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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

AFEPAN 100

MURDER AT
PUNK FESTIVAL

AT THIS GIG A FAN WAS STABBED TO DEATH

IMAGES OF
THE NEW WAVE
THIS WEEK ON
PAGE 10

AFEPAN 100

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

LITTLE FEAT

Four gigs in London

LITTLE FEAT are at last confirmed for British dates this summer — including a four-day stint at London Rainbow from August 1 to 4 inclusive. Tickets for these concerts go on sale tomorrow (Friday) at the Rainbow box-office and usual agencies priced £4, £3 and £2.

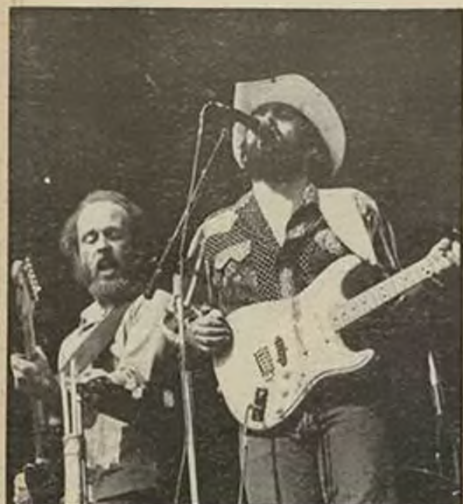
A spokesman for the promoters, Alec Leslie Entertainments, said the Feat will also be playing three or four provincial gigs. Details of these are being finalised and will be announced shortly.

Little Feat will perform

the entire show themselves, with no support act. Their Rainbow concerts are being recorded for subsequent release as a live album and, with this in view, they are bringing along the Tower Of Power horn section.

A headlining tour by the band has been in the air since they supported The Who in their open air concerts last year. But several attempts to bring them over fell through, leading at one point to rumours of a break-up.

Little Feat are currently on a coast-to-coast tour of the United States.



BEACH BOYS

Wembley, Manchester, Cardiff: official

THE BEACH BOYS will, after all, headline a major open-air concert at Wembley Stadium on Saturday, July 30. Plans for the gig were exclusively revealed by NME three weeks ago — and it is now officially confirmed. And the group also play outdoor shows in Cardiff, Manchester and Dublin (forecast by NME last week).

Cardiff Castle is the opening venue on Saturday, July 23, followed by Manchester Belle Vue (24). Both shows start at 3pm, with tickets priced at £4.75. Postal bookings for the former should be sent to Beach Boys, Cardiff Castle, P.O. Box 10, Cardiff, and for the Manchester gig to Beach Boys, Belle Vue, Hyde Road, Manchester. In both cases, cheques and POs should be made payable to "Beach Boys Concert" and an s.a.c. enclosed.

The Wembley show starts at 12.30pm and admission is £5.50. The address for mail order bookings is Wembley Stadium Box Office, Empire Way, Wembley, Middlesex. For all three concerts, tickets are now available at leading record shops in the respective areas.

The Beach Boys then move on to Eire for a show at Dublin Dalymount Park Stadium at



3pm on Sunday, August 1 (tickets £4.75).

● Carl Wilson flew into London last week specially to announce the group's concert dates. Asked if Brian Wilson will be accompanying the Beach Boys on their visit, he

said: "I'm not sure, but it's very possible".

At press time, details of support acts for all these concerts were still being finalised by promoter Robert Paterson, and these will be revealed next week.

Trapeze return

TRAPEZE are back on the road after a lengthy period of inactivity, coupled with widespread rumours of a split. Three original members are still with the band — Mel Galley (vocals and lead guitar), Pete Wright (bass) and Dave Holland (drums), and they are now joined by ex-Fable singer Peter Gualby, who also doubles on second guitar.



New-wave band 999 — who have London residencies throughout July at Kensington Nashville (Monday nights) and Islington Hope & Anchor (Thursdays), plus other London gigs at Royal College of Art (tomorrow, Friday), Putney Railway Hotel (July 5) and Camden Dingwalls (19).

First confirmed gigs are London Kensington Nashville (July 9), Birkenhead Mr Digby's (14), Leeds Fford Green Hotel (17), Stafford Top Of The World (18), Birmingham Barbarella's (19), London Marquee (21), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (August 12), Nottingham Boat Club (13), Burton 76 Club (19) and Bristol Granary (25). Others are being finalised, including a short Irish tour (August 20-23).

The band are at present finishing a new album, to be mixed in London in late July for release later in the year.

Thunders and a damp squib

THE HEARTBREAKERS (Johnny Thunders' version) have been forced to cancel their Independence Day firework show, planned for next Monday (4).

Although they approached various parks and commons in the London area — including Hyde Park, Regents Park, Battersea Park and Hampstead Heath — they were thwarted by the GLC.

Track Records quote the

Hyde Park authorities as saying: "We do allow pop music occasionally, but we choose the acts."

The band are now left holding over £1,000 worth of fireworks, which they are determined not to waste. Said a spokesman: "They'll probably try to put the show on at the very last minute."

Meanwhile their debut album, for release next month, has the paradoxical title of "Heartbreakers' Greatest Hits."

STRANGLERS HIT MORE TROUBLE

THE STRANGLERS ran into yet another problem last week as their trouble-torn British tour neared its end. After playing Cleethorpes Winter Gardens, the band returned to their hotel where they reportedly became involved in a fracas with local police. At present details of the incident are sketchy. According to a spokesman, "The matter is being investigated further and litigation could be involved."

Drummer Jet Black injured his hand and the band were forced to cancel gigs at Bristol (Friday) and Bracknell (Saturday), but they were back in action at London Roundhouse on Sunday.



THE JAM

Own show at Hammersmith

THE JAM achieve a degree of acceptance for new-wave rock by headlining their own major London concert at Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, July 24. Support groups are The Boys and Australia's The Saints.

Promoter is Mel Bush, making his first incursion into the new-wave, who told NME: "The Jam are now ready to play a top London venue. There's a massive market that wants to hear this type of music."

A new Jam single "All Around The World" coupled with "Carnaby Street", is issued by Polydor on July 8. Both cuts are originals, not taken from

their "In The City" album, though they are featured in the group's stage act. A-side is a Paul Weller composition and the coupling is bassist Bruce Foxton's first attempt at songwriting.

Two further gigs have been added to The Jam's current tour — at Glasgow Shuffles (July 13) and Cromer West Ranton Pavilion (22). Their recent gig at London Poplar Civic Hall was the best attended concert at the venue for three years.

FAREWELL SASSAFRAS

WELSH BAND Sassafras, who last month denied rumours that Terry Bennett was leaving the line-up, have now announced that they are breaking up later this month after fulfilling existing commitments. Formed in 1973, they recorded three albums for Chrysalis, but never quite achieved the degree of success they hoped for. They play a special farewell date at Cardiff Top Rank on July 19.

Chapman gig

MICHAEL CHAPMAN makes a rare London appearance on Sunday, July 10 (8pm), when he headlines a concert at Regent's Park Open-Air Theatre, backed by Rod Clements and Keef Harty. Support act is Jo-Anne Kelly and tickets are priced £2, £1.75 and £1.50.

NEIL DIAMOND

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News Desk

1978 GIG WITH STONES?

Diamond films with Bardot

NEIL DIAMOND, who headlines a massive open-air concert at Woburn Abbey this Saturday, begins work next month on his first major film role. The picture is based upon his own life during the 1960's; Diamond plays himself.

Titled "Free Man, In Paris", it

New bassist in Vibrators

THE VIBRATORS have acquired a new bassist following the departure of Pat Collier, who left because of "personal differences." Newcomer is Gary Tibba (19), who played in a band with The Vibrators' Knox two years ago. After only two weeks of rehearsals, he is now playing with the band on their 24-date nationwide tour.

will be shot mainly in France. Brigitte Bardot has been persuaded to come out of her three-year retirement to play a cameo role in the movie.

A more unusual project for Diamond involves a proposed return to Britain next summer for an open-air show at Wembley Stadium — with the Rolling Stones appearing on the same bill. The idea is the brainchild of former England cricket captain Tony Greig, who sees it as an extension of his sporting activities.

Mick Jagger is a keen cricket enthusiast and has already discussed the venture with Greig, as has Diamond.

Further ahead, Diamond is already planning a visit to the USSR in two or three years' time, for concerts in Moscow and Leningrad.



BeBop's Tumahi gets his permit

BE-BOP DELUXE's New Zealand bassist Charlie Tumahi has at last been granted permission to work in Britain. His original temporary work permit expired in 1975 but he was able to prolong his stay here by a series of appeals against deportation.

He was eventually ordered to leave the country earlier this

year and, because of his enforced exile, the band are currently recording a new album in the South of France.

The band's new album "Live! In The Air Age" is released by Harvest on July 15. Recorded on their last British tour in late winter, it includes a free EP with additional live tracks from the same tour.

Pistols rush out follow-up single

THE SEX PISTOLS rush-release a new single tomorrow (Friday), only five weeks after the appearance of their "God Save The Queen", which topped the NME Chart despite the nationwide radio and TV ban. The new 45 is "Pretty Vacant", coupled with the Stoooges' number "No Fun".

"Pretty Vacant" isn't likely to prove as controversial as the Pistols' previous 45, and the lyrics on their own are unlikely to lead to a repetition of the

autumn ban. Virgin Records also expect to be able to advertise it freely, and plan an extensive campaign on commercial radio.

All shops approached so far have agreed to stock the new single except for Woolworth's, W.H. Smith and Boots — with whom, say Virgin, "we are still having a meaningful dialogue".

● The new single is reviewed on page 18.

RECORD NEWS

● Anchor this week launch a series of 12-inch EPs titled "Plus Four", marketed in deluxe sleeves and selling at 99p. First three releases are by Alice Cooper ("Welcome To My Nightmare"), "Department Of Youth", "Black Widow" and "Only Women Bleed". Joe Walsh ("Rocky Mountain Way", "Turn To Stone", "Meadows" and "Walk Away") and the Mamas & Papas ("Monday Monday", "Dedicated To The One I Love", "California Dreamin'" and "Creeque Alley").

● The long-awaited album by the original Animals, who reformed specially for the session, is finally set for late July release by Polydor.

● Bowles Brothers Band have begun work in London on their debut album for Decca, with noted Los Angeles producer Bones Howe, currently figuring in the charts as producer of Alessi's "Oh Lori".

● Showaddywaddy's latest is "You've Got What It Takes", released by Arista on July 8, along with a Barry Manilow maxi-single "Looks Like We Made Out". Out on the same day and label is a single from the Mohammad Ali film *The Greatest* — titled "Ali Bomb-Bay", it is performed by Michael Massey and Mandrell.

● Birmingham band Moseley release their single "If It Relaxes Your Mind" on July 15 on the Big Bear label.

● On July 15 Polydor release the album "John Otway And Wild Willy Barrett", previously available only by mail order from the duo. It consists of tracks recorded over the past few years, some produced by Pete Townshend. The duo have also signed a two-album deal with Polydor.

● The Strawbs' first album for more than a year "Burning For You" is issued by Polydor / Oyster this weekend. The band are scheduled to finish another studio album next month, and singer Dave Lambert records a solo album in September.

● Tangerine Dream's album "Sorcerer" comes out on MCA on July 8. It is the soundtrack of a new film produced and directed by William Friedkin, who made "The Exorcist". This does not affect the band's contract with Virgin, who will continue to release their future albums.

● Fabulous Poodles have just finished laying down their debut tracks for Pye Records, with John Entwistle producing. A single is scheduled for late August release, followed by an album in early September.

● Meal Ticket guitarist Ray Fiske is currently playing lead guitar for Sutherland Brothers & Quiver on tracks for their new album. He is one of several guest musicians sitting in with the band, following the departure of Tim Renwick.

● Horslips' new single "Power And The Glory" is released by DJM on July 15; the first 15,000 copies will be pressed in bright green vinyl.

● Blue's new single, out this weekend on Rocket, is "Another Night Time Flight" — produced by Elton John and Clive Franks.

● The new Atlanta Rhythm Section single "Neon Night", taken from their album "A Rock And Roll Alternative", comes out on Polydor on July 8.

● American label Beserkley is being launched in Britain as an independent company, with distribution through Decca. First single out next week is "Roadrunner" by Jonathan Richman (see review page 18).

● Chiswick Records have signed a pressing and distribution deal with Arista; first releases affected are the new Count Basins album (out this weekend) and the Johnny Moped single "No-One" (July 8). Arista themselves have finished, together with Chrysalis Records, a joint manufacturing and distribution deal with Phonodisc Ltd.



LINDA LEWIS: with Stonn

● July 15 albums from Arista include "It's A Game" by the Bay City Rollers, "I Robot" by Alan Parsons and "Terrapin Station" by the Grateful Dead. Following in August are the soundtrack of "The Greatest" and Stonn Yamashita's "Go Too" which also features Linda Lewis, Jess Roden, Michael Shrieve and Klaus Schulze.

● A new version of the classic rocker "Mony Mony" comes out on United Artists tomorrow (Friday) by a group calling themselves Celia and The Mutations.

● The Fortes are negotiating two separate recording deals — the first is with a major U.S. company covering North America, and the other is for British and European distribution. First release, expected in August, is an album which includes one side recorded live at London Marquee earlier this year.

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So he don't have much to say
But he can spit further
than any punk
So nobody gets in his way
He knows his generation
Like he knows his A.B.C.
He's the kind of kid
That don't get invited
back for Sunday tea
He's a face in a mirror
That may give you a fright
But he's alright

He's breaking out of nowhere
He's breaking all the rules
He's got a passion for the fashion
He's freezing all the cools
He knows you don't have to
be that good
To be a real bad cat
He's built for speed guaranteed
To show you where it's at
He's blown all the speakers
Making his own noise

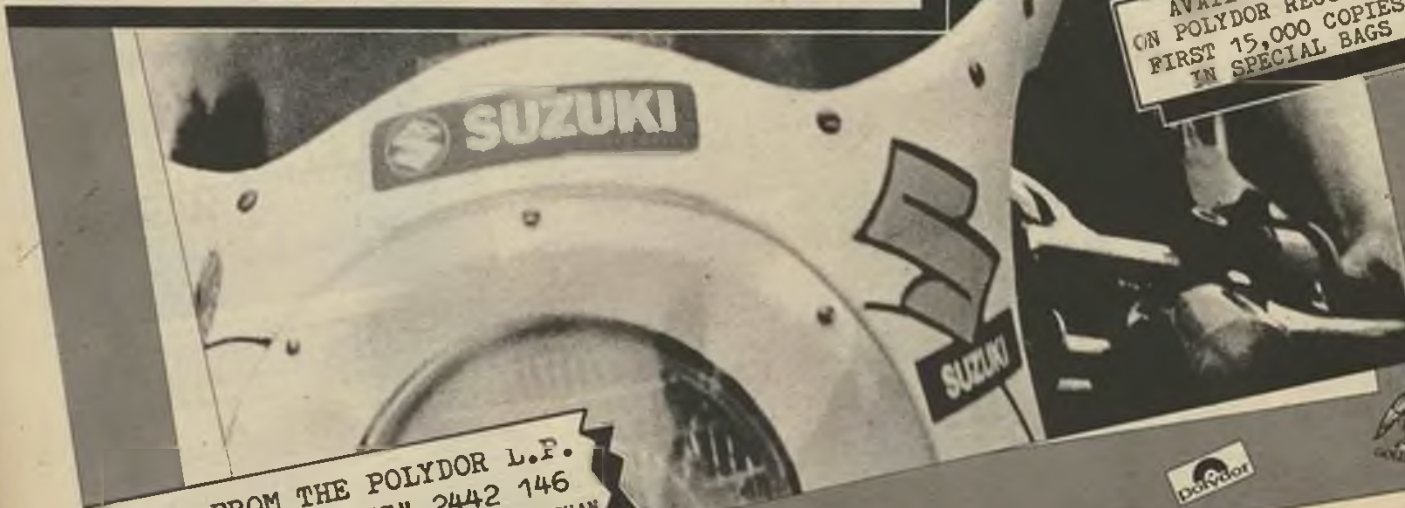
One of the boys.....

You know he used to work in
this factory
"Till the big boss said
"That's enough"
So he threw down his hammer
And he picked up his coat
And told the boss to get
Fff-f-frustration with the nation
The news is always bad
Life on the dole ain't no good
for your soul
It's enough to drive a poor kid mad
So who's gonna put him down
For makin' his own noise

One of the boys.....?

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A shadow darkens the sun...

THE THOUGHT HAS PROBABLY OCCURRED to Demis Roussos that if Jesus came to earth again he could have all the power and influence he required by becoming an MOR star.

Certainly Big Demi — who possesses the swarthy appearance and lumbering bulk of a Greek trucker (which not even several thousand yards of kaftan can hide) — envisages himself as some kind of omnipotent musical messiah.

"I am a guru, a prophet of music," he has proudly proclaimed. "I am sure I have the fire of a prophet and the ability to convert people to my music."

Hallelujah! Modesty is not one of this man's foibles. He exploits an interview as a platform to eagerly recite a litany of his greatness and yelps malignantly should his monomania be challenged.

His soliloquy is delivered robustly: he gesticulates wildly, occasionally emits porcine grunts and frequently roars with laughter, causing his mountain of flesh to shudder violently.

But perhaps this demonstrative animation is an elaborate affectation to disguise his basic insecurity.

Why else, for instance, is he happy to test constantly the strength of his reinforced Slumberland by depositing his 17-stone body on it nightly? Clearly his excessive weight is symbolic of a need to quell a secret paranoia of being considered insignificant.

Demi knows that few other men can stop the sun shining into a room simply by standing in front of a window.

EVEN HIS incessant boasts of colossal fame and fortune, verified by the fact he has sold over 25 million records, are obviously verbal sandbags to protect his delicate ego.

Big Demi might be the most widely misunderstood man in popular music. And his behaviour is an extravagant sham which hides his deep frustration that critics refuse to acknowledge his immensely versatile talent.

"I," he shrilly declares, "don't think you can give me an image. I'm not middle of the road. I'm not folk. I could sing rock music. I could sing middle of the road. I could sing everything!"

"Why I don't do it, you mean?" He asks in his funny broken English before I have time to pose the question.

"Because," he replies to himself, "the public of the music I make is much larger than rock, and we make this music because it is our job. And we sell more records."

Demi implies his enormous talent is a result of the musical expertise of the Greek race. In the Mediterranean countries generally, he explains, musicians have always been influenced by a variety of styles. Because they serve their apprenticeships with dance bands they have to adapt their music to accommodate the broad tastes of club audiences, and so they develop a quite extraordinary talent.

"The most flexible musicians of the world, they're coming from Greece or from Italy," he states — including himself of course.

"So I could be able to sing with Thin Lizzy, and I could be able to sing with Leonard Bernstein."

Oh, I'd just love to see you front Thin Lizzy, I ornament concealing a laugh.

"I am sure you could be astonished by the marriage."



TONY STEWART sights DEMIS ROUSSOS off Beachy Head. CHALKIE DAVIES brings home the evidence.

he responds. "But I don't speak of Thin Lizzy specific, you know. I say Lizzy just as an example."

"But the people from those rock bands, English or American, who are very good musicians, I don't know if they could play a Cuban mambo or a Cuban cha-cha-cha without the feel of rock..."

There's probably no great demand for it, I muse...

"They would play it, but they would feel it like a rock group," he continues dully, "which is completely different. But we Mediterraneans can feel every music in the style because we played this for many years, because we had the school of dancing bands."

But shouldn't you be committed to one particular

type of music and attempt to develop it? After all, it is an age of specialisation.

"Why specialisation?" he queries, again raising his voice. "A good doctor is a good doctor."

Indeed, but a good doctor presumably wants to specialise eventually and become, perhaps, a brain surgeon.

"But what is the good to be a perfect doctor and a perfect surgeon? Do you know a lot of them?"

Defeated, I have to meekly admit that I don't know any brain surgeons.

THERE ARE writers who've said Demi wallows in media attention like a fat sow rolling

delightedly in the straw, but this isn't exactly true. Nor is it accurate to infer, as people have unkindly done, that his records are musical droppings rashly devoured by an under-caring public.

Beneath the facade of Roussos' whining falsetto, bland orchestration and cloying lyrical romanticism, there lingers a serious artist.

Big Demi's secret disappointments might be that he will now never play the Marquee, feature on the next Knebworth bill, or in fact replace Lynott in Thin Lizzy. Bravely he has fought back tears of humiliation, and with his new album "Magic" attempted to show he's not a regular MOR dummy.

For the album he also

engaged the production services of Vangelis Papathanassiou. Besides being the only Greek rock musician you can name, a mystique surrounds this man. At one time he was mooted as replacement for Wakeman in Yes, and he was the creative force of Aphrodite's Child (the only Greek rock band you *might* be able to name) which also featured Demi as bassist/vocalist.

Roussos himself has promoted a somewhat controversial image for Vangelis. Until "Magic" they hadn't worked together for six years, and quite recently the Messiah ominously claimed Papathanassiou would, to quote, "never make anything. He'll die with his talent, like Beethoven."

Now he argues, "I never said that... exactly like that."

"I never said that in my life. The only thing I said, and I remember everything I said, is that Vangelis is a very big talent — but he's quite an egoist as a character. Maybe he will never be commercial, nor sell a lot of records, because he chooses a very difficult way."

"But he is a crazy man. You have to be crazy to be an artist. He is the craziest thing I have ever seen in my life," Demi says laughing loudly, his chair shaking dangerously.

"But I know him and I know how to act with him. But that doesn't mean a bad thing: you can be crazy and be a genius."

But why it has taken you so long to begin working together again?

"Wait five more years," he mutters inexplicably, "and may be you'll see McCartney and Harrison again together."

"Don't forget that Aphrodite's Child was a very important trampoline. You know trampoline... *boing-oing*... between what happens now and what we were. Those six years gave me a lot of experience and a lot of knowledge, and gave also Vangelis the same."

He goes on to say that as both of them have this heritage of Greek versatility, and have matured since they originally parted company, they now make an excellent team. But he doubts the association has radically changed his music.

"If I have the Mediterranean sea in my voice then you can not take it out, it's so very big."

"But then music is like the sauce of spaghetti," he continues philosophically, "and you have to make the sauce. The spaghetti is the base, is my voice; you can not change it. It depends on the sauce."

"You know, Vangelis has the sauce and I have the spaghetti and we mix them together and we have a good meal. See what I mean?"

Yes, but the hunger pains are getting worse.

"I always compare music with food, because they are two things that are so close together. You have good and bad music, and you have two kinds of food: good and bad."

Elaborating on this disastrous analogy, he says: "You can have the same concerto for piano of Chopin played by two different pianists and it doesn't sound the same, believe me, and it's the same sheet of music."

In this context Big Demi hasn't been cookin' lately.

FEW PEOPLE probably realise just how great a personal sacrifice Demi made by inviting Papathanassiou to produce "Magic", because he actually surrendered a pleasure that had been entirely his own for four of his previous five solo albums. And

the ones he'd overseen, beginning with "Forever And Ever", had earned him commercial recognition and, wow, superstardom.

His real talent might have been hidden under a bushel which only Vangelis could uproot, but even so Big Demi, normally a jocular giant, is sensitive to criticism of those sets. Defensively, he has a convenient lapse in understanding English when I describe them as schmaltzy. He doesn't know what the word means, he claims. Once acquainted with a definition he's just plain old buffy about it.

"How do you explain 25 million copies of selling them?" he shrieks.

Well, the public will buy any old rubbish, I offer. Artists have been known to cop out and groom only the style they know will sell.

"I will tell you something," he says, nodding his head knowingly. "Above all I am doing a job. I am a professional and I would do whatever would sell. And I did the music that sold a lot up to now, and this music which is on the 'Magic' album is a little more progressive in general, but it will also sell. But I could not make 'Magic' five years ago. You know why?"

No, but I've got a feeling you're going to tell me.

"Because I started from Europe," he blurts. "This is important point."

"If you start in Europe you can not start with a progressive style. You will never be a star. You will never sell records. Because in Europe you have to start with a European style."

"That's why I started with that music, and I sold a lot."

"Now that I am an Anglo-Saxon artist... I don't like this word *star*... who sells records I can make this album I just did. It's the moment!"

But listen hard enough to Demi's first LP, "Fire And Ice", and you'll uncover a latent rock and roller lurking quietly in the grooves. Why, there's even a track called "End Of The Line" which sounds like The Band's "The Weight", and he was also writing some of his own songs at that time.

As "Magic" to some extent now illustrates by including a couple of disco stompers, the guy could have emerged as an influential force in rock if he'd had the right breaks — like a week's residency at Disguish, or something...

"But I did not sell *nothing* with 'Fire And Ice'," he bemoans, "because I start in Europe. If I had started 'Fire' in England maybe it would have been a hit."

THIS WHOLE AREA of discussion, the hardship of a European gallantly fighting for success, is one of Demi's favourite topics, which he frequently returns to and inevitably attempts to prolong. Being objective you must ask point-blank — ignoring the fear that he'll be enraged and leap up and sit on you in one crumpling movement — if he compromised his musical principles for commercial trophies.

"Sometimes I have to," he forlornly admits. "We have to. Everybody has to. Ask any musician in the world if he really does 100 per cent what he likes, and I doubt he will say it to you yes. Especially if he started in Europe."

Realising this answer leaves him with an open goal-mouth into which a journalist could easily slam a cricket ball, he is quick to deflate any suggestion

■ Continues over

"My landlady knows me. This is important." — DEMIS ROUSSOS.

The O Band

new single

Almost Saturday Night

c/w Love Ain't A Keeper

UP 36276



'O' BAND LIVE

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9th PENZANCE Garden Ballroom
10th PLYMOUTH Castaways Leisure Centre
11th HERTFORD Bell's Park Centre
15th BLACKPOOL Imperial Hotel
16th WEST BROMWICH Town Hall
17th SCARBOROUGH Penthouse
18th RETFORD Porthouse
23rd MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall
24th NOTTINGHAM University (Hugh Stewart Hall)
25th MANCHESTER Electric Circus
28th CHELMSFORD Chancelor Hall
JULY
1st BIRMINGHAM Aston University
2nd HASTINGS Pier Pavilion
7th STOKE Tiffany's
12th SHREWSBURY Tiffany's
14th-21st LONDON Nashville
22nd-23rd BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's
28th BIRKENHEAD Mr Rugby's
31st BLETCHLEY Open Air Concert
AUGUST
12th WEST RUNTON Pavilion
13th ST ALBANS Civic Hall
28th REDCAR Open Air Concert
30th EDINBURGH



From previous page

he's only in the business for the money.

"Well, you know," he explains good humouredly, "when you start your career money is not the first motivation. I think that glory," he chuckles, "is the first motivation. If you can call it glory, you know, it's a dream of having fame."

Then when you see the success and you have the royalties coming and all that, you start thinking differently.

"But," he warns, "money doesn't bring happiness to anybody. Money completes the happiness."

With this profundity you almost expect him to tap the side of his nose with his index finger.

IT MIGHT STILL be a little hard for you to swallow the theory that Demis is an aspiring, and until now suppressed, rock and roll singer.

If the thought of Rich Rod swarming round Times Town is disturbing, then how can we come to terms with a fat man whose lifestyle is full of garish ornamentation?

He lives in a 17th Century chateau near Paris, owns vineyards in Bordeaux, drives a Rolls, and buzzes over to Iran as guest of the Shah of Persia.

However he shows some restraint in his extravagances, and in a *Sunday Times* interview last year denied he fed caviar to his cat, although he admitted the taps in his bathroom were solid gold.

He now refutes that, alleging he was misquoted.

"That's bullshit," he snaps angrily. "They only look like gold."

An incident that does appeal to my nefarious sense of cynicism occurs when Demis interrupts the interview to ring a British promoter. He picks up the phone with the avowed intention of demanding 88,000 dollars for some shows. Excited at the prospect, it's obvious he will, to borrow those immortal words, squeeze them "til the pips squeak."

This boy certainly isn't a cheapjack.

"I like to live nice," he reveals. "You don't like to live nice?"

"Why I shouldn't, if I can? I did not steal this money, I earned it by working very hard. I'm touring ten months a year."

TODAY HE ISN'T performing on stage, but still his schedule is exhaustingly hectic.

All afternoon he's been conducting press interviews, and his PR even had to politely jostle a young lady reporter out of his hotel room before he could grant us an audience. Our session too is interrupted and to complete business we travel over to Thames TV with him in his limo. Once there he will be interviewed again, before finishing his working day with a business dinner.

In the chauffeured car he is relaxed and jokes casually about the lady reporter who only inquired into his sexual activities. Demis, a most unlikely Valentino, knew her little game and wasn't having any of that.

"I understand the journalist who is straight and honest with me and just asks me what he likes," he explains. "And I understand very much the journalist who comes with me and he does not really ask what he feels. You understand? Because I have a lot of experience."

"And I know what kind of article you're going to write. Do you want me to tell you what it's going to be?"

Please do.

"You're going to attack me! You're going to kill me! I know that, because you have a magazine that is much more progressive than others."

"A lot of times we have to make concessions and we don't make what we really like. Your magazine is the kind that will attack that. So you are working



Hang on. Bits keep flaking off. That's got it. Right, next question ...

with the mentality of the magazine. But maybe you, deep inside of you, don't feel like that.

"If you were the editor of your magazine maybe you would ask me completely different questions. But you ask me questions that fit your magazine."

"A lot of times we are becoming victims of our job, because we are professionals. Because we have to win our life."

Repeating his observations he screeches, "You're going to kill me! You're going to attack me! I bet you're going to do that."

"Maybe my kind of public doesn't correspond to your magazine."

Hey, I protest, I'm not trying to stitch you up.

"What is," he asks bemused, "stitch you up?"

HIS ABILITY to astutely judge people also extends into his business affairs. Although a lawyer and promo man are with him, Demis effectively manages himself with, he reveals immodestly, tremendous success. Nobody will put one over him and he claims he has never been ripped off.

"Not one time."

"I smell the people. I feel the people. I told you, I know what kind of article you will write. And I know the people who are going to try and rip me off, and," he laughs indulgently, "I take the money in advance."

But with the revelation that he is the master of his own destiny, perhaps my lament of what could have been is erroneous. Maybe his talent hasn't been prostituted by music but pimps, exploited by unscrupulous curbside crawlers waving bundles of lucrative contracts.

Perish the thought, but possibly he enjoys his present gig and would never entertain a complete transition to rock and roll.

This chilling fear is temporarily allayed as we move on to other matters, during which handling Demis's boisterous personality proves to be a difficult task in itself. Most of all he is apparently so sincere he could charm a kebab off a skewer and similarly appease any misgivings expressed about his talent.

Built like a baby elephant, his skin is appropriately thick. His resilience to smide unswayed is laudable, and his natural good humour enables him to accept that, in certain quarters, he is a figure of ridicule.

When told that Benny Hill and Clive James have wickedly lampooned him on British TV he spontaneously breaks into a laughing spasm. The tears rolling down his cheeks he recalls how a Swedish comedian stuffed pillows up his haften so his impersonation of Roussos would be more convincing. For him this is an accolade.

"The important thing is that they say something," he remarks.

"It means that Demis Roussos is a figure of the day. So this does not upset me. It makes me very happy, because I say, poor bastard, you know how important I am for you to win your bread of today. He's doing his job, but he uses me to sell his stuff."

"That means I am someone. This is fantastic. I am going to start worrying when they don't talk about me, good or bad."

"Jealous?" he suddenly shouts triumphantly. "They get mad because I am a European and I had a success here in England."

In the light of such tolerance towards these people is it also possible that he tends to satirize himself? Does he seriously believe he is a guru?

"I proved that I am a kind of guru," he responds, his laughter suddenly evaporating.

"The people they come, plenty, to see me all over the world. Can you mention to me one artist that makes my career? There is no other artist. You know why? Because they know me in the streets. The landlady knows me. This is important."

"The landlady does not know Elvis Presley, she knows me."

"I am well known to the mass of the people, and at the same time I am able to have tea with the Empress of Tehran."

"This is massive, massive career. Not career like everybody else."

Does this mean that Bowie and Dylan don't need to abdicate their positions to make room for Demis?

It certainly seems that way, and my chance of discovering a totally unlikely rock talent is quickly slipping away. But Roussos has talked of the "progressive" elements of "Magic", and has even admitted he hopes it will pave the way for him in America, where the public still haven't toppled Elton John from his mighty MOR pedestal to make room for him.

So own up Demis, isn't "Magic" an attempt to achieve credibility?

"What is," he asks blankly, "credibility?"

Oh dear, and I thought he was one of us. Rock will be bleaker without him.

They are destined to become huge.

MARTY OGDEN (Melody Maker)

He's talking about the band...

They are aggressive and tight with suitable sexual overtones.

ROBALNO RUSSELL (Record Mirror)

She's talking about the show...

An act which was exciting, extremely loud, but in no way distorted, and a piece of highly polished, sharply faceted driving rock.

TERRY ANDERSON (Music week)

And so is she...

One of the most promising English albums released this year.

CHRIS SALTWATER (NME)

He's talking about the album.

They are all talking about MR BIG.

A chance to catch them at the Marquee July 7th.

THRILLS?

THE KILLING OF PATRICK COULTRY

The escalating wave of violence associated with New Wave rock reached a tragic climax with the stabbing of a 19-year-old student in Dublin on Saturday.

PATRICK COULTRY, a 19-year-old student, was stabbed to death at a punk rock gig in Dublin last Saturday night, June 25. This horrific incident was the culmination of a week in which a member of *The Adverts* was beaten up in the street, and Johnny Rotten was assaulted for the second time in six days.

The murder of Patrick Coultury was witnessed by NME correspondent **Matthew Nugent** who filed the following report from Dublin:

EIRE'S FIRST major punk festival ended tragically last Saturday night with the death of 19-year-old Patrick Coultury.

About 400 teenagers had gathered at Dublin University's Belfield campus to hear five new wave bands play.

Top of the bill were The Radiators From Space, supported by The Undertones, Revolver, The Gamblers and The Vipers, all of them local bands apart from The Undertones, who'd travelled down from Derry.

There had already been an ominous

overture to the event when The Undertones had played a gig in Dublin the night before. Two of The Radiators got up to jam, whereupon Radiators guitarist Pete Holidai was dragged offstage and beaten up "by some rockers".

The fatal incident took place during the very first set, at about 11.00, while The Vipers were playing. Fighting broke out between two teenagers in the audience, and during the melee one of them, Patrick Coultury, was stabbed.

He was rushed to hospital, where he later died. (According to Irish press reports, it was only the second rock gig he'd ever attended).

However, at the time the fight was broken up the full extent of his injuries was not known, so the gig went on.

Peter Holidai of The Radiators, who, as Ireland's only remotely well-known punk group (and in lieu of visible action by the organisers) were assuming the role of festival leaders, took the stage and exhorted the crowd to "cool it".

"Tonight we are making history," he told them. "It's the first major new wave gig in Ireland: let's not mess it up."

His comments received the support of most of the audience, and the rest of the night passed without incident. However, it seems that but for the efforts of individual members of The Radiators, who do not have a manager and so were somewhat out of their depth, the gig would not have gone on at all.

Thus it was somewhat ironic that Holidai, who had been one of the first on the scene to break up the fight, found himself taken off for questioning by University security men. He was later released in time to play with The Radiators.

After the gig the bands hung around to hear the news from the hospital, and finally at about 6.00 am they were told that Coultury had died of stab wounds. They were then all subjected to yet another round of "routine questioning".

Although the killing must have been witnessed by many people,

nobody had been arrested when NME went to press.

The Radiators From Space were so shaken by the incident that they immediately decided to disband. The following day, however, they met and agreed to carry on, but not to play any gigs in Eire in the immediate future.

Not surprisingly, the University has decided to ban all new wave music.

The Radiators From Space are already notorious in Ireland just for being punks.

The *Sunday World* newspaper, reputedly the local *News Of The World*, ran a report attributing such quotes as "sponties should be done away with... we should kill all old

people" to the band — which they themselves hotly deny: they have in fact played a gig for an old folks' charity.

As a riposte, The Radiators' next Irish single will be titled "Sunday World." Meanwhile, ironically, their first single, "Television Screen," entered the Irish charts at 17 this week — on figures calculated before the killing of Patrick Coultury, of course.

Within hours of their agency opening for business on the Monday after the disastrous punk fest, The Radiators had begun to lose dates.

Murder is not unknown at American rock gigs: in 1971 a security man was stabbed at a Who concert and a sandwich vendor was killed at a Wishbone Ash gig, while the Hells Angels made their blot on history at Altamont in '69.

But as far as we can recall, Patrick Coultury's death is the only case of murder during a rock show in the British Isles.

MEANWHILE BACK in Blighty more familiar forms of punk bashing were taking place. TV Smith of *The Adverts* was the first punk rocker outside of *The Sex Pistols* to get done over in the street. *Chris Salewicz* took him a bunch of grapes and came back with the following report:

AT ABOUT 9.45 in the evening on Tuesday June 21, *Adverts* TV Smith and *Gaye Advert* were wandering through the subway of West London's Hammersmith tube station. In his normal manner TV had his hands in his pockets and his head down — but suddenly he looked up and, Smith claims,

"There was this huge Ted zooming towards me saying, 'Let's have you then,' after which he proceeded to kick my kneecaps and then hit me about the head."

Meanwhile two other Teds had joined the Huge Ted in the fun, so: "I did the noble thing and ran away."

Smith claims that he was assaulted three times: in the subway, on Hammersmith Broadway outside "The George" Hotel, where a crowd of Teds was gathered, and again in a shop doorway.



Top: The Sex Pistols' Johnny Rotten hides behind a 'bodyguard' as a photographer attempts to snap his injured face at a London club. Minutes later Rotten was involved in a scuffle. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

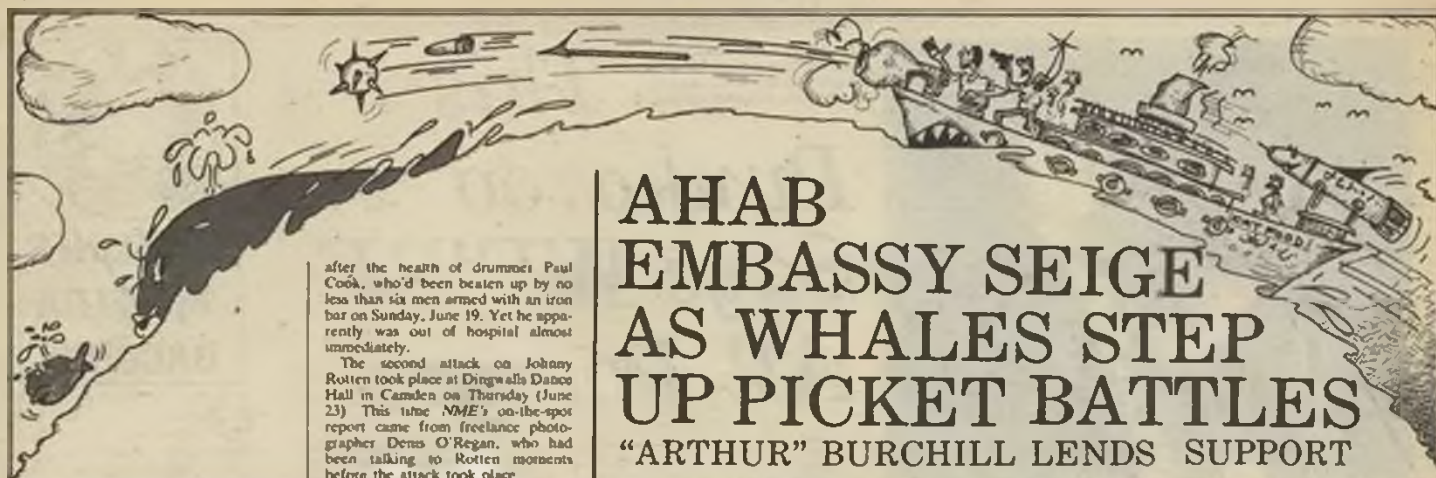
Above: The Radiators From Space onstage at Dublin University — Philip Chevron on guitar and singer Steve Rapld. They attempted to cool down the crowd, not knowing that Patrick Coultury was dying in hospital from his wounds.

NEW SINGLE : NEW SINGLE : NEW SINGLE : NEW SINGLE : NEW SINGLE : NEW



sex pretty

OUT THIS SATURDAY ON VIRGIN RECORDS VS184 : OUT THIS SATURDAY ON VIRGIN



AHAB EMBASSY SEIGE AS WHALES STEP UP PICKET BATTLES

"ARTHUR" BURCHILL LENDS SUPPORT

Gayo remained untouched throughout.

Then, says Smith, they escaped and ran back into Hammersmith tube station, ran through the ticket barrier and leapt onto the first train in sight.

They alighted at the next stop, and TV went off to hospital — where they sympathised thus: "What do you expect if you go round dressed like that?" — and he phoned the police, who apparently went off to make nuisances of themselves outside "The George."

TV escaped without serious physical injury. "Except," he confesses, "I'm scared to go out on the streets. The implications of an unprovoked attack like that are quite horrifying. It seems like school bullying three stages on."

TV Smith also feels it's a real coincidence that he got worked over the day after the *Daily Mirror* had their "Rotten Razor" front page headline.

AND WHAT OF Johnny Rotten himself? After the supposedly terrifying razor attack on him in a pub car park the Saturday before last (June 18), you would expect to find him as paranoid as TV Smith. But no. Mystifyingly, John greeted well-wishers last week with scorn.

In fact, Rotten's cheerful demeanour in the face of physical injury has led to some speculation that his injuries may not have been as serious as it had at first seemed. As ever with the Pistols, everyone is so wary of Malcolm McLaren's acknowledged skill as a media manipulator that any report from the Pistols camp is regarded, off the record at least, with caution.

Several days after the vicious razor attack on Rotten, all that was visible in the way of scars, witnesses reported, were three cross-shaped cuts on his face with no sign of stitches. Rotten himself was in excellent spirits, less than a week after a violent attack by five 30-year-old thugs.

Again, visitors to the Pistols office were greeted with jeers when asking

after the death of drummer Paul Cook, who'd been beaten up by no less than six men armed with an iron bar on Sunday, June 19. Yet he apparently was out of hospital almost immediately.

The second attack on Johnny Rotten took place at Dingwalls Dance Hall in Camden on Thursday (June 23). This time NME's on-the-spot report came from freelance photographer Denis O'Regan, who had been talking to Rotten moments before the attack took place.

O'Regan had been attempting to take pictures of Rotten, but his subject had proved elusive, ducking behind the "bodyguard" (see pic.) whom Virgin Records last week denied existed. Eventually O'Regan asked Rotten why he didn't want anything snapping. Rotten maintained it was because of his scars — though another observer at the club reckoned he actually looked surprisingly unscathed.

After this altercation O'Regan walked away, only to be accosted by three guys wanting to know if he'd succeeded in preserving the Rotten visage on celluloid. Rotten's bodyguard came over to join the party — and it was at this moment that Rotten's attackers chose to strike.

The Sex Pistols singer was thrown to the ground in a brawl which overturned a table — though not managing to unsettle Lee Brilleaux, who was apparently sitting fairly nearby watching The Pirates performing onstage. One witness reckoned Rotten got hit by a glass, and apparently his razor wounds were reopened.

A Dingwalls official, however, told us it was "just one of those unfortunate incidents" — and the Pistols office adroitly avoided comment despite repeated telephone calls the following day.

Ever since the days of Joe Stevens' famous picture of the Pistols leaping off stage at the Nashville to help some of their mates beat some victim up, punk rock and especially The Sex Pistols has traded on either the deliberate instigation of violence or an ever-present underlying threat of the same.

Only two or three weeks ago Sid Vicious, whom Malcolm McLaren said was recruited to the Pistols because he attacked an NME writer a year ago, was boasting amiably in the *Melody Maker* about all the rock superstars he would like to give a "good kicking."

Ever since Rotten got a good kicking of his own, I've been hearing the word Karma a lot.

You get to reap what you sow.

□ PHIL MCNEILL

NOT a red carpet but well-thred accents rolled out across Grosvenor Square as I warily approached it on a sharp grey Monday morning.

"Where's Joanna?" and "I'm looking for Angela acknowledge" were the battlecries of this cultured conglomeration of people who seemed to know each other so well, it might have been a Hunt.

Acknowledging it was a Friends Of The Earth protest on behalf of the whale, aiming to present petitions at the Japanese and Russian Embassies. I cast around vainly for a sympathetic black-leather shoulder but to no avail, parkas and tweeds being the order of the day — even down to Country Joe McDonald (he of the "Mammal Cheer") and Brigid Brophy — so I hung around looking belligerent until a young man dragged me over to a van and attempted to make me hug a hefty white banner which unrolled like the scrolls of Babylon. I talked until I was given the one I had my eye on: a petite portrait of a tubby grinning fish masquerading as a killer.

Since the age of twelve, I've had more causes than I've told white lies, but I never got to grips with a banner before. After the early phase of putting out an anonymous eyeball every time I moved, I settled it quite elegantly across my shoulder and drifted with the tide of social consci-

ence a few yards off the Square to the Nip Embassy, where we lined the street and waited.

While we're waiting, let me tell you about whaling. What was once a battle of giants (brave men in open boats fighting with hand harpoons against leviathans) has now become a sordid, cowardly massacre in which a 110 pound harpoon is buried into a whale's back, where it explodes to cause a haemorrhage from which — often with the aid of a second harpoon — the whale will eventually die. It would be unbearable, but less so, if these whales were being savaged in the cause of human enlightenment or survival, but the sperm oil obtained is used to soften leather for gloves and handbags, and the vanity of the affluent society has already endangered the lives of eight species.

I was thinking on this as, the first petition done with, the whale-wishers moved down Park Lane and along Bayswater Road. Terrible is an army with banners, I began to feel exactly like the angel with the flaming sword that Gram Parsons used to slog of, and took to staring at the gaping onlookers with a *f/accus* light in my eye.

We moved past a parked Faberge van and I gave it a light tap with my banner. "That's enough of that," a young policeman told me instantly.

"Don't you care about the whales?" I asked him.

"That's enough," he repeated.

There was a whole wagonload of the law accompanying us, though they were well-disposed to this particular march because a) there were lots of young children on it, b) we were the self-avowed enemy of the Russian and c) most of those concerned spoke nicely. There was also an amazing number of beautiful girls present, a fact which tended to make one forget what a long way it is from Grosvenor Square to Notting Hill Gate. Though I did wonder at one point whether we

● CONTINUES OVER PAGE



"I always thought it was a type of cerebral disease."

SING : NEW SINGLE : NEW SINGLE : NEW SINGLE : NEW S

Pistols

vacant



VS184 : OUT THIS SATURDAY ON VIRGIN RECORDS VS184 : OUT



After AC/DC, Australian Punk grows into long trousers. These Saints dragones just may be the real thing. Double vision by TONY BENYON

This Punkaroo Says WE'RE All Poseurs

guitar with commendable colonial venom; and the rhythm section of frantic, frenetic drummer Ivor Hay, who looks like a refugee from a Brylcreem advert and the equally obsessive Kym Bradshaw on bass, who looks like he'd flash you a peace sign but he plays like he'd chivvy you yerr Graamy soon as look at her.

They plough through numbers from their EMI "I'm Stranded" album with an even more exhilarating display of Fosters-Rock than appears on the vinyl. Tracks like the short, staccato bursts of the title, the new single "Erotic Neurotic", "One Way Street" and "Story Of Love", all of them penned by Kuepper and the amably belligerent Bailey, who takes time out to insult the audience when his guitar breaks a string.

"Right to work?" he slurs incredulously. "Who wants t' fuckin' work anyway, y'trendy pommie bastards? Why the fuck should I get me 'as out, mate? I want the right not to work."

Fair warned the cockles of me heart, it did, to see someone who has attained *beaucoup* de credibility punning unceremoniously in the face of it all and looking like Rory Gallagher after he'd been dragged through the outback backwoods.

Then came the longer and more impressive stuff from the album, like the superb "Nights In Venice" and "Messia With The Kid" which reveal a stamina and depth of vision with which to back-up the pure savagery of Fosters-Rock.

Backstage, in the broom cupboard being used by The Saints as their dressing-room, it becomes quite clear that these boozey brutes ain't pulling no inverted snobbery number by coming on as natural as Rolf Harris passing wind. They're really like that.

No, sport, we ain't been living in no 'Romanic Squallor' as you put it, Chris Bailey lets me.

Dai woe a jowl. Ya remember jowls, doncha?

"We been together for four years," Chris continues. "And we're on our own down there in a way you couldn't imagine."

"All the things you wrote about the fights and the hostility we've had to face were true," Ed Kuepper says. "But we accepted it cos we're from Brisbane and that's what Australia's like."

Bailey casually downs a crate of beer. "I mean, we ain't no punk-rock group; we wuz like this long before we even heard of The Ramones."

You still getting a lotta stick down under?

"Yeah, but it's growing," Kuepper says. "We're making progress... just got banned by the biggest TV rock show in Aussie."

What for?

"Fuck knows."

The Saints seem to be settling down quite happily in their romance with EMI Records, aware of the company's desire to restore its credence amongst the punk populace after the hysterical treatment of Les Pissolas and subsequent vindictive hara-kiri of the best single of 1976. Ah yes, I remember it well.

The album's fine, but it could have been better," Kuepper asserts.

"Yeah, we cut all those tracks in down at Window Studios in Brisbane as demos," Bailey says. "But we're gonna hang about over here and cut another single in a London studio. 'Make full use of the sophisticated facilities,' Ed sneers.

"At least we can play over here," Chris says. "But I can't stand all the posing."

Oh, you've heard about that, huh? "Nah, we read about it in the 'Fear And Loathing At The Roxy' article that you wrote with her," Chris says and indicates young Burchill as she carves her initials in the wall with her switchblade.

The Saints can't help me with my final question about the identity of the young girl with long dark hair who I was talking to backstage during The Ramones set, and so I finish my Fosters and stumble with a heavy heart out to the corridor. Julie puts her arm around me consolingly.

"Would like a Pro-Plus?" she says.

□ TONY PARSONS



IF YOU thought that The Saints were four boozey-faced piss-ants with the dress sense of a dead wino who don't give a sheila about New-Punk-Wave-Rock, then you were dead right.

They stumble on stage at London's Roundhouse for their UK debut as openers for The Ramones and Talking Heads causing all the hallmarks of new brutes in town; an alienated hyper-sensitivity to the borders of curious eyes, tempered with a violent self-belief founded on snotty cockiness more than genuine self-confidence.

Then they wade into their dentist-drill heavy metal rock that sounds like a buzzsaw that has learned to play Johnny Ramone licks, and the packed house are enthusiastically consuming the band's cult status with some pogo-accompanied chanting of the Song That Started It All, "I'm Stranded". (Brackets around the first word of the title if you wanna pack nuts from a dead dingbat).

The Saints' visual offensive comes straight from Earl's Court public bar-singer Chris Bailey — curly, chubby and vicious, tugging on a bottle of Scotch and spitting the words out as if they taste of Abba droppings. Ed "John Boy" Kuepper slashing at his

WHALES: HOW TO ACT

● From previous page

were marching to the Russian Embassy or the Russian border.

Indeed, you might consider all this tramping from A to B rather useless, and you might just be right, in which case you can let your fingers do the walking. A UK Import Ban is spearheaded by The Friends Of The Earth, 9 Poland Street, London, W.1, and if you have any humanity left you'll give them your support.

If you are a trade union member, you can pass a resolution through your local branch, as a member of the A.S.T.M.S. did recently. You'll have to keep pushing and people will laugh at you, but if you care about being laughed at then you're a wimp and of no use to anyone. Writing to manufacturers of leather goods and oils is also helpful — along with boycotting and harassing shops which sell such products — though the letters should be cool and specific as opposed to abusive. A list of offending goods has been compiled by Friends Of The Earth, 44 Hanks Road, Winton, Bournemouth, or you could write direct to the British Leather Federation, 9 Borough High Street, S.E.1 and tell them you won't line their purses till they pull their finger out.

Those romantics among us might consider flinging ourselves in front of a whaling vessel. I don't recommend it. But you might like to get in touch with Greenpeace, 47 Whitehall Place, S.W.1, who are in the habit of going out in a converted minesweeper and placing themselves between the cuddly creatures and the harpoons. So you thought you were tough, hey punk? Put your muscle where your mouth is.

The address of the Friends Of The Earth is, one more time, 9 POLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1. If you want to do something but you're not sure what, write to them and they'll get suggestive.

I myself would like to thank them for aforementioned whale banner, to which I became so attached that, after the Russians had been dealt with, I tucked it under my arm and walked briskly away, feeling quite righteous.

□ JULIE BURCHILL



LOVELINES by VELDA DACQUIRI

ONE IS always horrified — shattered to the core, indeed — at the lengths to which some people will go in order to disguise some trivial physical blemish. Consider if you will, angelcakes, the plight of poor little Barry Manilow. Even in these days of malnutrition chic, our Barry feels that he's too thin.

His solution to this pressing little problem is *standingly* simple, dear ones. Barry's stage strides boast a specially padded rump section. Is nothing sacred?

Fret not, those ones amongst you at whom men never make passes. Even those of our dear sex without moustaches or gangrenous pumpkins or stinking *kallous* don't always find life to be a bowl of organic cherries. Why, only the other night Velda was sinking her sultry way through El Lay (and you'd better believe it, my lovelies) when whom did her emerald green contact lenses fall upon but three of this world's most divine beauties, Cher Bono Alaman, Ursula Andress and Britt Ekland out together in their own ben party at Sunset Boulevard's Roxy Club. Slunking back sultrily into the thick red velvet pile surrounds near Velda overheard the quite *harrowing* news (well, let's be truthful about this lovelies) that poor distressed Ursula hasn't been able to acquire a *paramour* for the past six months. No *lakers* for those little some pounds of *pneumatic*, *nubile* flesh? Velda shook so much with joy my angels, that she nearly puked up her complimentary Margarine.

But she kept her dignity, though. Long enough, anyway, to overhear that Cher's divorce from *Granita-Gregory* promises to get absolutely *serious* before the legal papers are all tied up and shipshape. And we all know what a little *chamberbox* little Reggie can get to be in the court room, don't we, lovelies?

Velda felt even more cheered though, angels, when she moved her chair over just a little closer in time to learn that Britt had not arrived alone. No, Britt had walked in arm in arm with her very own (well, that's what she likes to think) *Rodders* and hasn't touring taken some of the weight off that *marvellous* pair of hips? No sooner had Britt adjusted her helmet but her lover was away pining up with his *clow* buddy, record producer Lou Adler who, as fate would have it, is yet another of Britt's former dears. Britt became so distressed observing her own putting back the liquor and becoming *nasty and loud and bumptious* that she joined forces with the other pair of beaming beauts and left the club for a night on the town.

Velda must go now, my little lambs. It's time for her mud-pack. (Yes, of course, only on her face! What did you think, you naughty ones?) Velda must leave you, though, with her thought for the week: was *Squeaky Fromme* really one of *Charlie's Angels*?

BENYON

LONE GROOVER



STEVE WINWOOD

Thirteen years ago the Spencer Davis Group emerged out of Birmingham and in very short order crafted a series of classic records, among which songs like "Keep on Running", "Tea and Sympathy" and "Gimme Some Lovin'" have never even begun to sound dated.

Ten years ago Traffic came out of a Berkshires cottage and recorded the first of ten albums which have since the best of time. Albums which have defined the British sound in rock and given it a universal appeal. And from their first single, "Paper Sun", Traffic has made radio more worth the listening.

In June 1969 thousands of people witnessed the birth of Blind Faith in a free Hyde Park concert; the quartet went on to attain legendary status, even though the pressure of being the world's first supergroup caused it to splinter after only one album.

Three classic groups in the history of rock, each sharing a common element in **Steve Winwood**



From the very beginning of his career, Winwood has been regarded as an essential artist. If you want to hear *that* voice, *that* sound, and *that* feel in music, then there is only one place you can go to get it:

Through all those 13 years, there has been the promise of a Steve Winwood solo album. A record with Winwood's inspiration at its purest, and with him in control all the way.

On June 24th, that promise will be delivered in full.

Its called "Steve Winwood."
On Island Records.

Produced by Steve Winwood and Chris Blackwell
in association with Mink Miller Mundy



ISLAND

ALBUM AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE AND VINYL

IT HELPS YOU MAKE IT ON THE NIGHT

IT'S a far cry from The Damned, who use one roadie and the cheapest PA they can rent. For their three Earls Court concerts at the end of last week Genesis required the following personnel to help them make it through the night:

Four onstage roadies, two laser beam operators, six Rainbow (brand name) light men, two ShowCo (further

brand name) light men, four ShowCo sound men, plus one ShowCo rigger.

And this is their permanent crew.

The Genesis operation has been this size for the whole of the world tour they are now close to completing — and which has taken in gigs in the States, South America and, now, Europe. In addition, at each of these gigs tour manager Dick Fraser, who lives in New York even though the band live in England "because it's more central for the rock'n'roll business", takes on an extra ten to 15 humpers.

Five truck drivers are also required to drive the four articulated lorries that Genesis use to haul all their equipment plus a spare generator.

Quite an armful, eh?

The question is, is all this really necessary?

The answer is, almost certainly, yes.

From the floor of Earls Court, four hours before the band is due onstage, Genesis don't really look to have that much gear. Everything that it actually on stage (which, of course, rolls backwards and forwards on rails to facilitate movement of any support group's equipment) is owned by the band — including the covered-up "box of tricks" on which the two drum kits sit — the secret of much of the Genesis electronic wizardry. Everything above it is rented by the band.

In addition to the £300,000 PA this includes the laser system and the £100,000 lighting system, both of which, it is claimed, are unique to the band (a claim which, having seen the show, one fully accepts).

"They just have the amount of equipment they need to use," says promoter Harvey Goldsmith, wiping his hay fever-swollen nostrils with a Munsie Kleenex. "The secret is not to overdo it when you can get a good sound. The trick is not to just have as much junk as possible but to keep it as clean and neat as possible."

Manager Tony Smith does not feel there is any hint of a hardware OD here whatsoever. "We spend," he says, "most of the money on the lighting because it enhances the music. With a band like Genesis who don't have a Jagger or a Mercury or a



Right lads, let's get started . . .



. . . we gotta fill this place by seven. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

GENESIS in 7,432 road crew shock

Rotten you need to make it visually as well as aurally entertaining."

Accordingly, before they take off on a major tour — the band reckon to

work six months on the road and six months off — the amount of money Genesis think they will gross is worked out and a stage show is

Devised that will eat up virtually every penny of it. Most major bands, Smith maintains, operate their tour finances in a similar manner.

Of the use of lasers, which for some major bands have little more function than as pure hyperbole, Smith feels they offer just another source of lighting. "We use them very sparingly," he says. "They have to be used very tactfully, very tastefully and very sparingly."

Indeed this appears to be the way that the band does use them. Genesis certainly have the tastiest laser show I've yet witnessed.

"I'm anti," continues Smith, "the ELO, ELP 25 trucks on the road syndrome. I think people become bored with all that very quickly. I think that Genesis could go out and play some club dates, which we are thinking of doing, and be just as exciting."

"But when you're playing a 15,000 seater hall you have to have something extra."

The reason that so much equipment is rented from companies like ShowCo and Rainbow lights is because the very nature of rock'n'roll technical theatre implies a built-in obsolescence. Owning your own laser set-up or PA is not, therefore, the sound investment it might appear superficially to be.

"We sit down with the rental company before the start of a tour," says Smith. "And tell them what effects we're looking for and they design it accordingly."

"All we do," he concludes, "is to take it from the lowest level — as in a club — and if you want to maintain that level of power in a big venue you need to be able to do certain things with the stage show."

Is all this really necessary? Yeah, if you're playing at Earls Court it really probably is.

CHRIS SALEWICZ

LEARN ALL YOUR KISSES FROM ME . . .

LOOKING FOR a kiss? So were the 3,225 chicklets who recently snuggled up to Jesse Coronado of California, making him Champion Kisser Of The World in a peppy-cool eight-hour session!

Laurels for the longest single kiss on record go to a pair of Brazilians who caused a traffic jam in 1964 when embraced in a passionate embrace while motorcycling. When apprehended by police, the unfortunate couple revealed that their teeth braces were intertwined!

Talk about a "love tangle", eh kids?

But the best of the "bad taste" stakes just must be the latest course laid on by the Open University of Washington D.C. where Adults Only may get chod up on Social Kissing — Puckering and Protocol.

Instigated by dance master Joe-Jeff Goldblatt, the course comprises the knack of smackerones such as The Dart and Dodge Kiss, The Inhalation Kiss, The Air Kiss and Fending Off The French Kiss.

Says Joe-Jeff with a smutty smirk: "These days, you have to look as if you enjoy it no matter what!"

For your edification, a resume.

The Dart and Dodge Kiss: "Aim directly for the lips of your partner and, a split second before contact, dart around the cheek to the left or right. This is very difficult to master and can lead to an Ear Kiss if the timing is off. If you've ever been kissed unexpectedly in the ear, you know that's pretty serious."

The Inhalation Kiss: "This one is for all millionaires with bad breath. Take a deep breath before contact and hold it till you have a chance to back away. Be certain to smile before doing it, and if you should happen to turn blue the jig is up — that's a dead giveaway on what you're up to."

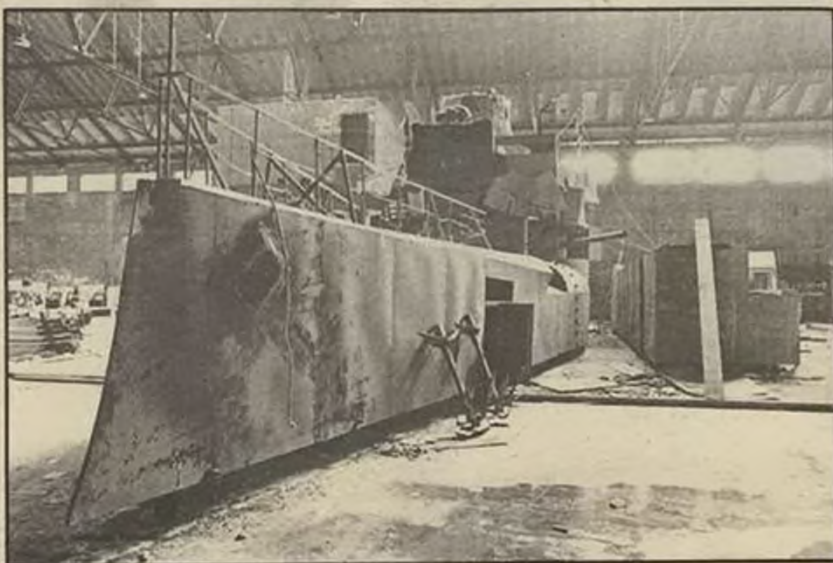
The Air Kiss: "The most useful of all social kisses. It is executed by placing your cheek next to that of your partner and kissing the air. This gives snoots the impression that the two of you are intimate, but it can be done almost without physical contact."

Fending Off The French Kiss: "Sometimes a friend or enemy will place his tongue in your mouth while kissing. This is called the French kiss. If the kiss is not wanted, don't shriek or faint; just give a quick, sharp bite to the end of his tongue!"

Thanks, Joe-Jeff!

Next week we hope to bring you details of a new American course concerning Fending Off Unwanted Handshakes By Sifting Your Partner's Artery.

JULIE BURCHILL



Good grief!

INSIDE DOPE

ONE OF Italy's smaller political parties, the *Partie Radicale*, has recommended that marijuans and hashish be completely legalised, a proposal that could be adopted should the party join in a coalition government. The reasons behind the recommendation are simple. They point out that the use of cannabis has taken on a social role similar to that of alcohol, and that from the scientific point of view, the general international consensus is that the short and long term consequences of cannabis are less harmful than tobacco or alcohol.

Further they point out, the same channels of distribution are used for cannabis and heroin. They reckon that if the production and distribution of cannabis were under state control, the heroin market would be detached from the cannabis market, quality and prices could be controlled, and narcotic squads could turn their attention to eliminating heroin. UK lawmakers, take note.

ACCORDING TO the *Latin American Commodity Newsletter*, cocaine and other illegal drugs are the biggest hard currency earners for the state of Colombia amounting to \$3 billion worth of orders in 1976 alone. The *Newsletter* also reports that government scientists are believed to have developed special high-yield strains of marijuans in anticipation of legislation moves in the US.

AN UNUSUAL discovery came to light when scientists at the *Musee de l'Homme* in Paris were conducting an examination of the mummy of the Egyptian Pharaoh Rameses II. Inside the abdominal cavity of the body, tobacco leaves were found, a fact which could substantially alter drug history. It was always believed that tobacco was introduced into Europe by the Spaniards who had found the Indians smoking it. If this latest discovery is correct, tobacco would now appear to have been known of more than 2000 years before. Not everyone is going along with this theory, however, including Dr Maurice Bucaille, one of the surgeons who worked on the team repairing the mummy. He thought that the tobacco came from a cigarette end that someone had dropped into it at some time since its discovery.

THE WHO, George Harrison and Robert Stigwood are just some of the many people who have given financial support to a new charity called FREE. The charity is trying to raise funds to establish a treatment and rehabilitation centre for drug addicts, where a new techni-

IT'S OWT FER NOWT TIME AGAIN — well almost!! To celebrate their first anniversary as undesirables, The Damned are playing four nights at the London Marquee July 3 to 6. Each evening, those extremely nice people at Saff Records will be giving away copies of "Stretcher Case Baby" / "Sick Of Being Sick" — a brand new Damned single (complete with picture sleeve) which will never be available at you local record store.

A one-off collectors' item that money can't buy. Now, we're quite aware that a lotta you young proles living way outta London won't be able to shuffle along to the Marquee. With this in mind, we've done a bit o' arm twistin', hunted at blackmail and even gone so far to infer that we'll never ever write about 'em again unless — such nice understanding lads The Damned turned out to be! Would you believe they've been so generous as to send over 250 copies of their single, 250 badges and 25 copies of their debut album with their fondest regards.

We've decided not to put 'em up for auction in the small ads, but instead put 'em up for grabs. Now all that you've gotta do is graffin the virgin white T-shirts being so tastefully modelled by young Brian, The Captain, Dave and scumious Monsieur Seabrook with appropriate slogans and smart-ass oneliners.

The most imaginative 25 entries will each receive a copy of "Stretcher Case Baby" / "Sick Of Being Sick" plus an album, plus a badge.

The next best 25 runners-up will each receive a copy of the single and a badge. All entries will be judged by some stiff from Saff, anyone caught skiving around the NME offices, and all the members of The Damned. So out with your ball-points and the felt-tips, switch your brain to "Inspiration" and start scribbling.

DEFACE THE DAMNED

FOR PHUN AND PHROFIT...

All entries must be accompanied by your full name and address and posted to: "I'll Be Damned" — NME Competition, 55 Ewer Street, London SE9 6YP... and be received by no later than July 8, 1977. (Remember: entries from members of The Damned, employees of Saff Records, their families, friends of Hideo Bill Cragg, or the employees of IPC magazines are NOT eligible.) P.S. Try and keep 'em reasonably clean 'cos we'd like to print the best!



que developed from Chinese acupuncture would be used. Popularised by Dr Meg Patterson, it involves passing an electric current through the addict's ear via metal clips connected to a battery-operated control box. The technique, it is claimed, eliminates withdrawal symptoms completely, and works for heroin, cocaine, barbiturate, speed, alcohol and nicotine addiction.

A MAJOR investigation is underway in Scotland Yard following information that

drugs stored in the Yard's narcotics store have been resold onto the black market. This came to light after a bust in North London where 80 pounds of cannabis were seized. When regional forensic scientists examined the haul, they discovered traces of fingerprint powder different to their own and this, combined with the fact that the cannabis was of an unusual type, enabled it to be traced back to Scotland Yard. It had been examined there a year before. Whoops

□ DICK TRACY

THE MAN WHO KILLED MICK JAGGER

WHAT SPECTRE haunts Mick's dreams after Bianca delivers the mug of Horlicks and the goodnight kiss?

Cocaine? Cornish Wren? A gig with The Sex Pistols?

No! The thing on Mick's mind is horrid homicide!

This ferocious fear was paraded when Jagger attempted to veto the publication of *The Man Who Killed Mick Jagger* by David Littlejohn, Associate Dean of the University of California, on the grounds that some loony might be fired to put the theory into practice!

Mr. Littlejohn asked none other than Jann Wenner himself (lose ten safety-pins, you little spike-haired monicker who said "Who?"), editor of *Rolling Stone* and self-confessed "Jagger's friend," whether he should clear the title with M.J. himself. Smirked blabbermouth Jann: "No, I know him. He is continually fantasising and in dread about being



Jagger — in terror? shot and killed by some nut at a rock concert."

Mouthed Mr. Littlejohn (great name, eh kids?) unglily: "It seems he would have liked to stop publication. But he couldn't do that so I got a strong letter of protest from his lawyers."

Tee hee hee.

□ JULIE BURCHILL

LOWRY



"You mean to say you've never heard of E.L.H. — Emerson, Lake and Hitler?"

"I took off when I was in New

Goods ordered from this ad.
will be despatched within
7 days of our receipt of
your order, or money refunded.

it's just that I like to feel that I know where I'm at."

Do you?
"Yeah. Pretty sure I do. I'm at the stage now where I never thought I could sort of look back and see something but I know I could sing better now. And I know that I could sing the same songs much better if only I had the chance to and I'm just getting that chance to in New York. I had the chance to around the country — but I can't reach as many people around the country. And I've had the chance just breaking for me now in New York."

"Because my idol is really — like when I'm even on the stage — and not even on stage — my biggest idol goin' all through my head all the time is Charlie Chaplin. This takes a while to explain, but he's one of the men."
(Now make a New Testament outa this—Ed.)

□ MILES

Lou Reizner dies at 44

LOU REIZNER, who died of stomach cancer in England in the early hours of Sunday June 26th, and will always be remembered for his rather bombastic productions of "Tommy" and "All This And World War Two", also played an important part in the formative careers of Rod Stewart and David Bowie.

He was born in Chicago in 1933 and spent his teens singing with The Skyliners, a Pittsburgh based vocal group best remembered for their original hit version of the evergreen song, "Since I Don't Have You". In later years, he was to pursue a career as a solo artist (Harold Robbins penned the liner notes for his debut album), but quickly learned to apply his

IS YOUR WAR AN UNHOLY MESS? GET NEW FAST-ACTING NEUTRON BOMBS!

SINCE British law frequently appears to place more emphasis on the preservation of property than on the lives of its human owners, it should come as no surprise to inhabitants of America's very own stationary aircraft-carrier that our transatlantic proprietors have ploughed this cute notion from the Old Country back into their favourite hobby: warfare.

Ordinary nuclear barneys are entertaining enough as far as they go — nice big bangs, splendid quantities of casualties — but they do have the drawback of spoiling the tourist trade in those parts of the world where they happen. Ideally, what we need — decided the mad scientists of the Pentagon — is an explosion that removes people without knocking over the amenities and scorching the laws.

On Friday, June 24, the *Washington Post* blew the gulf on the subject-

matter of a closed-door session of the United States Senate Appropriations Committee, called at the urgent request of NATO commanders in Europe. (Maybe they'd read about the Russian Proton Beam Weapon in *NME*?)

Said session, it turned out, was concerned with giving the final go-ahead on production of that long-predicted S F nightmare the Neutron Bomb, a weapon capable of the mass-destruction of human beings but which leaves buildings intact.

Known to U.S. forces in Europe as the "Cookie-Cutter", the nasty little thing will shortly replace "conventional" nuke warheads in the controversial Lance missiles (see last week's *Gashag*) which are deployed in West Germany under ordinary field-commanders. (This could be "dangerous" — *Military Ed.*)

Neutron bombs are ultra-handly and economical. When they go off, they

release a deadly spray of invisible radioactive neutrons which pass through walls without hurting them, but do fatal damage to animal and human cell-structures in the nervous-system.

Creatures within the "kill-radius" of such a device will be affected within seconds. They will then start throwing up and contracting muscular spasms. A little while later, they will begin to disintegrate.

After an hour or two the radioactivity dissipates and the occupying force moves in.

So enthusiastic are the NATO generals about this idea (after all, the only equipment ground-troops will need will be dumpsters and vacuum-cleaners) that the Pentagon is pushing Washington to OK the even more practical Neutron Shell.

With this you don't even need short-range missiles. You just shove it down your howitzer or anti-tank gun and pull the trigger. Anyone can do it! Order your own doomsday weapon today. It's what's happening, baby.

□ CASS ANDRA



Lou Reizner

star in a Mephistophelian album/movie/concert, Reizner spent most of last year attempting to repeat the success of "Tommy" when yet again he convened diverse talents such as Bryan Ferry, Leo Sayer, Frankie Lane, Rod Stewart, Helen Reddy, The Bee Gees, Peter Gabriel, Jeff Lynne, Elton John and The Four Seasons to record a selection of Lennon and McCartney songs for the soundtrack of an anti-war documentary, "All This And World War II". It was a project greeted with a mixed critical reaction.

Lou Reizner is survived by a wife and daughter.



talents in the studio. He worked as an engineer and then graduated to produce a whole string of Stateside hits for Duane Eddy's guitarist Al Casey — "Jivin' Around", "Surfin' Hootenanny", *et al.*

1962 saw Reizner appointed Head of Mercury Records International Operations, and in this capacity not only guided the careers of such artists as The Singing Nun ("Dominique"), Paul Mauriat ("Love Is Blue") and Horst Jankowski ("A Walk In The

Black Forest"), but continued to pursue his career as producer.

After working closely with Mafred Maon, he signed David Bowie to a U.S. contract and promoted "Space Oddity"; probably Reizner's greatest achievements, however, were his subtle productions of Rod Stewart's first two solo albums, "An Old Raincoat Will Never Let You Down" and "Gasoline Alley".

A familiar and lofty figure on the British scene, Reizner assembled an

all-star cast in 1972 that included The Who, Rod Stewart, Stevie Winwood, Maggie Bell, Ringo Starr, Richie Havens, Merry Clayton, Richard Harris and the London Symphony Orchestra and produced a multi-million selling adaptation of Pete Townshend's rock opera "Tommy", which he also staged at The Rainbow Theatre in London.

While also working on the possibilities of getting Christopher Lee and perhaps David Bowie to co-

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RENDEZVOUS

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M.V. The Guardian

.... Sounds. Hugh Fielder



Sandy Denny



ISLAND

ILPS 9433 Available on Cassette

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE SEX PISTOLS: Pretty Vacant (Virgin) "In 1962, nobody really wanted a band looking like us and playing what we wanted to play, because the people running the music business couldn't understand anyone wanting to hear it!" — Mick Jagger.

In case anyone's forgotten, 15 years have elapsed since then and things really haven't changed that much, eh kids!

There are certain all-too-rare occasions when, without prior warning, a record comes hurtling out of left field — stops you dead in your tracks, floons your expectations, simply SHOCKS you, and promptly sets the adrenalin pumping around your system at ten times the normal speed.

It happened to me (and I'm certain I'm speaking for countless others), the very first time I heard Little Richard frantically scream "Awopbopaloobop — Awopbopaloobop — Chuck Berry motorvation" through "Johnny B. Goode". The Kinks brutalizing "You Really Got Me". Keith Richards' fuzz-guitar intro to "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction", the psychotic delirium of Hendrix's "Purple Haze", the we-am't-gonna-take-no-more-of-this-crap angst of The Who's "My Generation". The Velvet's cacophonous "Sister Ray", the contempt with which Dylan spat out "Like A Rolling Stone", hearing The Stooges "1969" being played immediately after CSN's "Marrakesh Express" one humid morning over a New York radio station a couple of weeks after "Woodstock". Television's surreal "Marquee Moon".

I experienced the same feelings this Friday when I received an acetate of The Sex Pistols' third single, "Pretty Vacant".

With few exceptions, up until now the 70s have been a concept: take an idea and then build a band (like Kuss or Aerosmith) around it and cold-bloodedly exploit it for every dollar it's worth. That's, of course, if you have a taste for yesterday's warmed-up leftovers.

The Sex Pistols are an exception — quite probably the only rock band currently living and working in the present. Not last month, not next year, but NOW — whilst all around them their immediate competitors, especially those embraced by New Wave-ism, are lost in various half-cocked fantasies of what a 1977 rock 'n' roll hand should be like.

Contrary to expectations, The Sex Pistols turn out to be not merely somebody's idea of a band called The Sex Pistols, but the genuine article. What The Sex Pistols have in common with the likes of Jerry Lee Lewis, Little Richard, Chuck Berry, Keith Richards, Townshend, Dylan and Iggy — I'll even throw in Wayne Kramer — was that when they stood on the threshold of their respective careers — for a brief moment — not only were they devoid of illusion and pretension but they had their finger firmly on the pulse of a generation.

We have that situation recurring in this very minute. Picture yourself trying to describe the sheer overwhelming impact of "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction", "My Generation", "Power" or even "Dancing in the Street". Timidly, there aren't any appropriate words. And, unless you're terminally insensitive, you can't possibly fail to recognise the numbing shock of reality when, on such rare occasions as these, it presents itself with all the subtlety of an earthquake.

The Sex Pistols' "Pretty Vacant" is one such instance. With this disc, The Pistols positively cream their closest competitors with muscle to spare.

Forget about the acceptable face of outlaw chic. The Sex Pistols are a band virtually

SINGLES



Another SEX PISTOLS record

... turns out to be the future of rock 'n' roll

Spotted by ROY CARR

unable to perform before a public who helped to create them. It's a vacuum in which no other band has, until now, found itself thrust.

As a result of this dilemma, the only positive outlet for their frustrations is the comparative isolation of the recording studio and it's from there that "Pretty Vacant" — the music, the noise, the intense atmosphere — boils over in sheer anger and desperation.

People have been trying to get back to this pitch of intensity throughout the 70s and the cumulative desperation seems finally to erupt on this seminal single.

Apart from anything else, "Pretty Vacant" establishes that The Sex Pistols are not one-and-a-half hit-wonders, and there's nothing about this record that should prevent any shop from stocking it, any radio station from keeping it off the playlist except bloody-minded bigotry.

However, I'm sure that someone will find a "suitable" excuse for, as we have all been made aware (during this

Jubilee Year), both The Establishment and a good number of citizens of this Sceptred Isle are riddled with prejudice and hypocrisy to the extent that The Sex Pistols have been virtually branded the Niggers of Rock 'n' Roll.

In the face of a media backlash, which has had quite the opposite effect than that intended, The Sex Pistols continue to gain momentum. In fact, if the heat were suddenly switched off, perhaps the desperation with which they approach their vocation might dissipate.

You see, The Sex Pistols are so much a part of the present social climate that next year they may be a spent force, maybe the Old Farts of The New Wave, maybe (if some people have their way) dead. However, let the future take care of itself. Whatever the

outcome, we'll never ever forget 1977 in the same way we forgot 1973, 1974, 1975 and most of 1976!

For the time being, I long for that Thursday evening when I switch on BBC-1 and see Savile gawp into the camera. "Err-eh-err-err, howzabout that then guys 'n' gab, it's Number One... it's Top Of The Pops... it's err-eh-err-err, them Sex Pistols lads with 'Pretty Vacant'... err-eh-err-err..."

THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES: Teenage Head/Headin' For The Texas Border (Kama Sutra); **THE NEW YORK DOLLS:** Jet Boy/Babylon Who Are The Mystery Girls? (Mercury); **JONATHAN RICHMAN/THE MODERN LOVERS:** Roadrunner — Once/Roadrunner — Twice (Beserkley).

None of these records were hits the first time around, yet two of the three — The Flamin' Groovies' "Teenage Head" and Jonathan Richman's "Roadrunner" — are firmly established in rock subculture as bona fide 70s Teen Anthems — as important as "Summertime Blues", "Satisfaction", "My Generation", "Search & Destroy", "Kick Out The Jams" and "All The Young Dudes".

I assume that every self-respecting Groovies freak will already possess these two prime-cuts on any one of half-a-dozen repackages, but anyone who has often seen The Groovies name mentioned (with respect) in this paper and has yet to discover what all the fuss is about will find this single (and a recent UA Records EP) an illuminating introduction.

"Teenage Head", which features Roy Loney exercising his most menacing and demented snarl, was recorded in '71 and emanates from an album of the same name. "Headin' For The Texas Border", which has Tim Lynch on vocal lead, was recorded a

year earlier and has been lifted from "Flamingo". Two sides from two Richard Robinson-produced LPs which not only captured The Groovies at their zenith, but will sound as relevant as anything currently being pounded out in the name of rock.

Allegedly, all that Johnny Thunders receives in terms of royalties for his contributions to both New York Dolls albums is a pittance of eight dollars annually. Like the Groovies' single, these three Dolls tracks positively beg for a spiffy pic sleeve — but what the hell! As an appetizer for the re-packaging of both Dolls albums as a double, it illustrates the influence Les Dollyes not only exerted on The Pistols but on innumerable late-70s sleaze bands.

According to rocklore, when Thunders' Heartbreakers played the ill-fated "Anarchy In The UK" tour, Thunders is reported to have said to drummer Paul Cook that he could detect a strong Dolls influence in the Pistols' songs. Cook is supposed to have replied that The Pistols, in the very beginning, ripped The Dolls off something rotten. (No pun intended.)

Now back to the music. "Jet Boy" is a seminal high-wired 70s riff, a loose-hipped song which acted as The Grand Finale for their first album. "Babylon" was the lead-off track for their final statement "Too Much, Too Soon". For the third track, I'd have preferred either "Personality Crisis" or "Looking For A Kiss".

In retrospect, it can be seen that the Dolls are to the 70s what the MC5 were to the 60s: an archetypal war-crossed American rock band who, through circumstances often beyond their control, allowed later hands to capitalize on their stance. An appreciation of the Groovies and the Dolls is just as important as that of Iggy and The MC5 when understanding the present musical climate.

One ... two ... three ... four ... five ... six ...

"Roadrunner" is arguably one of the three best rock songs of the 70s and by the same token comes close to eclipsing both "Fun Fun Fun" and "I Get Around" as the ultimate crusin' anthem. Released by public demand, "Roadrunner" was, up until the appearance of the Pistols' "God Save The Queen", the only record that received a standing ovation when spun between live sets at The Roundhouse and Hammersmith Odeon.

"Roadrunner — Once" is the same cut that first appeared on "Beserkley Chartbusters Vol. 1" and also as a now-deleted UA single (UP 34006), whilst "Roadrunner — Twice" is the earlier, much speedier prototype which John Cale produced in 1971 and found on "The Modern Lovers" LP. That's right, the version that features an organ piping out the "Sister Ray" riff which sounds more like Cale than Jerry Harrison. It also reveals Richman still obsessed with Lou Reed.

The Keeper Of The Great American Teen Dream and a terminal romantic, the idiosyncratic Clean-But-Never-Mean Jonathan Richman has apparently disowned his former glories and emerged as The Good Humour Man. Refusing to whine "Pablo Picasso" in his endearing adenoidal monotone, Richman only condescends to sing "Roadrunner" if allowed to perform three versions of "Ice Cream Man". In the incessant demented braying of Johnny Rotten and the wide-eyed innocence of Jonathan Richman rock 'n' roll is in very safe hands.

Could be, the clamor call on the streets during the Summer of '77 will be "We're pretty — Pretty Vacant" and "Roadrunner — Roadrunner" — hopefully with the Radio On and On Every Radio!

O.K. — all out on Route 128!



JONATHAN RICHMAN



THE NEW YORK DOLLS

COLOSSEUM II

DON AIREY

GARY MOORE

JON HISSEMAN

JOHN MOLE



DON AIREY

GARY MOORE

JON HISSEMAN

JOHN MOLE

A TOUGH EUROPEAN TOUR IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY SEVEN DAYS PLAYING LIVE IN THE STUDIO, HAS GIVEN BIRTH TO A KILLER ALBUM. "ELECTRIC SAVAGE," THEIR FIRST ALBUM ON MCA.

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JAZZ

Father of the Free

Sunny Murray, founder of free drumming, talks about Taylor, Ayler, and Terry-Thomas down Ali's Alley

ON THE STAND, Oliver Lake is whacking a Touareg drum with a curved beater while Fred Hopkins, head bent, intent, unleashes a string-bass run that comes on like a company of archers. Sound with a strange insignia, this, fits starts and St. Louis' Tibet. Oliver ducks to his alto, screams and tongue-slaps for a chorus over the snorting and snapping bass, un-stoppers and yells "Put all my food on the same plate" which has the waiters guessing somewhere short of the unitarianism of music.

"I'm a very good cook — gourmet even," says Sunny Murray at the bar. "I had a cafe in the Village when I was about 20. I don't do it any more, but it's been my livelihood in New York a lotta times when I had to support my family."

The father of free drumming and most significant drum innovator since Kenny Clarke and Max Roach has hardly been showered with wealth. A huge bear of a man all in black but for white buckskin shoes, Sunny is amiable and very very articulate. Born James Murray, 1937, he studied at the Schillinger School in Philadelphia and the Manhattan School of Music after his move to New York in 1955. He comes from a musical family with a step-brother who'd played with Dizzy and Lionel Hampton and written for Quincy Jones.

"I was playing bongos and congas when I was very young, and dancing. I had a dancing team, you know — hoofing, as they say. Boxing, sports, swimming for medals and all that, then at about 17 I started to get more devoted to traps."

Still in his teens, he was playing pick-up gigs with Jackie McLean and Ted Curson, and was accepted as an up-and-coming drummer. "I've been a Hard Bopper and I can still play that way when I want. But there was a way that I wanted to play that I really couldn't play at sessions. I mean, you couldn't play 'Just Friends' in 3/4 at that time, or anything. I used to do it and I used to get bugged."

"I wanted to play with Cecil when I was about 22 — I just fell in love with Cecil. It was an opportunity to explore. At that time, I was playing a little like Elvin Jones — I'd never heard him, and he'd never heard me."

"After playing a year with Cecil at his home — no gigs! — Doug Watkins, the bass player from Detroit, says, 'Go down to the Half Note and hear who you're playing like', so I huffs and puffs way down to the Half Note and hears for the first time John's in town with his band, Elvin and McCoy. I sat there and drank wine after wine, and it's true, Elvin is playing like me and I can never make money at it because Elvin is with John."

So, Cecil says "Well, now you can just play." I said, what do you mean, just play? "Lack, anything — just play." So I did everything and anything, got very depressed, and finally I just started playing free."

What Sunny did for rhythm was to dispense with time-keeping, already reduced to a sideshow under the polyrhythmic assaults of Roach, Blakey, Philly Joe Jones, Elvin Jones and Ed Blackwell, but still sacrosanct enough to stir up a raging controversy.

Using a very basic kit, cymbals, snare, bass drum and hi-hat, and concentrating mainly on the first two, Sunny constructed layers of rhythm that ebbed and flowed and

moved in and out of focus in an unconfined momentum. It was an intensely dramatic style, ominous in its continuous hissing top-cymbal and tripping snare runs, and it fitted Cecil to a T, and Albert to an A. Taylor's and Ayler's tight-rope.

"What you learn to accept with any innovator, I guess, is that no one really approaches creativity in a premeditated way, so you are just the guy walking down the street when it happens to you. You have to learn how to deal with that and make some money, because you know that all your life people will take from that, because it's some very special gift that you have."

"So, this is something that weighs upon you — to live and to survive — because no-one wants to pay you. They know you haven't enough power socially or economically to defend yourself, so in your music you must reach a certain point of love and understanding and beauty and strength and power."

"Personally, for me, I don't really want that much from the planet but to play my music and try to find, like John said, 'A Love Supreme' in being an artist."

A sensitive man, Sunny split for Europe in 1968, leaving the sneers and put-downs behind. They left their scars, though. His conversation is a battlefield between bitterness and optimism, a good man sorely hurt.

"I've had hundreds of articles, brochures so big," he pitches his palm a foot above the bar counter. "A big agency said, 'Well, shit — if you're not rich now, what can we do for you?' I've had agencies tell me I've been around too long to make any money, and at the

same time I've had guys offer me record dates for pebbles. I can always give, but never have, you know."

"I'm not giving you a sad story, I'm only saying that this has run its gamut. You finally get your nuts out of the sand, because your music is so powerful and strong, it revives you like nothing else. Then you're really able to pass on something to people more than just your problems, an achievement above your problems."

He turned and looked at me very directly. "What do you think about New Music?"

"What I think is obvious. I mean, here I am at Rashad's place cupping Oliver Lake. The problem is the people who stay away because New Music gives them a headache, too unrelenting, can't hum it in the dressing room, too far out."

Sunny nodded. "Yeah, it does happen like that. Cecil is an exceptional person. He will never moderate and it isn't necessary because he is the core. I don't really moderate, all I tend to do lately is to reach a higher transcendence of my ego in realizing that in order for me to survive, face on face and back to back, I have to have enough creativeness in me NOW, at 40 — just like I'd never played with Cecil, never played with Albert."

He sighs heavily. "I'm getting old. I'm in damn good shape. I jump rope. I do barbells. I'm just beginning to lose weight because I've stopped eating. Don't make sense if you keep eating. No — tired in the sense that there's so much to be done yet. When you're young and you do something kinda surprising and a little aggressive, it's considered the anger of youth, but as you get older, those labels lie like a weight upon you if you're not creative enough to bring a new



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SUNNY and Son. Pic VALERIE WILMER.

By BRIAN CASE

image, a new profile about. I used to be just thrashing it out, trying to survive. I could do that again, but there's a time for everything, as the Bible says.

"You can't change anything that's already happened, so what you do, you change your philosophy. When you reach a certain age, you should do that anyway, because you get sorta stylized, stereotyped, and in this business that's a killer."

WE talked about the difficulties in New Music in England, the lack of airplay, the commercial stranglehold. "The English like theatrics," said Sunny. "Clubs kinda turn them off. The English are misdirected. They have all these mixed emotions living in that country with an old reigning body that's killing it. Until they stop all this Queen shit — pardon the expression — until they come across with a new philosophy, it's gonna be a fruitless situation. When you're too complicated, too unique, then you're crooked."

"The House of Commons, all them dudes, various millionaires, that's a ball, that's a gas — they're really saying, 'Let us never stop meeting here'. See all the personalities that're stifled in England because they never get out of that same groove. I'm getting ridiculous — but, like Terry-Thomas."

On this showing, I thought, Sunny could also be the father of punk rock — if he'd have them, stomach the drumming and that. We were laughing about that when Rashied Ab happened by. His loft, Ab's Alley, has really come on since he first charmed his arm three years ago. His own record label, own distribution, own club for the New Music he believes in.

"Long time no see," I tell him. "I'm over here to cover the millionaire, George Benson. How do you feel about that?" Self, seeking absolution, as usual.

"I'm so busy dealing with what I'm dealing with, I haven't got time to get jealous or to resent," said Rashied, one fortunate man.

"C'est la vie," said Sunny. I think it's wonderful. Hey man, if I come up with a hit record, I hope they feel the same way, because I'm not swearing to do anything but make a hit record. See, a lotta times an artist is confused by playing what people want him to play, and he blows his whole life in that confusion.

"George has decided to go ahead and do what he wants. He got tired of the joints, tired of the booze, tired of the hanky-panky and the honky-tonky and tired of the vicious circle of playing to four walls. I can dig that. I think everybody needs a way out. I hope he's benevolent and beautiful with it, that's all I can do on that."

AFTER quite a gap, Sunny is recording again, two albums out in July, one in the winter, and impressive showings on the Wildflowers Loft Sessions. He's back on the New York scene, and they're happy to have him.

"I'm working. I wouldn't say regularly, but at a rising moderate pace. Things are looking better, not in a rush, but better."

His band, Sunny Murray and the Untouchable Factor, boast veteran sidemen like Byard Lancaster, as well as Khan Jamal, David Murray and Fred Hopkins. And tunes like Harold Arlen's 'Over The Rainbow'.

"That's what I've been doing lately with musicians like Grachan, Don Pullen and

David Murray. I've been having boot camp training. After having so much freedom, then we dive into a harsh tune. I think they need that training because no-one's gonna give them that, being as how they're geniuses in freedom.

"If they're willing to want that, it's fun, and I know how to be a good drummer there too. See, the avant-garde for youngsters is what I call the short-cut show. If they work out, then they'll still be around. At least it's a better way of getting new talent in than going through all the Bebop clique things. We're playing freedom and we're playing Miles tunes like 'Seven Steps' which we've forced real crazy, all kinds of things."

"There's a chemistry between all music. Freedom is a development from the original and it's the ultimate of one's talent."

"Older drummers like Art and Max get fustidiously mad at me because I continue to play my music and I won't stop, they knowing I can play the other."

"I try to explain that if we all play the same thing, then there's nothing to play. They shouldn't ostracize, they should listen because it wasn't sloppy, it wasn't missing, it was THERE."

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

Albert Ayler: *Spiritual Unity* (ESP), *Prophecy* (ESP), *Villains* (Arista-Freedom), *Witches & Devils* (Arista-Freedom), *Splenda Rejoice* (ESP), *Bells* (ESP), *New York Eye & Ear Control* (ESP).

Cecil Taylor: *Into The Hot* (Impulse), *Live At The Cafe Montmartre* (Fantasy), *Nefertiti* (Arista-Freedom).

Sunny Murray: *Sunny Murray* (ESP), *Sunny's Time Now* (Jihad), *Big Chief* (Potho), *Homage To Africa* (BYG), *An Even Break* (BYG), *The New York Loft Jazz Sessions*, *Wildflowers*, Vols 1 & 5 (Douglas).

"Van Morrison remains one of the truly great figures of his generation...an innovator whose influence has never been more strong."

-NME

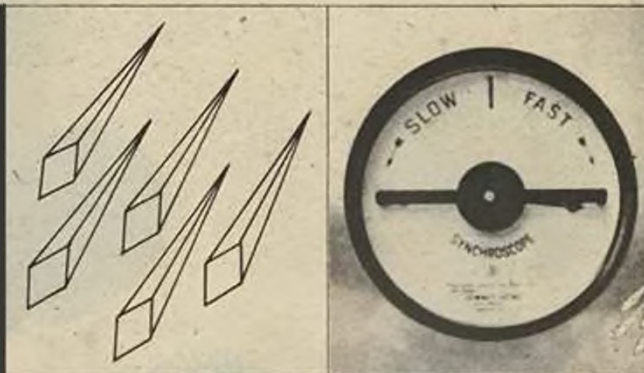
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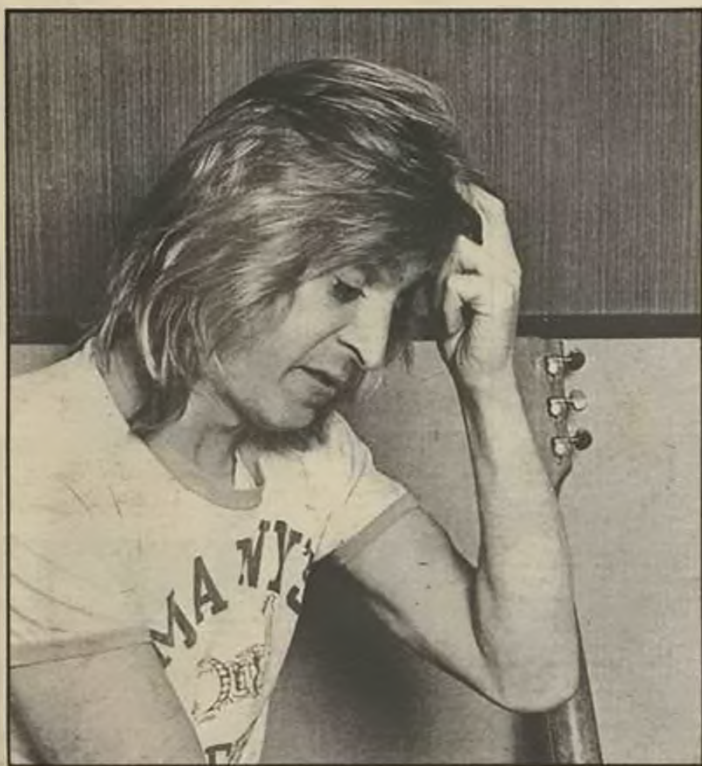
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IT'S ALL BEEN different experiences... and each one's been as valuable as the next one. It's all good experience. Whether it was a good situation or not, it doesn't make much difference because it's all just something that you go through.

"It's just part of livin', or somethin', and you learn from every little thing. After doin' all them things, I learned a whole lot about what I think I want and what I think I don't want."

"I want to avoid the media stuff. I want to avoid the possibility of me getting the hots to be the headlining act and then maybe by August I can play Madison Square Garden and then all the girls'll be screamin'."

"I'm sure I could be real famous if I wanted to, but it's only if you really put your mind to it and decide that that's what you want and really work at it, and I don't want to get into strategy too much."

"I can go anywhere and I can get gigs and I can get paid and I can live. If I had to go back to Yorkshire I could make a good living there. It doesn't matter where I am, I can do something that'd pay for a night's sleep and something to eat."

FIRST met Mick Ronson in 1972 at a Bowie press bingie at the Dorchester Hotel. Iggy was there, and Lou Reed... did you see the suits and the platform boots?

Oh dear, oh gawd, oh my oh my. Everyone was done up to the proverbial goddam tunes and beyond in silver jackets and nail varnish and all the other jazz that was worn by the Cool Four Hundred in the year of — what was it again? — *Glam Rock*.

Ronson had dazzlingly peroxide hair and glittery clothes and someone had invested a good hour's hard work in doing his eye make-up.

It was only when you got a bit closer that it became apparent that this dazzling apparition was thoroughly ill at ease amongst all the rent-a-fags and heavy-duty posers and that he spoke with the thickest down-home Hull accent this side of a BBC Yorkshire TV sitcom and that he was about as pretentious as a pint of light ale. (*Pass the refer, man. — Ed.*)

He played interstellar rough trade guitar hero opposite Bowie's twinkie zone schizoglitro phantasm, tried his hand at a solo career and fell off the lightrope because of a lack of direction and confidence — if you're trying that schtick you can never ever afford to look down or lose your nerve — reappeared to replace Ariel Bender in Mott The Hoople, broke away with Ian to do the shortlived Hunter-Ronson Show, moved to New York and showed up as one of the cast of thousands in Bob Dylan's Rolling Thunder Revue, produced and guitared Roger McGuinn's "Cardiff Rose" album, was rumoured to be forming a band with

By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

David Cassidy, came to London to play on Roger Daltrey's "One Of The Boys" album — though that didn't work out — and suddenly popped up yet again playing lead guitar on Van Morrison's sort-of mini-tour that wasn't alongside Dr John

PLUS HE and his long-time girlfriend Sue Fussey got married last year in a Chinese restaurant and they're expecting a baby in August.

These days Mick Ronson wears a baggy T-shirt and old blue jeans and he doesn't wear make-up any more and his hair has lost its old metallic glint. He's no longer A MainMan Artist and he no longer has a contract with RCA or any other record company and he's happier than a pig in shit.

So Mick, y'wanna account for your movements since splitting with Mr "Utah in the autumn of '75"?

"Me account for my movements? Half the time I didn't even know what I was doin'... it started out with Bobby Newirth" — Dylan's long-term road manager, all-purpose buddy and eminence grise — "the night I got thrown out of the Other End. I was standing around having a look and I was kinda stood in the aisle and this guy kept on at me to move."

"In the end I was thrown out and I was standing outside and Newirth came out and started talkin' to me. I didn't even know him, either."

"A few minutes later Dylan came out. Anyway, we went

for a drink and Dylan says, 'Ah hey, y' gotta come play with us,' and I says, 'Awright, yeah' — and didn't think no more about it and then a couple months later Newirth comes back into town and calls me up and says, 'Are you ready?' There'd been no publicity for the tour, nobody knew anything about it and I thought someone was pulling my leg.

"Finally I thought, 'Okay, let's take a chance and jump into it,' and it finally came off. We all went down to this rehearsal place. Newirth was there and Bob Stoner and T-Bone Burnett and David Mansfield, and we were there about an hour and Dylan comes in.

"I thought, 'Oh wow, this is really happenin'. There was tape machines and everything getting set up and Dylan starts singin' all these songs. He must've played about three hundred songs one after the other."

"I didn't know any of 'em. I'd never heard any of those songs — even the old ones — because I was brought up on The Rolling Stones."

"I was never one of them people who sit around and play records. I never buy any records and I don't even listen to the radio too much. One of the few people whose records I buy is Roy Harper."

"Anyway, we just started rehearsing and carried on from there. We did that tour. It was kind of free-for-all at first until Dylan found out exactly what he wanted, who he wants to use on each tune. Some people can play certain tunes, some people can't... I can play any of 'em. But it was no kind of real organized thing."

"Look, you got a hundred tunes and you're going to end up playing thirty-five of them. You may have to play two hundred tunes to find the best thirty-five, the ones that'll work real good."

"You don't just pick thirty-five and release them to death, 'cause some of them'll work out when you play 'em. So you just keep playing different ones all the time and then think, 'Well, that one was good and that one was good and that one was good. Gradually you find out which numbers really work and which ones don't."

"I was just a guitar player that was hangin' around. I wasn't playing no major part in the whole thing. Bobby Newirth was keeping most things together, but the basic direction had to be found by everybody for themselves."

Now who am I playing with these days?

RONNO REMEMBERS THAT HE FORGETS...

rather than really organising exactly what everybody plays. "If what somebody was playing didn't fit then they were told, 'Well, don't you play on this number."

"Remember there was a lot of musicians there and you can't have that many musicians playing on every number. It can get a little bit boring or a little bit unnecessary. It was nice to have people doing things acoustically without the drums now and then."

MCGUINN WAS in on all of that, and he had to do an album, his last one for CBS. It was going to be his last one, but then he re-signed with them. "We weren't really doing anything much at the time, so we all agreed that we'd play on Roger's album and I oversaw the production on that. We just did it because we was friends."

"We didn't do it by way of calling up managers and agents and negotiating royalties and percentages. We just did it and got paid a bit of money and that was it; on a friendship basis rather than getting into it on a business level or anything like that."

"I'm not with Tony deFries any more. We parted company last July. This guy called Barry Imhoff who did all the promotion stuff for the Dylan tours is looking after me now. He used to work with Bill Graham as his partner. I don't need much looking after though, especially when I'm just hangin' around and not doin' too much, because I'm not with a record company either."

Most rock stars get nervous and hysterical and insecure when they're — ummm — between deals, but Ronson looks inordinately happy and healthy.

"Most record companies don't like me at the moment. They don't like the songs I'm writing, but I ain't bothered. I'm writing with Ricky Fataar who used to be in The Beach Boys, I met him through David Cassidy."

Ah, the Cassidy Connection. For about a week it was noised about that Cassidy and Ronson were Getting A Band Together.

"On the last date of the Rolling Thunder Revue, we was up in Colorado and David was recording up in Caribou,

which was three or four miles up the road from the hotel where we were staying and some friends of ours from California invited us up there, so after the last gig I went up there to stay for a few days. I got to know him and he became a good friend and we wondered whether it might be a good idea to have a band because I like him."

"He's a good guitar player. Nobody knows that, but he really plays good guitar, blues, the regular blues stuff, like me."

"We was jamming away and I'd do a couple of solos and then he'd do a couple of solos. He plays real good, sings real good, looks real good and I thought it might be a nice thing to do. It doesn't matter what people think and you can't be in *The Partridge Family* all your life."

"When someone gets known for something, they go through a hell of a trip trying to do something a bit different. Whether they're actually good enough to do something else doesn't really matter. The thing is that people grow up and change their minds about things."

I USED TO BE a gardener, right? But look where I've been since then! Look at I've been lived and the people I've met since then and the things I've got involved with. "But it's really hard for people who've become well-

Pics: CHALKIE DAVIES

known for one thing to get taken seriously about doing something else, but that's just the way the business is, I suppose."

So if the Cassidy-Ronson band was such a good idea how come it didn't happen?

"Because I... ummmm... never know what I want."

"It's very hard to form a band. You've got to play together and be able to depend on each other, and some days I wake up and I just ain't interested in what knocked me out last week. I don't want to be in a band and treat it like some kind of a job, thinking, 'This is a real pain in the ass, but

at least I'm making some money'. I don't want to play like that."

"I want to play for fun. I don't want to play just because it's a good business project. Most of these bands must go nuts, right? They need the record company's money to keep paying for their apartment and the more money they get the more money they want. I don't know that much about the business and how other people deal with it, because I ain't interested in how other people deal with it."

At one point, Ronson was heavily in debt; in debt to the tune of sums that most people never see in a lifetime.

"I still am!" He sprawls back on the rumpled hotel bed, laughing like a dron.

"I can't even think about how much I owe because then I would worry. (Whatever you do, don't do that. — Ed.) I'd really panic and I'd get down on my hands and knees and grovel for some record contract and put out this record that didn't mean anything and watch it get slagged and watch people say 'Ahhhhhh, he's over the hill now' just because I was worried about going in the red. I can't do it that way. I don't care how much money I owe."

"What are they gonna do if I go and work on a building site, take two quid a week off me for the rest of me life? It's a gamble. People put money in fruit machines, or pot ten pounds on a horse hoping to win a hundred. People put £100,000 into some rock act. "And sometimes they lose it. I ain't one for worryin' whether they get it back or not. They're investin'."

"I'll probably earn a real lot of money one day. I'll do something to make everybody go 'Yeah, great!' and buy all me records. I'll earn all this money and everybody'll get their money back."

"But for now, as long as I'm payin' me rent and I can afford to buy a few beers or vomit and take someone out for a meal now and again and buy a packet of fags, that's all I need. "I ain't bought any clothes for two years. I gave all them other clothes away and I've hardly got any clothes now, but I don't need 'em. I got two or

● Continued page 36



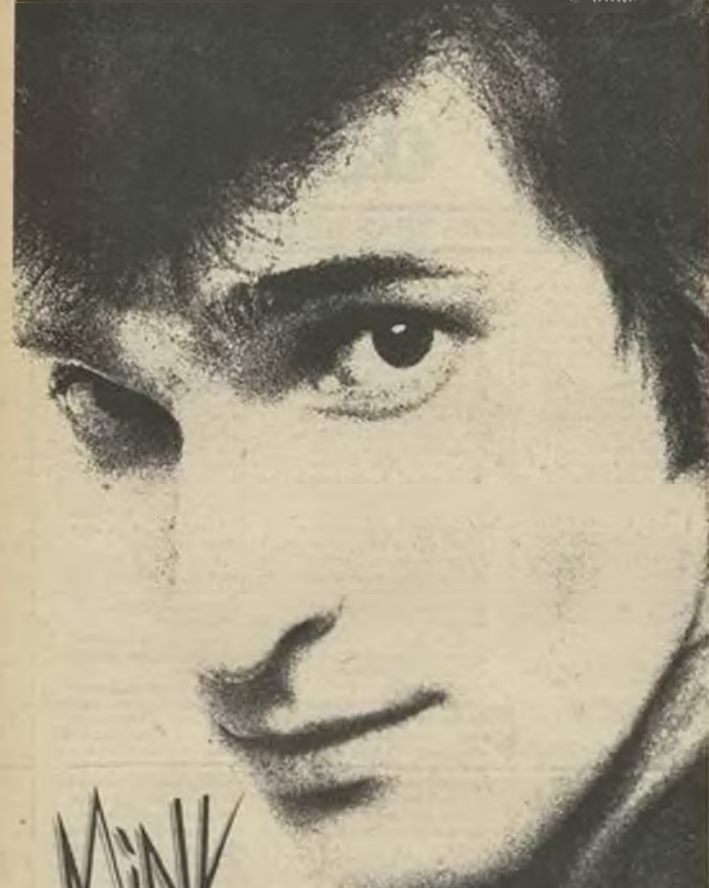
"Oh yeah — with him."



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I DID IT MYYY WAYYYY

STEVE WINWOOD, former 15-year-old musical prodigy who invented the expression 'Getting it together in the country', wipes the soil off his boots on this page.

"SCENES CHANGE, don't they?" Steve Winwood stresses a favourite aphorism with a vague sweep of the right hand.

Slightly built, quietly spoken and deferential, Winwood has finally undertaken his own great leap forward and, at 28, made a solo album.

Finally? The distinction's almost academic: Winwood's been very much the musical mainman throughout his career.

A precocious 15 in 1964, he was singing, playing guitar and keyboards with the Spencer Davis Group. Three years later he formed Traffic with Dave Mason, Chris Wood and Jim Capaldi.

In '69 Traffic broke up. Winwood joined Eric Clapton, Ginger Baker and Rick Grech in Blind Faith, the ill-starred proto-supergroup that collapsed after a rushed album and strained American tour.

Winwood started work on a solo album, calling in Wood and Capaldi. Traffic reformed, a close, nuclear trio; "Mad Shadows" became "John Barleycorn Must Die."

Often inconsistent, always idiosyncratic, Traffic were to expand their line-up and make a further five albums before their demise in early '75.

"I suppose I just split the group," Winwood recalls. "We were half way through an American tour and — well, I couldn't handle it anymore. I've never felt there was much point in doing something unless you can really put your heart into it."

The break up was certainly sudden, in its way reminiscent of bassist Rick Grech and drummer Jim Gordon's abrupt departure from Traffic in late '71. Here today, gone tomorrow.

"Maybe I am a little impulsive about these things, maybe I don't always give proper notice of my intentions. But no, I wouldn't say what I did was irresponsible. I had my reasons."

"After we reformed Traffic I made it clear that I was going to be the group's leader. And groups have to have leaders, I think, otherwise they lose sight of their objectives."

The final decision was mine to make and I made it. We couldn't have gone on for much longer anyway. There were various personal problems, which are best forgotten; there wasn't the cohesion to keep it together.

"Traffic had been going for such a long time. I wasn't committed anymore and sometimes you need to get away, to make the break. Anyway, I felt we'd achieved as much as we were going to musically with that version of the group. So that was it really."

SINCE WHEN Winwood has participated in various "projects". He played guitar with the Paula All Stars at their London debut and later contributed to their "Delicate And Jumpy" album, an uncharacteristically restrained affair, I thought, married by arranger Gene Page's lavish string scores.

"The All Stars were going through changes, tackling their music in a more sophisticated way, if you like. It was a transitional album."

"Salsa, you see, is a very energetic, contemporary music, constantly evolving and still trying to stay on the street. I know the idea was to blend in some aspects from current American music, make it all more cosmopolitan in a way."

"As it happened the album didn't quite work — it's often like that when you're trying to widen your audience without changing things too drastically."

Winwood also recorded with drummer Remi Kabaka. In '73 they had worked with reedman 'Loughy' Amao as Third World to make "Aiye Keta", a set with proud Afro-jazz leanings and perhaps one of the more successful and innovative forays ploughed through its field.

The second album followed similar outlines, but transpired to be "more European in feel". The last songs to be included were dubbed as Winwood was scheduled to start work with Japanese percussionist Satoru Yamashita.

"And they weren't so hot as the rest, I suppose. The record company — understandably enough — rejected the album. I hadn't done anything for some time and they insisted that whatever I came up with was to be consistently strong. It was a shame really, but one of the priors you pay."

That particular area we were working in, all those African rhythms, it has yet to be adapted really sympathetically, I feel.

And so to "Go". Yamashita's ambitious project that involved Winwood alongside, among others, Mike Shrieve, Klaus Schulze, Al Di Meola, Rosko Oee and Reebop Kwaku Baah.

At the outset a multi-media concept, "Go" seemed to flit uneasily with the earth-space-earth voyage and cycle implicit in Michel Quartermann's lyrics.

Personally I found the "space" theme misplaced, little more than an excuse for Schulze to ramble around his cosmic keyboard, also both the album and London concert presentation chaotically directionless.

Yamashita may be an accomplished modern and classical percussionist (cf. his unaccompanied score for Robert Altman's disturbing film *Images*), but his eclectic ventures into jazzfunkrock haven't been so convincing.

I did like some of the song structures in "Go" however, especially "Winner/Loser".

"I think you're being a little harsh," Winwood protests, "though in many respects the album wasn't a success. Satoru somehow couldn't gather up all his strands. In fact I wrote several of the other tunes as well, but they were credited to him — something to do with the legal aspects of composing rights."

"But, you see, I'd never worked like that before. 'Go' entailed a lot of discussion — and disagreement. Whereas I suspect I'm often quite an (pause) organised sort of player. I prefer things to be clear cut as possible, within reason."

"Satoru's very impulsive that way. He's good at getting people around him to contribute and express themselves musically, but then he'd suddenly delete a passage we'd all been rehearsing for weeks. Which is fine up to a point but confusing, frustrating even."

"I learnt a lot though and I don't regret taking part at all. I just let things be most of the time and let others do most of the arguing."

"It was 'Go' that eventually sold me on the idea of doing a solo album. It suddenly seemed like it'd be such a good thing to do. I could have the luxury of working on my own most of the time without having to argue — just straight

PI: PENNIK SMITH



in and do it. I prefer to work by myself if I can; I sometimes find it a little difficult to communicate musical ideas.

"Traffic was different of course since we knew each other so well. But yeah, I need things like 'Go' to happen to me occasionally. They're stimulating... it's very hard to write music, you know, or at least I find it hard.

"Before 'Go' I lacked the confidence to make a solo album. I had a lot of material ready and waiting but couldn't force myself any further. I couldn't see any reason, any real justification for doing it. I wasn't at all sure where I was musically. Things are more certain now."

"STEVE WINWOOD" is released this week. Four of its six songs were written by Winwood with Traffic lyrics Capaldi, one with erstwhile Bonzo and grand eccentric Viv Stanshall and one by Winwood alone.

"Why did I use Jim's words? Well, like I said, I write very slowly. There was a deadline to be met and I had to work with someone to organise what I had, all of which I'd written since last August. Jim was the obvious choice and we completed things very quickly.

"I think it's a (long pause) good album, or at any rate the best album I was capable of making when I recorded it. I did 'Midland Maniac' all by myself simply 'cos I couldn't teach anybody the song's changes. It's also a sort of personal thing, with words about someone I knew."

I level with Winwood, admit that many of Capaldi's recent pontifications have struck me as somewhat gauche, despite

their worthy topicality (the slaughter of whales, the ecology, etc.).

A line from "Walking In The Wind" off "When The Eagles Fly" comes to mind — something about politicians not having "ever paid their dues".

Specifics aside, I'm curious about a commanding singer like Winwood's attitude to lyrics in general.

"Are you sure you're not too aware of the issue?" Winwood counters, "you feel that line about politicians is a meaningless cliché. Well, one man's cliché is another man's..."

Brave new world? "Yeah (laughs), all right. I think that lyric takes the same away from any spoken frame

of reference by virtue of the fact it's sung."

So presumably you could sing graffiti and make it stick?

"You could indeed. A song is a summary though, a point in time, whatever it's about. It's something different to everyone who hears it."

I sing lyrics as such because I've got a voice to sing them with, because songs need singing.

"You simply can't calculate the effect of a lyric — and anyway I don't do things to have any desired effect. You mentioned Roll Right Stones, a song we wrote about a particular place, a ring of standing stones."

"As it happens, you know the place well; others won't

and might even wonder what on earth the song's about. That can't be helped. We wanted to record that song, so we did."

TALK OF Rollright brings us to consider country living in general. Winwood reveals himself to be knowledgeable about ley lines, astro-archeology and associated subjects. Unlike so many rock musicians in rural retreat, he seems to be a countryman at heart.

"People like myself who've been brought up in towns often move to the country. I'm well aware that I'm lucky to be able to live there. If you're prepared to take an active interest in what's going on around you there, you've almost got yourself a full time occupation."

"Although it takes time to establish yourself in a small, close community, country people are a bit suspicious of you at first. But there's a lot more to it all than jolly people tearing around on horses."

"I have my dogs, go for walks, like to look and listen. It's very therapeutic. I suppose I've come to depend on the peace and quiet there quite a lot in recent years."

In the beginning Traffic moved to Berkshire because — well, I'd been with Spencer Davis and it had all become rather confusing. After those records like "Gimme Some Lovin'" it was time for me to think about exactly what I was doing and why."

Too much too soon?

"That's more or less how it was getting ridiculous. I'd been pushed into responsibilities I just wasn't ready for — or maybe I'd pushed myself there."

"I probably demanded too much — that's how it can go. But in a way I was fortunate: I learnt about coping with pressures and not coping before I could do too much damage."

"With Traffic though — all four of us had definite ideas of what we wanted to do; we just had to go somewhere and practise it. We were all leaving home and found the cottage, somewhere we could live."

"The music and the country living were separate at first. But I know that living out there had its effect on how the music came out before long, as well as on the way we wanted it to be."

"We were after a blend, our own blend of things. That's why Dave Mason introduced the sitar, it was another possible combination of sound and texture. We had very natural acoustics at the cottage, very clean, clear and useful for assessing sound qualities."

"And yes, being at the cottage, away from London certainly allowed us to make music in a fairly unburdened way. Pacing is important. When musicians start working at different paces, groups break up."

"Every musician has his own pace. Unless he recognises and arrives at it, he's not going to develop. I've often had to take things leisurely to be able to carry on at all."

"The record company have helped a lot there. I may have spent what seemed like long periods without coming up with concrete results, but then I honestly don't think I've wasted too much of my time either. Anyway, I've been ill more often than I'd have liked."

WITH GLIB predictability, I mention Blind Faith.

To the detached observer, the experience seemed to deliver Winwood's already marked reserve another dolorous blow. No, it didn't help much. The group started off with good intentions but before we knew it we had to rely on — for want of another phrase — rock and roll tactics.

"Tight contracts, the works, even drum solos (mimic), and so many other things that were detrimental to the music. We were mishandled or allowed ourselves to be mishandled."

"It was all rather unfortunate," Winwood postscripts ruefully.

All the same, "Barleycorn" appeared a strong assertion of all things to essential Traffic.

"It had to be. I really needed a solid base to be able to work from again and you tend to make strong music when you're desperate."

"Why did we do 'John Barleycorn' itself? Because it's such a great song. It seemed to embody the way we felt, seemed like a psalm to us or something. We didn't do it as an anti-alcohol song, as some people have thought — well, nobody knows what it's about. It's simply a very mysterious, very fortifying song."

Traffic as contemporary folk music, I wonder? Not in the strict revivalist sense, but as musicians collecting this and that into some sort of harvest home.

"That's exactly how we saw it. We didn't do 'Barleycorn' as a straight folk song but as one sung by people creating their own traditions as they went along. We were still at the cottage; it was a period of real closeness for us."

Whereupon Traffic seemed to founder aimlessly for a time. Winwood insisted that a bassist be brought in to ease the load, apakid lost confidence in his drumming, tried to move up front as vocalist/writer/tambourine shaker. Dave Mason

even returned for a few weeks through the recording of the live "Welcome To The Canteen Album".

"The trio format suddenly seemed very restrictive. We tried various people. The Grech/Gordon rhythm section had its share of problems and Dave coming back for the second time didn't really work either; we'd sort of drifted apart over the years."

TRAFFIC RECORDED The Low Spark Of High Heeled Boys" and consolidated their status in America before Grech and Gordon left.

Along with percussionist Reebop the trio joined forces with Manic Shoaib sessioners bassist David Hood and drummer Roger Hawkins to make "Shoot Out At The Fantasy Factory" (to my mind perhaps Traffic's best album, on a par with their second) at Strawberry Studios, Jamaica in three days. Another Shoaib man, Barry Beckett, was added later on keyboards, allowing Winwood to play more guitar.

"Although in some ways the larger group did dilute the intimacy of Traffic, I felt it had a lot going for it. We came to terms more with performing live. The Shoaib players were very dedicated and superb accompanists — exactly what I'd had in mind."

"Some people think they ruined us for 'Shoot Out' and after. I really can't agree with that and think that 'On The Road', the live album, refutes their view."

"Of course we eventually reverted to being a small group with Rosko on bass and Jim drumming again for 'Eagle'. We turned full circle if you like."

Winwood's opinion of Traffic's legacy?

"Well, I shrugs, "we achieved a certain amount. Traffic was intended to be a musically group. We set ourselves certain standards and did our best to stick to them."

"I don't mind talking about it, but past is past, you know. I think I'm more excited about what I'm doing now than I've been for a long time."

So I tell Winwood that I'd expected him to be rather less forthcoming. After all, we've been told often enough that the man's some kind of (sic) enigmatic super-recluse.

"Well, I do go through phases of not wanting to talk. But everybody does, don't they? I mean, I'm a musician first and foremost. Yeah (broad grin), I suppose I am a fairly private person."

And the starmaker machinery, the mantle of semi-divine rockering status that Winwood, to all outward appearances, declines to accept?

"The less you think about it, the better. There was a time when I was ambitious in that sense, but not now. I try my hardest not to let it affect me, you know."

"It can mess you up," Winwood adds emphatically, "I somehow doubt it ever did anyone any good in the long run."

"What it all comes down to in the end is that you do something, write some music and hope for the best. If people like what you've done, then all right."

WINWOOD'S PRESS office inform me he intends to have another album released by mid-autumn. In the past his "I'm gonna do an album a week" enthusiasm has proved short-lived.

"But this time," Winwood protests, "I really think I've got it all together."

○ ANGUS MacKINNON





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PLATTERS

THE DICTATORS

Manifest Destiny
(Asylum)

THIS RECORD puts the sub-human back into Heavy Metal with a cursed attention to mechanistic that is going to make The Dictators New York's most feared band.

"Manifest Destiny" is just the works, kids. It's funny, it's ultra-fast, it is actually the year's most potent breeze over the realm of culture shock rock, with more brainstorming riffs insanity than this writer has witnessed since the planside of intellectual H.M. that we call "Tyranny And Mutation".

It isn't just that I'm hung up on the Sandy Pearlman and Murray Krugman master plan for total world domination by next Wednesday (though of course I am), merely that hearing is believing is knowing. The Dictators must, by definition, rule.

For people who like to think about the metaphysical properties of ruining cerebral jelly, then this is for you. I put my boot through my Stooges and MC5 records when I plugged in this one because second best is not enough. The last time The Dictators set foot in the studio then, and Messrs Memphis Sam Pearlman and Murray 'the Y' Krugman, the world's most fanatical tag team production, only succeeded in hitting at the mayhem to come.

Frankly, "Manifest Destiny" makes "Go Girl Crazy" hugely irrelevant. This time they got it absolutely right.

Rather than concentrate on an on-air cabaret trip whereby the psalms element sucked them into sacrificing their own heavy duty offerings for the sake of laughs, Andy Sherhoff and his crew have goosestepped into the more serious tonight zone of original menace.

Given time they might even take on the pioneers of planet collision psychedelia, Blue Oyster Cult, and score equal marks on the Richter scale: God knows they've busted the needle with aplomb and deserve to be immensely famous.

It needs to be said that Pearlman's Cult technique is in operation here. The cover harks back to the "On Your Feet" opus and the harmonies exact within the same stratosphere as Buck's boys.

Handsome Dick Manitoba and The Dictators may not be as sophisticated with the imagery, but musically they both tread that lion's cage where dementia is executed with brilliance. Not surprising that this echoes the Dix Busters either, they're all stable mates, tour shavers and dream of getting that call from Jerry Garcia.

The difference is that The Dictators are intrinsically East Coast while BOC fit from 'Frisco to New York and keep the listener guessing. Songwriter Andy Sherhoff bombs down the main drag, astirring rock excess and utilising all available material for his lyrical fantasies. His style has put much of the Big Apple new wave on their guard.

Ross 'The Boss' Funchello is the hottest new guitarist on the scene bar none. His sense of construction and his empathy with the dynamics of soloing cut the competition to shreds. Alongside him Scott 'Top Ten' Kemper bristles fire, motivating his rhythm guitar with the propellant force of a Saturn launch.

Sherhoff himself is a texture merchant, massive keyboard experimentation which keeps one paw on the melodies while



Rare shot of HANDSOME DICK'S tongue. Pic JOE STEVENS

Handsome Dick makes world redundant

Ross astounds. Stage right, car-carr mechanic Mark 'The Animal' Mendoza's bass bums his bass across yer skull. He looks like Eric Bloom's big brother and when he walks through the village, people scurry for cover.

New drummer Ritchie Teeter switches from panel beating to soft touch cymbals and vocalises on cue. Like Albert Bouchard he can sing and play drums at the same time. Can you do that?

But out front The Dictators have 1977's deadly weapon, the incorrigible Handsome Dick Manitoba, a man who doesn't know the meaning of outrage, he defines overkill. On paper they had it all. "Go Girl Crazy", despite the hilarious cover, kinda blew it. So no more mistakes.

"Exposed" unveils the promise in trumps. Pocket wonder Ross steals away from the tune with a sonic bridge that recalls Dharma himself. Superb vocal arrangement by Sherhoff jerks off standard love schtick rubbish like

"I've been deceived by a girl who was close to me/I'm on my knees cause I don't think I'll get a reprieve/They'll tell my wife, then I wouldn't bet a nickel on my life".

Not even Richard and the Young Lions could offer up a

song of such overwhelming corn and make you choke to death in lustful acquiescence.

Inverted sex tears its head again on "Heartache", a lambasting lament taken at manic speed courtesy of Funchello's scorching lead break. It's a stunning balance of double guitar backdrop and petulant drumming from Teeter and hovers on the brink of early volume saturation until they redress the danger of giving away too much too soon by sliding into Sherhoff's classic dirge "Sleepin' With The T.V. On", an opportunity for Teeter to show off his range and timbre.

This is very Pearlman, very Meltzer. A lifetime watching old William Powell, Myrna Loy movies inspired this Thin Man ditty and it certainly does justice to the subject matter, utilising a beautiful melody offset by restrained middle eight picking.

Manitoba makes his first appearance on side one's piece de resistance, a six minute widdle called "Ducase". Sherhoff and Handsome combine with horrific results. Seem like the victim has come to regret a flirtation with a chick carrying a hideous form of mutated syphilis and turned into a monster akin to the Incredible Hulk, sprouting

scales and worse.

The pacing reminds me of "Anarchy In The UK" and suggests that the Pistols might make a better living if they developed a sense of humour.

The song has all the energy and nastiness of the best punk on rock'n'roll history except that you can hear the words. Funchello's guitar vomits out the remains with cacophonous intensity, like someone taking the plug out of a sewage farm.

Part of the reason why "Manifest Destiny" hangs together like it does is that Sherhoff's material, apart from its obvious quality, has a single minded attention to subtle progression that the plethora of new American metal league outfits never manage.

The more endearing punksters go the other extreme of keeping everything short and fast, which may be more welcome than indulgent suites and banks of hardware, but is equally limiting.

Side two builds you up to the crunch. "Hey Boys" packs in the high school cliques, although an expertly crafted work. You can take it on any level, saucer knowingly or shed a cynical tear into a sopping handkerchief.

Surprisingly, there are no Richard Meltzer songs included, neither "Tits To

You" or "Tender Was The Night" got in but he may have a hand here. His influence is detectable on lines like: "So pass the beer while I shed a tear/My heart was tossed again". Sherhoff and Teeter simulate a lovely Beatlesque coding, soaring harmonies and neat precise chords.

"Steppin' Out" is the album's potential angle, a dynamic cruiser with The Boss delivering four (count 'em) simultaneous solos as in "Harvester Of Eyes" before leading off into a mammoth overdrive assault on "Science Gone Too Far!!".

Things start getting a little damaged here. Manitoba lurches back to the make to spout forth on the dangers of insane professors concocting devious experiments with rock'n'roll victims.

They sequence into "Young, Fast, Scientific" with the force of a nuclear head coming for your stomach. Mendoza's bass runs regurgitate the message, high upturning and a crescendo of Funchello and Kemper in locked combat, trading riffs that ooze Newpaltz muscle power.

The album closes with a rendition (recorded live) of the Ig's "Search And Destroy"—a fitting finale scoring as how the opening line sums up the Dictators' raison d'être. Look out honey, they're using technology. Judy Blue Eyes will love it. Besides anyone who can tackle a Stooges number and make a monkey out of James Williamson can't be all bad.

Lester Banga rocks on Pearlman and Krugman have never produced a decent record. Actually I make this tenth chestnut in a row. Metal Mike Saunders was right though. We've got to get off that doom thing for a bit before rock'n'roll disappears up its own ass. Stop moaning you scumbags and buy this record! Your manifest destiny is at stake. God bless The Dictators and all they stand for.

Max Bell



STEVE WINWOOD

Steve Winwood (Island)
IN THE three years since Traffic's swansong "When The Eagle Flies", Steve Winwood has only featured prominently on one album, Steu Yamashita's "Go."

The sabbatical is over. "Steve Winwood" is a dependable and, you suspect, durable set of songs. It offers few if any surprises, nonetheless catches Winwood in typically commanding form.

Like Van Morrison, Winwood has succinctly harnessed black vocal styles to white rock. His phrasing and pitching still acknowledge their debt to Sixties rhythm and blues, soul and jazz as they run the length and breadth of an extensive emotional range.

Winwood remains underrated—not as a soloist but as a choral player. His finely turned chords on piano and guitar carry at least as much weight as his breaks.

The album opens unassuming with "Hold On", a cautious ebb and flow swayed by Winwood's electric piano. It's another of his compact, direct melodies, in the vein of "Something New" off "Eagle".

However "Hold On"

immediately reveals what might be a tactical error on Winwood's part in recruiting bassist Willie Weeks and drummer Andy Newmark for four of the album's six songs.

The pair have logged up innumerable credits, including Bowie's "Young Americans". They're essentially reliable and as such conform to Winwood's customary back-up requirements.

Here they often display an alarming lack of commitment. Their offhand stomp through "Hold On" damn near cuts the ground from under Winwood, especially his sharp solos on mini-Moog and guitar. You can predict Newmark's every inflection.

"Time Is Running Out", a potentially rigging hunk of funk with crisp rhythm guitar and clavinet fills from Winwood, stumbles for similar reasons. Whither Rosko Gee's taut, elastic bass or Jim Capaldi's precision?

Meanwhile Winwood struggles bravely with the crabbed awkwardness of Capaldi's lyric; he deserves much better than "Business men... from / everybody does their best to put them down / it seems to me they've got something going / if you don't make the effort you've got no way of knowing / that time is running out."

"Time" almost crumples as Capaldi and one Nicole lay the heavy (maans) verbiage over its central riff: "Mother Nature's on the run / everybody's got a gun / soldiers in the street / giving off a lotta heat". And so on—not so much future shock as unforgivable hippie.

Winwood saves the day with his stirring call and response to this inane chorus and eerie synthesiser backdrop.

Capaldi's lyrics for "Luck's In" and "Let Me Make Something In Your Life" are merely forgettable, automatic writing and rhyming. Small matter though.

"Luck's In" loops from seat belt into through back song section and back to latin instrumental outro. Always the consummate eclectic and "blender", Winwood carves a fiery guitar break over Reece's congas, these more or less compensating for the rhythm axis' continued lethargy.

"Let Me Make Something" is the album's "Sometimes I Feel So" Unimpaired", a poignant ballad. Winwood's keening vocal and terse guitar second the emotion.

So far, so incompletely excellent. "Vacant Chair" resolves the rhythmic fix, thanks to the enthusiastic spark of bassist Alan Spencer and drummer John Swallow. both late of Kokomo. Junior Marvin, on loan from The Wailers, adds guitar.

"Chair" just rolls, undulates through a heady chorus, benefits greatly from Viv Stanshall's curious lyric about the Western world's obsession with death and grief for the dear departed.

Which leaves the centrepiece. "Midland Maniac" is all Winwood's work—music, words and playing. Its complete success makes you wish he'd made the whole album by himself.

Structurally similar to "Roll Right Stones" from Traffic's "Shoot Out At The Fantasy Factory", "Maniac" somehow recapitulates the elusive yearning of "No Time To Live" from the earlier "Traffic".

An intimate, serene song, it unfolds leisurely. Winwood layers acoustic and electric guitars, organ and piano yet avoids any clutter. His own bass and drums are more than adequate.

A deceptively understated and thoroughly masterful achievement. If only the other material matched its intensity and conviction.

Although flawed, "Steve Winwood" is a propitious return. Winwood's overwhelming presence outweighs the album's weaknesses, brushes away the vague sense of disappointment born of high expectations.

Angus MacKinnon

A bluer shade of whale

DEEP VOICES

The Second Whale Record (Capitol)

Entry from Captain Nemo's Log Book, 21st June, 1897:

AT LAST! I have captured on my phonograph machine the songs of the mightiest creature on earth! The whale!

Though *The Nautilus* has for long possessed the necessary hydrophonic equipment to allow me to listen to the profound and haunting melodies of the titans of the deep, yet until now I could only eavesdrop while crouched in the tiny forward laboratory in the bow, my head pinned between my carotid, my skull reverberating to those tremendous vibrations.

Now I have transferred the whale songs to wax cylinders, henceforth I may experience the awesome and cavernous symphonies of the Blue Whale, the vast concertos of the Right Whale, or the thrilling overtures of the White Whale, as I recline in my study after dinner with a port and cigar. The better to ponder this awesome music!

Words are unable to convey the might of the whale's songs, just as the human mind cannot fathom their intricacy and purpose. For who can doubt the existence of beauty and intelligence in their mournful messages?

Indeed, my own dissection of a sperm whale which we



came across while rounding Tierra Del Fuego, doddled with harpoon and not yet fallen prey to the sharks, has determined its brain to be six times the size of *Homo Sapiens*. That theme and thoughts of unimaginable complexity and profundity play in that giant brain seems, to me at least, a certainty.

And yet there is a profound sadness to their music, as if they knew that their race is doomed to extinction at the bloody hands of the impious ape man, who harness these leviathans to their doom so that idle society woman may nip in her waist with their bones and rouge her foolish cheeks with oil.

Already the fools who clutter above me in their primitive steamships and ironclads confuse with their thrashing engines the whales' vibrations — which I believe may travel across whole oceans — a theory shared by good Dr. Kotzwick of the United States — and remain ignorant



of their celestial music.

Is it into the hands of such barbarians that I must deliver the secrets of *The Nautilus* and my awesome knowledge?

Never!

For I foresee that Science will soon enough learn of the energy locked in the very fabric of the matter, the power of the sun itself that I have called Atomic. Would that the same scientists and their greedy masters respected Nature as much as they seek to use her body.

And yet I also foresee a time when a man will sit in his parlour and listen to the songs of the whale, much as he might listen to his wife play the latest music hall ditty on the piano.

A confounding vision!

But hark, the Deep Voices call once more. Listen now to their dark secrets, listen —

Captain Nemo.

"I'm so bored with the Whale Commission . . . A sperm whale spouts his shout off Durban, S. Africa. (Pic courtesy of the Institute of Ocean Sciences / World Wild Life Fund) . . . See also Thrills for the impatient stuff . . ."



HEART

Little Queen

(Portrait)

FOR A bunch of fashion models, Heart play convincing heavyweight hard rock.

The Wilson sisters and their band crank up enough energy at times to melt the glue on your eyelashes, make your hair-piece stand on end, blow the caps off your teeth, peel the paint from your toe-nails, and fry the Chanel behind your ears.

No matter that some of their music sounds a little off the peg. On some tracks, the shape of their foundation garments is apparent through the thin, heaving silk.

"Barracuda", the opening track, clearly owes its abrasive bass riff to Nazareth's version of "This Flight Tonight", but Ann Wilson's tough vocal freshens it up better than a dab of cologne.

"Dream Of The Archer" is almost a straight lift from Led Zep's "The Battle Of Evermore". Similar mythical nonsense in the lyrics, same primal atmosphere created through swirling electronics and scraping mandolins.

Ann Wilson even sounds somewhat like Sandy Denny, who duetted with Mr Plant on the original. Only the melody has been tinkered with to protect the innocent.

The least likely source of inspiration for these ladies is surely Cat Stevens. But with "Say Hello", tucked away on side two, they've written the perfect Stevens song. Howard Leese plays more mandolin on this track, makes it sound like a bouzouki at a boogie-up.

The rest of the album, though, is somewhat more self-reliant. The title cut is a ferocious, strutting rocker that deserves to become a highlight on stage.

"Kick It Out" is high-grade boogie. The sort of thing that Suzi Quatro survives for, sometimes achieves.

Among the most impressive songs on the set are, paradoxically,

some of the slower ones. "Treat Me Well", written and performed by Nancy Wilson, yearns nicely, without being mawkish.

"Love Alive" builds with alarming force, thanks to some muscular drum work from Michael Denoner. "Cry To Me" has a languid air of desperation.

All in all, it's no great surprise that "Little Queen" is moving up the American charts at a healthy pace; there's no reason why it shouldn't do the same here.

Bob Edmunds



HELEN REDDY

Ear Candy (Capitol)

YOU KNOW Helen Reddy — that angular Australian with the mousy boy's haircut, flat chest, thin lips and gritty physical appeal? She's got a new album out and there's some odd things about it.

First odd thing: there's someone else's picture on the cover, some boring, squinty-sophisticated woman with dark, sculptured hair, shaped lips and eyebrows, shaded cheeks and . . . Hold on, I've just realised that's Helen Reddy underneath all the mascara and eyebrow pencil and lipstick and all-purpose facial crap. It's a sad sight, but I guess it matches the noxious lavender pink colour of the sleeve she's sitting on.

Second odd thing: this album was produced by Kim Fowley. You know Kim Fowley — "Nut Rocker" and all that. All what? All that weird stuff like well, he once wrote a song for REO Speedwagon. And Helen Reddy. He's a cult figure. Produced The Runaways' first album. A genius.

So it must be good.

Reviewed last week in *Sounds*.

By one of its more recently acquired writers (but just as desperate a name-dropper as most of the rest), "Ear Candy" was labelled "the most perfectly formed manifestation of California consciousness yet heard", and one track was even compared to John Cale's "Endless Plain Of Fortune". I guess Kim Fowley must have that effect on people.

For the person who produced "The Runaways" this is surprisingly good, in fact — though it's no more than you'd expect of a singer of Reddy's status. After all, there's really only her and Karen Carpenter keeping the white female pop singer's image alive since Dusty Springfield's last release ("Cameo" way back in 1973).

For what it's worth, this is one of the best albums of its kind to come my way since "Cameo". But then, I don't have any other Helen Reddy albums. She's always impressed me, and I don't imagine this one is very different from the others.

The album's greatest asset is Reddy's inexplicable vocal magic — that dry Aussie accent and oddly matter-of-fact tone have an appeal that is as baffling as it is constant.

The material is superficially wide-ranging — "You're My Work" done pretty similar to Cilla Black's (which wasn't a big hit Stateside, so the song's probably freer to American ears); the close-harmony "Oh trash style single, "Long Distance Love", written by one Becky Hobbs; pleasant ballads by Stephen Bishop ("One More Night") and Stevie Wonder ("If It's Magic"); a token fiddle-sawing yeehaw Cajun stomp called "Laissez Les Bontemps

Rouler".

There are also five works by Reddy and Fowley, all featuring at least one other co-writer. Of these, three are amiably ingratiating, several classes above Guy's'n'Dolls.

But none of them are any more than just good pop. It's okay, but nothing to cream your pants about. She could do better.

The supposed Fowley influence comes into play on the remaining two tracks.

The, uh, weirdest song is "Baby I'm A Star". Reddy utters smugly about being a star — a stance whose spitting-at-the-audience offensiveness would probably work better on a straight Helen Reddy platform than it does here, enmeshed in Kim Fowley's novice-like psychedelia. What could have been a real effort just sounds childish.

Finally "The Happy Girls" is a twist on "You Always Hurt The One You Love". "Lonely women of the world were the happy girls". It's a slow song with nice hints of Beatles acid recorder music floating around.

Despite the inconsequential material, none of it comes across as filler. The entire album is impressively crafted and excellently played, the trees tending to disguise the insubstantiality of the wood. High class candyfloss, but no hot of passion, commitment, emotion, no soul.

You know Kim Fowley. Worked with everyone from Zappa to The Hollywood Argyles. Did that fantastic Helen Reddy album — well, I never really got into it, but one review I read said it was "the vindication of Western culture".

So he must be a genius. He even managed to hide her pointed nose.

Phil McNeill

JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT

John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett (Extracted)

HAVING BEEN blown out by Track Records, (but not until Pete Townshend had produced some tracks for them), Otway & Barrett owned their record label "Extracted" and proceeded to release an album including the four Townshend-produced tracks amongst its eleven.

Rumour has it that Polydor are now interested in/have signed the duo. I can't really imagine why either company bothered in the first place.

Never having seen Otway & Barrett live — they seem to be forever giggling down south, rarely (if ever) taking the plunge and exploring north of Watford — perhaps I'm not in the best position to criticise them.

Still, outside of a live context, all the material is weak and flaccid, the production — be it by Barrett, Townshend or Barrow Anthony — is about as thin as cornflake and half as appealing, and any instrumental skills not obliterated by the production are at most unexceptional.

The only non-Otway or Otway/Barrett song on the album, Bob Lind's "Cheryl's Going Home", has a pleasant train-like rhythm, but is spoiled by Otway's voice, a falsely emotive croak of an instrument, rather like an absurd Buddy Holly imitation.

I mean, I'm quite partial to a curious voice, but only when it's used carefully, the way that David Ackles and Ed Asker used theirs, for instance; Otway seems to have about as much control over his voice as EMI had over the Pistols.

This album's only importance is as an example of how an average talent (or talents) can be overrated by mere proximity to the capital London obviously has more than its fair share of cloth-cars.

Traffic.
(Extracted Records may be obtained from 6 Ash Grove, Aydenbury, Bucks. HP21 7PU).

Andy Gill

DID YOU KNOW . . .
... that Humpback whales sing a different song each year? Be the first one in your tank to latch onto the Cetacean New Wave! (Blubber blubber hey?)

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Now let's see. Where did this all begin?

JAMES BROWN

Solid Gold (Polydor)
ONE! TWO! THREE!
HUNNGHHHHH!!!!

James Brown's been making records for twenty-one years aahhhhhh hot pants!!! — a fact celebrated by this superbased double album.

"30 Golden Hits / 21 Golden Years" proclaims the sleeve. Through the rise and fall of Stax records and Sly Stone and other soul trendsetters, James Brown's been out in front, alternately (and simultaneously) awesome and absurd, inspired and clichéd, exhilarating and frustrating.

Time telescopes as the album gets closer and closer to 1977 (but then doesn't everything): the first side covers the period 1956-1966, the second side goes 1966-1970, the third 1970-1974 and the fourth 1974-1976. Since the earliest phase of Brown's career is the least familiar to me, I would've dug to hear those first ten years more fully represented.

See, what those early sides ran home is that all the various specks about J.B. in his multitalented guises as Prime spokesman, For Black America, Hardest Working Man In Show-Biz, Ace Organizer Of Killer Rythm, Master Of The Splits and Funky Procuree Artist Supreme, Soul Brother Number One, Minister Of The New New Super Heavy Funk and Mr Superbad. All the rest obscure the simple, basic reality that Brown was/never shall be (whatever) a scream'n' night hog of a bleed'n' great singer.

Brown does most of his singing (in the semi-orthodox sense of the word) on the first side, starting out with "Please Please Please" and "Try Me (I Need You)" in which JB transforms mid-to-late-'50s doo-wop song-situations into extraordinary soul-blues laments, rampaging straight through all the cool distancing devices to break down the barriers and get right through to the listener.

You'd have to be seriously comatose and a bleeding imbecile into the bargain not to realise that you're in the presence of something 'some-one extra special'.

The side roars through clean, tight and raucously energetic showpieces of good-time screwed-down dance classics like "Good Good Lovin'", "I'll Go Crazy", "Night Train", "I Got You (I Feel Good)", "Papa's Got A Brand New Bag" and the Ultimo Coup De Grace of "It's A Man's Man's World", with Brown singing his ass off throughout.

"Man's Man's Man's World" is as flat-out impassioned and emotionally obsessive a piece of vocalising as anybody in rock or any of its related fields has ever laid down. In front of a string arrangement that would seem absurdly over-the-top and melodramatic on anybody else's record, Brown turns himself inside out and sings from places in his body and soul that most people don't even know they have. Or maybe they don't have at all.

From there on in it's a dizzying sequence of ever more lunatic riffing, weird-as-grunts and interjections and enough rhythmic whup-cracking to keep even the most frenetic dance-floor wackos working out for the duration of the three remaining sides. After a while it all tends to blur into one extended groove-in with only the odd masterpiece like "Cold Sweat", "Say It Loud I'm Black and I'm Proud", "Get Up! Feel Like Beating A Sex Machine", "Superbad", "Soul Power", "Hot Pants", "Make It Funky", "Get On The Hot Foot" and "Get On Offa That Thing" standing out.

If anything, it reinforces the accuracy of Franklin Ayaye's brilliant parody of J.B. on "Don't Smoke Dope, Fry Your Hair": "James Brown, he kill me, boy. He put out a record be nuthin' but grunts then he say 'Hi me' on the B-side and call it 'Instrumental' — then he attach a lyric sheet."

What the funk, James Brown is still ahead of the game and if you don't have a copy of his other records then his collection is enuf to be going on with, especially as it comes with a hulu of a liner note by Barry White's little brother Chiff.

Personally I'd've like to have beard a bit more of Brown's first decade and a few less gruntyake wankers but nevertheless GOTTA HAVE IT
HUNNGHHHHH!!!!
Charles Shaar Murray

PHOTO: ALAN JOHNSON

Below: BROWN — DELIVERIN'

THE NEW YORK LOFT JAZZ SESSIONS

Wildflowers Vols. 1-5 (Douglas)

ONE OF the more lasting results of black political consciousness in the '60s was the self-reliance programme.

Jazzmen like Ornette Coleman, Sam Rivers, Rashied Ali and Joe Lee Wilson set up their own workshops in the Soho area of downtown Manhattan, far from the ear of commerce, and devoted themselves to the untrammelled exploration of improvised music.

Not surprisingly, most of America's best jazz and hippest audiences can be found along that stretch of converted warehouses that flanks the Bowery: wildflowers indeed.

This five-album set was recorded over a week at Studio Rivbea, Sam Rivers' place, and gives a pretty comprehensive idea of the range and standard of playing from the Sonic Colony.

The current challengers, tenorman David Murray, the trio Air and the Hamiet Bluiett band, are represented, though Murray's two and a half minutes hardly shows what all the noise is about — try "Low Class Conspiracy" on Adelphi for the authentic Aylerish impact.

"USO Dance" by Air — altoist Henry Threadgill, THE bassist Fred Hopkins, drummer Steve McCall — buttonholes from the off, with Hopkins snarling line hauling out a bawser for the tightrope construction of Threadgill, a player of considered brilliance.

A Japanese album is in the works — them hip raps — so with distribution the way it is, cop this performance to tide you over: Volume One.

Bluiett's "Tranquil Beauty" opens with a bluesy interplay between his clarinet, Olu Dara's trumpet and ex-Tyner bassist Juney Booth's walking line. The tension and tonalities and emotional uncertainty make what's basically a routine old number come across like the brink of discovery.

St. Louis wave innovators like Julius Hemphill and Oliver Lake get generous exposure. Hemphill's "Pensive" floats his lyrical alto over the pizzicato cello of Abdul Wadud — images of pining and dreamy afternoons, Lake's "Zaki" all tighish lunges and abrupt rests.

Both altoists use the great AACM drummer, Phillip Wilson, ex-Art Ensemble, ex-Butterfield Blues Band, and currently legend-in-residence around the loft's Guitari Michael Jackson, a pretty player with strange Tibetan overtones, appears an sideman

and leader with Oliver Lake, fronting a performance of "Clarity" which he has subsequently recorded at greater length for Bju Records.

Ex-or-current Cecil Taylor, lonies Andrew Cyrille, Jimmy Lyons and Sunny Murray display monogrammed class, Lyons in particular able to show and unfamiliar side away from the old unrelenting.

Cyrille's band, Maamu, features Taylor's current tenorman, David Ware, and trumpeter Ted Daniel, and follows a question-and-answer

pattern over the leader's driving-seal drums. "Short Short" also boasts a masterly drum solo which triggers collision course tunnelling from the horns.

Andrew Cyrille's recent albums on the IPS label, "Celebration" and "Junction", are available from P.O. Box 329 Lincolnton Station, New York, N.Y. 10037, and give convincing testimony to his fitness for leadership.

Drummer Sunny Murray, hardly overexposed in recent years, heads The Unapproachable Factor, a group including

David Murray and the veteran altoist, Byard Lancaster, on an eerily plaintive version of Harold Arlen's "Over The Rainbow": "I'm a kinda boocamp for these young players' Sunny told me, explaining the choice of tune.

The 17 minute "Something's Cookin'" from Volume 5 is more typically Murray, with the line moaning over rushes and rests from the trap set.

Chicagoans Anthony Braxton, Leo Smith and Kalaparusha Maurice McIntyre take fine, compact outings, but Roscoe Mitchell's

LEROY SMART

Superstar (Third World)
GET SMART: — it's a ballistic affair, tell you my brothers and sisters!

It's taken seven years' semi-obscure strife for this debut LP from Leroy Smart to reach your record racks. Hardly surprising, then, that "Superstar" should deal a dominant theme of protracted endeavour — it's the singer's single recurrent cry...

Seven years is how long Leroy's been working the downtown Kingston recording scene. It's as much as any Jamaican act must endure for recognition; and considerably more kudos than the majority will ever achieve. Such is the expectation of a career in reggae.

In this period, Smart has based on even sequence of sides, royally maintaining a superior-quality output. As such, his music has always been revered by sound-system sponsorship, and achieved the acclaim of its rebel-idea attendees.

By the beginning of the year, he had released a total twenty-three titles, for twelve different producers: many of which enjoyed strong local success. Nevertheless, Smart's genius never seemed to demand an album's duration.

Such is the expectation of a reggae 'flat-foot' — a coined Dillinger remedy — an evocation of the frantic veritable consistent with downtown Kingston's redoubtable music circuit.

Flat-foot hustling connotes regular activity for the majority of hopefuls and has been day-to-day dawdle along King Street and North Parade. Else, a and recompense of exchanged dreams with compatriot idlers on Idler's Rest. Such the expectation...

Leroy got lucky! Currently, he's front-running the JA popularity stakes: the hottest act a-yard.

Last year, he came forward with "Ballistic Affair" (UK-

Got no pride on the flat foot hustle



Island). Contrasting strife-wracked modern Jamaica with the balmy climate and camaraderie of his youth, Smart recalled: "We used to lick chalice, cook, eat, view together; play football and cricket as one brother."

A nostalgic plaint, the lyric evoked instant response — and was the JA summer hit! Since when, Leroy hasn't looked back.

Well, hardly... Discounting that "Superstar" is mostly reworked territory, material-wise, it seems likely that Mr. Smart's flat-foot hustle is of historic existence. Right now, the brethren's strictly a high-steppin' dreads in this man's town.

Early Spring, he conquered Britain. Facing audiences of traditional impassivity, he smashed-up the UK during his first visit here; stood the bewildered scene on its head, and shook it some.

Ever since, Mr. Smart has been a frustration of local latruch loquacity. His whimsical — to say the least — behaviour an indefatigable topic of conversation and match, controversy...

He fully justifies the accolade of the LP title. Eyes

glinting behind gold-frame welding shades; flashing a 22-carat gold-capped grin; Mr. Smart certainly emulates his name. He sports chunky gold rings per finger; a gold necklace, gleaming an array of gold trinkets; a solid-gold identity band on one wrist, and a diamond-studded metal t'other.

In addition, he struts the keenest, most dazzling, sharpest-creased boudoulaye strides of all time. Not to mention... diamond socks... and brand new leopard-skin bombing hat...

"Hey, hey people my name is Mister Smart; some of the girls say, 'I'm a man with a great heart. Everywhere I go, I gonna put on a show to let you all know — I am Mister Smart!'"

Nowadays, Leroy reserves his hustling hours jettling between London, New York and Kingston — hanging-out, looking good, and sipping the good-looking dolls in circulation. Flaunting like Jack the Lad, Mr. Smart's swiftly built a rep that mayn't be too conducive to his good health.

Many a well-bred has come swaggering the reggae scene before; but I-man cannot remember anyone creating as much enmity — in so brief an emergence — as the startling Mr. Smart.

As to his muse... Like I said, "Superstar" is mostly a Striker Lee recut session. Of the ten tracks, only four are new originals; and — "Red Minded People" excepted — these prove the set's least interesting moments. Prime cut is "Shame And

Cock Sparrow pronounced Cock Sparra Got it?

"Chant", an endlessly repeated fanfare over a staccato of rhythm from Jerome Cooper and Don Moye, somehow fails to mesmerize and one comes to the excellent middle and final sections with a jaded sensibility.

Most punters won't be able to afford the set, but Volumes One and Four contain arguably more highlights than the others, so get the breadknife in the piggy bank. Interviews with Sunny Murray, Julius Hemphill, Philip Wilson, Don Pullen and David Murray will be appearing on the Jazz Page, book now to avoid disappointment.

Brian Case

VARIOUS

Live At The Roxy
(EMI)

REMEMBER THE ROXY? Rising in that cramped cage of the Covent Garden subway lift, down Neal Street and inside to the uneasy camaraderie of that splintered scene?

The cast was Mark P. Sue, Catwoman, Lee Black Childers and Suzy Funnyhair. The soundtrack was The Adverts, Enter and The Damned. The drinks were expensive and the ambience was nasty.

We were being bored for posterity, the Roxy was bugged from head to toe. The chit-chat from this sunken hideaway which links these tracks could have come from a playground, dispelling the myths of Roxy regulars as Nazis with a needle in their arm and a tube up their nose.

"Good evening everybody. We're Slaughter And The Dogs — not Murder And The Dogs. This number's called 'Runaway' 1,2,3,4!"

Stunningly professional,

Pride — a particularly venomous snarl of unrequited insatiation.

"If I should hate any other girl, and forgive her," he screams, "you'll never forget. You do me the same thing over and over; then you're looking another man." Meanwhile, a pronounced Agoraphobia rhythm drives the song through, the bass rumbling its discontent.

"But you've got no pride," the accusation continues, "you've got no mind; you've got no shame — and no ambition."

Other outstanding tracks are: "I Don't Like It" (a recut of his first record, circa 1976, and originally called "Wreck Up My Life"); "Jah Helps The Man" (formerly "God Helps The Man" — 72); and "Let Your Heart Be Pure" (aka "The Road Is Rough" — 75). "Mr. Rikman" is another tremendous song — but it pales considerably beside the original cut from Observer last year.

In fact, the main thing wrong with "Superstar" is that none of the sides do match their original incarnations; but then, you won't find the former too easily locatable.

As such, I'd nominate "Superstar" the essential reggae set of 77 thus far. Not merely is Leroy Smart one of the world's finest vocalists; he's also a very gifted songwriter. This is one smart personality — his character oozes out of his music — emphatically!

With his new found fame, Leroy is now completing four new sets for various producers; as well as issuing a pre-release effort of his own production already — having a gold-standard and various waxes to maintain.

"Superstar" might be your last chance to sample Leroy's undoubted gifts before he manages to dissipate them in ego-ridden fealty to mortal yellow.

Get smart — it's a golden opportunity.

Penny Reel



Above: GAYE ADVERT — we're so pretty, we're so pretty...

driving along in a frighteningly expert manner which only serves to highlight the incompetence of a few other acts included. Slaughter display the nervous luxury of upright self-indulgence that only the best bands can get away with.

Same goes for "Bustan Baby", faster and faster down the helter-skelter of Wayne Barrett's manic laughter and Eric Grantham's blitzkrieg bashing recalling all those best Roxy nights too much amphetamine and elbow-space homicide, making believe everything was justified.

The Unwashed have the definitive pogo song in "Freedom". Boris the Spider spinning a 45 rpm web. Listen to this track to discover how they were named. No, despite the "raw nihilism" spiel (how can nihilism be raw?), they're more than all right here though live they're probably grisly.

Wire's "Lowdown" starts off like Talking Heads-type smooth soul, the sinister bassline soon shakes you into comprehension. "Another cigarette, another day, from A to B again, avoiding C,D,E."

Yes, it's the In 1977 We Hope We Go To Heaven blues again, the hypnotically dumb repeated riff putting your back up and ending far too soon. "I,2,X,U" is prototype frustrated power-drive — "Saw you in a kiss kissing a man" — with an edge of genuine desperation.

The Adverts singing "Bored Teenagers" are vastly more palatable than they ever were for real. But without little Gaye's wide, frightened eyes, luscious lips and Batman ring, what are The Adverts but a gaggle of novice-merchants, no worse, no better than all the others?

The sound of splintering glass and a girl's plaintive plea: "Is Sid Vicious here tonight?" "It's real hot in this joint. I'd prefer a sauna myself. We should be pogoing and boozing — it's Saturday night, innit? We wanna see you get it together, you know what I mean? Pogo to this number — basically, it's called 'Hard Loving Man'." Those coddly misogynists Johnny Moped — minus the beautiful and much-missed Sissy Bar — tout their teeth with some neat notes but a truly abysmal vocal performance from El Mope himself.

They're followed by Enter (first band I ever saw down the Roxy) singing "Don't Need It" (a song about school) and "I5" (a truncation of Mr Cooper's "I'm 18") whose considerable energy seems for once to possess a soupçon of direction.

"You ain't allowed to pose at the Roxy anymore, you know!" — vocalist Andy Blade always did seem to be living on a different planet from the rest of his boys.

Summing up life with extraordinary succinctness came X-Ray Spex with "Oh Bondage! Up Yours!" Lead singer and composer Poly Styrene shrieks with horrific relish.

I can only suppose that this track was intended as a spoof on the whole New Wave movement; if taken seriously, it would totally annihilate one's faith in the youth of this country, though Laura Logie can really blow that saxophone.

Back up Credibility Creek for Clash support act The Buzzcocks, whose "Break down" and "Love Battery" infect terminal GBH with their own brand of maximum speed kamikaze conflict. Their mindless tightness personifies the essential frustration of this album, much more of a theme than aggression or social conscience.

A frustration cutting much deeper than anything a recording contract and a front cover will ever heal. A sign of the times, reflected in the final moments of sad squabbling which close "Live At The Roxy."

Julie Barchill



BOB JOHNSON & PETE KNIGHT
King of Elfland's Daughter
(Chrysalis)

I'VE ALWAYS regarded albums featuring a narrator with suspicion. I mean, if the thing is going to go up on its own, it should be able to manage on the merits of music and lyrics, without the intrusion of the spoken voice.

"King Of Elfland's Daughter" has all the above and more. So it's two strikes down and a quick shuffle down to the

● Continued over

IMPORTS

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

STEVE MILLER'S always employed a good line in mouth-harp players.

Certainly they don't come much better than Charlie McCoy and James Cotton. More recently, the name of Norton Buffalo has been getting pencilled in to fill the Hohner spot on Miller gigs — which indicates the kind of talent possessed by the blue-blown bloon.

Further evidence can now be gathered via a solo offering titled "Lovin' In The Valley Of The Moon" (Capitol), which features Miller in the role of executive producer on all Buffalo's vocal tracks, with ex-Dead head Mickey Hart being listed as production engineer on the instruments.

The result is a thoroughly likeable elpee which runs the gamut from light candyfloss funk through to western swing and even a touch of the Frankie Lane's on his self-penned "Hanging Tree", a number reminiscent of the hit Mary Robbins sang in Gary Cooper's 1959 movie of that title.

Listeners who detect more than a touch of Clover along the way also gain ten points, for John McFee, John Cambiotti and Sean Hopper from that outfit form part of Buffalo's resident Stampede band here.

Cliff White's been trying to snuck my copy of "Walter Jackson's Greatest Hits" (CBS) from out the locker room for much of the past week. Now if you haven't heard of Walter Jackson, I'll relate that he logged half-a-dozen fast lane winners for Okeh during the 1964-67 soul season, the most successful of these being "It's All Over", the last being "Suddenly I'm All Alone".

Though Jackson, who more recently has been cutting sides for Chi-sound, is hardly a heavyweight in terms of sales, he was a potential stylist whose



NYRO — new live album wreaks in...

grits on velvet vocals often provided quite ordinary ballads with a degree of listenability they hardly deserved.

There seems to be plenty of soundtrack items in evidence right about now. *Tangerine Dream* providing the score to "Sorcerer" (MCA), *George Benson and Mandrill* appearing upon "The Greatest" (Arista) and *John Barry* doing his best to keep the Scapit fraternity happy with his music to "The Deep" (Casablanca), a follow-up to "Jaws" that stars Robert Shaw and Jacqueline Bisset and features *Donna Summer* in the role of theme song provider.

One of the week's biggies has been "Season Of Light" (CBS), *Laura Nyro's* live effort, which is not due for British release until August, along with Bernerkey offerings — *Earthquake's* "Leveled" and *Jonathan Richman's* "Rock'n'Roll".

Dan Fogelberg's back-up band, *Fools Gold*, are hoping that a bit of the kados scrapes off on "Mr Luck" (CBS), their latest album, produced by Keith Olsen, whose past credits include encounters with the Grateful Dead and Fleet-

wood Mac.

What else? Well, *The Emotions* — whose "Flowers" still hasn't been issued here (I hear it's now scheduled for August release) — have another newie out called "Rejoice" (CBS), while *The Section* (Russ Kunkel, Leland Sklar, etc) seemed to have indulged in a label switch, "Folk It Out", their latest arriving on Capitol instead of Warner Bros.

You can also take your pick from *Jessie Colter's* "Miriam" (Capitol), which happens to be Mrs Jennings' true Christian name: *Eddie Holman's* "A Night To Remember" (Salsoul), a Tom Moulton disco-mix item, *Barton Cummings's* "On My Way To Rock" (Portrait), fashioned, shaped and made aware by Richard Perry, *Willie Nelson's* "To Lefty From Willie" (RCA), a tribute to Lefty Frizzell, one of country music's more underpublicised greats; "Monkey Island" (Atlantic) by *Grish*, which seems to be the new, abbreviated, name for the J. Geils Band, *Funkadelic's* "Best Of The Early Years" (Westbound), another that should have Cliff White buying pints all round; *Shirley Caesar's* "First Lady (UA) on which soul, Jesus and the Detroit Symphony Orchestra all take a hand; *Roland Prince's* "Free Spirit" (Vanguard), the second album from the Antiguan guitarist; plus *Nancy Wilson's* "I've Never Been To Me" (Capitol); *Chi-Lites's* "Fantasies" (Mercury); *Charlie Daniels's* "Whiskey" (Epic); *Hot Blood's* "Disco Dracula" (Dynamo); *Roy Ayers's* "Ubiquity/Lifehike" (Polydor); *Keefe Patterson's* "Turn On The Light — Be Happy" (Shady Brook) and *Robert Kelly's* "Zodiac Lady" (Durium), an Italian release, cut in Germany with the aid of The Music Machine.

Fred Dellar








ALL AT PACIFIC/JEM WISH A HAPPY INDEPENDENTS DAY

TO

CHISWICK

NEW HORMONE

RAW RECORDS

RONGEESIN

THE LABEL

STIFF

REFILL

INCUS

RABID

ROUGH TRADE

STEP FORWARD

ILLEGAL

OGUN

RAT

EXTRACTED

"Keep 'em Coming"

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

DRUMS By TONY STEWART and ANDREW McCULLOCH

What to buy after the earplugs

The earplugs are for the neighbours — and they're relatively cheap. The drums are rather harder on the pocket.

FOR MOST people in readerland drummers are unfairly renowned for three characteristics: they're either incredibly thick, usually have piles, or they're dangerous loonies.

Also, a lot of folk think drumming is a doddle. All you have to do, it's often claimed, is position yourself behind an assortment of drums, roll up your sleeves, and then ferociously assault them for the duration of a gig.

Undoubtedly there are people who have made an art out of this approach; but it would be unkind to bandy around names.

Sadly, the skill of the drummer has been consistently undermined by the public and media, and by the Heavy Metal maniacs, who always snatch honours in the polls. In recent years derision of this art, no matter how primal it may appear, has escalated.

When, for instance, that Muppet Show acid wrecked slobber looked uncannily like half a dozen stickmen of our acquaintance, when we thought it was time the whole business was put into proper perspective.

Over the last ten to 15 years this area of rock has developed continuously. At one time it was normal to pop into any dance hall or pub and sitting at the back of the group or pianist would be a drab little fellow called the drummer, seated behind an equally drab and unimaginative set of four drums.

If he was hip he'd have hung a toilet chain across his cymbal to create the 'sizzle' effect; not, you understand, for aesthetic reasons, but just to hide the dull clang of the shoddy metal.

But in August a kit produced by an American firm called North will be available on the British market, and it will illustrate just how far things have come.

Made from fibre glass, it is an innovation in shell design. Each of the drums flares out, a little like the orifice of a saxophone, and as a result the sound is projected outwards, rather than down. It seems such a logical design we're slightly startled nobody has previously tried it.

Many of the developments in shell design are a result of two major factors.

Firstly, the practitioners have become considerably more discerning. Whereas their role within the band used to be purely metronomic they are now an important and visual asset.

Naturally there are various extremes.

Elvan Jones, for example, is rightly regarded as one of the world's greatest technicians and his peers will constantly analyse his technique. Keith Moon, on the other hand, has a style based on bluster and energy, and he's more celebrated as a visual spectacle.

The ideal is somebody who possesses both technical expertise and visual impact; probably the man who best personifies this style is Billy Cobham. Both layman and drummer can thoroughly enjoy his performance.

In the same way that the drummer's technique has developed — and the precursors of the current British rock school are, arguably, Ginger Baker and Mitch Mitchell (Hendrix Experience) — so too the design of the instrument has had to improve.

Secondly, to compete with the electronic hardware now enjoyed by keyboard players and guitarists, and the high volume output of PAs, the drummer needs an instrument with power and precision. Similarly, as studio recording techniques have improved so must the tonal quality of the drums.

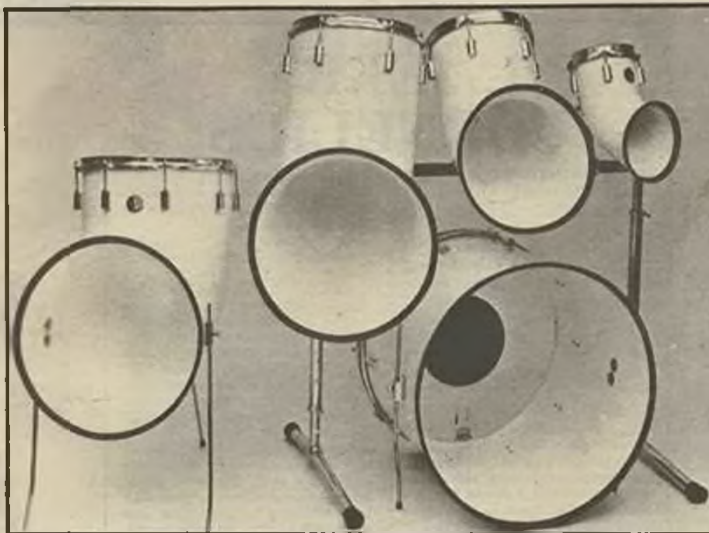
Gone are the days when a small Ludwig kit was camouflaged with telephone directories and blankets to produce the sound the engineer demanded, rather than what the drummer preferred. This recording practice was known as The Ringo Sound, a description which is self-explanatory.

BUT DRUMMING is very personalised. A kit which might satisfy the demands of, say, Buddy Rich or Joe Morello, would possibly not be given stage room by Michael Walden or Jon Huseman.

Because of this we have decided, for this introductory article at least, to mention the types of kit available and the qualities you can expect from them. And we'll also be giving a few hints to beginners who fancy their chances in this area of rock.

Obviously the first kits on the market were not, despite popular opinion, Woolworth biscuit tins, but instead well-made wooden affairs. An early Ajax set still rates very highly, because before mass production they were made of high grade timber.

Many drummers still prefer wood kits because of the warm, thick sound, but others argue that notes are dampened because the shells are bonded and then laminated.



The revolutionary North kit . . . price £1,100. One of the aims of the design is to project sound forward.

In fact, the greatest problem in drum design has not been the shape (although, as we've mentioned, we recognise the North kit as a positive innovation) but in the material they've been constructed from.

Snare drums consistently give problems because here you need a bright smack that also has depth. Most snares are now metal and based very much on an early Ludwig prototype. It was also this same company that introduced the all metal kit to the British marketplace.

Made of pressed steel, they produce a sound that is bright and precise, but unfortunately slightly cold, with a tendency to ring and sustain notes. In short it's not really the ideal material.

Acrylic kits were also something Ludwig more successfully experimented with, but although they're adaptable to the studio environment, the nature of the material means there isn't enough bass resonance and consequently not enough bottom to the tone.

Admittedly their sound is brighter than wood, with the kind of sharp bite contemporary drummers prefer, but overall the kits don't have a strong enough all round presence.

Visually they were a great success, and see-through drums when first introduced were as startling as acrylic violins or guitars.

Fibre glass kits also have this advantage, and as far as we're concerned the material is well suited to drum construction. The drums are made in quarter-inch thick cylinders so there's no loss of quality and the sound combines both beefy power with precision.

Unlike wood, metal and acrylic shells the resonance of the drum is not hampered by a join in the material or an outer covering, because fibre glass drums are made in one, solid piece.

As yet there hasn't been an equally effective fibre glass snare drum developed, and so if you pick up a set of Fibres or North's then you'll still rely on that old warhorse the Ludwig Concert Snare or another similar construction.

In future instalments of this column we'll obviously review individual kits in more detail. Unfortunately the price of these instruments is practically prohibitive, except for those of you who have a lucrative recording deal or wealthy parents.

A good wood kit, say the new Sonor range, can cost you something like £600, and when available the North six-drum set will run out at £1,100.

Cymbals are expensive extras, and for the better makes such as Zildjian or Paiste you'd be well advised to budget for at least another £200.

If you're just taking up this noble profession then we suggest you try to pick up a second-hand kit for around £200, and if it's an early Gretsch or Ajax wood set, then you'll probably have a bargain.

Many drummers, however, are not satisfied with the full range of drums provided by one manufacturer, and this is why you often see mongrel setups on stage. For example, the

tom-tom might be acrylic, the snare metal, and the bass drum(s) fibre glass.

As with hi-fi, a combination of different makes can produce satisfactory results according to individual taste and also allow greater flexibility. Obviously if you search around music stores you'll find bargains and eventually build a mongrel kit that in comparison to a standard Ludwig, Premier or Rodgers will be far superior.

YOU MUST also remember that skins contribute at least 50 per cent to the total

quality of drums, so if a Premier tom-tom initially sounds naff, then try a new drumhead, say a Weatherking, and it will probably make a great difference.

There are of course stories that refute this point, and some people uphold the dubious argument that it's how you play the kit that matters.

One such yarn is that an aspiring drummer, disillusioned with the tones of his skins, asked Zep's John Bonham how he got his drum sound. Bonzo went behind the kit, steamed into it creating the sound for which he's renowned, stepped down perspiring and said 'That's how.'

Others might prefer to be more technical about it.

Finally, when buying a kit and learning to play it's important that you seek professional advice. Purchasing drums is very like buying a car: if you don't know anything about them you might get lumbered.

Similarly, learning to play is like learning to drive: if you ignore the rudiments of the art at an early stage then chances are you'll develop bad habits which later prevent you exploring a new technique.

One last but invaluable hint: buy the neighbour earplugs!

Tiny Stewart is a former member of Darlington rock band, Brass Frog, and more recently, a sacked member of Blast Furnace & The Hotwaters.

Andrew McCulloch previously played with King Crimson, Fields and Greenslade and now concentrates on session work.

● 'Don't Touch That Dial' will in future present drum features on an occasional basis.

Graham Bonnet
Debut Single
'IT'S ALL OVER NOW, BABY BLUE'
207 105

RING RECORDS

RONNO'S THORTS

From p.23

three pairs of jeans and one or two T-shirts that I can wear and wash and wear again. What more do I need?

"But people ain't satisfied with just what they need. People actually need very little. I remember having lots of money."

Remember that ridiculous £200-a-week flat near Marble Arch you used to have?

"Yeah, right!"

"I remember havin' lots of money and spendin' it left right and centre. I just used to throw money about until it all went."

"But now it's all gone it doesn't matter. I still feel the same. If I've got a pound in me pocket I'll give some-one fifty pence. It doesn't matter."

WE GO DOWNSTAIRS to eat burgers and exhaust the wine cellar and Ronson recalls three young kids who camped all night outside a Manchester hotel on one of the Bowie tours in order to meet the band, and how he bought them breakfast and booked them into the hotel so that they could hang out legitimately in the restaurant and bar and how those three kids are now in Slaughter And The Dogs and how their guitarist Mike Rossi (no relation) has a suburban Les Paul coming to him the next time Ronson comes over from the States.

and then N'Awims font lurches into the room on an ornately carved snake cane and sits down next to us.

"This is Mac," says Ronson and Mac Rebbeback — a.k.a. Dr John Creaxox the Night Tripper — says "How do" and starts interrogating us on Speciality's remake of Jerry Byrne's classic "Lights Out" and on Dr Feel-good's cover thereof.

"I got a whole lot," says Rebbeback in that unique sanded-down swampy croak, "of other songs that those cats could do if they like that one. Ya know wheah Ah cud git in touch with 'em?"

WE SWAP R&B SHOP TALK while Dr John gets into his orange juice and pebble away about how Muddy Waters had to wear ear plugs while touring with Johnny Winter on account of how the White Tornado just plays so goddam loud.

"I ain't playin' too loud, am I, Mac?" asks Ronson nervously.

"Nawww, y'awright," croaks Rebbeback. "If you do, Ah ain't gonna wear no ear-plugs, ah jus' gonna turn ya down. Now c'mon, we gonna be late fo' rehearsal and y'no gonna get a five-dollar fahn."

Ronson grins and scampers back up to his room to get his guitar.

IF MICK Ronson ever gets big and important and famous enough to get his picture in some revised edition of *Rock Dreams*, I know just how it'll look.

There'll be Ronno, see, standing by the roadside somewhere with his guitar sticking his thumb out waiting for the next rock and roll ride to come along.

He'll have holes in his jeans and dogshit on his sneakers and dust in his hair.

And he'll have a blissful idiot grin on his face and he'll be happier than the driver who picks him up.

NME LOOKS AT BOOKS

1. JERRY CORNELIUS

THE CONDITION OF MUZAK
Michael Moorcock
(Alison & Busby £4.50 Paperback £1.50)

IF YOU THOUGHT that Michael Moorcock's major claim to fame was his Boswellian association with Hawkwind, or his authorship of innumerable sword-and-sorcery fantasies where heroes and villains with unpronounceable names battle it out through untraceable epic storylines, then the appearance of *The Condition Of Muzak* confirms otherwise.

It's not only a superbly imaginative, enormously entertaining, and stylistically radical novel in its own right, it's also the perfect finale in Moorcock's quartet of Jerry Cornelius books.

Cornelius, for the uninitiated, is Moorcock's hero supreme. The son of an unholy union between a brilliant scientist of aristocratic European ancestry and a crass Cockney girl from the seediest streets of London's Ladbroke Grove, Cornelius is an unlikely cross between Mick Jagger, James Bond and Flash Gordon.

He is beautiful, ageless, bisexual, multi-talented, murderous, drug-sodden, an eternal adolescent who is privy to the secrets of time travel and semi-immortality. He is both ruthless and sentimental, equally at home in a squalid crash-pad or the exotic palace of an obscure Indonesian potentate.

As indeed he has to be, since his adventures take him not only round the globe but through past, present and future worlds — as well as alternative versions of these.

For Moorcock's version of the Twentieth Century world is in a state of constant flux and ambiguity, sliding inexorably towards dissolution, anarchy, and entropy. In effect, the Cornelius books present a collage of Twentieth Century symbols and fantasies with notable and often hilarious results. Moorcock thinks nothing of having Israeli commandos attack the Vatican; of Red Chinese hordes besieging British battalions defending the Empire; of having Cornelius drive in his amphibious Rolls Royce beneath the blockade of American pop pirate radio ships in the Channel; of having fish and chips costing £20 in a ruined London.

The style of the books defies description. To dub them science fiction is misleading; suffice it to say that in subject matter and structure they are highly individual, uncompromisingly radical.

By the standards of its successors, the first of the JC quartet, *The Final Programme* (1965), is primitive stuff; a curious blend of acid sci-fi paranoia

and swinging London. Jerry himself is little more than a comic strip character, both satire and celebration of the James Bond tradition.

It's thinly written, lacks convincing characters, and is rather laboured in plot.

With *A Cure For Cancer* (1968) and *The English Assassin* (1972) we're into a whole different end-game. Moorcock throws out the pretensions of an orthodox plot and novel structure. Time sequences become blatantly scrambled, contemporary newspaper clippings are slotted between chapters, and surreal juxtapositions abound.

Perhaps more importantly, Moorcock's characters become increasingly well drawn and the host of people who criss-cross Cornelius' path, like him swimming through time and space, add an air of compulsive realism to the increasingly bizarre worlds they inhabit.

In fact, the characters — Miss Brunner, Major Nye, Bishop Beesley and his daughter Mitzi, Jerry's brother Frank and their irresponsible mother and others too numerous to mention — are the only real continuum in an increasingly fantastic and random landscape.

Like the geographical setting of much of the action (which is more likely to be some forgotten nook of the Empire than the Americas or continental Europe), the characters are mostly quintessentially English, recalling the great cameos of Dickens and Chaucer rather than the intense and complex psychological approach favoured in modern times. In fact, Moorcock's Englishness is one of his most endearing traits; I'd certainly urge a reading of the Cornelius books to anyone seeking to understand the soul of post-war Britain.

The quartet of books can be read in any sequence, though I'd recommend the order of appearance if only because the actual writing improves with each volume. Sections of *The Condition Of Muzak* indeed verge on true brilliance — the death of Mrs Cornelius in particular deserves praise, as does the unexpected and utterly glorious ending, which presents the devastatingly optimistic vision of Britain's true destiny in the last part of this century.

But it's impossible to convey in a few hundred words the extraordinary variety and vision of the Jerry Cornelius books, or their unique flavour. There's also humour and sexuality in them and some very memorable moments. Cornelius fan will already have this latest edition. Others are urged to investigate. It's imaginative literature with a rock sensibility.

Neil Spencer



Heroes for the Modern World

2. HORSE BADORTIES

THE FAN MAN

William Kotzwinkle
(Penguin 60p)

FOR STARTERS, give a careful consideration to the cover blurb affixed by Penguin Books to their paperback edition of William Kotzwinkle's scintillating novel *The Fan Man*.

It goes, "William Kotzwinkle's outrageously funny send-up of the Hippy Life."

Got that?

Fine. Now forget about it. Instead, consider Horse Badorties, ultimate superhero of the modern urban collapse.

Horse lives the way that everybody is going to have to live after the Great Disaster. If you want to be as well prepared as Horse is for the intricacies of post-Apocalyptic society, get a copy of *The Fan Man* and put yourself in the driver's seat.

Horse lives in New York's Lower East Side. His premises are indescribable, which is why we're going to have to let Horse — through the good auspices of Herr Kotzwinkle — describe them himself:

"I'm all alone in my pad, man, my piled-up-the-ceiling-with-junk pad. Piled with sheet music, with piles of garbage bags bursting with rubbish and encrusted frying pans piled on the floor, embedded with unnameable flecks of putrid wretchedness in grease... what's this under here, man?"

"It's the sink, man. I have found the sink. I'd recognise it anywhere... wait a second, man... it's not the sink but my big Horse Badorties big stuffed easychair piled with dirty dishes. I must sit here and rest, man, I'm so tired from getting out of bed. Throw dishes on to the floor, crash

break shatter. Sink down into the damp cushions, some kind of fungus on the armrest, possibility of smoking it..."

And they call this a "send-up of the Hippy Life"? God, the kind of people you find in the publishing world.

Horse lives amidst a kind of carefully orchestrated chaos that the uncomprehending would think of as "squalor".

His landlord is perpetually trying to get rid of him. His clothes are falling to bits. He carries a tape recorder to fulfil the dual functions of diary and secretary. His life is organised in such an exquisitely complex manner — and with such magnanimous deference to the Rule Of Chance and The Forces Of Disorder — that only a Superior Being of the finest water is capable of comprehending the Inner PATTERN.

The reason that Horse is The Fan Man, by the way, is because of the hand-held battery-operated fans that he uses to keep himself cool.

He has to use them to keep himself cool because he wears an overcoat in ninety-degree heat, along with his Commander Schmuck Imperial Winter Hat with anti-Puerto Rican music earflaps.

He has to keep the earflaps down in case Puerto Rican music penetrates his lugholes when he goes to score his bottles of pina-colada (a nauseous pineapple/coconut concoction in fuzzy form).

What else can I tell you about Horse Badorties?

We-e-e-e-e-lllll... his mission in life — beg pardon, his Super Hot Dog Mission — is the assembly of hordes of fifteen-year-old girls for the performance of his Love Music at the Fourth Street Music Academy, and it is to pursue this end that Horse lives

'TULANE'
The New Single, Chuck Berrys From The Album **ROLLIN' ON**
STEVE GIBBONS BAND

polydor



HORSE BADORTIES by EDWARD



Yes, it's **SIDESWIPE's** publishing event of the year as **WILLIAM KOTZWINKLE** gets into UK paperback

his uniquely wonderful and scabrous Horse Badorties life.

This book has been a *ten-You-Wine* cult item ever since Neil Spencer turned everyone he knew on to it about two years ago, and its fame has been indirectly spread by the Badorties pastiches inked on the readership of this periodical by John W. Hamblett.

This book is inexpressibly delightful, man, it is the most uniquely hilariously one-joke exercise known to mankind, man, and you must read it right now, man, or maybe even sooner.

I would tell you more about this wonderful book, man, but I have to go out, man, and locate 15 belly-dancers and several cans of Lilt, man, because it is my birthday today as well as Tony Benyon's, man, plus there's another review due in here round about now, if not sooner, and I must vacate this page immediately, man.

Charles Shan Murray

ROCK FIX
Trevor Hoyle
(Futura 65p)

THEIR ROAD to stardom was littered with booze, drugs and bodies — someday they'd have to pay for it all. After that kind of build-up it's only to be expected that Trevor Hoyle's novel is just another rather ineffectual expose of this seedy little business.

By page 30, for instance, the struggling members of The Black Nights are posing as a film crew and have enticed a glib young lady into their hotel room with the promise they'll give her a screen test. Needless to say she receives nothing of the kind, and these *lecherous* (Sunday People), *corrupt* (News of the World), and *thoroughly distasteful* (pop musicians) (The Sun) set about having their evil way with the pretty innocent.

From this point onwards Mr Hoyle exhibits a writing ability that has the same hollow ring as the way most

national newspapers cover rock/pop music. The characters are laughable stereotypes, the plot hackneyed and the cliff-hanging suspense the author attempts to create is merely deflated by the middle of the book when the reader can easily predict an anti-climactic ending.

The tale, basically of how a band climb to the top of the treacherous music biz ladder, is littered with splits, groupies, booze and a host of dubious characters, the usual superficial fodder that causes the Sunday rags to get into an indignant tizz.

The only addition that Mr Hoyle can make to this familiar story is by focusing on a little jerk called Phil Martins, who ingratiate himself with the band supplying their dope, and in return messes their minds, pulls their wives and eventually gains control of the purse strings.

But overall the novel is unconvincing and merely serves to remind us that as far in the '70s we've only had one decent rock book, Elaine Jessner's *Number One With A Bullet* — and that originated from the States. Obviously there is still an accurate, entertaining and, most importantly, realistic novel to be written.

Tony Stewart

THE FOLK MUSIC ENCYCLOPAEDIA
Krispin Baggelaar &
Donald Milon
(Omnibus Press £3.95)

THE FOLK Music Encyclopaedia? Hardly. A Folk Music Encyclopaedia? Certainly. An American Folk Music Encyclopaedia? Absolutely!

Which means that if you take 'folk' to read bluegrass, C&W and Joan Baez, then this is the book for you. But on the other hand, if you feel that people like Martin Carthy, the Copper Family, Davy Graham, Bert Jansch and A. L. Lloyd played no small part in awakening people's interest in traditional folk music then steer clear, because none of them even get a mention.

But if people like the Putnam String County Band, the Balla Freres and the Greenbush Boys are the bees knees as far as you're concerned, then you'll happily shell out your £3.95.

Despite the authors claim that they "have selected those who have made or are still making the most conspicuous impact on folk song and its development" there are glaring omissions. Whatever your feelings about Steeleye Span (who don't merit a mention) they surely did more than Linda Ronstadt (who clocks in with nearly a page) to popularise folk music both here and in the States.

I think more emphasis should have been placed on the influence of British folk artists—who inherited a tradition which stretched back long before

Record Hits

The Condition of Muzak



the Pilgrim Fathers booked their one way ticket! But it is an interesting and useful reference book for English readers concerning American singers and songwriters who are little more than names over here. Well worth reading are the entries on Phil Ochs, Chico Houston, Woody Guthrie and the informative sections on the Newport Folk Festival and *Sing Out* magazine. The 3½ pages on Dylan tell you little you probably didn't already know, but there are some great shots of him playing the Caffe Lena in New York in the winter of 1961, looking like he just stepped off the cover of his first album.

Folk's just another word for people, and there's plenty of them between the covers, but the English scene is crying out for a book along similar lines.

Patrick Humphries

RECORD HITS

Compiled by Clive Solomon
(Omnibus Press £1.95)

THE BEAUTY of this book is its simplicity of purpose and execution.

It collects together a complete log of all British Top 50 singles hits from 1954 — 1976, and lists them alphabetically by artist. Next to the title are also listed the label, date of entry into the chart, number of weeks in the chart, and the highest position reached.

That's all basically, though there's also a cross index which lists all the hits alphabetically by title, enabling you to trace artist(s) and hence label and numerical info. Plus there's a chronological list of number ones and lists of the top artists by the number of their chart toppers (Beatles come first with 17) and most chart coins (Elvis comes up trumps with 91).

The only other British reference book of this sort is *Rock File*, volume one of which lists all the top 30 entries from 1955—1970. Further volumes

have gone on to update this info and also list album charts.

Record Hits thus includes those (often more interesting) singles that hover outside the magic 30, but unlike *Rock File* includes no supportive essays. It's the info, the whole info, and nothing but the info, though I'm told that, unlike my review copy, the book will boast pictures.

Obviously indispensable for the rock buff and historians, *Record Hits* runs to 260 pages, has a paperback cover, and in sure and format is handily presented.

Neil Spencer

STAR FILE

Compiled by Dafydd Rees
(Star Books, 95p)

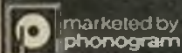
LIKE THE above, *Star File* is a log of hits, but solely ones of last year, 1976. Crammed with information, it offers an exhaustive breakdown of the UK Top 50 and US Top 100 chart entries, both singles and albums. Since all hits are listed under the categories of title, artist, record company, writer and producer, no-one could wish for a more exhaustively cross-referenced analysis; though as the book covers just one year, I feel that Rees' work will prove of cumulative importance. By the time he's been doing it for 20 years, he'll have compiled a dense and illuminating body of material. (Can he keep going for that long, though? It's soul-destroying work.)

I suspect that the info is generally thoroughly watertight, but I spotted a couple of errors — his diary of U.S. No.1 albums (p.366) muses out "Fleetwood Mac", and likewise he doesn't credit the album with platinum status, though it must have sold several million.

Such omissions would doubtless be especially rued by Derek Taylor, who has contributed an engaging and persuasive foreword.

Bob Woffinden

Have you heard The Rumour?
Their first single is
"Do Nothing Till You
Hear From Me"
Single 6059 174
(And you never will.)



marked by
phonogram

Ask at your record shop about the Silver Salvo Competition.

ON THE TOWN

Genesis

EARLS COURT

IT ALL SEEMED very ominous at the beginning.

Well, how would you feel if, of late having become so utterly sold on the merits of assorted New Wave bands, you attended a concert (not a gig, really, is it, when it gets to Earls Court?) introduced by the one-time Brentford Nylons man himself delivering the following piece of litotes: "Tonight you are in for the most incredible night of your lives".

You're not kidding it seemed ominous.

Yet one then made out Phil Collins, performing a Mercury-esque piece in the centre of the stage, his Winwood-oid smooth tackling "Squonk" from "Trick Of The Tail" — and even before that first song ended one was amazed to find oneself veritably entrapped within the fragile interlockings and the lush textures of the band's music. Ah, the subtlety of the dynamics, the delicate architecture of at least the first half of the set. Are Genesis the Nash Terrace of rock'n'roll, one found oneself inquiring?

But, you counter, these adjectives, this lavish use of hyperbole, are merely symptomatic of the dread technoflash disease with which this five-piece band is sorely afflicted.

Which is where you fall into a common fallacy, of course.

It has been said before, but let it be said one more time: Genesis are not really a technoflash band. Genesis are about songs and melodies. Indeed, within these terms a case could well be made out for placing them within a class pup, as opposed to rock, category along with, say, 10cc's early material. They work mainly within structures constructed of little more than romantic melodies. And though "One For The Vine", for example, is punctuated by a series of quite bilingually sensual guitar licks from Steve Hackett, unlike so many other rock guitarists he successfully treads the line between injecting the occasional controlled touch of raunch into the number and the need to dominate the piece.

Indeed, as far as that's concerned Genesis must be one of the most ego-less bands that have ever trodden the rock boards. Notwithstanding.

PHIL COLLINS



"Rock, you running dogs of punk!"

PHIL COLLINS

J.J. BURNEL



"Don't mess with me, you hairy great poofers!"

PHIL COLLINS

GENESIS: Late '60s mansion in good repair, 50,000 watts freehold

the amazingly expensive and remarkably tasteful lighting set-up — they use, the fact remains that if one is sitting more than twenty rows back from the stage, it is virtually impossible to actually get a close look at anyone onstage. You may well thrill to the sound of Mike Rutherford's thundering double-necked bass or Tony Banks' lyrical keyboard work. You may even get off on the lighting as it complements the sound emerging from the speakers with all the intimacy of the most technically refined home stereo you've yet to come across.

It is very unlikely, however, that you'll be afforded so much as a glimpse of most of the band — except Phil Collins, of course.

As we all know by now, Phil Collins' role is rather like that of the photographer taking a shot of himself with a delay mechanism — it he isn't actually staying at the front of the stage for the whole number to deliver his vocals and Moscow State Circus-like acrobatics, he'll announce from the stage front before scurrying back, in best Artful Dodger manner, to his kit.

Collins' quite staggering onstage confidence shows that he possesses the ability to transform Genesis into an even more successful outfit than it is now. This version of Genesis is infinitely superior to the overly histrionic and frequently pretentious version fronted by Peter Gabriel.

Collins' decision to take Gabriel's part has led to Chester Thompson's addition to the band. Now look, a black guy in such a peculiarly English band as Genesis is pretty incongruous and, one may imagine, advantageous. When, in addition, he's played with Frank

Zappa and is thoroughly schooled in all spheres of US quasi-jazz funk, he graduates to being a valuable asset indeed — as Thompson even demonstrates when playing utterly superb *umbourne*, for God's sake, on "Inside And Out" from the "Spot The Pigeon" EP.

They play for much too long, of course (somewhere around two hours twenty minutes) and those Earls Court seats are not exactly notorious for their comfort. Genesis play fourteen songs, including two encores.

There is a great deal of almost purity about their sound. Organic purity, though, with no chemical additives (save for the odd hundred grand's worth of lasers).

I had assumed that the reason that Richie Havens was to open the show was because Richie is so laid back that he can just slop on and off of that stage with the minimum of hassles equipment shifting-wise. Last time I saw Richie Havens he performed utterly solo. This time he has a drummer, a keyboardman, two guitarists and a bass player, and has to make full use of the Genesis moving stage. From where I'm sitting I can't even see his new teeth.

He's very cool, though. When the drongoid shawhand clappers start up at the rear of the hall Richie starts to clap along with them and ends up leading them into a superior time. He wears what seems to be a white satin dressing-gown.

I'm not sure of any of the titles — apart from the ubiquitous "Freedom", that is — but those burnt oak mellowed out sandpaper vocals spread my head wide open and left me feeling very receptive to Genesis.

Chris Salewicz

The Stranglers ROUNDOUSE

"OH, YOU'D LOVE The Stranglers," someone once smirked at me. "They go onstage and jerk their necks off."

I had never seen The Stranglers before — though I've sported Pro-Plus with Hugh Cornwell (don't try it — it don't work) and thought he seemed real nice, though in common with 99% of the music industry/humanity, not a person to be trusted further than he could be thrown.

Well, I've just seen them. I really regret not wearing my slippers, either to enable me to see better over the heads of the pogoers or to jab in the gluteus maximus of the hefty blonde broad wearing a mohair sweater (last replacing the fur coat as The Garment Signifying All That Is Wrong With The Modern World) who kept waving her split ends into my mouth in her efforts to dance a frenzied Waltz.

Isn't that just like a woman? Don't you just wish they were put down at birth?

Archie Bell & The Drells 90° Inclusive SOUND CIRCUS

EDDIE GRANT's proteges 90° Inclusive seemed rather incongruous, (outing their lunatic brand of Cockney reggae to an audience who'd come to clap along with Archie Bell and his good old-fashioned cabaret soul).

Led by Henry Barnes, the only Rastafarian in Benfleet — well, he may not be a Rasta, but he was certainly living in Benfleet last year (does that make it Old City skank?) — the quintet attacks its standard post-Marley reggae with almost humorous gusto.

90° Inclusive's songs leave something to be desired, their drinkman's love of unrehearsed drum solos and the like tends to leave them with egg on their faces, and the clavinet tone is pretty awful — but they've got a lot of commitment, both Barnes and

STRANGLERS: Victimisation — don't cry rat and then use your own claws, boys...

No, of course not; who would The Stranglers abuse then?

I think The Stranglers write really neat pop songs and I don't find "Peaches" offensive because girls feel that way about men, too. I love "Process Of The Streets" because it could apply to any of the girls I know and they wouldn't be insulted by it. Why, I could never help grinning when I heard "London Lady."

There's the thorn in the flesh, you see. They performed "London Lady" tonight and I didn't like it one little bit.

I would be less offended if this hymn of hatred was directed against all the capital's girls, but the fact that the finger has been pointed and the name has been printed makes me feel ashamed I ever smiled at it. I thought the days of the public pillory in the marketplace were over. What's the logical progression? Shaving her head and leading her through the streets? Stoning her to death outside the city gates?

If this reads hysterically that's because of the response which greeted the opening bars

his co-guitarists are good singers, the rhythm section is firm, and Barnes is a fierce (if eccentric) lead guitarist.

Hope they make it. They're a lot of fun.

Archie and The Drells had just been on a tour of Bailey's clubs, and it showed. Whereas Tavares, an essentially similar act, come storming out looking to hit you between the eyes in the back row of the upper circle, Archie Bell seems to play the front stalls.

I'd gone along in the faint hope of seeing some real bad flash. Back in the late '60s Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff had picked up this quartet of soul dance specialists out of Houston, Texas, written them one of the greatest macho dance songs of all time.

"(There's Gonna Be) A Showdown" (later performed quaintly by The New York Dolls on "Too Much Too Soon"), showed them in a studio with Thom Bell and Bobby Martin in the booth, and *blammo!* — stone classic. I'd hardly call Archie Bell and The Drells prolific makers of hot wasa scene then — the great "Here I Go Again" and the

more recent "Soul City Walkin'" are all I could even name — but you never could tell.

Well, they certainly dance okay, impressive split-second choreography was the order of the day, as the three Drells twined and primped in front of the eight-piece Bell System, but flash? Every number was meticulously arranged, totally devoid of surprise or feeling despite Bell's excellent singing, and each featuring some slightly comic, slightly smutty rap from Archie and many exhortations to "help us out by putting your hands together".

Oh, and the singalongs. We sang along to Archie's version of Lou Rawls' "You'll Never Find Another Love Like Mine", we sang along to his first hit, "Tighten Up", and we almost sang along with his rather unexpected version of James Brown's "Get Up Offa That Thing".

But "Showdown"? Sing along with that too? I left before he got the opportunity to make me. "Uh, man, you're outta step. You can do better than that."

Phil McNell

Cock Sparrow
pronounced Cock Sparra Got it?

JOOL HOLLAND of Squeeze

Pic: WALT DAVIDSON



"On yer bike, you hairy Scotch nill!"

BILLY CONNOLLY

Pic: PENNIE SMITH



"D'ye wanna light, ma wee laddie — if ye're uild enough tae smoke."

CONNOLLY:

Clown or genius?

(Both)

Billy Connolly
EDINBURGH

BIG YIN AGAIN defied everybody by going from strength to strength. His new material is much stronger than the last tour's and included an hilarious account of the Saturday night curries and their Sunday side effects ("beatin' out the flames with the News Of The World") which still brings a smile on recall.

A lot of the songs were familiar, but one of the new ones was another superb parody, this time of "Two Little Boys", on a lot's-be-truthful-about-the-police theme. "Did you think I would leave you lying there/When I can lie my head off too..." Spot on, as usual. The police, apparently, love the song.

The rest of the show embodied all the Connolly trimmings and trademarks: the black leotard and banana wellies, the razor sharp wiles, the C & W parodies, swipes at religion and authority, the vulnerable humour... all the inspired clowning that's made him so popular.

Tony Stewart suggested, in his review of Mike Harding (NME 18/6/77) that appreciation of comedians might be coloured by local affinities. Maybe that's true — although Connolly's Glasgow and my Edinburgh are worlds apart — but I'd go further than saying that I found Connolly funny: I'd say the man is a genius.

Look, all these comparisons with Lenny Bruce are strictly out of order. There's really very little similarity at all. What Connolly has that's special — and that he doesn't always get true credit for — is his gift for brilliant mimicry.

It's this mimicry that makes his parodies so unmercifully accurate and successful. It's this same mimicry that penetrates all his humour and makes the vision of scenes and people that he conjures up so instantly recognisable and readily identifiable. Couple this gift for realism with his natural genius for making people laugh, and you've got something that far transcends the status of local funny man.

Billy Connolly is already far and away the most popular figure in Scotland. Now that he has broadened his scope of material well beyond the streets of Glasgow, I see no reason why Connolly's great talents shouldn't make him not just a national figure but an international one as well. And his triumph will be all the greater because it will be done without the artificial aids of malice, sexual innuendo and racism.

I'll say it again — the man is a genius.

Ian Cramie

SQUEEZE:

five bright boys with a soundtrack in search of a film

Squeeze
MARQUEE

OLIVER REED muscles vicerally through the frugers packed into the club towards where some Cilla Black lookalike dolly bird, min'd to six inches above the knee, simpers into her vodka and lime. In the background one of those mock beat groups plays the film's theme song, performed by a recycled Terry Dene soundalike fronting four would-be Beatles on a miscalculated Tin Pan Alley attempt at the Beat Sound.

Us extras look at each other and scratch our heads. A minute ago we were doing a 70s punk rock movie. Where's this 60s kitsch soundtrack come from?

Funny group, Squeeze. Singer Glenn Tilbrook doesn't actually sound like Terry Dene (or so I'm assured) — but he sure as hell sounds like someone that pre-Beatles era: lame R&B machismo in the phrasing and a weird synthetic tone. It's, uh, interesting. He's also an excellent R&B lead guitarist.

Chris Difford, the rhythm guitarist, is also an unusual singer, very Lou Reed influenced, with an appealing masculine croak.

His wings are Lou Reed influenced too, when they're not off in these weird time

warp zones.

Most of the time, in fact, Squeeze sound like a less inspired cross between "Loaded" Velvets and early-70s Stones — the Stones boogie style, which I find pretty mundane.

They have a pianist — Jool Holland — which is also quite unusual. The rhythm section of Harry Kakoulis (bass, similar tone to JJ Burnel) and Gihon Lavin (melodic drummer) are good and powerful.

And that's about it. Apart from the odd gnashing break, there's nothing much to get terribly excited about — but there are a lot of unusual things mixed in with a lot of rather dreary rockabilly which, as is the way with that style, occasionally generates enough train-like energy to give you the vibe which sustained the Stones and The Faces through innumerable identical numbers: that feeling that This Is What Rock'n'Roll Is All About.

The Marquee was full and enjoyed itself, except for a few 'punks' trying on their safety pins (really — in 1977!) and brushing up their repertoire of insults — or rather, brushing up their insults (you guessed, "wankers").

Squeeze's EP is released in a week or so, presumably on Step Forward. Hopefully it will vouchsafe some neat category to stick them in and then we'll all know whether we're supposed to jive, pogo, turkey trot or what.

Phil McNeill

Chris Barber

BERKELEY SQUARE

HARDLY AN habitué of Berkeley Square, I overcame the natural sense of inferiority and hauled the mole-skink along to that august precinct, scoring several sympathetic murmurs and not a few bobs. On the red, white and blue bandstand, Chris Barber's Jazz and Blues Band was playing a lunchtime gig for the Jubilee Fund, while the listeners on the sward were canvassed by the quality shaking collecting boxes, a tableau not unlike one of Sura Ra's latin numbers.

The band kicked off with a pair of Trad flagwavers, "Roorboon Street Parade" and

"New Orleans Wiggle", music of great jollity and charm, the beat like and slumous, the front-line interplay a maypole caper of feat precision. Three Ellington numbers followed, the band's adaptability and sheer professionalism reproducing the long, blue, lazy, laving wave of the Duke's languorous blues as easily as the tight, peppy rifts. All the breaks registered, catapulting the soloist — Barber's jocund trombone, the jumping Willie Smith-style saxophone, trumpet, contemporary guitar — into the middle.

Pat Halcón's flugelhorn feature, the appropriate "A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square", showed off the sweet

tone and control of dynamics and would have turned Anna Neagle's head. Pete York's drum showcase, "Extension 35" was a throwback to the Gene Krupa era, an all-thundering, fair-raises-'em-talk grandstand from the bandstand which went on a bit and would probably work better indoors where the sonic tunnels don't have to compete with the traffic.

In sum, a pleasant lunchtime interlude, though beating off the various Afghans and Salukis attracted by my boiling billy-can and bacon butties proved irksome. My collection tin was rumbled within minutes.

Brian Case

of "London Lady": pure, unashamed glee on the face of every boy in sight. The Finchley Mob pogoed ecstatically while onstage the vitrol flowed: "Tell me what you're got in look so pleased about!" Yeah, I wondered.

And let's face it, the girls loved it too. Girls come to see Connolly, and I can see why. Sylvia Plath said it all, about how every woman loves a brute, the jackboot in the face, the rack and the screw. I can't help but shiver when I hear the line "Beat you, honey, all you drop." But it's just a morbid fascination; excessive pain is no fun, as these chucks going gaga over Connolly's SAM fantasies would find if they ever explored sexual cruelty for themselves. But no, they're content to live vicariously, get off on hearing how some other girl got her face uncracked, was strangled to death and infirmum.

Ah, but we enlightened young things can always excuse misogyny in our saviours! Just the other day I was instructed to read Eldridge Cleaver in order to learn a thing or two about the People's Struggle. I couldn't help thinking what the women who Cleaver savaged would make of the People's Struggle. Yet Cleaver is still touted as a genuine revolutionary — which made me wonder what the reaction would be if The Strangers sang a song called "London

Nigger" without changing the lyrical content. You think they'd get on the cover of the NME?

But of course these boys are no reactionaries. Why, they even have a song called "I Feel Like A Wog" to show they're the Black Man's Friend. I found the inclusion of this song to be superficial and pretentious compared to, say, The Clash's undoried tribute to JA in "Police And Thieves" and Strummer's simple, brutal statement of intent at the Rainbow. "This is a song by a wog and anyone who don't like wogs can fuck off."

You see, Strangers? You can like black people and women.

But I digress. The Strangers played "Sometimes", "Princess Of The Streets", "Hanging Around", "Peaches" ("Spread it all over my peeling forkkin... — what a big bad boy, eh kids?), "Grip", "Ugly", "Down In The Sewer" ("I can think of worse places to be like outside The Roundhouse without a ticket"), "Go Buddy Go", "I Feel Like A Wog" and a new song called "Dead Ringer", all quite brilliantly moving around the stage like tame tom-cats on a sashine. Their music is amazing to dance to and I loved it when I

forgot about their collective phobia.

A girl was pulled out of the crowd onto the stage and a boy yelled: "Give her one!" His friends howled for another rendering of "London Lady." I'm not upset by The Strangers' distorted view of women because in my experience the only men who despise women are the men who ain't got the bottle to pick on someone their own size. I'm not bothered by general abuse, because women get that from the cradle to the grave and as long as sex is treated as something you have to wash your hands after, then women will be the criminal scene of the crime in one neatly packaged punch-bug. What I object to is the playground bully mentality paraded in "London Lady." God, and I thought no one could outdo me when it came to back-biting.

Disgust must be the reaction to the modern world of anyone with more than half a brain. But one would think that a band with the intellectual pretensions of The Strangers would evade the old divide and rule tactics and direct their hatred at a more worthwhile target. It's the "children of the fucking wealthy" we should be beating on!

Orthodox feminism bores me and I think girls make lousy rock and roll stars. But sometimes I get to feel so mean.

Julie Burchill



NINETY DEGREES INCLUSIVE

Entry in the Gig Guide is free of charge. But details must be received by post not later than Friday morning, for insertion in the following week's issue. Send particulars to Derek Johnson, New Musical Express, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS.

NATIONWIDE GIG



THE DAMNED: London season



MEAL TICKET: London concert

See highlights on facing page for details

THURSDAY

BARNESLY Civic Hall: BURLIQUE
BATH Vardot Hotel: AFTER THE FIRE
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: GEORGE HATCHER
BAND
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Redcoat: THE JAM
BLACKBURN Lonsdale: WINDOW
BLOXWICH St. Peter's Hall: RIFLAIVE
BOLSOVER Bluebell Inn: VALKYRIE
BRIDPORT Bull Hotel: CHRIS BARBER BAND
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: THE ONLY ONES
BRISTOL Granary: MOON
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SPIDER
BRISTOL Tiffany's: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
CHESTER Quayside: OZO
COVENTRY Tiffany's: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
COVENTRY Red Deer: SQUEEZE
DEBBY Tiffany's: THE O' BAND
DONCASTER College of Education: JIMMY JAMES
GREAT YARMOUTH Cap & Gown: ARTHUR'S
AXE BAND
NAVANT Jig o' Pame: STAN ARNOLD
HIGH WYCOMBE Naps Head: TOM ROBINSON
BAND
HUDDERSFIELD White Hart: CARTWHEEL
LEEDS Polytechnic: VIBRATORS
LEICESTER The Bees: PETE & CHRIS COE
LONDON BARNEYS Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S
HOT COOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MONTANA RED
LONDON CAMDEN Dugwells: CAROL GRIMES &
THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BOOM TOWN
RATSPACK KREWDRIVER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rosy Club: THE
ELECTRIC CHAIRS featuring WAYNE COUNTY
LONDON DEPTFORD The Albany: REDBRASS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: CHICKEN SHACK
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Prince of Wales: BILL
CADDICK
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: TOOTING
FROTTIES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle:
AMAZORBLADES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: XTC
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COUNT
BISHOPSNEO
LONDON MARQUEE Club: ULTRAVOX/STUKAS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: DAVE
EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: SPITERI
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
STREET BAND
LONDON TEDDINGTON Clarence Hotel: CLEMEN
PULL
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.11 Speakers: ALFALPHA
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON W.C.2 Crawford: THUNDERCLAP
NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
MANCHESTER Chorlton Oaks Hotel: GENERA-
TION X
MORWORTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWCASTLE Centre Hotel: GOLDIE
NEWCASTLE University: BENNY CARTER/RALPH
SUTTON QUARTET
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PENANCE The Garden: THE SAINTS
PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: METROPOLIS
FULTON
PLYMOUTH Victory: GENO
POYNTON Folk Centre: PAUL CARR
ROMFORD White Hart: DYNAMITE
RYDE L.A.W. Carrousel Ballroom: DAVID PARTON
BAND
SHEFFIELD DEEPFAR Royal Oak: NIC JONES
SKIPTON Town Hall: ZHAIN/FRUIT EATING
BEARS
SOUTHEND College of Art: THE DARTS
STOCKPORT Rydard Hotel: McALMANS
SUTTON BONNIEBUSH Agricultural College:
MATCHBOX
SWANSEA CLYDACH Mond Hall: ACKER RILK
BAND
TAUNTON County Ballroom: HEARTBREAKERS
WEST BROMWICH Outside Club: SHAKIN'
STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club:
THE REAL THING
WISBECH White Lion: FLAKY PASTRY
YORK Cats Whiskers: THE CHANTS

FRIDAY

BEARWOOD Bear Hotel: CYRIL TAWNEY
BEDFORD College: THE DARTS
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: THE O' BAND
BIRMINGHAM Bell and Pump: FOGGY
BIRMINGHAM Music Machine: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLOXWICH Great Wyrley School: RIFLAIVE
BRADFORD Star Hotel: GRAHAM & EILEEN
FRATT
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: QUANTUM
BROADSTAIRS Grand Ballroom: TRAPEZE/
LIQUID LUNCH
BROMLEY White Hart: STAGEFRIGHT
BROMSGROVE Avoncroft Museum: ALBION
DANCE BAND/GARY & VERA ASPEY/ROBIN
DRANSFIELD/THRAP/YORKSHIRE
RELISH/THRAP/YORKSHIRE
CANTERBURY Christchurch College: RESTLESS
ROCKERS
CHILTERNHAM Andoverford Village Hall: CREPES
'N' DRAPES
COVENTRY La Chaux: SOUL DIRECTION
CROMER West Runtion Pavilion: THE
DAMNED/BEES THE ADVERTS

MEAL TICKET: London concert

CROYDON Fairfield Hall: PACO PENA
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: WINDOW
EASTBOURNE Kings Country Club: LIVERPOOL
EXPRESS
GOOLE Hook Playing Fields: HAZ ELIOT with
FEELING/RAINBOW
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: 90% INCLUSIVE
SNEAKERS
HUDDERSFIELD Sovereign Inn: MARY ASQUITH
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: MIKE ELLIOT
LEEDS Polytechnic: ULTRAVOX
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Brooklands Club: VACU-
OUS DISCHARGE/SCABS
LINCOLN Technical College: NUTZ
LEANDRWOOD WELLS Grand Pavilion: ACKER
BILK BAND
LONDON BATTERSEA Town Hall: SYD LAW-
FENCE ORCHESTRA
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dugwells: CAROL GRIMES &
THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STRIDER
LONDON CHISWICK Polytechnic: MOON
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE
MOVIES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rosy Club: THE
ELECTRIC CHAIRS featuring WAYNE COUNTY
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JERRY THE
FLEET
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: EATER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: MODELS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: X-RAY
LONDON KENSINGTON Royal College of Art:
99% ALTERNATIVE TV/SKREWDRIVER
TONES/HEART ATTACK/PENETRATION
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: MEAL TICKET:
RICHARD DANCE
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: LUKERS/ZERO
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Bedford College: THE
REAL THING
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom:
HONEYCOMBS
LONDON St. Bartholomew's Hospital: SHAKIN'
STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
SHANGHAI
LONDON WILLESDEAN White Horse: FLYING
SAUCERS
LOUGHBOROUGH Flaxton Club: TELEPHONE BILL
& THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: HERON
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: 29th &
DEARBORN
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: THE JAM
NEWCASTLE Centre Hotel: GOLDIE
POOLE Marquee Club: CHRIS BARBER BAND
READING Three Tuns: RAILDOGS
RETROD Posterhouse: MUSCLES
ROTHERHAM Arts Centre: GARBO
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: ALBERTO Y LOST
TRIGS PARANOIAS
STANDELAND Suburb Hall: VIBRATORS
SWANSEA Townsman Club: DOOLEY FAMILY
WAKEFIELD Newtoun Hotel: CADILLAC
WILMINGTON Grand Pavilion: DEAD END KIDS
WORCESTER College of Education: KRAKATOA

BEDFORD Civic Theatre: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE
ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: THE FIRST BAND
BLANDFORD Brynston Arts Centre: CHRIS
BARBER BAND
BRENTWOOD Silver Jubilee Concert (adjacent
Bishops Hill Park): ALBERTO Y LOST TRIGS
PARANOIAS/NUTZ/CLEMEN PULL/SUNDRIO
BAND/ELORADO/GOLIATH/GRIND/
SIDEWINDER/ZOOKY
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: RACER
CHATHAM Town Hall: KRAKATOA
CROMER West Runtion Pavilion: LIGHT FANTAS-
TIC/EXODUS
CROYDON Red Deer: TRADER
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE SAINTS
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: VIBRATORS
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: BOBBY
EAGLESHAM
FALDINGWORTH (Lincoln): R.A.F. Station FOGGY
GLASGOW Salms and Sinners: CHICO
GOOLE Hook Playing Fields: SEVEN UP/RAINBOW
GULDFORD Surrey University Festival (afternoon):
WARREN HARRY THE DARTS
HARLOW Tiffany's (afternoon): STAG/ARTFUL
DOGGY
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: THE O' BAND/SHAKIN'
STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
HAYWARD Heath Scaynes Hall Festival:
AMAZORBLADES
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: REDBRASS
HERTFORD Castle Hall: SMILER
LEEDS Haddon Hall: SNEAKERS
LINCOLN Bishop Gramscote College: TELEPHONE
BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
LIVERPOOL FORMBY Duke Street Park: ACKER
BILK BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLOWBONE
LONDON CAMDEN Dugwells: EDGAR BROUGH-
TON'S CHILDRENMAS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: J.A.L.N. BAND
LONDON CHENGROD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY
THE FERRET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rosy Club: SLAUGH-
TER & THE DOGS
LONDON EMBURY Stadium: BAD
COMPANY/RACING CARS/METROPOLIS
LONDON EPPING Centre Point: VERNON AND
THE O'S
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: RESTLESS
ROCKERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: EATER
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BEES
MAKE HONEY

LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: STRUT-
TERSTON ROBINSON BAND
LONDON MARQUEE Club: GLORIA MUNDI/NEO
LONDON N.1 Weavers Arms: ONE HAND
CLAPPING
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
BUSTER CRABBE/SCREENS
MANCHESTER Belle Vue Ballroom: SAD CAFE
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: PETE BROWN'S
BACK TO THE FRONT
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: DESMOND
DEKKER
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: THE JAM
MANCHESTER Midland Hotel: CADILLAC
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: ROOGALATOR
NEWBURY College: BURLIQUE
OXFORD Polytechnic: DARTS BOOM TOWN RATS
REDCAR Royal Hotel: SILLY WIZARD
SHARPNESS Hotel: MATCHBOX
SHEFFIELD Highlife Hotel: BERNARD WRIGLEY
SOUTHEND Kurnall Ballroom: CRAWLER/BOXER/
MOON
SOUTHEAST Queens Hotel: FLYING SAUCERS
STROUD Leisure Centre: THE REAL THING
SWANSEA Townsman Club: DOOLEY FAMILY
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: HEARTBREAKERS
WARRICK Squires Country Club: SOUL DIRECTION
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE JOLT
WOBURN Abbey (Bedfordshire): NEIL DIAMOND
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: ULTRAVOX

SATURDAY

AYLESBURY Kings Head: DESPERATE
STRAIGHTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Kings Head: MAD
ROCKS & ENGLISHMEN
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BLACKPOOL Squires: OSCAR
BRAUNTON Rose & Crown: EATER
BRIGHTON Top Rank: F.B.
BRISTOL Cobden Hall: CRAWLER/BOXER/MOON
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SKIN TIGHT
CHICHESTER Highwayman: TELEPHONE BILL & THE
SMOOTH OPERATORS
CHILCHESTER City Tavern: JOHN OTWAY & WILD
WILLY BARRETT
CIRENCEYR Brasserie Hotel: CYRIL TAWNEY
CROYDON Greyhound: VIBRATORS/BERNIE
TORME
DOUGLAS Isle of Man Palace Lido: THE REAL
THING
EDINBURGH Glenburn Hotel: JOE'S DINER
FOLKESTONE Less Cliff Hall: CHRIS BARBER
BAND
HARROW Kings Head Ballroom: HUNGRY HORSE
HUDDERSFIELD Peacock Hotel: KITSYKE WILL
LEEDS Nordic Green Hotel: SNEAKERS
LOCHMABEN Balconie Hotel: CHICO
LONDON BOUNDS GREEN Springfield Park Tavern:
TANNABILL WEAVERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BONE IDOL
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Round-
house: BOB PEGO (afternoon): BOB DAVENPORT
& WEBB'S WONDERS (evening)
LONDON CHELSEA Cafe de l'Amateur: THUNDER
& CLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: NEO
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED
LADY
LONDON EMBURY Stadium: BAD
COMPANY/RACING CARS/METROPOLIS
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: CLAYSON & THE
ARGONAUTS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BUSH
WACKERS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle:
FRACUTURE
LONDON Institute of Contemporary Arts: JOHN
STEVENS/AYW
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BEES
MAKE HONEY
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE DAMNED/THE
RINGS
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: JOHNNY NASH
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
THE STRAND
LONDON WESTMINSTER Pier "Chevring" (boat
trip): JABULA
MABLETHORPE Golden Sands: BEAT
VAUDEVILLE BAND
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE SAINTS
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: "SALUTE
TO SATCHMO" with ALEX WELSH/GEORGE
CHISHOLM/HUMPHREY LYTELTON
MANCHESTER Whitefield Philips Park Hall: DAVE
BERRY & JUM CROW
MILTON KEYNES Waverdon: SUEBEN
OYNSHILL MIRIAM BACKHOUSE/DAVE
BURLAND/JOE TAYLOR/PACKIE BRYNE &
BONNIE SHALJEAN
PLYMOUTH Castways: ULTRAVOX
POYNTON Folk Centre: PLEXUS
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: GEORGE HATCHER
BAND
REDBELL Lakens Hotel: HOT POINTS
SCARBOROUGH Floral Hall: SPINNERS
SCARBOROUGH Royal Opera House: ACKER BILK
BAND
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: CLODAGH
RODGERS/PROMISES
STOCKPORT County Club: FOGGY
SUMMERSTOWN Festival: GRIND
THAME Swan Hotel: BILL CADDICK
WINDSOR Theatre Royal: MADELINE BELL
YORK Theatre Royal: BILLY CONNOLLY

SUNDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BRENTWOOD White Horse: INVERSION
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: AJ WEBBER
CHESTER Quayside: MUTANTS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE SAINTS
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: OZO
EDINBURGH Queens Head: OUIII
ILFORD Cauldwell Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE
STOMPERS
LIVERPOOL The Tricorn: SPINNERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dugwells: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: LEE KOSMIN
BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LAND-
SCAPE
LONDON E.1 Half Moon Theatre: TFB
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SLIP-
STREAM
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: NEW
HEARTS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville:
99% LONDON
LONDON Marquee Club: THE DAMNED/BLAST
FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES

LONDON PUTNEY Stars & Garter: TURNING
JOINT
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
THE STUKAS
NETTLEBED (Ozom) Ball Hotel: THREADBARE
CONSORT
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: FRUIT EATING
BEARS
NEWCASTLE Tiffany's: FASHION
PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: BOYS OF THE
LOUGH
PRESTON Guildhall: BILLY CONNOLLY
STAFFORD Top of the World: GEORGE HATCHER
BAND
TORQUAY Town Hall: CRAWLER/BOXER/MOON
WREKHAM Yale College: BETHNAL

TUESDAY

ABERDEEN Bon Accord: ZHAIN
AMBLESIDE Park Hotel: SILLY WIZARD
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE ELECTRIC
CHAIRS featuring WAYNE COUNTY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRIGHTON Albion: KRAKATOA
BRIGHTON Top Rank: THE JAM
CARDIFF Top Rank: AFTER THE FIRE
FLEET Fox & Hounds: JAKE WALTON
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: CRAWLER/BOXER/
MOON
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: PERCY CUTE
& THE TAMPONS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: THE SAINTS
LONDON CAMDEN Dugwells: KURSAAL FLYERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE BOYS/
XTC/RIKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH
LONDON CATFORD Running Sea: MARTIN
SIMPSON
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE
PIRATES
LONDON ISLINGTON The Florence: DAVE
BURLAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: HEAD
OVER HEELS/PRAIRIE OYSTER
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE
DAMNED/SKREWDRIVER
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubadour:
STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: THE BLIMPS
GARENT WATKINS/TEQUILA BROWN
BLUES BAND/BRETT MARVIN & THE THUN-
DERBOLTS
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: BETHNAL
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BILLY CONNOLLY
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: CHRIS BARBER
BAND/ALEX WELSH BAND/ANDER
BILK/HUMPHREY LYTELTON/GEORGE
CHISHOLM
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
THE ONLY ONES
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: THE STUKAS
MORFORD HAVEN Farther Education Centre: DEAD
END KIDS
NEWCASTLE Tiffany's: FASHION
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: EATER/WIRE
SOUTHEAST Walk of the South: J.A.L.N. BAND
WELWYN GARDEN CITY The Fountain: LOL
COXILLI
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Heron Club: SHAKIN'
STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
YORK Munters Club: FRUIT EATING BEARS

WEDNESDAY

BEAULIEU Midsummer Folk Concert: YETTES/NIC
JONES/BOYS OF THE LOUGHBILL & SYLVIA
BAND
BINGLEY College of Education: MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNCTION
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
BROMLEY The Square: STAGEFRIGHT
CLIFTON ST. Giles Wishing: SUNSTROKE
CLOTHES/BEES Club: "SALUTE TO
SATCHMO" with ALEX WELSH/GEORGE
CHISHOLM/HUMPHREY LYTELTON
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: ACKER BILK BAND
EXETER Cathedral: RAGS & TATTERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BETHNAL
LONDON CAMDEN Dugwells: KICKS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BEES MAKE
HONEY/ROY HILL BAND
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: X-RAY SPEX
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE RINGS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN
HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: THE DAMNED/THE
ADVERTS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BILLY CONNOLLY
LONDON SOUTHALL White Hart: FLYING
SAUCERS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
LITTLE ACRE
LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post:
VIBRATORS
MANCHESTER CHORLTON Oaks Hotel: FRUIT
EATING BEARS
NOTTINGHAM BEESTON Throes Horseshoes: JOHN
KIRKPATRICK & SUE HARRIS
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: THE JAM
PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: JACK THE LAD
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: CRAWLER/BOXER/
MOON
ROCHESTER Midway College of Drama: SPLIT
ENZ/WARREN HARRY
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL
EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STOCKTON Fests Club: DAVID PARTON
SWINDON The Affair: THE SAINTS
WEYBRIDGE Hill: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF
EARTH



JOHNNY NASH: London concert

LIVE PAGE

marquee
90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 1.00 p.m. to 11.00 p.m.
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

ULTRAVOX! The Singles & Live Shows Please arrive early	THE DAMNED Tony Mott & Jerry Floyd
NO DICE The 1st July 1977 Please support & see them	THE DAMNED The 2nd July 1977 The 3rd July 1977
GLORIA MUNDI The 4th July 1977 The 5th July 1977	MR. BIG The 6th July 1977 The 7th July 1977
THE DAMNED The 8th July 1977 The 9th July 1977	GIGGLES The 10th July 1977 The 11th July 1977

Handwritten & other live & cold music are available

READING ROCK '77

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

The Bowl-room
KING'S HEAD HOTEL
HARROW ON THE HILL
Sunday July 3rd

It ends with a BANG not a whimper
KATMANDU
Sounds Lights Bar Cheap Beer
Members 60p Non-members 75p

If you ain't there you ain't nowhere
WATCH FOR BAWLROOM ROCK AT THE HAVELOCK

RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD W.6

Thursday June 30th TOOTING FRUITIES	Friday July 1st THE MODELS
Friday July 1st EATER	Saturday July 2nd BUSHWHACKERS
Saturday July 2nd THE RINGS	Sunday July 3rd THE TYLA GANG

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES
THE NASH VILLE ROOM

Thursday June 30th
COUNT BISHOPS
Friday July 1st
JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
Saturday July 2nd
THE STRUTTERS
Sunday July 3rd
BEES MAKE HONEY
Monday July 4th
999 + London
Tuesday July 5th
HEAD OVER HEELS
with PRAIRIE OYSTER

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
Adm: out West Kensington Tube Tel: 01 603 6071

THE MILLABOUT ROCK CLUB
Clarence Hotel, Park Road, Teddington

Thursday June 30th
CLEMEN PULL
Admission 50p Membership 25p
Bar 8pm - midnight
Next Week: Free Agent

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY

At THE PHOENIX, Cavendish Square, W1 10 Oxford Circus Sub 11.00 pm
Wednesday June 29
BOBBY BRADFORD QUARTET Wednesday July 6
RAY RUSSELL SEXTET

At SEVEN DIALS, 27 St. John Street, WC2 (Cover 1) Gaiety, Leicester Square, W1, 8.30 pm
Thursday June 29
SUSANNAH MCCORMICK Thursday July 7
KEITH INGHAM QUARTET featuring DUNCAN LAMONT

CALIFORNIA BALLROOM
Whipnade Road, Dunstable presents
SATURDAY JULY 9th

THE JAM
+ **CHELSEA**
Admission £1.75 Licensed Bars Doors open 7.30 pm

TELEPHONE 01-387-04289

MUSIC MACHINE
CAMDEN HIGH ST OFF HARRINGTON CRESCENT TUBE, NW1

Thursday June 30th BOOMTOWN RATS + 999 + SKREWDRIVER D.J. Terry Floyd	Monday July 4th LEE KOSMIN + SUPPORT Free admission with this ad before 10 pm
Friday July 1st STRIDER + STARFIGHTERS D.J. Terry Floyd	Tuesday July 5th THE BOYS + X.T.C. + Ricks & The Last Days On Earth Free admission with this ad before 10 pm
Saturday July 2nd J.A.L.N. BAND + Support	Wednesday July 6th BEES MAKE HONEY + THE ROY HILL BAND + D.J. Terry Floyd — admission — with this ad before 10 pm

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

KINGSWAY PRINCETON COLLEGE
Sidmouth Street, Kings Cross
presents
Friday July 1st at 8 p.m.
ICEBERG
Admission 25p
Also appearing at the Roxy on Wednesday June 29th

SNEAKIES ROCK CLUB
White Bear, Kingsley Road, Hounslow

Saturday July 1st
SABOTEUR
Sunday July 2nd
NO SWEAT
Members 45p - Non members 90p

WALTHAM FOREST COLLEGE S.U.
presents
Wednesday July 6th, 8pm - late
An end of term concert with
MUNGO JERRY
+ S.A.L.T.
In the Main Hall, Forest Road, E17. Bar & Disco
Tickets: S.U. members 90p, others £1.15

BARBEQUE GRILL
NOW OPEN
UPSTAIRS

Monday July 6th
NEW HEARTS

Friday July 1st
X-RAY SPEX

Saturday July 2nd
BEES MAKE HONEY

Monday July 6th
THE PIRATES

Upper Street, ISLINGTON, N.1

ENTS COMMITTEE
POLYTECHNIC
of CENTRAL LONDON
115 NEW CAVENDISH STREET W1. 636 6271
Friday, July 1st

ALVIN STARDUST
+ THE PLEASERS & DISCO
8 pm-12.30 am Admission free with poly card
50p N.U.S. £1.00 others

THE SWAN
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY, W.6
Tel. 01-748 1043

ADMISSION FREE TO LONDON'S NEWEST ROCK PUB
Saturday July 2nd
FISH CO
Wednesday July 6th
LEE KOSMIN BAND
Thursday July 7th
BUSTER JAMES BAND
Opp. Hammersmith Underground, Metropolitan District & Piccadilly Lines

HERMIT LIVE
In association with Atlanta Agency presents

ALBERTO Y LOST
TRIOS PARANOIAS
+ **NUTZ**
+ Special Guest Band appearance
+ **CLEMEN PULL, SUNDAY BAND, ELDORADO, GOLIATH, GRIND, SIDEWINDER, ZOOKY D.J. DEL STEVENS**

at a site adjacent to
BISHOP'S HALL PARK, DODDINGHURST ROAD BRENTWOOD
Saturday, July 2nd
Noon till 11 pm

Tickets from all branches of Downtown Records or Brentwood Youth House. Tickets: £1.50 in advance, £2.00 at the gate

Many thanks for help from LAZYWOLF

West Rutton Pavilion
Nr. Cromer, Norfolk
Tel. West Rutton 203

Friday July 1st THE DAMNED + THE ADVERTS	Friday July 8th THE VIBRATORS + WIRE
Saturday July 2nd LIGHT FANTASTIC + EXODUS	Saturday July 9th BILLY OCEAN + MUSCLES

Royalty Southgate
"LONDONS MUSIC NITE SPOT"

THIS FRIDAY, 1st JULY
From TV's New Faces Top Disco Band
OFANCHI
THIS SATURDAY, 2nd JULY
SOUL D.J. RADIO 1
ROBBIE VINCENT
WINDHAM HILL RD., SOUTHGATE N.14
(OPPOSITE SOUTHGATE UNDERGROUND)
TELEPHONE: 01-886 4112

WOODS PLYMOUTH
Tel. 281118 - late bar

Tonight - LUSSEN
Monday 4th
BOYS OF THE LOUGH
Next Tuesday
New Wave night. Ad only 50p
EATER + WIRE
Next Wednesday
JACK THE LAD
Fri & Sat DJ Chris Redding 8-2

Ring **BRIAN B**
on
01-261 6153

LIVE PAGE



DUDLEY RUSSELL presents

BRITISH CONCERT DEBUT

JOHNNY NASH

"I can see clearly now" "Tears on my pillow" "What a wonderful world"

with guest Viola Wills

NEW VICTORIA THEATRE
THIS SUNDAY at 8 pm

Tickets: £2.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50. Box Office: 01-534 0871 & agents



Wednesday June 29th
Audition Night
4.15-6.15 pm
5.15-7.15 pm
BERNI TORRE + ICEBERGS
+ ROCK & THE LAST DAYS ON EARTH

Thursday June 30th
ELECTRIC CHAIRS
+ ALTERNATIVE TV

Friday July 1st
ELECTRIC CHAIRS
+ ALTERNATIVE TV

Saturday July 2nd
SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
+ VIOLENT

Wednesday July 6th
Audition Night
4.15-6.15 pm
5.15-7.15 pm
MOEL MANIA
+ ZERO



SPEAK-EARLY

Wednesday June 29th
METROPOLIS
Thursday June 30th
ALFALPHA
Friday July 1st
TEQUILA
Saturday July 2nd
VALKYRIE

TO BE ANNOUNCED
Tuesday July 5th
LIGHTNING RAIDERS

Wednesday July 6th
METROPOLIS
Thursday July 7th
ALFALPHA

Friday July 8th
NEO
SPECIAL BREW

Ring for details
Speakeasy
30 Margaret St, Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 8870



To Advertise
Ring
Brian B.
01-261 6153

O.K.P.

City Rock

Every Sunday
City Tavern
The Football Stadium,
New Writtle Street, Chelmsford
Sunday, July 3rd

JOHN OTWAY &
WILD WILLY

BARRETT
8.00-11.11 BOB

Next week THE MOVIES

The Saints

999

NASHVILLE

There is a temptation to regard The Saints as comic. This stems from a number of idiosyncratic things about them, not least of which is the deadpan approach they have to the business of putting it across on stage.

Their inular development in whatever comes of Australia they come from seems to have left them pretty well unaware of anything except Stooges records. Even then, they can't have seen the covers, because they appear to have no idea of, nor any interest in, the trapings that usually accompany relentless powerchord-driven mania.

For a start they look as though they've walked in off the street — not any hip, romantic notion of the street, but a very average street.

Secondly, they all remain perfectly still apart from the bass player who, as the set progresses, begins nervously to shake his head. The closest the singer comes to any kind of stage action is to hang onto the mike, keeping the stand next to his chest at all times, and occasionally move his hair away from his face.

This isn't simply 'dumb' like The Ramones — it's better described as unconscious.

My first reaction to this total lack of contrivance and the anomaly between the way they look and what they play was one of mild amusement, but this had something to do with the fact that the chords in the

opening song were stolen from Cliff Richard's "Move It". After a while, though, the monotony of their music became annoying and the spectacle was all that was left.

It's refreshing that they don't give a thought to looking or acting like other punk bands but, unfortunately, the music was totally nondescript high energy — except perhaps for a version of Del Shannon's "Runaway".

The reverse was true of 999. They looked very contrived, an arbitrary collection of punk style with more than a passing nod to The Clash, but it was their music which set them apart.

They're a South London band who have been together for about nine months now and were once called 48 Hours, a name which points to being inspired by The Clash. Their new name's a quote from "London's Burning".

They possess the required urgency in their playing and embellish it with a streak of inventiveness, which meant that, as was not the case with The Saints, it was possible to distinguish one song from another.

The songs themselves dealt with expected themes, embodied in titles like "Emergency", "My Street Stinks" and "I'm Alive", but were treated with an uncommon touch of humour. The singer had a thin, raspy voice and tried hard to achieve a suitably threatening stage presence.

All that was lacking was an identity of their own, but there's time enough for that.

Paul Randall



SAINTS Kym Bradshaw, Ed Kurper and Chris Bailey

Aswad

Soft Machine

Shaking Stevens

ALEXANDRA PALACE

"AND HOW DO I know you are who you say?"

"Er, you might perhaps take my word for it."

"Can't you prove it? For all I know, you might just be an individual."

We are all just individuals!

This conversation was taking place on the steps of Alexandra Palace, at the instance of the People's Jubilee bash, organised by the Communist Pa-arty. A CP jobsworth was denying my journalistic claim and insisting I purchase a ticket — all proceeds going towards his questionable cause.

"Haven't you got some form of identity?" he bled. "You must have a Press card."

"I don't carry ID, mate. you no see?" I returned. "This ain't Russia, much as your delusions otherwise persist."

Later I encountered an Aswad idren, who proved my existence, and I was inside. Not a minute too early, as things turned out.

Inside, well... Ally Pally had been transformed into a celebration of North West London liberalism. There were burly Indian women distributing tracts devoted to Grunwick; mucho devaluations of Brenda and Keith; "Fight Fascism"; "Stuff The Jubilee"; and "Save The Whales" buttons; tedious literature outlining the tenets of Marx, Lenin and Arthur Scargill. There were representatives from the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, reps from Tapper Zukie's Angolan MPLA movement, reps from Chile, Argentina, the CIA and the Palestine Liberation Organisation.

Onstage, Shaking Stevens and The Sunel were loving up

a storm

They performed "I'm Ready", "Lights Out", "Blue Suede Shoes", "Honey Hush", "Sweet Little Rock 'n' Roller" and "B. Bumble's 'Nut Rucker". They were all drive — some nice rock music, but little in the originality stakes. They said a hey yea yea yea.

Judging from the response, Soft Machine are an extremely popular group. They bore little relation to the outfit I remember fighting at UFO some ten years ago, and, instead, seemed content to create a series of melodic tone poems. The guitarist and drummer were particularly spirited; but the spartan clinch of the group was enough to send me cruising the Solidarity With Caribbean Socialism stalls again for more leaflets.

When Aswad took the stage, the West Indian contingent in the audience leapt to the front in their inevitable attempts to prove that they can appreciate music so much more than anyone else in the world.

And now — from the ghettos of Ladbroke Grove, came the patronising voice of the smug MC.

Unfortunately, Aswad failed to live up to their expectations. In drummer Angus Gaye they have a talent who, ten years hence, is going to make men like Sly Dunbar and Carlton Barrett look stupid; but at present he is hampered by an indifferent group, still unsure of their direction since being dropped recently by Island.

Opening with "Jah Love" — a successful execution — the group moved into "I Can't Stand The Pressure", "77 Rock Steady", "Jah Will Be There I-ternally", and "Jah Give Us Life", before I wandered dazed into the streets of Streed Green, looking for some Tottenham action.

Penny Reel

Pretties

for you

Metropolis

HOPE & ANCHOR

PRETTY THINGS never die, they simply lose people. After the departure of the unsinkable Phil May last year, though, the younger survivors of the last line-up sensibly decided to lose the '60s connotations inherent in the name, and they have re-emerged as Metropolis.

They're a very fine band indeed, with a first-rate repertoire of excellent original material and a spunky front man in bassist/vocalist Jack Green. With a neat line in punchy melodies and a hard, heavy execution I can even see them cutting into the singles market, given some luck.

What is particularly appetising about Metropolis is that they convey far more natural, spontaneous energy and enjoyment than a lot of bands still prancing around with a similar penchant for heavy effects and lengthy instrumental escapades.

I don't know, though. There are a couple things that strike me as necessary if the band wants to keep healthy in the current climate. Their tendency to stretch out on instrumental breaks dissipates both the strength of the songs and the impact of the good vocal interplay between Green and keyboards player Gordon Edwards.

And while guitarist Pete Tobson is excellent, both accomplished and tasteful, he's so self-effacing a presence that you really have to make a point of listening to appreciate his playing since he doesn't draw attention to himself. Also, drummer Skip Alan isn't as on top of things as he needs to be if they insist on the extemporaneous Fatzinger (Eh?! — Ed.).

But I wouldn't bother to mention this stuff at all if I didn't think they had a tremendous amount going for them. A bit of cutting and sharpening up of the presentation and they could really pack some wallop.

Angie Errigo

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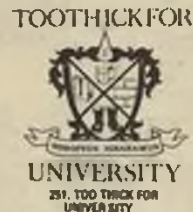
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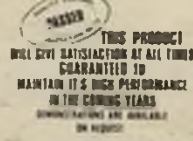
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255 THINK PUNK



186 STATUS QUO



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682. NEW FLOYD



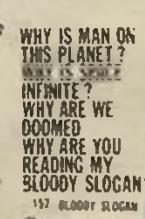
227 MILCH TRAY



684. FOCKINK



222 JOIN THE NAVY



150 PINK FLOYD (2)



704 MIGHTY MINI



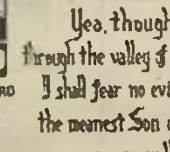
667 PERNO



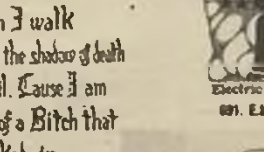
254 DARTMOOR OLD BOYS



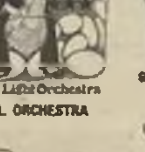
189 EAGLE



143 SON OF A
BITCH



691. E.L. ORCHESTRA



683. STEVIE WONDER

REALITY IS AN ILLUSION,
CAUSED BY LACK OF ALCOHOL.



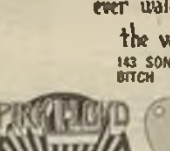
232 REALITY



683 IN THE DARK



679 IDIOT



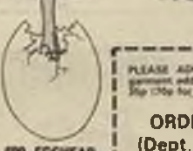
501 FLOYD



508 ZEPPELIN



253 TITTY BUM BUM



690. EGHEAD



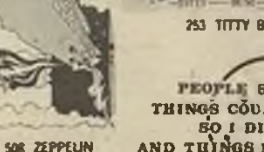
687 CHARLIE'S ANGELS



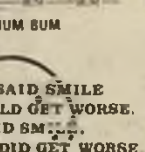
258. PUNK PANTHER



150. EAGLES



237 STEELY
DAN



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Where ya been, chief? Ain't ya heard of Bing Kong?



WORLD OPINION in general and Accrington in particular was greatly outraged by our T-Zer last week (yes, this column is read in high places) stating that *NME's* hideous Bill Gangrene was in line for honorary citizenship of the borough and allotments thereof. Mere words cannot convey the fury that this news inspired among the people of Accrington and the octogenarian freemen in particular.

A local councillor rang to tell us that the Town Clerk was — and we quote — "going spare, literally seething" that the *NME* could even suggest such an honour be bestowed upon someone like Hideous Bill — a person very definitely from the other side of the tracks.

Oh well, we'll have to admit it. Freeman, councillors, geotoponyms of Accrington, sip at your Ovaltine in peace — it was a joke.

On the other hand, seems that we can assure Accrington had made good Jon Anderson that his hopes of hometown recognition look pretty remote. Not before his 80th birthday anyway.

Hideous Bill's concept album, "Accrington The Beautiful", has been cancelled forthwith — as has *Burlesque's* intention to release a single their ode to the joys of another Lancashire beauty spot, Rochdale. The group's "Rochdale A Place In The Sun", which consists entirely of the title line chanted over and over again, has been rejected by their record company, Arista, on the grounds that it's "too depressing". Personally, T-Zer thinks they should sue.

Rumours that Keith Richard is being treated for heroin addiction were confirmed in the Toronto court where Keef was due to appear on the charge of heroin and cocaine possession. His lawyer told the court that Richard was undergoing a course of treatment in New York — "and hopefully is being cured" — and had the case adjourned until July 19.

Are some of the Pistols less than happy with the single version of "Pretty Vacant"? *Oh Iggy's* "No Fun"? Is the Ghost of Velda Dacquiri haunting this item?

Pat Smith and Lenny Kaye releasing *Tapper Zukie's* oldie "Man Ah Warrior" elope on their own M label; it seems that the proceeds of La Smith's "Piss Factory" 45 went towards making the whole venture possible. Is this what's known as passing away the prospects?

More aggro for George Harrison over "My Sweet Lord"/"He's So Fine". Unbelievably the whole thing's



PUNK PICTORIAL THIS WEEK TAKES YOU BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE ROUNDHOUSE. Top, America's Johnny Ramone exchanges boys' room gossip with Britain's John Rotten; how he gets the rap in his jeans, why he drinks only Pepsi before a gig, that sort of interesting stuff. In the lower picture, Jerry Ramone takes a back seat to his brother — that's his brother brother in blood as opposed to his brother "brother" on stage. Jerry's the one in the shades of course. Happy snaps from the camera of Jill Farmstead.

TEAZERS

back in the courts again, this time the non-North American copyright holder is claiming infringement and seeking redress via the British courts.

Charlie Tomahai of Be Bop Deluxe did not enjoy his recent motorway visit to the South of France. He gave some French holiday-makers a lift and in return, at the end of the journey, they beat him up. Tomahai's now fully recovered, doubtless helped by the end of his work permit problems (see page four).

As Miles Copeland spreads his fingers in the new wave pie, Climax Blues Band have left his management stable and signed with Irv Azoff, whose other clients include The Eagles and Joe Walsh.

Info City visits T-Zer Andy, brother of Bee Gees' Barry, Maurice and Goody Gibbs, and Shaun, brother of David Cassidy, both have singles in the U.S. charts.

Fuelling speculation that the Moody Blues are planning to re-form towards the end of this year ("No, no" — *The Ennui Staff of NME*). U.S. trade mag *Cash Box* reports that the group has booked three months studio time in New York.

Swings & Roundabouts: Reports of growing dissent within the ranks of Supertramp as they trek across U.S. on arduous 150-date tour. Notwithstanding the fact that there would probably be dissent in any group's ranks on a 150-date U.S. tour, we hear talk about new personnel, going off the road and even —

gulp — a split.

A short-haired (and short-arsed — Ed) Steve Harley seen at reception last week for Alan Parsons. Also in attendance: a plump Allan Clarke of The Hollies wearing his age badly.

Reports that CBS about to sign Sex Pistols for the States. Meanwhile, negotiations for a Dutch deal have fallen through. Dutch company Inelco were apparently considering putting El Pistoleros on their Lark label but dropped out due to the band's "bad image in the international media." But they have signed Colin Scott, described as a "U.K. folk singer". Scott's reputation in the international media is believed to be impeccable.

Sunday Times not believed to be negotiating for serial rights to Iggy Pop's planned book about life on the road, economically entitled *Fun*.

Will Penetration be Decca's first punk signing? Virgin also said to be interested in the North East's lone punkers.

According to one Irish newspaper recently, the Pistols all decided to change their names when they formed — to Johnny Rotten, Sid Vicious, Rat Scabies and Dee Generate.

Train Spotters Corner: Vintage Record Centre now distributing selected rockabilly tracks from the long-defunct Starlite label. *NME* now distributing thoroughly censored T-Zer's of purely specialist appeal.

Gosh — now it's Poodle barking! Police were

called in after the Fabulous Poodles' set at Dingwalls when an unknown pooch-basher attacked the PA stack with a knife and caused £200 worth of damage. "Could this have been a dummy run by the same fascist group responsible for the physical attacks on the Sex Pistols?" asked Venny Riede, Poodles Press Officer, after the incident. The Poodles are appealing for copper's marks who might have witnessed this unsavoury episode.

And twice the Fabulous Poodles make this week's T-Zer: John Entwistle, who has been known to play bass with The Who, is producing their debut album at the Who studio in Battersea.

On the subject of John Entwistle (yes, this is the concept segment of T-Zer), the saturnine bassist celebrated his tenth wedding anniversary (to a Mrs Entwistle, we understand) watching *The Pirates of Dingwalls* — which, incidentally, is where the Fabulous Poodles were playing when an unknown corp sunk its teeth into their PA stack.

Anyone spot David Essex playing an alcoholic jack the lad type in Sunday night movie, *All Coppers Are*?

After reading our recent T-Zer about the girl who sprained her wrist clapping too hard at a Wings concert, Lancashire reader Roy Matthews writes to tell us he's been to six Wings gigs and has come away each time with sore hands and throat and wants to know if this qualifies him to hear something to his advantage. Well, Roy, no.

Johnny Thunders on the subject of test cricket: "It's very boring, very middle class, very British." A test cricketer on the subject of Johnny Thunders: "What 'e needs is a good kicking."

J. Geth Band mark the tenth anniversary of their formation by shortening their name to Geth for their new group-produced elpee, "Monkey Island."

Los Reed the recipient recently of New York City's Gotham Book Mart Literary Award for his poem *The Slide*. "Autobiographical, is it?" sneers a test cricketer.

Ex-Crusaders guitarist Larry Carlton seems certain to join Steely Dan for the late summer touring.

Why were tickets for Neil Diamond's Berlin concerts cheaper than those for his gigs in London?

At Trax in Manhattan to see Mink DeVille: Crosby Sells & Nash, Plant Page & Bonham, Mick Jagger, Michelle Phillips and Ron Wood.

Anarchy in the Aes 77: Joseph Strummer digging "songs written by coons" — and surrounded by a whole mob of them — down the Four Aces reggae club in dread Dalston last Wednesday night.

proving that this is the time when the two sevens clash! Apparently Mr Strummer now resides in a Brixton yard with a movement of Jah people; although Four Aces proved too much for his sensibilities, and he left after a short stop — "the pressure reach 'im", as one of 'im children claimed. "Still with roots rock reggae, Dr. Alimantado due to visit the UK shortly — no doubt intending to outdo Leroy Smart as the best dressed chicken in town.

Quote from Bill Cotton, Head of Light Entertainment at the BBC: "I wouldn't have The Sex Pistols on anything. I don't think anybody wants to see those types of people." We could say the same for Val Doonican, Max Bygraves and Tony Blackburn, so up yours baldy writes T-Zer Diplomatic Correspondent.

Led Zeppelin and Bad Company booked into the same hotel in Fort Worth, Texas. Commented a worried Swan Song executive: "I can't think of anything I fear more except possibly a nuclear holocaust."

A nuclear holocaust on its way to Fort Worth, Texas, instead redirected to Accrington, Lancs.

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