke Richards' "The Boogie Man" the treatments they deserved: funless funk and brainless boogie respectively.

The Jackson Five, with Michael still only 15 at the end of '73, were clapped out — and it's hardly surprising since, not counting "Greatest Hits", they'd released thirteen albums between them in four years.

The fourteenth, "Dancing

Machine", provided them with the radical departure they needed.

The title track single gave the J5 their biggest US hit since "I'll Be There". Even so, I hated it and the album, four tracks of which appear on "Anthology". It's only when you see the awfulness of their '73 work laid out here that you realise any direction was better than none at all.

For the first time in ages the Five's producers seemed to acknowledge that they weren't just working in some cosy, complacent vacuum where they could recycle previous eras' dress for a doting captive audience.

The company had entered the age of electronics, courtesy of Norman Whitfield and copyists, and the age of concepts, courtesy of Marvin Gaye and copyists. For the "Dancing Machine" set, strings and horns and woodwind were out and clavinetts, moogs, fuzz guitars and electric piano were in.

The singers were slightly incidental, particularly on the album's centrepiece, "I Am Love"; which was — unsurprisingly — a dancing machine. Still, at least the music moved, and the kids were competent enough to move with it.

Michael is actually in great voice on the tracks selected here: the scurrying "The Life Of The Party" and the funky "Dancing Machine", both Hal Davis productions and less of a departure than the steely Larson and Marcellino numbers — the neo-Whitfield "Whatever You Got, I Want" and "I Am Love".

Moving from calculated romance to jet-powered space-jive, "I Am Love" is superb, but the Five are alarmingly sublimated to the convoluted arrangement.

The last fling for Motown comes on "Anthology" with three tracks produced by Brian Holland, of all people. He puts that Whitfield/John McGhee guitar on his old Supremes number (wasn't it?), "Forever Came Today", which is pretty good. Michael gets the pleasant, undemanding but not too sugary "We're Almost There" and "Just A Little Bit Of You".

Maybe Holland whispered in their ears: they left the label pretty soon after.

The best track on "Anthology" is the first. Motown took something wonderful and milked it dry, adding an Osmonds grin, Cassidy sentiment and a disco leviathan to manipulate The Jackson Five's precocious abilities to its own ends.

And yet... The B-side of the J5's last real Motown single, Michael's "Just A Little Bit Of You", is another cut from the "Forever, Michael" set called "Dear Michael", on which he reads a lovelorn fan letter — "You'll probably never even read this letter" — and as the song fades he vows to write her back.

And after six years of being ground down by the machine, he still sounds like he means it.

Phil McNeill

PLATTERS

The Clash: Jones, Strummer, Simonon — no "politicians' fancy dress" for these chaps...



THE CLASH
The Clash (CBS)

VINYLISED AFFIRMATION of the worth of The Clash. One in the face for the prejudiced, the ignorant and the complacent.

"I don't wanna hear about what the rich are doing / I don't wanna go to where the rich are going / They think they're so clever, they think they're so right / But the truth is only known... by guttersnipes."

Those sentiments, expressed in "Garage Land", are backed up in the 14 songs on the album. Jones and Strummer write with graphic perception about contemporary Great British urban reality as though it's suffocating them. Their frame of reference is a mirror reflection of the kind of 1977 white working-class experiences that only seem like a cliché to those people who haven't had to live through them.

Their songs don't lie. They crystallize growing up and getting out like no band ever have before. But they wear home-made battle fatigues, not Holy Man dog collars, not Politician fancy dress.

They put their emotion-wired imagery across with rock that displays an inherent sense of energy control exerted over the speeding Sound Of The Westway. They create membrane-scorching tension, a natural feel of dynamics and exhilarating rock 'n' roll excitement. They say something and they make you wanna dance.

Classic rock performs both functions. The Old Masters had that quality in another time. This generation has The Clash.

"Janie Jones" opens the album with buzzsaw staccato chords as Jones and Strummer interplay guitars over the obsessive drive of the rhythm section, Simonon joining them for an on-the-terraces chant of their anti-harmonies.

Repetitive, addictive lyrics, the words howled by Strummer in his usual manner of making them discernible only to the people who should hear them — anyone who wants a riot of his/her own.

"Remote Control" is about the type of powers that Orwell forecast and that arrived sooner than he expected: the Tin Gods who butchered the Anarchy tour because they were terrified of something they didn't understand, didn't want to understand.

Jones occasionally sings about something he detests in such an inverted, celebratory way that the sardonic joy expresses his (and The Clash's) contempt far more effectively than any direct tirade.

"It's so grey in London Town / Panda cars crawling around / Here it comes / Eleven o'clock / Where can we go now?"

Strummer does the same and brilliantly on two of their finest songs: "London's Burning", the open wound, written in the middle of the night from a high-rise cage, and "Career Opportunities", their statement of signing-on reality.

The former is part of the frantic guided tour that Strummer gives of the futuristic slums surrounding the Westway inner-city flyover and the latter is the ecstatic shouting of the word "CAREEEEEEEEEER!"



THE CLASH War On Inner City Front

after the bitter defiance of the lyrics:

They're gonna have to introduce conscription / They're gonna have to take away my prescription / If they wanna get me making toys / If they wanna get me where I got no choice / Career Opportunities / The ones that never knock / Every job they offer you is to keep you out the dock / Career Opportunities / The ones that never knock.

Strummer is almost incredulous as he recites a long list of nowhere jobs that they tried to sell him before eventually reaching the decision to send him away for rehabilitation.

The echo process used by producer Mickey Foote when Joe cries "OY!" shows how his production of the single and the album have about the same differential as a rabbit punch and a napalm bomb. He's done 'em proud and they were right to believe that spiritual affinity runs deeper than music biz reputation.

"White Riot" itself appears here as a furious, raw, live version, including an unexpurgated Strummer solo.

The demand for a culture of our own while retaining a respect for the heritage of others is an attitude defined in their magnificent tribute to J.A. This takes the form of a six minute version of the reggae number "Police And Thieves", the Trenchtown hit of the summer of 1976 written by Lee Perry / Junior Murvin and the only non-Strummer / Jones song on the album.

Strummer's vocal proves skin pigmentation has absolutely nothing to do with soul as Simonon's casual offbeat

bass line rolls around the sparse chord chopping of Mick Jones — beautiful track and indicative of their willingness to experiment with any musical form that emotionally moves...

On either side of "Police And Thieves" are "Protex Blue", a one minute 45 tribute to the method most of us don't prefer, and "48 Hours" which concerns the hedonistic horror-show of speeding through a weekend non-stop to taste as much and as many as possible before the five-day drag arrives.

"Monday's coming like a jail on wheels / You know a girl, yeah? / Well, she's bound to be rude / But 48 hours need 48 thrills / Cheap thrills / Any kind of thrills..."

The sadness and futility behind our desperate search for good times, Strummer's vocal redolent of Kerouac's Red Brick Vision; the boredom of the daytime red brick houses forever waiting behind the promise of night-time city neons. And never being able to admit to yourself that the promise is not true.

"I'm So Bored With The USA" could be taken as selective nihilism but, although Yankee Go Home is the basic gist, Strummer barks his vocal out over some fine inter-riffing with just enough sly mockery underneath the surface belligerence to keep the song out of the abyss cluttered with bands writing generalisations, platitudes and politico-nursery rhymes...

"Yan-kee detectives are always on TV / Coz killers in

America work seven days a week..."

"Hate And War" is about the currency of the times we live in and the band's acceptance of the fact that violence can only be met with the same.

"I have the will to survive / I cheat if I can't win / If someone locks me out I kick my way back in / And if I get aggression I'll give 'em two-times back"

The music's not really strong enough to fully complement the lyrics of the track until Strummer takes over lead vocal from Jones near the end and, as Simonon and Jones chant the title, he cries out a few of those quasi-throwaway lines that he scatters all over the album...

"I hate Englishmen / Just as bad as wops / I hate all the blindness / I hate all the cops."

"What's My Name" and "Cheat" are both musically and lyrically Casualty Ward Rock. The first is the kind of gratuitous and random GBH that you used to inflict on the away team's supporters' personality crisis temporarily forgotten as you act like a Pig and feel like a God. Strummer is crazed as he tries to articulate the desperation of a screwed-up, wanton thug.

"What the hell is wrong with me? / I'm not who I want to be / I got nicked for fighting in the road, / The judge didn't even know... what's my name!"

And there's "Cheat" with its pessimistic dog-eat-cat lyrics, the theme as offensive as it is defensive — hurt them before they hurt you, before they can hurt the people you love.

When how you play the game isn't important, it's whether you win or not.

"I get VIOLENT when I'm fucked-up / I get SILENT when I'm drugged-up / Don't use the rules / They're not for you, they're for the fools / And you're a fool if you don't know that / You better CHEAT if you wanna survive..."

A Seventies acceptance of violence as a fact of life harnessed to a vicious treble sound taut with repressed aggression, anger and energy — the twitching speed-burn paranoia of too much sulphate in too little time screaming for an outlet.

It's the perfect noise for a song like "Deny" about getting stitched-up by a girl with a habit...

"Deny you're such a liar? / Selling your honour all over town / You said you'd given it up / Gone and kicked it in the head / You said you ain't had none for weeks / But, baby, I seen your arm / Baby, I seen your arm / Deny you're such a liar?"

The Clash have made an album that consists of some of the most exciting rock 'n' roll in contemporary music. Whether the great mass of British Youth can get into the sometimes painful but incisive reality of what the band are about is another matter. But they chronicle our lives and what it's like to be young in the Stinking Seventies better than any other band, and they do it with style, flash and excitement. The Clash have got it all.

I urge you to get your hands on a copy of this album. The strength of the nation lies in its youth.

Tony Parsons



GROVER WASHINGTON JR.
Inner City Blues (Kudu)
A Secret Place (Kudu)

THE ACCEPTABLE face of funk. If the name is new, you might remember "Mister Magic", a single that caused sufficient waves in the R&B charts to get Washington name checks both in the rock and jazz fields.

The man from Buffalo, New York, plays a mellow battery of saxophones in the manner of the new West Coast laid back jazz league as opposed to the coffee table funk of brash East Coast stars, the Brecker Brothers or Donald Byrd.

In fact, funk is probably not a suitable introductory description of Grover's style, as that has current overtones of ersatz big-boom, burger-joint top leaguers like George Benson at one end of the market and the tight fusion variations *ad nauseam* of Corea, Clarke and The Headhunters at the other.

Instead Washington is strictly a jazzier, with a background of paying dues with Don Gardner and Johnny Smith and a desire to blow as melodically as mid-Sixties Miles and Coltrane — who didn't need no clavinet to get down with a vengeance.

"Inner City Blues" is a re-release from '71 and marks an early date with producer Creed Taylor, a partnership that has lasted.

The track choices reflect Washington's approach, with class interpretations being the order of the day. Unlike the mass produced new wave sax shouters, he has soul. Two Marvin Gaye numbers, the title track and "Mercy Mercy Me (The Ecology)" don't prove that by definition but the playing does: able support and texture from bassist Ron Carter, super smooth guitarist Eric Gale and a host of band men that includes Idris Muhammad, Airto Moreira and Thad Jones.

The sound gells; it isn't a session hack job. My only grouse is that the strings occasionally intrude; they're thoughtful, but Bob James' arrangements are too safely cultured. Only "Ain't No Sunshine" doesn't lend itself easily to the mood. The tight jazz pure and simple of "Until It's Time For You To Go" and "I Loves You Porgy" are blue notes par excellence.

"A Secret Place" is far better all round, a real progression with the excess weight trimmed down to a neat ten piece.

The '77 Washington doesn't tell no lies — four long work outs utilising band material and Hancock's "Dolphin Dance" — slow, stately adventuresome rhythms that fans of Hathaway, The Crusaders and Merl Saunders can easily handle.

Gale plays a lot like Larry Carlton, so no complaints there, while Ralph MacDonald and Harvey Mason provide slinky percussive leads for bassist Anthony Jackson to bite on: Washington and pianist Dave Grusin maintain the traditional element, but there are plenty of hard angles to prevent the mixture sticking.

If you're looking for something to stretch out the late hours then Grover Washington is as seductive as they get. A very pleasant alternative.

Max Bell

60
Minutes
Complimentary
Flyers
Only

**Golden Hour Of
MADLINE**

*Including: What Have They Done To My Young Men? Baby I'm Sorry, Roseanne Rose-
bud, You Don't Have To Be Crazy To Live, Baby I'm Sorry, Baby I'm Sorry*

GOLDEN HOUR

Look out for the rest of the Golden Hour Series.



"Starbright Park", perhaps the most powerful song on the album, concerns America

The Bruce And The Slightly Bizarre



JACK BRUCE
How's Tricks (RSO)

ON HIS solo albums, Jack Bruce has revealed a knack for slightly, perversely twisting orthodox rock frameworks and producing something ultimately accessible and straightforwardly appealing.

His songs are precisely distorted, like something viewed through a fairground mirror. His careful approach to the Straight Rock Song turns what could be a boring bundle of tunes into a weighty, fresh and permanent collection.

Coupling barely unfocused instrumental settings with tentatively bizarre arrangements, his rock albums require plenty of soaking before initial alienation to the mildly blurred quality of the songs dissolves. It's invariably well worth setting up a settled relationship with a Bruce album. "How's Tricks" is no exception.

It's pleasing that Bruce has overcome trying Bley-Taylor times to sustain his seven out of ten consistency. Lyrically, Pete Brown contributes words, as usual, but, again typically, there's plenty of Bruce in their realistically downcast but optimistic mottoes. There's always been something personally reassuring in hearing Bruce elegantly phrase a hardly profound but never inane Brown lyric. A good-working partnership.

This new album is closer stylistically to "Songs For A Tailor" than "Out Of The Storm". It's totally brassless, but, like "Tailor", it's more obviously varied and light than the often gloomy, laid back in anger "Out Of The Storm".

Right from the moment Bruce's voice steps spookily

taking in references to Melville, Dos Passos and Kerouac — the most influential (literary) "American Dream" synthesisists of their respective generations — and culminating in Hine and Elkie Brooks trading lines from Simon and Garfunkel's "America". A trenchant but nostalgic comment on the betrayal of possibilities which constitutes American history.

Musically, "Starbright Park" has a tightly-structured staccato tension which nonetheless allows some of the musicians to take sharp, concise solos, saxist Jeff Daly and trumpeter Henry Lowther especially impressive in this respect.

Now, you may think I'm pushing my parallels a bit, but I honestly believe that Quantum Jump have the intelligence and ability to become to British rock what Steely Dan are to American; there is simply too much talent in this band for them to remain unknown.

Andy Gill

into "Without A Word", and his bass wrestles assuredly from the very innards of the song, there's a developing confidence, eagerly shared by the three musicians Bruce has chosen shrewdly.

Well up within Bruce's necessarily high editorial standards, as firmly effective as any Bruce band before (that's saying something) there's Hughie Burns (guitars and vocals), Tony Hymas (keyboards, vibraphone and vocals) and Simon Phillips (drums, glockenspiel and vocals).

All play like they've been Bruce partners for many a year: Burns the tricky but traditional, capable high-flying lickster Bruce has long favoured, Phillips a gleeful drumming extrovert, Hymas ordinary but never over-reaching.

Burns and Hymas even get a spot each for a song; neither Burns' obvious but infectious rocker "Baby Jane" nor Hymas' attractively lilting "Something To Live For" upset the Bruce mixed-bag.

His tunes are Jack Bruce, mean examples of tension, execution, construction and melody. A clever writer, but also a great performer. I've always viewed his bass technique as being perhaps the most invigorating yet appropriate rock style bar that of Jannik Top, once of Magma.

Here it's as disruptive and irregular as usual. His often astonishing voice seems to get better — sort of warm ice, chilling yet soothing.

He can still chew a rocker raucously, though. Check "Johnny B 77" and "Madhouse". Note the title track, where he and the band tackle tricky rhythms without pointlessly straining for ethnic reggae wraparounds, and with discreet effectiveness. There's also a Reverse Blues, "Waiting For The Call", where, within a slightly left-of-centre 12-bar framework, Bruce sings ironically about affluence: "Driving in my car / The only one with wheels / Got the freedom of the City / You know how good that feels."

Good songs, fine performances, another seven out of ten Jack Bruce album. Deservedly he heads towards a place on that list of Rock Constants who will survive the New Wave purge. Another album like this will do it, and I see no evidence to suggest there's any danger of him not delivering.

Paul Morley

CURTIS MAYFIELD *Never Say You Can't Survive (Curton.)*

SINCE THE remarkable success of the execrable Mayfield/Staples "Let's Do It Again" collaboration, Curtis Mayfield now appears to be attempting the Marvin Gaye metamorphosis from "message" music to "bed" music.

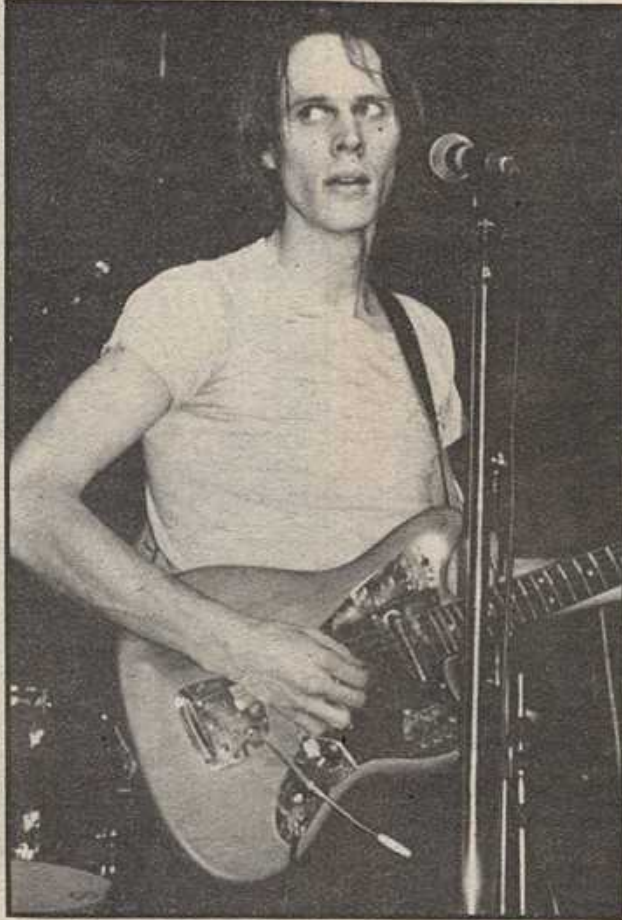
Unfortunately for Curtis, the results in his case bear little resemblance to the lush pornographies of "Let's Get It On" and "I Want You".

The trite dealings of Mayfield's recent "Give, Get, Take & Have" debacle are continued here and all suffer from a ruthless lack of melody and jobsworth musical approach.

The upper-register idiosync-

On Second Thoughts...

Television's Tom Verlaine



THE ONLY thing binding the following five albums together is that they were considered either important or interesting enough to be reviewed on import some months back.

As a service to readers who perhaps made a mental note but preferred to wait for English release this column aims to refer to the original opinion of the reviewer and includes reassessment. So, in no particular order of merit or preference

TELEVISION: *Marquee Moon (Elektra)* (Reviewed 5-2-77 Nick Kent.)

crazy of Curtis' voice, satisfying, harrowing and majestically pained when allied to worthwhile material, as on the "Back To The World" and "America Today" sets, has now degenerated into a series of annoying billings and cooings.

Thoroughly bland, and thoroughly worthless.

Andy Gill



THE RITCHIE FAMILY *Life Is Music (Polydor)*

A TRIO of high-stepping foxes in cheap couture and silky fur, maquillage and coiffure by Carita of Paris, France, the Ritchie Family — Cheryl Mason Jacks, Cassandra Ann Wooten and Gwendolyn Oliver — smoulder obligingly for the ground-glass sphere, their bronzed flesh gleaming (though through exertion or artifice it's hard to tell), their talons glossy with the blood of their victims.

The Ritchie Family are the namesake and brainchild of producer Ritchie Rome who, along with the immortal team

"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 master mind Tom Verlaine."

Nothing to add except that some of the takes produced by Blue Oyster Cult's Allen Lanier are better than their brothers on "Marquee Moon" which is itself unreservedly recommended.

Kent quoth that "This is Elektra's best record since... 'Strange Days'." Well, since "L. A. Woman" anyhow.

of Motali, Belolo and Hurtt, is responsible for the six lengthy disasters herein.

Just three tracks each side, including "Long Distance Romance" which boasts an unintentionally hilarious exchange between the chick-lets and their absent sexual trophies as well as "Liberty", the token detente-don't-mean-we're-defeated debacle.

This is a fast-moving record, for all its sin. It made me move out of the room as fast as possible, and the girls themselves sound like they're just aching for it to be over. The voices are ridiculously muted by the android orchestration, oddly out of synch — which is weird considering that professionalism is the one thing this album doesn't lack.

The music is superfluous; the object of this exercise is the execution (public), the style, the nuances which make their point with as much subtlety as a steamhammer.

The Ritchie Family are not so much singers as clothes horses — they change their raiment three times on the album cover alone — oozing beautifully out of their collective dresses like black honey.

But someone really should get them under the Trades Description Act; the sheer volume of skin displayed leads one to anticipate at least a little heavy breathing, whereas this must surely be the most sexlessly sanitary product ever committed to vinyl.

Shaving your legs is more thrilling.

Julie Burchill

KALEIDOSCOPE *When Scopes Collide (Island)*

(Reviewed by David Hepworth.)

KALEIDOSCOPE ARE perhaps the epitome of the American cult band. Their first two albums, "Side Trips" and "Beacon From Mars", change hands at fabulous prices and emotional Zig Zag readers chain themselves to the CBS building in Soho Square demanding their re-release.

Apparently a Kaleidoscope concert was always something of an event and it's quite possible that the band's finest hour equated with that early inception. A reunion on Michael Nesmith's Pacific Arts Label hardly threatens to alter an atmosphere of idiosyncratic exploration that pervades their music.

"Their music was, and remains, a strange, exotic hybrid born of a hotch-potch of styles and influences... from the showbiz jazz of Cab Calloway through traditional U.S. folk music to the involved complexities of Middle Eastern forms."

Their career was excellently chronicled by Zig Zag last year. Reference points for new listeners are the subsequent adventures of lap steel guitarist David Lindley and Jackson Browne and two solo albums from Chris Darrow.

Utilising thirty (at least) different instruments, "When Scopes Collide" is as peculiar and inspired as Kaleidoscope ever were, though without the sense of the pioneering spirit that characterised "Beacon From Mars". Hear before you leap.

STEVE YOUNG: *Renegade Picker (R.C.A.)* (Reviewed by David Hepworth.)

STEVE YOUNG is the current white hope in the trendy C & W league; youthful, riding the Jerry Jeff Walker, Tompall Glaser, Willie Nelson outlaw train to Nashville superstardom at the drop of a stetson.

Our reviewer said "Renegade Picker" is contemporary country exemplified, warts and all. He liked it. I don't. Too many warts.

Without the unassuming vision of Guy Clark but with many of the annoying lapses into toughened up schmaltz of

Waylon Jennings, Young is a minor talent.

The tedium is relieved by Mac Gayden's slide and not much else. It's a matter of opinion (and this isn't my patch anyway) but I wouldn't have bought this on import and certainly not now. Ten gallons of nothing.

GLENN PHILLIPS:

Lost At Sea (Virgin)
(Reviewed 10-7-76 John Tobler)

FOR WHAT it's worth Glenn Phillips is Lowell George's fave guitar player.

"Lost At Sea" was originally available through his own Lone Star label, distributed from Atlanta, GA., and cut at home.

A worthy album, quirky, inventive, bold enough to play out an instrumental style with taste. Hence, "... he uses a battery of effects, most of which have been heard before, but never all together, and never generating such unbroken interest."

Phillips has been compared to Mike Oldfield and if six million people aren't wrong that isn't the kiss of death it appears. Yes, it is pleasant, different and unassuming but I don't find it rivetting listening.

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS: *Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers (Shelter Island.)*

(Reviewed 1-1-77 Max Bell)
MY INITIAL feelings on Petty's debut were mixed. I've since modified an undecided view — that the highlights outweigh the filling.

A limited edition bootleg, live in NYC, proves my point that the Heartbreakers rock out in a manner which will make Mr. P. a star before long.

He does a great version of Chuck's classic "Jaguar And Thunderbird" and rushes the Fender changes with the best of them.

Literate, intelligent, something to say and with a delivery that cuts the rock'n'roll ice so convincingly that he reveals the deficiencies of most of our new bands' startling lack of professionalism — a term in danger of becoming a dirty word.

Au Recherche du Tom Petty in one mainly immaculate volume.

Max Bell



Fighting For Strangers.
An original master.

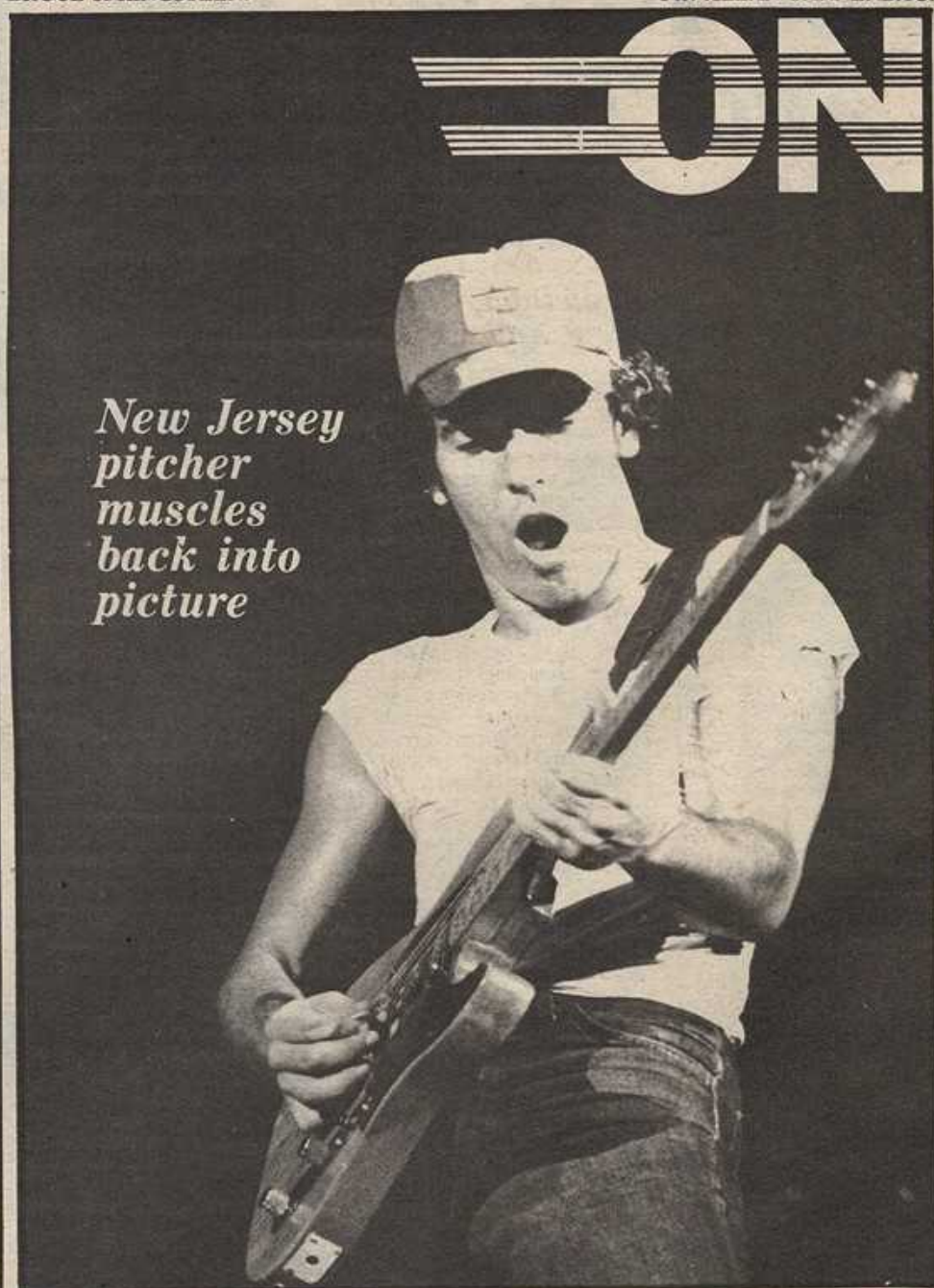
take a walk on the wild side....

with one
of the innovators
Walk on the wild side-
The best of Lou Reed
The new album,
the best album.



BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN:

Pic: ALLAN TANNENBAUM



*New Jersey
pitcher
muscles
back into
picture*

Bruce Springsteen BOSTON

NONSENSE SEEMS to surround Bruce Springsteen like the fog at Tenerife airport.

Just the other week in this very journal there was talk of how the unfortunate Springsteen, one of the few bona fide heavyweight rock'n'rollers to emerge this decade, had categorically "blown it" at

Hammersmith Odeon back in late '75 — which isn't entirely correct.

Okay, so Springsteen himself thought the show his worst ever, and he picked up a pasting from the *NME* — but the critical disapproval was by no means unanimous. Judging by a performance I'd seen Springsteen turn in at a college in Santa Barbara, California a few weeks before his British debut, the London gig was hardly his best, but "blowing it" is a bit strong — and even now I'll bump into folk, even famous folk like Peter Gabriel,

who were stone knocked out by "the future of rock'n'roll" at Hammersmith.

From the same piece in *NME* of a couple of weeks back, there was also mention of how Bruce was playing a selection of new songs on his then current US tour. Well, maybe I've got it wrong (but I did double check, as I'm not 100 per cent conversant with the collected works of the man), but when I recently saw him at the first of a four night finale to the tour in Boston, Massachusetts at that splendid city's Music Hall, there wasn't one new song in the set. Appa-

NEXT WEEK IN NME, Paul Morley reports from Munich on Sunday's Great Easter Rock & Blues Express festival, which featured the world debut of the new **SMALL FACES**, the first gig by **DR FEELGOOD** after the departure of guitar king Wilko Johnson, **JOHN MAYALL'S** latest unit, and the, er, relentless **STATUS QUO** at the top of the bill.

The Feelgood's set was pretty strange, with the remaining trio of Lee, Sparko and Figure augmented by a scared-looking Henry McCullough (currently one of Roy Harper's Black Sheep) on guitar and Tim Hinkley on keyboards. Though they played their usual, predominantly Wilko-penned set, it was much more laid-back. They went down OK — but by the time they do their next gig at the start of next month's UK tour

they'll have Wilko's permanent replacement drafted.

The Small Faces were greeted with joy by the 5,000 audience, and justified the welcome with a 50/50 oldies/newies set featuring P. P. Arnold (swoon) as a permanent fixture. Rick Wills proved a fine bassist, Steve Marriott was cheeky, funny, very Cockney, on both guitar and vocals, an excellent "Watcha Gonna Do 'Bout It" was "even better than The Pistols", and the band's pre-gig nerves disappeared during an excellent set.

Status Quo did their Status Quo thing in triumph, healthy John Mayall showed off his new quartet, and Harry Chapin managed to score a good reception despite going on between The Small Faces and Quo.

Full report next week, OK?



SMALL FACES: "Jeez, we would have to make our comeback with that lot of yobbos!" (L-R: STEVE MARRIOTT, RICK WILLS, KENNY JONES, IAN MacLAGAN)
Pic: ADRIAN BOOT

THE TOWN

STEVE CLARKE has been catching up on last year's next big thing — or was it the year before's? — and discovering the harrowing wit of **THE TUBES**. Put 'em together, and what you got?

FUTURE SHOCK

rently this is because Springsteen is scared shitless of bootleggers getting them out before he's had a chance to release them legally (see also Thrills).

Apart from the inclusion of the Animals' "It's My Life", which apparently has already appeared on Springsteen bootlegs, his material was remarkably similar to that which he laid on the London audience in '75. In fact the only real differences between Springsteen onstage early '77 and late '75 are that he's shaved off his beard, he's changed his presentation, now working much more with his guitar as a prop, even coming on with a few Wilko Johnson poses, and he's introduced a horn section for a few numbers.

Otherwise it's the same Springsteen who appeared here in '75 — apart from the quality of it all, which, on this occasion was dangerously low. Not that it seemed to bother the audience. From the moment Springsteen hit the stage, clad in street clothes (what else?) — innocuous jeans, too small black jacket and matching waistcoat which could be the remnants of a suit his parents gave him when he was a kid — they went berserk in the nicest possible way.

The predominantly male audience, bereft of any self-conscious or fake machismo, responded to their hero with genuine camaraderie. There was no holy reverence or going through the motions of getting off on someone just 'cause you've spent however many bucks, just a good night's rock-'n'-roll.

So why didn't I enjoy it? Because the longer it went on the more alienated, and therefore depressed, I felt. CBS

later informed me that Bruce himself thought the gig was lousy and that the next night's concert was one of his best ever. Now where have you heard that before?

Certainly, there was nothing you could single out and say, "This is why it isn't working." But something was sorely amiss and, hard as Springsteen worked, even great songs like the heroic "Thunder Road" and that fine piece of buoyant funk, "Tenth Avenue Freeze-Out" and lots of other great Springsteen punk anthems, failed to connect. And that's saying a lot, since much of Springsteen's music is celebratory, and live it should really move you.

As a performer Springsteen seemed to lack the burning confidence he had that night I saw him on the West Coast, and to compensate was trying too hard. His fooling around with horn player Clarence Clemons, as ever the epitome of the jive talking amiable hip spade, was all too predictable. And the devices he used to get the audience off as the show reached what should have been its climax (there were no high and lows), with a rock-'n'-roll encore of Gary 'US' Bonds' "A Quarter To Three" and "You Can't Sit Down", were too clichéd by half.

Throughout, none of the musicians played badly, but there was rarely any pizzazz — and while Clemons' execution of King Curtis type riffs is fine, he doesn't have enough imagination to cut it when he solos.

I don't know. The kids got off on it. I still like playing my Springsteen records, but I reckon the guy is an erratic performer. Just put it down to the weather. Anyway, let's

hear for Bruce for playing small halls — in New York he avoided Madison Square Gardens and did six nights at the 3,000 seater Palladium.

Steve Clarke

The Tubes LOS ANGELES

NOTHING — THAT'S right, nothing — can prepare you for The Tubes.

God, I've seen a few rock bands in my time, but I've never seen anything like The Tubes. In an hour or so they totally and utterly ravish your senses and send your brain a-reelin' with a series of skits so brilliantly conceived and executed, so savagely satirical — so on the mark — they had me delighted, shocked, horrified, feeling horny, laughing deep inside, etc, etc.

When it comes to rock-'n'-roll satire (and a whole lot more) The Tubes leave no stone unturned. Or if they do, it's not worth turning.

And that's only half the story.

Trying to describe The Tubes to you, dear reader, is like trying to tell an alien what our world is like. So they play conventional rock instruments, stand on a stage and sing their songs — but that's like saying the Beatles were a pop group. An American rock writer once wrote that The Tubes were midway between Steely Dan and the Bonzos. I know what he meant, but hang on...

There's so much going on at a Tubes show — or rather extravaganza — that it's impossible to take it all in. Dotted at various points on

and around the stage at Los Angeles' Whiskey A-Go-Go are maybe half a dozen video screens which, during the course of The Tubes' show, bombard your eyes with all kinds of things. That's if you get the chance to look at them, 'cause people, especially people The Tubes have in their band, are more interesting to watch than something reproduced on a smallish screen.

It's difficult to say how many are in The Tubes. Okay, there's a drummer, bassist, a synthesizer player so inventive he'd have Leonardo Da Vinci hard-pressed (*Leonardo Da Who?!! Slow down there, Steve — Ed.*), a percussionist, a guitarist, a couple of vocalists, a score of dancers...

And there's Fee Waybill (nee Cranson), who throughout the course of the evening assumes numerous personae.

Two years and two A&M albums ago, The Tubes came out of the San Francisco Bay area — where they'd spent three years working up their act in local clubs — and carved their cult status legend with the then highpoint of their act, "White Punks On Dope". It still makes a great set closer.

Wearing 12-inch stack heels and a silver suit exposing his chest, his hair a mess, Waybill sends up the entire English rock star establishment, be it Rod Stewart, Elton John, Gary Glitter or, say, Chris Squire — and, of course, Jagger. He also has a go at the Guitar Hero syndrome and the clichéd devices employed to get people off at a vast majority of rock concerts.

His English accent is perfect — a drug crazed number. And his talk of imminent solo

albums is right on the bone.

One of Waybill's latest personae is one Johnny Bugger, backed by his band The Shits. As with everything The Tubes do, the attention to detail is exemplary and Bugger not only appears in the requisite leather jacket and mangled jeans, but he even has the crotch tied together with safety pins. Bugger leers menacingly at the audience, spitting at the crowd, and at one point, with frightening conviction, he seizes a member of the audience (a plant) and proceeds to get obnoxious with him.

The pastiche is 100 per cent accurate, and the parody wicked.

At other points during the show The Tubes have a go (and make no mistake, The Tubes do more than poke fun at the madness that goes on around us) at disco, smoking, such crass American institutions as their TV quiz shows, and much more besides.

There's also a very heavy (and I mean hea-vy) sado-masochism routine. Again it could be the real thing, which, incidentally, is probably going on just a few blocks away. The song's called "Mondo Bondage".

Throughout, the choreography is nothing less than brilliant, as good as anything you'd see in vaudeville shows in London's West End or on Broadway. Hitherto, English bands have always had the last say in rock humour. The Tubes have changed all that, taking it further than anyone could imagine.

Moreover, The Tubes are all excellent musicians, playing with a frightening on-the-brink metallic edge and cogency.

The Tubes, whatever the expense, must come to Britain immediately. I'm convinced British audiences would get off on them even more than their American contemporaries.

Steve Clarke



WAYBILL: "Turn the page — before it's too late!" Pic: LFI

QUO fight off amplifiers (L-R: COGHLAN, PARFITT, LANCASTER, ROSSI)



STATUS QUO, SMALL FACES debut, FEELGOODS without Wilko.

Big Munich show report in next week's NME

Two Sides To Every Story



This new album goes to prove yet again that Gene Clark has one of the best voices in rock as well as being a song writer of exceptional merit.

Barry Ballard, Zigzag

'Two Sides To Every Story' contains many memorable moments, few of them better than on 'Sister Moon' when Emmylou joins Clark to recreate the kind of magic that made Gram Parsons' 'Grievous Angels' such a desirable artifact.

New Musical Express

YOU WILL LOVE THIS BAND

(and that's an order)

The Jam

LEEDS POLYTECHNIC RICK BUCKLER hangs tough behind his kit, cool as a spring breeze, snapping out a viciously precise beat with contemptuous ease. The kind of drummer that makes me want to up and trade my guitar for a drum kit IMMEDIATELY! If Jimmy Dean had been a drummer he would've played like Rick Buckler.

Paul Weller plays his guitar real neat, his right hand coming down over the strings in a tense, clipped fluttering motion like a moth caught in a strobe beam, the chords chasing each other out into the hall, fighting for dancing room (I think I'll keep my guitar after all).

Paul also handles the lead vocals, but I'm right up front with the dancers, jumping around like a demented wallaby, so the lyrics go right over my head. I'm digging this on an entirely different level; down in the pits, where Basic Instincts and Natural Rhythm reign untouchable... AND I AM HAVIN' A BALL!! His voice sounds okay, though.

Bruce Foxton is so close to me I could play his bass for him, but he doesn't see me. I don't think he sees anything at all. He hops and pogos around as though acutely aware of each limb as he moves. Is this

what they call "awkward grace"? Probably, yes. He mouths the lyrics silently — I presume — his eyes seem to stare in disbelief at his actions, almost as though they don't belong to him, reflecting the desperate tension that fuses the band together. I stop dancing for a while, quite fascinated.

God knows what's happened to The Stranglers. They're supposed to be topping the bill, but word had it they ain't turned up yet, so who cares already? These boys have already played longer than they should've, and they've come back for an encore. Of course, by this time I am seriously out of control, paralysed from neck up. End of gig.

There is something different about The Jam, and I'm not sure what it is: something more than uniform dress — black suits, white shirts, etc — perhaps it's down to 'soul' or something like that. I said I'm not sure, but give me time.

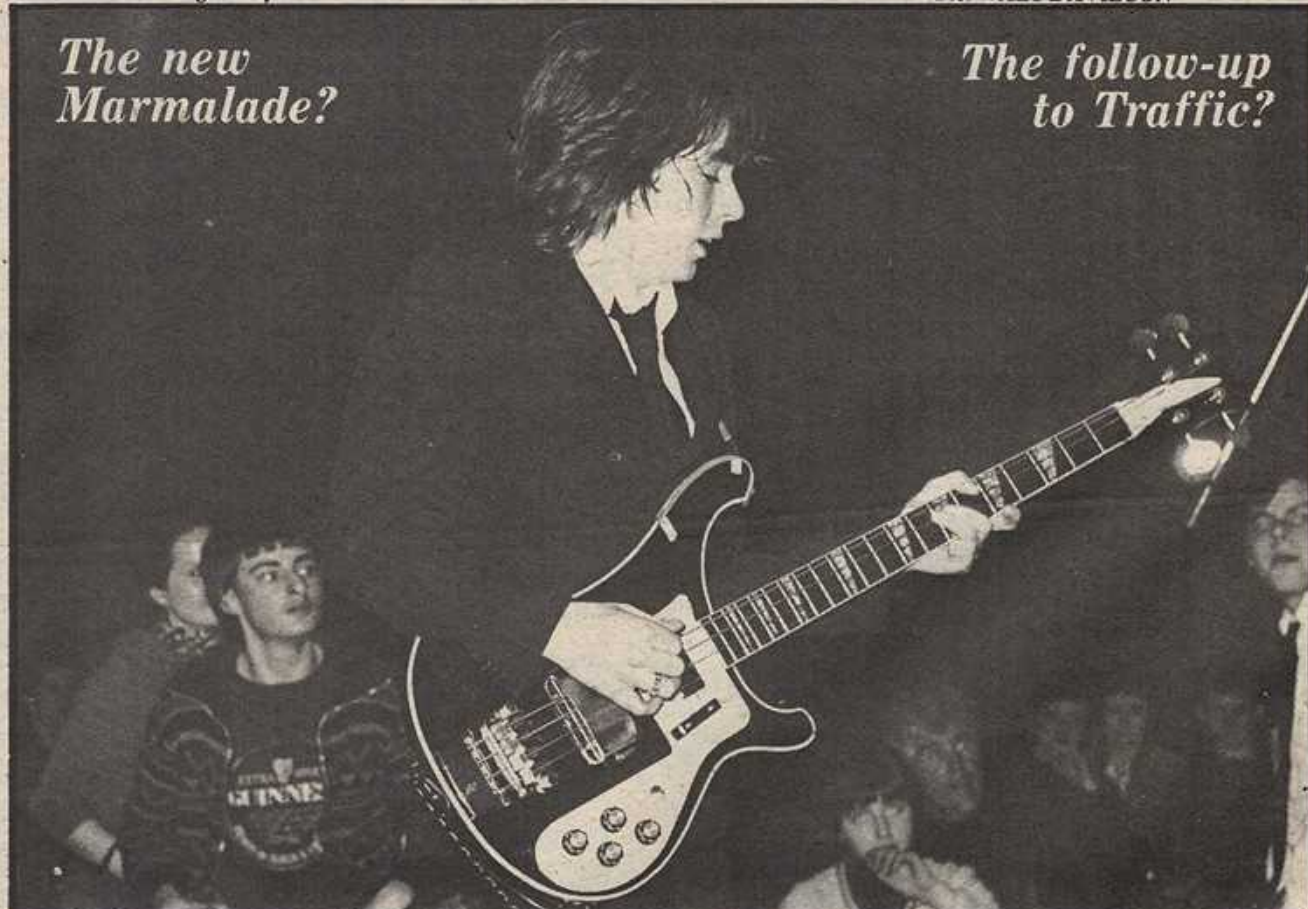
After the gig somebody told me that they were being touted as a '60s revivalist band. Forget it. That is, like err, bullshit, man. You might just as well call The Stones a blues band. Sure, they use the mid-60 'mod sound' as a powerbase, of sorts, but from there it's 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1-zero, blast off, instant '70s modism, Desperate Tension, adrenalin rush guaranteed, and all like that.

Thrill to The Jam, it's such fun. **John Hamblett**

BRUCE FOXTON of THE JAM, one of the most compelling sights currently available in rock — his every thought seems to be communicated through his eyes. **Pic: WALT DAVIDSON**

The new
Marmalade?

The follow-up
to Traffic?



Daevid Allen ICA, LONDON

THE STORY SO FAR: Daevid Allen, ex-Beat poet and mate of William Burroughs, subsequently advance-guard hippy, acid head, and guiding light of the sadly defunct Gong, has been hiding out in the Spanish mountains meditating (having by now foreworn chemical and organic stimulants) and writing the definitive mythology / philosophy of the planet Gong around the adventure

thereon and elsewhere of the autobiographical Zero the Hero.

Still "spiritually in that world", his earthly body has come over to London to deliver a lecture on Gong — the planet, the philosophy, the band and the forthcoming book — at the ICA, recently the site of the infamous and decidedly more mundane Genesis P. Orridge Tampax "art" show. The nature of Allen's work being what it is, he was still writing the lecture in Finsbury Park at the time it was due to start.

Before finally beginning some 45 minutes later, Allen personally ensured the presence of latecomers (the gig was well sold out) by bringing them all on the stage.

By way of introduction, Allen believes "the laws of the Universe are the laws of music", and the Gong myths, preserved for posterity on vinyl in the Virgin "Flying Teapot" trilogy, are merely an amusing allegory of the rock and roll Aquarian Age. Zero the Hero, the optimistic but ordinary man, gets to meet the switch doctors, psychedelic aliens

walking this earth, who turn him on to the Music of the Spheres and the Planet Gong, where live the Octave Doctors — Pot Head Pixies who give order and light to the universe. Zero, though, never quite reaches the stage of cosmic enlightenment; from which eternal failure he has formulated the "to blow it is to know it" philosophy.

Dippy concepts, huh? Yeah... and the slides and tapes tonight were shaky and unsynchronised. Allen kept fumbling nervously with his notes and losing his thread, and he was eventually forced to ditch half the lecture through lack of time... and it still went on for hours.

So this was not for the cynical and humourless. Neither would it have been enjoyed by those of us whose idea of fun is posing as a Weimar vampire in violet eyeshadow.

Nevertheless the packed house, passing "jays" and chil-lums like it was already legal, clearly found this far more entertaining, if not to say more "real" and "relevant", than the contemporary alternatives. Partly stoned rap, hippy sermon on the mount, stream

of anecdote, acid manifesto, Australian comic turn, it held them all transfixed for its duration.

It could certainly have been better structured, but what was lost in slickness was gained in spontaneity. Tarot, I-Ching, Gurdjieff, sacred geometry, advanced musical theory, ley lines, life on the road, ancient astronomy and all the other bedsit obsessions of the late '60s were synthesised into something rather special.

The first half was devoted to general background and miscellany, including a price-less 1966 Jack de Manio Breakfast Show interview with the emerging Soft Machine — Jack: "How old are you all?" Kevin Ayers: Together? About 126".

The second half was a rambling synopsis of the book, which will feature a storyline based loosely on Allen's experiences with Gong.

Hopefully the show helped him to put his thoughts in order, and he will get the book and the projected Pot Head Pixie Club, with annual Tea Parties in Hyde Park, together. Anyway it was fun.

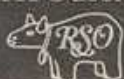
Jonathan Barnett

Gene Clark



U.K. TOUR

29th April	BIRMINGHAM Odeon	2nd May	MANCHESTER
30th April	HAMMERSMITH Odeon		Free Trade Hall
1st May	HAMMERSMITH Odeon	4th May	LEEDS UNIVERSITY
		5th May	GLASGOW The Apollo



"Hey, Steve, how come the spotlight's on you when it's a review of me?" — "Cause I'm the only star in the pic, of course. Just tuck your pants in and keep playing..."

ATLANTA

John Hartford

LSE
THIS WAS an intrepid booking by the Social Sec, because Hartford is best known in this country as the writer of "Gentle On My Mind", which has been MoR'd out of existence (it doesn't sound at all like Glen Campbell when its author sings it, and it's really not a typical Hartford composition anyway).

Nevertheless, those fortunate enough to watch Hartford's astonishing one man band show were well satisfied, unlike the Radio One In Concert crowd, who had completely failed to grasp what Hartford was doing a couple of nights before.

The most novel aspect of the performance was the miked-up piece of plywood on which Hartford produces percussive noises by dancing, at the same time as singing and playing either fiddle, banjo or guitar. Then there's his large repertoire of mouth noises, which culminate in a version of "Duelling Cheeks" at the end of "Trying To Do Something To Get Your Attention".

After twelve albums over the last ten years or so, there's a large number of available songs, although Hartford concentrated on his latest two LPs, "Mark Twang" and "Nobody Knows What You Do". "Let Him Roll On Mama" and "Skippin' In The Mississippi Dew" demonstrated Hartford's obsession with river boats, while much of the rest of the set consisted of his humorous songs, like "Don't Leave Your Records In The Sun", "The Washing Machine", "Granny Won't You Smoke Some Marijuana?" and "Two Hits And The Joint Turned Brown", which the audience appeared to understand to a man.

The more serious highlight of the set was a fine version of "Nobody Eats At Linebaughs Any More", a song which lamented the imminent closure of the Grand Ol' Opry, but the majority of his material was dominated by the sort of wry humour demonstrated in "A Ballad Of Existence", a song in which A meets B at a place where C's granny, who once was in hospital with D, just missed running over E, who had just seen a picture of F, whose dog's name was the same as G... and so on.

The thought of going to a gig to see an unaccompanied fiddle player would be an anathema in any other circumstances, but John Hartford provided entertainment and enjoyment of a unique type.

Bicycle Thieves

MANCHESTER
THE NEW MANCHESTER Review is a local what's on / review / irrelevant views magazine which lacks sparkle, put together by a bunch of people who, in their continuing efforts to act as some sort of catalyst for Manchester middle-brow entertainment, have bagged the area's finest musical venue, the Band On The Wall, for Monday night promotions featuring local bands, novelty / speciality acts and suitable esoteric disco sounds.

Tonight it's Mark Stone on freeform flamenco guitar and Bicycle Thieves, a band who just need streamlining to fulfill high potential. Mark Stone's

first set was marred by cold hands and nervousness, but his second allotted 15 minutes was a tireless swirl of pristine flurries; percussive, intense and delightfully entertaining.

Manchester is well known for producing 'tasty', ultra-competent, deadly boring rock bands (Sad Cafe and Harpoon spring to mind), and during their first set that's how the Thieves hit me. Secure and confident, especially lead guitarist Richard Wright, who got a little too fussy with his licks — but, y'know, um, what's the point?

But for the second set the Thieves were augmented For The First Time In Public by sax and trumpet, and they were a different band. The songs were punchy, solid and swinging, for the most part lively and

uncomplicated rock'n'roll. The brassmen, playing expert charts arranged by Wright, merged seamlessly with the band, toughening them considerably and supplying drive and tension. R&B to the first set's country.

The songs need to be a lot rougher round the edges; vocally it's a lot too friendly; and I can't understand the use of the second vocalist and tambourinist. But this band could get together a really good ten-song, 45-minute-upfront, danceable rock'n'roll set, using the brass and chopping out most of the lengthy instrumental parts. Perhaps intensive listening to Parker / Springsteen albums would help — certainly there's a firm basis to work from.

Paul Morley

FLASHES

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES have received a most bountiful quota of superlative-flecked media ravings since they first set foot on these shores at the beginning of March, gigging as guest star support to Graham Parker & The Rumour.

The bash last Wednesday down at the Rainbow was their special prestigious bill-topping exeunt, earned apparently through consistent thumbs-up verdicts from the Parker hordes... and they were so gosh-darned exhilarating that at least some small token of a mention here to attest to their triumph is well in order.

A surprisingly large turn-out greeted the band with a mighty roar of united approval as the ten-piece ensemble took the stage, seizing the moment to bottle it all out as soon as the first note was struck, and continuing to work out at a vivaciously infectious pitch of delicious excitement. There was never a hint of 'slack' in the presentation and energy level — everything was drawn tight as a bow-string as the band lunged through choice selections from their two albums, numbers like "This Time It's For Real", "When You Dance" and Springsteen's "The Fever" being particularly memorable.

An added ingredient — a four-song mini-set from **Ronnie Spector** — also made an infecting impression, the delicious Mrs S. pitching her vocals loud and clear on "Baby I Love You", "Walking In The Rain", "Be My Baby" and a new song, Billy Joel's "Say Goodbye To Hollywood", and happily banishing all unfortunate memories (for me, anyway) of her previous London gig at Bibas over two years ago.

Other special guests were A. Jukes producer / mentor / Springsteen sideman Steve Van Zandt, who played guitar and directed the choruses for the Ronnie Spector segment, and one G. Parker, who joined the band for the final encore.

These added attractions, though pleasant to witness, were little more than a touch of stray icing on the cake, really. This was most definitely The Asbury Jukes' gig, and their drive and sheer high-energy professionalism will most surely be missed. A hasty return can scarcely be too soon.

Oh, and by the way, the sound they achieved at the Rainbow was easily the best I've heard since that venue reopened. Other groups take note.

Nick Kent



RONNIE SPECTOR onstage at the Rainbow last Wednesday. Spector appeared in a state of defiant undress that was genuinely shocking, her sheer physical pride serving as a wordless condemnation of the sort of voyeuristic sexism which ran so grossly rampant in last week's NME. (This has been a Caption With A Conscience).



A ROCK AND ROLL ALTERNATIVE

IS THE NEW ALBUM

"SO INTO YOU"

IS THE NEW SINGLE

SEE THEM LIVE
IN CONCERT AT
LONDON'S NEW VICTORIA
APRIL 23RD

★	13	15	WB	45
★	14	10	WB	46
★	13	6	16	16

(Paul McCartney), P. McCartney, Capitol 4285
CARRY ON WAYWARD SON—Kansas
(Jeff Gissman), K. Lirgen, Kershner 4267 (Epic)
SO IN TO YOU—Atlanta Rhythm Section
(Buddy Buie), B. Buie, R. Nix, D. Daughtry, Polydor 14373
FLY LIKE AN EAGLE—Steve Miller Band
(Steve Miller), S. Miller, Capitol 4372
WEEK ENDING APRIL 2, 1977

Billboard

★	26	11	ABBA	Arrival	Atlantic SD 18207	6.98	7.97	7.97	59
★	28	12	ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION	A Rock And Roll Alternative	Polydor PD 1-6680	6.98	7.98	7.98	60
★	26	27	11	GENESIS	Wind & Wuthering	6.98	7.97	7.97	61

For Southern boys, ARS have a distinctly British sound, exemplified by their strongest asset—Barry Bailey's clear, concise lead guitar. On the only non-original song, "Outside Woman Blues" (a dead-straight rock-blues rendition), they are heavily redolent of early Cream, Bailey is that good.

MONTY SMITH N.M.E. 12/3/77

Georgia rock at its finest. + + + +
BARRY CAIN RECORD MIRROR, 5/3/77.

ALBUM · CASSETTE



ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION

RHYTHM

These pages wear dog collars. What does it all lead to?

Ultravox

Sheffield

MIXED FEELINGS about this one: a dynamite band built around the rather dubious talents of singer/songwriter / occasional guitarist John Foxx, Ultravox could quite easily make it very big or disappear from sight as rapidly as they appeared.

Opening with "Wide Boys" and "Saturday Night In The City Of The Dead", their essential strength is immediately apparent: the rhythm section of Warren Cann (drums) and Chris Cross (bass) work beautifully together, Cann's minimal kit on the receiving end of one hell of a thrashing, and Cross pushing along the most satisfying bass tone I've heard in quite a while — real deep and bouncy, like it was strung with elastic bands.

For a band which places great emphasis on the "punk" side of their image, the front-line musicians, Stevie Shears (guitar) and Billy Currie (violin / keyboards), display far greater expertise and imagination than the *de rigueur* simplicity of many bands of that genre. Shears, the stoic Wyman stoneface of the group, shows remarkable restraint and command, sending jarring, atonal phrases scattering across the songs.

Influences — or, more correctly, spurts of musical *deja vu* — flash through their set constantly. Currie's violin, presumably the ol' Velvets emulation here again, lends the ponderous "I Want To Be A Machine" an air uncannily reminiscent of "High Tide", repeating the trick on "The Wild, The Beautiful And The Damned". Doors references abound, courtesy Currie's keyboards, and then of course there's yer early Stones, Who and Kinks, with just a pinch of Ramones for seasoning. These guys, it seems, are more throw-back mods than punks.

On the debit side, their "smooth punk" image grates, neither one thing nor the other, and the absurdly mannered performance by Foxx distracts continuously. His method of announcing songs is to switch on the mock anger and raise his voice slightly: "This is called... THE CITY DOESN'T CARE!" Really heavy, eh? Besides this, he's a barely competent singer and lousy mover, and also writes in platitudes.

Still, Foxx notwithstanding, they were far better than the usual Top Rank fare, and the pogoing made a welcome change from the head-shaking. As a friend remarked: "I've not seen such a genuine enthusiasm for a band here in a long while."

Andy Gill

"Hey, guys — where do you get the ones with all the studs in? My pet shop only does these cheap ones." (FOXX of ULTRAVOX) pic: GUS STEWART



Jazz Festival SHAW THEATRE

THE CAMDEN Music Festival got off to a vaudeville start amid flat irons and howls of contumely and derision. With a vociferous section of the audience there to see the Clark Terry Big Band, four to the bar and no messin', there was precious little toleration for the opening set from Keith Tippett's Ark. "Rubbish!" "Gerroff!" "Play some Jazz!": thus spake the arbiter elegantiarum.

All of which gives pith and moment to Chris Barber's recent comment that the average music listener, jazz, rock or classical, is basically a Max Bygraves fan. The issue at Camden was over Free Music, which has been with us now for twenty years, roughly the same time-span as Elvis, and could only pass for a newcomer in outlying areas like Ambridge.

Ark played three pieces, in between the straining, the first two slow and atmospheric with stately trumpet fanfares, Frank Peffy's gongs and the leader's eerily trailed piano figures.

Jazz fans fighting in the streets — that's what. That's what?

The eleven-piece unit advanced the melody in layers, brass and reeds loosely staggered to chime against each other. It had a heavy, underwater rhythm of its own, with the percussionist colouring rather than motivating, and bassist Harry Miller prowling in arco.

Maybe it was the absence of a stated beat, maybe it was the emphasis on trance and texture, but in the long bird-song section — the stage phosphorescent with flutes — the public suddenly snapped.

The dust-up raises a lot of questions. Were the leavers threatened or merely bored? Is Free Music, unsupported by the record companies and communications networks, doomed to remain a minority cult? How far, if at all, should the musician regard himself as an entertainer? One thing is sure — music that was played with sincerity and an open spirit was received with a closing of ranks.

By contrast, Clark Terry's band dresses up to play and emcees every note. The music was fair, always — with one notable exception — within the tradition of the tried and true. Most of the numbers came from the veteran pen of Ernie

Wilkins without the bespoke approach of an Ellington or Evans, hard-wearing, off-the-peg material for average wear. Terry himself, ebullient, daredevil, has personality to spare so that when his trumpet was on the case, the whole band sounded special. Apart from that, Walter Bishop's piano on "Take The A-Train", Chris Woods' flute on "Flute Juice", Charles Davis' baritone on "Carney" and Norris Turney's alto on "Randy" were good, professional stuff.

"Freedom — with discipline, however", announced Terry in an easy sop for the prejudiced, and out of the trumpet section came the great Richard Williams.

Woods took a good, facile freeish alto solo, descending to quotes from "It Don't Mean A Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing" — Hooray! Hooray! — then Williams cut loose. He swims in Free like a fish, unloosing the first — and only — passion of the set. His music raged and bit and soared. I'd like to think it was a gesture of solidarity.

The second night was magnificent. Guitarist Jimmy Raney, Bebop veteran, took standards and made them new. In his



Hiding spots under your hair is asking for trouble.

If it's a bit greasy, it can make the spots worse. And even give you more of them. So don't hide spots. Do something positive to get rid of them.

Start right away with Valderma Cream. It attacks the bacteria that help cause spots. In tests it kills over 98%. And by killing off bacteria, it can stop infection from spreading.

Meanwhile Valderma soothes away the inflammation. So the spots can clear up faster.

And washing with Valderma Soap can help to keep you spotless. It leaves a protective barrier on your skin. So use it every day.

Start with Valderma. Then maybe the next time you let your hair down, it won't be to hide spots.

Valderma leaves you spotless.



hands, the style flows like seamless silk — runs, leaps, played chunking chords, pecks and turns, all fit like fingers in a fist. His son Chuck, labouring under a bout a flu, has some of the components of Bebop guitar together, and formed an adequate foil for Senior in the contrapuntal sections.

Bach's Fugue came over like Konitz & Marsh, both Raney's crouched over their instruments like jockeys in the straight. The solo feature, "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes", laid melody on melody until the mind boggled. A master.

Polish pianist Adam Macowicz spins Tatumesque webs of arpeggios, stumps Stride, stirs everything, in fact, into a delicious Jarrett mixture. His technique is phenomenal, and his head is ahead of that.

The final set fell to Chris McGregor's *Bluenotes*. Nobody warms the place up like this lot. The television crew, trying to play Boswell to Dudu Pukwana, had their work cut out with this non-lateral phenomenon. From the off, the stocky, truculent altoist was beside himself with chops — rolling his trousers, bumping his bum, blowing a gym whistle, clapping Zulu mouth-clops, and lunging at each mike in turn with blowtorch alto.

Energy bursts from Dudu in spurts. Irrelevant to demand formal and consecutive structuring. The music is ragged, raw, swept by spasms of wild elation, and it came near to having the audience dancing in the aisles. John Marshall, depping for Louis Moholo, is a fine drummer from a different tradition, so that the bumping push of propulsion came from Johnny Dyani, who seemed to be throwing his bass from hand to hand. Unforgettable.

Brian Case

FLAMES

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES



YOU TOO WOULD have roared with laughter if you'd caught THE ADVERTS huffing and puffing, unsuccessfully trying to blow the house of Dingwalls down.

Three of the band — vocalist TV Smith, drummer Laurie Driver and their guitarist Frankenstein — were exactly what's now expected of New Wave spokesmen: angry, aggressive and passionately absorbed in the crude energy of their music. In contrast, their pretty bassettist, Gaye Advert, stood sulkily to the side of the stage, exuding deliberate cool. Inadvertently she only reflected the general indifference of the audience.

Did she too wish to disassociate herself from the maniacal howling of TV, Franki's uncouth guitar whipping, and a wild eyed drummer steaming into the kit in a manner which was as comically absurd as the *Muppet Show's* deranged stickman? Of course, the front two, singer and guitarist, looked like raggy clothed urban castaways, but the noise they made was dreadful. Even when they returned to the stage after once abandoning the set, there was a continuous howl of accidental feedback, and a general musical untogetherness.

Really, it wouldn't have passed as a rehearsal, and after nine months as a group you expect more than their kind of instrumental artlessness.

Tony Stewart

Detective HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

BY HIS OWN admission, Michael Des Barres' old band Silverhead was supposed to be a real-life movie about an elegantly-wasted rock'n'roll band. But though the synopsis was quite interesting, Silverhead promised more than it delivered and almost immediately fell victim to its own abuse.

Detective is the name of Des Barres' new band, and even they haven't even got a clue about what their angle is. Immaculately suited'n'booted, Detective promises nothing and delivers even less.

After almost two years under wraps, Detective should have gotten off to a more auspicious start. Everything had been laid on for The Big Event: unlimited studio time, Andy Johns producing, the Jimmy Page Good House-Keeping Seal Of Approval, a deal with SwanSong, a large billboard overlooking Sunset Strip and a gala World Premiere (complete with red carpet and searchlights) at Hollywood's Roxy Theatre.

After drink and anything else you could shove down your throat was served, the capacity crowd of invited guests was ready to party. Pity Detective weren't. The lights went down, the curtain went up and the backing crew of Tony Kaye (assorted keyboards), Michael Monarch (guitar and Jeff Beck impersonations), Jon Hyde (drums) and Bobby Pickett (bass) kicked off aggressively to a great barrage of hoots 'n' hollers of encouragement. Everyone expected it to be a night to remember — not, as it transpired, a night to forget.

Hyde hammered his way through the Learn-To-Play-The-Drums-The-John-

Whatever happened to MICHAEL DES BARRES?



"Who?"

Pic: JOE STEVENS

Bonham-Method whilst Pickett gritted his teeth and handled his bass like a bazooka. Monarch had troubles on the fretboard, and poor Tony Kaye was lost in the murky sound mix.

Des Barres then skipped on stage, posed, minced, mimed, took off his jacket, sweated, remarked "it's like a mortuary up here", took the piss, played-up to the photographers and led Detective through a pastiche of Swan-Song's house-style. None of the *Led Company*—influenced songs like "Recognition", "Detective Man", "One More Heartache", "Wild Hot Summer Nights" and "Fever"

possessed anything that hasn't already been re-cycled by every derivative HM wrecking crew over the last five years.

The set dragged on and on and . . . I found it quite depressing to observe someone like Tony Kaye trapped into churning out a succession of redundant rock retreads when his proven talents could be utilised in far more rewarding pursuits.

It was most inappropriate that Detective concluded with "Good Rockin' Tonight".

Most everyone who plays The Roxy is called back for an encore. Even the waitresses.

Detective weren't.

Roy Carr



"Me, bozo — the one in the middle with my new band — Detective."



Great New Single

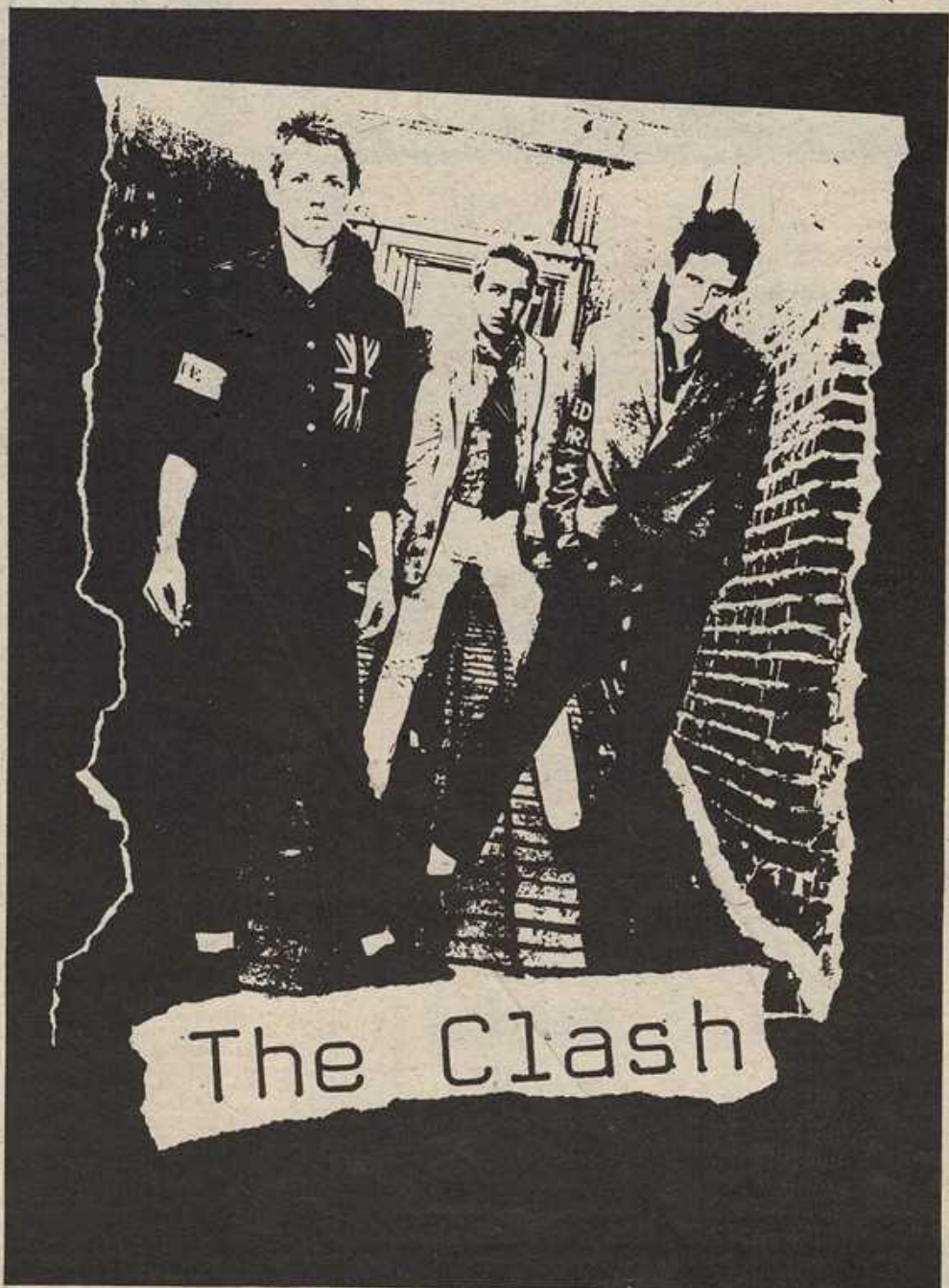
I Don't Care

NES 102

On Tour

- | | | | |
|---------|-----------------------------|-------|-----------------------------|
| April 7 | West Runton, Pavillion | 22 | Manchester, Free Trade Hall |
| 10 & 11 | Roundhouse, Chalk Farm | 23 | Birmingham, Barbarella's |
| 15 | Cambridge, Corn Exchange | 24 | Croydon, Greyhound |
| 16 | Southend, Kursaal | 25 | Stafford, Top of the World |
| 17 | Maidenhead, Skindles | 28 | Swansea, Brangwyn Hall |
| 18 | Plymouth, Top Rank | 29 | Notts. Trent Poly |
| 19 | Bournemouth, Winter Gardens | 30 | Canterbury, Odeon |
| 21 | Liverpool, Erics | May 1 | Leeds University |

nems
RECORDS & TAPES
MARKETED
BY RCA



LIVE

ADVERTISE ON THE LIVE PAGE
For details ring Brian B
on 01-261 6153

PAGE

MARQUEE

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 p.m. to 11.00 p.m.
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs. 14th April (Adm 75p)
FUMBLE
Teaser & Ian Fleming

Mon. 18th April (Adm 60p)
STRAPPS
Vallhalla & Jerry Floyd

Fri. 15th April (Adm 70p)
ULTRAVOX!
Gloria Mundi & Ian Fleming

Tues. 19th April (Adm 75p)
**REMUS DOWN
BOULEVARD**
JACKIE LYNTON & Jerry Floyd

Sat. 16th April (Adm 70p)
Free admission with this ad before 8 pm
KILLER
(Ex Heartbreaker)
Mount & Ian Fleming

Sun. 17th April (Adm 70p)
PLUMMET AIRLINES
Plus Guests & Nick Leigh

Wed. 20th April (Adm 60p)
NASTY POP
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Hamburgers & other hot & cold snacks are available

Thurs. 21st April (Adm 60p)
Free admission with this ad before 8 pm**NO DICE**with Special Guests
Alfalfa & D.J. Ian Fleming

HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Thursday, April 14th
**CLAYSON &
ARGONAUTS**

Friday, April 15th
**JOHN OTTWAY plus
Wild Willy Barrett**

Saturday, April 16th 60p

**THE
BUSHWACKERS**

Sunday, April 17th
WARREN HARRY
Wednesday, April 20th
DUST ON THE NEEDLE

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES



Thursday, April 14th
FLYING ACES + SOUNDER

Friday, April 15th Ring for Details

Saturday, April 16th £1.00

CRAZY CAVAN

Sunday, April 17th 75p

BEES MAKE HONEY

Monday, April 18th Free

CUCKOO featuring G. T. Moore

Tuesday, April 19th Free

THE JAM

Doors open 7.30 pm

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01 603 6071)occasional days
in association with Presence Promotions
presents an exciting new band**TAXI**

LICENSED BAR

DISCO

Friday 15th APRIL at 7.30pm
NOTRE DAME HALL
6, Leicester Place, WC2 just off Leicester Square
Students 60p Guests 75p

Jeffrey S. Kruger and Henry Sellers present
WORLD'S FOREMOST BLUES DUO**SONNY
TERRY & BROWNIE
McGHEE**

with Special Guests WILLY RUSHTON
HUMPHREY LYTELTON AND HIS BAND
ALL STAR MEDICINE BAND

NEW VICTORIA THEATRE
Wilton Road, London, S.W.1

SUNDAY, MAY 1st at 8.0 pm
Tickets: £4 £3 £2 from Theatre Box Office
(01) 834 0673 or 0674

ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1
SUNDAY 17th APRIL at 5.30

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

**THE
STRANGLERS
CHERRY VANILLA
THE JAM**

ADM £1.70 (inc vat) IN ADVANCE R HOUSE BOX OFF 267-2564
or LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS shaft av w1 439-3371 or AT DOOR

J.B. Promotions present another

Rock 'n' Roll

HITCHIN TOWN HALL

Saturday, 16th April 1977
at 8.00 p.m.

Featuring the fabulous

★ Flying Saucers ★

Matchbox

★ The Restless Rockers plus
Super sounds on Disc, from
● The Crazy Cavan Disco ●

Raffle, Bar, Snacks 6.30-11.30

Tickets: £2.00 Limited £2.25 at door
Details: Tel. Hitchin 812051

Available from 14 Hitchin Road, Henlow, Beds. S.A.E. please

ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1
SUNDAY 24th APRIL at 5.30

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

**DAMNED
MOTORHEAD
THE ADVERTS**

ADM £1.70 (inc vat) IN ADVANCE R HOUSE BOX OFF 267-2564
or LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS shaft av w1 439-3371 or AT DOOR

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY

Enquiries to Jazz Centre Society, c/o ICA, 12 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 900-4261
At THE PHOENIX, Cavendish Square, W1 (Oxford Circus tube) 8.00 pm
Wednesday, April 13—
**INTERCONTINENTAL
EXPRESS**
with Joe Gallivan
Wednesday, 20 April—
ASCEND
At SEVEN DIALS, 27 Shelton Street, WC2 (Covent Garden, Leicester Square tubes)
Thursday, 14 April— 8.30 pm
DON WELLS —
KENNY WHEELER and
TONY RICHARDS TRIO
Thursday, 21 April—
GEOFF CASTLE'S
STRANGE FRUIT

**SPEAK-EARLY**

Wed April 13th
ONLY ONES
Thurs April 14th
ALFALPHA
Fri April 15th
GUEST BAND
Sat April 16th
BICYCLE THIEVES
Mon April 18th
JOHN OTWAY
+ WILD WILLIE BARETT
Tues April 19th
INSTANTS
Wed April 20th
GUEST BAND
Thurs April 21st
THE END
Fri April 22nd
ICE NICE
Sat April 23rd
SPECIAL BREW

Speakeasy
50 Margaret St.
Oxford Circus, W.1.
Reservations 01-580 8810

ROXY CLUB41/43 Neal Street
Covent Garden, WC2

Open 8.30 pm to 2 am

Saturday April 16th

**HIGH
MILEAGE**

Monday April 18th

**WAYNE
COUNTY**

Thursday April 21st

OZO

All enquiries 01-836 8811

Marke Howes presents

The Legendary

★ **DETROIT** ★
SPINNERS

Plus

The First ever British appearance

★ **BRASS** ★
CONSTRUCTION

Both together for One Night Only

SATURDAY APRIL 23rd

CALIFORNIA BALLROOM
WHIPSNAD ROAD, DUNSTABLE

Tickets £5.00 available at door on night only
DOORS OPEN 7.30 p.m.

MUSIC MACHINE

CAMDEN HIGH ST. Opp. Mornington Cresc.

LONDON N.W.1. Tel: 01-387 0428/9

Wed 20th (Adm £1.50) SPECIAL OPENING ATTRACTIONS
SASAFRASS — RAYMOND FROGGATT plus DJ

Thurs 21st (Adm £1.50)

F.B.I. plus LITTLE ACRE + DJ

Fri 22nd (Adm £2.00) Special London appearance of

LIVERPOOL EXPRESS

Guests BETHNAL plus DJ

Saturday 23rd (Adm £1.80)

ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIS
KRYSLIA KOJGAN

Mon 25th (Adm £1.00)

JENNY HAAS LION

Tues 26th (Adm £1.00)

TRAPEZE

Wed 27th (Adm £1.00) plus Guests

NUTZplus Guests
EARL OF CANVEY

Thurs 28th (Adm £1.50)

BANDIT

+ WARREN HARRY

Fri 29th (Adm £1.50)

STRETCH + A MAZOR BLADESSat 30th
GEORGIE FAMELICENSED BARS — LIVE MUSIC — DANCING — FOOD
8 pm — 2 am MONDAY to SATURDAY

BARBEQUE GRILL
NOW OPEN
UPSTAIRS



UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday April 14th.....ROOGALATOR.....£1.00
Friday April 15th.....CRAZY CAVAN.....£1.00
Saturday April 16th.....BEES MAKE HONEY.....75p
Monday April 18th.....CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS.....50p
Tuesday April 19th.....DOWNLINERS SECT.....70p
Wednesday April 20th.....JOHN STEVENS AWAY.....50p

ENTS COMMITTEE

POLYTECHNIC
of CENTRAL LONDON
115 NEW CAVENDISH STREET, W.1. 636 6271

FRIDAY APRIL 22nd

**SONNY & BROWNIE
TERRY McGHEE**

DOORS OPEN 8pm. TICKETS £1.00 IN ADVANCE OR £1.50
ON DOOR
Send cheque or PO with SAE to P.C.L.S.U. 105/108 Bolsover Street,
London W.1

"How can I hope to get noticed sharing a stage with a sex bomb?"



Sex kitten sharpens claws, headline writer blunts brain

Blondie
NEW YORK

MAX'S KANSAS CITY has become a tourist rip-off joint — \$5 admission and no way to see anything unless you booked a table. The curtains were pulled back by hand like some scruffy Soho strip club and there on stage, blinking nervously through heavily made up eyelashes and wearing a green satin mini-dress, was Debbie.

She is pretty, she is sexy, she

looked like Brigitte Bardot on speed... and unfortunately she sang that way too. She clutched at the microphone for support and, when she remembered, she jumped up and down on the spot or did something with her hands.

This is better than she used to be. People say that she used to stand dead still and stare terrified at the audience until she could stand it no more, and would go and hide behind the amps while everyone cringed in embarrassment.

Debbie is set off by guitarist Chris Stein, who looks like a sleazy Egyptian with a drawn

on pencil moustache. He is an adequate player and will probably improve a lot.

The bass player, Gary Valentine, continues the NYC tradition of pretending to be a lifelike clockwork model of Chuck Berry. Periodically he hits that nerve which makes his left leg jerk up in a catatonic approximation of a high kick.

There's a keyboard man, Jimmy Destri, but on all three times that I've seen the group he seemed to be unhappy about technical problems.

Drummer Clement Burke was directly behind Debbie,

and so I found it hard to focus my eyes that far back — but what I heard was a reasonable approximation of a Keith Moon rock'n'roll style with maybe a few too many drum rolls.

He plays at breakneck speed and, coupled with Valentine's strong bass line, he provides a solid framework for Debbie's shaky vocals.

Without Debbie there would be no Blondie — she is the *raison d'être* and the ultimate focal point of the group.

I've talked with critics who think that she is just being exploited and that the whole group is just another piece of tacky, sexist packaging to make a quick buck. I can certainly see this argument, and it would certainly be true if Debbie was a Farah Fawcett-Majors inflatable barbi-doll. But it would be very hard to turn Debbie into a plastic object.

The very tackiness of her act, the inept strip-tease gestures, the mock theatricality of her poses — she freezes with her arms crossed before her face like a plaster of Paris Virgin Mary — all these save her.

Everything is delivered with such an air of innocence — from the enthusiastic snatches of belly dancing to the little girl pouts — that there is an immediate rapport between stage and audience.

Blondie like the '60s. Most of their numbers have their origins in the British invasion, and so are immediately inviting to a British listener.

Everything about the Max's set — and I saw both houses — suggested that Blondie was a group who were not yet ready to perform, let alone make an album (the album is not very good), and so it was with trepidation that I arrived early enough to catch them as the opening act for Iggy Pop at the Palladium.

But all my fears were

quashed — they were magnificent.

Obviously conscious that it was make-it or break-it time, they pulled out all the stops. Debbie strutted across the long stage and even crawled across it on her belly like a reptile at one point. Her voice was tuneful, though still not great, and she'd worked out a stage act to allow for the huge distance between her and most of the audience.

Gary Valentine spun round and jerked about like the Tin Man from the Wizard of Oz on a caffeine jag and the drummer just went crazy — he sprayed the stage with sweat, often played triple time, and in the end, amid tremendous applause, seemed punch drunk and unable to leave the stage.

In 40 minutes we saw a group prove themselves — it was a great event.

Not everyone like them mind you. The ladies in the audience were quite critical. "I think she looks disgusting," said a woman in an ostrich hair-do in front of me. The men love her. One guy leapt up and threw a white carnation to her just as she began singing "I Didn't Have The Nerve To Say No".

Some of her tunes stay in my head even now. "I Know Her", for instance, has an anthem quality to it, whereas "A Shark In Jet's Clothing" is just good honest rock'n'roll.

Debbie stood grinning at the audience, absently scratching at her stomach like a Ninth Avenue whore. She knew she had the audience in her pocket — it must have felt great.

I recalled the Max's gig, Debbie sucking on a lollipop, pulling the rounded head lasciviously back and forth between her lips. A guy at our table shuddered involuntarily and spilt his beer all down his front. She may not have the voice so well yet, but she's got the power.

Miles

Brody

EDINBURGH

NOW HERE'S a bit of enterprise: an ambitious group with strong local following who cut a demo and then hire a cinema for their own show, and invite up the record companies. Brody are Edinburgh's best loved sons, and the area's heavy rock kings.

It's a Sunday evening and they've just about filled the cinema — and it's by no means central. Brody are all keyed up to impress, and they start nervously, the sense of occasion weighing them down. It's not until halfway through that they finally relax and cut loose, shedding the ponderous for the exciting, and climax with a barn-storming version of "Roadhouse Blues".

Now this kind of stuff is not my cup of meat, but if Brody can produce this kind of reaction in reserved Edinburgh than it's difficult to see how they can fail nationally. I doubt if they'll pick up too many critical plaudits on the way — their current material does, after all, tend to feature overblown epics with dumb lyrics about dragonflies.

The latter half of the set is much the best, especially the rock instrumental, which allows Kenny Brodie to demonstrate just what a good guitarist he is. Nice clean flowing lines with a beautiful absence of overkill.

The rest of the group comprises Kenny McDonald on keyboards (organ mainly, which is good news), Tom Archibald on drums, Tom Davidson on vocals and Colin Archibald on bass.

If anyone's life has not been the same since Deep Purple finally lumbered into the Elephants' Graveyard, then they should keep an eye on the rising star of Brody.

Ian Cranna



OUR PRICE RECORDS

CHECK OUR PRICES BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE!!

Our Price

1	ANIMALS — Pink Floyd	2.70
2	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS — Supertramp	2.70
3	WORKS — Emerson, Lake & Palmer	5.50
4	A STAR IS BORN — Soundtrack	2.90
5	TIME LOVES A HERO — Little Feat	2.40
6	LIVE — Status Quo	3.99
7	MAKIN' MAGIC — Pat Travers	2.35
8	EVERY FACE TELLS A STORY — Cliff Richard	2.45
9	PETER GABRIEL	2.50
10	INDIAN SUMMER — Poco	2.50
11	ARRIVAL — Abba	2.90
12	COMING OUT — Manhattan Transfer	2.40
13	ENDLESS FLIGHT — Leo Sayer	2.60
14	RUMOURS — Fleetwood Mac	2.40
15	GREATEST HITS VOL 2 — John Denver	2.60
16	SLEEPWALKER — Kinks	2.50
17	MARQUEE MOON — Television	2.40
18	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE — Stevie Wonder	5.25
19	GREATEST HITS — Abba	2.50
20	JEFF BECK WITH THE JAN HAMMER GROUP LIVE	2.90
21	BOSTON	2.50
22	EVITA	4.65
23	BURNIN' SKY — Bad Company	2.60
24	IN MY MIND — Bryan Ferry	2.70
25	TOWERING TOCCATA — Lalo Schifrin	2.35
26	A NEW WORLD RECORD — Electric Light Orchestra	2.60
27	BEST OF STEVE MILLER '68-'73	2.45
28	LOW — David Bowie	2.80
29	A PLACE IN THE SUN — Pablo Cruise	2.70
30	SEA LEVEL	2.35
31	WINGS OVER AMERICA	5.15
32	WIND AND WUTHERING — Genesis	2.60
33	SILK DEGREES — Box Scaggs	2.50
34	A DAY AT THE RACES — Queen	2.95
35	WOMAN OVERBOARD — Linda Lewis	2.60
36	KIKI DEE	2.70
37	THEIR GREATEST HITS — Eagles	2.90
38	SONGS FROM THE WOOD — Jethro Tull	2.60
39	HOTEL CALIFORNIA — Eagles	2.90
40	I CAME TO DANCE — Nils Lofgren	2.70
41	HEAT TREATMENT — Graham Parker	2.35
42	AN EVENING WITH DIANA ROSS	3.65
43	LOVE AT THE GREEK — Neil Diamond	2.70
44	DARK SIDE OF THE MOON — Pink Floyd	2.70
45	WHITE ROCK — Rick Wakeman	2.85
46	JOAN ARMSTRONG	2.70
47	HOWLING WIND — Graham Parker	2.35
48	WISH YOU WERE HERE — Pink Floyd	2.70
49	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE — Steve Miller Band	2.35
50	NIGHT MOVES — Bob Seger	2.70

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

1	TIME LOVES A HERO — Little Feat	3.30	2.40
2	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS — Supertramp	3.60	2.70
3	A STAR IS BORN	3.80	2.90
4	ANIMALS — Pink Floyd	3.60	2.70
5	INDIAN SUMMER — Poco	3.40	2.50
6	WORKS — Emerson, Lake & Palmer (2LP)	6.99	5.50
7	JEFF BECK WITH JAN HAMMER — Live	3.80	2.90
8	LIVE — Status Quo (2LP)	4.99	3.99

WHY PAY MORE!!

137 CHARING CROSS RD. (OXFORD ST. END) WC2 TEL: 01-437 1713 • 70 NORTH END (NEXT TO WOODMORTHS) 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

FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING IN

RPM

RING ANDY McDUFF ON 01-261 6172



3 BIG HIT 45's

FOR ONLY £1 inc p & p.

Top Quality ex. Juke Box records at less than half the original price!

CHOOSE YOUR 3 BIG HIT 45's FROM THESE

- ☐ NEW KID IN TOWN
The Eagles
- ☐ YOU'RE MORE THAN A NUMBER
The Drifters
- ☐ SUSPICION
Elvis Presley
- ☐ MORE THAN A FEELING
Boston

- ☐ ISN'T SHE LOVELY
David Parton
- ☐ CAR WASH
Rose Royce
- ☐ EVERY MAN MUST HAVE A DREAM
Liverpool Express
- ☐ DADDY COOL
Boney M
- ☐ SIDE SHOW
Barry Biggs
- ☐ DON'T BELIEVE A WORD
Thin Lizzy

Mr/Mrs/Miss

Address

Block Capital please

Please send order with cheque/postal order for £1 to:

POP-EX

Dept N4
Music Hire Group Ltd.,
FREEPOST
Leeds LS18 4YY
NO STAMP REQUIRED!

Please allow 14 days
for delivery. Money
back if not delighted

MISSED 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**

BAD COMPANY
Can't Get Enough
DAVID BOWIE
Young Americans
JAMES BROWN
Sex Machine
DEODATO
Also Sprach Zarathustra (2001)
BRYAN FERRY
The 'In' Crowd
FIRST CLASS
Beach Baby
MARVIN GAYE & TAMMI TERRELL
The Onion Song
ALBERT HAMMOND
It Never Rains in Southern California
PYTHON LEE JACKSON
In a Broken Dream
JAVELLS
Goodbye Nothin' To Say
K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND
Queen Of Clubs
GARY LEWIS & PLAYBOYS
My Heart's Symphony
MATTHEWS SOUTHERN COMFORT
Woodstock

MIRACLES
Love Machine
NAZARETH
This Flight Tonight
MIKE OLDFIELD
Portsmouth
SIMON PARK
Eye Level
CHARLIE RICH
The Most Beautiful Girl
DAVID RUFFIN
Walk Away From Love
SANTANA
Samba Pa Ti
STATUS QUO
Pictures of Matchstick Men
SUNNY
Doctor's Orders
KE & TINA TURNER
Nutbush City Limits
TYMES
You Little Trustmaker
WHO
Summertime Blues
ANDY WILLIAMS
Solitaire

Postage & Packing 25p extra, any number of records

ALSO A BARGAIN
100 DIFFERENT HIT SINGLES — £13
(PLUS £2 IE OVERSEAS)

OLDIES UNLIMITED DEPT N
6/12 Stafford Street, St Georges,
TELFORD, SHROPSHIRE TF2 3JQ

American dreams on the dollar trail

John Miles Manfred Mann PHILADELPHIA

JOHN MILES has finally junked his James Dean image good and proper. When he walked onstage at the Tower Theatre he was sporting a luxuriant moustache. Maybe now he thinks he is Clark Gable.

Miles is making slow progress on his American Odyssey. As support act to Manfred Mann's Earth Band (themselves supporting Gary Wright much of the time), he is restricted to six songs only, and chooses to go for a hard sell with five from the latest album.

"Manhattan Skyline" is the opener, with a good strong melody and hook and a driving, economical guitar solo from Miles himself. The subject matter rather takes coals to Newcastle, but the crowd — who are still drifting in — are appreciative.

"Stand Up" and "Glamour Boy" follow up with the four-piece producing a fat, full sound, easily making up for the absence of brass and strings. The comment implicit in "Glamour Boy" is somewhat lost on American fans, who missed the fuss over the James Dean play.

For "Stranger In The City", Miles makes a feeble attempt to get the kids clapping along on the beat. As soon as he sings, they put their hands

back in their pockets.

Miles' bassist, who looks like a cross between David Essex and a police cadet, appears somewhat unthrilled to be here.

"High Fly" is the big crowd pleaser, taken at breakneck speed, and the band attempt to sustain the momentum with their new single, "Slow Down".

Since this is a scurrying disco tune, the keyboard player tries for some visual flash. His electric piano comes off its stand, and he lurches around the stage with it hanging round his neck. Sadly, he has the look of a strongman attempting to tow a car with his teeth who's just remembered the brake is on.

Still, the Miles band get their reward in a satisfying burst of applause. Their set is tight and energetic. The songs have great sales appeal. What is needed is a hot new single to push themselves into overdrive.

Manfred Mann has a similar problem. Where's the next single coming from? At present, for reasons best understood by himself, Manfred's resisting appeals to put out the live set's most melodic song, "Davy's On The Road Again".

Instead, the plan is to push out another Bruce Springsteen song, "Spirit In The Night", to follow up the US number one with "Blinded By The Light". Well, we'll see.

In Philadelphia, at least, Manfred has got it made. A

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

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 MIDLAND B66 4BB
Tel. 021-429 6441/2

RECORD & TAPE EXCHANGE

LPs, cassettes & cartridges of every kind bought, sold and exchanged.

40 NOTTING HILL GATE, LONDON W11
29 PEMBRIDGE RD., NOTTING HILL GATE W11
90 GOLDHAWK RD., SHEPHERDS BUSH, W12
67 GOLBORNE RD., N. KENSINGTON W10
Telephone 01-749 2930

WEST 4 RECORD COVERS

LP, Polythene (200 G) 25 £1.00, 50 £1.75, 100 £2.50, 250 £3.45
LP, Polythene (400 G) 25 £1.50, 50 £2.50, 100 £3.80, 250 £5.00
LP, Paper Polythene (200 G) 30 £2.75
LP, P.V.C. (Heavy Duty) 25 £2.00, 50 £3.75, 100 £5.10
Singles Card Polythene 25 £2.50
Singles Paper 100 £1.80
Singles P.V.C. (Heavy Duty) 25 £2.50, 50 £4.75
P.V.C. Double LP 1.50p, 10 £3.00
*Please include P & P in U.K. and Eire only.
Overseas customers write for list.
Cheques or P.O. with order please, or shoppers welcome to view catalogue at—
WEST 4 TAPES & RECORDS,
188 Chiswick High Road, London W4 4PT. Dept. NME.

CHISWICK

SW1 COUNT BISHOP'S — SPEEDBALL EP
S.2. VINCE TAYLOR — BRAND NEW CADILLAC
S.3. 101ers — KEYS TO YOUR HEART
S.4. GORILLAS — SHE'S MY GAL
S.5. COUNT BISHOPS — TRAIN TRAIN
SW6. ROCKY SHARPE — DRIP DROP E.P.
SW7. LITTLE BOB STORY — I'M CRYING E.P.
S.8. GORILLAS — GATE CRASHER
S.9. RADIO STARS — DIRTY PICTURES
c/w SAIL AWAY
S12 COUNT BISHOPS — BABY YOU'RE WRONG
COLLECT 'EM

EPs £1 Singles 70p. — All in picture sleeves except S2 & S3
Look out for new singles soon from
"Radiators From Space", "Skrewdriver"
Available from Bizarre, Virgin, HMV, Flyover, Rough Trade.

Remember those oldies.
Hot Licks, Harlequin, Honest John, Rock On
etc., or if in difficulty, direct from

CHISWICK RECORDS
3 Kentish Town Road, London NW1.
(Please add 10p postage).

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 80p each
The Turtles — "I'd Rather Be With You"
George Harrison — "Wonderful Plastic Time"
Bay City Rollers — "Dedication"
Bay City Rollers — "Rock 'n' Roll Love Letter"
ZZ Top — "Are You Ready For The Drivin' While Blind"
Lesley Gore — "It's My Party"
The Beatles — "Ob-la-di Ob-la-da"
New Vaudeville Band — "Winchester Cathedral"
Moody Blues — "Go Now"
Most The Moogies — "All The Young Dudes"
David Bowie — "Word On A Wing/Stay"
Wings — "Uncle Albert"
Elton John — "Bite Your Lip"
Elton John — "Daniel"
Gene Vincent — "Be Bop A Lula"
Ram Rods — "Ghost Riders In The Sky"
Peter and Gordon — "Lady Godiva"
Thin Lizzy — "Johnny The Fox Meets Jimmy The Weed"
Charlie Grace — "Fabulous/Butterfly"
Eddie & The Hot Rods — "Get Out Of Denver"
Led Zeppelin — "Rock 'n' Roll"
Hotlegs — "Neanderthal Man"
Troggs — "Wild Thing"
Chris Montez — "Let's Dance"
Ricky Nelson — "Stood Up/Be Bop Baby"
Thin Lizzy — "Rocky"
Percy Faith — "Theme From A Summer Place"
Led Zeppelin — "Trampled Underfoot"
Stevie Wonder — "Higher Ground"
Bad Co. — "Honey Child"
America — "Tin Man"
Del Shannon — "Runaway"
Rod Stewart — "First Cut Is The Deepest"
Jimi Hendrix — "Foxy Lady"

Lou Reed — "Walk On The Wild Side"
The Who — "Pinball Wizard"
L.L.O. — "Do Ya"
SECTION TWO
OLDIES 70p each
Cilla — "Vincent" — "Say Mama"
Timmy Thomas — "Why Can't We Live Together"
Rolling Stones — "Tumbling Dice"
Bob Dylan — "Lay Lady Lay"
Scott McKenzie — "San Francisco"
Yes — "And You And I"
Shadow — "Apache/7.11"
Rickie Valance — "Tell Laura I Love Her"
James Brown — "Sex Machine"
Pink Floyd — "Time/Us And Them"
Argent — "God Gave Rock And Roll To You/Hold Your Head Up"
Johnny Kidd & Shakin' All Over
M.F.S.B. — "T.S.G.P."
Chicken Shack — "I'd Rather Go Blind"
Terry Jacks — "Seasons In The Sun"
Fleetwood Mac — "Albatross"
Marcel — "Blue Moon"
Suzi Quatro — "Devil Gate Drive"
Mud — "Tiger Feet"
Cockney Rebel — "Make Me Smile"
Black Sabbath — "Am I Going Insane"
Status Quo — "Break The Rules"
Paper Plane
Janis Ian — "At Seventeen"
Hollies — "The Air I Breathe"
Most The People — "The Golden Age Of Rock 'n' Roll"
Diana Ross — "Reach Out And Touch Mike Berry"
Tribute To Buddy Holly
Koolhaas — "Funky Stuff"

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

RECORDS & CASSETTES DIRECT FROM ENGLAND

Vidit Repertoire, over 1000 titles, alle kjennte navn. • Love Prices, post inkludert. • Ingen norsk, velorganisert post-order service. • Spesielt Tilbud, for enda bedre verdi. • Send idag For GRATIS 48-siders Katalog
JO-JO'S RECORDS, Dept. N2,
60 Adams Street,
Birmingham, B7 4AG, England

PLAYBACK RECORDS

3 BUCK STREET, LONDON N.W.1

Records bought, sold, exchanged
Rock, Jazz, Reggae, Soul
Just off Camden High St.
1 minute from tube
Tel: 01-485 1883

PRESTIGE DISCOUNT RECORDS

SAVE UP TO 95p OFF A SINGLE LP

SEND LARGE SAE FOR FULL LISTS

New releases	RRP	OP
PINK FLOYD Animals	3.00	2.70
DAMNED Damned, Damned, Damned	1.40	2.70
STATUS QUO Live Double	4.95	3.80
WILF LOREN I Come To Dance	3.50	2.70
FRANKIE MILLER Full House	3.50	2.80
TELEVISION Marquee Moon	3.20	2.50
ELP Works Double	5.95	5.00
PETER DINKEL Peter Gabriel	3.50	2.70
ABBA Arrival	3.70	2.80
BOSTON Boston	3.20	2.80
ELC New World Record	3.40	2.70
Also include		
JOY POP The Idiot	2.40	2.70
ROY HARPER Bullfinch Vase	3.25	2.50
DEAF SCHOOL Don't Stop The World	3.20	2.50
RETTWOOD MAC Rampage	3.25	2.50
ROZZ SCAGGS 5th Degree	3.30	2.80
JETHRO TULL Songs From The Wood	3.50	2.80

Postage + Packing 1 LP 25p, 2 LPs + double 40p, 3 LPs + double 55p, 4 LPs + over 70p
Send cheques/P.O.s to: PRESTIGE RECORDS, 221 Barry Road, Dagenham, London E9 2JZ

TRANSPARENT L.P. RECORD COVERS

Polythene	Polythene	Polythene
Light Gauge	Heavy Gauge	Heavy Gauge
100 — £2.65	100 — £4.00	100 — £2.00
250 — £5.70	250 — £8.95	250 — £4.50
500 — £10.50	500 — £17.00	500 — £8.50

L.P. RECORD COVERS
12 1/4" x 12 1/4" in P.V.C. Heavy Duty
25 — £3.15
50 — £6.05
100 — £11.75

SINGLES SIZE
7 1/4" x 7 1/4" in P.V.C. Heavy Duty
25 — £1.95
50 — £3.15
100 — £6.00

Also available
DOUBLE ALBUM COVERS
in P.V.C. Heavy Duty at 20p each
WHITE CARDBOARD SLEEVES
L.P. Size 25 — £4.20, 50 — £8.00
SAMPLE COVERS at 82p per set of five (and one cardboard sleeve)
*Post and packing included in U.K. and Eire only. Mail order only. Cash with order.
A. J. COOK & SON
(Dept. NME), 38 Downhills Way, Tottenham, London, N17 8BD

VIKING ENTERPRISES (RECORD IMPORTS)

Import Record Specialists (Dept. 4A),
39 RIVER PARK, MARLBOROUGH, WILTSHIRE.

New Releases

The Band — Islands (Brand new album)	£4.50
Olivia — Music Magic	£3.95
Return To Forever — Music Magic	£3.95
Jeff Beck/Jan Hammer Group — Live	£3.95
Valerie Carter — Just a Stones Throw Away (Featuring Lowell George)	£3.95
The Faces — Snakes and Ladders, best of	£3.95
Renaissance — Novella	£3.95
Spirit — Future Games	£3.95
Ramones — Leave Home (incl. Carbona Not Blue)	£3.95

A Sample of Albums Available

Rod Stewart — Shot of Rhythm & Blues	£3.95
Rod Stewart — Best of Vols 1 & 2 (doubles)	each £4.95
Rod Stewart — Steam Packet	£2.95

80p P&P per order U.K. (£2.00 if overseas). Trade, overseas and your own individual enquiries welcome. Why not order your own Schwann 1 Catalogue listing all American albums released in the last two years. 95p incl. p&p.
Schwann 2 catalogue listing American records over 2 years old 90p incl. p&p

In DINGWALLS Dance Hall 'RECORD RARE FAYRE'

10.30 till 5.30 SUNDAYS NOW

Where you can buy Folk, Jazz or Soul or Rock
We're back of Camden Lock

Licensed Bar

Admission 20p

"Fred Bassett? Who, me?"

Pic: ELAINE BRYANT



rapturous response grows more enthusiastic as the evening progresses.

The Earth Band's approach is to combine commercial-sounding songs with fierce instrumentals.

For a man who closely resembles Fred Bassett, Manfred plays remarkably aggressive rock. Though his keyboard solos still have an unmistakable jazz influence, his major concern is drama and attack.

Manfred's not given to the overkill of a Wakeman or a Moraz. No exotic costumes or floodlighting. He tends to shelter behind a barricade of keyboards and let his music speak for itself.

Much of the focus of attention is on guitarist Dave Flett. Imagine Buster Keaton with a Pre-Raphaelite hairdo and you get the picture. Flett is much given to posing in spotlights, and, with his frenzied style, he's in danger of becoming a star turn on his own.

His solos go from petting to consummation in record time, revealing a debt to McLaughlin

that he repays with sheer energy.

"Waiter, There's A Yawn" is the opening instrumental that establishes the band's musical credentials. "On The Road To Babylon" shows the importance of Chris Thompson, whose voice provided much of the appeal of "Blinded". Thompson tends to hide himself under a stetson, a beard and specs, so the confident power of his vocals comes as a surprise. The rasp and authority of a Paul Rodgers

combine with the range and feeling that Joe Cocker once possessed.

Thompson is a discovery. The show's highlight is inevitably "Blinded", but there's more than enough euphoria generated throughout the set to settle the question of the band's potential.

A few more singles of the same calibre are needed, preferably all tracks from the same album.

Bob Dylan, where are you?
Bob Edmonds

JAZZ DIARY

THE CHRIS BARBER Jazz & Blues Band are breaking their European tour to play a week of gigs here — 21st April, Fir Tree Ballroom, Wellingborough; 22nd Town Hall, Acton; 23rd Guardian Royal Exchange Club, Ipswich; 24th Town Hall, Colne; 25th Mercury Theatre, Colchester (last outpost of jive); and two BBC Radio 2 recordings on

26th. On 4th July, the band headline the Jubilee Jazz Jamboree at the Royal Festival Hall in the presence of the royal stuff-strutters, Anne & Mark.

US tenor star **Bud Freeman** makes a birthday appearance at the Pizza Express, Dean Street on 13th April, followed by dates at the Key Theatre, Peterborough on 16th; Blanford Forum on 23rd; Red Lion, Hatfield on 25th; College of Further Education, 30th.

Buddy Tate and Jim Galloway are playing at the Vernon Gallery, Preston on 13th; Stratford-on-Avon on 14th; Pizza Express on 15th; Football Club, Gt. Harwood on 17th; Bracknell on 19th; Concorde Club, Southampton on 20th and the Band on the Wall the following night. **Eddie 'Cleanhead' Vinson** will not be coming over, but **Al Haig** will in the autumn.

The Gala Concert and Celebration of **Duke Ellington's** music at the New Victoria on 17th April has been cancelled. The JCS venues feature **Henry Lowther's Quartet** at the Star & Garter on 16th, **Ascend** at the Phoenix on 20th, and **Geoff Castle's Strange Fruit** at 7 Dials on 21st.

Worth hunting for on the Douglas label are five albums recorded at **Sam Rivers'** studio, Rivbea, under the title "Wildflowers".

Groups include **Air**, **Leo Smith**, **Braxton**, **Kalaparusha**, **David Murray**, **Hamiet Bluiett**, **Philip Wilson**, **Sonny Murray**, **Julius Hemphill**, **Byard Lancaster** and **Oliver Lake** — an excellent survey of the current avant-garde. In similar vein, Transatlantic have secured the distribution of the Arista-Freedom label, which means **Shepp**, **Randy Weston**, **Cecil Taylor**, **Hemphill**, etc.

On the British front, Mosaic has released "New Conditions", an eight-part composition by **Graham Collier**, and Ogun has released "Diverse" by **Lol Coxhill**, one side a duet for soprano saxophone and loose floorboard (unrelated).

Brian Case

Strapps hit the streets



with their new album

STRAPPS

SECRET DAMAGE

SHSP 4064 available on tape

Produced by Chris Kimsey

STRAPPS UK TOUR with IAN GILLAN

29th April **CARDIFF** University
30th April **BRADFORD** University
3rd May **PLYMOUTH** Fiesta
4th May **SLOUGH** Fulcrum Theatre
5th May **WEST RUNTON** Pavillion
6th May **BURY ST. EDMUNDS**
Focus Theatre
7th May **SOUTHAMPTON** University
8th May **DUNSTABLE** Queensway

14th May **LONDON** Rainbow
15th May **MIDDLESBROUGH** Town Hall
16th May **NEWCASTLE** City Hall
17th May **ABERDEEN** Music Hall
18th May **GLASGOW** Apollo
19th May **EDINBURGH** Playhouse
21st May **MANCHESTER** Apollo
22nd May **BIRMINGHAM** Odeon
23rd May **LIVERPOOL** Empire



EMI Records Limited, 20 Manchester Square, London W1A 1ES.

FOREIGNER
are coming



The Mooncoin Jig.
An original master.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Main hotspots

RANDY EDELMAN is playing a handful of concerts, which this week include **Birmingham** (Thursday), **London** (Friday) and **Manchester** (Sunday). **BILLY CONNOLLY** opens his massive 50-venue tour with gigs in **Scotland** at **Oban** (Thursday), **Campbeltown** (Friday), **Arran** (Saturday), **Musselburgh** (Monday), **Stonehaven** (Tuesday) and **Fraserburgh** (Wednesday). **CHI-LITES** are back in Britain with dates at **Cromer** (Saturday), **Burnley** (Sunday) and **Leicester** (see Residencies). **BILLIE JO SPEARS**, **CARL PERKINS** and the **DILLARDS** feature in a country package tour kicking off at **Peterborough** (Saturday) and **Oxford** (Sunday). **ROY HARPER** begins his re-arranged tour in **Ireland** at **Dublin** (Tuesday) and **Belfast** (Wednesday). Further coverage next week when he comes to the mainland. **ERIC CLAPTON** starts his tour in **Leicester** on Wednesday, supported by **Slim Chance**. We'll be dealing with this itinerary more extensively next week. **SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE MCGHEE** open a lengthy tour in **Plymouth** on Wednesday. **JACK BRUCE BAND** complete their travels with a major **London** concert on Friday. **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL**, the Texas swing-rock band, headline their first British concert in **London** on Saturday. **THE STRANGLERS** top the bill at **London Roundhouse** on Sunday.

THURSDAY

ALDERSHOT J.R.C. Club: **TRAX/SUN SESSION**
AYLESBURY Britannia: **SIDEWINDER**
AYLESBURY King's Head: **ROY BAILEY**
BATH Viaduct Hotel: **AFTER THE FIRE**
BEDFORD Angel Hotel: **AMITY**
BEDFORD Furness Inn: **GRIND**
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: **HOOKER**
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: **SHOOP SHOOP**
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: **THE FIRST BAND**
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: **MAGNUM**
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: **RANDY EDELMAN**
BLACKBURN Golden Palms: **SAD CAFE/BUZZ COCKS**
BLACKBURN Lodestar: **FOSTER BROTHERS**
BLACKBURN St. George's Hall: **MARIAN MONTGOMERY**
BRADFORD Changes Nite Scene: **JIMMY HELMS**
BRADFORD Granary: **REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD**
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: **SPIDER**
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: **BETHNAL**
CARLISLE Twisted Wheel: **BERNARD WRIGLEY**
CLEETHORPE Winter Gardens: **FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE**
CROYDON Red Deer: **NASTY POP**
DURHAM Lord Seaham: **TONY ROSE**
EXETER Zhivago's: **ANGELS**
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: **FABULOUS POODLES**
HUDDERSFIELD Peacock Hotel: **AULD TRIANGLE**
JERSEY St. Heller West Park Pavilion: **J.A.L.N. BAND**
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: **FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES**
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: **MONTANA RED**
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES**
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: **BUSTER CRABBE**
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: **ROOGALATOR**
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: **FLYING ACES**
LONDON Marquee Club: **FUMBLE**
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: **SAMMY MITCHELL**
BLUES BAND
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: **XTC**
LONDON Tooting The Castle: **PAINTED LADY**
LONDON W.I. Cock Tavern: **HOT VULTURES**
MIDDLESBROUGH Maddison Club: **ROKOTTO**
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: **NIGHT BIRD**
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: **STEVE BROWN BAND**
NOTTINGHAM Commodore Suite: **THE DRIFTERS**
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: **PELICAN**
OBAN Corran Hall: **BILLY CONNOLLY**
PERTH Salvation Hotel: **DEAD END KIDS**
PRESTON Guildhall: **SMALL FACES**
SCUNTHORPE Theatre: **OSCAR PETERSON**
SHEFFIELD City Hall: **MAX BOYCE/THERAPY**
ST HELEN'S Theatre Royal: **NEW SEEKERS**
WEST BROMWICH Oakdale Social Club: **CADILLAC**

FRIDAY

BATH Hall & Feathers: **PETE & CHRIS COE**
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: **FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE**
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: **SPITFIRE**
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: **SWEET SENSATION**
BRADFORD Changes Nite Scene: **JIMMY HELMS**
BRADFORD Star Hotel: **HENDON BANKS**
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: **KRAKATOA/HOUSE**
BRIGHTON Embassy Cinema: **THE JAM**
BRIGHTON Top Rank: **BRASS CONSTRUCTION**
BRISTOL Granary: **ACKER BILK BAND**
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: **TOO COMFORTABLE BY FAR**
BRYNMAWR Semtex Social Club: **RUFF HANDFUL**
BURNLEY Bank Hall: **SNEAKERS**
BURTON 76 Club: **REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD**
CAMBERLEY Lakeside Club: **THE DRIFTERS**
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: **JOHN CALE/COUNT BISHOPS/THE BOYS**
CAMPBELTOWN Victoria Hall: **BILLY CONNOLLY**
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: **FLYING SAUCERS/SECOND OPINION**
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: **TWIGGY**
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: **KITES**
DYED Lampeter University: **TEMPERANCE SEVEN**
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: **GLEN CAMPBELL**
HETHERSAGE Scotman's Pack Inn: **BILL CADDICK**
HEBDEN BRIDGE Carlton Ballroom: **BERNARD WRIGLEY**
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: **ONLY ONES**
KETTERING Central Hall: **OZO**
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: **HOOKER**
LEEDS Town Hall: **MAX BOYCE/THERAPY**
LEIGHTON BUZZARD The Swan: **RON WAKELY BAND**
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: **TROUPER**
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **STRUTTERS/UNCLE PO**
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: **ELAINE DAVIS BAND**
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: **JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT**
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: **CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS**



LONDON Marquee Club: **ULTRAVOX**
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: **JACK BRUCE BAND**
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: **RANDY EDELMAN**
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: **GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES**
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: **BRETT MARVIN & THE BLIMPS**
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: **CADILLAC**
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: **S.A.L.T.**
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: **SQUEEZE**
MIDDLETON Ringo's Bell: **TONY ROSE**
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: **WIDOWMAKER**
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: **AFTER THE FIRE**
REDDITCH Sticky Wicket Club: **EARL OF CANVEY**
RETFORD Porterhouse: **STRETCH**
RUSHDEN Wheatheaf: **WILD THING**
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: **VIN GARBUTT**
STALYBRIDGE Tameside Theatre: **LEGEND/VICTOR BROX BLUES TRAIN/JOHN ROBBIE & FRIENDS**
TAUNTON Brewhouse Theatre: **STAN TRACEY QUARTET**
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: **TONY CAPSTICK**
WICKERLEY Three Horseshoes: **PETE QUIN**
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: **CHERRY VANILLA**

SATURDAY

ARRAN Public Hall: **BILLY CONNOLLY**
BANGOR University: **DAVE BURLAND**
BARNSTAPLE Queen's Hall: **YETTIES**
BARROW Maxim's Disco: **BETHNAL**
BASINGSTOKE Brighton Hall Centre: **FABULOUS POODLES**
BELFAST Queen's University: **KEVIN COYNE**
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: **FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE**
BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare & Hounds: **FRED WEDLOCK**
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: **TWIGGY**
BRISTOL Granary: **STRIFE**
CAMBERLEY Lakeside Club: **THE DRIFTERS**
COVENTRY Theatre: **PAM AYERS**
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: **CHI-LITES**
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: **STRAY**
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: **JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA**
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: **EDINBURGH SHETLAND FIDDLERS**
EXETER Zhivago's: **HOLLYWOOD**
EXMOUTH Pavilion: **JIMMY HELMS**
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: **GLEN CAMPBELL**
GREAT HARWOOD Football Club: **BERNARD WRIGLEY**
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: **EASY GLIDER/ROOGALATOR**
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: **CHARTREUSE**
HITCHIN Town Hall: **FLYING SAUCERS/MATCHBOX**
HULL Cottingham University: **VIN GARBUTT**
INGLETON Ingleborough Community Centre: **MARTIN SIMPSON**
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: **JET HARRIS**
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: **MAX BOYCE/THERAPY**
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: **HOMBRE**
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **RADIATOR**
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: **HIGH MILEAGE**
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL/CLOVER**
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: **BUSHWACKERS**
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: **BEES MAKE HONEY**
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: **CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS**
LONDON Marquee Club: **KILLER**
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: **CEDAR ROOTS**
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: **SPINNERS**
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: **STRUTTERS**
LONDON W.I. Rising Sun: **HOT VULTURES**
LUTON Kingsway Tavern: **CADILLAC**
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: **SMALL FACES**
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: **CASINO**
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: **ULTRAVOX**
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: **HERON**
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: **GRIND/MEDICINE HEAD**
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: **BILLY JO SPEARS/CARL PERKINS/DILLARDS**
PORTSLADE Town Hall: **POTTERS WHEEL/KNOTS OF MAY/CHANCTONBURY RING**
RUSHDEN Athletic Club: **WILD THING**
SCUNTHORPE Priory Hotel: **KRAKATOA**
SOUTHEAST Kursaal Ballroom: **JOHN CALE/COUNT BISHOPS/THE BOYS**
ST ALBANS City Hall: **NEW SEEKERS**
STEVENAGE Locarno: **EARL OF CANVEY**
ST. IVES St Ivo Centre: **REAL THING**
TELHAM Black Horse: **HARVEY ANDREWS**
TODMORDEN Bay Horse Inn: **CLEMEN PULL**
ULVERSTON Coronation Hall: **PETE SAYERS**
WIGAN Casino: **WIDOWMAKER**
WINSFORD Civic Hall: **PETE & CHRIS COE**

SUNDAY

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: **S.A.L.T.**
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE Tamside Theatre: **NEW SEEKERS**
AYLESBURY King's Head: **ONE UP**
BANGOR University: **TONY ROSE**
BARROW Civic Hall: **"UP COUNTRY"** with **BRIAN GOLBEY/PAT & ROGER JOHNS/JOHN CARLTON/STEEPPSTONE**
BARROW Maxim's Disco: **BETHNAL**
BASILDON Double Six: **CHORION**
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: **SAORAHAN**
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): **MENSCH**
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: **BULLETS**
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: **PETE & CHRIS COE**
BRIGHTON Top Rank: **SMILING HARD**
BRISTOL Dog House at the Stadium: **SKIN TIGHT**
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: **DETONATORS**
BURNLEY Cats Whisker: **CHI-LITES**
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: **THE STYLISTICS**

The reunited **SMALL FACES** have just set out on their comeback tour, taking them this week to **Preston** (Thursday), **Manchester** (Saturday), **Glasgow** (Sunday), **Edinburgh** (Monday) and **Newcastle** (Tuesday). Pictured left to right are **KENNY JONES**, **STEVE MARRIOTT**, new member **RICK WILLS** and **IAN MACLAGAN**, snapped at Marriott's recent wedding.

EDINBURGH Usher Hall: **GLEN CAMPBELL**
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: **SMALL FACES**
HARTLEPOOL Nursery Inn: **BATTLEFIELD BAND**
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: **JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA**
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: **TWIGGY**
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: **VERA JOHNSON**
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: **SCARECROW**
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: **CHRIS FOSTER**
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: **STRANGLERS/THE JAM**
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: **PAINTED LADY**
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: **THE DRIFTERS**
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: **ROOGALATOR**
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: **DOWNLINERS SECT**
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: **WARREN HARRY**
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: **BEES MAKE HONEY**
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: **FLYING SAUCERS**
LONDON Marquee Club: **PLUMMET AIRLINES**
LONDON NOTTING HILL Old Swan: **AMAZORB-LADES**
LONDON Palladium: **THREE DEGREES**
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: **ROGER WILLIAMSON BAND**
LONDON STRATFORD East Theatre: **AN EVENING WITH BRIAN PROTHOROE & FRIENDS**
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: **JOHN CALE/COUNT BISHOPS/THE BOYS**
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: **RANDY EDELMAN**
OSMOTHERLY Pied Piper: **BILL CADDICK**
OXFORD New Theatre: **BILLIE JO SPEARS/CARL PERKINS/DILLARDS**
REDHILL Laker's Hill: **HOT PINTS**
ROMFORD Albemarle Club: **SIDEWINDER**
STOCKPORT Daventry Theatre: **LIVERPOOL EXPRESS**
WALSALL Dilke Arms: **STAGE FRIGHT**

MONDAY

ARNOLD Cross Keys: **TONY ROSE**
BIRMINGHAM Drakes Drum: **STAGE FRIGHT**
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: **RAINMAKER**
BOSTON Folk Club: **DUFFY BROTHERS**
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: **NO DICE**
BRIDGNORTH Theatre On The Steps: **BILL CADDICK**
CHESTER Rascals Club: **CHERRY VANILLA**
CHIGWELL Row Camelot Club: **FRANK YONCO & THE EVERGLADES/KIT CONNORS**
CRANFORD Community Centre: **SWEET SENSATION**
DONCASTER Outlook Club: **SASSAFRAS**
EBBW VALE Garnlydon Pondarosa: **RUFF HANDFUL**
EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre: **SMALL FACES**
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: **QUILL**
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: **JOHNNY THUNDER'S HEARTBREAKERS**
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: **ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS**
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: **URCHIN**
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **BEES MAKE HONEY**
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: **SQUEEZE**
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: **KRAKATOA**
LONDON FULHAM The Swan: **ELAINE DAVIS BAND**
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: **CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS**
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: **CUCKOO**
LONDON Marquee Club: **STRAPPS**
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: **JO-ANN KELLY BLUES BAND**
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: **TOBY**
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: **SLOWBONE**
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: **ASCEND**
MUSSELBURGH Brunton Hall: **BILLY CONNOLLY**
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: **JOHN CALE/COUNT BISHOPS/THE BOYS**
RHYL St Asaph Talardy Hotel: **GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS**
SOUTHAMPTON Anvil Folk Club: **MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES**
TOLWORTH Toby Jug: **NASTY POP**
WOODFORD Deanwater Hotel: **BERNARD WRIGLEY**

TUESDAY

BARROW Civic Hall: **"UNDER MILK WOOD"** with **STAN TRACEY QUARTET/DONALD HOUSTON**
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: **THE DAMNED**
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: **JAMESON RAID**
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: **JOHN CALE/COUNT BISHOPS/THE BOYS**
BRIDLINGTON Queen's Hotel: **TONY ROSE**
BRIGHTON Top Rank: **NO DICE**
BRISTOL Colston Hall: **NEW SEEKERS**
DUBLIN Stadium: **ROY HARPER & CHIPS**
HAMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: **BULLFROG**
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: **NUTZ**
KIDDERMINSTER Town Hall: **JOHNNY THUNDER'S HEARTBREAKERS**
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: **SUPER DUPER**
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **SOX** featuring **GORDON HUNT**
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: **PLUMMET AIRLINES/BELL-MARSDEN BAND**
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: **KRAKATOA**

LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: **DOWNLINERS SECT**
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: **THE JAM**
LONDON Marquee Club: **REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD**
LONDON OXFORD STREET 00 Club: **THE DARTS**
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: **CHAMPION**
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: **NASTY POP**
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: **TOOTING FROOTIES**
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **XTC**
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: **TENNESSEE STUD**
NEWCASTLE City Hall: **SMALL FACES**
NEWCASTLE University: **STEVE BROWN BAND**
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: **GAFFA**
RHYL St Asaph Talardy Hotel: **GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS**
STONEHAVEN Town Hall: **BILLY CONNOLLY**
WESTBOURNE White Horse: **MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES**

WEDNESDAY

BELFAST Queen's University: **ROY HARPER & CHIPS**
BIRMINGHAM Bogart's: **HOOKER**
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: **FUNKTION**
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: **NEW SEEKERS**
BRADFORD University: **WARREN HARRY**
BRISTOL Arts Centre: **GOOD QUESTION**
BUSHY Hartspring Community Centre: **PETE QUIN**
CHELTHAM Tramps: **BETHNAL**
DERBY Cleopatra's: **JOHNNY THUNDER'S HEARTBREAKERS**
FRASERBURGH Dalrymple Hall: **BILLY CONNOLLY**
GRANGEMOUTH International Hotel: **SKEELS**
KETTERING Freewheeler: **SHAG CONNOR'S CARROT CRUNCHERS**
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: **ERIC CLAPTON BAND/RONNIE LANE'S SLIM CHANCE**
LEICESTER Polytechnic: **RADIATOR**
LEICESTER Prohibition Club: **PINKERTON'S ASSORTED COLOURS**
LIVERPOOL Kirklands: **GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS**
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: **BERNIE TORME**
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **ROKOTTO**
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: **SASSAFRAS-RAYMOND FROGGATT**
LONDON CAVENDISH SQ. Phoenix: **ASCEND**
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: **SCREAMER/PANAMA SCANDAL**
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: **DUST ON THE NEEDLE**
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: **JOHN STEVENS' AWAY**
LONDON Marquee Club: **NASTY POP**
LONDON MORDEN The Rose: **BRANDY**
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: **ADVERTISING**
NEWPORT Roundabout Club: **THE JAM**
PLYMOUTH Castaways Club: **THE DRIFTERS**
PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: **SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE MCGHEE**
PORTSMOUTH Old House At Home: **BOB DAVENPORT**
SOUTHAMPTON Civic Centre: **JOHN RENBOURN & JACQUI MCSHEA**
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: **ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS**
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: **KITES**

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club: **MADELINE BELL**
Week from Sunday
BEDFORD nite Spot: **CLODAGH RODGERS**
Tuesday (19) for five days
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: **GLEN CURTIN BAND**
Week from Monday
BLACKBURN Cavendish: **HEATWAVE**
Thursday for three days
COVENTRY Theatre: **THE DUKES & LEE SHOW**
Tuesday (19) for a season
BRISTOL Crookers: **LUCY LA STICK**
Monday for three days
CAMBERLEY Lakeside Club: **JOANNA STAR**
Week from Monday
DERBY Bailey's: **EDISON LIGHTHOUSE**
Thursday for three days
LEICESTER Baileys: **CHI - LITES**
Week from Monday
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: **JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA**
Monday for four days
LONDON Talk Of The Town: **WILMA READING**
Monday for two weeks
MANCHESTER Golden Garter: **THREE DEGREES**
Week from Monday
MIDDLESBROUGH Maddison Club: **ROKOTTO**
Thursday for three days
NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita (doubling **SOUTH SHIELDS** Tavern): **LIGHT FANTASTIC**
Week from Monday
OLDHAM Bailey's: **HEATWAVE**
Week from Monday
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: **FAIRFIELD WELLES**
Thursday for three days
STOKE Bailey's: **BEANO**
Thursday for three days
WATFORD Bailey's: **BARRON KNIGHTS**
Week from Sunday

TV and Radio

"**OLD GREY WHISTLE TEST**" (BBC-4 Tuesday) with the **Atlanta Rhythm Section** and **John Stevens** Away.
"MONTY PYTHON" (BBC-2 Monday). Repeat of very first series, dating back to 1969.
BROTHERHOOD OF MAN, **Dennis Weaver** and country singer **Crystal Gayle** guest in the **Val Doonican Show** (BBC-1 Saturday).
"TOP OF THE POPS" with **Jimmy Savile** (BBC-1 Thursday).
"JAZZ FROM MONTREUX" with **Sarah Vaughan** (BBC-2 Friday).
"ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE" (ITV network Saturday) looks at **Rhythm and Blues**. Film of **Stevie Wonder**, **Aretha Franklin**, the **Supremes**, **Bill Haley** and the **Platters**, among others.
"STAR RIDER": **London** ITV sees **Be-Bop Deluxe** in concert at **Leicester** De Montfort Hall at 11.30 pm Thursday. But other regions see different editions on various days.
"SO IT GOES" (ITV Sunday). First of Granada's new in-concert series with **Andy Fairweather-Low**. Certain regions only.
"GET IT TOGETHER" (ITV network Wednesday) with **Lynsey De Paul & Mike Moran**, **John Christie** and **Avin Stardust**.
"IN CONCERT" (Radio 1 Saturday) with **Eddie & the Hot Rods**.
"ROCK ON" (Radio 1 Saturday). **Stuart Grundy's** new lunchtime rock magazine.
"COUNTRY CLUB" (Radio 2 Thursday) with highlights from the **Country Music Festival** at **Wembley** Pool during Easter.

Postal Bargains from: Permaprints (Dept. N.M.147), 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 £2.20 EACH
(OR £4 ANY 2)



108. HAVE ANOTHER
Heavy Cotton Fleece Lined
SWEAT SHIRTS
ONLY £4.20 EACH
(OR £8 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")

When ordering state size, colour

and one alternative colour.

PATIENCE
MY ASS!



125. VULTURES



538. SOUTHERN
COMFORT



663. COOL IT
(FONZIE)



214. BIONIC
COCK

CONTENTS
untouched by
human hands
CERTIFIED
all moving parts in working order

**GUARANTEED
PURE**

129. CONTENTS



682. HAWKWIND



677. SUPER SIGN

WERE ALL KEPT
IN THE DARK



683. IN THE DARK



687. CHARLIE'S ANGELS



No. 240 LYNYRD SKYNYRD



169. EAGLE



679. IDIOT



684. I'M CONSERVATIVE

Also available

685. I'M LABOUR

686. I'M LIBERAL

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.'

126. LIPSMAKIN

134. GENESIS

168. WORK

517. TRUCKIN'

186. STATUS QUO

612. PATCH

528. APOLLO

221. UNDERSTAND

219. JOIN AIRFORCE

506. STATUS QUO

650. CHOKED

222. JOIN THE NAVY

150. PINK FLOYD (2)

224. WINGS

227. MILCH TRAY

220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

157. BLOODY SLOGAN

689. IT'S FOR YOU

532. MOUTH

248. POPPET

244. BUSBY BEAR

234. THIN LIZZY

242. TOBY TUG

664. CAMEL SMOKER

237. STEELY DAN

246. REBEL

199. EAGLES

507. FLOYD

508. ZEPPELIN

143. SON OF A BITCH

200. NAZARETH

148. LED ZEP

689. IT'S FOR YOU

532. MOUTH

248. POPPET

244. BUSBY BEAR

234. THIN LIZZY

242. TOBY TUG

664. CAMEL SMOKER

237. STEELY DAN

246. REBEL

199. EAGLES

507. FLOYD

508. ZEPPELIN

143. SON OF A BITCH

200. NAZARETH

148. LED ZEP

689. IT'S FOR YOU

532. MOUTH

248. POPPET

244. BUSBY BEAR

234. THIN LIZZY

242. TOBY TUG

664. CAMEL SMOKER

237. STEELY DAN

246. REBEL

199. EAGLES

507. FLOYD

508. ZEPPELIN

143. SON OF A BITCH

200. NAZARETH

148. LED ZEP

689. IT'S FOR YOU

532. MOUTH

248. POPPET

244. BUSBY BEAR

234. THIN LIZZY

242. TOBY TUG

664. CAMEL SMOKER

237. STEELY DAN

246. REBEL



673. LEADER OF THE PACK



503. SCREW



665. SILVER
JUBILEE



239 OFFICIAL GOOD
IN BED EMBLEM



126. LIPSMAKIN



238. CHICAGO



188. PRODUCT



142. SANTANA



134. GENESIS



168. WORK



517. TRUCKIN'



186. STATUS QUO



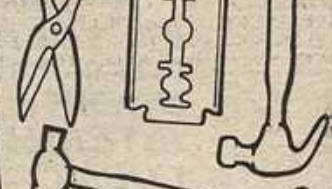
612. PATCH



528. APOLLO



221. UNDERSTAND



219. JOIN AIRFORCE



506. STATUS QUO



650. CHOKED



222. JOIN THE NAVY



150. PINK FLOYD (2)



224. WINGS



227. MILCH TRAY



220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT



157. BLOODY SLOGAN



689. IT'S FOR YOU



532. MOUTH



248. POPPET



244. BUSBY BEAR



234. THIN LIZZY



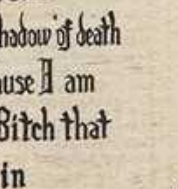
242. TOBY TUG



664. CAMEL SMOKER



237. STEELY DAN



246. REBEL



199. EAGLES



507. FLOYD



508. ZEPPELIN



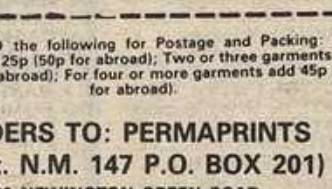
143. SON OF A BITCH



200. NAZARETH



148. LED ZEP



689. IT'S FOR YOU



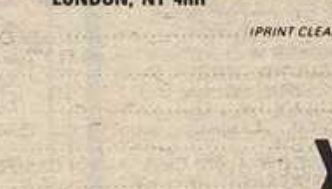
532. MOUTH



248. POPPET



244. BUSBY BEAR



234. THIN LIZZY



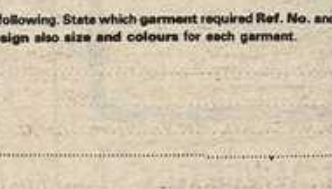
242. TOBY TUG



664. CAMEL SMOKER

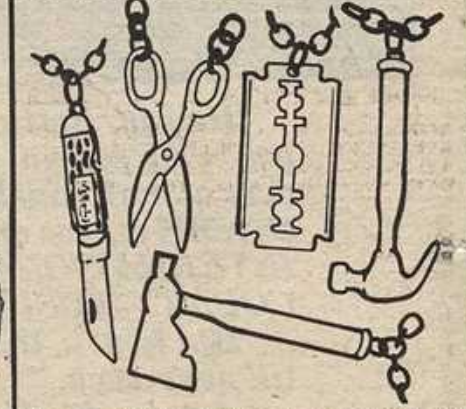


237. STEELY DAN



246. REBEL

★ **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.



159. BEETHOVEN 175. UNION JACK 135. STATUS QUO



667. PERNOD

**REALITY IS AN ILLUSION,
CAUSED BY LACK OF ALCOHOL.**



232. REALITY

PLEASE ADD the following for Postage and Packing: One
garment add 25p (50p for abroad); Two or three garments add
35p (70p for abroad); For four or more garments add 45p (90p
for abroad).

ORDERS TO: PERMAPRINTS
(Dept. N.M. 147 P.O. BOX 201)
96 NEWINGTON GREEN ROAD,
LONDON, N1 4RR

(PRINT CLEARLY)

Name

Address

Trade and abroad enquiries welcome.

Calling all clubs, groups, etc. Have your own design printed on T-Shirts (min. 20) Write in for details.

Visit the Permaprints Shop at 292 Holloway Rd., London N7



"Howdy, Betty Mae — how's about you'n'me cookin' up a mess o'beans over at mah ranch while we read th'NME reevoo on this hyar NINTH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF COUNTY MUSIC?"

"But honey, they ain't printin' it till next week."

"Aw shucks, Betty Mae, you know what Ah mean. Don't act so dang cussed — just take off yore . . ."

(cont. next week)

WHITE CHEESECLOTH KURTA
A good quality white natural cotton cheesecloth kurta with white embroidery. Only £2.65 + 20p P&P. Chest sizes 26" to 42" girls 32" to 44". Him state chest size, her state bust size.

COLOURED EMBROIDERED KURTA
Same style as above but with colourful embroidery on a white background. £2.75 + 20p p&p. Chest sizes 36" to 42", bust 38" to 42", please state colours you like.

EMBROIDERED LIGHT BLUE DENIM SHIRT
A light blue denim shirt, fades when washed, with colourful embroidery on the pockets, pos button front, cuffs and pockets. Still £4.45 plus 55p p&p. Guys chest 32" to 36", 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 £2.65 + 40p P&P. 2 pairs 65p P&P. Colours: navy, olive green, red, yellow, purple, brown. Guys waist sizes 26" to 34". Girls hips 32" to 38", (33" inside leg length). Please state alternative colours and your waist size. Girls state your hip size. Also black, dark green, pacific blue, grey, maroon, in guys waist 26" and 28" girls hips 32" and 33-34".

CHEESECLOTH SHIRT
Still seems the best buy for the cooler weather, in stripes, checks, plain, white or denim blue colour £2.75 + 25p p&p. Sizes 28" to 42" chest / bust. Please state which design and your size.

DELIVERY 7-10 DAYS POSTAGE OUTSIDE UK 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/D CHEQUE TO:

SHAPES MAIL ORDER (Dept M)
252 High Street,
Waltham Cross, Hertfordshire EN8 N7B.

★ Our shop is open all week with bargains in Jeans, Knitwear, Tops, Tee Shirts, etc. ★

WESTERN STYLE JEANS AND CHEESECLOTH SHIRTS FOR GUYS AND CHICKS

Heavyweight American Western style jeans in 14oz indigo denim, washed and fully shrunk, great fit 28-34 waist (state leg length)

only £7.95 + 70p p&p

Nice fitting cheesecloth shirts with two front flap pockets and back yoke. Available in stripes or checks, colours brown or blue. Also available plain in natural only. Size 32-40 chest/bust

Only £2.95 + 40p p&p

Send cheque/p.o. Access/Barclaycard on to:

TOMMY CLOTHING LTD (N2)
2 OAKLEY STREET, NORTHAMPTON

Please allow 10-14 days for delivery. If not fully satisfied money will be refunded or goods exchanged + returned within 7 days.

BERLYN ARCADE

Have you got an **INGOT**?

ALL PRICES INCLUDE AN 18" STERLING SILVER OR 9 CT GOLD CHAIN

Silver 7oz £4.95
7oz £8.50
1oz £16.95

Solid Silver **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

INITIALS ANY TYPE OF LETTERS A-Z Silver £34.50, 9CT £19.75

ALL OUR GOODS SOLID SILVER OR 9 CARAT GOLD

QUOTE YOUR ACCESS NO OR MAKE P.O. OR CHEQUE PAYABLE TO:

GARY BERLYN
Dept NME, 32 Market Row Arcade, London SW9 9DL
7 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
SUBJECT TO HANDLING CHARGE

NEW POSTERS!

CHARLIE'S ANGELS 95p

ABBA No.4 95p

ABBA No.3 £1.10

No. 9 £1.10 FONZ No.2 95p

NEW BCR 1 £1.10 (ALSO No. 2 ON STAGE)

FARRAH 95p

● Set of 10 b/w Abba 10x8 tour photos £6.25 post free

FARRAH No.2 £1.10

C/ANGELS No.2 £1.10

ADD 25p FOR P&P FOR POSTERS (TOTAL) CARDS & POSTERS 22 MOOR STREET BIRMINGHAM 4

Say it on a Say Shirt

I'm Mandy & I love Starsky & Hutch

They're New!

Basil Fawley For P.M.

They're custom printed!

You name it — we print it TO ORDER on a high quality, colour fast, unisex T shirt or Sweatshirt in 100% cotton — any message up to 40 letters per side! Say thank you — sorry — I love you — anything!! — let your wit show. Support your favourite pop star, soccer team, pub, club. A SAY SHIRT SAYS IT ALL!!

Specify CHEST SIZE, colour (2nd choice also), and type of shirt. Print your message clearly and tell us where to send. Delivery in 10 days. Sweatshirts, £4.25. Colours, red, navy, light blue, black. T Shirts, £2.60. Colours, red, navy, white, yellow, blue. Money back guarantee. Prices include V.A.T. and p&p. If you want BOTH sides printed, add £1.00. Cheques and P.O.'s to:

SAY SHIRTS LTD, Dept NME 24, Box 50, 3 Guinea Street, EXETER EX1 1BX

Good discounts on bulk orders. Brochure and price list on request.

New style ZODIAC BIRTHSIGN TEE SHIRTS

beautifully designed Victorian figures in clock face style showing all 12 signs. Post free. An iron on arrow to indicate your birthsign and make it your personalised Tee Shirt.

Only £2.25 each + p & p = £2.50 total

Good quality Tee Shirts with thick ribbed neck and sleeves for snuggly fit. Sizes: S, M, L. Colours: Lt Blue, Yellow, Red, Dk Blue. Please state size and 1st & 2nd colour choice. Also available "G.B." badges 30p incl. p & p.

Send to **ALF READ, NME 101, 1 Onslow Hse., Friars Stile Rd., Richmond, Surrey.** Allow 10-14 days for delivery.

NOW FOR OPENERS!

£7.50 Silver 9 ct. £37.50

£7.00 Silver 9 ct. £35.00

£6.75 Silver 9 ct. £32.50

Super Gold or Silver Pendants complete with 18" Chain. Individually hallmarked quality items. Money back guarantee. Also available 1/2oz. Silver 'dog tag' on 18" chain £8.50.

Prices include P&P. Send cheque/PO to:

Curtis & Williams, 15 Elm Park Drive, Wellington, Telford. TF13 NF.

Great NEW DEAL

EMBR. AFGHAN COATS: 1/2 length, Br. sheepskin £16.75 + £1 carr. Chest 32" - 44"

EMBR. AFGHAN WAISTCOATS: Br/sheepskin £8.50 incl. p.p. Big Boy Jean Co (B) 48 Manor View London N3 2SR

FANTASTIC VALUE

Super flowing feminine dress in cotton. Plain colours: Lt Blue, Cream, Bottle Green, Dark Blue, Olive Green, Dark Brown, Rust, Wine, Black. Neckline trimmed with cotton lace. IN ANY SIZE!! at these unbeatable prices!

1) Pinafore dress (sleeveless) £4.99 + 35p p&p.

2) Puffed sleeved dress £4.99 + 35p p&p. State style, size, colour, and alternative colour. Allow up to 21 days for delivery. Send cheque or P.O.'s to:

JENNIFER WALKER, Dept. N, 30 Stag Lays, Ashted, Surrey.

KT21 2TF. Trade enquiries welcome.

LOOK SCANDINAVIAN

FROM **£5.50** post free U.K. & Eire

SCANDINAVIAN STYLE CLOGS. The original and still the best at Scancentre bargain price. Buy direct and save money. SEND £5.50 (sizes 1-13) £6.25 (sizes 4-6) Uppers in Red, White, Yellow, black, blue, brown leather. £6.99 (sizes 7-11) Uppers in black, blue, brown and white leather on natural wooden orthopaedically shaped sole.

STATE SIZE AND 2nd CHOICE COLOUR

SCANCENTRE (Dept NME)
27 Larksfield Cres., Harwich, Essex
overseas enquiries welcomed

CANNABIS LEAF Fabulous Jewellery

By popular request we have designed a good quality highly detailed Cannabis Leaf Ring for you!! A chunky real silver ring 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 send money to:

ATLAS (Dept N), 40 SYDNEY ST. BRIGHTON.

'Kansa' Fringed Moccasin Boots

Choose from one long top fringe or three fringed layers — made to your own measurements. In TAN SUEDE LEATHER, or distinctive coloured leather — quoted on request. Thick rubber soles, criss-cross lacing up front. Send s.a.e. for further details to Dept. BN, Fig Fashions, Armroyd Lane, Barnsley, Yorks.

Also 'KANSA, MOCCASINS! In Tan Suede with outsoles, sizes 3-10. Just lace up and they're ready to wear. £4.50 post paid. Soft fur fabric lining 75p extra.

A. WRANGLER HOOD SWEATSHIRT
Sleeveless style Made in USA. Top Quality Colours: Red Navy Mid Blue Bottle Green Sizes Sm 34-36, Med 36-40, Lg 42-44. State 2nd choice of colour

B. LEVI ZIPPER SWEATSHIRT
Made in USA. Top Quality. Red Black Dk Grey Lt Grey Sizes Sm Med & Lg. State 2nd choice of colour

C. LEVI HOOD SWEATSHIRT
Zip up. Made in USA. Top Quality. Polar Box Red and Black. Sm Med & Lg.

D. WRANGLER & LEE WESTERN JKT.
Original western style 14oz heavy indigo denim. Sizes 32-34, 36-38, 40-42, 44-46, 48-50

E. LEVI WESTERN JEAN
Original western style 14oz heavy indigo denim with 26" flare washed and pre shrunk. Sizes 26-27, 28-29, 30-32, 34-36. Inside leg 34 or 36

F. LEE BACK POCKET JEAN
Flattering baggy style 14oz heavy indigo denim, washed and pre shrunk. Sizes 26-27, 28-29, 30-32, 34-36. Inside leg 34 or 36

G. WRANGLER WESTERN JEAN
Original western style 14oz heavy indigo denim with 26" flare washed and pre shrunk. Sizes 28-30, 32-34, 36 inside leg 34 and 36

H. LEE WESTERN JEAN
Original western style 14oz heavy indigo denim with 26" flare washed and pre shrunk. Sizes 26-27, 28-29, 30-32, 34-36. Inside leg 36

If paying by Access or Barclaycard please quote number.

Post free UK & Eire. Cheques & P.O.'s to **Matchplace Jeans Ltd 8 Station Rd West Croydon Surrey.**

THE ORIGINAL OLD DENIM GEAR

SPLIT KNEE JEANS
£7.95 + 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 SHORTS
£3.95 + 50p p&p. Ideal for summer, pre-worn Wrangler and Levi cut-offs. Available in sizes 22"-40" waist (girls state hip).

CAP SLEEVE T-SHIRT
£1.95 + 25p p&p. Available in most colours, sizes S,M,L. State 1st & 2nd colour choice. Looks great with the shorts. Ord both for only £5.50 + 50p p&p.

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 + 50p 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 JACKET
£8.95 + 70p p&p. Smart short jacket in used denim. Pin tuck front, metal button fastening. Fantastic fit. State chest/bust size 32"-42".

JEAN SKIRT
£6.95 + 60p p&p. Calif length skirt made from old Levi or Wrangler jeans with V insert front and back. State hip size 30"-40".

Please allow 10-14 days delivery. If not fully satisfied 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.

Send cheques/P.O.'s or Access/Barclaycard nos to: **Tommy Clothing Ltd., (NME 1) 2 Oakley Street, Northampton** Please send double postage and packing outside U.K.

TO ADVERTISE IN NME

01-261 6172



TEAZERS

A Weekly Miracle

(that any of this stuff ever gets written at all)

WAS IT PURE coincidence that when **Johnny Rotten** and entourage joined the post-gig party for **Southside Johnny** at the Rainbow on Wednesday, **Bob Harris** chose that moment to depart the proceedings?

Speculation and gossip aside, **Southside J** and **The Asbury Jukes** — with guest star **Ronnie Spector** excelling — delivered a truly magnificent/rousing/stupendous set earlier on the Rainbow stage, where they were joined towards the finale by **Graham Parker & The Rumour**, **Miami Steve** and various **Bandits**. Also at the apres-concert bash were members of **The Clash**...

As you've probably read in the nationals, **Cindy "Miss World" Breakspeare's** boyfriend **Bob "Mr Jamaica — That's My business, mon!" Marley** was fined £50 when he appeared at Marylebone Court last week charged with possession of cannabis. Also in the dock: **Aston Barret**, who got stung £25 for having a spliff concealed in his sock. Afterwards Marley told reporters: "I smoke a joint of cannabis a day back home"...

'On the 'eels of the two **Stooges** re-issues and the info that Elektra will re-release **The MCS's** "Kick Out The Jams" to join "Back In The USA" in the record racks comes news of CBS scheduling **Iggy's** "Raw Power" for re-issue on the their budget Embassy label. For beginners, "Raw Power" was cut in 1973 when **David Bowie** rescued The Ig from the obscurity of cutting lawns and stalking the streets, and flew him, **Ron** and **Scott Asheton**, and axeman **James Williamson** to London and a recording studio. The release of

"Raw Power" means that all The Ig's work to date will be fully available (this news brings a wry smile to the features of **Nick Kent**). The 5, meanwhile, need one more to complete their set — their third and last album "High Time", released by Atlantic in 1971...

Uh! Glug! **Fleetwood Mac** recently raised some 22,000 dollars for The Jacques Cousteau Society...

No sign or word of **Wilko's** replacement when the **Feelgoods** played the Easter Festival in Munich over the weekend with **Henry McCullough** depping temporarily for the absent axeman and **Tim Hinkley** augmenting The Dr. on keyboards...

At the same festival, **Small Faces** in excellent form. See also page 36...

Second **Fleetwood Mac** paragraph of the week: Bassist **John McVie** recently bought a house in California which he still hasn't even seen let alone viewed as prospective purchaser. McVie, currently in tow with a new girlfriend, has been living in a 40-foot ketch ("That's a kind of boat" — **E. Heath**) since moving out of the abode he shared with estranged wife **Christine**. It was **Mick Fleetwood** who viewed and arranged the purchase of McVie's new home — such trust in one's friend's judgements and taste is, we're sure you'll agree, truly touching...

He's a lad, inne. Because **David Bowie** called his album "Low", waggish **Nick Lowe** seriously thinking of calling his new EP "Bowi"...

Clash booked last-minute ad spots on Capital Radio to announce their non-appearance at the weekend **John Cale** concerts. Since most people at NME had been hearing stories

for a fortnight that they wouldn't appear, **T-Zers** wonders why their name continued to appear on ads for the gig and why it wasn't until Good Friday that they made their announcement via the radio...

We can't answer that, but we can tell you that **Generation X's** bass player (they took **Clash's** place) went onstage wearing a tee-shirt which claimed — and proclaimed — "The Clash were never booked"...

More on the same gig: **John Cale** turned in a great set, with more composure composure-wise than he displayed on his last tour, and was joined by **Chris Spedding** for his encore...

Cash in the krugerrands: On their forthcoming U.S. tour **EEP** taking entourage of 125 people including 70-piece orchestra and choir and full production crew on loan from the National Ballet of Canada...

After industry speculation of a link-up with Island, the determinedly-unconventional and fiercely-independent **Beserkley Records** is establishing its own operation in the UK, using Decca for distribution. **Beserkley U.K.** will operate out of Kingston-on-Thames (where they'll have to keep the windows shut to keep out the sounds of the **Moody Blues'** hi-fi's). First releases are singles by **Johathan**

Southside Johnny (that's him in the white suit) and The Rumour (G Parker at the mike, others to left of pic) cut the mustard, chomp the gristle, bite on the beat etc at the Rainbow Wednesday. See column 1. The guy in the hat, by the way, is Miami Steve. Pics: TOM SHEEHAN.

Richman ("Roadrunner"), **The Rubinoos** (their US hit "I Think We're Alone Now") and **Earthquake** ("Kicks") with new **Greg Kihn** and **Jonathan Richman** elpees to follow...

As predicted in NME — as they say — **The Vibrators** have left **Mickie Most's RAK** and signed, worldwide, to CBS...

Shades of Kong. **Evel Kneivel** planning a leap between the twin towers — a 300ft distance — of Manhattan's World Trade Centre as his next big jump...

"There are more major record company A&R men than punters in the Roxy Club these days, and the general vibe seems to be that if it moves and has a guitar round its neck, sign it" — **Chiswick Records' boss Ted Carroll** in *Music Week* explaining why he looked outside of London for two new signings, **The Radiators From Space**, from Dublin, and **Skrewdriver**, from Blackpool. Both have new singles on Chiswick for rush-release...

Was **Joe Meek**, the man who produced **The Tornados** and **Heinz** among others, the first rock minimalist? Decca, who have a Joe Meek memorial album on release, threw a gig/party in North London last Tuesday (Meek's birthdate) with appearances by **Heinz** whose pre-Billy Idol platinum blond

THE SUPPORTERS CLUB "WE WANT THE CUP"

DJM DJS 10766

LARRY GATLIN

WITH FAMILY & FRIENDS

"BROKEN LADY"

Monument SMNT 5142

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
Angus MacKinnon
Andrew Tyler
Nick Kent
Bob Edmunds
Tony Benyon
Max Bell
Fred Dellar
Chris Salewicz
Brian Case
Cliff White
Joe Stevens
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
forbidden.

hair is now brown, **The Outlaws**, **Mike Berry**, **Screaming Lord Sutch** and **Rock Island Line**. The **Tornados** and **Jess Conrad** watched but didn't participate. The venue was the Archway Tavern, just down the road from Meek's old studio...

Our apologies to **Tony Calder** for the references to him in the piece on Immediate in *Thrills* last week. Calder says he has now severed all relations with the company, having tendered his resignation on July 1 1976. He left Immediate at the end of last year, and is now working in America outside the record business... Apologies also to **Alan Spenner** for confusing him with **Jim Mullen** in the feature on **Bridget St. John**...

T-Zers goes Nationwide — to Cornwall to be specific, where *NME's* **Neil Spencer** spent Easter, and reports not a safety pin in sight. Out West, hippies still rule OK. This has been a Nice-To-Know-There's-Some-Things-You-Can-Always-Rely-On special announcement...

FUN HOLIDAYS FOR THE 18-32's

ALL INCLUSIVE

VILLA HOLIDAYS
IN GREECE or SPAIN

Join the PLEASURE SEEKERS and enjoy water ski-ing, sailing, horse-riding, discos/dancing, barbecues plus lots more.

For free colour brochure write to: Dept NME

CLASH

Western Chambers, Western Road, Romford, Essex.

24 hour Dial-a-brochure: Romford 62286/7/8

... now out + THE LP + The CLASH

"When was the last time you heard an angry psychedelic band?"

Giovanni Dadomo — Sounds



the stranglers

THE LATEST FIRST IV ALBUM
RATTUS NORVEGICUS



UA
ALBUM **UAC 30045**
CASSETTE **TCK 30045**

**First 10,000 include
a free single**