

Aus. 35c; NZ 35c; SA 35c; Den. Kr5.6; Fr. NF4.50
Ger. Dm2.50; Malaysia \$1.10; Spn. 65pts

'PATRIOTS' CUT UP ROUGH

Rotten, Cook
beaten up

Page 11

ALEX HARVEY

Page 21

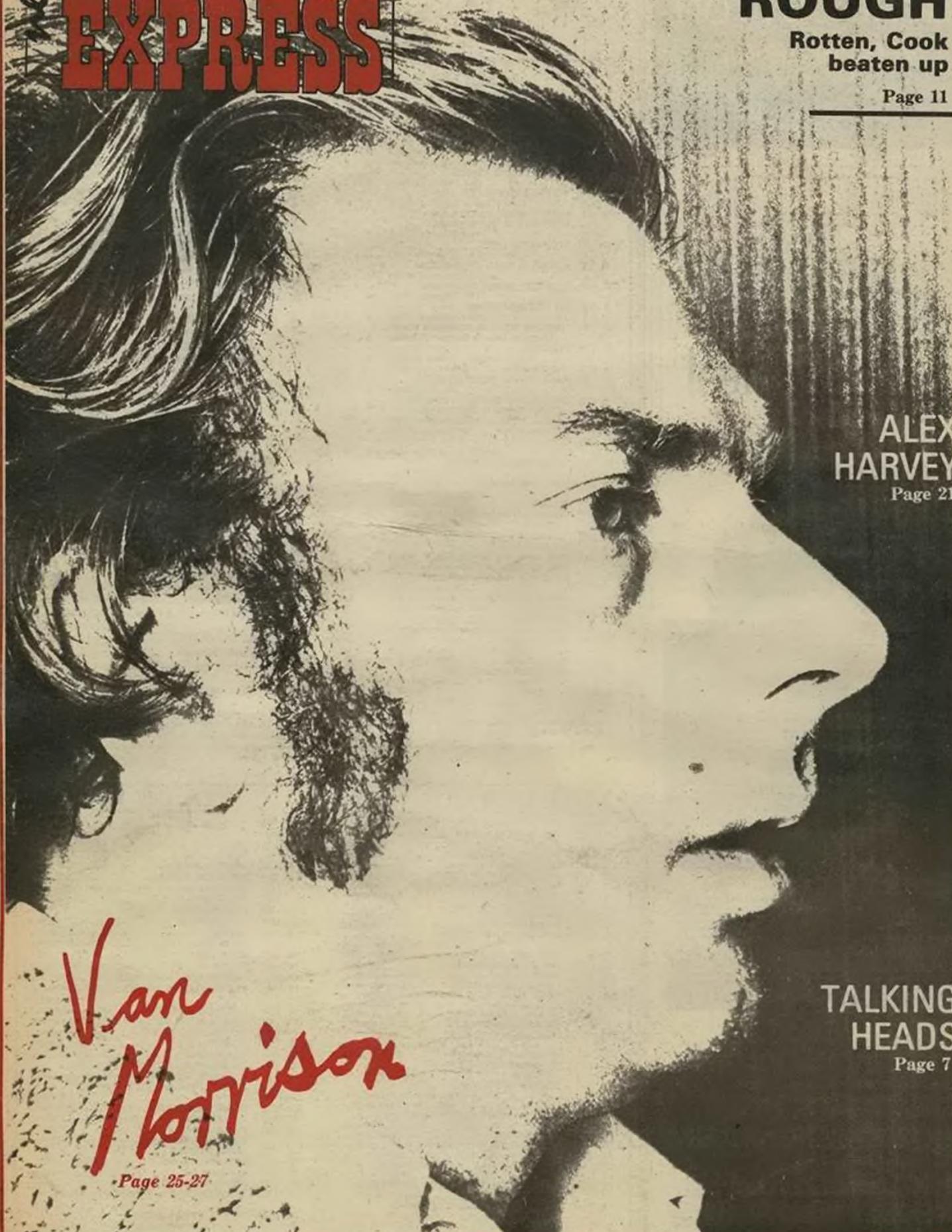
*Van
Morrison*

Page 25-27

TALKING HEADS

Page 7

By: CHALKIE DAVIES



News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

READING FESTIVAL LINE-UP

Lizzy confirmed, Alex with SAHB

THIN LIZZY are confirmed for this year's three-day Reading Festival (August 26-28). And as forecast by NME in March, the event also marks Alex Harvey's return to front SAHB. A large number of support bands have still to be finalised, but the organisers have now — with one exception — completed the line-up of major names.

The Friday night bill (26) is co-headlined by Uriah Heep and Eddie & The Hot Rods. Special guests are the Dutch band Golden Earring.

Thin Lizzy top the bill on the Saturday (27), with Graham Parker & The Rumour and Aerosmith, who are billed as "special guests from America."

Sunday (28) sees the return of Alex Harvey with the SAHB: Racing Cars are also set. A top American band has still to be confirmed for this date, and NME understands it is likely to be either the Doobie Brothers or the Gregg Allman Band.

Among support bands already signed are Lone Star, Ultravox, No Dier, U-Boat and Five Hand Reel. Full details of the final line-up and running order will be announced in a week or two.

Tickets for the entire weekend cost £7.95, including camping and parking. Application can be made immediately by post to NJF/Reading Festival (to whom cheques and postal orders should be made payable), P.O. Box No. 450, London W1A 4SQ, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope. Allow 28 days for delivery.

Daily tickets are not available in advance, but will be on sale at the event provided the 30,000 crowd is



ALEX HARVEY



PHIL LYNOTT of Thin Lizzy

not exceeded. Prices for these are £3 on Friday, £4 on both Saturday and Sunday, with parking extra.

This is the 17th consecutive year the National Jazz Federation has staged a festival, and the eighth year running at the Reading riverside site. But this year, it's retained the Annual NJF/Marquee Festival — replacing the former National Jazz, Blues And Rock Festival billing.

The organisers stress that Country Joe McDonald will definitely appear, despite the cancellation of his tour with David Bromberg. John Oway and Wild Willy Barrett are the latest addition to the bill, but Richard and Linda Thompson have pulled out as they are unable to get a band together.

Tickets for this event (July 15-17) cost £5.50 for the weekend, and can be obtained from NJF/July Wakes Festival (also the payee for cheques and P.O.s) at the same address as the Reading Festival.

RACING CARS will have a new album released by Chrysalis to tie in with their Reading appearance. Prior to that, they preview the LP at Folkestone Less Cliff Hall (July 16), Plymouth Woods Centre (26), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (28), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (29), Sheffield Top Rank (31), Stafford Top Of The World (August 1), Scunthorpe Tiffany's (2) and Birmingham Barbarella's (5 and 6).

ONE STAR'S latest CBS album "Finning On A D Six", their first to feature new vocalist John Sloman, will also be issued to coincide with Reading. After the festival, the band set out on a major European and U.K. tour.

The truth about the 12-month drop-out by Harvey

ALEX HARVEY's lengthy absence from the SAHB was caused not by his work on solo projects but by serious injuries sustained when scaffolding fell on him during the band's British tour last year.

A spokesman for Mountain Management told NME: "We're now decided to come clean and reveal the true facts. Alex has been busy writing and researching, but mainly because it's been impossible for him to

undertake any stage work. "When the accident happened, he not only suffered chipped bones, but he also damaged part of his spinal nervous system. And although he's now recovered, he still has to wear a back-brace."

Alex plays his first date for over a year with the SAHB on August 21 at the Blitz Festival in Belgium, prior to appearing at Reading a week later. A full British concert tour by Harvey and the band is planned for the autumn.

Robertson re-joining Lizzy for recording & Reading

THIN LIZZY, currently operating as a three-piece following the departure of guitarist Gary Moore, are likely to have Brian Robertson back in their line-up when they headline at Reading on August 27.

The band are at present recording a new album in Canada, with Robertson taking over from Moore who has left to pursue other projects. A spokesman commented: "Brian will still be working on solo activities

and maintaining his partnership with Jimmy Bain. But it's true that he's also recording and touring with Lizzy, and may well play with them at Reading, though it isn't necessarily a permanent reunion."

Health reasons prevented Robertson from accompanying Lizzy on their U.S. tour earlier this year, and Moore stood in for him. It was later announced that Robertson had left the band, but now Moore's departure paves the way for his return.



Windsor Council fights punk plan

WINDSOR COUNCIL is preparing to fight off plans to stage a punk rock festival in the area, revealed exclusively by NME last week. The Sex Pistols are among the bands being negotiated for the event which would be held on a private farm outside Windsor.

The reported prompted the Daily Mirror and several local papers to contact NME for more information. The Mayor of

Windsor, Ian Harris, said after learning of the project: "We may have to seek an injunction to stop it."

No date has yet been announced for the festival, with the deliberate intention of blunting any objections or injunction attempts. And the promoters are confident that the event will take place later in the summer, attracting upwards of 50,000 people at £2.50 per head.

Pistols go silver

SALES OF THE Sex Pistols' single "God Save The Queen" were fast approaching the quarter-million mark as NME closed for press this week. And this means the band are certain to qualify for a Silver Disc — a unique achievement for a single faced with a blanket ban by TV and radio.

A spokesman for Virgin Records commented: "We shall probably arrange something quite preposterous for the presentation."

Contrary to reports in the national Press beforehand, the

Pistols did not take part in the Summer Solstice at Stonehenge on Tuesday night. Said the spokesman: "They never had any intention of doing so. It just isn't their scene. They were no more likely to appear at Stonehenge than Val Doonican."

The Pistols' single drops to No. 3 in the NME Chart this week, mainly because many shops are still refusing to stock it, and are therefore not including it in their sales returns from which the Top Thirty is compiled.

New-wave in new disputes

THE STRANGLERS (left) switched their show in Liverpool last Sunday from the Empire Theatre to Eric's Club, where they gave two performances.

This was because they felt a gig at the Empire would not be in keeping with their policy of maintaining close contact with audiences. A few days earlier on June 13, their date at Bradford St. George's Hall had been cancelled because of what the local council called "a booking mix-up".

FRUIT EATING BEARS had their scheduled Tuesday-night residency at Croydon Scamps cancelled after their first appearance. The manager explained that he thought the band were very good but, even so, he did

not want punks playing in his venue. One consolation is that the group were paid for the gigs they are not playing.

RADIO STARS have been banned from Bristol Colston Hall after their recent gig there, as support to Eddie & the Hot Rods. The ban stems from an incident when Andy Ellison jumped from the stage on to the back of a bouncer, who was allegedly mistreating members of the audience. With Ellison still on his back, the bouncer rushed to the back of the hall, where other heavies started putting the boot in. A section of the audience quickly intervened, enabling Ellison to return to stage. He suffered considerable bruising in the incident.

Wrotham gets the go-ahead

THE OPEN-AIR concert planned for Wrotham Park — between Barnet and Potters Bar on the Herts-Middlesex border — was given the go-ahead this week when promoter Mel Bush was granted a licence to stage the event. Stipulations include a 70,000 crowd limit and a 10pm finish. Bush told NME: "I can't firm up the date until I've contracted the headline acts, and that will take another week or two. But it will be late August or early September."

This year's Knebworth concert is scheduled for the same period: details follow shortly.

Harvey Goldsmith, at present lining up his two-day festival at Longleat on September 3 and 4, will definitely be promoting another Garden Party at Crystal Palace Bowl later in the

summer. He said this week: "It will probably take place either a week before or a week after Longleat, because I may use some of the artists at both events."

New-wave in French event

THE DAMNED, The Clash, The Jam and The Boys all on the same bill — plus Eddie & the Hot Rods, Dr. Feelgood, Tyla Gange, Little Bob Story, The Police and many more. Unfortunately it isn't happening in this country, but in France. These are just some of the names confirmed for the Mont de Marsan Festival on August 5 and 6.

Country Joe concert

COUNTRY JOE McDonald, whose projected tour with the David Bromberg Band was called off, is to play a solo concert at London Queen Elizabeth Hall on July 30. As previously reported, he is set for the July Wakes Festival at Charnock Richard in mid-July, and is also to appear in one other major festival — details of which have still to be announced. Despite the scrapping of his dates with Bromberg, the European leg of their joint itinerary goes ahead as planned.

Table with 2 columns: BEATLE BOOKS and MUSIC BOOKS. Lists various music books and their prices.

Musique Boutique advertisement with address: 70 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, PICCADILLY CIRCUS LONDON W1A 4PJ.

PASH MUSIC STORES — BY POST advertisement with list of songbooks and prices.

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

Bad Company — second gig

BAD COMPANY are to headline a second concert at London Earls Court Stadium on Sunday, July 3. Their gig at this venue the previous night has now sold out.

Racing Cars and Metropolis are again the support acts, and tickets for the extra show are on sale now priced £1.50, £2.50 and £1.50. They can be obtained from the box-office and usual agencies, or by post from Earls Court, Warwick Road, London S.W.5. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to "Earls Court & Olympia Ltd. (Bad Company)", enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

VIBRATORS: NEW TOUR LINED UP

THE VIBRATORS, who earlier this month played a string of concerts as support act to Ian Hunter's Overnight Angels, set out this weekend on another headlining tour of their own. They are promoting their newly-released CBS album "Pure Mania", and confirmed dates are Colchester College (this Saturday), Chelmsford Chancery Hall (Sunday), Harlow Tiffany's (June 28), Swindon Affair (29), Leeds Polytechnic (30), Sunderland Seaburn Hall (July 1), Dunstable California (2), Croydon Greyhound (3), London Twickenham Winning Post (6), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (8), Scunthorpe Priory Hotel (9), Manchester Electric Circus (10), Wakefield Unity Hall (12), Leicester Tiffany's (13), Coventry Mr George's (14), Retford Porterbours (15), Redditch Tracey's (16), Birkenhead Mr Digby's (21), Liverpool Eric's (23), Stafford Top Of The World (25), Cardiff Top Rank (26), Plymouth Woods Centre (21), Penzance The Garden (28) and Ross-on-Wye Havery's (29).



AWB GIG with Ben E. King

AVERAGE WHITE BAND and Ben E. King co-headline a concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Friday July 22. This follows the news in NME last week that the two acts are teaming up for a series of dates to promote their joint album.

King will open the London show with his own band, then the AWB perform their own set, before King returns to join the AWB as guest vocalist. Tickets are on sale now at the box-office and usual agents priced £3, £2.50 and £2. Promoter is Harvey Goldsmith.

The London date is their only British gig at this time, though they plan to continue their partnership on an occasional basis.

Jack The Lad jack it in

JACK THE LAD are to disband next month after a farewell concert at Aylebury Friars on Saturday, July 9. Formed in 1973 by three breakaway Lindisfarne members — Rod Clements, Ray Laidlaw and Simon Cowe — they outlived their parent band Lindisfarne by three years. Clements left after 15 months, but they have continued working steadily ever since.

Following several albums — first on Charisma, then United Artists — the band are currently without a record contract. This is the main reason for their decision to split.

Commented manager Jim Dawson: "They always attract good audiences on the gig circuit, but record-wise it just wasn't happening. So now they're going to consider their respective futures and, for the time being, they'll probably involve themselves in session work."

He added that the band may decide to re-form at some future time. Meanwhile, Laidlaw has joined Radiator, along with ex-Lindisfarne co-leader Alan Hull.



Isaac Hayes tour

ISAAC HAYES is scheduled for a British tour, a year after the idea was first proposed. Hayes is due here in the early autumn, probably October, for a string of concerts. Promoter Jeff Kruger of Ember Concerts is now in America finalising details of his tour. Hayes was recently declared bankrupt in the States, and this has probably motivated his decision finally to tour Britain. He makes a rare TV appearance tomorrow (Friday) in an acting role in BBC-1's "Rockford Files".

RITCHIE BLACKMORE's Rainbow will also be touring Britain in early autumn, probably from late September. Promoter Harvey Goldsmith sold NME that he is currently lining up dates. But both he and the band's management denied reports that Rainbow would be appearing in an open-air gig at Salford Rugby League Ground in August.

Ultravox top autumn tour

ULTRAVOX play their first major concert tour in this country in September, a three-week itinerary timed to coincide with the release of their second Island album. Meanwhile they are playing a short series of one-nighters, with gigs confirmed at Newcastle-under-Lyme Tiffany's (tonight, Thursday), Scarborough Penthouse (Friday), Shrewsbury Tiffany's (June 28), London Marquee (30), Leeds Polytechnic (July 1), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (2), Plymouth Castaways (3), Stafford Top Of The World (4) and the Marquee again (14).

Terje Rypdal in November

TERJE RYPDAL, the Norwegian guitarist and keyboard player, brings his four-piece group to Britain in November for their first full tour. They will be here for 17 days opening November 8, and plan to have a symphony orchestra accompany them at some of the larger halls including a leading London venue. The tour is being lined up Paul Charles of the Asgard Agency.

Rods live at Marquee X 5

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS headline a five-night season at London Marquee starting August 21.

It's the first time any act has been booked for a season of this length at the Marquee, and it immediately precedes their appearance at the Reading Festival, for which they are now confirmed as one of the main attractions on the opening night of the event — Friday, August 26.

Jam, O Band: extra shows

THE JAM have added another date to their current British tour — at Shrewsbury Tiffany's on July 12. And at the second of their special London Jubilee gigs, at Battersea Town Hall on June 27, The Boys — who were supposed to have joined them in their aborted Chelsea Football Ground gig — will be the support act.

THE 'O' BAND, now on the road around Britain, complete their tour schedule by playing two London club dates at Kensington Nashville Rooms on July 14 and 21.

Petty's final two gigs off

TOM PETTY and the Heartbreakers have cancelled the last two gigs on their headlining British tour, scheduled for Exeter University (tomorrow, Friday) and Hull University (Saturday).

A spokesman explained: "They were exhausted after their extensive tour with Nils Lofgren, and they only agreed to play a few dates in their own right because of the enormous impact they had created. But they had to call it a day after their Rainbow gig last Sunday." There are plans for Petty and the band to return to Britain, either at the end of this year or early 1978.

Brand X get new drummer

BRAND X, currently working without Phil Colton owing to his heavy commitments with Genesis, have parted company with temporary guest drummer Joe Blocker "due to artistic differences". After auditioning dozens of potential candidates, they have now taken on American drummer Kenwood Dennard, and he is at present touring the States with them. It is likely that he will still be playing with Brand X when they tour Britain later in the year.

Albertos for London stint

ALBERTO V Lost Trios Paranoias are taking their show "Razorblades & Roundshot", reviewed by NME last week in cartoon form, on tour under the new title of "Sleak". Written by C. P. Lee, it concerns the birth of Snuff Rock! First confirmed dates are Liverpool Eric's Club (July 12-15) and a four-day London season at the Royal Court Theatre from July 20.

NEWS FLASH!

LONDON

SINGLE "EVERYONE'S A WINNER" MCA 305

NOW ON TOUR WITH THE STRANGLERS

22 City Hall GLASGOW
 23 Winter Gardens CLEETHORPES
 24 Exhibition Centre BRISTOL
 26 ROUNDHOUSE LONDON (two shows)

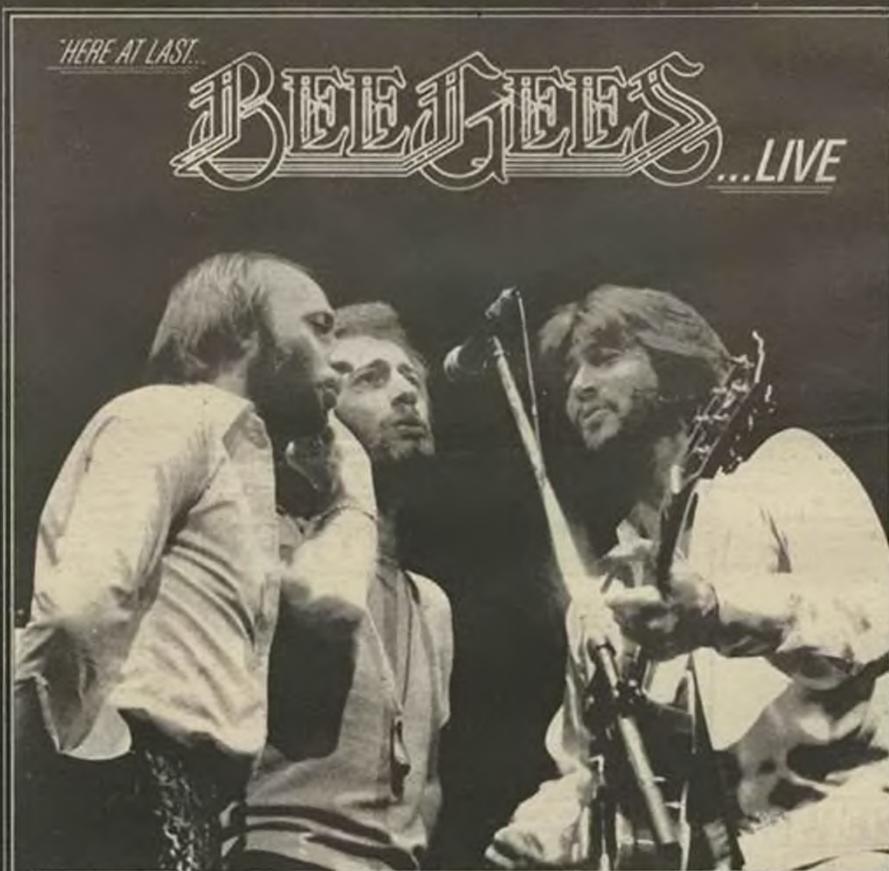
MCA RECORDS
 MCA Records, 1 Great Marlbury Street, London W1

ORDER NOW FROM YOUR LOCAL RECORD SHOP

HERE AT LAST...

BEE GEES LIVE!!!

Only
£4.49
R.R.P.



DOUBLE ALBUM INCLUDING 22 BEE GEES' ALL TIME GREATEST HITS

I'VE GOTTA GET A MESSAGE TO YOU · LOVE SO RIGHT · EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE ·
 COME ON OVER · CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN · WIND OF CHANGE · NIGHTS ON BROADWAY ·
 JIVE TALKIN' · LONELY DAYS · NEW YORK MINING DISASTER 1941 · RUN TO ME - WORLD -
 I CAN'T SEE NOBODY - I STARTED A JOKE - HOLIDAY - MASSACHUSETTS (THE LIGHTS WENT OUT IN) ·
 HOW CAN YOU MEND A BROKEN HEART · TO LOVE SOMEBODY · YOU SHOULD BE DANCING ·
 BOOGIE CHILD · DOWN THE ROAD · WORDS ·



TALKING HEADS

BY NICK KENT

ARTISTIC



Jerry Harrison

ORIGINAL



David Byrne

SENSITIVE



Chris Frantz

INTELLIGENT



Tina Weymouth

Are these guys trying to give rock a bad name?

TALKING HEADS: it's a term they use up in the high-rise skyscrapers that house all the cogs in the corporate machinery cranking out network television for the American people.

The big wigs in the boardroom — the William Holdens and Robert Duvalis of *Network* land — have a name for the lowest common-denominator programme non-personalities — the newscaster, the alter-reporter, and other old warhorses who sit head and shoulders directly on camera mouthing out their obligatory tasks. These are the "talking heads" of American TV land; utterly boring, but necessary.

Talking heads with greying hair, dabs of make-up and dandruff removed from the shoulders of their suit-jackets, they sit austere informing the public of the nation's daily occurrences — the rapes and murders, the military campaigns abroad, the latest government manoeuvres. No opinions, no subjective slant to their reports — they simply précis it down, feed it out to those millions of tubes and when it's over they go away, back to the bar or to the suburban home, wife and kids.

David Byrne, guitarist and singer for the Talking Heads, an American rock group, has a song that he wrote and performs entitled "Don't Worry About The Government". It usually gets played early on in the set, with no prefacing explanation — just Byrne's steady high-pitched voice almost stammering "This next song is called

And every time he introduced it to an audience in England, certain factions would trigger or boo or howl derisively because Talking Heads after all are a NEW WAVE group and if you are a New Wave group you must write direct anti-status quo, sloganising songs of dissent. Just like The Clash or Chelsea or

But Byrne's song isn't like that at all. It's about an ordinary man who owns an apartment in some American suburb and who lives a quiet, fairly

inconsequential existence, going to work in the morning and returning in the evening, who gains pleasure from life simply through drinking wine with friends or reading a book. There is no hint of moral castigation, no hint of cynicism, Byrne just places himself in his character's psyche and explains himself through his song.

It's a rare talent this, something much closer to the art of the very best short-story writers, a talent that only Ray Davies and Randy Newman before him, out of all the thousands of post-war song-writers, have bothered to identify with and explore perceptively.

"I just thought," said Byrne, "that lyrics could be used to strip down conversations, just normal day-to-day conversations and dialogues, and strip away all the phoney embellishments and posturing right down to essentials so that they would actually say something directly, without having to

throw in all the 'Oh yeah, baby' or 'Hey, bitch I'm coming to get ya right now' or

"Pa-a-arty," chips in Jerry Harrison, the Talking Heads' keyboard player.

Everybody laughs.

NOT AN easy band to write about, these Talking Heads.

They mystify and confuse simply because they so potently lack any hint of the arch brand of mystique that forms a patented cloak for the rock star enigma. Four intelligent, straightforward individuals, the very straightforward nature of their music and their image is somehow unique to the genre they have chosen to work within.

Not that the press haven't attempted time and time again to write about them, almost always in flattering terms.

They emerged as a live attraction in the hot summer of 1975 when Manhattan's CBGB's had suddenly been designated the centre-point of all new-wave rock activity, and were immediately slotted in with the likes of Television, Patti Smith, The Ramones, and Heartbreakers as the pace-setters right there at the vanguard of this brave new scene. Convenient tags like 'punk' and 'art-rock' found themselves strange bed-fellows in numerous articles consumed by the inevitable banding of the term 'minimalism'.

New York rock critics, having witnessed the ugly death of the New York Dolls brand of gasped-up rock, latched on fast to this new austere dressed-down form of the music, and the Talking Heads, suddenly caught in the swell, found themselves holding down the cover of the prestigious *Village Voice* with a photograph taken at only their third gig. Inside was a rave-review of said show with an extensive article.

Since then, coverage has been as extensive as it has been perplexingly unforthcoming in regard to mere bottom line info on what the band were actually all about.

What was disclosed was that the band was a trio then, led by the angular, neurotic-looking Byrne who carried all guitar, vocal and composing chores, while the bass-player was a slight blonde-haired girl called Tina Weymouth whose basic feminist features were undermined by a slightly asexual manner. Drummer Chris Frantz was baby-faced and pleasantly effeminate.

Their music, though, seemed incapable of being pigeon-holed and continually presented reviewers with a daunting problem.

Having witnessed the band on four separate occasions over this last highly successful European tour, it became at once apparent that the care of Talking Heads' repertoire — principally Byrne's songs — is not

something that casual acquaintance can unravel. At first, they intrigue as much as they bemuse, but the deeper you dig the more you uncover. Like Television, Talking Heads must be divorced from pigeon-holed surroundings because there is nothing currently existing in the rock context that they can be favourably compared to.

Byrne's melodies — are so invidious that they often totally by-pass the conventional quarters that rock music usually attempts to stimulate, instead going deeper, often lodging themselves in your subconscious. One song, after I'd witnessed the band only once at the Rock Garden, somehow kept manifesting itself in my dreams — this strange, utterly disarming descending chord motif would haunt me until I'd wake up desperately trying to recall it. It was only later that I even got to learn the song's title, "The Book I Read".

THIS IS how the band's music works — in a way that transcends conventional avenues of 'rock criticism' where parallels to established musical forms become redundant and trite. When one has finally achieved some intimacy and contact with the repertoire, the music alone is overwhelming at times. One song — Byrne's "Tina Turn Me On" — is a study in and turns, its twined guitar rhythms chattering and spitting like snap-dragons with sudden unsettling changes, its chorus brash and pointedly announced — before it charges off, climaxing in a devastating one chord ricochet of sound. Each song takes on a personality of its own as one becomes more and more acquainted — the jagged paranoid thrashiness of "What Is It?" full of technical malevolence, the richly textured abrasive changes of "No Compassion", that utterly disarming motif to "The Book I Read".

Similarly the lyrics make themselves apparent in this same

Continued over page



Pic CHALKIE DAVIES

From previous page

insidious fashion, via sudden dazzling couplets or single lines that grab you as Byrne's intricate-gone-psychotic delivery tortuously builds up and up, eyes reeling like wild horses in a flood, his pitching often totally awry but his sheer intensity galvanising because this man is truly grabbing hold of his songs, each and every utterance, like a drowning man grabbing straws.

Byrne's performance is, in fact, full of the tortured passion and gut-commitment that many of us were hoping for and found so disappointingly lacking in Tom Verlaine's recent shows in Britain. Like Verlaine, Byrne is totally the master of his chosen medium, yet there is an edge to Byrne that is so much more human.

Where Verlaine is oh-so-calculatingly distant, Byrne's thrashing desperate need to communicate his songs grants his music a whole other dimension of sheer humanity and warmth a million light years removed from the cold arch-romanticism of Television's guiding light.

OFF-STAGE, uttering with his cohorts in Talking Heads, Byrne exudes all the cooped-up mannerisms of a caged bird. He seems to be suffering from some arch nervous defect that would need a constant ingestion of valium to assuage. Twitching almost, he sits hunched up in a chair, ungainly like a parody of look-alike Tony Peckin. When he talks, his voice is weak and reedy and often his attempts to explain certain facets of his songs — particularly his lyrics — lead him into weird tangential awkward ramblings that cause other members of the band, Tina Weymouth in particular, to open displays of ridicule which make him even more edgy. He looks embarrassed and bows his head slightly.

Observing him, I can't help feeling concerned for his obvious discomfort, as if any form of socialising causes the man to undergo real psychic pain. He later admits to the gross discomfort of what is really just a fairly casual conversation, and claims that performing affords him infinite more relaxation.

"I can express parts of my personality on stage that I would never dare do in any other context." Byrne's past remains obscured by the haze of his own recollections. He talks about working in art galleries in the past, though he didn't in fact paint, while he claims his previous vocation while in college was to write up detailed questionnaires, until song-writing became an infinitely more agreeable pastime.

In contrast, the other three members of Talking Heads carry themselves in this social set-up with an ease and general openness.

Tina Weymouth appears fairly disinterested at first, more concerned with scanning the pages of the latest *Ou*, but is suddenly forthcoming when a question is either directed her way or else grabs her attention. Chris Frantz seems perfectly in sync with the whole interview routine, lavishing over most of his answers with great and entertainingly 'camp' detail.

And then there is Jerry Harrison, the newest member in the group, a veteran of only six months or less, but who has already obviously orientated himself into the consortium with great alacrity. Harrison is the most loquacious of the band and, with Frantz, the most forthcoming. His history as a musician is already full of worthy fodder for discourse, since he started his career as an integral founding force with Jonathan Richman in the Modern Lovers, about whom his reminiscences are nothing if not extremely witty.

"Well, you probably know that we started the Modern Lovers as a real cause — y'know, we were anti-drugs for a start, due to the fact that at that time in the States all the kids were just chomping themselves on quaaludes. So we'd go onstage and start our sets with this number called "I'm Straight" which would immediately cause all the audience to start throwing things — oh, rotten fruit, bottles, cans, anything — at us."

The Lovers' history was short due firstly to their corporate snooty attitude to playing clubs of the ilk of Max's Kansas City — "We didn't want to be associated with the N.Y. Dolls or this or that... so we never played anywhere" — plus the traumas that followed the band being signed by John Cale to Warner Bros, who



At CBGB's Pic: JOE STEVENS

after financing an album (produced by Cale — it was finally released last year by Bewerkley) decided to drop the band, leaving them penniless in Los Angeles.

Even when the album was being made, Harrison claims there were problems.

"Well this was around the time when Jonathan was starting to want to write and sing only happy songs (laughs). So there'd be continual arguments between Cale and him over how we should sing certain numbers. Cale would be saying 'Now, Jonathan, I want you to sing this in a mean way. And Jonathan would just look at him, y'know — "Mean? I won't sing mean! I don't feel mean!"

"And he (Richman) kept going through changes of direction. Like one time he'd be totally into the Velvet Underground and early Stooges, and then he was suddenly enamoured with Van Morrison's 'Astral Weeks' and he'd want to alter his whole style. Also he's a total astrology freak. You know that song, 'Astral Plane'? Well he was always having these visions — or so he said — and writing songs about them. Things like... oh God (he starts laughing again) 'I saw you by the waterway, the waterway, the waterway' — just on and on. We'd have to tell him to forget it."

After the Modern Lovers broke up, Richman briefly went onstage backed only by a bunch of kids beating rolled-up newspapers in time to his songs, before disappearing altogether for a long spell to (according to John Cale) lock himself in his bedroom.

When Harrison is asked whether he feels more comfortable being in Talking Heads than Richman's motley crew he simply sighs, "Infinitely."

MUCH OF the conversation is taken up with the subject of the British New Wave and how the remarkably civilised T. Heads have found themselves having to cope with the more aggressive elements at their concerts, particularly as they've been supporting the head-banger's friend, The Ramones.

Seems the atmosphere has never actually soured and that circumstances have been pretty agreeable all the way along.

From the other new wave bands of this country, T. Heads claim not to have incurred any particular animosity.

"Only Rik Scarfe has caused a scene," claims Weymouth. "He appeared backstage at the Greyhound in Croydon and tried to get one of us to fight him. When we showed ourselves to be totally disinterested in that course of action, he contented himself with spitting on the floor and walking out. I felt rather sorry for him."

Meanwhile back in New York, the band have yet to break out of the New York club circuit set-up they've been working in for at least the last two years.

A record deal with Sire (whose head, Seymour Stein, is the only executive to have fully committed himself to the New Wave, having also linked The Ramones, Richard Hell, and now, apparently, The Dead Boys, — a Cleveland pastiche of England's punk excesses) has produced the single "Love Goes To Building On Fire", an addictive though comparatively slight song from the band's repertoire.

A Talking Heads album however is scheduled for September release produced by Tony Bongiovi and with

five backing tracks already in the can. Ten tracks are scheduled — all Byrne originals including "Psychokiller", "The Book I Read", "No Compassion", "Happy Day", and "I'm Not In Love", the only unfortunate matter being the probable exclusion of the band's brilliantly terse rendering of Al Green's "Take Me To The River".

The band are still a guaranteed sell-out at C.B.G.B.'s in any given night, a not inconsiderable feat in many other similarly prestigious local bands are unable apparently to do the same — and on their own minor league waterfront they've gauged a strong cult audience.

But then there is something extremely addictive about this band's music — potent enough to make Byrne an object of paranoid fear in the eyes of Tom Verlaine (who according to Weymouth is very nervous of Byrne's status on the New York scene — as perverted a compliment as anything that can be divined from Verlaine's psyche one supposes). Meanwhile Byrne is also considered the most singularly brilliant new songwriter currently in the States by John Cale, and even Lou Reed has lent a sizeable quota of suspiciously paternal advice.

Weymouth: "Yeah, I'd say he was actually genuinely trying to help us. I wouldn't say he was trying to rip us off, for example."

Byrne: "That's not true."

Weymouth: "How can you say that, David?" I mean...

Byrne: "Because he told me he ripped some of my ideas off. Not that I'm angry or anything."

How did the... gentleman go about this paternal business then?

"God... he'd invite us round to his apartment and insult us for a solid hour, particularly me. He'd always insult the clothes I was wearing, or my shoes. Then after that, he'd start to be more reasonable and actually have an agreeable conversation with us."

Byrne goes silent for a minute and then, for the first time, he seems calm and relaxed.

"Do you want to know... I'll tell you how much we've come on in the last two years, the real symbol of progress in Talking Heads. Now I can go round to Lou Reed's apartment and I can be rude to him!"

'SPIRITS IN THE NIGHT'

BRO 42

The brilliant new single by Manfred Mann's Earthband, written by Bruce Springsteen.

MANFRED MANN'S

EARTH BAND

Manfred Mann's Earthband BRO 42

Glorified Manfred BRO 25

Messin' BRO 26

EMI

A M E R I C A N

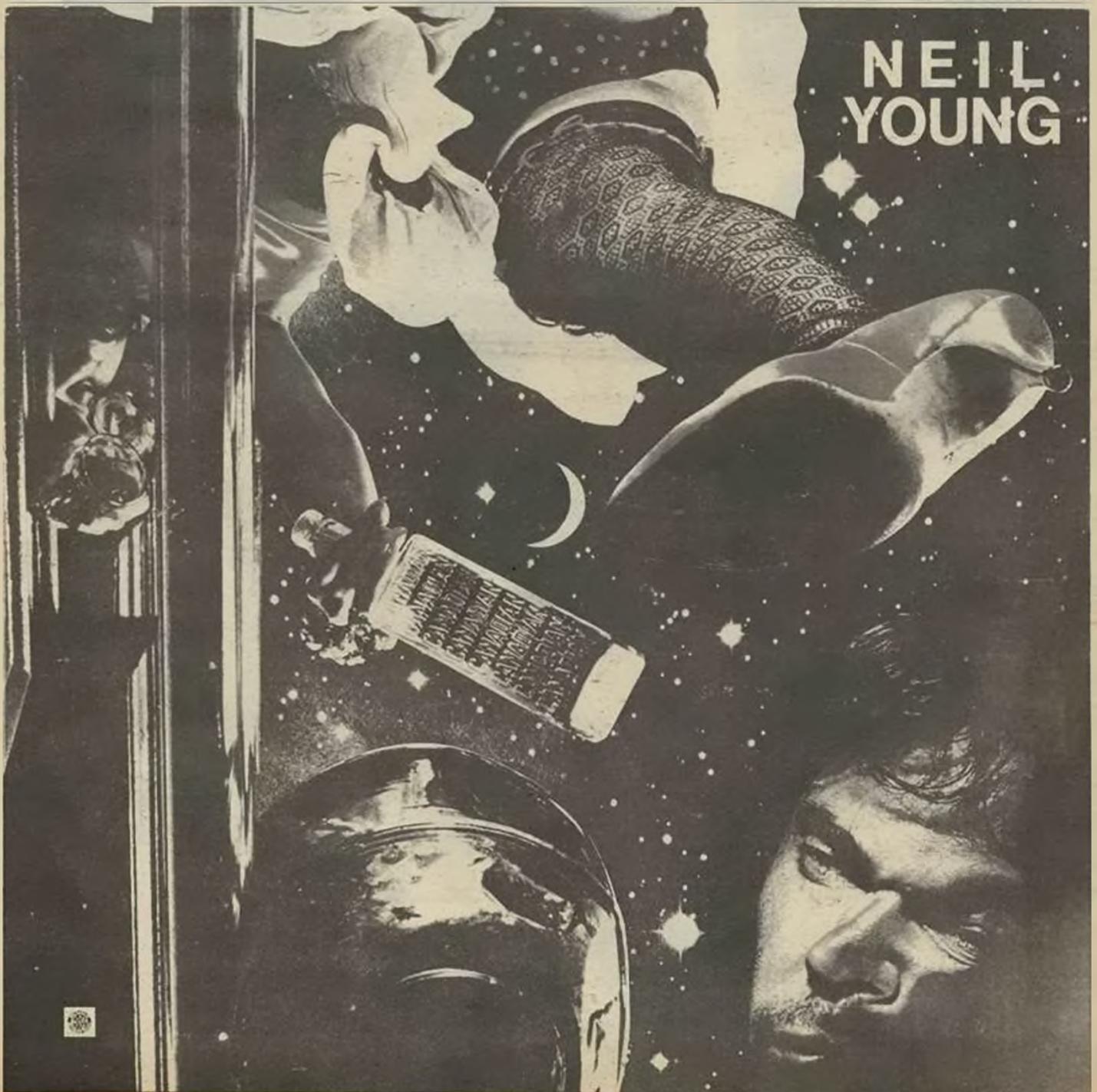
stars 'n bars

N E I L Y O U N G

His new album

KS4088

Available on Polygram Records and Tapes



NEIL YOUNG



THE BEST OF ROD STEWART



Maggie May



Cut Across Shorty



(I Know) I'm Losing You



Handbags & Gladrags



It's All Over Now



Street Fighting Man



Gasoline Alley



Every Picture Tells A Story



Oh! No Not My Baby



Mine For Me



You Wear It Well



Let Me Be Your Car



An Old Raincoat Won't Ever Let You Down



Jodie



Pinball Wizard
From the Rock Opera "THAT WAS - THAT"



Angel



Sailor



What Made Milwaukee Famous (Has Made A Loser Out Of Me)

2
RECORD SET
SPECIAL PRICE
Contains Over 80
Minutes Of Music



Album 6643 030 Cassette 7599 141



AFTER THE FLOOD...

Pistols nearly slain by 'Patriots'

IN WHAT MAY or may not be a backlash from the media hate campaign stirred up around "God Save The Queen", Sex Pistols Johnny Rotten and Paul Cook were both savagely attacked in separate incidents over the weekend.

Cook, the Pistols' drummer, was beaten up at London's Shepherd's Bush tube station by six men armed with an iron bar. Thrills understands that while Cook didn't know who his attackers were, the gang identified him as a member of the Pistols. He was left bleeding from head wounds that required 15 stitches in hospital.

The assault on Cook on Sunday night followed an equally unprovoked and savage attack on Johnny Rotten the previous night — in which Rotten's face was slashed by a razor and two friends with him were also injured.

Rotten had been at a Highbury, North London, recording studio and was attacked in the car park of the nearby Pegasus hotel. He too was taken to hospital for stitches. Studio manager Bill Price also had his face slashed, and "God Save The Queen"

producer Chris Thomas was cut on the arm.

Price was later quoted as saying: "It was obvious that Johnny was not so popular because of the record about the Queen. We are probably marked down for attack when he was recognised in the pub."

Virgin Records are suitably concerned about the two attacks, and have talked about taking special precautions to protect the Pistols. Said a spokesman: "It looks as though punk rockers are in for a hard time. The attackers were not teenage thugs but men in their thirties."

"We are worried that this could be the start of a wave of attacks on the group and other punk rockers."

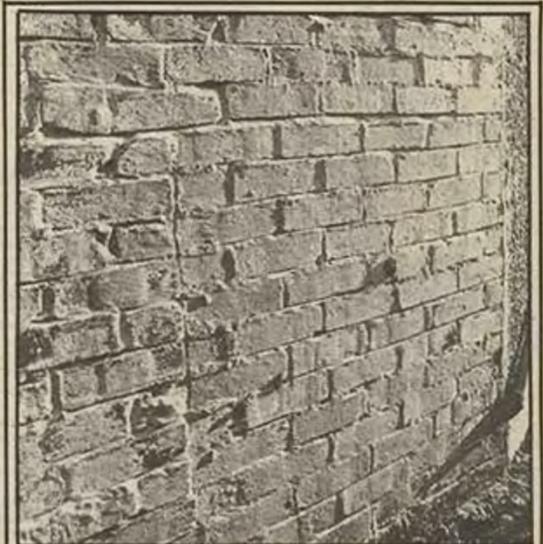
However, both the Pistols' management and Virgin have

dismissed the idea of hiring bodyguards. Virgin's Al Clarke told Thrills: "This would place the Pistols in the cushioned setting which they so despise about rock stars."

Clarke also confirmed that in both attacks Cook and Rotten were picked deliberately and known by their assailants as members of the Pistols.

An NME closed for press, Rotten was said to be recovering well — but Cook was still badly shaken and convalescing at home.

● In a third, unrelated incident reported in Tuesday's Daily Mirror, an unnamed art director "working with the Sex Pistols" was beaten up in the street by four men. He was left unconscious with a broken nose and a broken leg.



GREAT LANDMARKS OF OUR TIME, No. 2

ON JULY 1st 1965 (dgh!) Rolling Stones Bill Wyman, Mick Jagger and Brian Jones were summoned and, in one of the greatest courtroom dramas of the century, subsequently fined — for taking a leak against this very garage wall!

This attractive brick edifice is also believed by experts to be that behind which no less than five Status Quo fans were killed two years ago, knocking their skulls against it to the pandemonic clusters and Aeolian Cadences of "Down Down".

Pic a spiel: CHALKIE DAVIES

JOURNALISM

Train-spotters out, P*nks in

WHILE PICKING up this copy of NME from your friendly downtown newsagent did you perchance see a strikingly good colour pic of Johnny Rotten glaring at you from the magazine stand?

Were you taken aback when you realised it was that Abraham of the Fanzinet, Zig Zag?

What the H*ll is happening to those hippies in Aylesbury?

Since its inception over 8 years ago, Zig Zag has never exactly made any money. Two months ago they put Cherry Vanilla on the cover and the issue sold out, despite being banned by WH Smiths.

Hope dawned. The following month they fronted with Richard Thompson — and created an all-time record for low sales. The penny dropped. Ergo, viz and etc.

Well known William Shakespeare-lookalike Peter Framc founded Zig Zag, and has stayed with it ever since. Despite a recent self-confessed relapse into laziness, Framc most earnestly didn't, quoth Framc, want to see his baby disappear. "If Zig Zag is going to die, then its going to die like James Dean and I'm going to be at the wheel."

Editor for the last three months has been Paul Kendall, but as Framc claimed, "He didn't display the dynamic abrasive thrust that we expected" ("Dynamic? Abrasive? Zig Zag? — Ed.") So the Editor's chair has been taken over by Zig Zag's resident p'nk Kr's Needs. Fr'ame is working under Needs and is overjoyed at the prospect. (This sentence is open to misinterpretation. — Ed.)

Does this mean that Z'g Z'g is going New Wave?

"Zig Zag has been new wave ever since it started. We were the first to write about Iggy, Kim Fowley, The Stranglers, The Flamin' Groovies, the first to interview an ex-Sex Pistol — in Nick Kent — and" (he stressed) "the first to have the words Punk Rock emblazoned on the cover."

Now that is something.

But what about the people ZZ used to write about? "I'm fed up with writing about boring old people who won't talk to me. Besides, I've already written all the masterpieces about those old fannies."

And how about the rest of those long informative pieces on people like Ron Wood?

"Ron Wood is Dead"

□ CHALKIE DAVIES & RON WOOD

You'll never walk alone again

GIRLS! HOW many times in the past ten seconds have you been on your knees for one reason or another?

Count 'em. Sickenng, ain't it? And when was the last time a boy got down on his knees to you? Infuriating, ain't it?

Ah, but over in Florida, U.S.A., they know how to treat a girl! Recently, 19-year-old William

West crawled on his hands and knees the sixteen miles from Orlando to neighbouring Apopka just for a glimpse of his beloved's ankles! What happened, see, was that Will's 16-year-old paramour Robyn Kent gave him the Big E in a fit of pique. Undaunted, William slithered back to her on all fours — but when he finally arrived on her doorstep, knees like Shredded Wheat, Robyn still wasn't satisfied!

She screamed! She cursed! She hurled a hairbrush, hitting him on his bleeding kneecaps! She called the police to take him away! She even tried to rip the antenna off the TV set to beat him off with!

"It all went wrong," William told The Star. "I wanted to show her how much I love her, but when I got to her home she threw a brush at me and called the cops."

□ JULIE BURCHILL

LOWRY



PEOPLE'S REPUBLICS

CHINX ARE STILL FINX, OK? OK.

NEXT TIME you're suffering from loss of memory, shingles, or plain old anaemia, how about grabbing some penis wine?

The cost of this precious beverage is just under £2... plus a return fare to the People's Republic of China. For it seems that National Animal By-Products Corporation, up there in fohky of Shantung Province, have found a way to use the powdered penoids of dogs, seals and deer to promote the health of Man.

Ever thought of you, you know, as a by product?

The ositure — one part of dog, one part seal and four parts deer — is said to produce a "robust and nutritious" wine, with a powdered coospond available for home-brew fanatics.

And now, we hear New Zealand have got in on the act by exporting 1,000 deer penoids to China to be ground up for the prapic tipple.

Confucius be say: Wise Man Crap On Animals. Coz Animals Don't Fight Back.

□ TOOLIN DALTON

WILDLIFE

RARE BIRD SEEN IN SWINDON

SCENE: DEVIZES Art Centre, Swindon. Time: last week. Playing: a group. Drumming: Charlie Watts.

Watt? You may well ask why the skins man of the "greatest rock and roll band in the world" turned up to a show at an unknown theatre in the heart of Wiltshire.

And then shuffled his wire brushes for two and a half hours at a blues and boogie woogie charity concert watched by a mere 200 lucky punters.

You may well ask. Well, the concert, which featured



The Oprey (Batteretacus Cretinus): its nests have been raided.

boogie piano kings Bob Hall and George Green, was in fact the brain-child of Ian Stewart, the Stones' long term session pianist.

Stewart wanted to get a top quality band together to record a special live album for release in the buoyant Deutsch boogie market. So he flew Charlie over especially for the gig.

Ian Stewart asked Bob to come up with a venmo, and he suggested Swindon.

Ian told Thrills: "I asked Charlie to fly over especially for this concert as it is easily the best timekeeper in the world".

The group also included premier jazz session men Colin Smith on trumpet, Johnny Picard on trombone, Al Gay on tenor and Swindon bassman Nick Dean.

Thrills buttonholed Charlie shortly before he took to the stage, after only an hour's practice with a bunch of guys he had never seen before. He said: "This is just a one-off thing. I have never really played with this sort of band before, although I used to play with bluesmen like Alexx Korner in the early days.

"I have always liked this type of music. I listen to jazz and blues records — especially Charlie Parker — when I am at home".

Dynamic quotes, uh? After the gig he said: "If we had about four gigs together then the sound would have been a lot better".

He also told Thrills of the Stones' plans for the rest of the year.

"We are just putting the finishing touches to the latest live album. It should be out within the next month or two.

"It includes some of the Toronto stuff and other live material. But some of it is totally new".

There are no plans for a Stones tour at the moment. But the band are going into the studios in September to cut another set.

Incidentally, the whole of last Sunday's concert (June 12) was recorded on Ronelo Lane's mobile. The gig itself lasted for two and a half hours, warming up with some early blues and rolling piano duets and solos.

The small audience went berserk, and were left screaming for more with only one encore to whet their appetites.

All the profits from the show went to local charities.

PAUL WILENIUS

DEATH

APOCALYPSE Pt 94

AND THE leaks keep on coming.

British Nuclear Fuels Ltd., the state-owned combine whose request to expand their nuclear waste reprocessing plant at Windscale, Cumbria is the subject of a current and highly publicised public inquiry, have announced detail of four more "mishaps" at Windscale.

The most recent of these occurred on June 12. It involved the failure of a nuclear fuel element in the core of the site's advanced gas-cooled reactor, operational since 1963 and a forerunner of the second-generation power stations being introduced into the UK grid.

The inquiry itself has heard evidence from Professor William Potts, biological sciences specialist at Lancaster University. Potts claims that the radioactivity discharged into

the Irish Sea by Windscale could "return" to affect the local population.

He calculated the level of radiation in the Ravenglass estuary near Windscale at 20 times above normal and has expressed concern that accumulation in fish of Caesium-137, a radioactive element, might cause some form of genetic damage to future generations of Britons who consume fish caught in the area.

Meanwhile President Carter has lost the first round of his battle to move the USA away from a "plutonium economy". The House of Representatives science and technology committee voted 19 to 11 against Carter's request to reduce funding for the experimental American fast breeder reactor complex at Clinch River, Tennessee.

ANGUS MacKINNON

INCARCERATION

GETTING BUSTED Pt 95

MORE THAN twice as many people as expected made an appearance at the House of Commons last Wednesday for the Release-organised lobby on the proposed cannabis law amendments.

Considerably more than 500 people from as far away as Wales and Scotland made an appearance to call out their MPs from the House to discover their views on the cannabis debate.

The main points at issue are the amendments to the Criminal Law Bill which would abolish prison sentences for possession of cultivation of cannabis, do away with the charge of "allowing premises to be used", and remove the extra power given the police under the cannabis laws to stop and search people.

From the various comments release collected it became clear that generally Labour MPs like Marcus Lipton and Michael Stewart were in favour of legislation, whereas Conservatives favoured decriminalisation. Some

favoured neither, including Neville Sanderson, MP for Hillingdon and local magistrate, who said: "Anybody done for cannabis can expect real heavy sentences."

Then he turned to the lobbyists and said: "You should all be at work. You should do overtime instead of being here. You should have the bloody dogs set on you."

One unexpected offshoot of the lobby was that a smoke-in has been planned for Hyde Park on the afternoon of September 10th. Meantime the amendments to the Criminal Law Bill will be debated in the House of Commons next month.

Meanwhile in Southern Ireland next month the cannabis laws are to be amended so as to remove prison sentences for possession of cannabis for first and second offenders and making the maximum fine for first offenders £50, for second offenders £100. They've beaten us to it.

DECK TRACY

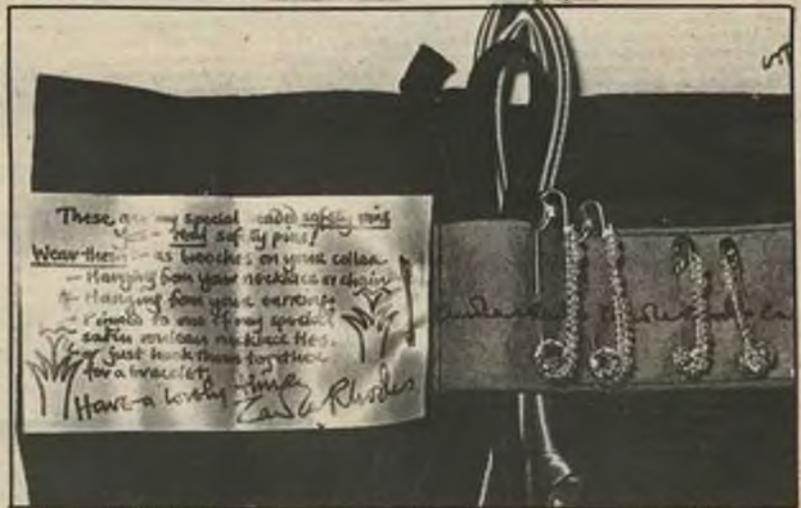
Corpse exploded while it was being cremated

A BODY being cremated exploded because of a heart "pacemaker" device still in it. Ipswich Borough Council's environmental services and property committee heard yesterday.

The tiny device's mercury-powered batteries overheated and blew up, endangering crematorium staff, said technical services chief Mr. Reg Marden.

"It sounds extremely dangerous to me," committee chairman Mrs. Margaret MacDonald remarked.

From the Ipswich Evening Star



With one hand they greek, with t'other they taketh away (G. G. Hey). Punk costume or saffy pin chic from the House of Zandra Rhodes. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES.

Have you heard The Rumour?

Their first single is "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me"

Single 6059174

(And you never will.)



Ask at your record shop about the Silver Salvo Competition.

Little River Band



America haven't stopped listening –
now it's your turn to start!

NEW 3-TRACK SINGLE
HELP IS ON ITS' WAY
LA IN THE SUNSHINE
CHANGED AND DIFFERENT

12 EMI 2632



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

ARE THESE MEN

BRISTOL GIRLS think you want a hand with your washing when you ask them if they would like to do a line.

Ask them for a mirror and they think you want to powder your nose.

Meanwhile, geriatric jobsworths prowl the Colston Hall in dicky-bow penguin uniforms, telling slick city guys to go sit in their seats.

"Wiv the band, in I, John?"
"Bain't matter who you be with, oi want thee *siring daown*."

Tom Verlaque and Debbie Harry glide into the dressing-rooms of power, but my purpose down in Redneck County is to experience the *raison d'être* of those well-bred yokels, The Cortinas.

Inside the changing-cupboard, the punks are packed tighter than a crab's arse at seventeen thousand fathoms. (*Careful, Tone, that's an Old Wave expression — Ed.*) The Cortinas may be middle-class school-boy punklings, but down in Avon County they're the only action anyone's getting. I ask Jeremy Valentine (that's probably his real name) if they mind being Big Fish in a Small Pond.

"I like living in Bristol!" Jeremy bellows. "It's dull, it's boring, there's nothing to do and I like it."

Lemme tell y'all 'bout Jeremy, I'm not startled by the roaring belligerence with which he answers my questions, because that's the way he talks, always starting his sentences with an exclamation mark. He's built with the puppy-fat beefy physique of the school-yard bully, and wears a Ford building-site jacket so convincingly that one would never guess he's studying for his A-levels. Intelligent eyes, slicked-back barnet and double chin: he looks like a junior version of Garry Glitter. But with a brain.

In comparison, the other Cortinas look like fresh-faced Oxford refugees. Daniel Swann is the tiny young chap who plays drums. With quiet self-assurance he informs me that he's just become the first Cortina to attain non-schoolboy status.

"I left because I just want to play in the band," he squeals. "And also because I have just failed all my 'O' levels."

Yeah? Ah, that's too bad. Tell me, Daniel, you seem like the most committed member of the band, so what's the truth behind the rumours

circulating the New Wave powder-rooms at the Music Machine, huh?

"What rumours?" Jeremy The Blare demands.

The rumours that the band might not be touring this summer because certain unnamed members have got to go on holiday with, uh, their, uh, mums and dads...

The scam is heatedly denied, although Daniel admits that a couple of the Cortinas are less keen than he is to get out on the road. "It's up to Miles if we go on the road or not," Jeremy says. (That's Miles Copeland, who runs the Cortinas' label "Step Forward" with the help of *Sniffin' Glue's* Mark P.) "We leave the decision to him and do what he says."

I tell him what I think of this attitude and the atmosphere gets decidedly heavy...

Out on stage in the Colston Hall, which resembles the type of gaff where amateur Gribble and Sullivan concerts are held, the Cortinas are opening for Television and Bloodic with what turns out to be the best received set of the night. They look slightly lost in the gaping hall, after the Covent Garden Roxy where I'd last seen them, but they still give the local lads all the encouragement they need. Their music has changed little since their Roxy period: soft-punk rock with lyrics that range from the extremely humorous to the blatantly stupid, Valentine hanging his bulk from the mike or stamping his feet petulantly like an overgrown spoilt brat, and bawling like a butch Dave Vanian.

Lead guitarist is Mike Fewna, who gets in some good, short solos while looking every inch an apprentice encyclopaedia salesman who has had his big toes oiled to the floor.

Dexter Dalwood, on bass, moves bunched like a crab dwarfed by his Rickenbacker and, after gangling Nick Sheppard on rhythm guitar, he frequently diverts your attention from the crass though amusing overkill of Jeremy. Decked out in all red, Sheppard plays and moves like he's the bastard grandson of one Wilko Johnson, although his scatter-gau



Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

runs don't let up from the opener of "Fascist Dictator" to the encore reprise of the same.

"I'm a Fascist Dictator / Yeah, that's what I am / I'm a Fascist Dictator / I ain't like no other man..."

The first time I heard it, I decided the Cortinas were klutzes who deserved to have their eyelids nailed to a plastic Iron Cross. After hearing it a few more times I reconsider, and realised they were just sheltered boys who've never had National Front thugs marching past the end of their street on a Saturday afternoon. Their romantic rural heritage has enabled them to pen a ditty entitled "Fascist Dictator" about an autocratic love affair, which is unfortunately both lyrically ambiguous and musically very cacophy.

However, if it's meant as a shock-tactic then it's pious work, although it will earn the Cortinas the

type of cheap publicity that always leaves a nasty taste in the mouth.

"Defiant Pose", "Tired Of Compromise" and the B-side of the single, "Television Families" are all muddily addictive songs of mock-anger, harmless aggression and token "rebel" gestures. These lads are the Nils Lofgren of Punkdom. They should do very well.

"Playing In The Subway" is their autobiographical piece concerning their days of Romantic Squaler: run-ins with the law, when they lived out the title and made the pages of the *Bristol Evening Post* before packing up and going home to the semi.

The much-touted diverse musical influences never reveal themselves during the gig, although the standard of playing is consistently high. Backstage, apes-gig, the dialogue reaffirms my opinion of the Cortinas as an enjoyable young rock band who

have got so much to learn that their snoot-nosed, naive belligerence is not so much offensive as it is pathetic.

"The Clash complained that the plush hotel they stayed in down here wasn't good enough for them," Daniel says.

Maybe they did that because they live in slums in London and want to screw all they can out of the record company...

"Singing political songs about the *dole* isn't fun!" Jeremy snorts in disgust.

After the band have been safely dropped off at their homes, we head down the motorway, and I sing a little song:

"I don't want love coz I don't need it / I don't want love coz it's too easy / I'm a Fascist Dictator / Yeah, that's what I am..."

I'll see you in the sewer, dahl-ing... □ TONY PARSONS

If you miss the top twenty on Thursday, you can catch it again on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

At Radio Luxembourg we believe in music, followed by more music.

So if you tune in to 208, any night of the week, that's just what you'll hear.

If the top twenty doesn't turn you on, then how about our top LP chart between 8.30 and 9.30 on Sunday nights?

Or there's country and western

on Saturdays between 11.00 pm and 1.00 am.

Soul on Friday nights from 10.00 to 11.30.

Golden oldies from 11.00 to midnight on Thursdays.

And an incredible contemporary show presented by Stuart Henry from midnight to 2.00 am on Mondays and Fridays.

Some of the great programmes

waiting for you on 208.

And in between these, you get the best sounds around being played by six of the best DJs on the air.

So if you believe in what we believe in, you know where to turn.

Radio Luxembourg — much more music.



Still Going Strong

POLK SALAD ANNIE: IT (AND SHE)

TONY JOE WHITE fills in the fallow years

THERE'S AN intangible something about Tony Joe White that puts me in mind of Elvis; but whoever he looks like, he is disgustingly handsome. In a rural kind of way that is; annoyingly likeable, for his good humour, quiet sincerity and unaffected personal charm; and altogether far too butch to be fashionable at a time when Freddie Mercury represents one extreme of chic and Johnny Rotten the other.

I shouldn't think he gives a damn though. He seems to be happily settled with his lady, who, if my ears didn't deceive me, is the same Le Ann that he serenaded on record eight years ago. And he's far from having a hard time.

He certainly didn't look anything as he eased into his seat in the lounge of his London hotel, declined a cigarette and sipped his fruit juice.

"I don't smoke or drink man, I'm trying to watch my body. I really like to do it too ya know, I like to drink beer. But when you're travelling and meeting people every day, after the third day of hangovers I don't want to talk to anybody and I'm really hard to get along with. I don't do interviews, I don't do nothing. So I leave it alone man, so I can get on with my work."

As mentioned in NME a few weeks

ago. Tony was in Britain to promote his debut album ("Eyes") and single ("Hold On To Your Honey") on the 20th Century label, his first release at all for two or three years — and his last hit was something before that, possibly "I Got A Thing About You Baby" back in the early 70s.

It's a pity that he went out of fashion, for when he first broke through with "Polk Salad Annie" in 1969 I thought he was about the best contemporary exponent of the essence of rock 'n' roll (as opposed to the numerous recreators of what rock 'n' roll had been); still do think he's among the best in fact.

Trouble is, he has never sounded quite hungry or angry enough. He was and is a rock 'n' roller, but a mellow one. Even his boogies are non-toxic.

On meeting him for the first time I'd judge that his easy-going personality has contributed to his low profile.

But equally, his previous contract with Warner Brothers didn't help his career.

"During that time I had a lot of my songs in the charts by other people," he reflected, "but not much out on me. I was with Warner Brothers for five years and they kind of lost me in the shuffle. man. They got six or seven hundred acts and they can't watch each person.

"They would take my sessions and



Born in Goodwill, raised on catfish 'n' hush puppies.

say 'O.K., we'll have a release on that', then they'd pay me off and not release it for a year or two. It was a very weird time man, 'cause I had some really nice songs.

"Like 'That Loving Feeling', which is on my new album. I offered that to Warners, but they said it sounded too much like Isaac Hayes. So I took it to Isaac instead and he put it on his 'Chocolate Chip' album and it went gold. This kept going on man, so finally it got to where I wouldn't send 'em no more. They would pay me my money, anyway.

"Finally the five years was up and I got with 20th Century, who seem to like all kinds of things that I'm writing.

"Warners just kept wanting another 'Polk Salad Annie'."

ALTHOUGH WARNERS bought the rights to "Polk" and all of Tony's early recordings, they were originally

released on the Nashville-based Monument label (1968-70).

Before that he'd been gigging in clubs in Texas for four or five years. And before that he'd been growing up in swamp country, where he was born on the 23rd July, 1943.

"In a real small place called Goodwill, between Oak Grove and Mer Rouge", up in the north-east corner of Louisiana, just west of the Mississippi."

I'd taken a map to the interview and we found the place where Goodwill would be noted if it was big enough to be noted. We also found Ferriday, where his brother lives; a town that is famed in rock 'n' roll circles as the birthplace of Jerry Lee Lewis. (I just thought I'd throw that in for local colour.)

"My folks live in Bastrop now. I was down there just three weeks ago. It was Mother's Day and we all went fishing. My mama really likes to fish. I do too... bass, brum, catfish.

"Hey, you know, a place in London would go down really well if somebody would open a catfish house, with those little combread balls. They call 'em Catfish 'n' Hush Puppies. It's combread, little chips of onion, pepper in it, and back home the restaurants will have a big pood out back where they raise the catfish. Feed 'em oorn, raise 'em up, and every day they're fresh in the restaurant. It's real good."

So where were we? Oh yeah. When he left school he drifted to Texas in the early '60s and started busking gigs with a couple of small groups, first as Tony and The Mojoes, then Tony & The Twilight.

"Doing Top 40, a couple of Elvis things, some Beate things... just whatever was happening on the radio at the time... Everybody wanted to hear 'Woolly Bully'."

"Eventually I saved up enough bread to take a week off and go to Nashville, trying to get someone to hear these songs I'd been writing. The second day I was there I made contact with Monument and they really dug 'em man. It was real luck to do it that quick."

With typical record company logic, Monument, although they had signed Tony because of his compositions,

There's no denying that there's been a gold in the British rock 'n' roll scene during the last few years — for something more subtle than Status Quo, but less sophisticated than Rod Company. With this in mind, it was decided to fill that particular gap with LIAR.

Those who consider that the music biz process involves little more than cynical manipulation of public tastes might find their suspicions confirmed by press releases such as this (which accompanies the Liar Album, which has also particularly distasteful sleeve art-work).

Advertisement for T.V. GAME. Text: NOW YOU CAN GET THE NEWEST CRAZE T.V. GAME At the lowest price yet!



We want to play the game with you so why not take advantage of our new low offer

We offer 2 models to choose from with colour as alternative in both models. This newest craze is catching on fast, get in first now enjoy hours of pleasure and get a lot of fun with the new T.V. craze. We are making this low offer direct to your home by post. Fill in this coupon stating your choice and send with your remittance. We will send your T.V. Game complete with instructions on how to play, by return of post. These sets are made by highly reputable manufacturers to the highest standards and are fully guaranteed.

Buy direct by post at our new low price £27.50 (p.p. 95p.)

Why pay more at a store we'll even bring it to your door

barclay TECHNOLOGICAL PRECISION PRODUCTS



Form for ordering the TV game, including name, address, and phone number fields.

Advertisement for LASERIUM. Text: 'COLOURS AS PURE AND RICH AS A RAINBOW... INCREDIBLE' L. A. Times LASERIUM THE COSMIC LASER CONCERT AT THE PLANETARIUM. Mon-Thurs 8pm, 9.15pm; Fri-Sat 7pm, 8.15pm, 9.30pm; Sunday 7pm, 8.15pm. ALL SEATS £1.50. For booking enquiries telephone: 01-486 2242

first gave him a Ray Stevens composition, "Georgia Pines", to record. It flopped. So did a much better release, his own "Old Man Willis". He recorded a bunch more tracks in Nashville and went back to the clubs in Texas.

"Next thing I know, I get a call from Paris, France. This guy wanted to interview me. The record "Soul Francisco" had hit over there."

ENCOURAGED BY the European interest, Monument put a bit more effort behind their man and his fourth single, the justly famed "Polk Salad Annie", eventually broke out all over the place in the summer of '69 (after first being a hit in France again).

Suddenly he could hardly go wrong. "Roosevelt And Ira Lee", "Groupy Girl" and "Save Your Sugar For Me" gave him more hit singles; three albums provided rich pickings for other artists to plunder. Did he like any of the various interpretations of his songs?

"Oh yeah man, really. I love Brook Benton's 'Rainy Night In Georgia', it's beautiful. I like the way Elvis and Tom Jones did 'Polk Salad Annie', I thought they were both really cookin' tracks. Dusty Springfield, she did 'Willie And Laura Mae Jones' real nice too.

"Elvis still does 'Polk' every night, that's one of his hot spots. He gets down on the floor and gets after it man. For the live version they invited us to Las Vegas to watch the recording. It was good.

He says he's already got about forty unpublished songs from which to choose ten for recording sessions this month.

Meanwhile he's hoping that unprejudiced ears will get to hear the variety of moods on the "Eyes" album.

"I had heard, before I arrived in London, that some of the press had hit on the swamp and said I've given up my swamp sound.

"That's crap man, because I still got four swamp songs on the album. But I can't be doing that all the time. What if I was to do one hour of 'Polk Salad Annie'?" Halfway through everybody'd be snoring.

"To me it's better to sing a nice love song like 'Eyes' or 'We'll Live On Love' and then jump into 'Texas



BENYON

MEMORIES OF THE OLD NEW WAVE . . .

So, according to Cliff, Mr. Good took that unassuming lad aside and instructed him accordingly:

"Prima! you're in a dilemma—try and make like you're suffering from a fever—now 'BAM!'—you've just been stabbed like!"

So Richard twisted his face, racked his body and pretended he was in a dilemma, clanking at his hair and busily jerking his body. This suddenly he evaded violently as an imaginary ball slid between his shoulder blades, severing the left vertebrae of his palpitating heart.

Now he gets 'Over a week. And you tell me he doesn't hurt it . . .



Just to remind you that there was a time when Cliff Richard was the bête noir of the establishment. From the 'Daily Mirror Showbiz Annual, circa 1960 Sent in by Robert Parrot, of Barnet, Herts.

Woman', that old funky boogie thing, or 'Swamp Boogie', 'Hold On To Your Honey', something like that. That keeps your mind open.

"And anyway, it's nice to talk to the ladies every now and then I haven't suddenly changed, I've been writing these different kind of things through my whole career."

"Eyes" was produced at Ardent studio in Memphis, produced by Tony and features his band: Don Chandler (keyboards), Billy Wayne Herbert (bass) and James Goran (drums).

A small amount of overdubbing was done in LA but basically it's as straightforward as any of his previous recordings. Not a release to knock you sideways by the way, but recommended all the same.

By the time his next album's out he should be back in Europe for a tour, possibly taking in Britain, although we're no longer top of the priority list these days.

Not for Troy Joe since he's always been more popular on t'other side of the Channel.

"They're talking about me doing concerts in Europe in the fall. I believe I've got a bit record in Germany with 'Swamp Boogie'. I did a big TV show over there last week and they said that should tip it over, get it in the charts.

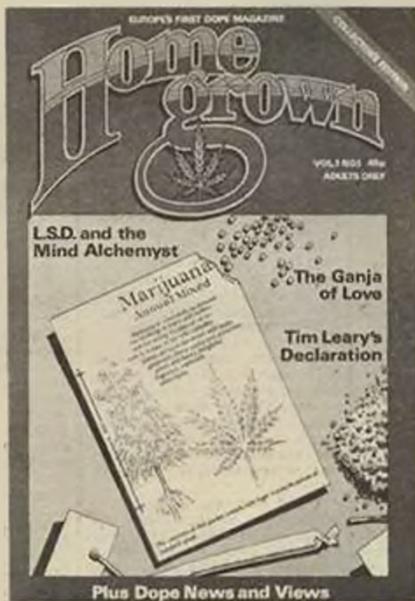
"I was on a show with Boney M and their producer was talking to me and told me they're gonna do a version of 'Roosevelt And Ira Lee' next month.

"He said 'You got any more songs?' I said 'Yeah man I got lots of songs. How many you want?' He said 'Send me about eight.' I said 'Great!' They really like my stuff over there man."

Oh no. Just what the world's been waiting for. Teutonic disco versions of southern swamp rock. Let me out of this page. I can't stand it.

□ CLIFF WHITE

Try the real stuff



"Homegrown" features the most authoritative writers on dope orientated subjects plus an array of fine Graphic Art. "Homegrown", a quarterly publication, is available at newstands price 45p.

out now

"Zigzag" the world famous Rock monthly. Get the Great June issue, with The Pistols, Tom Petty, Television, McGuinn and more. Zigzag is available from every High Street newsagent in the UK, price 30p.

Both Magazines are published by Prestagat Ltd, 10 Kennet Street, Reading

These PA*UGHUNCHS! (That's Irish for "P*NKS!") are HOUGHTH STHAOPH!

(That's Irish for "HOT STUFF!")
says **AENGHI**
EIGHORRIGHAOU

("Angie Errigo")

ARE YOU READY for Irish punks?

Actually the Boomtown Rats would have no argument about being called new things. The Boomtown Rats are some band. I first saw them in Dublin a couple of months ago, in a jam-packed pub, performing for a frenzied audience that was

noteworthy for its happy excitability in these days of rampant contemptuous coolth. You'll pardon an old-timer for thinking these boys get off something like the Stones circa 1963. Taking it from the top, the Boomtown Rats are singer Bob Geldoff, keyboard player Johnny Fingers (who ought to be called J. Pyjamas, because he lives in them), bassist Pete Briquette, drummer Simon Crowe and guitarist Gerry Con and Gary

Roberts. There's the feisty, aggressive, adrenalin-pumping end of things, dirty, belligerent, exciting, with a well-developed R&B base.

The band got together a year and a bit ago out of boredom and contempt for what was happening in Ireland. Which was nothing. Their backgrounds are right out of a rocker's primer — Johnny Fingers, for example, went to college for about a week, got slung out and went on the dole, Bob Geldoff travelled, went to Canada, landed in a Koshier meat factory in England. "It was like Dante's Inferno. We used to wear Wellington boots and steam rose from the blood on the floor." Back in Eire he too wound up on the dole and got the band together.

At the time they were all listening to R&B and then heard the Feelgoods. "That was almost a crystallisation of what we wanted to," Geldoff says. "I just thrived on the

Johnny Pyjamas plus two others. Sorry, three others. Pic: HANNAH.



Feelgoods because their whole attitude was so admirable and still is. They appear to be honest. I think it's due to the Feelgoods that this new wave thing has come about."

Does he feel like part of a real new wave then? "I would say so, in that the new wave as far as I'm concerned doesn't imply a certain type of music or a certain form of journalism. The new wave is a different attitude to what has gone before, and in that respect we're very much so. We're not prepared to accept what has come to be acceptable and normal" in Ireland, where you're either a show band or you're nothing, they took off fast by being unacceptable and abnormal.

"We thought, 'Christ, this is getting serious', so we used to give away pounds of raw liver to people as prizes. It caused notoriety, but it was also tremendous fun." Other hijinks included letting live rats out in the audience and showing blue movies at gigs, "which was totally unwelcome — you don't do that in Ireland." No.

The Rats hired trucks and played in the streets, then, in emulation of the Naughty Rhythms tour, took to the road with two other bands as the Falling Asunder Review. They found the venues themselves, got local police and boy scouts to put up posters and took turns opening and headlining, helping to open up a whole scene for new bands. "Unfortunately," Geldoff grumbles wryly, "a lot of them are just punk showbands."

"So that's all behind us, and one thing that pisses me off is people here saying 'Oh, they're trying to jump into something, a bit late, sorry lads.' I don't mind starting again. Au contraire, dear, I find it quite stimulating."

Geldoff agrees it's hard being big at home then coming over here and starting from scratch, but they feel they've done as much as they can in Ireland.

The big step over the water came when Rats manager Fochtra O'Kelly, went to Phonogram with a demo tape and intro from Thin Lizzy's manager. A&R man Nigel Grainge was about to set up the Ensign label on his own, and leapt at the Rats.

Apart from Graham Parker, most of Grainge's finds have been through contacts, so he didn't feel much interest when O'Kelly walked in with a tape. He'd only ever signed one band after a demo introduction to them. But when he listened to the Rats tape, made in three hours, he "fell on the floor."

Several reconnaissance trips to Ireland later, he signed them for Ensign, determined to build them up on a grass roots level here before concentrating on too many other bands.

The Rats recorded an album recently in Cologne, with Graham Parker producer Bob Lange, but it won't come out for a while yet. First the band is going to do some heavy gaggling, boosted right now by appearances with Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers.

"It's pointless releasing the album now when nobody here knows us," Geldoff says firmly. "If it came out

now you'd have to do a big hype job and I don't want that. We want a credibility that definitely comes from people who see the band. I think we could have had a build-up in the press here while we were working in Ireland, but if people come to see you because they've been hyped and you're not what they expected they're disappointed. Rather let them discover you and say you were good or shit, and if they like you bring their mates, and make it gradually."

Personally, I find it hard to describe what the Rats do other than say it's explosive. Although he doesn't like it, I'll call Geldoff a Jagger for the new Depression. Their songs are fresh and strong — "Born To Burn", "Lookin' After Number One (I Don't Wanna Be Like You)" — and the two oldest they resort to to give new audiences an anchor — "Route 66" and "Barefootin'" — are red hot.

Geldoff declaims "I've had the thing that I look or act like Jagger, but I can't see it. Our songs are not like early Stones. If I do seem like him, I can't help it, believe me, it's completely unconscious. The Stones were the background music of my adolescence and they made me aware of the blues, but every band comes from something else. We definitely come from the R&B thing, but we've swung off it."

So it's over to you, Discover them for yourselves. I can't imagine anyone not being turned on. As Geldoff says, "If we can do it in Ireland there's no reason why we can't do it here." And he warms. He means it when he says "I'm determined to take England over."

AND FINALLY..

THE BOB DYLAN answerphone tape recently reported in *Thrills* may be the most exclusive but it's not the only star tape in town.

The *Los Angeles Times* recently reported on a company called Communico who specialise in personality taped messages which they call "Hello". These are recorded 20 to a cassette, and sell for \$9.95 each. Using a whole slew of impersonators, the company can provide "messages" from the likes of Elton John, Johnny Cash and Jimmy Carter.

The most popular, however, is the Richard Nixon voice which goes like this:

"Hello. I've temporarily stepped out of the office. You are being taped on a machine guaranteed not to erase, with a tricky little delete function so you can leave any (bleep) message you want, like a good American. Listen, could you make an 18-minute message so I could get those (bleep) off my (bleep)?"

The voice then gradually fades, chanting: "I will be back. I will be back."

□ DICK TRACY

BROTHERS JOHNSON

Strawberry Letter 23
Brother Man
I'll Be Good To You



SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION
12 THREE-TRACK SINGLE
INCLUDING FREE COLOUR POSTER

AM57297

A Three Track Single
Featuring
"STRAWBERRY LETTER 23"
"BROTHER MAN"
and the classic
"I'LL BE GOOD TO YOU"
Now Available

FIRST 10,000 COPIES
SPECIALLY PACKAGED
12" SINGLE PLUS
FREE COLOUR POSTER...
ONLY 70p!



Ted Nugent

*Cat Scratch
Fever*

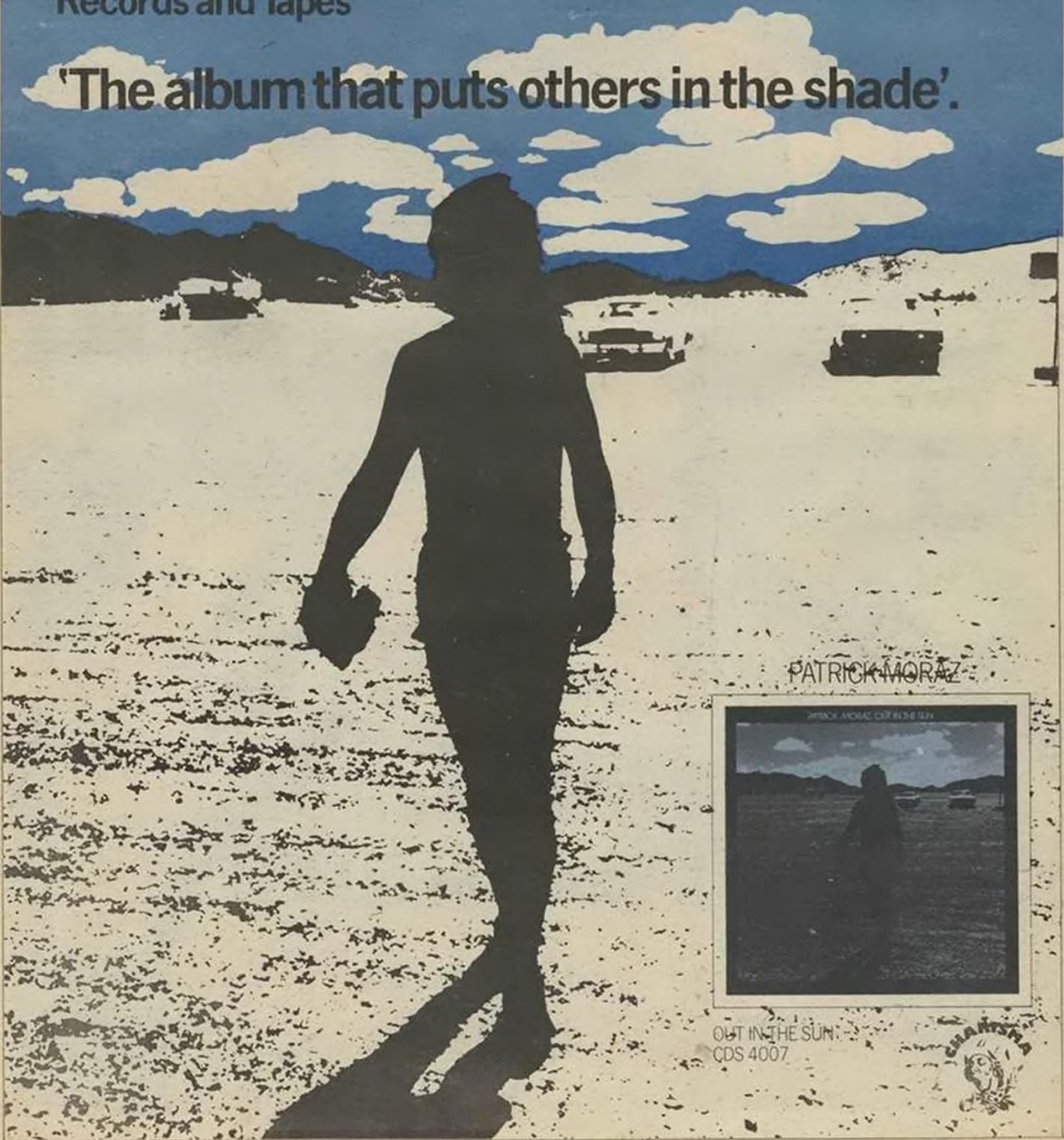
**It's an album
that'll tear you apart!**

on  Records & Tapes
EPC 82010

A Joint Production Of Lew Fittelman, Tom Wedman, and Cliff Davies for the Next City Corporation.

Awarded 'Best New Talent' and 'Best Keyboard Album' last year by Contemporary Keyboard Magazine. Patrick Moraz releases his second album 'Out In The Sun' on Charisma Records and Tapes

'The album that puts others in the shade'.



PATRICK MORAZ



OUT IN THE SUN
CDS 4007



THE MEAT OF THE MATTER

A discussion of the respective virtues of sheep's brains, raw mince, or monkey's brains sucked through a straw. Plus a bit about ALEX HARVEY. By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

“YOU WERE talkin’ about raw meat,” says Alex Harvey, meditatively chewing on a piece of raw minced steak. We’re sitting around the kitchen table in Chris Glen’s house — that’s Chris Glen, bass player for The Sensational Alex Harvey Band — the garage of which is proving to be a convenient locale for rehearsals.

Harvey is eating raw steak because it’s part of his diet; a diet imposed by the residual complications of his back injury. The back injury caused what you call your Serious Repercussions: pressure from a displaced vertebra on the nerves of the spine with resulting havoc to the central nervous system. No fun, ma babe. Hence v. limited alcohol, careful avoidance of overstrain, careful diet and ...

“You were talking about raw meat ... there’s this place — I think it’s in Borneo — where they eat monkey’s brains. What you do is you strap it down, saw off the top of its head ... if you’re bein’ social you invite a few friends round and you stick a hollow bamboo shoot intae it. It’s

polite not to suck up too much brains ... you just sip it non-balantly.

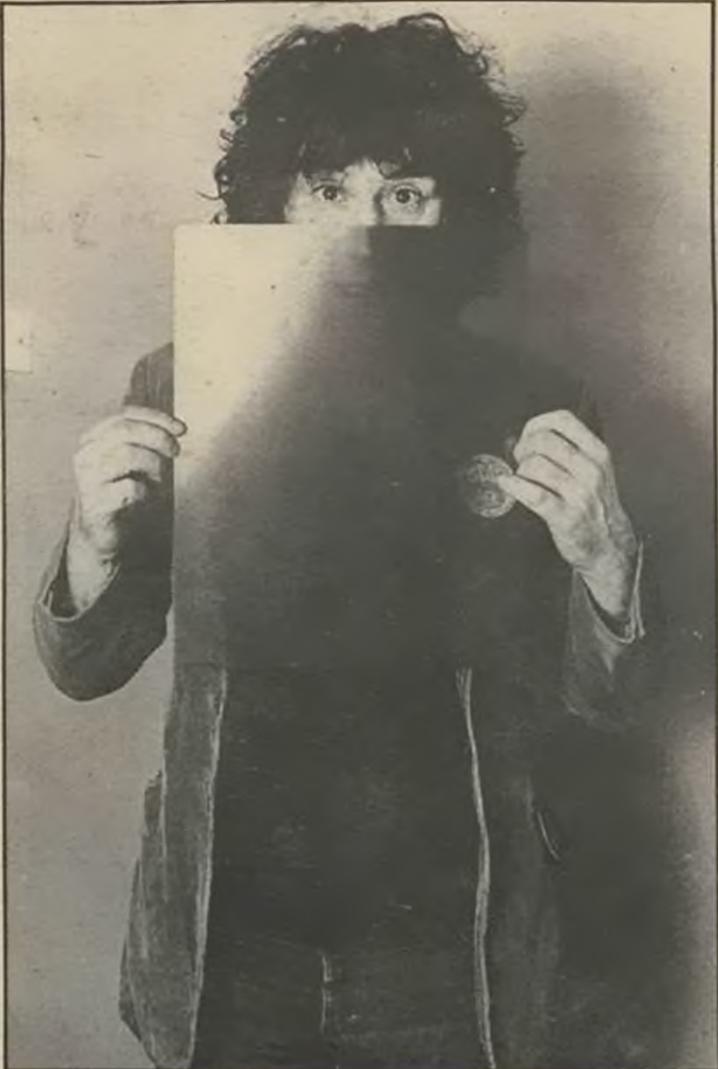
“How’s it taste? Unfortunately, I never got a chance to taste it. I had raw sheep’s brain with some Arab geezer, and that was very sweet.”

“Ummmm ... did you experience any particular psychological change after eating the sheep’s brain?”

“Yeah ... I thought I’ll go an’ be a hippie an’ drop out.”

NOW HOLD on just one cotton-pickin’ chicken-scratchin’ glue-sniffin’ minute and let’s get some background on all this ... right now. The Sensational Alex Harvey Band is celebrating its fifth year of operation, getting set to go into the studio and start working on another album to coincide with its Grand Comeback Gig at the Reading Festival in August. The score so far stands at seven group albums, plus one by SAHB without Alex and one by Alex without SAHB.

The one they’re routing at the moment will be the eighth and still looming over the horizon is the Big One — the Grand Massimo “Vibrania” project which Alex has been rabbiting on about for years and which is currently “half to



HARVEY sheltering behind X-Ray. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

three-quarters written.”

Assuming that Alex and his collaborator, SAHB keyboardist and Johnny Kool alter-ego Hugh McKenna, get their collective finger pulled out, “Vibrania” should be unblemishable sometime in ’78 as SAHB album number nili-nine.

It would seem, therefore, that rumours of SAHB’s demise were worse than baseless; indeed, the band has outlasted the short-lived rock and roll magazine that printed a premature obituary last year.

Survival and growth would seem to be the order of the day: nae bother, Jimmy. Nae Sweat.

So there we are eating Ryvita and cheese in the Glen kitchen: Alex and Zal Clemmison and Chris and Jenny Glen and Mountain Records propaganda chief Shirie Stone and Chalkie Davies and your humble servant. Hugh McKenna ain’t there because he’s got a serious case of the screaming shits and drummer Ted McKenna — Hugh’s cousin — ain’t there because Hugh ain’t there.

Alex looks ten years younger and ten pounds heavier than he did last time I saw him on the road. He’s also a good deal less wired; his extensive period of rest and recuperation has rendered him considerably less manic. These days his flat-out craziness has smoothed back down into the old mellow madness of a couple of years back: he’s still weird as a coot but nowadays it’s a happy, sane weirdness.

Anyway, judge for yourself as we return to our interview. We rejoin Alex as he meditatively chews and swallows another piece of raw steak, stares into space for a week or two and then turns to the reporter and asks the musical question, “What’s happenin’?”

The reporter resolutely avows not to be taken in by such an old trick and replies,

“You’re what’s happenin’ baby!”

Somebody mentions the fact that the police have apparently granted themselves a licence to whack bull out of The Sex Pistols. Harvey exhales with a hms.

“It’s the same old story. The same old fuckin’ story. It’s the same as burnin’ witches at the stake. There was an island in the north-west of Scotland where they used to draw a line across the floor and if any baby came to be nine months old and couldn’t walk across the line then they suffocated it. People who were left-handed used to be cursed — be pronounced it in the old two-syllabled manner: kur-seed — same as if you were black or a mod or a teddy-boy or a bohemian.

“It also gives the police a chance to stop arresting each other for selling pornography.”

“What’s happenin’ is all so predictable ... what is a punk, anyway? It’s a good expression, though ... a good four-letter word.

“The whole situation with that — with the record company and the management, when we did the first album ‘Framed’, we said, ‘Don’t try and pick a commercial single off the album because the BBC won’t play it’, and it was true. Even when we had a hit with ‘Deblah’, Donald Zee ... I think it was from the *Daily Mirror* ... phoned me up when I was in America. He said, ‘Congratulations Alex, you’ve made it after all these years.’ — Harvey breaks down in self-mocking laughter ... “why don’t they play your record on the BBC?”

“I says, ‘Well, you tell me.’ This upsets me, because I think we’re the quietest band about. You tell me another band that says, ‘Don’t buy any bullets, don’t make any bullets, don’t shoot any bullets. Don’t cause

riots.’ We’ve stopped about three. We’re banned from playin’ in the Usher Hall in Edinburgh. The reason why we’re banned is that somebody’s uncle said to somebody else that at the end of the act we pissed all over the front row of the audience.”

Howls of disbelieving laughter from the assembled company. I mean, The Sensational Alex Harvey Band are renowned for whipping it out on stage but *this*???

“We never,” continues Alex, “did that at all.”

“We never knew we were banned from the Usher Hall,” interpolates Chris Glen, “until we were playin’ at the Calodonian Theatre in Edinburgh and the manager comes up to us and says, ‘After the gig you’ll keep the dressin’ room tidy and behave yourselves. We don’t want any of that trouble you caused at the Usher Hall. I’m not havin’ people pissin’ in the front row. We’ll have none of that.’

“After the show he come back and said, ‘I don’t know why people say these things about you. You’re well behaved in the dressing room ...’

“We just did a normal gig and he was expecting Alex to throw a hand grenade into the audience or somethin’.”

“That’s probably the trouble,” resumes Alex. “We’re not outrageous enough.”

“And I tell ya we’ve had some provocation. There’s been times when I’ve almost got angry ...”

Alex quotes a remark made by Picasso to the effect that the happiest years of his life were when he was struggling. I reply that he ended up having a song written about him by Paul McCartney.

“Alex ... would you want to have a song written about you by Paul McCartney?”

“Well, that’s all right ... I would love Paul McCartney. I’d like Lennon to write me a

good song.” He stubs out his Marlboro and mutters, “I can remember ‘em supportin’ us at Grangemouth Town Hall.”

Collapse of assembled company.

“The Silver Beatles backin’ a singer called Johnny Gentle. We were the resident band and I saw ‘em and thought that there was somethin’ there.”

“You were a household name in Grangemouth,” prompts Glen.

“It was a whole different system then at dances like that. All the guys would come in and stand at one side and all the chicks would come and stand at the other and there were certain rituals you’d gotta go through. You had to spit a lot and sorta walk about. Then the dance starts and usually along about then the fight starts. I don’t suppose all that’s changed too much.”

LEMME TELL you something about this interviewing lark. Normally, rock stars need a gun at their heads to make them talk about anything other than their new album. Harvey, on the other hand, will cheerfully blather on in his inimitably stream-of-consciousness manner about everything under Old Sol other than his immediate musical plums. Even a direct question along the lines of, “Tell me about your new album” is met by the likes of ...

“It’s going to be a rotten rip-off album ... no, it should be good. We’re being allowed ten days to make it. You think I’m jokin’? I finally taught the band how to play E major. They can play E major really good now.”

“I want to plug a record I made. It’s called ‘The Loch Ness Monster’. We finished that last year and it was just first-hand interviews — with people that had actually seen it, not once but several times. Water basins, pulchrens, Muhammad Ali’s cousin — no, really — poachers, priests, a chief prior out of the abbey. At one record store it outlold Abba — who they tell me are a first-rate band; I’ve seen them on TV and they look quite good — without any advertisement.”

Since Mountain — Alex’s record company — had leased the “Alex Harvey Presents The Loch Ness Monster” album to K-Tel, I would’ve thought that they’d’ve lavished their customary berserk-satirous TV campaign play on it.

“So did I. So K-Tel screw you! I mean, it’s something to outsell Abba at a suburban record centre in Brent Cross.”

Hey, don’t knock Brent Cross. Blast Furnace and The Heatwaves have been known to rehearse in the Brent Cross area.

... plus it’s a rock and roll record even though it doesn’t have any music on it.”

“You think we should be allowed to make another record?” queries Glen. Alex asks me what I thought of the SAHB-without-Alex’s “Four-play” album and I opine that it was a v. well-made album but had a slightly awry sophistication-to-balls ratio.

“See?” howls Alex gleefully. “That was, cause they couldn’t play E major at that time.”

“We weren’t allowed to use it,” offers Chris Glen mournfully. “Alex told us to make an album without an E major on it.”

Jesus ... that amounts to outright sabotage.

“That’s what it is ... it’s as good as bannin’ bare asses or The Sex Pistols. Why don’t they just ban E major? You could lead the campaign. Bands could be imprisoned for playin’ E. Let’s crumble the whole rock and roll machine by bannin’ E and A. We could patent those chords and then fine anyone who plays ‘em ... they could have stewards in the halls just waitin’ for those chords.”

“Now,” says Glen, “we’re allowed to use A and E and they’ve given us two days in the studio to do the album ...”



X-Ray showing the Harvey interior filled with raw mince.



MODERN LOVE

CB 302

THE NEW SINGLE FROM

Peter Gabriel

TAKEN FROM THE FIRST PETER GABRIEL ALBUM



Marketed by Charisma Records

CDS 4006

Fabuloso groupo defies ashes of crud

EIGHTY-ONE of the little devils this week, and virtually all of them attaining heights of mediocrity unparalleled in the history of Western Civilisation — until next week. If you heard them on the radio, you'd be straining to switch stations after an average of 30 seconds. So much so that anything vaguely original rises like a Phoenix from the ashes of crud, which must make **MINK DE VILLE's Spanish Stroll** (Capitol) . . .

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

Produced by Jack Nitzsche, it's the best thing he's done since "Thus Spake Zarathustra". The vocal sound is Lou Reed, and the whole thing sounds like The Velvet Underground taking on bossa nova and winning hands down. A shambling compulsive riff and the best Spanish influenced single since "Speedy Gonzales". Great but then there's . . .

THE WURZELS: Farmer Ben's Cowman (EMI). One good reason for devolving Somerset. They made a great record last year — "Morning Glory" — but this is just something you'll find yourself whistling against your better wishes. Gabba, gabba hay?

MIKE BATT: The Walls Of The World (Epic). The man behind Britain's answer to The Muppets strikes again.

Womble mastermind Mike Batt is after your susceptibilities with this one. Nice, commercial easy listening. Three down, 78 to go

SMOKIE: It's Your Life (RAK). Smokie go reggae, and in the process discover that Rastafarian isn't just a Trenchtown hairdresser. Another sure-fire hit from the pens of the Chinn-Chapman machine, it's probably No. 1 already. Good single, next

MOTORHEAD: Motorhead (Chiswick). Hey, wait a minute guys, I know it's the first time I've done this, but even I know the difference between a seven-inch single and a 12" album, and this is . . . Oh, I see, a 12" single. Almost had me fooled there. Sounds like it was recorded on a cassette underwater, but the energy cuts through and even makes old farts like me think that maybe this New Wave thing might catch on. Almost single of the week, but I couldn't fit it on the juke-box.

THE KINKS: Jake-Box Music (Arista). "It's only juke-box music" sings the astute Raymond Douglas Davies, with one eye cocked on single sales, but not this one methinks. Happy birthday though Ray.

DAVE MASON: So High (Rock Me Baby and Roll Me Away). (CBS). Good brass arrangement, good guitar, mediocre single. "My imagina-



Quite hot . . . Lemmy of **MOTORHEAD**

SINGLES



Hot... Willy of MINK DE VILLE

son is driving me wild" sings Dave Mason, so how come some of it didn't reach this record?

ANDY ARTHURS: Listen To My Brain (Kapp/United) (EMI). A riff as insistent as tea demands. A hit (Jonathan King isn't even mentioned on the label, how can his ego stand it?)

PETER GABRIEL: Modern Love (Charisma). Heavy metal follow up to "Sobbing Hill". Good lyrics, great backing, especially Keith Emerson's organ, oh sorry. Deserves to be a hit.

GARY GLITTER: A Little Boogie Woogie In The Back Of My Mind (Arista). Lyrics not up to Wordsworth's usual standard, but should send the paunch shooting up the charts.

GUYS 'N' DOLLS: Mamacita (Magnet). Ah, at last, the law of averages dictates that Jonathan King's name should crop up somewhere, and here he is producing a song written by Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil (who seems to have stopped doing stuff with Bertolt Brecht). Easily the best Guys 'n' Dolls single this week.

HIGHLIGHT: California (EMI). Awful 'summer' record. Why are we subjected to records telling us how great it is in California? What's wrong with Wiltshire? "California, land of the sun/lots of space for everyone". It's not the San Andreas fault!

ALBION DANCE BAND: The Postman's Knock (Harvest). Silly choice for a single. They should have taken "I Wish I Was Single Again" off the "Prospect Before Us"

Duncan and The Bluegrass Boys, which is no bad thing if you're over 18. Somebody should make this their record of the week.

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND: Spirits In The Night (Bronze). Blinded by the light of the spirits in the night? You guessed it, Manfred Mann meets Bruce Springsteen, again. The verses are okay, but the choruses only build up to disappointment.

THE EVANS BROTHERS: Seven Days Of Loving You (Arista). Produced by Andrew Oldham, but The Rolling Stones they're not. There are many things they're not, and very good is one of them.

PEACOCK: Rose Marie (United Artists). At last, the man himself, the mask behind the mask, and Jonathan King is back to impregnate "Peacock" into the subconscious of the nation for six weeks, then vanish, only to return in another guise. You can knock the bloke, but he has got a knack for making memorable, disposable pop. Who else would have the gall to charge 70p for a single whose total playing time clocks in at three minutes dead?

DAVID CASSIDY: Saying Goodbye Ain't Easy (RCA). So this is what happens when the pimples burst and there's nowhere else to go. A lachrymose ballad with about as much 'sincerity' as a greetings telegram.

TAVARES: One Step Away (Capitol). Oh yeah, the follow-up to, or is it the one before the one after, their last hit? Does anybody care? Those who bought whatever it is will have got this one by now, and those who haven't, wouldn't want it anyway.

WEIRD OF THE WEEK

JOE & VICKI BROWN (Accompanied by the Dovedale Junior School Choir): All Things Bright And Beautiful (Power Exchange). Just what the label says, folks, bringing back happy memories of junior school assembly. My Mum liked it, and she's a good barometer (the trouble is keeping her on the wall). For Mums and schools everywhere, can't fall (probably will 'tough, which blows my credibility).

SMOKEY ROBINSON: Vitamin U (Tamla Motown). Dylan once called Smokey Robinson "America's greatest living poet", but then said he had confused him with Arthur Rimbaud (who you don't hear so much of these days since he ended up playing bass with Patti Smith). Well, Walk Whistman's come up with a cut above your average disco fodder. Tastefully produced and sung, but disposable.

DONNA FARGO: That Was Yesterday (Warner Brothers). The female Kris Kristofferson, the American Angela Rippon. Why was it that so many Country records made Everett's Bottom 30? Well, here's one good reason. I mean, I came to dance, and she just wants to talk!

WIDOWMAKER: What a Way to Fall (Jet). Somebody should tell these guys that it's 1977. Strictly for those who can't afford the new Deep Purple album. Terrible.



Not so hot... GEORGE HARRISON

LES PENNING: The British Grenadiers (Polydor). Could pick up a few sales due to the fact it sounds like a Mike Oldfield single.

OSIBISA: The Warrior (Bronze). Dig dem jungle riddims. Insistent, and a cut

above the average dross, but will probably end up as a record that DJs with nothing better to do will insist on talking over.

STYX: Crystal Ball (A&M). Innocuous acoustic intro, heavy metal chorus and synth-

esiser solo, something for everyone. I liked it.

JAN & DEAN: Sidewalk Surfer (United Artists). Re-released to cash in on the skateboard craze. Can't see 'em singing it as they whizz round the South Bank, but should bring back sunny memories for those who never did manage to go surfing.

DO YOU SINCERELY WANT TO BE BORED (DISCO PAP)

T-CONNECTION: Do What You Wanna Do (T.K.). **LONG JOHN BALDRY:** On Broadway (G.M.). He should have stuck with the fat pianist from Blueology.

DAVE PRESTON: Getting Ready (Polydor). **THE EMOTIONS:** Flowers (CBS). **ENCHANTMENT:** Sunshine (United Artists). **KELLY MARIE:** Run to Me (Fye). There must be some way outa here.

ALAN PRICE: Meet the People (Jet). Some sort of attempt to combine 'political' lyrics and a catchy tune and singalong chorus ("La, la, la, la" in case you missed it). I like Alan Price though, and there's someone blowing a hot trumpet in there.

EXCLAMATION MARK OF THE WEEK

VERA LYNN (with THE JORDANAIREs): Who's Sorry Now? (EMI). Oh come on now. Daine Vera Lynn, bawdian of the White Cliffs of Dover, with Elvis Presley's old backing group, recorded in Nashville! Whatever next? Gracie Fields at CBGB with The Ramones? Gabba, gabba, eh?

WHAT ROX TO THE SUMMER EQUINOX?
— see p.33

ROD ARGENT

'GYMNOPÉDIES NO.1' & 'LIGHT FANTASTIC'

MCA 294

"Irresistible and enchanting. A hit"
— MELODY MAKER

HURRY! First 10,000 copies
Supplied in full colour bags

MCA RECORDS

1 Great Pulteney Street, London W.1

THE ROLLING STONE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ROCK & ROLL

Getting on for four hundred big pages (14½ x 10¾"), drenched in well over eight hundred pictures from the past and present. You can almost hear the music: Rockabilly to Rod Stewart, Doo Wop to the Doors, Annette Funicello to the Allman Brothers, Spector to Springsteen. Twenty six writers tell the history of Rock and Roll - as it used to be, and as it is today; the same kind of writing that has made Rolling Stone the magazine of the Rock Culture.

£4.95 from your favourite bookshop or if it's easier write to us, Big O Publishing Ltd., Dept NME 219 Eversleigh Road, London SW11 5UY enclosing a cheque or postal order for £4.95 plus 55p p&p. It's well worth taking your headphones off.



Portrait Of The Artist As A Moody Bugger

THE ONLY THING one can expect from someone like Van Morrison is the unexpected.

For instance, the front cover of Van Morrison's new album — his first in something like three years — comprises a series of 15 sullen portraits of the singer. The first 14 smudges are impenetrable, giving absolutely no indication what's on his mind. It's the final shot: the one in the lower right-hand corner of Morrison feigning a half-hearted smile that's the clue.

The album's title, "A Period Of Transition", is not, as most people assume, a reflection of the music contained therein. The title refers specifically to the packaging concept and nothing else.

Seemingly, on the day Morrison set aside for shooting the sleeve, he awoke in the kind of lethargy that has inspired many a blues man, reached for the nearest set of threads, drifted into the studio, slumped down at a table and stared blankly into the eye of Ken McGowan's camera lens. By the time the photo call was over, the dense fog had lifted from Morrison's brain, hence the final smile and the album title.

"I'd been through so many moods, from the moment I'd gotten outta bed that morning until I'd finished posing for those photographs, that I felt I'd passed through a very definite period of transition."

Thank you, Van, but don't go away — just make yourself comfortable on the bed 'cause I'll want to speak to you again in a few moments.

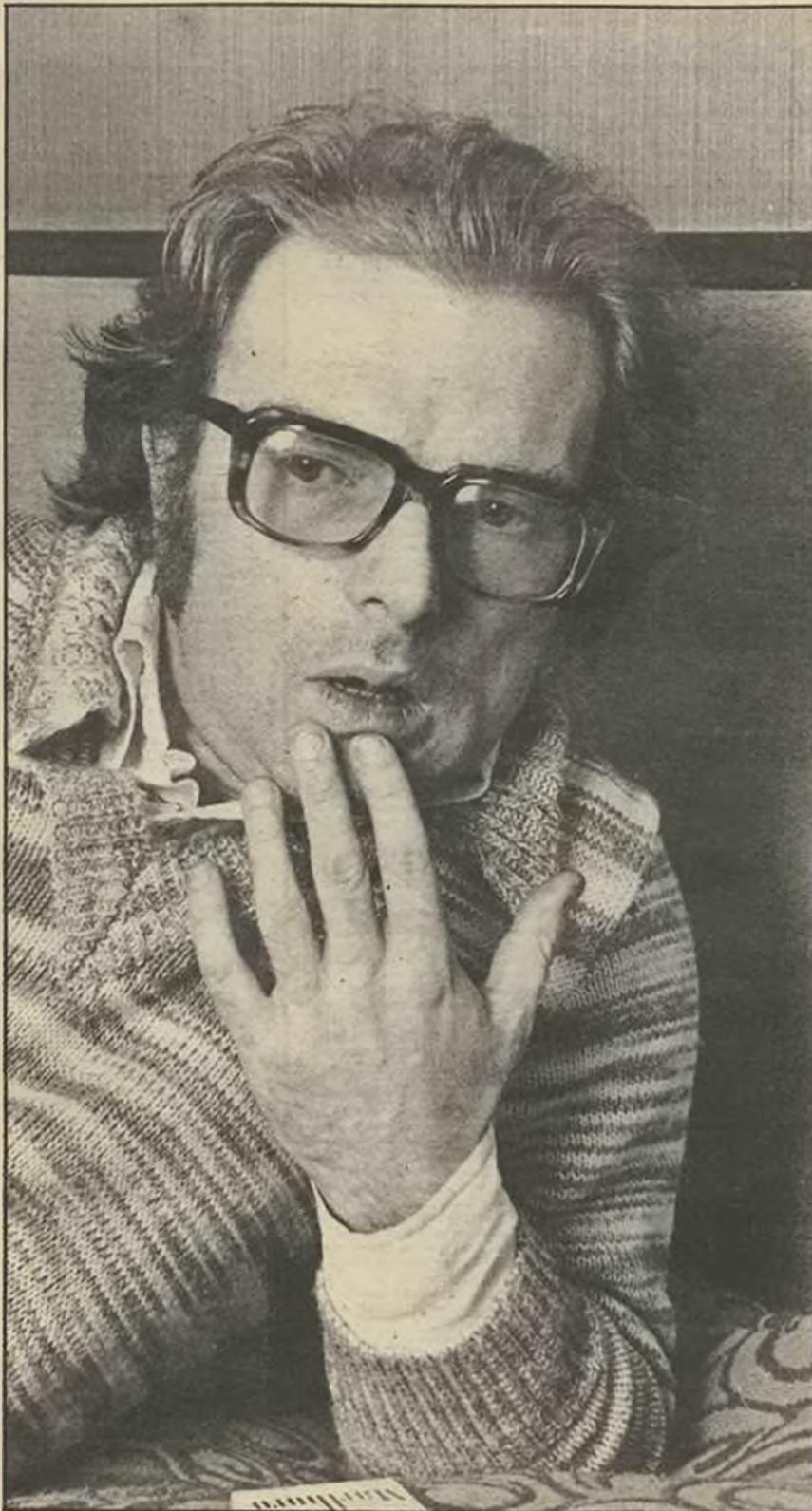
AS IT TRANSPIRES, the music that Morrison had created to accompany the sleeve wasn't indicative of a transition — more a de-classification of style. A premeditated return of fundamental basics and an eagerly-anticipated album which, for the first time in Morrison's career, divided his critics.

In his own good time, Morrison details the circumstances that led up to the making of this particular album and his motivations — but not until I've laid down a few facts and Chalkie has changed the film in his camera.

After what seemed like an eternity of Cult Figurehood, the Summer of '73 saw Van Morrison finally approaching a justly-deserved peak of Mass Popularity.

In the wake of a highly-productive five-year cycle which had produced such subliminal masterworks as "Astral Weeks", "Moondance", "His Band And Street Choir", "Tupelo Honey", "Salad Days: The Preview", and "Hard Nose The Highway", Morrison barnstormed across America and Europe and by way of a permanent souvenir of a memorable event left behind "Too Late To Stop Now" — a remarkable in-concert double album which accurately caught both Van The Man and the collective mania of the Caledonia Soul Orchestra firing on all cylinders.

He returned again the next year — this time without the Caledonians — and instead fronted a pick-up band comprising Pete Wingfield (piano), Jerome Rinson (bass) and Dallas Taylor (drums) for selective gigs



which included Knebworth and Montreux. After which he returned briefly to Ireland to soak-up inspiration for "Veedon Fleece".

In a moment of road-fever, he may have insisted that it was too late to stop now, but in the event he did just the opposite. Except for a truly powerful, if somewhat obscure, jump-band single ("Caledonia"), that was practically the last anyone was to see or hear of Van Morrison.

FOR THE NEXT three years, Van Morrison went to ground. It was the kind of extended self-imposed lay-off that many artists have no option but to choose when they're either "physically incapacitated" or desperately trying to disentangle themselves from contractual commitments. In Morrison's case, neither of these really applied.

In the ensuing silence, all that managed to filter through the inevitable veil of privacy were second-hand rumours that Morrison had mooted albums with his 1974 European band; a collaboration with The Crusaders; an R&B set under Al Kooper's supervision; a blues 'n' skiffle date with Bill Wyman, and

something or other with Phil May. Many of these projects never got beyond being discussed, whilst anything that was actually laid down in the studio has still to manifest itself.

The fact that Morrison probably produced more good music per album than any other artist apart from Bob Dylan and Joni Mitchell, led people to assume that this temperamental master of artistic perfection was just being overly pernickety and that reports of sessions being prematurely short-circuited should not give undue cause for concern.

What people didn't appreciate was that Morrison had been locked into one particular direction for so long that the Caledonia Soul Orchestra had all but run out of mileage. In his estimation, it no longer served a practical function.

IN 1973, Morrison begins in his biting California-tinged Irish brogue, "that band was at its peak and I was beginning to realise that there was nothing else to do within that particular context."

"What a lotta people didn't realise was that we'd been doing practically the same show for five years and that by the time we came to Europe, the only difference was the addition of the string section."

"It had been extremely enjoyable working with those musicians, but instinctively I knew when it was over."

Well it might have been an appropriate time for a change of policy but, to his consternation, Morrison discovered that the events of the last five years had temporarily all but drained his stamina. At this specific juncture, "Veedon Fleece" amounted to just about everything Morrison had to state for the time being.

The lad was knackered. The next three years weren't so much given over to experimentation as to recharging his artistic energies.

"I just got completely saturated with doing it... bands, gigs, recording, the business." He pauses. "It's funny because truthfully I never

Van Morrison

"You do what you're doing and if it's going to happen, it will and there's nothing you can do about it."

Thrill to the clash of rapier-like wit as ROY CARR confronts the Belfast genius.

ever imagined that it would happen to me."

Van Morrison may not have a reputation for spreading himself this either on record or on the road, but such is the intensity with which he approaches his work that he fell victim of his own unrelenting drive.

"I'd certainly be writing and recording even if I didn't see it."

Seemingly, for a musician to own his own recording studio is like being a drunkard a brewer. Morrison simply OD'd on Scotch Tape.

"I got burnt-out on recording," he admits casually. "When you're free to go into the studio anytime day or night, it's quite easy to overdo it — and that's precisely what happened to me."

"One day, I found out that I just wasn't getting into it any longer and something told me to take an extended rest."

But isn't three years pushing it a bit, old son?

"I really did take that long," he explains. "During part of that time, I got into experimenting with different people, but many of the ideas I planned never really got off the ground."

"You'll talk with someone for ages and it'll sound great, but then when you actually get around to doing it... well, it doesn't always work out the way you planned. One guy got a big business trip happening with his

record company. I've got something going with mine and the confusion with which you started to discuss the project rapidly loses its original momentum."

"And all the time, all that I wanted to do was to try something different because I honestly felt that musically I just wasn't happening for me. As simple as that."

"If," he says, "you have to start thinking that you have to do specific things to break through to the masses... He doesn't finish the sentence, instead he begins another."

"You do what you're doing and if it's going to happen, it will and there's nothing you can do about it."

MORRISON DOESN'T choose to play too much emphasis on any of these stated points. "It was so big sleep," he sighs with a slight shrug.

"This thing is quite probably the last of a fast-dying breed; one of the few ways to successfully transcend both the 60s and '70s without ever once compromising his artistic integrity or, worse still, degenerating into a pathetic parody of himself."

Easier said than done — just he's aware that if, as a performer, he'd been fashion-conscious, a three-year subculture, the likes of which he has just described, could have been professional suicide.

"I think that what I'm doing is wondrous," he rocks without seeming in the least bit paucifying. "As far as I'm concerned," he continues, "it's not on a level of whether what I do is hot or not, it's just a matter of if it holds up."

"If you can play an album by an artist that was done say... er, five years ago and one that was recorded

quite recently and dig them both just as much... that's the only criteria anyone needs."

When discussing his work, Morrison prefers not to isolate one specific album, but to view his dozen years as a recording artist as an entity.

"If," he says, "you have to start thinking that you have to do specific things to break through to the masses... He doesn't finish the sentence, instead he begins another."

"You do what you're doing and if it's going to happen, it will and there's nothing you can do about it."

WHILE ADMITTING that every artist, no matter how idealistic he may be, is bound with certain premises, as far as his own career is concerned he has never been beset with any that he can't handle or that have motivated him to decline from his principles.

Van Morrison arrives in silk, brown lion pants, gold lame bomber jacket, smudged scarves and smudged hair in an image I couldn't, for the life of me, envisage. Neither could Morrison, even though he's amused by the idea.

"My path just seems to wind itself through some other thing which, at times, I don't even know what it is."

As if to emphasize the point, he leans forward from the top of his seat which he is reclining, by his left elbow to coincide. "So he's just say that whenever I decide to do, just kinds work itself out satisfactorily."

He returns his stocky frame to its original position as he continues. "The elemental thing is fine, but you can never really pin it down. Artists suddenly get hot and hot and then they're as hot as they're ever gonna be, they're just as quickly got cold and that's the way it always goes."

He smiles. "Honestly, I don't know what it all means except that you either do what you think is right and stick with it — or you go along with current trends. But whatever you decide to do, you've got to be prepared for the consequences."

Van Morrison: The Myth — and the attendant mystification — is something from which The Man is trying to dissociate himself. In his estimation, an artist with that kind of intensity is in acute danger of becoming terminally trapped. He uses the word "mystification."

"People begin to get a preconceived idea about a particular artist and that can sometimes work against you... most definitely. And as far as I'm concerned, I think that at this point in time I need to break a lot of that expectations' down."

He momentarily switches the roles of performer and poster.

"I know from experience I go to see some artists expecting a particular thing... I'm expecting them to come up with that and if they don't then I'm slightly disappointed. But, if I'm not expecting it, they usually do something I haven't heard before and I'm turned on."

"The moment you expect something, you never get it."

I'm not going to do my record. Instead, I can do a few more of the more well-known things and also dip in a few new things they may not be acquainted with... er, kinda ying-yang it."

"That's precisely what it is... just getting back to basics... the blues... the funkier things I enjoy doing... there you go."

According to the propagator, it's just another method of publicly de-classifying the preconceived image that many people have of him.

"Quite recently," he explains, "I dug out all my old blues records and there's something about that kinda music that still turns me on. But you see, I was in that singer-songwriter phase... progness..."

"I don't know you... I ain't knockin' it, but I realized I was missing out on all the more things that I can do and, more important, enjoying doing... and the moment you start to think that you're not doing, you're not."

THE FUNCTION OF The Press Reception is not just to cram as much free food and drink as you can down the gullet of your guests, but to daily reinforce the media that an artist is in town and pushing product.

Only aspiring artists dream it necessary to perform. There are exceptions.

When, at the invitation of Harvey Goldsmith and Warner Brothers, I wandered into Mankberry — a small but exclusive West End studio — I found the premises seething with roadies setting up equipment and a film crew checking out their hairdresser.

Once we were packed together tighter than a Northern Line tube train during rush-hour, Mick Robinson (keyboards), Mick Ronson (guitar), Mo'Nique (bass) and Pylee Van Hook (drums) began warming up on some blues changes.

Suddenly, Van Morrison — dressed in a black silk shirt and white denim trousers — slipped up to the microphone and began to wail passionately over the backdrop.

Familiar blues standards, a couple of cuts from "A Period Of Transition" and some even newer songs constituted the first half.

Following a short interval, the band was suggested by Bobby French, Chris Auger, Roger Chapman, Steve Barbone and friends for impromptu work-outs on such familiar changes as "Turn On Your Love Light" and "Rock Me Baby". To the left of the small stage, Graham Parker looked behind his shades and ate his heart out.

A few hours after this introductory a nightstand confrontation with Nicky Harris on Capital Radio, Van Morrison and friends climbed onstage at The Speakeasy for yet another unpublicized appearance.

The music Morrison and Friends chose to perform at Mankberry's was quite similar in overall context to what I contemplated on his concert, somewhat "unconventional", new albums.

IT'S AN album which, at first, sounds slightly flat in terms of production — and, by comparison with previous recorded efforts, slightly unexpected in its bare arrangements.

to ensure anything like maximum appreciation, one needs to drastically boost the bass, crank the volume to something approaching stun and keep playing both sides incessantly.

As one becomes familiar with its every nuance, it becomes apparent that the album is a somewhat over-satiric realization of Morrison's seminal R & B work.

So take Morrison's explanation of the album's title on trust not don't go seeking any non-existent hidden meanings. (Similarly, if you're dubious of Morrison's lyrical brand of romanticism, better check out his

earlier works, for "A Period Of Transition" is light on songs but heavy on basic riffs, ballads and shams.) I put this to Morrison.

"That's precisely what it is... just getting back to basics... the blues... the funkier things I enjoy doing... there you go."

According to the propagator, it's just another method of publicly de-classifying the preconceived image that many people have of him.

"Quite recently," he explains, "I dug out all my old blues records and there's something about that kinda music that still turns me on. But you see, I was in that singer-songwriter phase... progness..."

"I don't know you... I ain't knockin' it, but I realized I was missing out on all the more things that I can do and, more important, enjoying doing... and the moment you start to think that you're not doing, you're not."

WITH THIS new album, Morrison implies that he's consciously attempting to integrate himself as the singer with a club band — as opposed to his familiar status of singer-songwriter with a backing band.

No-one writes for Van Morrison better than Van Morrison, but he

argues that he derives just as much satisfaction from singing other artists' material; preferably old blues standards.

"How'd I do," he speaks the same with respect and then begins to wobble. "If I have your feelings, please tell me... that kinda shit. I love Willie Dixon... love Mose Allison, in fact I'm seriously thinking of recording a couple of Mose's songs..."

The word skills is doated off and slipped into the conversation with Morrison stating that he hasn't altogether dismissed the idea of recording an album of blues and rocking music.

"As a matter of fact, I was talking about that the other evening. 'Cause I started off in a skiffle group and there must be millions of other musicians who also began their careers playing that kind of music and I feel that there's still something to be gotten out of it."

"The trouble today," he continues as he lights up another cigarette, "is that too many people tend to dismiss things as being unadventurous, but years later realize the opposite to be true."

"I think that it's part of the gig for musicians like myself to make people aware where certain things have their roots and that things just don't materialize from outta nowhere. It

opens up musical cultures that they might not realize exist.

"Nobody is forcing anything on anybody, but if there's something in it that they can enjoy and even learn from, that's good enough."

Seemingly, that's why Morrison released "Caledonia" as a single very early in 1974, before dipping out of sight.

"Unfortunately, there wasn't too much response to that record... wasn't a positive vote for that particular kinda music."

"Around that time, I had a tendency to get back into that kinda energy music, but it's important to do things that originally get you into music in the first place... it's important to do those things every once in a while."

"OK, in an easy and regarded as hip, but it's still an integral part of what you're doing. About that I do better than anything else."

HE FEELS that the commercial failure of "Caledonia" and the hubbub of controversy that have accompanied the release of "A Period Of Transition" manifested themselves because he failed to be predictable.

"I don't feel that this feeling of expectancy comes so much from the people who buy my records, but from the people who review them. When I released the new album, they might have wanted to hear something else."

"It's that locking-you-into-a-particular-style thing again. So you get some writers saying they don't like something like you did before... they think they really want it but at the same time they really don't want you to repeat yourself."

Without any tinge of resentment, Morrison argues that had he recorded another "Animal Tracks" type album, he'd have been severely punished for not doing something new.

"Years ago, I resigned myself to the fact that you just can't win... you can't please everybody. You win some and you lose some. That's what life's all about..."

"I mean, really, you can win all the time. You're not winning, you're not losing and you don't get anything for nothing."

THAT Van Morrison remains one of the truly great figures of his generation and, as it is reflected in the work of other artists, an influence whose influence has never been more strong.

If not for Van Morrison, the likes of Bruce Springsteen, Phil Lynott, Bob Seger, Graham Parker and Elvin Costello may not have been inspired to express themselves through Morrison's stance.

He's deeply flattered, but finds even more gratification in the fact that such artists publicly acknowledge his contribution.

"It's good... very positive that they admit where they get their influence. And why not... I've always admitted that my influence was Ray Charles."

However, it goes far beyond ego-stroking and the influence name game. Van Morrison remains a

creative force. (One *duff* album in three years is creative — Ed.), whereas far too many of his imitators contemporaries have burnt themselves out or opted for creative bankruptcy.

Morrison considers the implications carefully before replying.

"What I think happens is that there's a couple of ways to go. You can reach a point where you can see that you're in a position to acquire a lotta things... financial security... (he a little things you wouldn't normally be in a position to do if you were really into the music to the exclusion of everything else.)"

"So at this point in any artist's career, they have to make some kinda decision as to precisely why they're doing it."

"Personally speaking, I still want to get on much fun and as much genuine satisfaction out of making music when I'm 40 as I am now — or when I'm 60 as I will be when I'm 80 — but what I do better than anything else."

"Now, if I start ignoring that and think I can close up for a couple of years... buy a house in the hillsides by doing something else that's not really me, then I'm in trouble."

"At some time or another, most artists go through an identity crisis about who they really are and when they finally realize that they're not what they thought they were but have built up that part of their identity to the point where it's overtaken everything else and gained momentum."

His conclusions are self-explanatory.

"It's a very very fine line," he adds by way of a post-script.

He makes no real secret of the fact that he almost found himself reading that hypothetical fine line.

"Thankfully," he reveals, "I'm still hungry enough to want to make good music, but only because I look time off. I honestly feel that if I had just carried on regardless and not stopped to think things out I wouldn't be hungry."

"I stopped hungry because I was prepared to let it go for a while... my body told me I had to rest up from experience, I think it's very necessary for an artist to do this sort of a while."

"It must be difficult for so many artists because they have to do their particular thing within the context of what's happening. No matter how hard you try, you can't be a total individual in the middle where you lose track of what's going on, yet you can't go with the scene as it is. So somewhere in the middle it gets really difficult for artists to operate because someone like Chuck Berry has done so much to begin with... Little Richard as well."

"They see all this new stuff happening and they must wonder what the hell is going on because they started next of it. I guess it must seem real weird to them."

Almost as word as some such artists publicly acknowledge his contribution.

"It's good... very positive that they admit where they get their influence. And why not... I've always admitted that my influence was Ray Charles."

However, it goes far beyond ego-stroking and the influence name game. Van Morrison remains a

creative force. (One *duff* album in three years is creative — Ed.), whereas far too many of his imitators contemporaries have burnt themselves out or opted for creative bankruptcy.

Morrison considers the implications carefully before replying.

"What I think happens is that there's a couple of ways to go. You can reach a point where you can see that you're in a position to acquire a lotta things... financial security... (he a little things you wouldn't normally be in a position to do if you were really into the music to the exclusion of everything else.)"

"So at this point in any artist's career, they have to make some kinda decision as to precisely why they're doing it."

"Personally speaking, I still want to get on much fun and as much genuine satisfaction out of making music when I'm 40 as I am now — or when I'm 60 as I will be when I'm 80 — but what I do better than anything else."

"Now, if I start ignoring that and think I can close up for a couple of years... buy a house in the hillsides by doing something else that's not really me, then I'm in trouble."

"At some time or another, most artists go through an identity crisis about who they really are and when they finally realize that they're not what they thought they were but have built up that part of their identity to the point where it's overtaken everything else and gained momentum."

His conclusions are self-explanatory.

"It's a very very fine line," he adds by way of a post-script.

He makes no real secret of the fact that he almost found himself reading that hypothetical fine line.

"Thankfully," he reveals, "I'm still hungry enough to want to make good music, but only because I look time off. I honestly feel that if I had just carried on regardless and not stopped to think things out I wouldn't be hungry."

creative force. (One *duff* album in three years is creative — Ed.), whereas far too many of his imitators contemporaries have burnt themselves out or opted for creative bankruptcy.

Morrison considers the implications carefully before replying.

"What I think happens is that there's a couple of ways to go. You can reach a point where you can see that you're in a position to acquire a lotta things... financial security... (he a little things you wouldn't normally be in a position to do if you were really into the music to the exclusion of everything else.)"

"So at this point in any artist's career, they have to make some kinda decision as to precisely why they're doing it."

"Personally speaking, I still want to get on much fun and as much genuine satisfaction out of making music when I'm 40 as I am now — or when I'm 60 as I will be when I'm 80 — but what I do better than anything else."

"Now, if I start ignoring that and think I can close up for a couple of years... buy a house in the hillsides by doing something else that's not really me, then I'm in trouble."

"At some time or another, most artists go through an identity crisis about who they really are and when they finally realize that they're not what they thought they were but have built up that part of their identity to the point where it's overtaken everything else and gained momentum."

His conclusions are self-explanatory.

"It's a very very fine line," he adds by way of a post-script.

He makes no real secret of the fact that he almost found himself reading that hypothetical fine line.

"Thankfully," he reveals, "I'm still hungry enough to want to make good music, but only because I look time off. I honestly feel that if I had just carried on regardless and not stopped to think things out I wouldn't be hungry."

"I stopped hungry because I was prepared to let it go for a while... my body told me I had to rest up from experience, I think it's very necessary for an artist to do this sort of a while."

"It must be difficult for so many artists because they have to do their particular thing within the context of what's happening. No matter how hard you try, you can't be a total individual in the middle where you lose track of what's going on, yet you can't go with the scene as it is. So somewhere in the middle it gets really difficult for artists to operate because someone like Chuck Berry has done so much to begin with... Little Richard as well."

"They see all this new stuff happening and they must wonder what the hell is going on because they started next of it. I guess it must seem real weird to them."

Almost as word as some such artists publicly acknowledge his contribution.



Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES

PLEASE CONFIRM the existence of an album titled (I think!) "Brian Jones Presents The Pipes Of Pan At Jajouka"?

WHAT WAS the title of the Stones' stadium entrance music, as featured in All You Need Is Love ("The Swinging Satires Come To An End") recently? — COLIN ANDERSON, Aberdeen.

THE Jones-ignited recording featuring North African music was released on Rolling Stone COC 49100 but has since been deleted. The theme used by the Stones in Tony Fabian's Rock Follies was "Fantasy For The Common Man", an Aaron Copland composition discussed in this column in this column just a few weeks ago but now provided with his single status via a version recorded by ELP. Okay, you Fics, that's your question answered — now can we have our turf back?

I'VE FOUND an album called "Zoo", on the old Major Minor label. Could you tell me anything about the band who appear on the disc? — CLIVE PARTON, Preston, Lancs.

Zoo was a French outfit, loosely based on Blood, Sweat

ROLLING STONES meet RONETTES, probable date January '64 when they toured together. But can you identify individuals? Our conclusions, after scanning old Ronettes pics, are at the bottom of the page.



LOOKING BACK: THE STROLLING BONES

Jajouka? No, I've never tried

And Terry, one of the band's gimmicks being that Daniel Claret and Michel Ripoché, Zoo's sax-men, often laid down their horns to indulge in bouts of violin interplay

Contracted to Riviera-Barclay Records in France, Zoo's discs were released here first by Major Minor and later by RCA. But the band achieved little success and eventually faded to join the ranks of the great might-have-beens, though Daye eventually stalked some claim to fame with a hit version of "Mamy

Information CITY EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Blue", while Breton brothers Andre and Michel Herve, who played keyboards and bass respectively with Zoo, are currently part of Alan Silwell's band and appear on his recent "Before Landing" album.

CAN YOU LIST all albums made by Canadian group The Guess Who? — CHARLES NASH, Bristol.

The earliest album I can trace by Barton Cummings' Canuck caperers is "Shankin' All Over" (Scepter 533), which came out around 1968. During the following year they signed for RCA and cut "Wheatfield Soul" (RCA ANL 1-1171), a million-seller. Next came "Canned Wheat" (ANL 0983), then "American Woman" (LSP-4266), "Share The Land" (LSP-4359), "So Long Bananayne" (LSP-4602), "Rockin'" (LSP-4602), "Live At The Paramount" (LSP-4779), "10" (APL1-0130), "Artificial Paradise" (LSP-4830), "Flavours" (CFL-0636), "Power In The Music" (APL1-0995), "The Way They Weave" (APL1-1778) and two compilations, "The Best Of The Guess Who" (LSPX-1004) and "The Best Of The Guess Who Vol. 2" (APL1-0269). I have provided American catalogue numbers only here, those marked with an asterisk (*) still remaining in the catalogue. "Shankin' All Over" is currently available on Springboard 4022, while somewhere along the way there was an album called "The Guess Who Played The Guess Who" which appeared on PIP 6806, though I know no further details about this particular item. Any info on this particular subject would be gratefully received.

WHAT IS Phil Manzanera doing at present? What plans has he for the future and especially when is his new solo album going to be released? — PATRICK TAYLOR, West Bridgford, Nottingham.

Mr Targett-Adams (well, you didn't think Manzanera was his real monicker, did you?) is currently alive and well and playing in the States, where he's keeping Bryan Ferry company until the end of July. An album is scheduled for release in September but EG Management say no title has yet been decided upon and that they are unable to reveal the identities of Phil's cohorts in this venture. Rotten lot!

WE NEED SOME help! We want to have a "Goodies Stall" at the Reading Festival this year and we wondered if you could let us know who to get in touch with and who, if anyone, we need to get a licence from? — APRIL AND KEV, Farnborough, Kent.

The National Jazz Federation, who promote the Reading shindig, say that if you write to them at 90 Wardour Street, London W1, and state exactly what you want to sell, quoting prices etc., they'll answer all your queries for you.

CAN YOU supply a complete discography of all albums (with catalogue numbers) recorded by Simon and Garfunkel? — PHIL SWAN, Coventry.

Probably the toughest British album to find by the by is "Simon And Garfunkel" (A&M) — a compilation of material which stemmed from Paul and Artie's

early teen years when they recorded as Tom and Jerry. Released here in 1967 by Pickwick, the epece was quickly withdrawn when a legal battle was threatened, though copies still turn up from time to time. After signing to CBS in 1964 the twosome cut "Wednesday Morning 3 a.m." (63378), then came "Sounds Of Silence" (62690), "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary And Thyme" (62860), "Bookends" (63101), "The Graduate — Original Soundtrack" (70842), "Bridge Over Troubled Water" (63499), and a "Greatest Hits" compilation (69063). Paul Simon, who had recorded a solo album, "The Paul Simon Songbook" (62579), as early as 1965, then went off on his little own-ome to cut "Paul Simon" (69067), "There Goes Rhymin' Simon" (69035), "Live Rhymin'" (69059) and "Still Crazy After All These Years" (84001); while Artie, failing to catch Kris Kristofferson in his bid to hang his hat on the Hollywood sign, returned to the recording studios to cut "Angel Clare" (69021) and "Breakaway" (84002), reuniting with Paul for one track, "My Little Town", which appeared on both "Breakaway" and "Still Crazy".

CAN YOU advise if Kristofferson and Coolidge have recorded any albums other than "Full Moon" (A&M AMI.1164403)? — R. J. BITHELL, Gateshead.

Yup, Kris and Rita can also be found billing and cooling on "Breakaway" (Monument 80547) — but I must admit I preferred the days when it was just him and Bobby McGee!

I RECENTLY HEARD an amazing Jack Bruce track — a setting of a piece of prose by Samuel Beckett (Waiting For Godot, etc). Can you tell me the name and number of the album from which it was taken? — SEAN IATHER, London N15.

The album to which you're referring is almost certainly Mike Mandler's "No Answer" (Wax 2) released by Virgin in July, 1974. The record, which features a trio comprising of Mandler, Bruce and Carla Bley, contains an interpretation of Beckett's "How It Is" monologues — though it has to be said that when it comes to the Abbey Theatre stuff then Bruce is outclassed by Jack MacGowan, whose Beckett-produced "MacGowan Speaking Beckett" (Candidd CTS), on which he reads extracts from Endgame, Molloy, Malone Dies, Echors Bones, An Abandoned Work and Watt, is quite superb.

WHAT EQUIPMENT is used by guitarist Mack Schenker of UFO? — IAN 'SPIKE' HILLIGAN, Perth 8000, W. Australia.

A chain letter — on real chains — has just been slipped under the toilet door informing us that Schenker, who formerly strummed for The Scorpions, currently uses a white Frying V guitar, 3 Marshall 50-watt amplifiers, 6 Marshall 4 x 12 cabinets and a Vox wah wah pedal.

LEFT TO RIGHT: Brian Brown, Mick Jagger, Charlie Watts, Eric Burdon, Keith Richards, Ronnie Wood, Ian Stewart (not in picture), Keith Taylor, Bill Wyman.

Large festival poster for 'THE SECOND JULY WAKES FESTIVAL' held at Park Hall, Chorley, Lancs. on July 15-16-17. Features acts like Barbara Dickson, Gallagher & Lyle, Leo Kottke, and Fairport Convention.

Site Facilities include: CAMPING, PARKING, BOATING LAKE, SAUNA, CABARET ROOM, SQUASH, SWIMMING POOL, LICENCED RESTAURANTS, FRESH WATER, TOILETS, BARS....

Event registration form with fields for Name, Address, No. of tickets, Cheque/PO No., and Total £. Includes a 'SPECIAL WEEKEND TICKETS' section for £5.50.

FATE PLAYS the strangest tricks. For years, The Pirates shared a similar fate to Bo Diddley. In their respective roles as innovators, they opened the door for a whole generation of Sixties rock bands, but in the ensuing stampede were left holding the handle.

If the name Bo Diddley is synonymous with a specific beat, then The Pirates are instantly associated with a particular group style that has often been emulated but never actually improved upon.

For as long as I can remember, The Pirates have always looked a bit shady. Nowadays, they appear quite fearsome. When you talk about rock 'n' roll beaves, one need look no further.

Bass-player Johnny Spence could be easily mistaken for a psychotic South-London villain who snaps fingers for pleasure. Drummer Frank Farley resembles a swarthy wrestler and basks in the boos of the crowd. And guitarist Mick Green, can only be a hustler who helps goods 'fall off the backs of luries.

As the late Johnny Kidd's backing group, The Pirates were Britain's seminal R&B band. The precursors of the electric power trio and, if you catch my drift, the only three man four-piece band in history.

I'll elucidate. The Pirates main attraction has always been guitarist Mick Green who, between 1961 and 1964, singlehandedly perfected the highly complex technique of playing both lead and rhythm simultaneously.

Using a Fender Telecaster Deluxe, Green somehow synthesized the very best aspects of Scotty Moore's finger-pickin' Sun sound, a basic urban R&B back-beat and a few choice Diddley rhythms into a highly personalised, dry, tense, barbed rhythm chop, and played, with such aggressive skill that, in next to no time, he revolutionised British guitar.

Without question, Mick Green contributed as much as The Yardbirds' Holy Trinity of Clapton, Beck and Page to the development of contemporary rock guitar.

Precisely how Green achieved his unique modus operandi, nobody has quite managed to suss out. Ask him and he claims that it's much easier to illustrate than to discuss. Be that as it may, it served as a basic blueprint for not only the 60s British Beat Boom, but in later years Dr Feelgood and, currently, a large section of rock's emergent frenetic fourth generation.

BITAIN'S first bona fide underground band, The Pirates pre-dated the initial R&B boom and — despite backing Johnny Kidd on such hits as "Shakin' All Over", "Please Don't Touch", "I'll Never Get Over You" and "Hungry For Love" — never really succeeded in achieving mass recognition. While other groups played endless package tours, The Pirates seemed content to roam around Europe playing roots-level beat clubs and ballrooms.

By the mid-60s, Mick Green had quit to join Billy J. Kramer, Johnny Kidd was dead in an auto smash and The Pirates had disbanded. It was left up to others to capitalize on the band's legacy.

That's exactly how things remained until just six months ago when The Pirates and yours truly both caught each other totally unprepared for what was about to happen.

Out of sheer curiosity, I ankled into London's Dingwalls one Tuesday evening in November and was stunned by what confronted me. Billed as a one-off reunion, The Pirates celebrated the twelve years that



Old farts mount massive counter-offensive

In which overnight sensation THE PIRATES grab some of the action while ROY CARR reminisces...

had elapsed since they last performed together and played with a spontaneity one rarely sees these days.

It may have taken me a couple of days to recover but, in my review, I claimed that there wasn't another guitarist currently playing on a British stage who could compare with Mick Green.

Like I said, that was six months ago. I've been back quite a few times since then to see if perhaps I'd been a little over-enthusiastic — but I still haven't reversed my initial opinion.

Seemingly, I'm not the only person who diligently checks out the Gig Guide each week to see where The Pirates are plugging-in. Not only do their supporters trail them around the country, but a group of the most ardent camp-followers recently hauled ass to Holland for a week, to keep tabs on their progress.

IF YOU measure a man's greatness by his degree of modesty, then Mick Green must surely keep the lowest profile around town. Truthfully, Green is the only musician that I've ever encountered who is almost apologetic about being so bloody talented. To make matters even more bizarre, Green can't relate to his near-legendary reputation, so he doesn't even bother to try. It exists and he's grateful, full stop.

Not only does the modest axeman find it most embarrassing to discuss his prowess, but up until recently, he was totally oblivious to the fact that his name was held in great reverence by his contemporaries.

Before I proceed any further, it needs to be firmly established that The Pirates, are by no stretch of the imagination a one-man band. Both bassist / singer Johnny Spence and drummer Frank Farley perform a most integral role in the success of the band. Without one another, The Pirates couldn't operate in such a unique fashion and they are the first to admit it.

By the same token, Spence and Farley readily concede that Green is their trump card,



Y'gotta look mean these days, boys. That's it. Hold it.



Got it. OK — you can relax . . . Mine's a mild and bitter.

while at the same time speculating that the Star Of The Show has never surpassed his achievements with any other rhythm team.

"When the three of us play together", remarks Spence, "everything seems to coalesce across quite natural, and I believe that to be the secret. Mick can do whatever he wants in the knowledge that Frank and I are always there right behind him."

After Green quit, at the end of '64, to become one of Kramer's Dakotas, Spence and Farley stayed behind before drifting through a succession of other backing bands.

On occasions, their careers again cross-crossed as they signed-on with Billy Fury, Julian Covay and Cliff Bennett. Spence then went into the motor trade, Farley became a strip club bouncer and Green lived five years of La Dolce Vita in Las Vegas pickin' ballads behind Engelbert Humperdinck. This was followed by three years with the ill-fated Shanghai before all three once again found themselves back together again and trading under their old colours.

However, it was more by accident than intent.

Somehow, Spence and Farley fell back into the business a couple of years ago on a semi-pro level at a nice-spot in Surrey. As their Sunday evenings were free, they decided to run their own rock gig and called up Green who had just jumped ship from Shanghai and was at a loose end.

One gig for old-time's sake was suggested. Even though they had absolutely no intention of any permanency for The Pirates, by mutual consent they agreed that instead of just a solitary session, The Pirates, (according to Farley) "would play a couple of karree gigs before calling it quits".

Those gigs just happened to be a Tuesday at Dingwalls' and a Sunday at the Roundhouse.

I caught them at Dingwalls', then shortly afterwards watched as they came close to stealing some of the thunder from Eddie & The Hot Rods at a crowded Roundhouse, promptly booked them for NME's Christmas knees-up (again at Dingwalls') and watched it escalate from there on in.

A few more facts:

Contrary to rocklore, NME's Christmas thrash isn't simply an excuse to get nominated for Teazens' coveted Falling-Down-Gets-You-Accepted Award.

Cram the cream of the British rock scene within four walls and someone is bound to do a deal of one kind or another.

Within an hour of having been joined onstage by Feelgooders' Lee Brilleaux and Wilko Johnson (who kept on jabbering: "I've wanted 15 years for this moment!"), The Pirates were off in a corner talking shop with former A&M chief and Warner Brothers' talent-broker Larry Yaskiel. By the time last orders were called, The Pirates agreed Yaskiel's offer was too good to pass up.

FOR BOTH parties concerned, it was something of a re-entry into the deep-end of the game. The Pirates hadn't seriously contemplated accepting any further engagements after that night while, having just returned from an 18-month sabbatical in Israel, Yaskiel was searching for just the right act with which to launch 77 — his new independent record production company.

Yaskiel's wasn't the only offer, but The Pirates took into consideration his ability to nurture both emergent and underestimated talents — like Leo Sayer, Peter Frampton and ELO — which, before his departure had earned him a reputation as one of Europe's premier record men and accounted for over 35 million records sold in North America alone.

Continues over

GERIATRICS FAZE PUNKS

From previous page

Yaskiel explains his rationale for his impulse signing of The Pirates — a band that hadn't played together since 1964:

"I'd been out of the music business for some time and after reading with amusement about any number of fads like a Glenn Miller revival, the 40s nostalgia craze, Rock Follies, the first thing that hit me full in the face on my return to London was punk rock.

"As none of these other fads had any lasting significance, I reckoned that with so many new bands springing up, there must be a very valid reason. Because, to begin with, it wasn't some record company hype. However, because the wrong aspects of what people termed 'punk rock' was the easiest for Fleet Street to digest, the whole movement got blown right out of all proportion.

"Yet, in these austere times I can find these aggressive attitudes quite understandable."

He qualifies himself. "If I were in my teens, and was raised on a diet of watching people in Ireland blowing each other up on TV, civil war in Africa, hi-jacking, riots, strikes, political assassinations,

the nuclear arm race, starvation, hate, racial prejudice and no immediate job prospects... well then, I'd find it laughable that the public would be disgusted because a girl bit her boyfriend's ear at a rock gig and made it bleed, but nobody minded that whilst I was sitting in front of the telly eating my Marmite real people were being slaughtered between cosmetic commercials.

"Those same people who got all righteous when The Sex Pistols used a couple of unparaphrased words during a TV interview:

"As, in the beginning, the music wasn't saying enough... maybe it was saying too much! People focused in on the less important aspects and turned it into a freak fashion show. All that was really happening," he observed, "was that this new generation of kids were only trying to create some unprecedented high-energy rock 'n' roll to help work off their frustrations."

"Now, when I saw The Pirates, it immediately struck me, like many others who were eager to sign them, that right here was the real essence of no-nonsense rock at a time when punk is just about getting

right down to basics and re-interpreting things to fit the current social climate.

"Sure, I could have dashed down The Roxy and signed one of a dozen new punk bands, but for the moment, why look beyond something as unique and vital as this band, because everyone acknowledges that The Pirates were one of the most important catalysts in the development of British rock.

"When The Pirates played the NME party," he concludes, "I not only saw people who would normally be considered too blasé to dance around in such an uninhibited manner getting off on the band, but I couldn't believe the number of well-known musicians like Phil Lynott and John Entwistle and younger bands like The Damned, The Flamin' Groovies, Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers and the Pistols that crowded to the front of the stage to cheer.

"Nobody was concerned with The Pirates' past achievements, it was the sheer power of what they're doing right now that got through to those people exactly the same way as it got through to the Hot Rods' fans at The Roundhouse. "So how could they lose?"

THE PIRATES were caught right off-guard by the sudden upsurge of interest in their Second Coming. They undertook those first few crucial gigs with a makeshift programme; numbers they could blow on without rehearsal.

But events overtook them so rapidly that, without coming off the road to re-plan their strategy, they amended their original set as best they could. With their backs against the wall and their reputation on the line, not only did they refurbish their repertoire but began writing their own material. They didn't have time to stop and take stock of the situation they had suddenly been catapulted into and it was this sense of urgency that helped them sustain the momentum.

Having prepared themselves to die the proverbial death, they were not, as they had anticipated, being supported by first generation neo-eds, but 18-year old spike-heads.

Sure, The Pirates had to graft to keep abreast of themselves, but starting all over again from scratch wasn't as difficult as they had first envisaged. In fact, it proved to be something of an asset.

"We're not interested in how The Pirates sounded ten years

ago," Green confided to me after one gig. "We're only interested in what's happening right now. You see, we owe to ourselves to try and do something constructive as The Pirates."

"Sure," says Spence, "we play a few songs we played in the old days, but we perform them as we all feel they should sound today, and it's because of this approach that we're drawing such a very young audience."

"The kids come along expecting nothing," argues Green, "and as far as they're concerned those numbers sound brand new to them. If they didn't, they wouldn't want to know."

IT'S ONLY a matter of time before the Feelgoods connection is brought up in any conversation. It's absolutely no secret that Wilko Johnson modelled himself lock, stock and Telecaster on Mick Green and, as it transpires, it was Wilko who continually pestered Green to seriously consider a permanent Pirates reformation.

It is Green's unobscured opinion that The Pirates owe as much to the Feelgoods as the Feelgoods are indebted to The Pirates.

"The first time I ever heard the Feelgoods on the radio," admits Green, "I really thought it was as fine, so the Feelgoods made it by using many of the things that The Pirates developed — as far as we're concerned, that's great and shows how valid our approach has always been."

"When we first went to Hamburg with Kidd," growls Farley, "we were just what people used to call, a typical beat group — and then we heard all these Scouse bands playing all these fabulous songs which we'd never heard before... 'Casting My Spell' and 'A Shot Of Rhythm & Blues' were just a couple of 'em. When we came back to this country we were a different band entirely."

"In fact," he recalls, "our own 15-minute set, which we used to play before Kidd came on stage, was always far more R&B-styled than his part of the show."

Spence corroborates this statement. Johnny Spence may have become The Pirates' vocalist by default, but as the four originals on their already-completed — soon to be released — but I'm not sure on which label album substantiates, the man has improved beyond all recognition.

Comprising seven songs recorded one Saturday evening "live" at The Nashville and another seven cut in just three days down at Rockfield, this Wick Male-produced debut illustrates the style and confidence which now grades the band's vocals.

Cutting an album on the run in just four days has had the desired effect, for this is how The Pirates should be enjoyed: no-holds-barred — reaching a zenith on such originals as "Gibson, Martin and Fender" the manic "Don't Mention It" and the insidious throb "You Don't Own Me", which they co-wrote with Quo's Alan Lancaster.

Crafting material that can accurately showcase The Pirates' instrumental prowess has come quite natural, and to their collective credit, they haven't taken the easy way out. Fourteen tracks on one album substantiates that they

haven't become complacent and cut Mick Green loose for endless guitar solos. As it happens, guitar breaks are kept to no more than a chorus or two, and because of this kind of discipline, The Pirates generate optimum energy.

It's this high intensity — as opposed to volume — that enables The Pirates to deliver such lethal payloads as "Lonesome Train" and "Milk Cow Blues" on the Nashville side and "Drinking Wine" and "Do The Dog" on the Rockfield cuts, without falling victim to their own virtuosity.

IN FRONT of a crowd, The Pirates attack their hardware with nothing less than intense hatred; almost as if they're succeeding in draining every last ounce of life-blood from their instruments.

Mick Green scrubs at his fretboard with high-speed savagery, Spence rolls his eyeballs and pumps at his bass like a bullworker and Farley, yeah, Farley preferring to stand behind his kit for most of the set, matches John Bonham in the blacksmith approach to drum-thrashing.

Come in Vic Male.

Without attempting to compromise him in his position of having produced the formative works of the Feelgoods and The Hot Rods, Male nevertheless concedes that, without being forced to draw comparisons, the tracks he's just produced with The Pirates succeeded in capturing the rough-and-ready ambience that has consistently eluded the other bands he's taken into the studio.

"Recording The Pirates," states Male, "was much easier than I had originally anticipated. Once we had the tapes rolling, it was like having two bands playing together — to the extent that on quite a few tracks there was absolutely no need to do any overdubs whatsoever."

"Now with other bands, it's essential that, on record, they need to fill out their stage sound with a certain amount of overdubbing and, by doing so, correct any weaknesses. I always felt this when I was recording The Feelgoods, though you know how Wilko always felt about doing overdubs."

"But it wasn't really necessary to do many overdubs once The Pirates were in the studio, because Mick Green already sounds like two guitarists!"

Any doubts that The Pirates might be a Rock Revival band have long since been vanquished.

"Far from it," Male insisted, "I'm very much into what many of the new wave bands are doing, and there's no doubt about it, The Pirates are valid in respect to what's happening in rock at this very moment."

WITH JOHNNY SPENCE and Frank Farley having been side-lined for so many years and Green working out of Las Vegas, it could well have encapsulated their collective talent. Nothing could be further from the truth.

You can match The Pirates against any other power trio any day of the week.

"There are some things", Green muses, "that you just don't lose. You just tuck 'em away at the back of your mind until such time as you need them. That's what we did."



Your first real machine is an important choice. Don't waste it on less than the best.

When you're ready to take your first step into real motorcycling don't put a foot wrong. Choose the Kawasaki KH125. Choose the way experienced riders do, by comparison. Compare us with the rest, feature for feature, value for value. Check it out from a practical point of view, the pleasure of the present, the potential for the future — and you'll see there's only one real choice: the remarkable, reliable Kawasaki KH125.

The KH125 is light in weight, solid in construction, amazingly easy to handle and quickly responsive through every shift of its six-speed gear box. The two-stroke, single cylinder rotary disc valve engine is designed for dependable performance, outstanding fuel economy and easy maintenance. Yet produces plenty of speed when you need it in traffic or

on the open road. Built to last for years of heavy use, the KH125 is a pleasure to look at — neatly designed, functional, not a line wasted. As with all Kawasaki machines, it has superior features for your comfort and safety.

So don't waste your first choice on a machine that's less than the best. And don't waste a moment getting round to your nearest Kawasaki specialist. He'll show you how to take that first step towards a lifetime of enjoyment.

Kawasaki
sets the pace

Kawasaki Motors (UK) Ltd. 247-249 Dall Avenue, Trading Estate, South, Bedfordshire, Tel. South 36295

You really got me
Chartreuse

KLICK RECORDS

Released through RCA

PLATTERS

CROSBY, STILLS AND NASH

Crosby, Stills And Nash (Atlantic)
PREDICTABLY IT'S a creeping disease on this waterfront. After all everyone knew that Crosby, Stills and Nash would have to get back together sooner or later.

Crosby and Nash have been playing housey-housey for years as rock's odd couple in residence. All it needed was for Stills to suffer even more critical abuse, miserable attendance at his concerts, pitiful album sales and one more rebuke from Neil Young for him to stick his tail between his legs and go actively hankering for his threesome threesome reunion.

Everybody knew that they'd beaugh each other and, pausing only to re-affix their hearts on that combined denim sleeve, shoot the route down to Florida to cool and bill over a democratic, tasteful shiver of songs, shape up an album, sell it to the highest bidder and settle back on their yacht to shell in the shekels as ever.

Everybody know also that Rolling Stone and Cameron-Crowe would get the exclusive grip on the inner sanctum temperament, throw in a cover to punch home the scam, and after dutifully questioning the motives of a band (?) who've constructed their entire career from ceaselessly crying "woof", conclude that, yes, this is The Big One.

Just like you all know I'm going to give this album a bad review if only to complete the sequence.

But let's take to the task in a systematic, businesslike fashion — below the belt bitchery being about as redundant a stance as the impoverished poeticism and world weary posing of this product's outcurs.

Democratically conceived just like its predecessor back in halcyon '69, this record boasts an intimate, tasteful production — spartan instrumentation throwing a full spotlight on the trio's harmony work, which, for all its precious pitching, is extremely well crafted and nigh perfect intonation-wise.

These are CS&N's good points. The album's bad points easily outweigh them.

The problem starts with the simple fact that all three figures are currently stranded in various stages of utter impoverishment — regarding

their baleful attempts to write 'convincing' songs. Each writer is stuck in his own hackneyed style of composition — Nash most obviously, seemingly cemented to a piano stool and condemned merely to croak out painfully slow, pee-faced paens to his own sensitivity.

He is the most deadeningly offensive of this trio — God, is there anyone working within the singer/songwriter medium who currently takes himself more seriously and has less to back up such a numbingly pretentious stance? I dearly hope not, for Nash, writing from a grotesque posture of wounded, ultra-pious innocence, provides this effort with not one but two cringing nadirs.

"Cathedral" is a song about the author's experience of taking acid in Winchester Cathedral. It's full of bloated strings, tortuously clumsy piano chords and lyrics loaded with couplets like "Open up the gates of the church and let me out of here/Too many people have led in the name of Christ" *ad infinitum*.

In ascending order, Crosby has three songs showcased here, Nash four and Stills a generous five. The latter's got a few more cliches of his own to flex on but in the end he's just as impoverished as Nash. Virtually since the decade was ushered in Stills hasn't come up with a new riff, instead grudgingly content to trot out his old faithfuls with less and less camouflage to hide his creative bankruptcy as tepid solo album follows album.

"CS & N" shows that nothing's changed on this wicket and this time even those dippy harmonies can't hide as much. Stills had apparently gone through a divorce just before this album was recorded — this plus his continuing decline from a popular musician who once commanded respect to a buffoon grievously lacking credibility or an audience have reaped a mighty upward tilt on the angst-o-meter. The only problem being that Stills' attempted painful eloquence with his old ready-mades again seems horribly contrived ad phoney.

He enters on an acoustic (sorry 'woodier' — and how) number which is a dead ringer for "Helplessly Hoping". The title of the same is "See The Changes" which proves once again the long held Buddy

Miles theory that musicians ceaselessly boasting about their 'changes' are in fact stuck in the most and deady of formulas.

"Fair Game" is Stills puckerup his latin shuffle which he started with Buffalo Springfield's "Uno Mondo" and has continued to grind out at any point when a song's artifice is losing its impact and a change is needed "Dark Star" and "I Give You Give Blind" are eminently forgettable. Stills' nadir is struck in no uncertain terms with "Run From Tears" which clinches all his inadequacies in one song. This is Stills the morose, passionate 'bluesman' (he even tells us as much at the start) — all broken machoid real man emotional grit that becomes postured as his singing turns the attempted naked feelings of lines like "I'm drowning/I'm fighting/Something special in me is dying" into embarrassing egocentrically so cloying as to be thoroughly unavovoury.

Naturally he has to finish things off with an electric riff that he's trotted out on anything from "Four Way Street" to the Manassas album — but by then the song has become such a hideous exercise that any change is for the better.

Two down, one to go. David Crosby, for one who comes on so like a complete clown, emerges out of the album with more respectability than his two compadres combined. Crosby's ace up the sleeve has remained his ability to conceive intriguing, original melodies and chord progressions which veer out of a tasteful jazz-tinged left field. This talent has been shown far better elsewhere — almost

anywhere else, come to that, from the first CS&N album to his truly innovative contributions to the Byrds in the mid-60's.

But at least "In My Dreams" and "Anything At All" are convincing and succeed in their own right with sturdy, mysterious progressions and lyrics that either (as in the case of "Dreams") are forgettably innocuous or actually say something. With "Anything" Crosby kicks off with a couplet "Anything you want to know just ask me/I'm the world's most opiated man". Well, at least he's being believably honest and providing a touch of human weakness into this mess of ultra-'sensitive' posturing. Nothing much really, but marooned on this record anything half-way decent is welcome.

For all's said and done this is an utterly feeble effort. It's the old strength in numbers ploy as three musical deficients try to muster some dust of the old star dust of Woodstock yesteryear, hoping it will mist over their combined terminal condition. Predictably enough, this album is as much an aesthetic disaster area as it'll be a commercial success.

Nick Kent

COUNTRY JOE McDONALD

Goodbye Blues (Fantasy); The Best Of Country Joe McDonald (Golden Hour)
THINKING OF Country Joe as a Frisco flower child barks you up a wrong tree of considerable proportions; close but no cigar. Nearer to it: a Berkeley poliofolkie who got psychedelicated and dived



headfirst into rock and roll. The new album "Goodbye Blues" — his nineteenth or whatever — is an easy listening experience for people who like being jabbed in the ass with lapel badges to ease their consciences about being flat on their backs.

Joe turns Woody Guthrie's "Car Car" (here retitled "Let's Go Riding In The Car") into a would-be witty Statement On Pollution, tweaks the scribbles with "Blood On The Ice", a harsh and scarily song about what it takes to make someone a scalpskin coat, goes on for several painful minutes about how "Primitive People" are having a tough time of it in the So-Called Modern World, delivers a cute singalong about the "Little Blue Whale" and rhymes

"Victor Jara" with "Che Guevara" in "Copiapo."

"Widemen Train" sinks a few barbs into the hides of people who talk about getting back to the simple life in the country and then just stalk about with guns blowing the heads off of the wildlife and "TV Blues" savages the tube. Me, I'll take one "Save The Whale" button and leave the album be.

The Golden Hour album is compiled from the Vanguard albums that contain Joe's best work with and without the Fish

If nothing else, it demonstrates that Country Joe was never a man to stick to one thing too long. There's material from "Thinking Of Woody Guthrie", from his country album "Tonight I'm Singing Just For You", from his album of adaptations of the World War I poetry of Robert Service, from the three excellent post-Fish albums (there were a lot more than three, but I said excellent) "Incredible! Live! Country Joe!", "Hold On It's Coming" and "The Paris Sessions", and "The Baphazard Fists of Fish tracks including "Fish Cheer And I-Feel-Like-I'm-Fixing-To-Die-Rag", "Janis", "Here I Go Again", "Love Machine" and — best of all — "Not So Sweet Martha Lorraine"

As a neat everthing - you-wanted - to - know - about - Country - Joe - but - never - bothered - to - ask package that leaves no loose ends that aren't thrown following up, I reckon this fills the bill pretty good. Gimme an F!

Charles Shear Murray

THE MUPPET SHOW

(Pye)
IF THE MEDIA spouses of Johnny Rotten and the Muppet Show reflect the operations of a common sub-culture, it may be that this augurs well for the future of Western Civilisation.

Away, dank spirit! To the abator with the mediocrity of 1970's pig capitalism and its dedication to the sterility of our spirits! Move forward the frontiers of the New Renaissance! *La nouvelle cage est arrive!*

Go, place your styhia in the groove that moves.

Hear The Muppet Show and understand all there is to understand.

Suffer the raging emotions of Scooter and Floyd's "Mr Bassman". Empathize with Rowlf's marvelous triumph of content and form in the emotively pastoral "Cottleston Pie".

But enough of dropping minor stars names. What of the real meat of these pictureless highlights from the ATV show of the same name?

Wherefore Sam The Eagle, wherefore Rowlf, wherefore Jack Parnell? Wherefore? Yeah, it's had to come down to personalities yet again. Nouvelle vague or no, see it's all showbiz.

Yes, Kermit, Fozzie Bear, Miss Piggy, the albums pages salute the genius of the ruling triumvirate of Muppet Land.

Just get next to the Stanislavsky-like loathing that the vituperate Kermit injects into his rejection (get next to the assurance also while you're at it) of Miss Piggy. Delight as she triumphs over pain on her beautifully elegant run-through of "What Now My Love". Understand how it feels to be a tie-wearing bear on Fozzie's stirring "Monologue".

And, finally, know what it's like, as only Kermit can, to Be Green.

Indeed, "Being Green", the lush closing track, kinda says it all.

But then, that's Kermit for you.

Chris Salewics

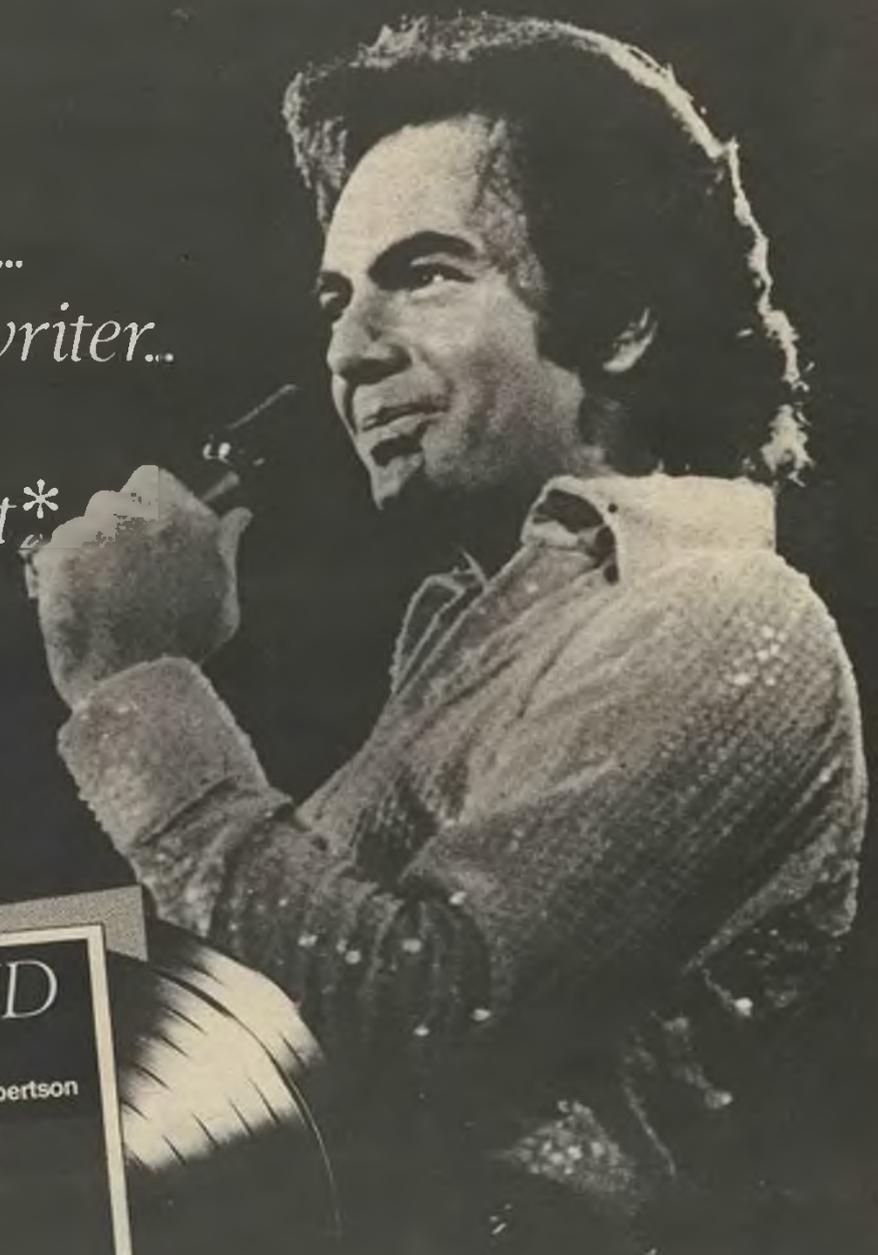
Old Farts Special
C, S, & N: Sorry, but it's a wet one.
NICK KENT wrinkles his nose in disgust.

Sorry you guys, I'm afraid we're gonna have to cut your number there! Still that's showbiz, don't let it get you down!



NEIL DIAMOND

*A special artist...
A special songwriter...
A special
Woburn concert**



NEIL DIAMOND
'Love at the Greek'
Live double album produced by Robbie Robertson



Features:
'Sweet Caroline'
'Song Sung Blue'
'Beautiful Noise'
'If You Know What I Mean'
And 16 other great tracks

CBS 95001
Also on Tape

**LIVE AT WOBURN
July 2nd at 8 p.m.**

***£5.50 tickets still available**
with SAE from Keith Prowse & Co. Ltd.,
Dept. NDWA, 24 Store St., London WC1
01-637 4673 or
01-637 3527
Ticket, Train and Coach specials
Tel: 01-589 6633

PLAYERS

HALFWAY TO 1978

ALBUMS

1. TELEVISION Marquee Moon (Warner Bros)
2. THE RAMONES Leave Home (Sire)
3. BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS Exodus (Island)
4. LITTLE FEAT Time Loves A Hero (Warner Bros)
5. THE STRANGLERS Rattus Norvegicus (United Artists)
6. THE CLASH The Clash (CBS)
7. TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS (Island)
8. MUDDY WATERS Hard Again (Blue Sky)
9. DAVE EDMUNDS Get It (Swansong)
10. THE JAM In The City (Polydor)

BUBBLING UNDER: David Bowie Low (RCA); Iggy Pop The Idiot (RCA).

... in which *The Almost Entire Staff of the World's Most Equinox-Conscious Rock Weekly plot their Best Of — So Far — In 1977.* Brian Case (Jazz), Patrick Humphries (Folk), Penny Reel (Reggae) and Cliff White (Soul) can be blamed individually for the ethnic selections.

SINGLES

1. SEX PISTOLS God Save The Queen (Virgin)
2. THE RAMONES Sheena Is A Punk Rocker (Sire)
3. THE STRANGLERS Peaches/Go Buddy Go (United Artists)
4. THE CLASH White Riot (CBS)
5. DAVID BOWIE Sound & Vision (RCA)
6. ELVIS COSTELLO Less Than Zero (Stiff)
7. THE STRANGLERS Grip/London Lady (United Artists)
8. BOB MARLEY Exodus (Island)
9. PETER GABRIEL Solisbury Hill (Charisma)
10. DENICIE WILLIAMS Free (CBS)
11. WEATHER REPORT Birdland (CBS)
12. TALKING HEADS Love Goes To A Building On Fire (Sire)
13. JOE TEX Ain't Gonna Bump (Epic)
14. BOSTON More Than A Feeling (CBS)
15. GRAHAM PARKER Hold Back The Night (Virgin)
16. THE DAMNED Neat Neat Neat (Stiff)
17. RONNIE SPECTOR Say Goodbye To Hollywood (Epic)
18. STEVIE WONDER Sir Duke (Motown)
19. BOB SEGER Night Moves (Capitol)
20. DAVE EDMUNDS I Know The Bride (Swansong)

BUBBLING UNDER: The Table Do The Standing Still (Virgin); Van Morrison Eternal Kansas City (Warner Bros).

BEST COMPILATIONS

CHUCK BERRY Motorvatin' (Chess); VARIOUS ARTISTS A Bunch Of Sifts (Stiff).

BEST RE-ISSUES

MCS Back In The USA (Atlantic); IGGY & THE STOOGES Raw Power (CBS).

JAZZ ALBUMS

1. DAVID MURRAY Low Class Conspiracy (Adelphi*)
2. COMPANY Company One (Incus)
3. DEXTER GORDON Homecoming (CBS)
4. JULIUS HEMPHILL Coon Bid'ness (Arista)
5. NEW YORK LOFT SESSIONS Widdlowers (Douglas)
6. DON CHERRY Don Cherry (A & M)
7. DON PULLEN Solo Piano (Sackville)
8. JOSEPH BOWIE & OLIVER LAKE (Sackville*)
9. MILT JACKSON At Kosei Nenkin (Pablo Live)
10. DOLO COKER Dolo! (Xanadu*)

FOLK ALBUMS

1. BILL CADICK Sunny Memories (Trailer)
2. BERT JANSCH A Rare Conundrum (Chansma)
3. FIVE HAND REEL For A' That (RCA)
4. ALBION DANCE BAND The Prospect Before Us (Harvest)
5. FAIRPORT CONVENTION Live Fairport (Help)
6. STEELEYE SPAN Old Masters (Chrysalis)
7. DAVE SWARBROCK Swarbrick Two (Transatlantic)
8. ROYSTON & HEATHER WOOD No Relation (Transatlantic)
9. JETHRO TULL Songs From The Wood (Chrysalis)
10. MARTIN CARTHAY Martin Carthy (Topic Reissue)

REGGAE 45s

1. CORNELL CAMPBELL The Investigator (3rd World)
 2. DENNIS BROWN Here I Come (Morpheus)
 3. GREGORY ISAACS Slave Master (3rd World)
 4. CARETAKER Majority Rules (Stonehouse)
 5. RAS ELROY Sticks Man (Slate)
 6. RAS IBUNA Diverse Doctrine (Grove Music)
 7. THE ROYAL RASES Kingston Eleven (Neville King)
 8. ELLA HOLT Shark Out Dog (Locks)
 9. GREGORY ISAACS Mister Cop (Golden Age)
 10. BLACKSTONES Revolution Time (Sunshot)
- All available on British release

SOUL ALBUMS

1. THE COMMODORES Zoom (Motown)
2. BOOTSY COLLINS Ahh... The Name Is Bootsy, Baby (Warner Bros)
3. LATIMORE It Ain't Where You Been (TK)
4. DENICIE WILLIAMS This Is Niecey (CBS)
5. BOBBY BLAND Reflections In Blue (ABC)

SOUL 45s

1. DOROTHY MOORE For Old Times Sake (Contempo)
2. WILLIAM BELL Trying To Love Two (Mercury)
3. JOHNNIE TAYLOR Love Is Better In The A.M. (CBS)
4. BOBBY PATTERSON If He Hadn't Slipped Up and Got Caught (Contempo)
5. JOE TEX Ain't Gonna Bump No More (Epic)



...not just a play.....not just a musical.....not just a ballet.....not just a rock band.....not just a poem....

Prospect Jubilee Season at the Old Vic 928 7616

World Premiere of a theatrical spectacle

WAR MUSIC

Homer/Christopher Logue/Donald Fraser

Timothy West tells the story William Louthier dances

Gary Kettel plays

June 23 & 24 at 7.30





VARIOUS
Best of Car Wash
(MCA)

WHO CAN ever forget Norman Whitfield and Barrett Strong? One of the great twosomes of our time, almost on a-par with such luminaries as Rotten and Vicious, Donny and Marie, Fear and Loathing, they produced gems like "Just My Imagination" as easily as the Queen produces corgis.

Car Wash is a reportedly OK movie dealing with a gang of them happy black folks on a hard day at the auto-shower. It features George Carlin, The Pointer Sisters and Richard Pryor and is gilded by the collective lyrics of a group of people calling themselves Rose Royce.

These happy minstrels have already given us two hit singles ("Car Wash" and "I Wanna

Get Next To You", both featured here in edited state) and a double soundtrack of which very little has been heard.

Is this album, I sigh wearily for the ninth time in two seconds, really necessary? Well, tracks like "Zig Zag", "Water" and "Down What Comes Naturally", a large chunk in the middle of side one, are only an extended exercise in irrelevance and negligent brass meanders that suffer from an over busy orchestration, the curse of most modern soul.

"Carwash" features a burbling scapella into driving into a background of half throttle brass to which Rose Royce strut their stuff in a manner that would not disgrace Tammi and Marvin.

They tackle the daily grind with admirable fortitude; "Work and work my fingers to the bone!" chortles a female Rose Royce gleefully in a classy voice which is sweet even when stridently employed.

After a stressed slab of trashy instrumentals comes "I'm Going Down", the type of lushly orchestrated, standard ballad that Motown are wont to fling at their unfortunate chanteuses.

A breathy exhortation of fatal infatuation, it's interspersed with distraught sobs of such meticulous synchronization that I felt

moved to snigger with malicious mirth. Grovel, grovel. Yeuchhh!

"Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is" (a rather unwise choice of title in the light of the title of the previous track) could be from any of the better boisterous soul combos. I was irked by the self-conscious pt-down hollers of "Talk is cheap!" "Raht on!" "Rock Steady!" and "Puddup or shuddup!" from various Rose Royces, but when these irritating harpies quit the backing track moves along with considerable panache.

Side two opens with "I Wanna Get Next To You", gorgeous even if it is "Just My Imagination" with a nose-job. "Daddy Rich" is a neassy celebration of material wealth totally lacking in conviction and rhythm. "You Gotta Believe", the only song to feature the Pointer Sisters (who said "Who?"), is a monotonous low-key shuffle executed with much aimless percussion.

The dreary "YoYo" is as silly and repetitive as its title and whilst "Sunrise" (also mimics the sound of a human voice) is a fitting end to an album incorporating three good songs and a wagonload of trash.

If you bought the singles, there's nothing here you want. And if you didn't buy the singles, don't lose sleep.

Julie Barclay



BEE GEES
At Last - Bee Gees
Live (RSO)

NOT SO long ago, it was possible (if uncharitable) to dismiss the Bee Gees as mere purveyors of schmaltz - Beatles' copyists with a crippling weakness for maudlin ballads. But their last two albums have changed all that, spawning an astonishing number of hit singles.

"Live Talking" from "Nights on Broadway" was the first indication that something was happening. Instead of that familiar nasal warbling, the Brothers Gibb had opted for trademark disco falsetto. The strength of the song depended on its formidable riff, also on its cunning arrangement and production, the work of Arif Mardin.

Then came "Children of the World", and with Mardin replaced by Karl Richardson and Alby Galatin, the Bee

Gees were still demonstrating a consummate command of disco trickery. From that album came no less than five A-sides, all hits for the Bee Gees and other people in various parts of the world.

And now, with the Gibbs established as the premier white exponents of studio funk, there's this double live set, which features the best of all their material.

There was the risk that complex arrangements carefully assembled in the studio would come apart onstage. Happily, that's not the case, thanks to the immaculate backup from the likes of Blue Weaver (keyboards), Alan Kendall (guitars), and Dennis Bryon (drums).

The band easily gives the Average Whites a run for their money, ably assisted by six horn players, and what's more, the Gibbs write better songs than the AWB ever managed.

The set opens with something of a soft sell. "I've Gotta Get A Message To You" is followed by "Love So Right" - a curious time warp as the band switches from golden oldie to latest strut with barely a pause for breath. "Can't Keep A Good Man Down" closes the first side, with its eccentric little brass riff, and its absurdly catchy chorus.

The second side is devoted entirely to a medley of oldies, and demonstrates the Gibbs' talent for memorable melodies. It's surprising how many of these songs have lingered on.

The classic is "New York Mining Disaster 1941", a song that would have not been out of place on "Sergeant Pepper", despite its obvious stylistic debt. Others are barely less robust: "Massachusetts", "World", "I Started A Joke", "To Love Somebody", among them.

No matter how soppy the words, there's no knocking the force of the tunes. The likes of Rod Stewart and Elton John should be blessed with such songwriting talent. The medley does tend to go on, through nine cuts in all, but it's hard to see which ones they'd dump.

The very same cluster of songs might have served if the Bee Gees had ended up at Bletley Variety Club. "You Should Be Dancing", which opens side three, shows why they're at the Los Angeles Forum instead.

"Dancing" has more power than in the studio. The horns do an extended work-out that never loses momentum, and the band power into "Boogie Child" just to show it was no fluke. The final side has three

gilt-edged songs: "Wind of Change", "Nights on Broadway", and a superb "Live Talking".

If you want to hear how some of the sharpest operators in the business can turn black music innovations to their own multi-million dollar advantage, then this is essential listening.

Bob Edwards



THE COMMODORES:
Zoom (Motown)

THIS ALBUM has caused me more brain damage than my love life and if I didn't think it was worth the hassle I'd have given up on it weeks ago. But it is worth it - as I'm now trying to tell you for the fourth time.

The Commodores don't breathe a word about tearing down, beating up, or even mildly contesting the establishment; nor do they hate themselves, despite their neighbours or despair for the future of mankind.

So you see, subject-wise it's all fairly unsubstantial stuff.

Except that musically and technically "Zoom" is as solid as a rock; as in rock and roll.

As it happens, The Commodores see themselves as rock 'n' rollers. Which just goes to show there's still a major culture shock twist the doors and the watchers, particularly when the doors are American and black and the watchers are British and white.

A full quarter of a year after its release, "Zoom" still sounds like the best album of '77, despite strong competition from Delecia Williams, Bobby Bland, Joe Tex, Parliament and The Isley Brothers, the runner-up so far.

On reflection I suppose there are just about grounds for thinking of The Commodores as a soul act, even though they don't, because young black America's approach to music is distinctly different to young white America - most of the time.

On seven of the nine tracks this increasingly tight sextet have refined the obvious influence of Stevie Wonder and The Ohio Players to the point where they've paid off their

MORE PEOPLE RIDE HONDAS. HERE'S WHY.

Good news travels fast. And Hondas are good news.

Costing from around £3-50 a week to run - and that includes buying on h.p. and insurance - they can make huge savings on fares.

They're simple to ride and easy to park. So they offer the perfect way to travel door to door.

And they're extremely reliable. Honda built their reputation - and became the world's largest manufacturer - by building tough, dependable bikes.

Remember, only a Honda carries a 12-month unlimited mileage warranty.

When something makes as much sense and has as much style as a Honda, it's bound to be noticed. Which is why you'll see so many people riding them.

There are more Honda dealers round the country than any other make can offer, too. Over 850 of them.

So now you know why there are more Hondas on the road, and where to get one.

What are you waiting for. Another increase in fares?



THE HONDA CAMINO AND C70

And two of Honda's range of commuter bikes. The Camino could cost you as little as £3-50 a week to buy and run. The C70 is a bit more expensive, but it's a real bike. It's got a 199cc engine, 100 miles a tank, and a 12-month unlimited mileage warranty. The Honda C70 can cost you about £1-50 a week to buy and run.

HONDA More sense, more style.

IMPORTS

BOBBI HUMPHREY and Scarlet Rivera have much in common. Scarlet's probably the better known of the two, thanks to her involvement with Rockin' Robbie's Rollin' Thunder shindig, though Bobbi's been around longer on the record scene and has half a dozen Blue Note albums to her credit in the most recent Schwann catalogue.

Both currently have albums that would seem important to their respective careers. Dylan's Stra-buppy sidekick coming up with "Scarlet Rivers", a Jimmy Wisner-produced debut album for Warner Brothers, and Bobbi, a jazz flautist who's also a pretty fair vocalist, making a bid for upper market acceptance via "Tailor Made", her initial outing on Epic.

Aesthetically speaking, Rivera's offering is streets ahead. Fronting a fine little band comprised of keyboardist Dominic Cardinale, a flautist, vocalist Rolly Hui, ex-Ether Phillips bassist Ed Mikeans and Gary Burke, a percussionist who played on the Dylan gang show, she stretches out on material that ranges from "Wicked Witch of the East", a crunching jig of heavy proportions, to "Gypsy Caravan", ten minutes of pure tea-room romanticism.



Richard Pryor

Poor Bobbi is ill-served by her initial big-time romp. No info is provided on the album sleeve and if you didn't already know that Ms. Humphrey flute-tooted in Mann-made fashion then you'd be led to assume that her only donations to the proceedings were the vocals that occur on some tracks.

Musically she's not got it all that hot either - the songs and the uncredited arrangements are often straight out of rent-a-disco (Upper Manhattan branch) and one way or another, the whole deal would appear to be the waste not only of Bobbi's undoubted talents but also of a great opportunity.

The tragedy of it all is that "Tailor Made" will probably prove to be her biggest seller to date and her next offering will be fashioned in equally lacklustre vein.

I think it's equally likely that Leon and Mary Russell's

debt and begin to show a musical profit.

"Won't You Come Dance With Me" is everything in one track that Wonder's "Key Of Life" could have been had it not been dissipated over two and a half years and four and a half sides. "Squeeze The Fruit" boogies sharply with the attack of early Funkadelic and the compulsive bounce of pre-wealth Ohio Players; "Brick House" is no damn funky the bass and drum mix is like being whacked upside the head with a hollow log.

In contrast, the title track is a fresh edition of the harmony ballad style that The Commodores are almost single-handedly returning to fashion (modern production and arrangement but the same irresistible charm as a fifties doowop).

"Easy" is more of the same, hovering over a gospel piano melody until it's scooped up in the metal talons of McClary's guitar. A great finale, and possibly the most likely to succeed in Britain.

But then all tracks are potential singles; three or four of them obviously destined to be million sellers in America. Whether or not they'll do any good over here is this month's prize teaser.

Cliff White

PAT METHENY
Watercolors (ECM)

THIS TIME aquamarine. Another round from the Gary Burton Quartet's young American guitarist.

Cut the credits, count to four and Metheny sounds a lot like The National Health's Phil Miller. Calm and collected as he unravels long melodies, curt and catchy as he flecks off angled chords.

"Bright Size Life", Metheny's previous set, was saved from nagging tonal uniformity by the luxuriant bass of Weather Report's Jaco Pastorius. "Watercolors" is likewise saved by the presence of German bistro supremo Eberhard Weber.

Weber plays an amplified upright bass — which still doesn't explain how he manages to make it sound like a distant choir, a cello quartet, a French horn section or, most characteristically, a whole bass orchestra of warm, resonant grandeur.

But one monumental musician doth not an album make. It's not that Metheny's ticks are without interest, just that they seem oddly casual, lack urgency, seem to verge on the facile.

Only once does Metheny threaten to cut the quick. "Ice

Fire" is an arresting solo piece; his electric rings through a brief raga structure, wedding harmonic dazzle every which way.

"Sea Song", "River Quay" and the other group pieces are too languid for my taste. Drummer Danny Gottlieb taps safe, goes out of his way to avoid undue tension. Pianist Lyle Mays shows promise and flair, even if he does knead his rich chords with an ear cocked at Keith Jarrett.

All the material is Melbany's (which may account for the set's failure to grip firm). I'm not too convinced he's a strong enough stylist or writer to lead — yet less of the limp lagoons, Mr Metheny, more of the breaker surge.

Go for the Burton Quartet's recent "Passengers" instead, which also has Weber aboard but combines tranquility with strength.

Angus MacKinnon



ARETHA FRANKLIN
Sweet Passion (Atlantic)

WHAT to do with Aretha Franklin? The question must echo around Atlantic's New York offices whenever it's time for her to make another record.

Last year someone had the idea of having her do a sound-track album and putting the writing and production chores in the hands of Curtis Mayfield: a decision obviously inspired by Mayfield's recent artistic and commercial success doing the same thing for the Staple Singers on "Let's Do It Again".

Dispensing with lush settings, Mayfield let the simple excitement of Gospel-style singing come through, backed by a small band and tight vocal arrangements. "Sparkle" saw Aretha in the hands of a sensible, sympathetic producer; "Sweet Passion" does not.

Aretha never really makes a bad album. The presence of her voice could redeem almost anything. However she's very much at the mercy of settings various producers have created for her.

Lamont Dozier, a Motown

veteran, won this job. He tackles the task as though "Passion" were a Barbra Streisand album. He swamps the lady with overbearing brass and string arrangements on such MOR specials as "What I Did For Love" and a half-dozen other ineffectual soft ballads. He leans towards formula disco (again over-orchestrated) on "No One Could Ever Love You More" and "Touch Me Up" (an unfortunate title, and the lyrics are even worse).

The one departure is a piece of contrived seat jazz that begins with Kiki Dee's "I've Got The Music In Me" and goes absolutely nowhere.

Aretha sings her way through this mire with as much conviction as can be expected. Her voice is as strong and emotional as ever, but, apart from "No One Could Ever Love You More", the songs are too innocuous and badly arranged for her to inject any feeling.

Paul Rambali

DELANEY AND DELANEY
Class Reunion (Prodigal)

THE DELANEY in question is Delaney Bramlett, formerly half of the "blue eyed soul"-singing duo Delaney and Bonnie who received superstar patronage in the late sixties by George Harrison and Eric

Clapton. His "friends" these days aren't such an illustrious company as they were. Names like drummer Jim Keltner, reedsman Chuck Findley and the ubiquitous Clyde King and Sherie Matthews on back-up vocals contributing to this desultory affair. Bramlett merely demonstrates how limited his abilities are.

Certainly he has a certain feel for Southern music, be it R & B and its concomitants or country, but his songs are ill defined and sloppy, the production unsuitable and the mix is far too string heavy.

One to avoid.

Steve Clarke



MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS
Anthology (Motown)

IF MARTHA and the Vandellas never made another

record "Dancing In The Street" would still have assured them of a hallwired place in pop history.

Everybody knows "Dancing In The Street". The Motor City hit Factory surpassed itself, and so did Martha Reeves. It was everything and more than the title implies but, contrary to the sleeve notes on this anthology, it was never a number one.

It made number two in '64 but it couldn't topple the Animals' "House Of The Rising Sun" and, despite six other U.S. Top Twenty hits, Martha and the Vandellas never scored as high in the charts again. Nor did they ever make quite as good a record.

The most interesting thing to emerge from this anthology is how little Martha Reeves had to do with the success or failure of her records. She had a good voice, initially sounding like a more soulful Carole King, but it boiled down to Holland, Dozier, Holland songs and Brian Holland and Lamont Dozier's production.

All of their hits save for "Dancing" were masterminded by the HHD team, as were a good half of Motown's successes.

The formula was very simple, like all good formulas: a tight synthesis of Brill Building pop with a hard-hitting R'n'B beat, glossed up with a clean Spector-derived produc-

tion. But the Vandellas suffered because the team saved much of their best material for the Supremes, for whom they were also musically responsible. In strictly commercial terms Diana Ross had a better voice, richer and sexier than Martha Reeves', and when Motown reached the watershed mark of '67 the Vandellas were turned over to a succession of lesser writers and producers while the company concentrated on coming up with something to satisfy a newly-awakened social conscience.

They never had another hit, and most of their post-'67 material, which takes up the second side, sounds like songs written for the Four Tops and given to the Vandellas because there was nothing else around.

Also Martha's voice had matured by this time, but not into anything special. It lacked the all-important quality of being distinctive.

The first side, the pre-'67 songs, is far stronger. Martha's voice has a delicate, girlish charm and at least half of the songs are Motor Town classics: "Heatwave"; "Quicksand"; "Nowhere To Run"; "Jimmy Mack"; "I'm Ready For Love" and "Dancing In The Street".

We've had a greatest hits, and now an anthology. Wonder what they'll call it next?

Paul Rambali

"Make Love To The Music" (Parade) will enjoy a high degree of public acceptance, the title track being one of those easy-flowing melodies that seem to get even the couples on Top Of The Pops dancing together.

However, the Russells (Mary's the one with the less extensive thatch and the more expressive voice) look-down-each-others-larynx idea of rock'n' romance and cuddle-up boogie making impresses me not, though those whose Jubilee parties are due to be replayed because of the recent monsoon season may go down extremely well at lemonade swilling time.

News liable to have jazz-freaks throwing their hoppers in the air is that Peerless Records are now importing Muse releases on a regular basis, their first 16 titles, which retail at £3.79 a throw, including Deodato's "Joao Donato" (MR5017), Richard Davis and Chick Corea's "With Understanding" (MR5078), Eddie Jefferson's "Still On The Planet" (MR5063), Stan Bronstein's "Living On The Avenue" (MR5113), Chick Corea's "Bliss" (MR5011), Mark Murphy and the Brecker Brothers' "Mark Murphy Sings" (MR5074) and others by Cedar Walton, Phil Woods, Woody Shaw, Dave Pike, Sonny Stitt, Cecil Payne, Buster Williams, Pat Martino, Al Cohn and

Zoot Sims. All can be ordered through local record retailers.

Meanwhile, this week's other arrivals have been distinctly on the puffy side, the only reported sightings being Richard Pryor's "Greatest Hits" (Warner); the Dixie Dregs' "Free Fall" (Capricorn); "Chunky, Novi and Ernie" (Warner); David Sanborn Band's "Promise The Moon" (Warner); "Weapons Of Peace" (Playboy); "Shaun Cassidy" (Warner) featuring darling David's hit-parading brother, Tina Charles' "Rendezvous" (Columbia), which is really the "Dance Little Lady" album with one track change; and William Salter's "It Is So Beautiful" (Merlin), a T.K. production on which Salter sings material composed with the aid of percussionist

Ralph MacDonald; Patti Austin, Bob James, Valerie Simpson, Jon Faddis, Eric Weissberg and Eric Gale being on hand to provide some fairly star-studded back-ups. Not much there, I'm afraid — but there should be newies from Joan Baez (now on Portrait); Laura Nyro (a live double); and Charlie Daniels on the next plane in. Guess I'll mosey over to Heathrow and stake my place in the queue now. Get the Sowpath Camel out, James, we're heading for runway one again!

Feed DeLair

PURE MANIA

33 1/2 R.P.M.
L.P.

The Vibrators

on tour

25th June Colchester College	12th Unity Hall Wakefield
26th Chancellor Hall Chelmsford	13th Tiffany's Leicester
28th Tiffany's Harlow	14th Mr. George's Coventry
29th Swindon Affair	15th Porterhouse Rofford
30th Leeds Poly	16th Tracy's Redditch
1st July Seaburn Hall Sunderland	21st Mr. Digby Birkenhead
2nd California Ballroom Dunstable	23rd Eric's Liverpool
3rd Grayhound Croydon	25th Top of the World Ballroom Stafford
6th Winning Post Twickenham	26th Top Rank Suite Cardiff
8th Pavilion West Runton	27th Wood's Club Plymouth
9th Priory Hall Scunthorpe	28th Garden Club Penzance
10th Electric Circus Manchester	29th Harveys Ross-on-Wye

Car Wash (A)

Directed by Michael Schultz
Starring Franklyn Ajaye,
Richard Pryor; Music by
Norman Whitfield (Cinema
International)

IT'S A THEORY worth postulating that the wealthy and privileged always have a sneaking suspicion that, despite it all, the poor and oppressed are somehow having more fun.

It is this suspicion that gives rise (depending on temperament) to either heavier-duty repression or else the simultaneously patronising and sycophantic practice known as "shunning".

The answer in a diamante Faberge nutshell is: yes, Matilda, the poor and under-privileged create their own unique brand of fun because it's the only alternative to going crazy and either submitting completely or launching the kind of kamikaze attack on the parent culture that results in death, imprisonment or some other form of reprisal.

Which is why — artistically speaking — ghettos of all kinds are High Productivity Areas, producing everything from the Marx Brothers to rock and roll.

Car Wash is about a bunch of people, mostly black, working in a Los Angeles car wash. The movie begins as they arrive for work and ends when they knock off in the evening. The movie is about how they cope with the day's occurrences and — by extension — the larger personal and social problems that they represent.

The inhabitants of the car wash react to the crushingly "ornibie" nature of their job by going to extreme lengths to entertain themselves and each other as all manner of bores, crazies, heroes and villain wander in and out of Mr. B's Car Wash and some of the people win their battles and get a little deeper in the hole.

Still, let's leave that side of things to the *New Left Review*. It's the virtual non-stop shtick, jive and misadventure implicit in the ghetto/survival humour



Franklyn Ajaye gets carried away in 'Car Wash'.

that keeps *Car Wash* boogying along for an occasionally laboured but never less than than entertaining ninety-seven minutes. Plotless in the conventional sense — in the style of *Nashville* or *American Graffiti* — the film gives you A Day In The Life, punched along by Norman Whitfield's excellent score blaring from transistor radios and the carwash P.A.

The reason I've gone into this sociological guff at such great lengths isn't because virtual non-stop humour isn't the paramount feature of *Car Wash*, but because it's such an hilarious movie that it's all too easy to forget why it's funny.

The characters manage to represent and epitomise different personality types and lifestyles without descending to stereotype or caricature, though the Superfagg Lindy (Antonio Fargas) and the rip-

Hey bro', you gotta jive to stay alive

(So go see my movie)

compassion for its characters without slipping into bathos and sentimentality.

Dig it. (I tried. I thought it was shallow crap — Ed)
Charles Shaar Murray

A Bridge Too Far (A)

Directed by Richard Attenborough.
Starring Dirk Bogarde, James Caan, Michael Caine et al. (United Artists)

AS MONUMENTAL, long, costly bloody war movies go, *A Bridge Too Far* is not the worst I've seen. Assembled, financed and directed with all the subtlety of a nuclear missile, the movie successfully plunges the helpless punter into the widescreen world of total war.

It's not a pretty sight. Operation Market Garden, the real life wartime incident on which the film is based, was one of the most mis-timed and disastrous manoeuvres of the War. 35,000 US, British and Polish troops dropped out of the sky into Eastern Holland. Large numbers were simply decimated on sight or beaten into scraps by a vastly underestimated German force.

War nostalgia being what it is the movie actually manages to make the whole lousy incident seem tragically heroic. Funded by huge sums of American mazzonies, the film makes spent almost a year reconstructing the incident in painstaking detail. The majority of the faults of previous war epics have been corrected. Germans actually speak their own language. Rocky love scenes are out and spectacular action rules the day.

Producer Levine in true Hollywood tycoon style, insisted on assembling a cast who would be known just by their surnames. Consequently superstars keep bumping into each other throughout the film which, individual performances aside, lends to the whole project an air of unreality.

Virtually without exception the cameo appearances are wholly predictable. Dirk Bogarde wears out his British officer facade, James Caan is a tough G.I., Sean Connery the muscle bound Major General, Elliot Gould the brash bullwhipping Colonel, while Robert Redford again gets to play the blond haired, blue-eyed hero.

Sure, the film is well-made entertainment. War Nostalgia buffs of advanced age will love it as will teeny war comic fans. Ultimately though the movie

off evangelist Daddy Rich (Richard Pryor) with his covey of "daughters" (the Pointer Sisters) come dangerously near it. Still Lindy has one of the best lines in the movie: he responds to a put-down with "Honey, I'm more man than you'll ever be and more woman than you'll ever get."

There's Duane (Bill Duke), the Black Muslim perpetually insisting, "Don't call me Duane! My name is Abdullah". T.C. (Franklyn Ajaye), the little dude always trying to be superfly but always charmingly failing to carry it off, the boss's son Irwin (Richard Bradford) smoking dope in the bog, quoting Mao and trying to "relate to the workers", Lauren Jones as the beautiful hooker afraid to yield her own self-dignity while she goes through the motions, ex-con Lonnie trying to stay clean in the face of unconscious callousness from Mr. B. (Sully Boyar), temer-

tion in the form of acorns to the boss's safe and harassment from the mean cop who basted him before, Floyd and Lloyd (Darrow Igus and DeWayne Jessie) forever rehearsing their Temptations routines, Calvin (Michael Fennell), a kid on a skateboard who zooms around harassing everyone as Freedom Incarnate, George Carlin as a bozo cabbie and hordes of others.

Schunacher's script is a joy and Schultz keeps things moving with an admirable sense of pace even though his material occasionally seems to be running away with him. It's Ajaye's movie, though; the most natural and winning new screen personality since Arnold Schwarzenegger in *Stay Hungry*.

Car Wash is one of the funniest movie comedies for years, and it's also one of the few movies that displays

is yet another large-scale cosmetic job, accented with Hollywood glamour. The gangrenous sores, the amputees, the pointless and futility of total war remain firmly hidden.

Dick Tracy

Echoes of a Summer (U)

Directed by Dan Taylor
Starring Richard Williams, Jodie Foster. (W. Bros)

SINCE SCOTT F. Fitzgerald threw Rosemary Holt into a cab with Dick Driver (or better still, since Jehovah first hurled Lilith into Adam's Eden), the Lolita icon has been worshipped by enlightened liberals and vicariously virtuous citizens alike.

A person's perversions are their own concern, but if there's one thing I hate it's the sad spectacle of old men sniffing around chicklets young enough to be their nubile daughter. It smacks of certain double-think which says that anything men fancy is OK whereas for a woman the same behaviour is considered disgusting degeneracy.

To the clean-cut eye *Echoes Of A Summer* might seem refreshingly free of such morbid fascination, concerning as it does the limited life expectancy of a fifteen-year-old child (Jodie Foster) of distraught, dotting parents (Richard Harris and Lois Nettleton). But wait! Was Miss Nettleton not Jean Farlow in Kubrick's celluloid celebration of Nabokov's paedophile tract? (*She means the Lolita movie — Ed*) And look at the way Harris clings to Foster, like he's got a cracked spine or something! And the way he loers at her! And the way she simpers "I love you, Daddy". Yuk! No wonder Mama Lois Drinks and Goes To Movies Alone.

Shot in the blinding colours of a seaside brochure, the movie stars, in co-production by and gilded by the larvae of Richard Harris. It's a long way down from *Camelot*. Richard seems unappreciably aware of this, resembling a shell-shocked survivor of World War One, bubbling with high-heated hysteria at his daughter, yelling with sexual bitterness at his wife, and recurring like a nagging toothache to plague us with the ghastly theme song.

Amidst all this, the amazing Jodie Foster is entirely inappropriate, her ironic mouth and wry eyes belying her P.T.A. upbringing, the knowing bunk in her voice defying the dress she recites.

Evading without effort the trap of cutesy pie nymphette which any other teen actress would skip straight into, she puts her full range of restless,

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR ROCKY HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU"



THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW

Book, Music & Lyrics by RICHARD O'BRIEN

NOW ROCKIN'N ROLLIN INTO ITS 5th FANTASTIC YEAR!

"IMPOSSIBLE TO OVER PRAISE"

Punch

DON'T DREAM IT — SEE IT!

KINGS ROAD THEATRE

279, KINGS ROAD, SW3 BOX OFFICE: 352 7488

AROUND THE CIRCUITS

LONDON

ROCKY (A)

Scallone makes it through Round 9. Don't miss it! Reviewed NME 16.4.77. (Odeons/Gaumonts).

BURNT OFFERINGS (X)

Moderately successful creepy house movie. Reviewed NME 28.5.77. (Odeons/Gaumonts)

ADVENTURES OF A PRIVATE EYE (X)

Sleazy British sex comedy series meets the gumshoe genre. (Selected ABC's).

SQUIRM (X)

The ultimate worm movie. Take brown paper bag. Reviewed NME 1976. Selected ABC's).

TAXI DRIVER (X)

Rerun of the De Niro/Scarves classic. Worth a second or third view. Reviewed NME 1976. (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts).

PROVINCIAL

CARQUAKE (X)

The wide screen wince of

tormented chrome. Reviewed NME 2.4.77. (Scottish Odeons/Gaumonts).

JABBERWOCKY (A)

Manic machavelian madness. Bloody bundle of laughs. Reviewed NME 2.4.77. (Scottish Odeons/Gaumonts).

ROLLERBALL (AA)

James Caan meets the sport of the future. Welcome rerelease. (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts).

BOUND FOR GLORY (A)

David Carradine meets Woody Guthrie. To be reviewed. (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts).

TWILIGHT'S LAST

GLEAMING (AA)

Could this be the end of civilization as we know it? Reviewed NME 28.5.77. (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts).

ABC suburbs include 7% SOLUTION (to be reviewed), FIRE, FOOD OF THE GODS, ZOLTAN — HOUND OF DRACULA and classic like NAUGHTY KNICKERS.

SILVER SCREEN

Below: The Dauphin of France discovers the truth about Mary the Hermaphrodite.



The Dauphin mocks the soldiers sent to collect him by the emperor.



listless nuances into awkward androgynous action, her blond ingenuity signifying a clear-eyed visionary or potential Kate Hepburn.

Were it not for Jodie Foster, sitting through this movie would be like *Eternal Damnation*; as it is, it's more Purgatory.

Julie Barcilli

Private Vices & Public Virtues

Directed by Miklos Jancso
Starring Lajos Balazsovits
and Pamela Villoresi
(Eagle Films)

HUNGARIAN FILM-maker Miklos Jancso's conversation is as riddled with contradictions as are his movies. "Private Vices & Public Virtues" is his interpretation of the royal scandal involving the Mayerling affair in the Austro-Hungarian Empire of a century ago.

Jancso says his is an imaginary empire "because it is better to utilise the imaginary in place of the specific. And an imaginary empire gives the author more freedom to say what he wants."

Yet he concedes that there are precise Middle-European references in his film; the uniforms are strictly period and the Hapsburg Imperial Anthem is heard.

Whatever and wherever, his film is rife with rich ambiguities and is never less than interesting to watch, even if it mostly brinks on the edge of being no more than an intel-

lectual tit and burn show (plenty of male appendages are on view, too).

Jancso's schematic style — his use of the camera as an end in itself, tracking, encircling and observing his players in the (self?) conscious role of dispassionate third party — relies heavily on long takes, emphasising the composition of characters in relation to their landscape, an approach that gives his films their visual grandeur and epic quality.

Until this film, Jancso's most consistent imagery in his sour, ordered world (politics as a game, a game as politics) has been nudity as a symbol of 'submission or humiliation, rarely sexual. With "Private Vices", the copious displays of fine young flesh (male, female and a graphically depicted hermaphrodite) are at once innocent and perverse, always erotic.

As the Dauphin (first glimpsed indolently sunbathing) and his lovers (the Duke and his sister) conspire to discredit the Emperor (an inflexible character personifying paternalistic power), overt sexuality is seen to be an impotent symbol of revolt.

Although he employs a more staccato rhythm than usual, Jancso's predilection for languorously imperious tracking shots remains and one of the longest takes (a bochmanian marathon dance of bizarre detail and escalating extravagance) is a real tour-de-force.

But as Jancso once again reveals himself to be essentially a pessimist (with an under-developed sense of humour), one remains as cinematically detached as the camera circumscribing the characters.

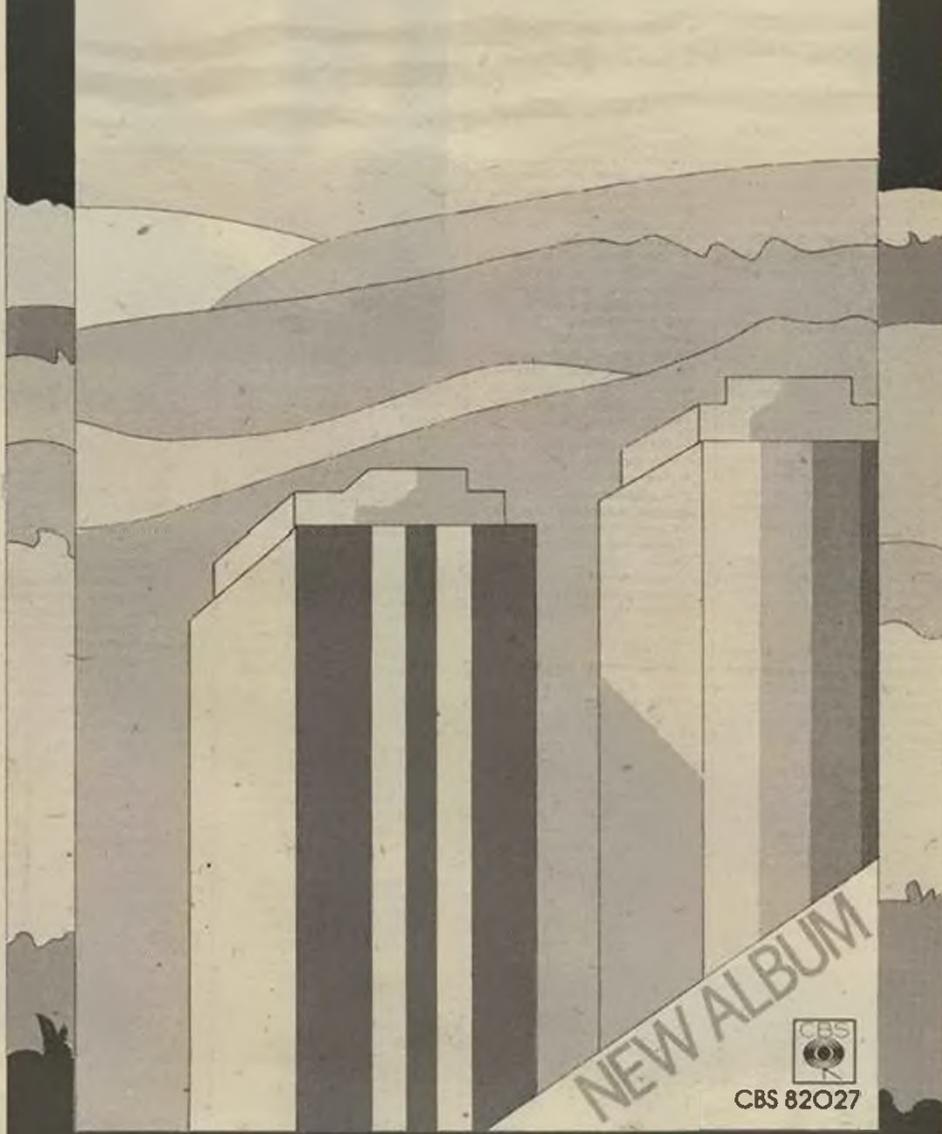
Morty Smith

HUDSON-FORD

Their new album

'DAYLIGHT'

is a painting in music



NEW ALBUM



CBS 82027



The colours are brighter, the words more lyrical, the sounds richer, the rhythm more subtle. Daylight is the beautiful new album by Richard Hudson and John Ford. It fulfills all the promises of their ten years as a hit songwriting team. If 'Part Of The Union', 'Bum, Baby, Bum', 'Pick Up The Pieces' and 'Floating In The Wind' were the promise then the album 'Daylight' is the fulfilment.

Let some Daylight into your life soon - everything will look that much nicer.

Hudson-Ford new album 'Daylight' CBS 82027. Produced by Robin Geoffrey Cable on CBS records and tape.

ON THE TOWN

The Jam kick out the jams—Maggie Thatcher style??!

The Jam

POPLAR CIVIC HALL. ANOTHER NIGHT, another dressing room.

Bruce Foxton takes my beer and sneers: "Socialising?"

"I'm reviewing it." "This should make good reading." The Sir Galahad of the New Wave turns to smirk at the assembled mish-mash of press, publicity and management who festoon the dressing room like empty Coca-Cola cans.

Two kids who have won a competition by writing a cool 25 words on "Why I Like The Jam" hang nervously around Bruce Foxton, Paul Weller and Rick Buckler (read the winning entries solemnly, and autograph album).

Our heroes have just been taken outside by the lovely Jill Furmanovsky (an enviable experience) for a photosession on the stairs, and look momentarily menacing when requested to pose with their guitars for a weasly yellow-haired photographer from *Vogue*. Predictably, they comply, and I eye the scene with some distaste.

Purely by accident I lean against the light switch and everything goes black. The kindly PR man from Polydor takes me out of harm's way and apologises for all the fans and photographers.

Oh, signing autographs is what rock and roll should be about, I say. But a *Vogue* photographer — no way! The Clash, I hear pompously, would not allow a *Vogue* photographer within gobbling distance.

The PR reminds me that The Jam are not Political.

The lyrics to "Time For Truth" scamper slyly through

my mind. "It's time to tell the truth and the truth is you bed, Uncle Jimmy... whatever happened to the great Empire?" If that is not Political, then I am a Hitler Youth.

But enough fighting amongst ourselves for the moment: we have a Common Enemy still. Tonight it's the GLC, who have decided to draw the limit at 500 people, which means that at least that number have been turned away since the doors closed at 8.00.

"This is meant to be a community, right? And this is a community hall. And The Jam are playing free, just to help the Jubilee... I don't know why we bother."

One can see Polydor's point, but as luck would have it, several hundred kids are at present being hustled in through the stage door.

The kids present are a varied bunch, though there does seem to be an exceptional number of girls together. This is always the case at Jam gigs, it seems; the only time my big brother failed to scree when a little blonde chuckle's tall gruff friend saw him off in no uncertain terms while The Jam were playing the RCA. Looking around I feel quite nostalgic. God bless you, my children!

Inside they're packed tight against the stage, but the sizable hall is half empty and it's a pagan waste of opportunity. I remember the nights pressed up against the stage in the Hope basement when they were just sublime, and sigh. Nevertheless a roar goes up, and The Jam hit the stage.

If they looked any sharper they'd cut themselves to ribbons. Weller, Foxton and Buckler, the eternal triangle of stark, functional beauty. And the music's the same; it's so good it hurts, only a deaf man could dismiss it. But tonight

GRAHAM & ERIC pose for their favourite publication

Pic: LAURENCE COTTRELL



there is no communication; little things mean a lot, and things like people wandering out before the end, boys hitting their girls (I saw three cases of it) and Weller's obvious dissatisfaction with the whole set-up add up to a nasty atmosphere that can not be disguised by their technical perfection.

"Enjoy yourselves, you miserable sods! It's the Queen's Jubilee!" Weller declares his interest bitterly and I strain to hear the sweet discords of derision, but all this crowd can manage are apathetic mumbles.

"Takin' My Love", "London Girl", "Carnaby Street", "Away From The Numbers", "Bricks And Mortar" (how can Weller write a song like that and be such a vocal bland-out?) plus those teen anthems with a hotline to all our hearts — that one hot line that his and won't go away. "Art School" ("They only laugh cos they envy you"), "Changed My Address" ("Didn't mean to make you cry but I know it's for the best") and "In The City" ("In the City there's a thousand things I wanna say to you / But every time I approach you, you make me look a fool") — career masterpieces.

But there are some things that sour my enjoyment somewhat.

"Who's been reading the Sunday papers? This is called 'Time For Truth'. You better pray for it!"

There follows the aforementioned tirade against Callaghan. While seeing that Jimmy is indeed a fat old klutz with about as much charisma as a wet dog-end, I can see no way in which Thatcher, Joseph, Maslow, Boyson and the rest would not have made an even lousier job of handling this poor dear country, and I begin to find The Jam's self-righteous indignation a little sickening. Do they really believe the Conservatives will achieve anything that the Labour Party won't? Somewhat depressed, I leave before the encores reflecting that The Jam seem like the most politically naive young people I've encountered since I was kicked out of the Young Commie League.

I'm in love with The Jam with the lyrics blanked out. Julie Burchill

Lest we forget...

10cc HAMMERSMITH

THAT ERIC STEWART — well, I never knew he was such a wit! I mean, there's some bloke yelling incoherently in one of the front rows, and Eric, after having told him to shut up, says: "One of those bloody NME reporters!" — followed by (and here's the killer): "I remember when they used to be a music paper."

I remember a few things too, Eric. I remember when Ian MacDonald wrote a long, incredibly complimentary review of your first album, which helped to elevate you well away from the teenybopper schtick that being on Jonathon King's UK Records had landed you with.

I remember writing a piece on you after hearing the finished tracks of your second album, "Sheet Music", and proclaiming in print how good I thought it sounded.

And I remember Charlie Murray's review of "The Original Soundtrack" and Pete Erkinn's "How Dare You!" — and I remember agreeing with them both.

What I don't remember too much is your concert last Saturday. New band — two drummers, the guy from Kokomo on keyboards, another guitarist, plus you and Graham in his silly black jumpsuit.

You played — oh, let's see — "Second Sitting For The Last Supper", "Wall Street Shuffle", "Art Pot Art's Sake" (O'Malley on vocals, as I dimly recall), "Feel The Benefit", "The Things We Do For Love", "Ships Don't Disappear", "I'm Not In Love" (with taped ethereal choir — just like the record), and a bunch of others plus some boogie number for an encore.

I do recall noting that it was all note-perfect and very well-rehearsed, but ultimately very, very cold — no feeling, just a lot of clever- clever music played in a technically precise but utterly unnecessary manner.

Unnecessary because it's all on the bloody records.

I remember your fans loved it.

I remember it as the most forgettable rock gig I've seen this year. Nick Kent

Kursaal Flyers OXFORD

PAUL SHUTTLEWORTH played Hamlet last Saturday — and it was a walk-over. Hamlet was spotting away in the courtyard of St. Edmund's Hall College as a rival May Ball attraction to The Kursaal Flyers, but Eric Clapton playing Ulysses and Rick Wakeman playing Henry VIII on the same stage together could not have drawn me away from the Kursaal on Saturday.

I'd thought the departure of Graeme Douglas would diminish the band's rock ties and see them drifting further into leaning-on-the-bar theatrically, but the reverse is miraculously true.

I've never seen the Kursaal rock so hard, so streamlined and so purposeful. The set currently includes no less than ten songs written since their last album — and all but one of them are up to the standard of "Radio Romance", "Pocket Money" and other K. Flyers standards.

There's at least two irresistible single hits: "Girls That Don't Exit", a superb hard rock beat song about glossy magazine images, and "Television Generation", a song which reveals the debt they openly admit they owe to punk rock — fast, catchy, stuttered chorus, a charge of adrenalin which would be slumped eagerly into the sets of innumerable new wave bands if they'd come up with it first.

Barry Martin is a fine guitarist whose more conventional personality has obviously been a factor in the new binding together of the group — and Will Birch, abetted by Ritchie Bull now that Douglas isn't there to put his words to music, is obviously hitting a real peak as a songwriter.

I went down expecting to find a group settling comfortably into Div. II. I came away convinced The Kursaal Flyers could be the band to trounce all-comers this autumn. Phil McNeill

Spiteri

THE NASHVILLE

JORGE SPITERI has now stabilised his line-up, and the other night he managed to transform the Nashville from London's favourite new wave au pair pick-up spot into an approximation of a Paris latin quarter bohemian club. Slinky girls danced in the narrow space by the stage and proto-revolutionary student types propped up the bar.

Jorge, like a latin Zappa in a Dr Zerkon nose-and-moustache set, injects the driving energy into his group by very un-latin prancing with his bass. By deciding to keep what few lyrics there are in English and to eliminate the traditional three-man chorus that a 'correct' Salsa group should have, Spiteri has constructed one of the most accessible fusion groups on the scene.

The three-man brass section — trombone, trumpet and tenor sax — take turns soloing, very much in the jazz-rock area, but when they play the chart through they master the Salsa perfectly. The percussion is there with a drummer, a conga player and front line percussion, including an amplified gourd — and you don't see too many of those around.

They like to make these slow starts in which everyone wanders about jangling sleigh-bells and making random plunkings and toots before developing into one of those naughty latin rhythms which get people up off their asses to dance. Once they've blasted off they like to try and keep building till they end in a complex web of cross-rhythms and brass, not unlike some of the climaxes that Coltrane achieved in "Africa Brass".

The mix of latin and jazz-rock is very subtle — many of the guys in the line-up are British, so though it may be lacking in some elements which latinos would like to be there, it is much smoother to the British ear.

If you want to try out some fancy footwork instead of popping then you should catch Spiteri — the new wave is not all that's happening these days. Miles



Jet-propelled PAUL WELLER

Pic: J. TYGIER

**The Table
The Police**

MUSIC MACHINE

A BAND THAT calls itself The Table must, at the very least, lack sound commercial principles — and will hopefully have something novel to offer.

Or maybe they're just crazy?

I was mulling over these possibilities whilst awaiting their appearance on the most ill-conceived stage of all time, a platform suspended fifteen feet above a dance floor and tucked away at the back of the Music Machine's stage area. Coupled with the gaudy, plastic-plush interior and lack of sensible lighting (the lights stayed bright even when the groups were on stage), this effectively reduces any group's chances of generating some atmosphere.

The Table ambled on to this unlikely set-up and nervously began tuning up. Evidently they would have looked fairly normal, apart from sporting candy-striped Beach Boy shirts — but they were a little incongruous considering that, with The Boys topping the bill, this was supposed to be a Punk Nite. The motley crowd reacted with a solitary cry of "Hippies" and returned to whatever diversions were at hand. The Music Machine is so designed that it's easy to ignore what's happening on stage.

Tuning up completed, The Table finally began their set. My projections turned out to

be correct: their music was a deft combination of ineptitude and imagination, held together by a lunatic edge that threatened to bring everything together in a flash of inspiration or allow things to come shuffling to a halt. It did neither, but the promise was there.

At times they sounded like the Magic Band, and at times like Syd Barrett. The singer had a dry, flat voice, not unlike Robert Wyatt's, and the two guitars weaved and interacted with each other like organised chaos, around the very unusual songs and arrangements.

That they are attempting some subtle and subversive mix of ideas is obvious, as they had prepared detailed animated films to accompany a lot of the songs. However, I can offer no conclusions as to what exactly they're trying to do because most of the abstruse visual images made little sense to me.

The reason for this was that the films are carefully linked to the lyrics, and without knowing the lyrics it was difficult to decipher the films. All that came across was a broad impression of what the various songs were about.

How they can overcome this, and the fact that the films draw attention away from the music rather than complement it, I don't know — but they are definitely an interesting enigma.

I had put the perfunctory audience response down to a case of miscalculated booking, so I was surprised to see that The Police did little better, though their music was far



Pic: JOE STEVENS

more accessible.

Racy power trio stuff, like a frenetic and energetic version of Bad Company, it was very well played — fast and brash enough to get a new wave tag, but distinct and catchy all the same, particularly the bass player's gleeful white-soul voice.

After The Table, however, they seemed a bit too tame and straightforward.

Paul Ramball

DEVO take CBGBs by storm, says the caption on the picture above. Yes, it's another scoop for the imitable Browne 127 of JOE STEVENS, our man in New York with the false moustache and the rap about dirty preachers. Devo is short for Devolution, and this "strange group of intellectuals" lived up to their name by blowing in from Ohio and, instantly getting "the boys with the attaché cases and cigars reaching for the contracts". However, before the execs could get their hands on Devo, the fabulous Dead Boys beat 'em to it and left Ohio's "sure-fire hits" minus their gym shorts. Don't you wish you'd been there?

BARBARA DICKSON

Pic: T. ROSS



**Barbara Dickson
DUNFERMLINE**

TO THIS audience, packed into the sold-out Carnegie Hall, Barbara Dickson is something special — the hometown girl made good.

But I suppose to most people the name Barbara Dickson conjures up that photo of a white, expressionless visage gazing out from under an ironed out Afro. That's about it as far as her image goes — that and her track record. One neat hit single with "Answer Me", one of the few bright moments from the dreaded *Eviva* with "Another Suitcase In Another Hall", and a stint at the rivories with the John, Paul, George, Ringo And Bert show.

It's not a lot to go on, but there is more. Barbara Dickson, you see, has one of those voices.

Boy, can this lady sing! She can glide with glacial beauty, bright and pure, through the high notes. She can slip down to husky warmth, and she can burn with straight-ahead soul power. When she sang the folk clubs, she could transfix with feeling and intensity. Now she's moving on again, but that

voice is still there.

The work that Barbara Dickson is doing is hard to pigeonhole. There's tastefully chosen contemporary material as always: Steve Goodman's "City Of New Orleans", "The Tattler" a la Ry Cooder, Gerry Rafferty's "City To City" and a couple of Beatles songs as encores.

Then she's slipped in a couple of her own songs, and very good they are too. "Who Was It That Stole Your Heart Away" is dead catchy and would make a very acceptable summer single. "I Could Fall" is beautiful — a simple, wistful, contemplative song that's reminiscent of "Send In The Clowns".

But most of what she does is a kind of pale version of soul with rock undertones. It's the kind of strained funk that you would associate with names like Troy Seals, Mentor "Drift Away" Williams and Barry Goldberg, who wrote most of the songs on the new album.

I have reservations about these songs. They seem to leave Barbara in no-man's-land between warmth and power without ever giving her the chance to show what she's really capable of.

Still, Seah and Williams

(with David Bryant) did write the superb "Stolen Love", and the Dickson performance will have La Rounstadt for one looking to her laurels a bit sharper.

My other small reservation is that the contribution of the four-piece back-up band, drums especially, could be made a bit more spartan. At present they take the edge off Barbara's voice to no good effect of their own.

But let's not be picky. Barbara Dickson fulfils a long-standing British need — a fine lady singer who's not afraid to try something a bit different. There's a whole lot more to Barbara Dickson than meets the eye, and you should check her out.

And on the subject of recommendations, let's not overlook her support act, Andy Desmond. Some of you will recall Andy Desmond from the Hall and Oates tour, and his performance did nothing to detract from his growing reputation. Good voice, strong songs and a pleasingly unaffected style — singer / songwriters are out of season just now, but this man is good news. I'm looking forward to an album from him.

Ian Crahan

Eat your hearts out!

In this issue we get our legs over the most expensive sports bikes in the world - testing the Augusta 750 and 350.

It's a mind blowing experience we wanna share with all you hot machine lovers out there.

We also bring you the inside story on why Phil Read finds it impossible to stay retired.

And among other goodies we scorch our way through a full road test on the new Suzuki 750.

Plus some of the snappiest visuals outside of the Tate.

It's all happening in SuperBike - July Issue

Out now

SUPERBIKE

Leaves the rest standing

40p



THURSDAY

ABERTILLY The Metropole: BURLESQUE
AYLESBURY King's Head: TIM LAYCOCK
AYLESBURY R.A.F. Halls: SOUL DIRECTION
BATH Pump Room: JET HARRIS
BIRMINGHAM Mr. Digby's: SHANGHAI
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRIGHTON New Regent Ballroom: KRAKATOA
BRISTOL Cuckoo: DAI THE ROCK
BRISTOL Grand: CRAZY KAT
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SPIDER
CAMBRIDGE Alma Brewery: MARJORY RAZOR-
 BLADE
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: ALBERTO Y LOST
 TRIOS PARANOLAS
CANNOCK Hazel Slade Inn: TONY ROSE
COVENTRY Mr. George's: LITTLE ACRE
COVENTRY Theatre: KATZSCHNOEL EDMONDS
COVENTRY Warwick University: THE DARTS
CROYDON Red Deer: ALTERNATIVE TV
EXETER Zhavago's: OZO
GLASGOW Asphora: THE EXILE
HIGH WYCOMBE Chitlins Rooms: HONKY
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: CLAYSON & THE
 ARGONAUTS
Huddersfield Polytechnic: THE JAM
KEGWORTH Oddfellows Arms: BILL CADDICK
KENDAL Old Brewery: REDBRASS
LEICESTER University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: CITY BOY
LONDON Barnes Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S
 HOT GOOLIES
LONDON Camden Brickwork: SKIN FLICKS
LONDON Camden Dingwalls: THE PIRATES
LONDON Camden Music Machine:
 FLAPZFEARON MAIDEN
LONDON Covent Garden Roly Club: HEAD
 BANGER & THE NOSE BLEEDS
LONDON DePford Rachel McMillan College:
 WINDOW
LONDON Earls Court Stadium: GENESIS
 RICHIE HAVENS
LONDON East Ham North-East Polytechnic:
 ZANE GRIFF
LONDON Hammersmith Red Cow: TOOTING
 FROTTIES
LONDON Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: J. J.
 JAMESON
LONDON Islington Hope & Anchor: THE
 SAINTS
LONDON Kensington The Nashville: KURSAAL
 FLYERS/OZGO
LONDON Kensington Sound Circus: ARCHIE BELL &
 THE DRELLS
LONDON Marquee Club: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON Old Brompton Road: TRINIDAD
 DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON Palladium: NEIL DIAMOND
LONDON Plumstead Green Man: ZHAIN
LONDON Stoke Newington Rochester Castle:
 BRETT MARVIN & THE BLUMPS
LONDON Tooting The Cards: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.I. Speakers: ALFALPHA
LONDON W.I. The Kingston: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON W.C.1 Jeffrey Hall Institute: BOUNCER
LONDON W.C.1 Crawford: THUNDERCLAP
NEWMAN/BOB FLAG
NOTTINGHAM Town Hall: GEORGE
 HATCHER BAND
MANCHESTER Ardwick at Rabbits Club: ASWAD
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: 'O' BAND
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: SLACK ALKE
NEWCASTLE University: PEGGY FERRET & TOM
 GIBFELON
NEWCASTLE - UNDER - LYME Tiffany's:
 ULTRAVOX
NOTTINGHAM Albert Hall: McCALMANS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: FELICIAN
NOTTINGHAM Park: BOY EASTON
OXFORD New Theatre: BILLY CONNOLLY
OXFORD Polytechnic: LOTUS
PENZANCE The Gardens: THE DAMNED/THE
 ADVERTS
PLYMOUTH M.5. Drive: GENO WASHINGTON
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: HERON
PLYMOUTH Folia Centre: CUCKOOS NEST
READING Albert Hotel: MONTANA
READING Cap & Crown: CHRIS FOSTER
ROMFORD White Hart: MATCHBOX
ROYDON Arts Club: JON BETMEAD
SHREFFIELD Royal Oak: MARTIN SIMPSON
STEVENAGE Grampian Hotel: CHRIS BARBER
 BAND
STAFFORD Radford Hotel: DOWNS & BEER
TONYFARM Leisure Club: DRAGONS
WIMBORNE White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
WIMBORNE The Kingston: BUSTER CRABBE
WIMBORNE The Blue Flames
YEAVOLTON Heron Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
YORK Coo Whiskers: LOVE AFFAIR
YORK Goodrick College: GONZALEZ

BIRMINGHAM The Post at Barbara's: 999
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM University: GEORGE HATCHER
 BAND / LITTLE ACRE / HOOKER
BIRMINGHAM Civic Hall: STRETCH
 BRAINTREE 2's Club: TONY & THE JAIL-
 BREAKERS
BRIGHTON Ashburn: AMAZORBLADES
BRIGHTON Bannerman: FLYING SAUCERS
BRIGHTON Springfield Hotel: TAVERNERS
BRIGHTON Top Rank: ARCHIE BELL & THE
 DRELLS
BRISTOL Hippodrome: BILLY CONNOLLY
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: QUANTUM
BRISTOL New Seamy Club: CREPES 'N'
 DRAPES
BRISTOL Technical College: DRAGONS
BROADSTAIRS Grand Ballroom: KRAKATOA
 OZGO
BROMLEY White Hart: STAGEFRIGHT
BURNLEY Lucas Social Club: BERNARD WRIGLEY
BURNLEY 76 Club: RAY PHILLIPS' WOMAN
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: SCREAMING LORD
 SUTCH & THE SAVAGES / THE ROMANTICS /
 BETNAL
CARMAITHEN College: UNCLE PO
CLACTON 101 Disco J.A.L.N. BAND
CLEETHROPES Winter Gardens: THE STRANG-
 LERS
CRANFIELD Institute of Technology: JET HARRIS
CROMER West Runtun Pavilion: JENNY HAAN'S
 JON URGIN
CROYDON Spillers: FRUIT EATING BEARS
DIGBEY The Crown: TONY ROSE
DUDLEY College of Education: LIVERPOOL
 EXPRESS / RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS /
 MUSCLES (all-night)
DUNFERMLINE Bellevue Hotel: BAD NEWS
EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: CITY BOY
ESKDALE Royal Holloway College: KURSAAL
 FLYERS / BURLESQUE / OZGO
EGREMONT Folk Club Festival: FIVE HAND REEL /
 SEAN CANNON / ALBA / TONY CAPSTICK /
 ROSS McFARLANE etc.
EXETER University: THE DAMNED / THE
 ADVERTS
EXETER University: MARTIN CARTER &
 GRAHAM JONES
FORDINGBRIDGE Rockbourne West Park:
 GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
GLASGOW Scots and Simons: CHOC
HANLEY Sea Lion Hotel: JOHN DOE BAND
HEREFORD College of Education: JOHNNY THUN-
 DER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
HORNCASTLE Town Hall: WHIRLWIND
IBRINGHAM Civic Hall: TRAX
KEELE University: CARAVAN / BOOMBAYA
KETTERINGHAM East Carlton Manor: CHRIS
 BARBER BAND
KIDDERMINSTER Fern Green Hotel: BILL
 CADDICK
KINGSWINDFORD Woodman Inn: PETE & CHRIS
 COE
LANCASTER University: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE
 SUNSETS
LEEDS Polytechnic: VIBRATORS
LEEDS University: SNEAKERS
LEEK Green Man: HUNTER
LEICESTER University: MOON / OZO
LONDON Berkeley Sq. Free handouts concert:
 CHRIS BARBER BAND
LONDON Camden Brickwork: TROUPER
LONDON Camden Dingwalls: DAVID PARTON
 BAND
LONDON Camden Music Machine: JIMMY HELMS
LONDON Covent Garden Roly Club: THE
 SAINTS
LONDON Earls Court Stadium: GENESIS /
 RICHIE HAVENS
LONDON Eltham Avery Hill College: SPITTER
LONDON Fulham Greyhound: STUKAS
LONDON Hammersmith Red Cow: KICKS
LONDON Hamstead Westfield College: FABUL-
 OUS POODLES
LONDON Islington Hope & Anchor: BEES
 MAKE HONEY
LONDON Kensington The Nashville: LEW LEWIS
 BAND
LONDON Kensington Royal College of Art:
 ROODALATOR
LONDON Marquee Club: THE POLICE
LONDON N.17 White Hart: CRAZY CAVAN 'N'
 THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON Palladium: NEIL DIAMOND
LONDON Putney White Lion: DAVE HOGG
 BAND
LONDON Southgate Royalty Ballroom: 5000
 VOLTS
LONDON Stoke Newington Rochester Castle:
 STRUTTERS / TOOTING FROTTIES
LONDON Twickenham Maria Grey College:
 MATCHBOX
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: PROPAGANDA
LONDON Willerden White Horse: CADILLAC
LONDON W.I. Speakers: SOX
LONDON W.C.1 Architectural Association: EXODUS
LONDON W.C.1 School of Oriental & African Studies:
 BLACK SLATE
LONDON W.C.1 The Centre: ZHAIN
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: SHANGHAI
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: BENNY
 CARTER & RALPH SUTTON
MATLOCK Pavilion: AFTER THE FIRE
MIDWINTER Melton College: ACKER BILK
 BAND

NATIONWIDE

MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: GEORGE
 SUGDEN ELEVEN
NEWCASTLE City Hall: "SALUTE TO SATCHMO"
 with ALEX WELSH / GEORGE CHISHOLM /
 HUMPHREY LYTTELTON
NEWCASTLE Victoria Restaurant: MARTIN
 SIMPSON
NORTHAMPTON Rotary Club: WILD THING
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: ALKATRAZ
NOTTINGHAM University: THE 'O' BAND
NUNEATON Union Club: SOUL DIRECTION
OXFORD Corpus Christi College: MUNGO JERRY
OXFORD New College: RACING CARS
OXFORD University Centre: GLITTER BAND
READING Top Rank: SYD LAWRENCE
 ORCHESTRA
READING University: STRIDER / DAI THE ROCK
RETFORD Parthenia: SASSAFRAS / BITTER
 SUITE
ROYDON College of Education: BOUNCER
ROCHESTER Kings Head Hotel: McCALMANS
SCARBOROUGH Peashouse: ULTRAVOX
SHREFFIELD University: THE DARTS
SOUTHAMPTON University: TOM ROBINSON
 BAND
STAFFORD College of Further Education: THE
 MOVIES
STAVROD Brunel Rooms: THE JAM / STAMPS
TAMWORTH Chequer: STAGE FRIGHT
THATCHAM Hamilton's Club: DESMOND DEKKER
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: MR. GLAD-
 STONE'S LEG
WYEMOUTH College: TELEPHONE BILL & THE
 SMOOTH OPERATORS
WINCHESTER King Alfred College: GONZALEZ

AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: KURSAAL
 FLYERS
BEDFORD College of Education: BURLESQUE
BIRMINGHAM Barbara's: CLAYSON & THE
 ARGONAUTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE
 ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Civic Hall: SUBURBAN
 STUDS
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: BILLY CONNOLLY
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Waterside Club: LITTLE
 ACRE
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Harp & Hoards:
 STAN ARNOLD
BIRMINGHAM The Post at Barbara's: 999
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ZETH
BIRMINGHAM St Peter's College: MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM University: CARAVAN
BURNWOOD Harold Hall Volunteer Hall: POGGY
BRISTOL Grand: NO DICE
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: AIRGOLD
BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH Yacht Club: CHRIS
 BARBER BAND
BURTON B.T.R. Ltd: HARVEY ANDREWS
BURTON-ON-TRENT Horncastle Road Festival
 PENTANGLE II / PRELUDE / HARVEY
 ANDREWS / DEREK BRIMSTONE / MIRIAM
 BACKHOUSE
CHELMSFORD Maroon Club: ACKER BILK BAND
CHELTENHAM Town Hall: GEORGE HATCHER
 BAND
COLCHESTER College: VIBRATORS
COVENTRY La Chaux: STAGE FRIGHT
CROMER West Runtun Pavilion: THE DARTS
CROYDON Red Deer: BRABBS BAND
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: LEW LEWIS BAND
DUNSTABLE California: ARCHIE BELL & THE
 DRELLS
EDINBURGH Leith Festival doubling Nicky Tam's
 BAD NEWS
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: CROOKED OAK
EGREMONT Folk Club Festival: See Friday for details
FAREHAM Roundabout Hotel: JET HARRIS
FOLESTONE Civic Centre: ALBERTO Y LOST
TRIOS PARANOLAS
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: CITY
 BOY/CIBCO
GLoucester Brockworth Home Club: CREPES 'N'
HARLOW Theatres: (afternoon): BLOKES
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: RAY PHILLIPS'
 WOMAN/AMAZORBLADES
HEARTFORD Basin Park College: HERON
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: PETE BROWN'S
 BACK TO THE FRONT
MITCHEN Open-Air Festival: ALKATRAZ
LEEDS University: LIAR
LEICESTER University: RADIO CAROLINE
 ROADSHOW
LEWIS The Lewis Arms: CHRIS FOSTER
LLANDRINDOD Grand Pavilion: JOHNNY THUN-
 DER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
LONDON Bloomsbury Bull & Mouth: PEGGY
 SEEBER & EWAN MacCOLL
LONDON Camden Brickwork: SLOWBONE
LONDON Camden Dingwalls: SASSAFRAS/
 SMILER

SUNDAY

AMERSHAM The Crown: MIKE RYAN & JOHN
 BURGE
ASWAD UNDER-LYNE Fuscombe Theatre
 CLODAGH RODGERS/PROMISES
BARROW Max's Disco: AMERICAN TRAIN
BIRMINGHAM Barbara's: ZETH
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (last night): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: CITY BOY
BRIGHTON Top Rank: OZO
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SKIN TIGHT
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: VIBRATORS
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: PLUMMET AIRLINES
CHESTERFIELD Bluebell Club: AFTER THE FIRE
CREW Brunswick Hotel: DOWNS & BEER
CROYDON Greyhound: THE JAM
DOUGLAS Isle of Man Palace Lido: DEAD END
 KIDS
EASTBOURNE The Beachy Head: J. J. JAMESON
EDINBURGH Police Club: THERAPY
EXETER Welcome Inn: MARTIN CARTER &
 GRAHAM JONES
HEYWOOD Seven Stars: ZHAIN
HIGHWICH Corn Exchange: "SALUTE TO SATCHMO"
 with ALEX WELSH / GEORGE CHISHOLM /
 HUMPHREY LYTTELTON
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: CARAVAN
HARLOW Bandstand: SYD LAWRENCE
 ORCHESTRA
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: SHANGHAI

GENESIS at Earls Court

GENESIS (left) play their only British gigs for the rest of this year at London Earls Court on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Special guest is Richie Havens, on his first visit to this country since 1973.

DIAMOND at the Palladium

NEIL DIAMOND (right) headlines five concerts in four days at the London Palladium, starting on Thursday. These will be followed on Saturday, July 2, by his open-air concert at Woburn Abbey.



GIG GUIDE

LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: BILLY CONNOLLY
 LEICESTER Tiffany: RIKKI/LAST DAYS OF
 EARTH
LIVERPOOL The Shoppers: BODY
 LONDON BATTERSEA South Bank: ACKER BILK
 BAND
 LONDON CAMDEN Brickwork: STRIFFACK
 LONDON CAMDEN Dispensary: JO-ANN
 KELLY/CAROL GRIMES/QUINTESSA II
 LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: JUNE TABOR
 LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE
 STRANGLERS / THE CORTINAS
 LONDON CHELSEA Cafe des Artistes: THUNDER-
 ALP NEWMAN / BOJLAG
 LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: NEO
 LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED
 LADY
 LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: ALKATRAZ
 LONDON GREENWICH West Hall Theatre: JAKE
 THACKRAY
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: SOUNDER
 LONDON HARBORW RD. Windsor Castle: SLIP-
 STREAM
 LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: STRUT-
 TERS
 LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: CRAZY CAVAN 'N'
 THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
 LONDON PADDINGTON Western Court: RAD-
 STORM
 LONDON Palladium: NEIL DIAMOND
 LONDON REGENT'S PARK Open Air Theatre:
 MIKE WESTBROOK BAND/HENRY COW
 LONDON STROKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
 TENDERPOOT
 MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE DAMNED/THE
 ADVERTS
 MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: SPINGERS
 MATLOCK Baths Pavilion: KEITH MANFOLD
 NOTTINGHAM Arts Festival: GORDON GLITRAP
 POYNTON Folk Centre: TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND
 RAMSEYTON Grange Arms: POGGY
 REDCAR Coalham Dowl: MR BIG
 REDHILL Lakens Hotel: HOT POINTS
 SHEFFIELD Top Rank: STRETCH
 SOUTHBEND Railway Hotel: JENNY BEECHING &
 TONY CLIFF
 STEVENAGE Gordon Craig Centre: RAY DORSET &
 MUNGO JERRY
 WIGAN Rugby Club: BERNARD WRIGLEY
 YORK Theatre Royal: REDBRASS

BANGOR Theatre Gwynedd: BROKEN ARROW
 BENBLEET Crooked Biller: BILL CADDICK
 BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMSON RAID
 BRADFORD St. George's Hall: THE DAMNED/THE
 ADVERTS
 CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: THE 'O'
 BAND/AMAZORBLADES
 CHELTENHAM Elmwood Arms: MIKE RYAN &
 JOHN BURGE
 CROYDON Scapery: FRUIT EATING BEARS
 GAERSTANG Eagle & Child: BERNARD WRIGLEY
 MALESOWEN Royal Oak: MARTIN CARTER &
 GRAHAM JONES
 HARLOW Tiffany's: VIBRATORS
 HUNGFORD Jazz Club: CHRIS BARBER BAND
 HULL Tiffany's: ALVERTO Y LOST TRIOS
 PARANOIAS
 JACKSDALE Grey Topper: ZHAIN
 LEAMINGTON Royal Spa Centre: STRETCH
 LINCOLN Drill Hall: THE JAM
 LONDON CAMDEN Brockwood: BUSTER CRABBE
 LONDON CAMDEN Dugwals: NORTH SIDE R & B
 ENSEMBLE
 LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: CRAZY
 CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
 LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: RIKKI/LAST
 DAYS OF EARTH
 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: EATER
 LONDON ENFIELD Middlesex Polytechnic:
 STRAY/WWW/BROWN/GENERATION X
 LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SPITERI
 LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: LANDSCAPE
 LONDON HAMPELSTEAD Three Hornsbees: AMITY
 LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: LEW LEWIS
 BAND
 LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE
 FRATERS
 LONDON Marquee Club: CITY BOY
 LONDON OLD BRIMPTON ROAD Troubadour:
 STEFAN GROSSMAN
 LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: THE DARTS/THE
 ZOOTS
 LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: JOHNNY
 MOPED
 LONDON STROKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
 XTC
 MILFORD HAVEN The Centre: DEAD END KIDS
 NEWCASTLE City Hall: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
 NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
 PENZANCE The Garden: MATT VINYL & THE
 UNDERCOATS
 ROMFORD Golden Lion: STAN ARNOLD
 SCUNTHORPE Tiffany's: BURLESQUE
 SHEWENBY Tiffany's: ULTRAVOX
 SOUTH MILFORD Cocked Hat: RIVENDELL
 SOUTHPORT Midnight Lounge: MONTANA
 ST. NEOT'S Kings Head: FLAKY PASTRY

WATERBURY
 ASHFORD Wye College: AFTER THE FIRE
 BIRMINGHAM Bogart's: HUNTER
 BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
 BRIDGEND Recreation Centre: SHAKIN' STEVENS &
 THE SUNSETS
 BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
 BROMLEY The Square: STAGEFRIGHT
 CHECKENDON Four Hornsbees: BILL CADDICK
 CROYDON Fairfield Hall: PASADENA ROOF
 ORCHESTRA
 DARTINGTON Incoogoo Club: KRAKATOA
 DONCASTER Outlook Club: F.B.I./FABULOUS
 FOODIES
 EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: CHICO
 ICEBERG Catharna: PLAENET
 GLASGOW City Hall: SYD LAWRENCE
 ORCHESTRA
 ILFORD King's Club: THE CHANTS
 KETTERING Freebridge: MUSCLES
 KING'S LYNN Norfolk College of Art: SLACK ALICE
 LANCASTER University: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS
 PARANOIAS
 LONDON CAMDEN Brickwork: URCHIN
 LONDON CAMDEN Dugwals: STRUTTERS
 LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JENNY
 HAA'S LION
 LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: X-RAY
 SPEX
 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rosy Club: RIKKI /
 LAST DAYS OF EARTH
 LONDON DEPTFORD The Albany: REDBRASS
 LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: WINDOW
 LONDON HACTONRY Adam & Eve: CREPES 'N'
 DRAPES
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: LURKERS
 LONDON HARBORW RD. Windsor Castle:
 FRACTURE
 LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: HEAD
 OVER HEELS
 LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN
 HINDMARSH
 LONDON STROKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
 DOWLINEARS SECT/LOWDOWN

LONDON TWICKENHAM Winstan Post: GENERA-
 TION X
 LONDON W.L. Adams Arms: ROY HARRIS
 MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: BURLESQUE
 PLYMOUTH Good Companions: CHRIS BARBER
 BAND
 RYDE (L.A.W.) La Babah Club: TRAX
 SHEFFIELD Fiesta: ALVIN STARDUST
 SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL
 EAST SIDE STOMPERS
 SUTTON Scapery: CADILLAC
 SWINDON The Alamo: VIBRATORS
 WATER ORTON Blackbarn: MARTIN CARTER &
 GRAHAM JONES
 YORK Cats Whiskers: THE JAM

RESIDENCES

AYDREMORE Folk Festival: RAB NOAKES / ALBION
 DANCE BAND / ROY HARRIS / THERAPY etc.
Thursday for three days
BATLEY Variety Club: DAVE BERRY & JIM CROW
Wednesday (29) for four days
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: CANDLEWICK
 GREEN
Week from Monday
BRISTOL Cocker: LISSEN
Monday for three days
EASTBOURNE Congrom Theatre: NOLAN SISTERS
Summer season opens Friday
LEICESTER Bailey's: TERRY WEBSTER & DICTO-
 NARY
Week from Monday
LIVERPOOL Folk Festival: ROARING JELLY /
 GARY & VERA ASPEY / RIPLEY WAYFARERS
 / JULIAN EYRE / COSMOTHEKA etc.
Friday for three days
LONDON DRURY LANE The London Room: BILL
 FREDERICKS
Week from Sunday
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: GENESIS /
 RICHE HAVENS
Thursday for three days
LONDON Palladium: NEIL DIAMOND
Thursday for four days (sold out)
LONDON PICCADILLY Aphrodite's Club: SAND-
 PIPERS
Currently until July 5
LONDON Rooms Scott's Club: CARMEN McRAE
Monday for two weeks
LUTON Cesar's: JOHNNY NASH
Week from Sunday
NEWCASTLE New Tyne Theatre: JACK THE LAD
Tuesday (28) for three days
NOTTINGHAM Heart of the Midlands: THE
 BROTHERS
Week from Sunday
OLDHAM Bailey's: CURLEY
Thursday for three days
READING Berkshire Midsummer Festival: LEON
 ROSSELSON / ROY BAILEY / PAKIE BYRNE
 & BONNIE SHAJJEAN / A. L. LLOYD /
 JOHNNY COLLINS etc.
Friday for three days
SCARBOROUGH Floral Hall: BERT WEEDON
Summer season opens Tuesday (28)
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: BOBBY SOX & THE PRIZE
 GUYS
Thursday for three days
SOUTH SHEFFIELD Tavern (doubling NEWCASTLE La
 Dolce Vita): FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE BAND
Week from Monday
STOCKTON Fiesta: SIEBER ELEGANCE
Week from Monday
SWANSEA Townswan Club: THE DOOLEYS
Week from Monday
WATFORD Bailey's: NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND
Week from Sunday

TV RADIO

ANOTHER WEEK devoted of rock on the box. The schedules are liberally peppered with sport and repeats but, although there are a few items of MOTR interest, the rock enthusiast must look elsewhere for satisfaction.

BBC1 has Jimmy Savile with "Top Of The Pops" on Thursday, when it also starts repeating Max Bygraves' recent BBC-2 series. On Saturday there's Berni Flint, Maquel Brown and Dukes & Lee in "Seaside Special"; and Lena Martell and the New Seekers in the late-night "Make The Music Speak".

BBC-2's three contributions are all repeats... The Three Degrees and Charles Aznavour in the "Shirley Bassey Show" (Thursday); and Barbara Dickson in "The Two Ronnies" and Fivepeny Piece in "The Camera And The Song" (both on Monday).

Apart from "The Muppets" (another repeat) at the weekend, all ITV has to offer is Marc Bolan in "Get It Together" on Wednesday.

Even Radio 1's outstanding weekend highlight is a repeat, but well worth catching for all that. It's Rod Stewart in concert at Olympia (6.30 pm Saturday), first broadcast on Christmas Eve.

JAZZ DIARY

THE UNLIKELY and highly successful merger of Henry Cow with the Mike Westbrook Brass Band and singer Frankie Armstrong into The Orchestra will be repeated on 26th June in Regent's Park Open Air Theatre. The 1977 Tour by American Students Bands winds up in London at the International Students House, 229 Great Portland Street, on 1st July; bands include The Hamber College Band from Toronto, The Apex High School Band from California, and The Arden Intermediate Jazz Band, also from California. Third of the Special Jazz Centre Society events is the Battersea Arts Centre presentation of John Stevens' Spontaneous Music Ensemble, the string version with guitar, violin and cello, on 24th June.

John Stevens' long-gone Little Theatre Club residency pre-dated the New York Loft scene by years. Those days his gigs at The Plough, Stockwell, are very much in that line, and deserve support. Mostly with Evan Parker and Barry Guy, the music coming out of that boozier is the high-point of my week, with sax sitters-in driven into their deepest resources by the challenge. Next gig at The Plough, Frank Churchill Quartet on 23rd June; Terry Smith Quartet on 25th; Cohorus on 30th and John Stevens & Friends on 1st July.

Stanley Ussler, dyslexia-dude of humour, is giving "A Poity History of Jazz" at the Pizza Express, Dean Street on 24th June. The Keith Ingham Trio plus Digby Fairweather are there on 25th.

New releases from ECM include Keith Jarrett's "Staircase", a double album of solo piano, "Polarization" by Julian Priester & Marlene Intravox, "Watercolors" by guitarist Pat Metheny and "Dis" by Jan Garbarek with Ralph Towner.

Two from Ogun: "The Cheque Is In The Mail" by Elton Dean, Joe Callyan and Kenny Wheeler, and "They All Be On This Old Road" by the Elton Dean Quartet, including Keith Tippett, Chris Lawrence and Louis Moholo. Brian Case

The Man In The Shades by BENYON



THE CARTOONS shown in our Graham Parker competition illustrated the following:

- A. No. 21 (Help Me Shake It)
- B. No. 6 (Back To School Days)
- C. No. 19 (Back Door Love)
- D. No. 3 (Silly Thing)
- E. No. 20 (Something You're Gola' Thru)

The following entrants, senders of the first 50 correct entries checked after the closing date, won the exclusive, rare and unspeakably precious "Live At Marble Arch" album. They are: Richard Barrett, Lutterworth; Bryan Bull, Gillingham; Richard Bull, Oldham; Mick Cavalla, Basildon; Neil Chalmers, Glasgow; R. J. Chambers, Bromley; Alan Clark, Ashington; Charlie Connolly, High Wycombe; Keith Cotterill, Birmingham; Peter Creenan, Hartlepool; N. Cubbin, Kettering; G. Dean, Sheffield; Richard Evans, Coventry; David Fryatt, London E2; Adrian Ginzbarh, Kettering; Ronald Gurr, Edinburgh; Mrs Tracy Hancock, Manchester.

Michael Harvey, Skipton; K. Hickson, Coventry; M. J. Kirrich, Cornham; S. P. Learning, Chatham; Terry Lewis, Basildon; D. Stuart Line, Edinburgh; Nick Love, Birmingham; Timothy Maher, Harlow; Gus McCall, Accrington; Brian Moore, Sheffield; D. R. Moore, Scarborough; Bruno Morelli, Troon; Philip Morrison, Liverpool; Stefan Mucha, Kempston; Michael Mumlow, Worcester; Mick Noble, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; D. Paul O'Sullivan, London N1; Mr. G. A. Palmer, Sudbury-on-Thames; G. N. Parker, Dewsbury; John C. Pugh, Liverpool; Tim Purvis, Washington; Phil Simmons, Wexford; J. Smith, London E3; Andy Spencer, Bath; Joe Spencer, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; R. K. Stevens, West Croydon; Mick Stott, Blyth; Bob Swan, Blackburn; Peter Tankin, Brighton; Michael Taylor, Dunbar; Mike Watben, Morden; Gemma Whibley, Leicester; Pete Wild, Winchester.

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

<p>Thurs. 22nd June (Adm 80p) AFTER THE FIRE Plus support & live banding</p>	<p>Mon. 27th June (Adm 10p) GEORGE HATCHER BAND Plus guests & Jerry Floyd</p>
<p>Fri. 24th June (Adm 70p) THE POLICE Plus The Lurkers & live banding</p>	<p>Tues. 28th June (Adm 80p) CITY BOY Andy Drummond & Jerry Floyd</p>
<p>Sat. 25th June (Adm 70p) Free admission with this ad before 8 pm SQUEEZE Plus support & live banding</p>	<p>Wed. 29th June (Adm 10p) HERON Plus support & Jerry Floyd</p>
<p>Sun. 26th June (Adm 80p) S. A. L. T. Plus Friends and 10th Light</p>	<p>Thurs. 30th June (Adm 80p) ULTRAVOX! The Inhibits & live banding Please come early</p>

Headliners & other acts & 10th Light are available

READING ROCK '77

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

SUNDAY JUNE 26th

The welcome return of
THE STREETBAND

Sounds Lights Bar Cheap beer

Members 80p Non members 75p
BAR TO 10.30 — BE THERE!
Next week — **HUNGRY HORSE**

Friday June 24th Free

KICKS
Featuring Paul Bushfield & Alan Powell ex Hawkwind

Saturday June 25th Free

Head Over Heels

Sunday June 26th Free

Sounder

Thursday June 23rd Free

TOOTIE FRUITIES

Wednesday June 22nd Free

The Lurkers

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01 603 6011

Thursday June 23rd	£1.00
KURSAAL FLIERS	
Friday June 24th	£1.00
LEW LEWIS BAND	
Saturday June 25th	60p
999	
Sunday June 26th	60p
THE STRUTTERS	
Monday June 27th	60p
ALCATRAZ	
Tuesday June 28th	£1.00
THE PIRATES	

HASTINGS PIER
Saturday June 25th
The return of

Hollywood Killers

The first group to play The Moon and win!
Be There Hastings

13th Cambridge Folk Festival

Cherry Hinton Hall Grounds
July 29, 30 and 31

Don McLean, Ralph McTell, David Bromberg Band, Boys of the Lough, Bert Jansch, Albion Dance Band, Martin Carthy, Cousin Joe from New Orleans, Vin Garbutt, Alex Campbell, Bernard Wrigley, Magna Carta, Jean Redpath, Johnny Silvo, Andy Irvine and Paul Brady, Bill Caddick, Dick Fegy, Hunters' Moon, Fred Wedlock, Bill Keith, Tony Rice, David Grisman, Frances Gillyray and Mick Burke, Telephone Bill and The Smooth Operators, Jim Page, Joanne Carlin, Stephen Wade, Johnny Morris

FREE CAMPING ★ REAL ALE
ON SITE FOOD AND DRINK (Hot or Cold)

TICKETS: Day £3. Weekend £5
Box Office: Central Library, Lion Yard, Cambridge, Tel 57851
Promoted by Cambridge City Council

City of London Polytechnic S.U.
102/105 Whitechapel High Street E.1.
Friday June 24th at 7.30 pm.
A FANCY DRESS SUMMER BALL

METROPOLIS

(ex-Pretty Things)
S.A.L.T. + support

Late Bar (real ale) Food available

Tickets 70p in advance — 70p on door if in Fancy dress. £1.00 if not!

TELEPHONE 01-387-0418/9

MUSIC MACHINE

CAMDEN HIGH ST. OFF. MIDDLETOWN GREENGATE TUBE, N.W.1

<p>THURSDAY 23 JUNE £1.50</p> <p style="text-align: center;">TRAPEZE + IRON MAIDEN <small>D.J. Jerry Floyd</small></p>	<p>MONDAY 27 JUNE £1.00</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GLORIA MUNDI + Support</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><small>Free admission for one with this ad before 10.30 pm</small></p>
<p>FRIDAY 24 JUNE £1.50</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><small>Only London date of</small></p> <p style="text-align: center;">JIMMY HELMS + HOOKEY DALLON + D.J. Jerry Floyd</p>	<p>TUESDAY 28 JUNE £1.00</p> <p style="text-align: center;">CRAZY CAVAN & THE RHYTHM ROCKERS + Support</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><small>Free admission for one with this ad before 10.30 pm</small></p>
<p>SATURDAY 25 JUNE £2.00</p> <p style="text-align: center;">STRETCH + Support</p>	<p>WEDNESDAY JUNE 29</p> <p style="text-align: center;">JENNY HAAN'S LION + Support D.J. Jerry Floyd</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><small>Free admission for one with this ad before 10.30 pm</small></p>

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

BARBEQUE GRILL
NOW OPEN UPSTAIRS

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday June 23rd	£1.00	Monday June 27th	Free
THE SAINTS		SKREWDRIVER	
Friday June 24th	70p	Tuesday June 28th	70p
BEES MAKE HONEY		LEW LEWIS BAND	
Saturday June 25th	50p	Wednesday June 29th	50p
PRAIRIE OYSTER		HEAD OVER HEELS	

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY

Proposed to play June 29th at 10.00 pm at the Phoenix, Coventry Sq. W.1

At THE PHOENIX, Coventry Sq. W.1	Wednesday June 22nd	Wednesday June 29th
GRAHAM COLLIER MUSIC	BOBBY BRADFORD QUARTET	
At SEVEN DIALS, 27 Stratton Street, WC2	Thursday June 23rd	Thursday June 29th
OOB RENDELL FIVE	SUSANNAH MCCORKLE	KEITH INGHAM QUARTET
	<small>featuring Duncan Lamont</small>	

The O Band ON TOUR

JUNE

- 6 Granary Club BRISTOL
- 8 Dartington College of Art DARTINGTON
- 9 The Garden Room PENZANCE
- 10 Castaways Leisure Centre PLYMOUTH
- 11 Balls Park Centre HERTFORD
- 15 Imperial Hotel BLACKPOOL
- 16 Town Hall WEST BRONWICH
- 17 The Penthouse SCARBOROUGH
- 18 The Porterhouse EAST RETFORD
- 23 The Crypt MIDDLESBOROUGH
- 24 Hugh Stuart Hall NOTTINGHAM
- 25 The Electric Circus MANCHESTER
- 28 The Chancellor Hall CHELMSFORD
- 30 Tiffany's DERBY

JULY

- 2 Pier Pavilion HASTINGS

SNEAKIES ROCK CLUB

White Bear, Kingsley Road, Hounslow

Saturday June 25th

ZHAIN

Sunday June 26th

NO SWEAT

Members 35p Non members 40p

FRIARS AT THE AYLESBURY

VALE HALL
Saturday June 25th at 7.30 pm

LADS WHAT PLAY GUITARS

KURSAAL FLIERS

CONTEMPT

AC SOUNDS AND VISION

Tickets 140p from Earth Records, Aylesbury. Sun. Music High Wycombe. Elio Joffe's American. Plus 10 live. Normal Harewood 71. Moore Dunnington and Lanes 16-19. Buntingford at 100p in door on night. Live membership 20p.

BENEATH THE STARS WE PLAY OUR GUITARS JUST LIKE BOSS

Midland Folk Promotions
PRESENTS
EIGHT HOUR

Folk Festival

Artists Include:-

PENTANGLE II
PRELUDE
HARVEY ANDREWS
DEREK BRIMSTONE
MIRIAM BACKHOUSE
LEONARD & SQUIRE
HOLLERIN' DAVE BULL
THE ALLCOCK BROTHERS

PLUS SUPPORTING ACTS...
Undercover if wet
Saturday 25th June, 3.00p.m. to 11p.m.,
Horninglow Road (A50),
Burton-on-Trent.

Tickets £2.50 each from Midland Folk Promotions
5, West Avenue, Hilton, Derby.

LICENSE APPLIED FOR. REFRESHMENTS

TOO GOOD TO MISS — BOOK NOW!

ROCK AGAINST RACISM PRESENTS

BUZZ COCKS

+ VERBALS

At N.E. London Poly, Longbridge Road, Barking.
Saturday June 26th at 8.30 pm
Admission 80p on door

SOUND CIRCUS

ROYALTY THEATRE - PORTUGAL STREET - KINGSWAY - W.C.2

ADVANCE BOOKING OFFICE (9am - Sat 10pm) Tel: 01 405 1004 x2 Local Agents
RESTAURANT AND BARS OPEN LUNCHTIMES Mon - Sat 12.30 - 3.00pm!

GEORGE HATCHER BAND AND GUESTS

SUN. 17 JULY 7.30 pm. £1.50, £1.00

SPEAK-EARLY

Thursday June 23rd	ALFALPHA
Friday June 24th	SOX
Saturday June 25th	UPROAR
Monday June 27th	FUSION
Tuesday June 28th	LIGHTNING RAIDERS
Wednesday June 29th	METROPOLIS
Thursday June 30th	ALFALPHA

Ring for details

Speakeasy
10 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-582 8070

41/43 NEAL ST.
COVENT GARDEN, WC2

Wednesday June 23rd

AUDITION NIGHTS
30p before 10 pm. 50p after 10 pm

SHOP LIFTERS + GLORIA MUNDI

Thursday June 24th

HEAD BANGER & THE NOSE BLEEDS
+ Support

Friday June 25th

THE SAINTS
+ NEO

Saturday June 26th

THE SAINTS
+ KEAN STREET

Wednesday June 29th

AUDITION NIGHTS
30p before 10pm. 50p after 10pm

BERNI TORME
+ KEEBEGS

Thursday June 30th

ELECTRIC CHAIRS
+ ALTERNATIVE TV

Friday July 1st

ELECTRIC CHAIRS
+ ALTERNATIVE TV

Saturday July 2nd

SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
+ VIOLENT

Tom Petty
RAINBOW
 TOM PETTY now must know exactly how Nils Lofgren was feeling when the punk (sic) from the South supported the punk (sic) from Washington all over Europe and the northerner had to pull out every Barnum and Bailey trick in the rock'n'roll showbiz book to hang on to his credibility.

For this little Tom Petty-topping jaunt about the British Isles, you see, the boot has been — 'ow you say? — on ze other foot.

The Boomtown Rats are a Dublin band whose visual points up how almost the only thing that separates Northern Soul and Southern Punk images is the width of the trousers, and they have, it is said, been giving Mr. Petty certain cause for umbrage in their outing as support band. The stock headliner's prerogatives, such as only uttering minimal time permitted for the support band's sound-check, have been wielded. This is because, it appears, The Boomtown Rats are a very strong outfit indeed.

Basically, they play amphetamine hard rock with a lot of soul. In the tradition of provincial English bands with a penchant for the blues, they possess a keyboard player who sticks in great rolling Alan Price-in-the-days-of-The-Animals underlays to each number. They have a very tight, black-sounding rhythm section, plus twin guitarists who inject heavy metal density, though not volume, into the proceedings.

They also have a very powerful vocalist with an excellent line in Jagger-esque/gygy onstage movements.

Tom Petty's main problem is that he was a being billed as a punk, at a time of shifting (or, in fact, already long shifted) definitions. But these days,

Tom Petty: too pretty for his own good?

anyway, not even sociologically backward Yanks can get away with selling themselves as that and try wearing a black velvet suit and a pink satin shirt onstage.

Now, we may look at the gruly machismo that he and his band parade before our retinas and remember The Hollies going on TV for the first time with their hair still swept back, or Procol Harum desperately trying to grow moustaches before "White Shade Of Pale" shipped from number one, and we may conclude that the visuals will be a little more appearing, perhaps, next time round.

But this does not highlight the essential dilemma that is Tom's — to go for critical acclaim and a sizable cash following, or just to empty bottles of organic shampoo every night over those milkmaid-and-buttercup looks, sparkle up the choppers and mosey on down that biodegradable rock trail and head The Eagles off by the National Cash Registers?

Tom Petty seemed snared in that dilemma for the length of his set.

What Petty should be doing is going up onstage and churning out great three-minute self-penned songs after great three-minute self-penned songs. What he should not be doing is diluting his abilities with the same kind of US showbiz flash in the stage presentation that the aforementioned Nils Lofgren pulled out as a security blanket on the recent tour.

Indeed, it certainly seemed as though Petty was far from



totally confident in his bill-topping role. Obviously The Boomtown Rats hadn't helped either, but there were times when he came across as rattled or just plain weak — though I did also hear that he's pretty exhausted from this European tour.

Anyway, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers played twelve numbers in total. Had they dropped the fairly redundant display of guitar hero posing in front of the quasi-cosmic and ill-chosen global backdrop during the quite interminable closer, "Dog On The Run", they could have played at least three more. Why should they want to, though? As it was, the set was greeted by a near-orgasm of approval.

However, the reason most of the audience were going gaga was because of what Petty had achieved, patchily, in the earlier part of the set — memories of the spine-tapping sensuality of the intro to "Breakdown" and of the classic rock'n'roll sense of shimmering tension that holds you throughout "All American Girl" and even (for the truly prescient) of "Route 66", the bitching second encore.

Petty's guitar-playing can also be very good indeed when he's not playing to the back-drop. He's certainly one of the strongest American players about, alternating sweet blues licks with feisty white rock interchanges with Heartbreak-

ers guitarist Mike Campbell — who is also no slouch at playing the six-stringed beast. As are none of the band, in fact.

One of the main bitches about the whole overblown production job (in addition to what's already been mentioned the set was big on Hollywood deep "mood" lighting, casts of "England, We Love You", and an album logo backdrop for the encores) is that it detracted from the band and placed everything on the not exactly Atlas-like shoulders of Tom. A mention, then, for Benmont Tench's keyboards and the rhythm section of drummer Stan Lynch and bassist Ron Blair.

As it was, it seems that the most memorable aspects of the set are not visions of storming rock'n'roll but moments like the searing vibrato vocal riff on "Strangers In The Night". In fact, one is led to notice just how many of Petty's songs are bound together by vocal, as opposed to instrumental, riffs.

Actually, maybe this thing about the presentation is all wrong. Maybe it doesn't matter at all. Maybe what Petty and the Heartbreakers are giving us is just some kind of very laidback seminar on the eclecticism of the past twenty years of US rock.

Maybe, though, the professor would feel more secure were his lessons less overshadowed by the paraphernalia of teaching. **Chris Sawley**

Plummet Airlines Claire Hamill
NASHVILLE ROOMS

THE LAST TIME I saw Claire Hamill was a couple of years ago. Her new album was just out and a single of "Geronimo's Cadillac" was nudging its way into the bottom of the charts. Confident, she'd turned down a spot on *The Old Grey Whistle Test* because they'd wanted her to do an acoustic set. No, she had a new band all her own and she wasn't going to go on the box doing her folkie singer-songwriter thing — not any more.

So now it's the sticky end of a hot weekend and she's playing the opening set at the Nashville support to Plummet Airlines and her name isn't even on the gig sheet outside. No band, just acoustic guitar.

She starts off with "Cadillac" in the hope that some folk will remember it. It's the only song in the set that's not her own, the only one that isn't new. The next two numbers show her at her best — "In My Dreams" and "Peter Went To Paris" — voice deep and full of confidence, occasionally swooping into the upper register in a manner that has to be reminiscent of Joni Mitchell. The lyrics, too. "This is a kind of relationship song," she says, the George accent still there in the voice. They all are. They don't flinch and they trust you to listen, believe it.

And the audience is listening. Not always the case here, especially with an act like Claire's. You can see she feels good about it, secure enough to stop a number after one verse, retune and start again. It's a good set.

The only weakness is her

one country song, the only time she becomes anonymous, unreal. But she's going out on a country package in July. It's work.

I want her to do a raunchy blues like Jimmy Reed's "Baby, What's Wrong With You" on the second album, but she finishes with another new song and despite shouts for more it's over.

Plummet Airlines are having problems, too. In danger of being swamped by the New Wave, they start like a band that's gone under twice and is struggling to avoid the fatal third. Desperate to avoid the taint of a hippie image, the lead singer leaps on stage wearing plastic shades and flashing V-signs at the audience... which may not be the best way to go about it.

They've lost a guitarist, got a new manager, dropped the Dylan songs and suchlike they used to feature. It's mostly their own material and although it boogies along and keeps the audience happy, it's fairly undistinguished.

After a strong guitar solo by Duncan Kerr on their version of "Casey Jones" things pick up. Harry Stephenson has a good voice and presence. Slightly manic, like a Graham Parker who's been stretched on the rack. He also wrote their two most distinctive songs, "You Don't Get No Oscar From Me" and "Took A Long Time".

They'll survive, but maybe not in this form.

Backstage, Claire Hamill's happy. Someone came round after her set and offered her a college gig for the following night. Next time she's at the Nashville I reckon someone will be supporting her. She might even have her own band. At twenty-two, starting all over again — but like Mel and Tim say: "It's gonna be tough, but we're gonna make it."

John Harvey

Live In Concert
THE ENID
 with Special Guests
Clayton & the Argonauts
 Saturday July 9th
 at the Drill Hall, Hareglow Street,
 Burton-on-Trent
 Licensed Bar 7pm — 12pm.
 Tickets £1.40.
 Send SAE to: Galaxy, High Street, Burton-on-Trent

THE KENSINGTON
 Russell Gardens, W14
 Tel: 01-603 3248
 Thursday June 23rd
HEADS OVER HEELS
 Friday June 24th
TELEMACQUE
 Saturday June 25th
BASH'S BALLSUP BAND
 Sunday June 26th
PAZ
 Monday June 27th
LANDSCAPE
CIMARONS
GEORGE KHAN'S MIRAGE

CHISWICK POLY.
 BATH ROAD
 (Tottenham Green Tubes)
 Friday July 1st
MOON
 - SUPPORT
 DISCO - BAR
 Map in advance or N.U.S. card holders
 £1.00 on door

E.W.S. MANAGEMENT
 PRESENTS
LEARGO
 in concert with guests
 Friday June 24th
 at 7.30 pm
 Digbeth Civic Hall
 Birmingham
 Admission £1.00

THE MILLABOUT ROCK CLUB
 Clarence Hotel, Park Road, Tuddington
 Thursday June 23rd
SABOTEUR
 Admission 60p, Membership 25p
 Bar open — midnight
 Next Week: Cleveon Pull

THE PEGASUS
 109 Green Lanes,
 Stoke Newington N.16
 Friday, June 24th
 9 pm-12 pm
ANDY'S NEW ROCK BAND
 Admission: 50p after 10 pm
 Saturday, June 25th
 9 pm-12 pm
SUNSET
 Admission: 50p after 10 pm

City Rock
 City Tavern,
 New Writtle Street,
 Chelmsford
 Sunday, June 26th
PLUMMET AIRLINES
 60p 8 till 11 808
 Next week JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT

WORDS (Barry Clarke) CITY HALL, ST ALBANS
 SATURDAY JUNE 25th at 7.45pm
CADO BELLE
 +SPECIAL GUESTS Tanya Hyde & The Tormentors
 Mary Jane Disco — Bar — Food
 Advance Tickets £1.50 (incl. V&A) from... Tel: 44511 or £1.20 (incl. VAT) 011 011 011

"I knew the Bride (When she used to Rock & Roll)"
Dave Edmunds
 His new single (SSK 1941) from his album Get It (SSK 5940) Got It?
DAVE EDMUNDS. GET IT

Available on Swan Song Records and Tapes

FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING IN



RING ANDY McDUFF ON 01-261 6172

TANDY'S

THE EXPERT EXPORTERS
ATTENTION!
ALL OVERSEAS READERS

(U.K. readers should go quietly FRANTIC!)
If you live in NORWAY, DENMARK, SWEDEN, FINLAND, GERMANY, BELGIUM, HOLLAND, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, etc., why pay £4 and over for your LPs when you can buy high quality new and unplayed LPs from the expert personal exporters for half that price.
Write today for full details including the new TANDY'S catalogue plus list of new releases.

Trade enquiries welcome



TANDY'S RECORDS LTD.
(DEPT. NX)
Anderson Road
Warley
B66 4BB
Tel. 021-429 6441/2
Telex: TANDORDS 338024

HAVE YOU GONE FRANTIC YET?

If you don't mind paying £3.50 for your LP's FRANTIC is not for you, but FRANTIC customers save up to 85p off the price of top selling LP's and £1.50 off double albums. Of course, they also enjoy the FRANTIC 48-hour service given by the experts of mail order.

Write today for the new FRANTIC catalogue which contains 1,000 amazing bargains



MAIL ORDER COMPANY
WARLEY
WEST MIDLAND B66 4BB
Tel. 021-429 6441/2

PUNK AT BANPARTOOK
HOT RODS - SPEED OF SOUND 100 LONDON - WINNER - 70
MODELS - FREEZE - 70 GIZMOS - EP - 1.50
VIBRATORS - POGO DANCING - 70 FANS - EKSMARK 1.50
SCREWDRIIVER - DUMB - 70 DE-EVOLUTION G.P. 1.50
WAYNE COUNTY - EP - 1.00 WHITE BOY - INGE OVER - 1.50
MOTORHEAD - 12" single - 1.00 JAGGERMOCK - SNAKE - 70
JOHNNY MOPEL - NO ONE - 70 ULTRAVOX - L.P. - 2.99
MINX - Mc-VILLE - 12" single - 1.00 GREG KINN - L.P. - 4.50
RINGS - Iwanaga - free - 70 CRAZY CAVEN - L.P. - 2.99
TELEVISION - 12" single - 1.00. MODERN LOVERS L.P. 4.50
FLAMING GROOVES ... RUBINOS L.P. 1.50
... him or me 1.50 DICTATORS L.P. 1.50
... shake some action - 70 OUTSIDERS L.P. 2.99
... slow death 1.00 *lots of bargains &*
POUCE - FALL OUT - 70 *mail order*
101, GEORGE STREET, CANNON SURGE, **MAIL ORDER**
31, MARKET SQUARE, RAMLEY KENT **100 - 73 PAR**
71, KINGHORN COURT, GUILDFORD SURREY **100 - 73 PAR**
ALL MAIL ORDER TO CROYDON SHOP ONLY

Record Mart

(MAIL ORDER SERVICE)
THE GOLDEN OLDIES SPECIALISTS
CLASSIC SOUNDS FROM THE
50'S-60'S & 70'S

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| The Beatles
A Hard Day's Night
£1.90 | P. L. Jackson (R. Stewart)
A Golden Dream
99p | Led Zepplin
Whole Lotta Love
99p |
| The Beatles
Let It Be
£1.90 | Op Home
99p | Deep Purple
Deep Purple
99p |
| The Beatles
Sgt. Pepper
£1.90 | Jeffrey Hill
99p | Red Company
Red Company
99p |
| The Beatles
Magical Mystery Tour
£1.90 | Magical Mystery Tour - 2nd version
99p | Red Company
Can't Get Enough
99p |
| The Beatles
White Album
£1.90 | Red Company
99p | Red Company
Can't Get Enough
99p |
| The Beatles
Yellow Submarine
£1.90 | Red Company
99p | Red Company
Can't Get Enough
99p |
| The Beatles
Let It Be
£1.90 | Red Company
99p | Red Company
Can't Get Enough
99p |
| The Beatles
Magical Mystery Tour
£1.90 | Red Company
99p | Red Company
Can't Get Enough
99p |
| The Beatles
White Album
£1.90 | Red Company
99p | Red Company
Can't Get Enough
99p |
| The Beatles
Yellow Submarine
£1.90 | Red Company
99p | Red Company
Can't Get Enough
99p |

Prices include postage/packing/V.A.T. (U.K. only) Overseas customers please write for quotation. Cheques/B.O. to
**RECORD MART (MAIL ORDER DEPT N)
96D SOUTHCHURCH ROAD
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, ESSEX**

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 titles 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 £1.10, 6 months 75p (Overseas) 1 year £1.75. Wholesale and overseas welcome.

- TOP 10 ROCK SINGLES 70p EACH**
1. See Me, See Me - The Beatles
 2. The Sound of Silence - Simon & Garfunkel
 3. I Wanna Take You Home - The Beatles
 4. The Sound of Silence - Simon & Garfunkel
 5. The Sound of Silence - Simon & Garfunkel
 6. The Sound of Silence - Simon & Garfunkel
 7. The Sound of Silence - Simon & Garfunkel
 8. The Sound of Silence - Simon & Garfunkel
 9. The Sound of Silence - Simon & Garfunkel
 10. The Sound of Silence - Simon & Garfunkel
- TOP 10 DISCO IMPORTS 15p EACH**
1. The Sound of Silence - Simon & Garfunkel
 2. The Sound of Silence - Simon & Garfunkel
 3. The Sound of Silence - Simon & Garfunkel
 4. The Sound of Silence - Simon & Garfunkel
 5. The Sound of Silence - Simon & Garfunkel
 6. The Sound of Silence - Simon & Garfunkel
 7. The Sound of Silence - Simon & Garfunkel
 8. The Sound of Silence - Simon & Garfunkel
 9. The Sound of Silence - Simon & Garfunkel
 10. The Sound of Silence - Simon & Garfunkel

TRANSPARENT LP RECORD COVERS
Light Grey 100 - £1.10
Dark Grey 100 - £1.10
White 100 - £1.10
Black 100 - £1.10
Red 100 - £1.10
Green 100 - £1.10
Blue 100 - £1.10
Purple 100 - £1.10
Orange 100 - £1.10
Yellow 100 - £1.10
Pink 100 - £1.10
Silver 100 - £1.10
Gold 100 - £1.10
Copper 100 - £1.10
Bronze 100 - £1.10
Zinc 100 - £1.10
Aluminum 100 - £1.10
Steel 100 - £1.10
Iron 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk 100 - £1.10
Wool 100 - £1.10
Cotton 100 - £1.10
Paper 100 - £1.10
Glass 100 - £1.10
Rubber 100 - £1.10
Plastic 100 - £1.10
Wood 100 - £1.10
Metal 100 - £1.10
Stone 100 - £1.10
Fabric 100 - £1.10
Leather 100 - £1.10
Silk

Sager: moving out alive . . .

Carole Bayer Sager

DENVER, COLORADO Sager was relaxing backstage, enjoying the afterglow of her first-ever public performance, when she was approached by a grinning well-wisher.

"Do you realize that you were personally responsible for the most popular joke in my 8th grade class?" he challenged.

Sager smiled shyly and asked him about his joke.

"What do you get when you use a corduroy Johnny?"

"I . . . don't know."

"A Groovy Kind Of Love."

She had to chuckle. Carole Bayer Sager wrote that tune over ten years ago. In the last few years she's written lyrics with Marvin Hamlisch, Melissa Manchester, Peter Allen and Bette Midler. It was only months ago that old friend Richard Perry convinced her to step in front of a

microphone and sing her own songs.

The resulting album, "Carole Bayer Sager", spawned an immediate English hit, "You're Moving Out Today." After flying over to tape a *Top Of The Pops* show, she returned to Los Angeles and put together a stage act. In Denver, she started a small tour to support the album and test the onstage waters after learning to swim in the studio.

Sager has a sizable past repertoire to rely upon, which is her current claim to fame Stateside. In her first concert, though, she only alluded to her pre-recording career with a medley of "A Groovy Kind Of Love", "Midnight Blue", "When I Need You", hits for The Mindbenders, Melissa Manchester and Leo Sayer respectively.

Her back-up band, led by Manchester's ex-musical director Stanley Schwartz, eased Sager into a comfortable niche to recreate her album's charming pop. The cabaret-like swinging precision of the group (currently nameless after someone pointed out the merits of "The CBS Band")

allowed her to relax a little and work on establishing a stage persona.

For the time being, that consists of her considerable little-girl charm (still intact at age 38), not at all recalling her New York lyrical background. She's short and pretty, and her petite Shirley Temple croak was endearing enough to warrant an encore (much to the consternation of the band, who didn't know any more songs).

The highlight of the set was "You're Moving Out Today", with Sager moving around the 250-seat club singing to various male members of the audience. The recorded version hasn't been released as a single in the States, since pal and co-writer Bette Midler has her version out shuffling around the bottom of the charts. Sager's interpretation is superior, but as she explained, "It would put a strain on the writing relationship. I don't want to be in competition with her."

Right now, her future looks secure enough to warrant a return to England plus an extended American tour. That seems to set well with her, despite her lack of experience as a performer.

She just hopes to avoid more grinning well-wishers. "That 'Groovy Kind Of Love' joke is pretty funny," she laughed, "but if old junior-high students tell it in every city . . ."

G. Brown

The Jolt EDINBURGH

IF, A WEEK AGO, you had suggested to me that there was a new wave band that I would actively like, never mind enthuse over, you would have been greeted with incredulous derision.

I really welcome the new wave as a phenomenon but when Neil Spencer described its music as "unlistenable", I reckoned he erred on the side of moderation. Still, working on the principle that there's always one gem among all the rubbish, I keep on going along to the gigs, more in pious hope than anything else. But at last I've found it, that rare gem. It's called The Jolt.

The gig was a disaster. Edin-

burgh's first new wave midweek disco at the revitalized Clouds venue attracted a sum total of seventy people all night. And while the kids who came threw themselves about energetically for the discs, they mostly sat still for the band, staring with thinly disguised disinterest. Which was surprising and sad, because The Jolt are the most enjoyable British new wave band I've yet encountered.

The Jolt are Robert Collins (guitar), Jim Doak (bass) and Ian Shedden (drums) who come from Wishaw and Shotts, two industrial towns on the edge of greater Glasgow. They've been together some eight months, during which time they've secured a Saturday lunch time residency at the Crown Hotel, Wishaw.

Their tightness is the most immediate impression. The Jolt are not just hitting out

blindly, but working really well together. Shedden is a hard working drummer who's not afraid to use percussion for effect. Doak has only been playing bass for a few months but he has a real feel for it, pumping in some dynamic runs and patterns.

Collins, in addition to handling the vocals and power-chords, can really handle his guitar, fairly blurring the songs along. When he unleashes an amazing razor sharp solo dash in "Mistakes In The Plan", yours cynically starts peering for the tape machines — but no

Two speakers, two columns and a PA — but no tapes. Gee. I'm impressed, moved to admiration, even.

The songs are mostly their own. Panned by Collins, they feature a number of good strong toms along familiar new wave themes — "Decoyed", "Dire Straights", "Show Stoppers" (credit!), "Teenage Fan", and the excellent "Mr. Radio Man". Interspersed are well worked versions of oldies that show the Jolt's second hand British R & B influences — Bo Diddley's "I Can Tell", "Mooney", "Route 66", "I Wanna Be Your Man" (featuring slide guitar, yet!), "Whatcha Gonna Do 'Bout It" and "Somebody Help Me". A well balanced and rousing set, using imagination as well as power.

Not that they're perfect. The set was marred by the obligatory scowling new wave pose which provoked derisive laughter from the 'crowd'. A sullen "This one's about policemen" statement was greeted by an airy "Big Deal" quip from a punkette comedienne and the place dissolved in laughter, effectively undermining the effect of the group. But if ever I saw a diamond in the rough, it's this lot.

It's The Jolt's misfortune to be so far from London. Otherwise they'd be sitting pretty already. They'd certainly stomp all over most of the competition. I just hope they don't rust out.

Ian Crahan



THE JOLT (l. to r.): Shedden, Doak, Collins.

BELOW: SHEFFIELD'S ONE AND ONLY ROCK GROUP

Back (l. to r.): Allen, Ake, Face / Front: Anderson, Markin, Quick.



Working man's glam?

The Extras

SHEFFIELD FORMERLY known, at various times over the last year, as Last Exit, Fire Exit and Abattoir, The Extras are one of the few bands currently enjoying any kind of reputation in Sheffield. Jesus, they're damn near the only regularly working band of any worth in the city.

Y'see, for a city with over half a million inhabitants, the paucity of small venues for home-grown bands (the Working Men's Club circuit notwithstanding) fully justifies Sheffield's status as a musical backwater.

One of these few small venues is the Broadfield, a watering-hole overlooking several acres of redeveloped urban wasteland in one of the city's immigrant areas. Most of the bands that appear there should either be cast back on the cheap cabaret/WMC circuit or should rehearse a little. For many, I suppose, it's the only place they can rehearse, so I guess I shouldn't be too hard.

The Extras, however, are a different case altogether. A six-piece, fronted by vocalist Ed Ake and pianist Robin Markin, they draw much of their stance (and a lot of their material) from the Reed/Bowie/Roxy axis, with a tempering down-to-earth urban sensibility that seems to come inevitably to the majority of Sheffielders.

The remainder of the band — Simon Anderson, guitar; Rob Allen, bass; Cliff Face, drums; Andy Quick, sax —

take a pretty low profile, though Face, a remarkably emphatic drummer with a laudable sense of pulse, lacks little in terms of visual attack.

They open with "All I Want Is You", a bit muddy, but nothing that a mixer (or £75,000 from A&M) couldn't sort out, then straight into "After Midnight". This is J's laidback party piece? It's not so much that they've changed the arrangement — fast, with a killer streak of funk — as that the intention of the song's changed. Where Cale thinks of hitting the sack, The Extras would rather hit the floor . . .

Markin, a fairly recent addition to the band, has affected their sound quite drastically. His battered electric piano comes across at times like amplified barre/boogie piano; hammered chords cutting through and carrying the thing along, taking the weight off the rhythm section and adding a jarring edge to their peculiarly Roxyesque texture.

This "Extras texture" is, in fact, best displayed on their version of "Remake Remodel", a definitive blend of Anderson's guitar, Markin's piano and Quick's sax which completely floored me the first time I heard it.

The set contains several Lou Reed numbers — several too many, in fact, but they fit The Extras well enough to appear natural. "I'm Waiting For My Man", despite technical troubles (no roadies to run on and put things right, y'know), fairly storms along, a flashback surge of rabid Velvets fanaticism — Allen riding the bass over the top like a roller-coaster and piling it down for the chorus. Ake attacking with a virginal flick. Lou would've been

proud of, were he still alive.

Happy Len Cohen's "Diamonds In The Mine" gets a similar treatment to "After Midnight", the good-time malevolence of the original replaced with their ripped (and occasionally ragged) Roxyesque viciousness.

Of their own material, credit for which usually lies with Ake (although Markin's now contributing a few), "GTO's (The Good Time Girls)" is probably the most successful, a dedication to decadence with a few cameo lines: "Chrome-plated dolls, rude rouge, sweet plastic trash/Rip up the dance floor in saletto fer/Sit on the jukebox, so cheap, so near". Not seen many of them round Sheffield lately, that's for sure.

"Omega Mile" closes the show, neat slivers of verbal shrapnel along the lines of "Hey Mr. Dylan, you're a 20 million man/You got thorns on your head and holes in your hands", set to a typical Extras romp. Face hammering hell out of a kit that surrendered ages ago, finally kicking the damn thing over.

Leaving aside the PA/mixer hassles which continue to plague them, there are, in The Extras, the makings of a cracking little band. At any rate, I'll warrant they're a damn sight better than the majority of bands currently being unearthed in the capital like bugs under a stone.

But then, they're from the provinces, they ain't played Dingwalls or the Roxy, they don't all wear safety-pins, and they're attempting something a little more substantial than the *de rigueur* three-chord trick. So who's gonna listen?

Andy Gill



"I knew the Bride (When she used to Rock & Roll)"

Dave Edmunds

His new single (SSK 1941) from his album Get It (SSK 59/40) Got It?

DAVE EDMUNDS...GET IT



Available on Swan Song Records and Tapes

Say it on a Say Shirt

GENUINE Soft Kid Leather
WESTERN BOOTS
 IN LIGHT & DARK TAN
 Sizes Mens 8-11
 Girls 3-8
£18-95
 (Plus £1 P&P)
 Great fashion too, strong double stitched seams, leather covered stacked heel, welted stitched sole, 7-14 day delivery. If not fully satisfied money will be returned on boots returned unworn within ten days of receipt. £3 add all areas outside UK. Just send P.O. cheque to:
TENNESSEE BOOT CO.
 413-415 Ecclehall Rd. Sheffield Yorks.

SILVER FOOTBALL

Silver football on a fine silver chain.
 £2.40 + 10p p&p.
 Send cheque/p.o. to—
BOJANGLES (ref. NME)
 26, Plantation Road
OXFORD
 tel Oxford 511698

A catalogue of our other items is also available — please send an SAE.
 Wholesale catalogue also available.

Your name it — we print it TD
 GIVE it on a high quality, colour fast, unisex T shirt or Sweatshirt in 100% cotton — say something up to 40 letters per side! Say thank you — sorry — I love you — anything! — let your self show. Support your favourite pop star, soccer team, club, club a SAY SHIRT SAYS IT ALL! T 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 Shirt's, £2.90. Colours, red, navy, white, black, green, black. 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** 31 Box 50, 3 Colsons Street, DEXTER EXT 1BX
 Good discounts on bulk orders.
 Brochure and price list on request.
 Special Offer! JUBILEE SHIRTS with your own name on. T-Shirts £1.99. Sweatshirts £2.95.

GENUINE Soft Kid Leather
WESTERN BOOTS
 IN LIGHT & DARK TAN
 Sizes Mens 8-11
 Girls 3-8
£18-95
 (Plus £1 P&P)
 Great fashion too, strong double stitched seams, leather covered stacked heel, welted stitched sole, 7-14 day delivery. If not fully satisfied money will be returned on boots returned unworn within ten days of receipt. £3 add all areas outside UK. Just send P.O. cheque to:
TENNESSEE BOOT CO.
 413-415 Ecclehall Rd. Sheffield Yorks.

SILVER FOOTBALL

Silver football on a fine silver chain.
 £2.40 + 10p p&p.
 Send cheque/p.o. to—
BOJANGLES (ref. NME)
 26, Plantation Road
OXFORD
 tel Oxford 511698

A catalogue of our other items is also available — please send an SAE.
 Wholesale catalogue also available.

A WRANGLER OR LEE WESTERN JKT
ALLEN T-SHIRT
CUMBERLAND HOOD SWEATSHIRT
ALCAP HEAVY T-SHIRT
LEE WESTERN JEAN
LEE BACK POCKET JEAN
WRANGLER WESTERN JEAN
LEE WESTERN JEAN

Post free UK & Eire Cheques & P.O.'s to
Matchless Jeans Ltd
 Dept 101, 8 Station Rd West Croydon Surrey
 If paying by Amex or Barclaycard please quote number.

CANNABIS LEAF
 Designed a good quality highly detailed Cannabis Leaf Ring for you! A chunky real silver band at only £7.00. (Send SAE or we can make it adjustable. Our 1 1/2" high real silver leaf pendant on silver chain is £4.00 or on quality real silver chain £7.00. A 1/2" single earring on silver hook is £1.95. Join the rush and send money to:
ATLAS Dept N1,
 40 SYDNEY ST BRIDGTON

Great NEW DEAL
 (MENS) AFGHAN COATS!
 BR. Sheepskin. ALL OF season price. £13.75. (11.75) Navy. Woolley. £18. (11.95) Cash 320-360.
810 BOY JEAN Co 101
 48 Manor Way, London E3

Royal Silver Jubilee SOLID SILVER PENDANT

An impressive and lasting memento of this historic royal occasion that is certain to appreciate in value. Each precious metal weight approx. half an ounce and has an authentic Royal Assay Justice Marking of the Queen's profile. Makes a perfect gift for Birthdays, Christenings etc. that will be treasured for years to come. Matching Solid Silver Chain only £2.25 extra if required in a choice of lengths. 16oz, 18oz, 20oz (single length). Order now and save £4. All orders will be dealt with in strict rotation and sent by recorded delivery.
LOUISE MARKS Mail Order (Dept NME1) 67-68 Hatton Garden, London EC1N 8JY

FONZ BADGES FROM THE USA IS COOL

Send to
578 WANDSWORTH ROAD LONDON SW8
 TELEPHONE 01-422 1952

Please send me: Tick boxes
 My choice is Three Fonz is cool badges I Key ring and 1 Fonz is cool badge
 A B C D E F
 I enclose a cheque / postal order for £1.25p - S.A.E.

A COMPLETE BADGE
 Pin on Plastic coated 2 1/2" wide
ANY NAME in space allowed

Black printing on brickwall background. Talk badge and colours: REG. LI (green, blue, stone, beige, white, red, green, yellow, State all colours).
 Send 50p + SAE for each badge to Teeprints & Co., 1 - Glenworth Court, Edgeware, Middx. Allow 21 days for delivery.
 NAME FOR BADGE Short or nickname
 If more than one badge req please use separate piece of paper

VIEWER'S GUIDE TO TV Sport 80p

Offside or goal?
 KO or foul?
 Game or deuce?
 Four faults or three?
 LBW or not out?
 Blue ball or brow?

At last, a book that explains everything about sport on TV that you've never quite understood

HOW DID YOU MANAGE WITHOUT IT?

A fantastic new book especially for TV sports viewers. Packed with clear and concise information and hundreds of illustrations, **Viewers Guide to TV Sport** answers in detail all the questions you ask when you're watching sport. What is a Madison? How heavy is a welterweight boxer? When, precisely, is a footballer offside? There are rules of more than 60 varieties of sport. So don't be stumped... get your copy NOW!

A Titbits Special

VIEWERS GUIDE TO TV SPORT

If you cannot obtain a copy from your newsagent, please write to Post Sales, IPC Magazines Ltd., Lavington House, Lavington St, London SE1 0PF, enclosing a cheque for £1.05 (addresses in Great Britain) or £1.35 (elsewhere in Europe), to include part postage and packing. Copies cannot be mailed outside Europe.

OUT JUNE 21

IPC Magazines Ltd Registered Number 53626 Registered Office King's Reach Tower Stamford St London SE1 9LS

Postal Bargains from: Permaprints (Dept. N.M.157), P.O. Box 201, 96 Newington Green Road, London, N1 4RR

PUT COLOUR ON YOUR CHEST! With Permaprints 1977 range of designs!



100. SPARKS
T-SHIRTS
ONLY £2.30 EACH
(OR £3 ANY 2)



108. HAVE ANOTHER
Heavy Cotton Fleece Lined
SWEAT SHIRTS
ONLY £4.25 EACH
(OR £5 ANY 2)



67. SUPERSIGN
Cap Sleeves
Only £2.65 each
(Or £3 any 2)



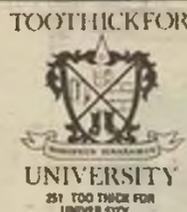
123. TRUST ME



256. FRIED RAT



269. KWIK KRAP



251. UNIVERSITY
251. TOO THICK FOR
UNIVERSITY



687. LORRY

All designs shown below are available on both garments.
Orders on follow:
Colours: Red, Yellow, Blue, Black and White.
Sizes: Small, Med & Large.
(100 Type T-Shirts also available in
child sizes: 24", 26", 28" & 32")
When ordering state size, colour
and one alternative colour.

PATIENCE
MY ASS!



125. VULTURES

Nazareth

200. NAZARETH



197. JOIN THE ARMY



134. GENESIS



255. THINK PUNK

THIS PRODUCT
WILL GIVE SATISFACTION AT ALL TIMES
GUARANTEED TO
MAINTAIN 11% HIGH PERFORMANCE
FOR THE COMING YEARS.
ADMINISTRATIONS ARE AVAILABLE
ON REQUEST.



252. SUCKER (design printed upside down)



338. SOUTHERN
COMFORT



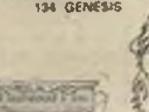
126. LIPSMAKIN



168. WORK
TO THE CROSS



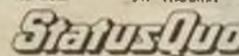
517. TRUCKIN'



999. FLEETWOOD MAC



526. APOLLO



106. STATUS QUO

Sorry I'm dumb,
amid the flowers,
and try to count,
His drinking hours
for me dull days,
do not exist,
I'm a heavy faced.



248. POPPET



506. STATUS QUO



450. CHOKED



150. PINK FLOYD (2)



124. LIE DOWN



762. ANGELS



706. NEW STATUS QUO

CONTENTS

untouched by
human hands
CERTIFIED
all moving parts in working order



224. WINGS

GUARANTEED PURE

129. CONTENTS

JOIN THE NAVY
SAIL TO FAR OFF Distant PORTS
MEET PASSIONATE CREW THAT BEAUTIFUL
AND GATCH
TMBARRASSING EXOTIC DISASTERS

222. JOIN THE NAVY



150. PINK FLOYD (2)



168. WORK
TO THE CROSS



175. UNION JACK



138. STATUS QUO



227. MILCH TRAY

WHY IS MAN ON
THIS PLANET?
WHY IS SPACE
INFINITE?
WHY ARE WE
DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU
READING MY
BLOODY SLOGAN?

157. BLOODY SLOGAN



680. STUPID

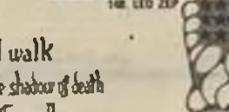


667. PERNOD

KEEP DEATH OFF THE ROADS
DRIVE ON THE PAVEMENT
225. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT



148. LED ZEP



691. E.L. ORCHESTRA



683. STEVE WONDER

REALITY IS AN ILLUSION,
CAUSED BY LACK OF ALCOHOL.

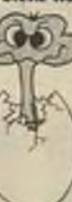


232. REALITY

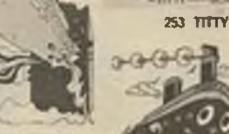
Yea, though I walk
through the valley of the shadow of death
I shall fear no evil. Cause I am
the meanest Son of a Bitch that
ever walked in
the valley.
143. SON OF A BITCH



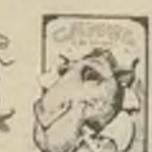
253. TITTY BUM BUM



608. EGGHEAD



242. TOBY TUG



664. CAMEL SMOKER



237. STEELY DAN



246. REBEL



682. HAWKWIND



682. NEW FLOYD



254. DARTMOOR OLD BOYS



169. EAGLE



683. IN THE DARK



679. IDIOT



507. FLOYD



687. CHARLIE'S ANGELS



250. PUNK PANTHER



199. EAGLES

* SPECIAL OFFER *

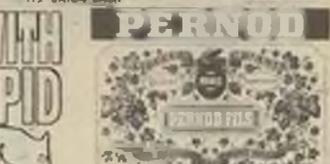
From PERMAPRINTS
Pendants only 55p each to clear or £2
for all five (postage included).



Heavy steel (nickel plated) pendants approx. 1 1/2" long
complete with 22" chain. 5 styles available. ONLY 55p each.
For £2 for all five (all razor, 30 screws, 10 nuts, 20
washers, 20 nuts).



175. UNION JACK 138. STATUS QUO



680. STUPID 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
25p (70p for abroad). For four or more garments add 45p (90p
for abroad).

ORDERS TO: PERMAPRINTS
(Dept. N.M. 157, P.O. BOX 201)
96 NEWINGTON GREEN ROAD,
LONDON, N1 4RR

Name _____ (PRINT CLEARLY)

Address _____

Please send the following items which garment required Ref. No. and size
of design also size and colours for each garment.

OTHER ITEMS _____

£ _____

Visit the Permaprints Shop at 702 Holloway Rd London N7

When ordering if not enough items on order then give full details on separate sheet of paper

(Dept. N.M.157)

I'VE JUST READ the Consumer Guide to the Nuclear Age, the first report on this subject that even a thickhead could understand, and I don't know about you but it bloody terrifies me!

I intend to send a copy to the Prime Minister and the embassies of all countries with the capability of turning Planet Earth into a bloody big frying-pan. I hope all NME readers do the same. Make the bastards sit up and take notice — even to the extent of a general strike of the world's youth.

Britain's part in the nuclear chess-game is minimal in deterrent effect, but costs a fortune. Britain should therefore withdraw from the game, declare itself a neutral state, and become the international mediator in the nuclear disarmament of East and West.

I publicly state that I will no longer vote Labour until they do something regarding the complete nuclear disarmament of Britain — until they do, my vote goes to the first party to announce they'll disarm if they come into power.

OK so it's an emotional letter, but for Christ's sake if more people spoke out we wouldn't be in this situation. I am open to use my spare time to collect petitions, join or even form groups to get rid of the nuclear threat.

Get off your apathetic arse and follow NME's lead and bloody well DO something!
PAUL McPIERSON, Sheffield.

SHOCK! Horror! Probe! So the NME gives us the lowdown on nuclear weapons in the U.K. So we all raise our hands in shame and declare how frightening it all is.

What a load of hypocritical bullshit! Do you realise if it weren't for nuclear weapons, there'd be no rock records, no trendy clothes to wear — in fact, no scene at all (and, of course, no NME).

Every sane person abhors the devastation that nuclear warfare would bring, but what would happen if we abandoned all our nuclear defences? We'd be wide open for any passing predators like the good old USSR, for instance.

And don't give me all that crap about "being paranoid" and "seeing reds under the bed". The Russians are involved in a world-wide strategic struggle and want as much territory as they can gain. Go ask the people of Poland and Hungary if you don't believe me.

And please don't bore me with the other two prescribed approaches for fashionable chic radicals. Firstly, the "love and peace" approach — "If we abolish nuclear weapons we'll be setting a wonderful example that others will follow." You think the Yanks and Russians will just meekly lay down their arms because Britain has? Go back to your commune, baby.

Or then again, there's the "Hampeated Heath Che Guevara" approach — "Better red than dead." You wanna live in a society where you can't listen to the music you want, wear the clothes you want or do anything at all, without looking over your shoulder for the meek in grey? Personally, I'd rather be dead.

Alright, so there's a hell of a lot wrong with the society we live in. But just drop your "angry young anarchist" stance for a moment and take a good, hard look at other countries throughout the world. It's pretty obvious to anybody that this is one of the best countries anywhere in terms of personal freedom. And that's what our nuclear weapons are here to defend.

So why don't all you self-styled revolutionaries just own up to the fact that you wouldn't even be the bold, free-thinking radicals you pretend to be, if it wasn't for the nuclear weapons you profess to hate?
STEPHEN PILKINGTON, Accrington, Lancs.

We repeat: why keep a deterrent that Britain can't afford and that won't deter? The Warsaw Pact hasn't presumably amassed so many tanks, troops, etc. unless it reckons it could fight a conventional war. So why doesn't Britain serve her own conventional forces more efficiently? As it is, badly needed spares for the unreliable engines in British Chieftain tanks and the new Chobham tank armour go to Iran first to help Britain's balance of payments. No nuclear weapons, so rock? Try no arms-sales, no rock — since most of the companies we know as record labels undertake lucrative contracts for military hardware, EMI Electronics, for instance, developed the guidance system for the new

NUKEBAG



WARNING: NUCLEAR RADIATION IS HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH.

Your government wants you to be aware of the dangers of smoking. So it requires that a warning come with the product.

Your government does not want you to be aware of the dangers of nuclear energy.

It's the government's product.

All your questions answered, all your fears allayed.

over the effect of one bomb? This smacks of ill-considered arguments. Call it a guide? Who for? People with the brain capacity of a mentally-retarded hamster. Thank you and goodnight.

PIGLET (a Wandering Minstrel) All omissions, under-emphases, etc., were the inevitable result of cramming as much (but not enough) as we could into a mere four pages. According to *Flight* magazine, *Lance* is deployed and has been operational with the British Army's No. 50 Miasma Regiment in West Germany since late last year. Why did we "rust" and describe the UK deterrent as puny? In one view the estimated effects of one bomb make that one too many. At the same time we doubt whether Britain's ageing Polaris missiles would penetrate Soviet defences. As for Britain not having her own deterrent — you're quibbling with semantics (and we did mention the US key lock on the Polaris system). Yes, we know about NATO, also about the French strike force and its Mirage IVB bombers; we doubt they'd reach Moscow either. An American PBW? The West's scientists aren't certain whether a PBW is feasible, since, in theory, protons can't be projected through the atmosphere. The US seem more concerned with developing 'orthodox' systems, like Trident and the mobile MX missile. Good morning.

EARLIER THIS YEAR I applied for a job with the U.K. Atomic Energy Authority in administration and was talked to / weighed up by the Authority's medium-size big guns at Jesus College, Oxford (during which experience I got the distinct impression that the UKAEA would have loved that contract West Germany has with Brazil).

During a guided tour of Harwell, I asked a bloke in a white coat about making nuclear waste safe to which he replied: "Yes, we do a bit of that here, but that's the boring side."

The selection tests included (1) interrogation concerning my moral, religious, and political beliefs (all on file now, no doubt), (2) being given ten numbers and having to pick out the fourth largest, and (3) explaining to the public in a press statement that there had been an "accident" at a nuclear power station.

I didn't get the job — but did you know that you can't cremate stuffs with atomic heat-pacemakers? Why? They explode, that's why.
KEITH JONES, Warwick University, Coventry.
See Thrills for more exploding stuffs.

THANKS FOR the Nuclear Age article. I feel you could have gone a step further though and buttered the BBC and ITV to show Peter Watkins' film "The War Game" which they banned around ten years ago from nationwide broadcast on the grounds that it was too psychologically shocking.

The film was shown at college — on a course which has shown films on vivisection (none of which compared in shock terms) — and stunned me for several days after.
N.G. (STUDENT), Manchester
"The War Game" can be hired from CND for a small fee.

THE SOI-DISANT guide to nuclear warfare was pretty ropey. The only thing that was alarming about your article was its crassness and blind acceptance of other rantings. It was often grossly inadequate, inaccurate and out of date.

There was no mention of biological warfare, nor of the recent (faked) attacks by lasers on US satellites, nor of the possibility of an American Proton Beam Weapon.

The *Lance* missile is not yet deployed. SALTO only got a paragraph. Britain hasn't got a nuclear deterrent of her own.

Heard of NATO? Then you may be able to distinguish between Britain's force and France's independent force *de frappe*. And anyway, if our deterrent is so puny why the rantings

British Aerospace Skyflash missile, which has "excellent" export prospects.

WELL DONE, NME! A first-rate nuclear "doomsday" issue. And the message? They've got their shock-proof bunkers; they've got *Jur RSG*; they couldn't care a tinker's dam, for likes of you and me. So if we want to save our world from nuclear genocide, it's peoples will, not men of power. That now can run the side.

Go to it.
ROY GIDDINGS, Benfleet, Essex.

THE BULK of your article on the Nuclear Age in NME, June 11, was fine, detailed relevant information. Such a shame then, that the authors had to spoil it with a crude and misleading diatribe against CND at the conclusion of the article.

I want to make one point clear. CND and Friends of the Earth are both active organisations, and both campaign on specific issues. CND on nuclear weapons and associated problems, FOE on the whole sweep of environmental issues — with nuclear power as an important part of this.

Secondly, CND is not "committed to more established activities" nor is it "traditional Left" in its outlook. CND has, and will continue to have a wide range of activities designed to make people aware and concerned about the nuclear menace.

On September 10 this year for instance, we are holding a big demonstration at the Holy Loch in Scotland — with contingents travelling from all over the country — and including a "Peace Cruise" to the demonstration by steamer from Glasgow. Presumably this was not mentioned in the article, because it would not have fitted the impression that was being created that CND is not active.

CND, in fact, is active and is growing rapidly at the present time — with some of the most rapid growth being in Student groups and in the churches — not just the "traditional left", which you sneered at so well and yet failed to explain.

Thirdly, CND has a large amount of educational, campaigning and informational material available — including books, pamphlets, films and mobile display units. But again,

people may not have realised this from the way in which CND was treated in the article.

NME readers were given some off-putting ideas about CND in your article — in a short space — yet it would take me much longer to correct the false impressions that I think may have been created. So instead, could I urge all NME readers who are concerned about the threat of nuclear weapons to contact CND and find out what we are doing. You will find that we are doing a lot — and that we need more help — and that we feel our campaign is starting to really hot up.

Take no notice of whichever sourpuss wrote CND off in last week's article!

Yours for peace and disarmament.
DUNCAN REES, Organising Secretary, Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament, Eastbourne House, Bullards Place, London E2 0PT.

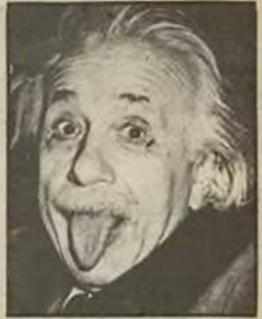
We visited your office, spent virtually the whole day there talking to you and were told both that CND was committed to more traditional activities and was "traditional Left". We were disposed to give CND every break in the book as we're firm believers in its aims. However, after a long conversation, we came away disheartened. Good intentions are no substitute for direct action. The kind of polite, middle-aged protest you are conducting lacks energy and direction. The need for a radical dynamic CND movement is, if anything, even more vital in the '70s. We hope that in the coming months you can prove all our criticisms totally wrong. (We did write about your Holy Loch demonstration but it went out for lack of space.)

THE SOI-DISANT guide to nuclear warfare was pretty ropey. The only thing that was alarming about your article was its crassness and blind acceptance of other rantings. It was often grossly inadequate, inaccurate and out of date.

There was no mention of biological warfare, nor of the recent (faked) attacks by lasers on US satellites, nor of the possibility of an American Proton Beam Weapon.

The *Lance* missile is not yet deployed. SALTO only got a paragraph. Britain hasn't got a nuclear deterrent of her own.

Heard of NATO? Then you may be able to distinguish between Britain's force and France's independent force *de frappe*. And anyway, if our deterrent is so puny why the rantings



Edited by THE GHOST OF ALBERT EINSTEIN

FOR THE INFORMATION of all those who don't want Nuclear Power, alternative sources will never produce enough energy for a growth economy (which needs more energy and more resources to make more consumer products and more profit for more people to invest in more industries using more energy etc etc ad infinitum).

Nuclear power is really the symbol of the Industrial Age. Without the power, our industrial economy will collapse. When you fight nuclear power, you are fighting the Industrial Society.

FOE and CND can never be really effective because they're charities and they aren't allowed to get political. Getting political is the only way of fighting the high priests of Growthmania, through their own corridors into the power centres.

What's the alternative to our nuclear growth society? One based on soft Technologies, de-industrialising, de-populating, and de-centralising, living with nature not against it. Beat the growth-maniacs and you stifle fast-breeders.

DAVID TAYLOR, Ecology Party (Dorset Branch), Wimfrish Newburgh, Dorset.

YOURS IS NOT a scientific paper, nor should it be. Why then did you publish an article concerning nuclear power that was so biased it was unbelievable?

Like it or not, nuclear power is necessary. And don't spot that bullshit about wind, waves, or solar energy. If you'd read a few scientific papers, you'd find that almost all the scientific community engaged in research into alternative power sources agree that they could in no way supply all of Britain's power-demand.

The coal and oil will not, despite Tony Benn's bullshitting, save Britain from the imminent energy crisis that, if not assuaged in some way, is going to cripple most of the world. Very soon mineral resources are going to vanish and, even though windmills and solar generators will help in some way, there will still be a large hole that can only be plugged by nuclear power.

With the stocks of uranium available and using Fast Breeders, the human race can survive for the next two hundred years or so. Hopefully, in that time nuclear fusion will be harnessed which, using helium and similar elements readily available in the sea, should last humanity for millennia.

Nuclear fusion is not the great saviour, but neither is it the End. It's a step on the way, a necessary step at that.

GEORGE PUTTY, Gatshead No, we're not a scientific paper, nor did we claim to present a scientific (pseudo-objective?) summary. You assume the fast breeder is a foregone conclusion — is it? The process still requires massive financial investment and has to surmount numerous technical problems before it can be scaled-up for commercial use. The same goes for fusion; research at the Joint Euro Torus plant at Culham, Oxfordshire, for example, hasn't been as fruitful as its proponents would have liked. And are the alternative sources really as impractical as you suggest, even for the UK? What about Lockheed's feasibility studies for Ocean Thermal Exchange Conversion? Contrary to popular belief, alternative power isn't only for 'alternative' people. Furthermore, it's also our opinion (sorry, bias) that a society fully dependent on nuclear power would become a "strong" state, highly centralised (totalitarian) — whereas one using other sources would possibly not "enjoy" such restrictions.

AND STILL the madness goes on. While normal, law-abiding punks carry on their day to day business with quiet dignity, visiting their banks and recording their songs of social dissent, psychotic self-appointed vigilantes are roaming the streets with the intention of causing them serious physical harm.

The unwarranted attacks on members of **The Sex Pistols** are sickening enough: also distasteful is the way *The Mirror* chose to front page the fact that **J. Rotten** had received a beating from the hands of hoodlums, while last week, when it was the police who were handing out the aggro, the Thames boat trip incident was tucked away in a minor page paragraph.

Meantime, Fleet Street licks its greasy chops at the sight of even more instant sensationalist "punk" copy. "The Punk Exploiters" shrilled the *Sunday People* as it waited for it — fannies! And that shops in the King's Road were selling — wait for it — clothes! Meantime *The Observer* was as strongly reassuring its readers that **J. Rotten** was really a very nice, well behaved boy after all. "He has five O-Levels and says 'please' and 'thankyou'," wailed their correspondent, as if he was expecting some working class mongoloid who ate his food with his fingers.

Then there was *The Sun*, who managed to turn a thousand of hippies showing up on Salisbury Plain for the mid-summer sunrise at Stonehenge into an invasion of punk-rockers. "Punks v. Druids" claimed the headlines optimistically when the 'ippies revealed that they were planning to have a rock concert at the same time as **Los Druids** were getting their bit together. Can't you just imagine punks erecting totems, cooking grub, looking after the ol' lady 'o' the kids 'a' the dog, tightening up their gay ropes with safety pins and what have you?

The best part of breaking up is when you're making up, part 107. **The Band** have just signed a five album contract with Warner Brothers Records. So much for all those tearful farewells, loving retrospectives and all that sentimental of hogwash they had us drowning in. The live album of the "farewell" concert will be appearing on **W. Bros.**, but not before a new studio album apparently.

AD is definitely not well at Island Records' tasteful Hammermith offices, where we'll know horrible and utterly obnoxious bad group **Edie and The Hotrods** have been, uh, banned. The 'Otroids, for their part, are repelled at lack of Island representation at their Canvey gig last week, let alone the ban, and now want to change companies soon as possible.

Van Morrison played a surprise gig last week when he jammed with **Mick Ronson**, **Eric Burdon** and **Dr. John** at London's Speakeasy club. **Van** also told us that he's planning to release a real weird double A-side single in a few weeks time. "Joyous Song Sound" from "Period Of Transition" will comprise one side. The other will be "Mechanical Bliss" recorded in Amsterdam in '74, and a rare example of **Van** being funny. Funny humorous that is. The song is alleged to sound like a cross between **The Muppets** and **Flanders and Swann** (now there's old wive for ya).

Wait until you see the new bands, **Jim**, **Bad Company** went to the White House last week to meet President Jimmy Carter. The group had previously been made honorary Colonels of Louisiana by the State of Louisiana. Back home, honorary citizenship of the borough and its allotments



PHOTO: J. TYGHER

Left: Two members of The Slits get, er, cute.

TEAZERS

A WEEKLY CONTRIVANCE

allegedly being prepared for **Hideous Bill** by Accrington Council.

Politician realises something is happening shock: Labour MP **Bruce George** last week told the House of Commons that Punk Rock was "something about which we should be concerned." Did he mean New Wave bands being banned from stages and their records from airplay? No, he meant that "quite respectable youngsters" were "responding" to the phenomenon and were, you know, well, like, being corrupted and that. Doesn't he know that was last year's thing?

Snuffing Ghar magazine look like being cast out of their Oxford Street office on account of the paint spray graffiti with which the lads have been adorning the walls, not to mention the all-night **Mark P** guitar practices. P's partner in **Step Forward Records** **MRS Copeland** also less than overjoyed when *Ghar's* **Harry** drove his van into the back of Copeland's car.

Stop the presses. **Mark P** just called to say his **Alternative TV** combo will not be supporting **999** at the Nashville this Friday, and claims it was never arranged.

Much backstage aggravation is reported on the **Tom Petty/Boomtown Rats** tour, where the Petty camp were evidently a trifle ruffled by the Rats' habit of having a huge poster bearing their name draped along the stage front. Asked to desist in this punkish practice, the Irish rats draped a prominent poster outside the theatre declaiming "Rats eat Heartbreakers for breakfast." Petters' lot were apparently not amused.

Following last week's *Thrill* concerning the extremely nasty and dangerous substances like nerve gas that are being mixed with almost equally nasty and dangerous substances like heroin and cocaine in the good ol' US of A, come reports that police in this country have been warned that pushers may try to contaminate their

samples to undercover narcs with the same. What's this? **Lee Brilleaux** judged a pogo-dancing competition in Nottingham last week? Are you listening *Come Dancing*?

And this week Pogo Records — the property of **Brummagem's Suburban Studs** — release the group's first single, "Questions/No Faith".

Rumours that **El Phtoleros** "God Save The Queen" is banned in Eire are untrue; it isn't released there but import copies are available.

The world's most confusingly named drummer, **Woody Woodmansey**, plans to burst through the limits of human endurance next month when he will make an attempt on the record for the world's longest drum solo. Woodmansey reckons he can top the current record of 350 hours non-stop playing, and if you think that's tough, imagine having to sit through it. Rumour threatening it will become a regular feature of his act.

And still the old wave rearguard storms forward in the face of the punk peril; **The Third Ear Band** are to re-form.

Expected to emanate from **El Lay** shortly; an all girl ex-groopie/journalist band titled **Backstage Pass**...

More on World records, **Farah Fawcett Majors** is now the mug on the world's largest selling poster. Five million **FEM's** have now been shifted Stateside, two and a half million more than the previous holder, **Marilyn Monroe**...

Farewell to veteran bluesman **Sleepy John Estes**, who died on June 5, aged 77.

When the **Pistols** album finally appears, buyers will be given a choice of different coloured fluorescent sleeves ("Just like 'Spooky Two' — writes an Old Fan"). It is believed that this event will occur at roughly the same time that a **Clint** Springsteen-esque media blitz occurs, replete with colour supplement covers.

Incidentally, **7-zerr** bears that one **Steve Harley** telephoned one **Caroline Coon** to gain reassurance from her that "it's true, isn't it? None of **The Clash** can play?"

From the sublime to the totally ridiculous: it is currently costing **£££200,000** a week to tour the States with their absurd cast of thousands.

It's good to know some ageing '60s punks never lose their roots: onstage at a Washington DC **Kinks** gig, **Dave Davies** — who can't have been able to find **Ray** — and drummer **Mick Avory** took to spitting at each other onstage after each attempted to stare the other out. It ended with **Avory** stomping offstage and **Dave** playfully kicking his drumkit in.

Tightwad strikes again!! **The World's Meanest Rock Star**, **Rod Stewart**, attempted to score discount (for being who he is) on a recent visit to the trendy Fiorucci boutique in Kinghsbridge. His offer was declined.

Hmmmm... Is it true that the **Ronaways** were recently ejected from Disneyland for "alleged homosexual behaviour"? It seems they were getting friendly with each other's cameras.

Steely Dan have a double album, "Aja", finished and ready for release. Playing on the album are stock West Coast sessioners including **Chuck Rainey**, **Steve Gadd**, **Jim Keltner** and **Jim Porcaro** plus many, many more with **Tom Scott** handling the horn arrangements on six tracks. It is also believed that not only are **Becker** and **Fagen** gearing up to work on the road but that a change in US labels is imminent.

Jeff Beck's comment on **Cheer's** visit to **Mikell's**, a New York jazz club where he was recently playing at three in the morning: "May be the likes

CHRISTOPHER RAINBOW
 "Living In The World Today"
 Polydor 2058 878

PAT MCGLYNN AND SCOTTY
 "She'd Rather Be With Me"
 Decca F13715

138-140 Charing Cross Road, London WC2H 0LD
 01-836 6699

MUSICAL EXPRESS

Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS
 01-261 6820
 01-261 5100

EDITOR: NICK LOGAN

Assistant Editor: Neil Spencer
 News Editor: Derek Johnson
 Production Editor: J. A. Scott
 Special Projects Editor: Roy Carr
 Associate Editors (Features Reviews):
 Bob Woodfin, Charles Shaar Murray
 Contributing Editor: Mick Larkin

Staff:
 Tony Stewart
 Steve Clarke
 Phil McNeill
 Tony Parsons
 Julie Birchall

Contributors:
 Tony Tyler
 Ian MacDonald
 Angus MacKinnon
 Andrew Tyler
 Nick Kent
 Bob Edmunds
 Tony Benyon
 Max Bell
 Fred DeBar
 Chris Salewicz
 Brian Case
 Cliff White
 Joe Stevens
 Edward Barker
 Angie Ferro
 Kate Phillips
 Lester Bangs
 John May

Photography:
 Pennie Smith
 Chalke Davies
 New York:
 Lisa Robinson
 Research:
 Fiona Fudge

Advertisement Department
 Ad Director:
PERCY DICKINS
 (01) 261 6880

Ad Manager:
 Peter Rhodes
 (01) 261 6251

Classified Ads
 Penny Morgan
 (01) 261 6122

Ad Production:
 Mike Proctor, Frank Lamb
 (01) 261 6207

Publisher: Les Jackson
 Editorial Consultant: Andy Gray
 HC Magazine Ltd. Production and any material written, printed or in any form published.



Albert Y Los Wotit Lot (you know, the funny ones from Manchester) trail their "Snuff Rock" X-rated comedy spectacular (see news for tour details) in a nifty graveyard scene.



Patti gets choked with City Spack, she of 'Carrie' fame.

ex-junkie guitar players.

Eric Clapton (whaddya mean, who?) travelling from date to date on his Euro tour by private train. This was enough, apparently, to earn him a *Daily Express* centre spread. Round here it earns him a desultory *Tizer*...

Sexy Sadie you broke the rules, **Maharishi Mahesh Yogi**, who was once spiritual guru to **The Beatles** (remember them) cropped up in the news again this week when one of his students claimed that the Maharishi could teach people to fly, as in soar through the air with the greatest of ease. Yeah well you didn't fool our John mister.

Next time **The Death** **Mannuash** and **Solitary Brick** fail to show for pg, just do what the students at Shorditch Training College did last week — ring **Elihu**. Eh stood in for an anonymous pop group who failed to show — for free. Course, he might charge you £65,000, which is apparently his going rate.

WANTED

BEATLES LOOKALIKES

SINGER-MUSICIANS



FOR HIT BROADWAY SHOW
 IN NEW YORK
 FOR AUDITIONS CALL
 MRS PRICE AT 01-289-2053

Sex PISTOLS



W.H. Smith's Top 20 Elephant and Castle. June 13th.

~~BBC RADIO ONE~~

Banned. "It is in gross bad taste" Charles McLelland. The ban covers the whole of the BBC.

~~WH SMITH~~

Banned at all branches.



Banned. The nations' Brewers have refused to allow Sex Pistols on any of the Juke Boxes.



Banned at all branches.

~~IBA~~

Banned. "Nothing should be broadcast which offends good taste or decency. And that includes all radio advertising."

~~TOP OF THE POPS~~

Banned. "It is quite unsuitable for an entertainment show like Top of The Pops"

~~2008 LUX~~

Banned. And Luxembourg are independant of the BBC and the IBA. The ban by Luxembourg, the IBA and the BBC mean that the single is barred from every British radio station.

~~GLC & LOCAL COUNCILS~~

Banned. Sex Pistols are not even allowed to play in London or in most other parts of the country. And when they try to.....



Banned. A Thames River boat party was broken up by police on Jubilee Day. Fifteen people were arrested.

~~WORTH WOOLWORTH WORTH WOOLWORTH~~

Banned at all branches.

~~LOCAL RADIO~~

Banned. No local stations will play the single.



Banned from advertising. Not even 'God Save The Queen', but simply the new signing with Virgin. And all the ad said was: "You thought you had got rid of us, but you haven't"

~~MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT~~

"If pop music is going to be used to destroy our established institutions, then it ought to be destroyed first."

Lambeth M.P. Marcus Lipton



Banned. The Pistols were fired and "Anarchy in the UK" was withdrawn as it hit the charts.

~~AM RECORDS~~

Banned. Just three days after signing.

~~ASSOCIATED PRESS~~

Banned. One of Britains' impartial Press Agencies has refused to circulate news stories about Sex Pistols.

~~SOUNDS PRINTERS~~

Banned. The printers, not the paper, deliberately omitted part of an ad for 'God Save The Queen' without informing Virgin or the Sex Pistols.

~~TONY BLACKBURN~~

"It is disgraceful and makes me ashamed of the pop world, but it is a fad that won't last, we DJ's have ignored them and if everyone else did perhaps they would go away."

~~JOHN PEEL~~

"One of the greatest Rock records ever made" (Sounds June 13th) But the BBC won't let him play it.

~~CAPITAL RADIO 104~~

Eventually, banned. But Capital were the only station in the country to question the IBA ban. And 'God Save The Queen' made their Number One slot.

MELODY MAKER, SOUNDS, N.M.E. & RECORD MIRROR

Sex Pistols 'God Save The Queen' is record of the week.

'God Save The Queen.' No.1 in NME thanks to you and England's independant record stores. Support real record shops.

