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Troubadour of the small ads breaks his silence.
Pages 30/31.

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THE ADVERTS

Pages 7/8.

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending September 19, 1972

Last This Week	Rank	Title	Artist
1	1	MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW	Slade (Polydor)
2	2	YOU WEAR IT WELL	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
3	3	CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION	T. Rex (T. Rex)
4	4	IT'S FOUR IN THE MORNING	Farouk Young (Mercury)
5	5	VIRGINIA PLAIN	Roxy Music (Island)
6	6	SUGAR ME	Lynsey De Paul (MAM)
7	7	HOW CAN I BE SURE	David Cassidy (Bell)
8	8	STANDING IN THE ROAD	Blackfoot (Sue)
9	9	AIN'T NO SUNSHINE	Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
10	10	TOO YOUNG	Donny Osmond (MGM)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending September 23, 1967

Last This Week	Rank	Title	Artist
1	1	THE LAST WALTZ	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
2	2	EXCERPT FROM A TEENAGE OPERA	Keith West (Parlophone)
3	3	ITCHYCOO PARK	Small Faces (Immediate)
4	4	I'LL NEVER FALL IN LOVE AGAIN	Tom Jones (Decca)
5	5	LET'S GO TO SAN FRANCISCO	Flowerpot Men
6	6	REFLECTIONS	Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)
7	7	SAN FRANCISCO	Scott McKenzie (CBS)
8	8	FLOWERS IN THE RAIN	Move (Regal-Zonophone)
9	9	EVEN THE BAD TIMES ARE GOOD	Tremeloes (CBS)
10	10	JUST LOVING YOU	Anita Harris (CBS)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending September 21, 1962

Last This Week	Rank	Title	Artist
1	1	SHE'S NOT YOU	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	2	IT'LL BE ME	Chiff Richard (Columbia)
3	3	I REMEMBER YOU	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
4	4	ROSES ARE RED	Ronnie Carroll (Philips)
5	5	THINGS	Bobby Darin (London)
6	6	TELESTAR	Tornadoes (Decca)
7	7	BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO	Neil Sedaka (RCA)
8	8	SEALED WITH A KISS	Brian Hyland (HMV)
9	9	DON'T THAT BEAT ALL	Adam Faith (Parlophone)
10	10	GUITAR TANGO	Shadows (Columbia)

CHARTS

SINGLES



This Last Week	Rank	Title	Artist	Week ending September 24th, 1977	Position in chart	Highest position in chart
1	(1)	MAGIC FLY	Space (Pye)	6	1	1
2	(3)	WAY DOWN	Elvis Presley (RCA)	5	1	1
3	(5)	SILVER LADY	David Soul (Private Stock)	4	3	3
4	(2)	OXYGENE	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	4	2	2
5	(4)	DEEP DOWN INSIDE	Donna Summer (GTO)	5	4	4
6	(6)	TELEPHONE MAN	Meri Wilson (Pye)	4	6	6
7	(12)	BEST OF MY LOVE	Emotions (CBS)	2	7	7
8	(8)	NIGHTS ON BROADWAY	Candi Staton (Warner Bro)	8	6	6
9	(10)	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	Carly Simon (Elektra)	7	3	3
10	(14)	LOOKING AFTER NUMBER ONE	Boom Town Rats (Ensign)	4	10	10
11	(19)	SUNSHINE AFTER THE RAIN	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	4	11	11
12	(30)	FROM NEW YORK TO L.A.	Patsy Gallant (EMI)	2	12	12
13	(15)	TULANE	Steve Gibbons Band (Polydor)	6	13	13
14	(23)	I CAN'T GET YOU OUTTA MY MIND	Yvonne Elliman (RSO)	4	14	14
15	(11)	THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR	Deniece Williams (CBS)	8	7	7
16	(7)	FLOAT ON	The Floaters (ABC)	9	2	2
17	(9)	DO ANYTHING YOU WANNA DO	Rods (Island)	6	9	9
18	(29)	THUNDER IN MY HEART	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	2	18	18
19	(27)	BLACK IS BLACK	La Belle Epoque (Harvest)	2	19	19
20	(18)	BLACK BETTY	Ram Jam (Epic)	2	18	18
21	(13)	DANCIN' IN THE MOONLIGHT	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	6	13	13
22	(28)	THINK I'M GONNA FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU	Dooleys (GTO)	3	21	21
23	(16)	GARY GILMORE'S EYES	Adverts (Anchor)	4	16	16
24	(—)	WONDROUS STORIES	Yes (Atlantic)	1	24	24
25	(26)	THE CRUNCH	Rah Band (Good Earth)	11	4	4
26	(21)	ANOTHER STAR	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	2	21	21
27	(25)	WAITING IN VAIN	Bob Marley & Wailers (Island)	2	25	25
28	(—)	I REMEMBER ELVIS PRESLEY	Danny Mirror (Sonet)	1	28	28
29	(22)	DREAMER	Jacksons (Epic)	3	22	22
30	(17)	SPANISH STROLL	Mink De Ville (Capitol)	7	15	15

BUBBLING UNDER... YOUR GENERATION — Generation X (Chrysalis); YES SIR I CAN BOOGIE — Baccara (RCA); COOL OUT TONIGHT — David Essex (CBS); KILL THE KING — Rainbow (Polydor).

U.S. SINGLES

This Last Week	Rank	Title	Artist	Week ending September 24, 1977
1	(7)	STAR WARS THEME	Meco	2
2	(1)	DON'T STOP	Fleetwood Mac	3
3	(3)	FLOAT ON	The Floaters	4
4	(5)	TELEPHONE LINE	Electric Light Orchestra	5
5	(6)	ON AND ON	Stephen Bishop	6
6	(12)	KEEP IT COMIN' LOVE	K. C. & The Sunshine Band	7
7	(14)	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	Carly Simon	8
8	(9)	STRAWBERRY LETTER 23	Brothers Johnson	9
9	(10)	SMOKE FROM A DISTANT FIRE	The Sanford-Townsend Band	10
10	(11)	SWAYIN' TO THE MUSIC	Johnny Rivers	11
11	(8)	I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING	Andy Gibb	12
12	(13)	COLD AS ICE	Foreigner	13
13	(2)	YOUR LOVE HAS LIFTED ME (HIGHER AND HIGHER)	Rita Coolidge	14
14	(17)	THAT'S ROCK 'N' ROLL	Shaun Cassidy	15
15	(16)	DON'T WORRY BABY	B. J. Thomas	16
16	(4)	HANDY MAN	James Taylor	17
17	(20)	BOOGIE NIGHTS	Heatwave	18
18	(19)	JUNGLE LOVE	Steve Miller Band	19
19	(21)	I FEEL LOVE	Donna Summer	20
20	(24)	SIGNED, SEALED, DELIVERED	Peter Frampton	21
21	(15)	BEST OF MY LOVE	Emotions	22
22	(26)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent	23
23	(28)	IT WAS ALMOST LIKE A SONG	Ronnie Milsap	24
24	(18)	STAR WARS	London Symphony Orchestra	25
25	(—)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Debby Boone	26
26	(—)	WAY DOWN	Elvis Presley	27
27	(—)	HEAVEN IS ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR	Paul Nicholas	28
28	(—)	SHE DID IT	Eric Carmen	29
29	(—)	THE KING IS GONE	Ronnie McDowell	30
30	(—)	DAYTIME FRIENDS	Kenny Rogers	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS



This Last Week	Rank	Title	Artist	Week ending September 24th, 1977	Position in chart	Highest position in chart
1	(6)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)	3	1	1
2	(1)	OXYGENE	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	6	1	1
3	(2)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley (RCA)	5	1	1
4	(5)	A STAR IS BORN	Soundtrack (CBS)	24	1	1
5	(17)	MAGIC FLY	Space (Pye)	3	5	5
6	(3)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	31	3	3
7	(8)	WELCOME TO MY WORLD	Elvis Presley (RCA)	5	6	6
8	(9)	I REMEMBER YESTERDAY	Donna Summer (GTO)	13	2	2
9	(4)	20 ALL TIME GREATS	Connie Francis (Polydor)	11	2	2
10	(13)	ELVIS 40 GREATEST HITS	Elvis Presley (Arcade)	5	9	9
11	(10)	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS	The Stranglers (United Artists)	21	4	4
12	(7)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes (WEA)	10	1	1
13	(11)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	39	1	1
14	(15)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	15	9	9
15	(18)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	44	1	1
16	(—)	PLAYING TO AN AUDIENCE OF ONE	David Soul (Private Soul)	1	16	16
17	(19)	NEW WAVE	Various Artists (Philips)	6	12	12
18	(12)	ELVIS IN DEMAND	Elvis Presley (RCA)	3	12	12
19	(14)	THE JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	14	1	1
20	(21)	FLOATERS	Floaters (ABC)	5	18	18
21	(26)	ELVIS PRESLEY SUN COLLECTION	Elvis Presley (Starcall)	2	21	21
22	(20)	BEST OF ROD STEWART	(Mercury)	10	14	14
23	(—)	BAD REPUTATION	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	1	23	23
24	(16)	G.I. BLUES	Elvis Presley (RCA)	3	16	16
25	(—)	THIS IS NIECY	Deniece Williams (CBS)	1	25	25
26	(—)	SHOW SOME EMOTION	Joan Armatrading (A & M)	1	26	26
27	(28)	MY AIM IS TRUE	Elvis Costello (Stiff)	6	16	16
28	(25)	LOVE AT THE GREEK	Neil Diamond (CBS)	13	4	4
29	(—)	IN FULL BLOOM	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	1	29	29
30	(—)	RAIN DANCES	Camel (Decca)	1	30	30

BUBBLING UNDER... LIVING IN THE FAULT LINE — Doobie Bros (WB); FIRING ON ALL SIX — Lone Star (CBS); BOOMTOWN RATS — Boomtown Rats (Ensign).

U.S. ALBUMS

This Last Week	Rank	Title	Artist	Week ending September 24, 1977
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac	2
2	(2)	STAR WARS	Original Soundtrack	3
3	(10)	SHAUN CASSIDY	Shaun Cassidy	4
4	(4)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley	5
5	(9)	FOREIGNER	Foreigner	6
6	(6)	REJOICE	Emotions	7
7	(8)	ANYTIME... ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge	8
8	(12)	I, ROBOT	The Alan Parsons Project	9
9	(5)	JT	James Taylor	10
10	(3)	CSN	Crosby, Stills & Nash	11
11	(11)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton	12
12	(13)	FLOATERS	Floaters	13
13	(30)	LIVIN' ON THE FAULT LINE	Doobie Brothers	14
14	(18)	HERE AT LAST... BEE GEES... LIVE	Bee Gees	15
15	(7)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes	16
16	(17)	TERRAPIN STATION	Grateful Dead	17
17	(20)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent	18
18	(14)	STEVE WINWOOD	Steve Winwood	19
19	(24)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx	20
20	(—)	SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Rondstadt	21
21	(22)	COMMODORES	Commodores	22
22	(23)	LITTLE QUEEN	Heart	23
23	(15)	RIGHT ON TIME	Brothers Johnson	24
24	(16)	STREISAND SUPERMAN	Barbra Streisand	25
25	(26)	LUNA SEA	Firefall	26
26	(28)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra	27
27	(—)	FLOWING RIVERS	Andy Gibb	28
28	(—)	LIGHTS OUT	UFO	29
29	(—)	STAR WARS AND OTHER GALACTIC FUNK	Meco	30
30	(—)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK



DEBBIE HARRY of Blondie

BLONDIE return to Britain in November to headline a major London concert for the first time, their previous appearances here having been as support act on Television's tour. They are also playing four provincial gigs and filming two TV guest spots.

Debbie Harry and the band fly in on November 6, and spend the first few days of their visit in the TV studios. They then play dates at Birmingham Barbarella's (11), Aylesbury Friars

(12) and Coventry Locarno (14), plus a gig on November 13 for which a venue has still to be confirmed.

The London concert is at the Rainbow on Tuesday, November 15. Tickets are priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50, and postal bookings are being accepted now, with the box-office opening to personal callers in about a week's time. Tour promoter is Ian Wright of MAM, who is also setting up concerts and TV in Europe for Blondie to follow their British visit.

Blondie and Runaways: U.K. tours

DESPITE THEIR summer personnel upheavals, the Runaways are now confirmed for their second British tour. They will be here during the first two weeks of November, headlining seven or eight concerts, including at least one major London gig. Full details of their visit are expected in a week or two.

The band's future looked in jeopardy when bassist Jackie Fox quit after an internal dispute, then three weeks later singer Cherie Currie walked out following a blazing row with the other girls. At the time, Cherie expressed the opinion that the Runaways were finished, claiming they couldn't continue without her.

But her comments have now proved unfounded, because the remaining members have been rehearsing intensively with new bassist Vicki Blue and with Joan Jett assuming the role of lead vocalist, and they are well pleased with the outcome. Cherie is not being replaced in the line-up, and the band will in future operate as a four-piece.



JOAN JETT of the Runaways

Essex punk event fiasco

THE MUCH-HERALDED open-air punk event at Chelmsford City Football Stadium last Saturday laid a gigantic egg, with only one-sixth of the estimated audience turning up, leaving the promoter bankrupt and the bands unpaid. This week an inquest was being held into the failure of the event, though it seems no-one can accurately pinpoint the causes.

Commented Rob Hallett, who booked the acts for the promoter: "We had a strong bill headed by The Rods, The Damned and the Doctors of Madness, plus seven other bands. We confidently expected a minimum 15,000 attendance but, in the final analysis, only about 2,500 came. Everyone was amazed, not least the headliners.

"It's difficult to explain, because there haven't been many big outdoor concerts this year, and we thought the public would jump at this one. The weather was hardly a deterrent because, although it was cold, the sun was shining."

Hallett was full to praise for the bands who, with the exception of The Damned, all agreed to play — even though it was evident that no money would be forthcoming. Ironically, The Damned were the only outfit to receive any money, as they had been paid £425 in advance with the other half of their fee due on the day — but they refused to go on when the balance failed to materialise.

Further trouble hit the concert when the security team realised there were money problems and went on strike — and the men responsible for erecting the stage started dismantling the scaffolding in mid-afternoon, though they were eventually stopped by the police. They now join the list of creditors.

Promoter Mardon first encountered problems when, a week before the event, Chelmsford F.C. pulled out of their sponsorship after they realised that advance ticket sales were very low. This meant that Mardon, who needed a 7,000 crowd to break even, had to sign loan contracts.

There is, of course, some money available — but this is now in the hands of the receiver, and it looks as though creditors (bands and backstage personnel) will have to settle for a percentage of their agreed fees.

The real mystery lies in the abnormally poor attendance, coming a week after the Crystal Palace Garden Party which also lost money, though not on the same scale. And it seems likely that promoters will be even more reluctant to stage open-air events next summer.

Harvey Goldsmith, who co-promoted the Palace gig, commented: "It's really difficult to put on an outdoor show, specially when it's not an established event. You've got to have a really big international name to guarantee success. And quite frankly, many of the so-called new-wave bands aren't the box-office draw the music Press cracks them up to be."

Marianne in Pistols movie

SEX PISTOLS begin shooting their first full-length feature film at the beginning of next month, and it was learned this week that Marianne Faithfull makes her movie comeback as the leading lady in the picture. It is now in pre-production stages, involving set construction and the choosing of locations.

Commented a Pistols spokesman: "The film will keep them busy until the end of the year, so don't expect any more hush-hush gigs for the time being". However, their debut album is due for release by Virgin next month, followed soon afterwards by a new single.



MARC BOLAN'S LAST APPEARANCE... a still from the final edition of his own Granada-TV series, with David Bowie guesting, to be fully networked next Wednesday (28).

BOLAN Gloria waits to be told

MARC BOLAN's lady Gloria Jones had still not been told of his death on Tuesday, when his funeral took place at Golders Green. She was still in shock after an operation on her fractured jaw, but was said to be recovering and resting comfortably. The couple's 20-month-old son Rolan was being looked after by his parents.

Bolan died when the mini in which he was passenger, with Gloria at the wheel, crashed into a tree in Barnes, South-West London, last Friday morning. They were returning home after a late meal at a West End restaurant with Gloria's brother, Richard Jones, who was following behind in his own car. The crash occurred at a notorious accident black spot, on the far side of a hump-back bridge and on a wet surface.

Bolan himself did not drive and had never held a licence. He had also emerged from a self-confessed period of drug-taking and hard-drinking, sparked by his decline in popularity and his divorce. He gave up both drugs and drink when Gloria came into his life, and was poised — both mentally and professionally — for a major comeback.

The first step in his direction was his own Granada TV series, which he completed filming shortly before his death — screening of the final show, with the full consent of his family, is next Wednesday (28). His TV producer, Muriel Young said this week: "He won the admiration of everyone in the studio. He really cared about his show, his colleagues and his music." And plans were already being laid for Marc and T. Rex to headline a

major tour at the end of the year.

EMI Records were planning to release a compilation album titled "Solid Gold T. Rex" on October 14, consisting of a dozen of his hit singles which he had chosen himself. The LP will still be coming out, but it's possible that the title may now be changed, and that it will become a commemorative set. Bolan's publicist said there is "a fair amount" of new T. Rex material in the can, and available for future release, though there are no immediate plans to issue any singles.

Bolan's peak was in the years 1971-73 when, after a relatively fruitless period fronting John's Children, he and Steve Took expanded their Tyrannosaurus Rex duo into a quartet — and T. Rex was born. They had a string of No. 1 hits with "Hot Love", "Get It On", "Telegram Sam" and "Metal Guru"; four No. 2 successes with "Ride A White Swan", "Jeepster", "Children Of The Revolution" and "Solid Gold Easy Action"; and four other Top Ten entries.

During that period, Bolan was one of the hottest properties on the British scene. But his success took a tumble when he became a tax exile in America, where he was unable to emulate his British achievements. There followed a period in limbo but, as Bolan started his fight back, he once again stood on the threshold of the big time.

He headlined a short tour earlier this year, with The Damned as guest artists, but he was hoping for more substantial developments in the coming months. His greatest ambition was to have another No. 1 hit, but tragically it was never to be realised.

MUSIC BY POST

Fleetwood Mac/Rumours	£4.25	Best of Neil Diamond	£2.95
Neil Diamond/Love At The Greek	£5.50	Best of Steve Nicks	£3.95
Genesis Song Book	£3.95	Songs of Paul Simon	£4.95
Wings Over America	£2.95	Queen/Day At The Races	£2.75
Pink Floyd/Wish You Were Here	£2.95	Queen/19 Songs	£2.25
Illus NME Encyclopedia of Rock	£4.95	Queen/Sheer Heart Attack	£1.50
History of the Gibson Guitar from 1953	£2.95	Queen/A Night At The Opera	£2.35
NME Book of Rock	95p	Songs Of David Bowie	£3.95
Jackson Browne/21 Songs	£5.50	Bowie/Diamond Dogs	£3.50
Nils Lofgren/Cry Tough	£3.95	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos	30p
Illust Rock Almanac	£2.95	Shadows/Best Of Shadows	£1.95
Free/12 Big Hits	£2.50	Fender Guitar/Ken Achard	£2.95
Paul McCartney/In His Own Words	£1.95	Lead Guitar Tutor with Record	£3.50
Stones Black & Blue	£2.50	Rhythm Guitar/Self Tutor	£3.50
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Bad Co. Straight Shooter	£3.95	Lead Zeppelin Complete (1-5)	£4.95
Bob Dylan/Desire	£2.35	Planxty 26 Songs	£1.75
Prampson Comes Alive	£2.35	Rock Guitar with Record	£1.50
Beach Boys/20 Golden Greats	£2.95	Bass Guitar with Record	£1.50
Pink Floyd/Dark Side Of The Moon	£2.50	Wishbone Ash/15 Songs	£1.50
Elvis Presley/NOI 57-63	£1.95	Marc Bolan/Warlock Of Love	95p
Pink Floyd/Animals	£3.50	Marc Bolan Lyric Book	£1.50
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It's Easy To Play Country & Western	£1.95	Neil Young Complete Vol 1	£6.95
It's Easy To Play Rock & Roll	£1.95	Neil Young Complete Vol 2	£6.95
Beatles Complete/Guitar Or Piano each	£3.95	Please print name and address in BLOCK LETTERS	
Status Quo 42 songs	£2.00	Orders £1 and under add 15p p&p. Between £1 & £2 add 25p. Between £2 & £3 add 35p. Over £3 add 50p. Catalogue free on receipt of 7p/3p stamp. Send Cheque/P.O. To:	
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Clash plan major concerts



MICK JONES of The Clash

LATEST NEW-WAVE band being lined up for a major British tour are The Clash. They will be headlining at leading venues around the country, starting towards the end of October and continuing until mid-November. A spokesman for CBS Records told NME: "There have been a few problems in persuading some venues to accept Clash bookings, but their date sheet is now virtually complete, and we plan to announce all the details next week."

Meanwhile, following the success of their European festival appearances during the summer, the band set out next Monday on a six-country tour taking in Holland, France, Switzerland, Austria, Germany and Sweden. They are joined on a couple of their dates by The Damned and Siouxsie and the Banshees.

Stranglers gigs hit, as Fortes ban punk

THE STRANGLERS' two projected gigs at Manchester Belle Vue Elizabethan Rooms on October 13 and 14, which were to have been part of their previously-reported massive U.K. tour, have been cancelled — because the owners have decided against allowing new-wave bands to perform there.

But promoters Straight Music have already scheduled an alternative Manchester date for the band — at the 2,000-capacity Apollo on October 13, where tickets are on sale now priced £1.75, £1.50 and £1.25.

Belle Vue's decision to cancel

could have widespread repercussions, because it is owned by Trust Houses-Forte who control dozens of venues throughout the country — from London's Talk Of The Town to Bedford Nite Spot and Manchester Golden Garter, as well as several pier theatres.

Dudley Heath, leisure director of the Belle Vue complex, told NME: "I wanted to have the Stranglers, and so did the area general manager. But we were informed by London headquarters that it's now company policy to have no punk at any of our venues."

A spokesman for Albion, the Stranglers' management, commented: "Trust Houses-

Forte should concentrate on food served up in their motorway cafes before they start worrying about punk." Straight Music added that they do not foresee any other cancellations in the Stranglers' tour itinerary.

SOLO TOUR BY DAEVID

FORMER Gong leader Daevid Allen headlines his first British solo tour later in the autumn. It is timed to aid promotion of his new album "Now Is The Happiest Time Of Your Life", released next month by Charly Records, on which he is backed by his wife Gilly and four Spanish musicians. The UK tour is



VANILLA IS BACK

CHERRY VANILLA is back in Britain to play a string of selected dates, for the first time since she signed with RCA Records. Gigs so far confirmed are London Marquee (October 3), Birmingham Barbarella's (4), Burton 76 Club (5), Manchester Rafter's Club (6), Leeds Polytechnic (7) and Liverpool Eric's (8). She is backed by her new all-American band comprising Louis Lepore (lead guitar), Zecca Esquibel (keyboards), Howard Finkle (bass) and Michael Mancuso (drums).

currently being set up by Carousel Artists and occupies the first two weeks of November, devoted mainly to the college circuit but also taking in a couple of club dates. On the road, he will be backed by a band called Here and Now and a light show which is being specially prepared for the tour.

Perpetual punk! NEW VENUE RUNS 24 HOURS A DAY

THE FIRST non-stop punk venue opens in London tomorrow (Friday). It will operate 24 hours a day, seven days a week — which means, in effect, that it will never close! It is the Vortex in Hanway Street, situated just off Tottenham Court Road, and it's affiliated to the other Vortex in Wardour Street which stages twice-weekly punk gigs.

It starts operating at 11.30 am tomorrow, and among bands

playing on the first day are The Models, Sham 69, Neo, Mean Street and The Outsiders. A spokesman for the venue explained: "The Vortex houses a punk record shop, a coffee and snacks bar, and a club. There will be continuous live music all day, and people can drop in whenever they want and stay as long as they like."

A special telephone line has been set up to deal with enquiries. Callers should speak to either Trisha O'Keefe or Paula Adams on 01-836 0109.

Punk-Teds date set

DETAILS OF the punks and teds gig, aimed at reconciling the two opposing factions, have at last been finalised. Co-headed by Johnny Thunders & the Heartbreakers and Shakin' Stevens & the Sunsets, it takes place at London Charing Cross Global Village next Tuesday (27).

The two bands encountered many problems in organising the event, as no promoter would agree to putting it on, but eventually Track Records — who handle both acts — decided to stage it themselves. Advance tickets for the gig are available from the box-office at £1, and on the night they will cost £1.50.

Thunders at Rainbow

ANOTHER London date was confirmed this week for Johnny Thunders and the Heartbreakers, and this one is an addition to their extensive October tour already reported by NME. It's a major concert at the Rainbow Theatre on Friday, October 14. Support acts have still to be named, but it is understood that negotiations are taking place for The Models and The Boys.

RECORD NEWS

Carole King: LP reissues

CAROLE KING'S Ode catalogue has been acquired by CBS, who are reissuing three of her albums on October 21 — "Tapestry", "Writer" and "Music". Other albums due from CBS and its subsidiaries next month include "Breakout" by the Dead End Kids, "Moonflower" by Santana, "Patti Labelle", "Hard Not To Like It" by Archie Bell & the Drells, "Photoplay" by Sherbet, "Forever Gold" by the Isley Brothers, "Rejoice" by the Emotions, "Round The Back" by Cafe Jacques and "Going Places" by the Jacksons.

● Jess Roden's new solo album "The Player Not The Game", recorded in New York this summer, is released by Island on September 30. A single titled "Misty Roses" has just been issued. Roden is currently touring America with Stomu Yamashita.

● Brighton-based group The Depressions release their single "Living In Dreams" this weekend on the Barn label, as a foretaste of their upcoming debut album.

● Fruit Eating Bears have signed a one-off deal with Raw Records, distributed by CBS, who tomorrow (Friday) release their single "Chevy Heavy"/"Fifties Cowboy". It is marketed in a full-colour sleeve, and the first 10,000 copies are pressed on green vinyl.

● The Darts make their Magnet Records debut on October 7 with a maxi-single featuring "Daddy Cool", "Shotgun" (their Carling lager TV commercial song) and "Medley" (comprising five snippets of tracks from their upcoming album). The first 10,000

copies are in 12-inch form, thereafter reverting to conventional seven-inch.

● China, the new band who support Elton John in his Wembley Empire Pool concert on November 3, have their debut single "On The Slide" issued by Rocket this weekend. Their first album follows in October.

● Scottish new-wave outfit The Jolt have their debut single "You're Cold" issued by Polydor on October 7.

● September 30 marks the debut of the Snivelling Shits with the double A-side "Terminal Stupid"/"I Can't Come" on the Ghetto Rockers label, distributed by Island. The band say they are keeping their identities secret until after release date. See also Teasers, page 63.

● Phillip Goodhand-Tait's second Chrysalis album "Teaching An Old Dog New Tricks", consisting entirely of self-penned material, is released on September 30. Producer is Muff Winwood.

● The Movies' first single for GTO records "Big Boys Band" comes out on September 30. It is taken from their new album "Double A".

● Camel rush-release a new single this weekend, to coincide with the opening of their British tour. Titled "Highways Of The Sun" (Decca), it comes from their "Rain Dances" album.

Sayer album

LEO SAYER has his new album "Thunder In My Heart", recorded in Los Angeles with producer Richard Perry, released by Chrysalis on September 30. It consists of ten new tracks, eight of them co-written by Sayer.

Kursaals: extra gigs

KURSAAL FLYERS have made several additions to, and changes in, their autumn tour itinerary announced last week. They have new bookings at Exeter University (October 1), Wakefield Unity Hall (5), Liverpool Eric's (9), Leeds Polytechnic (20), Guildford Civic Hall (24), Wolverhampton Lafayette (26), Coventry Warwick University (27), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (28), Manchester UMIST (29) and Doncaster Outlook (31).

Previously reported gigs at Kingston (October 1) and Carlisle (9) are now cancelled, and their Nottingham date on October 21 is switched to a different venue a week later. Also

out is their London concert at Drury Lane Theatre Royal on October 16, but it's understood that more gigs — including London — are being added to their schedule.

Grech: new band

RICK GRECH, who has been absent from the gig circuit for most of this year, is in the process of forming a brand new band. The line-up is not yet complete, but it is already known to include Keith Christmas. After rehearsing for several weeks, the band will be going on the road and an extensive tour is currently being set up for them, starting in mid-November.

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NME 24/9

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At the sign of the Black Horse

Hall, Oates tour dispels split story

REPORTS suggesting that Daryl Hall and John Oates are on the verge of breaking up have been denied, both by their manager and their British representative. On the contrary, next month they embark on the first leg of a world tour, including a British visit in the New Year and lasting until late spring. "And there's no reason to suppose they'll split after that", said a spokesman.

The tour opens in America next month and runs there until shortly before Christmas. Early next year they'll be playing six or seven key cities in Britain, and promoter Ian Wright already has dates pencilled in. The duo then have a string of concerts in Europe, before travelling on to the Far East.

The split rumours evidently stem from the fact that Hall has been recording a solo album. But Ian Wright insists this has been in the pipeline for some time, and that it's a logical development after working in a duo for ten years. He told NME: "I shouldn't be surprised if John

also records a solo album at some stage. They may even perform independently occasionally in the future. But there is no question of them going their separate ways on a permanent basis."

Speaking of the Hall & Oates partnership, Daryl was recently reported to have said: "The result of our albums is sterile and cold". But Wright maintains this was misinterpreted by being taken out of context. He explained: "He was referring to their earlier work together, and John agrees with him. But they're both very happy with their recent efforts, and delighted with their current album 'Beauty On The Backstreet'."

On Hall's solo set, he is joined by Robert Fripp and three members of Elton John's most recent band — Caleb Quaye (drums), Roger Pope (guitar) and Kenny Passarelli (bass). And these three ex-Elton musicians will be in the Hall & Oates backing band for their world tour, along with two members of their previous outfit, Charlie De Chant (sax) and Dave Kent (synthesiser and keyboards).



14 DATES BY AC/DC

AC/DC return to Britain next month after successful tours of America and Europe. They are headlining 14 major dates around the country, including a prestige show at London Hammersmith Odeon.

To coincide with their gigs, a new album by the Australian band titled "Let There Be Rock" is issued by Atlantic on October 7 — preceded on September 30 by a single featuring the LP title track coupled

with "Problem Child".

Tour dates are Sheffield Polytechnic (October 12), Newcastle Mayfair (14), Malvern Winter Gardens (15), Dunstable Queensway Hall (16), Liverpool Empire (19), Lancaster University (21), Glasgow Apollo (22), Middlesbrough Town Hall (23), Manchester Free Trade Hall (24), London Hammersmith Odeon (25), Great Yarmouth Tiffany's (27), Cambridge Corn Exchange (28), Southen Kursaal (29) and Birmingham Town Hall (30).

... and Saints to tour here again

AUSTRALIAN band The Saints are now back in Britain, and are currently rehearsing with their new bassist Alasdair Ward, who replaces Kim Bradshaw in the line-up. They are going back on the road here in October (dates to be announced shortly), followed by a U.S. tour at the end of the year.

Meanwhile EMI release a

Saints double single, consisting of two records in one pack, on September 30 — titled "One Two Three Four", it features "Lipstick On Your Collar", "Demolition Girl", "River Deep Mountain High" and "One Way Street". The double record is limited to the first 10,000 and thereafter it reverts to a single EP.

Hayes postpones

ISAAC HAYES' British tour, planned for mid-October, has been postponed until the New Year. Reason is that, because of his bankruptcy problems in America, he wasn't allowed to record in the States — so he had to go to Canada to record his first under his new deal with Polydor.

This has only just been finished and won't be ready for release until the end of the year, so it has been decided to delay

his visit until after the album takes off.

Promoter Jeffrey Kruger now expects to bring Hayes in around mid-February, together with his full 35-piece stage revue, and with the Dramatics as one of the support acts.

Cohen for Palladium

NME UNDERSTANDS that Leonard Cohen is due in Britain later in the autumn, and is in line for a short season at the London Palladium in November, though no details are yet available. Meanwhile, it was confirmed this week that Harry Belafonte returns to the Palladium for a five-day engagement starting Tuesday, November 22.

Dr. Hook & Small Faces — extra gigs

DR. HOOK and the Medicine Show have added two more performances to their British tour next month. They are already set for a 7.30 pm concert at Glasgow Apollo on October 9, and they will now also play a 10.30 pm show at that venue the same night. And the band are set for a third night at London Rainbow on October 16, immediately following their concerts there the two previous nights.

SMALL FACES' gig at London Hammersmith Odeon this Saturday is now sold out so, at short notice, they have slotted in two more shows there this Sunday and Monday (25-26). Tickets are available at £3, £2 and £1. Next month the band, together with newly acquired guitarist Jimmy McCulloch, leave for their U.S.

SAHB gigs official for Christmas

DETAILS of the special Christmas and New Year shows by the Sensational Alex Harvey Band have just been officially announced, and they confirm dates and venues exclusively forecast by NME last week.

The band play London Hammersmith Odeon on December 22 and 23, and a third night on Christmas Eve is being held in reserve. Their dates at Glasgow Apollo are December 31 and

January 2, and here again an extra show on January 3 is pencilled in for probable confirmation later.

A spokesman for Mountain Management said Harvey is planning "amazing vaudeville-type shows" for London and Glasgow, complete with a huge set and numerous props.

Tickets are on sale now at both venues, with prices ranged from £1.40 to £2.80. As reported last week, the band also play concerts earlier in December at Newcastle, Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool and Birmingham.

Wonder coming — at long last?

STEVIE WONDER has now apparently agreed to pay his long-overdue visit to Britain. Countless attempts have been made to bring him here during the past two years but, despite protracted negotiations, he has rejected all offers. But now he has had a change of heart and has expressed interest in playing British concert dates.

His U.K. representative

Danny O'Donovan has been checking on theatre availabilities and, said a spokesman, a suggested date sheet has been submitted to Wonder for his approval. This implies that, if the visit materialises, it's likely to be fairly soon. The proposed itinerary includes dates in the provinces, as well as several London concerts.

Bowie: Wembley Stadium in '78?

ALTHOUGH NO rock events were held at Wembley Stadium this summer, there are already plans to stage at least one concert at the giant outdoor venue next year — and David Bowie is understood to have been lined up as the headline attraction. The show is planned for the late spring, but prior to this he is expected to play a series of concerts around

the country.

It is likely that Bowie's tour will start fairly early in the New Year, but it is not yet clear if he would include London in his schedule, with the prospect of the big Wembley gig coming up two or three months later. Meanwhile Bowie has filmed a guest spot in an ATV Bing Crosby special, for Christmas screening.

Ardley solo concerts

NEIL ARDLEY plays a series of 13 one-man electronic concerts, starting in mid-October. He will feature music from his critically acclaimed album "Kaleidoscope Of Rainbows", specially re-arranged for this project, plus some new Ardley material written specifically for this series. Dates are Lancaster Nuffield Theatre (October 13), Leicester Jazz Centre (14), Chesterfield Arts Centre (15), Liverpool Crosby Arts Festival (18), Beaford Centre (20), Plymouth Arts Centre (21), Exeter Northcott Theatre (23), Bath University (29), Leicester University (November 1), Leeds University (3), Sheffield Polytechnic (4), Keele University (9) and London School of Economics (12).



Jerry Lee returning

ALTHOUGH NO precise dates have yet been set, plans are under way for another British tour by Jerry Lee Lewis. He was last here in February, when he played a short series of concerts, and it's expected that his return visit would be at about the same period next year. Mercury are planning late autumn release of his "Greatest Hits Volume II" album, plus a new single currently being recorded. Meanwhile the big names continue to pay homage to him at his U.S. gigs, and our picture shows him backstage at Los Angeles Palamino in company with (left to right) BRYAN FERRY, DAVE MASON and RON WOOD, with MICK FLEETWOOD quietly slurping in the background.

ON THE ROAD

KEITH JARRETT, the jazz piano virtuoso, headlines a solo concert at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on October 23. Promoter is John Martin.

CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS continue their current tour with gigs at Blackburn Windsor Hall (tomorrow, Friday), London Islington Hope & Anchor (Saturday), London Hammersmith Red Cow (Sunday and October 2), High Wycombe Nags Head (September 29), London North-East Polytechnic (30) and Bristol Granary (October 1).

RICHARD DIGANCE is special guest on two of Elkie Brooks' current tour dates — at Oxford New (tomorrow, Friday) and Bristol Hippodrome (Saturday).

VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR have made two additions to, and two subtractions from, their upcoming British tour schedule. They have newly confirmed dates at Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (October 28) and Preston Guildhall (November 4), but gigs announced for Cambridge (October 25) and Exeter (November 8) are now cancelled.

FOSTER BROTHERS are special guests on two of the Little River Band's upcoming tour dates — at London Rainbow (October 2) and Birmingham Town Hall (10). For the rest of the tour, Tequila are the support act.

ADVERTISING, who have their first single "Lipstick" issued by EMI on October 14, play Leicester Blooblo's (tonight, Thursday), Manchester Electric Circus (Friday), London Camden Music Machine (October 11), London Southbank Polytechnic (14), London Camden Dingwalls (15), Birkenhead Mr. Digby's (20), London Marquee (22), London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (24), and High Wycombe Nags Head (27).

THE MODELS have been booked to support Johnny Thunders and the Heartbreakers on their comprehensive British tour throughout October.

THE JOLT return to their native Scotland on September 28 to headline a "Rock Against Racism" gig at Edinburgh Clouds. They then play Paisley Silver Thread (29), Wishaw Crown Hotel (30) and Perth Isle of Skye Hotel doubling Dundee Maryat Hotel (October 1).

NEW HEARTS are gigging at London Camden Music Machine (September 28), London Kensington Nashville (October 2), Liverpool Polytechnic (7), London Hampstead Southside Club (10), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (11), London Marquee (17) and London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (22).

STRANGER, the new band who recently invested all their capital into making their debut live appearance at London's giant Hammersmith Odeon, are beginning to find that their enterprise is paying off. They have been booked as support act on the previously-reported British tour by Lone Star, opening on October 2.

DELROY WASHINGTON, whose album "Rasta" has just been released by Virgin, plays three British dates next month — at London Oxford Street 100 Club (October 13), Birmingham International Club (14) and London Hackney All Nations Club (15).

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN are in concert at Ashton-under-Lyne Tameside Theatre (October 9), Coventry Theatre (10), Eastbourne Congress (11), Croydon Fairfield Hall (12), Bradford St. George's Hall (14), Oxford New Theatre (15) and London Palladium (16).

X-RAY SPEX have added Manchester Rafter's (October 20), London Marquee (26) and Liverpool Eric's (28) to their previously-reported tour itinerary.

LEO SAYER'S 40-concert British tour (20 dates with two performances each night) is now completely sold out. It opens in Cardiff on September 29.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

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WITH GUESTS

TYLA GANG

ANDY DUNKLEY "THE LIVIN' JUNE BOY"

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NORTHERN MUSIC DIED WITH MERSEYBEAT.

WRONG.

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To say it lives up to the promise of their live gigs is an understatement.

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Chris Welch,
Melody Maker.

Featuring the current single
'I believe (love will survive)'

RCA

PL 25101



IT FELT a bit weird, I must admit, being packed off to see The Adverts.

I always think these angry young things are going to chew me up in small pieces and spit me back out again, and I suspected I'd be happier at home with my Led Zeppelin records than ligging at the Locarno in Coventry.

Not a bit of it. All quiet pleasant. For one thing, a substantial segment of the audience resembled the natives inhabiting my own dimension of space and time, with a mere handful of would-be punkettes more nearly resembling Dusty Springfield circa 1964 than advertisements for Mrs. Howie or McLaren Enterprises.

For another, the band were so subdued in the dressing room I considered tap-dancing on the table to get them going.

Gaye kept leaning out of the loo to direct drummer Laurie Driver's listless doodlings on her bass — "From the fifth to the third! Right." — and retreating back.

TV (Tim) Smith sat hunched and withdrawn for about an hour, meditatively coughing and sipping beer. Unlikely looking manager Michael Dempsey, a publisher friend of NME's Miles (who put him onto the band in the first place and is going to help produce their next single), hopped around bubbling in counterpoint to the band's apparent nervousness.

The first and only previous time I'd seen The Adverts was last winter at the Roxy, about two minutes after they got together.

Even then I thought they had something, although I would have been hard pressed to say what exactly. More recently it seems the fashion in some quarters to be patronising about The Adverts and sneer that they're terrible when they patently aren't.

Laurie's convinced some of the slagging originated in one well-known punk commentator's failure to have

his evil way with Gaye, which brings me to my biggest realisation of the gig — that Gaye's bass playing is far from the hilarious joke one has been led to believe, since she's graduated from her initially fearful and delicate finger placement to an adequately ballsy attack.

Now, at least three Adverts articles that have passed under my nose at some point in the last two months have made the identical, hackneyed charge that "Gaye is no Jack Bruce".

Give it a rest, guys. The New Wave has yet to yield any bassist with that calibre of musical education and experience. If people are going to start awarding points on a scale of mature musical artistry now, at least apply the same standards to everyone in the show.

Besides, the statement is about as relevant and informative as saying Rat Scabies is no Chick Webb or Johnny Rotten is no Barbra Streisand.

THE OTHER face of the media gab has the Sun including Gaye in its recent characteristically intellectual analysis of the "saucy pop" girls and the Daily Express electing her the ethereal, enamel-faced inheritor of Marianne Faithfull's mantle — everyone's fave wasted English rose.

Playing it straight, Gaye just seems to me to be a very nice girl who is nervous, talkative but hard to follow as she shyly swallows words, averts her eyes and skitters away in pained awareness of photographers.

If she's looking more and more like an only partly reluctant donor to her friendly neighbourhood vampire rather than the girl next door ("I've had three pieces of toast today," she protested when I accused her of not eating) she will still cheerfully reflect that the nicest thing about "Gary Gilmore's Eyes" doing so well is that her parents are pleased.

On stage she looks stronger and cooler, but she's very self-conscious, a situation that's been exacerbated by

the kind of press she's excited and the occasional cries of "Git 'em off" that still stick in her craw.

Her way of dealing with it is to keep her head down and maintain a steely fascination with her frets.

"People have the totally wrong attitude to me just because I'm a female. People are always going on about what you're wearing and how you present yourself. Some musicians have helped me, but people in general don't. I'm just desperately trying to get a good sound and play right. I'm not one of Pan's People. I really like the audience, but I'd almost rather stand behind the stage and play where they can't see me."

Why she does it then is, reasonably enough, because she's got a compulsion to.

When she couldn't get a job as a graphic designer after leaving art college, Tim encouraged her to act on the fascination with the bass she says she's had ever since she was a kid, buying Beatles and Monkees records, and more so since she was 13 and discovered Zappa. (Although her numero uno is Iggy Iggy Iggy, whose kisser decorates her clothes, her walls and her bass; the thought of supporting him on his forthcoming tour has her in palpitations).

"I just always listened to the bass. When Tim was working and I was at home all day doing nothing I was getting completely confused."

"Then I was seeing The Stranglers every week and I started trying to play like Jean Jacques."

I love it — I was a mousewife until I discovered sadisto rock ... the effect was shattering.

Gaye is kinder about many of her contemporaries than some of them have been about her. "I wouldn't say any of them are bad at playing. At least they've got guts."

And she laughs at her propensity to put herself down in comparison to her enthusiasms for other bands.

"When I told Johnny Rotten the Pistols were my favourite band he said 'You're not supposed to say that! You

should think you're the best.' I suppose he's right."

Tim says he doesn't care what's said about them. It's all so corny anyway; the same thing always happens to new bands, etc.

However, later, when we replay a tape of their airing on John Peel's programme — an excellent performance with the band sounding really confident — he looks up, genuinely puzzled and says, "I don't see why people say we can't play. I'm not sure why we're the band that's been chosen to bear the brunt of the accusations of not being able to play."

"IT COULD BE because we have a female in the group", guitarist Howard Pick-up interjects.

"I object to these accusations because Tim and I have been in bands before, and even if Laurie and Gaye haven't I think we're now as good as any of them."

That's what they all say, honey. But I'll testify they got 'em going down the Mecca, and I had a dancey time.

"I think we actually try stuff that's technically much more difficult than most of the stuff that's going around on the New Wave or whatever you call it," Tim was eventually pushed into arguing. "We try strange rhythms in the songs ..."

"Very strange," Howard howled. "... and we don't always succeed," Tim finished, "but I believe in songs because that's what comes into your head when you walk down the street, not the band's noise."

But when you've only had one major single released it's sometimes difficult for an audience to discern whether it's hearing a savage, searing indictment of our time or not.

"It's irrelevant discussing what songs mean. Just like asking our opinion on things is setting us up on a pedestal. I just write songs and I had to play them."

Why? Just another compulsion, I'm led to believe, and screw looking for answers or rewards.

"I would categorically state that I don't care if I get rich, famous or laid, and I think it's crazy when people shout for you and things."

"As far as I'm concerned I'm





just an object to do the songs:

"You have to make sure there are certain lines which are going to stick out, even live, so they can catch you emotionally if not intellectually — just little things that make you swoop up when you hear them."

"It's like that for me performing. I'll sing a line here and there and suddenly it gets me up."

What is this anti-hero stuff? No hopes, dreams, or

aspirations, either financial or physical? No political pretensions?

Is this another New Wave line?

"We're not New Wave."

There are no categories. They ought to cut that now.

"Stop calling it punk or New Wave or anything, so it would just be bands again. Politics is just another cliché. It's part of life, inseparable."

If there is a — you'll pardon the pretension — recurring

*You can dance to
The Motors....
one step forward,
goose steps back!*

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Mon.26 PLYMOUTH Castaways/Tue.27 CARDIFF Top Rank/
Wed.28 LONDON Marquee/ Thur.29 BLACKBURN Lode Star/
Fri. 30 WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette Club.



theme in some of Tim's songs I'd say it was that there's no point in looking to anyone or anything else to make it for you, as in "New Church" or in the next single, "Safety In Numbers".

"It's the latest thing to be nowhere/You can blend into the wallpaper./But you know were always there anyway/Without the New Wave/What about the New Wave?/Did you think it would change things?"

THE CYNIC in me says this kid is disillusioned.

Allowing, however, that he may be in the purer state of being simply without illusions, what then does he want to do?

"I just like to think that people could come along and have a good time. I think it ought to be a very exciting experience coming to see us. I'd get a buzz out of watching it."

"Unfortunately I'm never in

a position where I can watch it."

Gaye had said, "I don't know what I want to happen. All these business people keep talking about what we're wearing and 'is the follow-up commercial?'"

"I don't really care if it is commercial if I really like it. It's nice that we have some say in it and know what's going on, otherwise you end up like Abba in two year's time."

Well, but Abba are rich and popular.

Okay, so The Adverts reckon they don't pine for externals. Tim wears a home-made badge that reads: "Is yours a LIVING room? Is it a HAVEN, do you feel secure and..."

Security, like riches and fan letters, being another false god, I presume.

"If everything went right, there would be something wrong," Tim reasoned. "You have to have tension to keep alive."

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is the most fun you
can have with your ears

Hey Rosita!

see

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Tues. 27 Bradford, St. George's Hall
Thurs. 29 Aberdeen, Music Hall
Fri. 30 Edinburgh, Odeon

October

Sat. 1 Glasgow, Apollo
Sun. 2 Newcastle, City Hall
Mon. 3 Sheffield, City Hall

Tues. 4 Hanley, Victoria Hall

Thurs. 6 Manchester, Free Trade Hall

Fri. 7 Liverpool, Empire

Sat. 8 Birmingham, Odeon

Sun. 9 Bristol, Colston Hall

Mon. 10 Swansea, Top Rank Suite

Tues. 11 Cardiff, Top Rank Suite

Thurs. 13 Canterbury University, Sports Hall

Fri. 14 Brighton, Top Rank Suite

Sat. 15 Hammersmith Odeon, London

Sun. 16 Hammersmith Odeon, London

Tues. 18 Portsmouth, Guildhall

Wed. 19 Bournemouth, Winter Gardens

Thurs. 20 Oxford, New Theatre

Fri. 21 Cambridge, Corn Exchange

Sat. 22 Southend, Kursaal

Sun. 23 Hemel Hempstead, Pavilion

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Taken from their debut album Mink Deville E-ST 11631



DR. FEELGOOD



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- *23 FRI CORK, CITY HALL
- *24 SAT DUBLIN STADIUM
- 26 MON LEICESTER, DE MONFORT HALL
- 27 TUE BRADFORD, ST. GEORGES HALL
- 29 THU ABERDEEN, MUSIC HALL
- 30 FRI EDINBURGH, ODEON

OCTOBER

- 1 SAT GLASGOW, APOLLO
- 2 SUN NEWCASTLE, CITY HALL
- 3 MON SHEFFIELD, CITY HALL
- 4 TUE HANLEY, VICTORIA HALL
- 6 THU MANCHESTER, FREE TRADE HALL
- 7 FRI LIVERPOOL, EMPIRE
- 8 SAT BIRMINGHAM, ODEON
- 9 SUN BRISTOL, COLSTON HALL
- 10 MON SWANSEA, TOP RANK

On tour

- 11 TUE CARDIFF, TOP RANK
- 13 THU CANTERBURY, UNIVERSITY SPORTS HALL
- 14 FRI BRIGHTON, TOP RANK
- 15 SAT HAMMERSMITH ODEON
- 16 SUN HAMMERSMITH ODEON
- 18 TUE PORTSMOUTH, GUILD HALL
- 19 WED BOURNEMOUTH, WINTER GARDENS
- 20 THU OXFORD, NEW THEATRE
- 21 FRI CAMBRIDGE, CORN EXCHANGE
- 22 SAT SOUTHEND, KURSAAL
- 23 SUN HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, PAVILION

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Pics: CHALKIE DAVIES

YOU ARE WHO
YOU EAT
IN THIS WEEK'S
APPETISING
HELPING OF . . .

THRILLS

BLACKMAIL CORNER



FURTHER ADVENTURES in the development of New Wave heroes. This week: Nick Lowe going through the changes from Brinsley Schwarz to Stiff stardom. We here at NME think the first shot's rather cute.

Following up last week's Blackmail Corner pointing out the uncanny resemblance between Elvis Costello and a geezer from the past called Day Costello, Thrills is as yet unable to confirm that the two are the same. But our suspicions are not allayed by the info that Elvis himself has a copy of Day's "The Long And Winding Road" (c. 1970). "I guess he's an avid collector of records," chortled Stiff boss Jake Riviera, who was otherwise tight-lipped. Okay, Jake, we're getting offa Stiff's back after this week . . . but we'll be back soon enough if those cheques start bouncing.

Next week: The manager of a well-known punk band pictured in a pretty silly pose!

WE
HERE AT
NME
SAY THAT
ELVIS IS
DAY!

THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME

But does it?

WIDESPREAD musicbiz speculation about the future of Led Zeppelin came out into the open at the weekend when Radio 1 ran a news report that the band had split.

Despite the fact that the story has been denied to NME on several occasions over the past fortnight, rumours continue to circulate.

Ever since the tragic death of Robert Plant's son Karac in July — and the termination of the band's U.S. tour it caused — there has been considerable industry gossip over Zeppelin's immediate state and long-term future.

Most of the rumours centre around Plant, who is naturally still in an emotional state. The stories all follow the same lines . . . allegations of animosity between Plant and Jimmy Page, and that Plant has turned his back on the group possibly for good.

In the course of a series of calls to the Zeppelin office to clarify the situation over the past two weeks, the split story has been denied several times. Manager Peter Grant refutes vigorously this speculation as totally without foundation — but Grant has declined to oblige repeated requests for an official statement for publication.

The Radio 1 news report was broadcast during Saturday's *Rock On*. Their story was relayed by their U.S. West Coast correspondent, Melissa Rhodes. NME rang a couple of contacts in New York and Los Angeles on Monday and confirmed that the same rumours are circulating in the U.S., with a new twist — that Jimmy Page has offered his services to The Rolling Stones should Keith Richards' Canadian drugs case prevent him joining the band on tour.

Again on Tuesday, NME contacted the Swan Song office where Zeppelin aide Richard Cole repeated the denials. Cole thought the rumours might have been caused by the fact that the four members of the group hadn't socialized together, and had

gone their separate ways when they returned to England after the aborted U.S. tour.

Apart from the tragic aftermath of Karac Plant's death, the Zeppelin organisation is also currently embroiled in legal actions following the group's concerts at the Oakland Stadium in San Francisco on July 25/26.

Following an affray at the gig, charges of battery were laid against drummer John Bonham, manager Peter Grant and two Zeppelin employees. American reports say that a civil suit for two million dollars punitive damages was also filed against the band. The same report quoted the group's lawyer saying that all four would plead innocent to the charges.

In a recent edition of *Rolling Stone*, promoter Bill Graham recounted in detail his personal recollections of the incident that led to the charges — two men who were injured were members of his stage crew.

His comment that he "could never in good conscience" book Zeppelin in the States again is another source of question marks against the band's future.

ROY CARR

THRILLS



C. P. Lee tries . . .

A BRIEF NATTER over a can of beer in a tent that's tripling as a refreshment bar, dressing room and rehearsal area is not the best circumstances for a character analysis.

But it served its purpose well enough for me for mark Southside Johnny as a man worth knowing.

"One of the weirdest guys I ever saw," said Bruce Springsteen, on the sleeve of The Asbury Jukes first album. "He used to dress like my old man. He was definitely comin' in from the outside. Once I talked to him I realised he wasn't as weird as he looked... he was weirder, and his general conversation consisted of insulting everyone within 50 feet."

Southside was probably surrounded by a mob that deserved insulting when Springsteen first ran into him, 'cause he struck me as the kind of dude who doesn't stand for any bullshit. On the other hand, he'll talk about music for as long as you can keep up with his eclectic inspiration.

"Music is the great emotional outlet," he affirmed, midway through our chat. "But you have to deal with an audience to make it work. It's a media for self-expression first and foremost but you have to be with people."

"I don't like any kind of music that people can't have a good time to. I don't like studio groups. The worst thing that ever happened is when big money came into rock 'n' roll."

Like when Elvis moved up market? I suggested, since the man was still in the mind that day. "Not so much then," he contested. "Elvis was never introspective. It was The Beatles that brought about the distance from the audience."

"Honesty is essential too. I saw The Bay City Rollers and they sounded like they were lying in their teeth; so phoney. Whereas this punk thing, I don't like it musically but I like the fact that a group like The Sex Pistols say the things that they say and then take the heat for it."

"They're not one thing in public and another in private."

Neither is Southside. On record

IF YOU CAN'T TAKE THE HEAT

CLIFF WHITE SWOPS NOTES WITH SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY



and stage, he and The Asbury Jukes perform exactly what they like, which is a rock 'n' soul combination that's rooted in the black music that was aired in their patch of New York during the late '50s and '60s.

Since that's heaven to me, it naturally didn't take more than a "Hi, glad to meet you" before we were discussing the merits of Solomon Burke and James Brown. It was no surprise that JB is down on Southside's list of greats.

"He's one of the main reasons I'm in this business. I saw him first in 1961; me, my brother and a friend, all drunk on Applejack and the only whites in an all-black audience. It was the heaviest experience I've ever had, unbelievable, and the most intense act I'd seen until Bruce Springsteen about 15 years later."

If Springsteen was responsible for getting Johnny and the Jukes on record then he's OK with me too. Their two Epic albums ("I Don't Want To Go Home", "This Time It's For Real") have been among the essential buys of the last 12 months. What I hadn't realised is that a third album slipped out between the two official releases, a nugget that came to light when I asked whether the band is likely to record live.

"Yeah," he confirmed. "A live album is a natural for this group. In fact we've already done one. We did a live album in The States for radio promotion. It wasn't great. Usually groups record a dozen or more shows and then pick the best performances of the batch but we only had four shows to do it; two days at The Bottom Line in New York; all crazy shows. Still, overall it was a pretty good representation of the group. We're bound to do a better one sometime."

And how about future studio albums; will The Jukes continue to feature guest appearances by worthy R&B stars?

"I don't know. It's not something we plan; we're not a rescue team for those guys. It's just that Miami Steve writes great songs in the styles of various artists, like 'Little Girl So Fine' which is obviously a Drifters type of thing. We were gonna cut it on our own but The Drifters were around town so we thought, hell, we might as

well take them in the studio with us. It's always worked out fine too but we probably won't do it on our next album."

"I'm not thinking too much about the album anyway; I'd like to get a single out as soon as a few songs are in the can. I grew up when singles were everything, when it was one great A side and that's it. Singles are a more concise statement and they don't give you pressures. That's another thing I like about what's happening over here. Unfortunately, in The States rock 'n' roll is still a heavy album market."

"Who needs all that? Rock 'n' roll should be made by truck drivers from Tupelo, Mississippi, not studio musicians with an album commitment to fulfil."

The next day I bumped into Southside again. Small and insignificant in a sloppy sweater and shapeless jeans, he was just one of several thousand at the Honky Tonk party on Clapham Common. Other stars had arrived in limos and gone on stage to be introduced by Charlie Gillett. Southside made his own way to the gig on the Northern Line and refused an invitation to join the others. He was just there for the music.

THRILLS



... on a ...

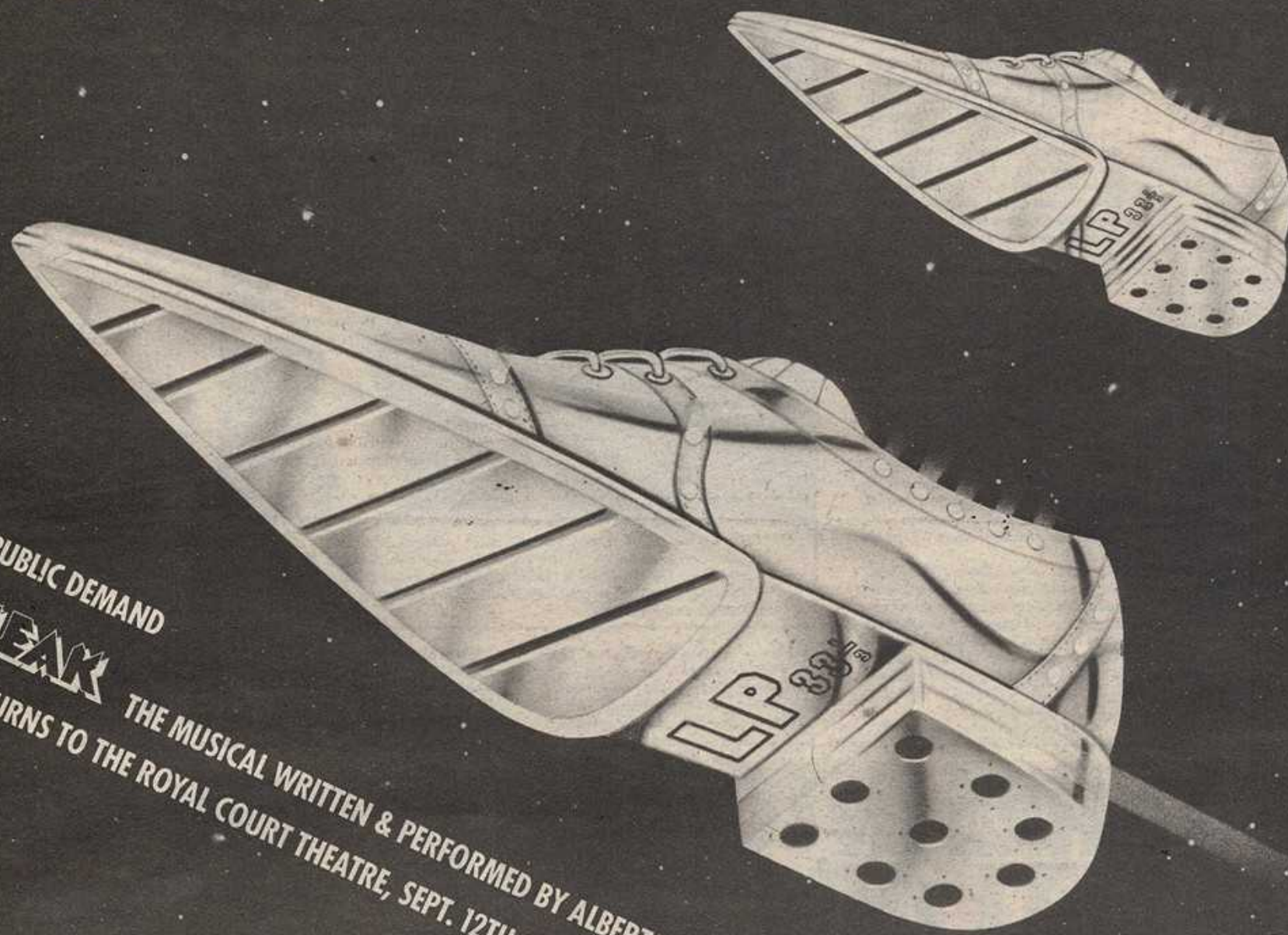
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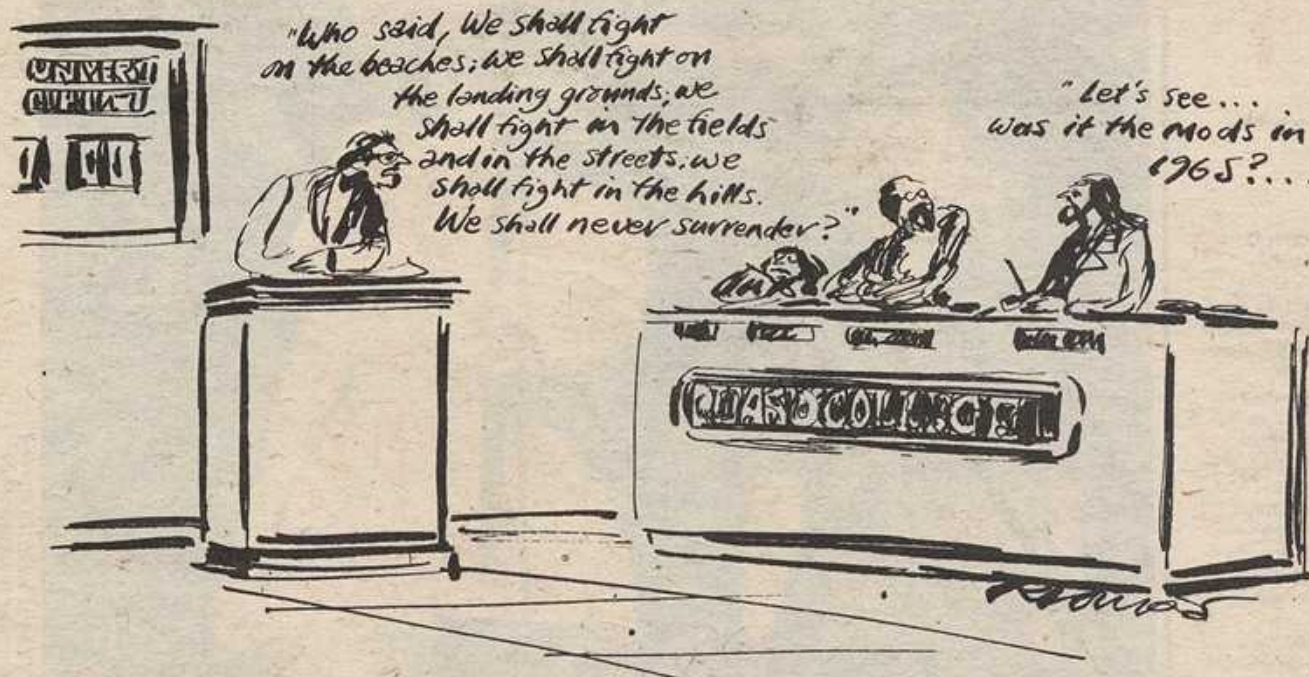
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PB 5526 **REA**

LOWRY



MISTAKEN I.D.

IGGY POP on The Clash: "I love some of those things that Strummer does on the guitar, those pretty little things he does are a lot like some of my stuff... very child-like and similar to the way I look. I've painted a portrait of Strummer... I don't like that band's words much, though..."

Clash aficionados will know that it's Strummer who writes the band's lyrics while Mick Jones plays lead guitar to Joe's rhytm. Is Iggy suffering from mistaken identity?

"Iggy thinks that Mick is me," says Strummer gloomily. "It's Mick he likes, not me. Got us muddled up..." The Scratch City Rocker brightens at the possibility that it is really Joe that Iggy admires from afar, but until Iggy hits these shores at the weekend—who knows who the shoe will fit? And maybe not even then...

"I'd really like to meet all those guys," says Iggy. "but I limit the number of people I allow myself to meet, I'm very strict about it... nothing's gonna stop me this time."

TONY PARSONS

THRILLS



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DANGEROUS VISIONS

BRIAN CASE WATCHES TV

A SENSE OF LIVES LIVED...

SHUCKS — call me impressionable if you like, but after a week's popular television I feel somehow stronger, finer, creamier, and if the Optrex and icebags only hold out, I can't see any reason to leave the sitting room again, ever. This durn fool's fallen in love, and small wonder!

From now on you can stuff your music — the happiest sound on earth is the thwack of *Radio Times* on doormat and the sated thunk of self onto the scatter cushions after the Epilogue, teleology in a nutshell.

It began on Saturday with *Star Turn*. A posy of faintly familiar actors sat around on spangled bran-tubs, enacting charades. Everyone seemed to be wearing chunky-knit cardigans — weekend I guess, at ease and that — and taking flyers. "Is it — you're — you're Victor Maddern?"

One two-watt starlet kept half-starting up from her bran-tub and shouting "er — er —" with thistledown gestures from the wrist, guessing nothing but clocking plenty camera.

I'd better come clean here and admit that at this stage I was still sceptical and maybe a whisker sneery about the national taste. Pique does strange things to a man, and many's the bad guesser who's gathered up his dice and eggcup and flounced home in a barrel.

The Generation Game landed me though, hook, line and sinker.

Whatever it takes — pantherish grace, masterfulness, pollen — Bruce Forsyth has got it in spades. One goggle and I was a goner. No mistaking him as everybody else on the show, the mums and sons and daughters and dads, stand with their arms hanging down till further orders, or trundle like sightseers to their next ordeal. Amateurs — and who wouldn't be around him!

Jaunty Plantaganet face, lapels like gladioli leaves, Bruce moves like a budgie, tucking the tie down flat after each encounter, every postcard pun. "Suggestive biscuits!" "Big Chief Firefighter!" "Give us a dangle!"

Oh, indelible rib-ticklers from a maestro of mirth and, despite it all, that little common touch, that little nite-lite of humanity.

"It sez here you live and breathe transport, Reg?" he asks a contestant. "Yes, Bruce, that is so." A sense of lives lived...

Fat ladies from Chingford competitively bumsquash balloons, hubbies from Willesden gape at marrows, siblings from Salop beat clocks and bear off dinettes and dansettes and fastnet and cromerty, and they're all GOOD SPORTS!

TOO BIG-A jump, you might think, from that DIY Chortlefest to the seamless chromium of *Policewoman*? Guess again, pal. Like rock-lettering, it runs straight and true through that slammo city of fatal freeways, palmed buzzers, dropkick tearaways and freeze-shot-credits that transform the humblest gestures into presentation marble — and it spells FOLKS. Knock on any door...

Sergeant Pepper Anderson is a caring cop. Hell, they're all caring cops down at the precinct house — a WASP, a woman, a hippie and a black, team kinda jes' panned out that way. Maybe there's a Puerto Rican doberman in the pipeline, with a point of view.

Policewoman's outfits range from co-ed sweater 'n blouse to appliqued denim, no helmet, while her chief makes do with rolling up his cuffs and a hairdo hoods could hole-up behind. She's Angie Dickinson, ex-rookie

under Sheriffs Wayne and Brando; he's Earl Holliman, the original hokum Okie. Sweet music's always just around the filing cabinet for this deuce of aces, love in the nick. Never mind the naked city — when are they gonna mix fingerprints?

At first I figured *Coronation Street* was in morse. "Eh up" — "Ta-re" — "Bye!" We iris on rooftops, jiggers, ten-feet, yards, roving alleycats from the rear like exclamation points. The raw stuff of life! For sheer skipping about, t'series takes t'garibaldi — cornershop, tobacconist's pub — by the heck! — newboy like me didn't know where his next counter was coming from.

"Vodka and lime when you've a minute, luv," "Eee — his eyelashes!" "Fags, booze, fellas — ruin a carthorse that would."

I clutch the arms of my chairs as we chop about between choppy chippies, one in t'bar one in t'boutique, while the street says, "She's got all t'fellas goin', that one," and nod knowing curlers.

A bluff lad called Len Fairclough says he hates militant extremists and sinks his ale. I eat a cress sandwich and change the poultice on my head.

Corks — what a magic carpet! With one click I have bounded from Sasparilla County to the Pastieland of *Poldark*, and — unless this is a Tory Party Political Broadcast — am deep in the last century. Dashing Captain Ross Poldark, but recently invalidated out of the army with ague, declares, "As long as I keep away from marshes. I'm sound as a bell." You and me both, buddy.

Inheritances, heirs and fortunes are tussled over against a backdrop of cliff-tops, byways and illiteracy. Bronte, Du Maurier and a nod to T. Hardy for the massed gummidges oh, we seed the first of 'em, but we baint seed the last of 'em by a long chalk.

The Captain and his Demelza — Anghared Rees, a sort of junior Maria Schell — feature a lot of duos for curls in the wild wind, and, winner-material, clearly don't mind tracking a bit of mud indoors, unlike the upstart at The Hall.

Crossroads travels light. Eggbox sets and a cast that stands in one place with their arms hanging down like contestants. They have outbursts in housecoats and offer each other cocoa.

"I'm sorry — I didn't mean you to find out this way," "You've known all along, haven't you?" "This is very difficult for all of us."

Everybody in *Crossroads* is either stuffed up everybody else, or trying to make it all horrible and dirty, or watching the milkpan.

BY THE END of the week things were beginning to merge.

Ena Sharples in plainclothes curlers and appliqued denim freezes commemoratively around a Magnum: "Clip of t'armour-piercing when you've a minute, luv."

Pregnant contestants toboggan against the clock. Warleggan and Poldark cross marrows over a disinherited dinette. Demelza ruins a carthorse.

I feel an uncontrollable urge to make everything horrible and dirty, so I drop my buzzer in t'cocoa.

THRILLS



... of funny...



The F-ckettes do their stuff. Pic: ROBERTA BAYLEY



AN-TH-R B-NCHA N-W Y-RK WE-RDO-S

RUN OFF THE TYPE-
WRITER OF L-STER B-NGS

DEBUT OF THE year. Pre-debut data: Russell, lead F-ck whose last name I do not know and who works as a bouncer at the Bottom Line, told me they named themselves that to see if the *Village Voice* would print it in their weekly CBGBs ad. They didn't. Some big liberals!

Russell warned me to come though, so I called up CBGBs early on their night.

I wonder if you can imagine what it feels like to phone a rock club and ask, "What time do the Sick Fucks go on?"

"Who?"

"The Sick Fucks. I heard they're playing there tonight."

"Never heard of them."

"You didn't? They're Russell's band."

"Oh, I wondered what the name of Russell's band was. No wonder we've been getting these weird phone calls all night."

I knew it had to be great. Anybody who calls themselves the Sic F-cks (actual spelling) just has to transcend all this punk shit, the kind of transcendence involved in saying this is all bullshit, and we are bullshit, and we don't care. I don't mean like all these crappy bands who make a point of letting you know that they don't care that they care that they don't care.

I mean like the Godz, true precursors of true current "punk." I mean as in the Sic F-cks had exactly

one and a half rehearsals before playing CBGBs, and they were the best thing to hit this club in months. Because they were not trying to show everybody what contempt they felt or how much blood they could let out of themselves. They were *having fun* (oh yeah, that stuff).

Here's the lineup: Russell, lead guitar (sort of) and vocals. Russell is a genius; proof lies no further than his T-shirt, which beneath the band's name read, white on black, "Rhodesia Tour '77." He's got long hair and he wears it well, in fact not a spiky head in the bunch, nice refreshing touch, definitely the band of the future. Two other guitarists, all three guitarists whanging and clanging at once, oh what a lovely war, sublime mess spilling out to erode the rafters. They collided and they derided.

Bassist cool except for ersatz Dead Boys mummies' sunglasses — his T-shirt said "Buddy Hackett Fan Club." Best of all saved for last: the F-ckettes (I'm even getting to live for I mean like that hyphen): two nice girls (no hate vibes like at Tubes concerts) with buck teeth singing in between the feedback like Laverné & Shirley if they were truly cool and updated, so naturally sexy they don't need no bumps and grinds.

One is dressed in girl-scout uniform, orange windowpane stockings, trashy blond wig, leopardskin sunglasses; I liked her best, because she lost herself more completely.

The other one was dressed as a nurse in bloodstained smock with big "PUSSY GALORE" button, white

nylons, trashy blue wig. Black panties on the girl scout, don't remember what colour panties on the nurse because her smock started to come undone and I craned for a glimpse of nipple on dancing titties, no luck. Great legs on both.

After the show I had two words for Russell, the band and the F-ckettes: "Awesome!" and "Wholesome!" Awesome because the spirit of sowhat rock 'n' roll finally came back to this joint for real, wholesome because in the sex tease there was no taste of contempt on either side, you know like the mutual hate you can feel in the room when a stripper's doing her bored stuff, besides which the guys were making even bigger assholes of themselves than their babes.

How? Material. And performance of same. Every song of course led off with "Onetwothree-FOUR!" and then careened into another basically mid-American opus of uncamped trash slash mash, Russell and the other guys staggering all over the stage leaping only to bump into each other which only elicited another whammo dischord.

The girls got their big number in the Tuli Kupferberg / Fugs mouldie "Jackoff Blues," where the nurse forgot her lines and admitted it in front of the world with more brazen elan than anybody's shown in this dimly cool world of rock since Alice hooted "We can't even think up a word that rhymes!" The girl scout got hers perfect.

Driving force behind all this scenery and smashup must be Russell, who hootabooted out such instant classics as "St. Louis Sucks" and his immortal ode to Toni Tennille in a hailing-a-cab vocal blast sufficient that Davids Peel and Johansen collided heads rushing out the doorway in separate but mutual ignominy.

When time inevitably came for the encore, Russell told the stomping, cheering audience that they had run out of songs.

"Make one up!" I yelled.

"Whattayou you think we been doin' all night?" he riposted. Then: "Hope you liked this one, because we're gonna do it again!" And so they did. They could have done 'em all again for my money; this garbage showed up all the other pitiful imitations of true rock 'n' roll heard hereabouts lately for the trite shit 'twas.

Guest star of the evening: Handsome Dick Manitoba, King of the Day Time World, who sang "Wild Thing," one of the great performances in this stage of his career. Best line from a S-ck Fucks song: I don't remember but you could actually hear most of the lyrics, amazing.

Also they drew four times as many people as Peter Tork had the previous night (Sic Fu-ks mania pre-empts), besides which one of the lead guitarists (three, remember — what is rhythm guitar?) bounced his guitar three times on the floor and caught it, then started playing it again, and of course it sounded even better, obviously revealing the shortsightedness of Peter Townshend and Jimi Hendrix at Monterey. This was the Si-F-ck-at-C-B-Bs, a-d-t-e-y-s-elled-ut-on-wo-d: antidisestablishmentarianism.

THRILLS

HAVE YOU GOT...

THE NEW SINGLE
FROM THE **CLASH**

COMPLETE
CONTROL

OR IS IT

CITY
OF
THE
DEAD



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"I knew that tattoo of Elvis was a mistake."



THE SIGN IN the middle of a collection of Presley paraphernalia on display in the window of Rock On's North London oldies store proclaimed: "None Of These Items For Sale".

Some people just won't accept "no" for an answer. The other evening thieves broke into Rock On and not only cleaned out the window but also grabbed a stack of choice Presley singles from behind the counter. Nothing else was touched.

Rock On's Barry Appleby told *Thrills* that it wasn't the handiwork of an over-zealous, grief-stricken fan:

"There's a gang going around London systematically knocking over records shops exclusively for their Presley gear. They're not interested in anything else."

However, not all their robberies have paid dividends. Beware of anyone attempting to flog mint original Presley Sun 45s for an arm and a leg — they're duds. Seems that during one break-in, the thieves stole a bunch of Sun facsimiles in mistake for the genuine article.

ROY CARR

THRILLS

PETE'S
'OOTER A
NATIONAL
'ERITAGE?

WITH JUST over 22 years of the 20th century left to run, the Big Collectors are already hunting up artefacts for the time-capsule. In 1980 the Victoria and Albert Theatre Museum, as part of its forthcoming move to the former Covent Garden Flower Market, will open its new Popular Music Annex; and all contributions as they say, will be gratefully received.

Opened in 1974, the Theatre Museum endeavours to cover all the performing arts from Greek and Roman theatre right through to ballet, opera, even the circus. The idea of extending its exhibits to embrace jazz, blues, country, folk, pop and rock was mooted a couple of years ago, but it wasn't until the beginning of this year that Lola Michael, who is to be on charge of the Annex, was given the official blessing to begin scrounging.

Keith Richard was the first celebrity she contacted. Richard approved of the idea but has still as yet to send in a donation. Other artists were quicker to comply with Ms Michael's requests for personal memorabilia. Mad-axeman Pete Townshend dug out a wounded-in-action Rickenbacker guitar but kept his nose for the time being; Brian Eno gifted items from Roxy Music's wardrobe; John

Lennon and Ringo Starr parted with their collarless Fab Four jackets, Elton John with one of his more garish romper-suits, Frank Sinatra with a personal collection of books and photographs.

Though personal donations of stage-clothes and instruments are most welcome, Ms Michael also intends to build-up a comprehensive library of records, record company biogs, photographs, posters, programmes, T-shirts, badges and promotional gimmicks.

"Our intention", says Lola Michael, (who is having to run the operation on a shoe-string because who ever

heard of a government rock 'n' roll grant) "is to make this a permanent exhibition incorporating research study facilities. So, I'd be most pleased to receive any donations from fans, artists and" — she emphasises — "record companies. In particular, I'm frantically looking for '50s and '60s memorabilia" (*Aren't we all?* — Ed.)

So the next time you're going through your old junk, think twice before you throw those old rock concert programmes in the trash can. You might be dumping your sub-cultural heritage.

You can send your donations to: Lola Michael, Theatre Museum, Victoria & Albert, London S.W.7.

ROY CARR

THRILLS



Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

DON'T TREAD ON
MY BLUE SUEDE
SHOES

—And I won't tread on yours.

The door opens. "Chris Lee," I ask, "are you insane?"

"No", he says, "I'm in Didsbury."

IT'S MILDLY STORMY afternoon in Didsbury, a heavily-studented outskirts of Manchester, and I'm chatting to C. P. Lee, one-seventh of the well-respected surreal mixed vegetable beat group Alberto Y Los Trios Paranoias.

We throw sentences into the air concerning Frank Zappa. "I could talk all afternoon about Zappa, he's one of my heroes," says Lee — and it's easy to see that parallels exist. Lee, too, agitates, educates, exerts, points out lameness, but less condescendingly than Zappa.

A tape recorder is switched on; C. P. Lee adopts C. P. Lee pose which means he doesn't change at all. "Hi boys, nice to talk to all you readers again, huh huh."

He puts on duck's head mask. "I've got a lot of masks". He slips on a whole series of silly masks. I laugh. He puts on a Spider-Man mask, dismisses it ("bit Steve Miller, that"), and crumples it.

The man refuses to be interviewed seriously.

There are now seven members of the Albertos. They've just been working out a new stage act during their recent enforced holidays:

"Fifty per cent psychedelia with no jokes whatsoever, 'cos The Strangers have done it, man, and we're fed up."

The Albertos came about four years ago for much the same reasons as punk etc — "We really hated rock

music. It'd got to such a pathetic state that it needed a kick up the arse. There was this glut of individuals who all dug each other's idea of humour and we did this piss-take rock show and it developed from that.

"We didn't see ourselves as a rock band, we didn't see ourselves as a theatre group — I don't like terms like that, it's horrible... the image that springs to mind when you say theatre group. It's about as relevant as a retarded shrimp."

"The Albertos have always been more than just a rock group. We don't like the limitations imposed by the label 'theatre group' or the label 'rock group'. We want to expand... books, magazines... why should a rock band just go out and do music?"

Yes, Chris Lee is dedicated to entertaining! But is he sane? ("What is reality? More sugar.") And why does he — they — bother?

"Yeah, that was gonna be the title of our first album, 'Why Bother?', and that's the general Alberto plan. Basically it seemed like a good idea at the time; we started off playing these

gigs, having lots of fun and then we got a management and then about a year after that we thought 'Why bother?' We might as well give it all up, and then we found we owed 20,000 quid to our management so we couldn't stop even if we wanted to.

"In a sense, what I've just said is slightly true, 'cos you get incredibly disheartened doing onenighters, going round and round and round. But no, I wouldn't do it if I didn't like doing it. Yeah... also I think that people should permanently question the kind of pap that they're fed, and if we can entertain them and also show off some of the shit that goes down there, we've done something. That sounds incredibly pretentious, and it is in a sense because we're not preaching, but we like to feel that we've had some effect on the youth of Great Britain, even if it's only advertising Fem-fresh."

The last 12 months have been briskly varied and consuming for our heroes including astounding critical/commercial response to their unique *Sleak* stage show, tedious hassles with their label, Transatlantic, and the eventual release of their "Italians From Outer Space" album? Transatlantic now seem more in line with Alberto.

The 'Space' album's a year old, but Lee seems quite pleased with it — "Well, the first album was crap — not grossly bad, but it was an easy way out. We should have done what we did on the second one which is, loose word, concept — it's a listening experience, a film without images, it's a trip."

The first was just rock music with funny lyrics, which was a very easy way out, but then we didn't have the necessary experience to make it effective."

Prior to their recent re-linking with Transatlantic the Albertos laid down



... masks.

four tracks from the *Sleak* show for an e.p. on Stiff, produced by the label's house producer. Nick Lowe has been a friend of C. P.'s for a long time, as has Jake Riviera.

"I've known Jake for years, I'm on 'Bunch Of Stiffs' — what *Rolling Stone* dubbed the 'mystery voice.' Gasp! What a myth."

Albertos are fond of myths. Take *Sleak* for example. The ultimate, Lee is righteously animated about this indefinable show. It's a logical extension of Alberto's anarchic absurdity, also of their insistent, smacking, magnifying of highly questionable values and unbelievable excesses. Critics froth at its barrier-breaking.

"It started about a year ago when we were doing some writing with (former *NME* staffer) Tony Tyler, trying to work out ways of presenting a better show, and of the ideas that got batted about was the idea of some sort of on-stage suicide. The idea lay dormant till last fall, when I found myself with a lot of amphetamine sulphate and a typewriter."

"I banged out the play — originally it was going to be an album soundtrack thing done very well — the idea got bootied to the Royal Court Theatre (London), who were a bit interested but didn't think it would work, so it was drastically re-written so that it could be worked on stage."

"Then we got pissed off waiting so we did it in Manchester, and it worked. The guy from the Court liked it, so we belted in and did four days and went down very well."

"We're gonna go back and do it again. We've had offers from Australia... After that... well, Ken Russell... if he likes it... well..."

The Snuff Rock concept has a lot to do with longterm looselimbbed Alberto's policy of attacking as far as possible the laughable but earnest excesses of rock, with the King Arthur On Ice syndrome, and also with the snuff cult/craze that, er, flowered newsworthily about this time last year.

"It was written before punk took any great hold. An angle that a lot of people have taken is that it's an extension from punk, which initially it wasn't although it has mutated that way. In fact it started with snuff movies emerging in the States... and things like Alice Cooper's stage act, which was a very violent, incredibly spectacular show. The only way you could possibly top it would be to actually kill on stage."

"I think a lot of people must have seen it as the only logical progression left for rock music — I think Lowry had a bash at it with his cartoons. The final straw was some chick on American T.V. reading the news... One night she said, 'O.K. that's the end of the news; meanwhile another first for LSN station here in California, the first televised suicide attempt;' and she put a gun to her head and shot herself. So the play came about that people would watch snuff movies and get a kick out of them."

"I wouldn't be surprised if someone does it some day. So there's a kernel of truth behind *Sleak*."

Crispy Lee is positive it will not become another *Tommy*-like millstone, and he's quietly pleased at some of the side-effects of the play.

"People who came to see us in Liverpool and Manchester and London weren't the type of people who usually go the theatre — I don't go to the theatre myself, 'cos I don't find they excite me."

He hopes the play will extend the band's reputation beyond being just a parody group.

"Being termed such was something of a drawback, 'cos somewhere along

More of this stuff over page

LAST BIT OF STUFF STARTED OVER PAGE

the line we'd like to write songs that are funny in their own right without being piss-takes of other people. Satire. Laughter is a great weapon, though."

The band are political with a small p. "The whole thing is, don't tread on my blue suede shoes and I won't tread on yours. Anarchistic as opposed to leaning towards any party. Zen Marxism. School of Brutalism."

A three-word definition of Zen Marxism: "Politicians fart-clapping."

About rock music and its audiences he is forthright, impassioned.

His (caring) rock'n'roll heart beats mightily. "Rock audiences need parodying, they really do — the brainlessness of a lot of audiences who despise people trying to do something different. I can't comprehend why two-and-a-half thousand people fill Manchester Free Trade Hall to see bands who I'd draw the curtains on if they were playing my back garden. Sure, whatever turns a person on, but I get dismayed."

"The media are largely responsible for conditioning audiences to accept."

This guy sounds more ethnic punk

rocker than Gene October'll ever be. If punk etc has vigorously stirred the stagnating pool, it takes people like C.P. to keep stirring, because a lot of people think the stirring they're done is enough.

Rock isn't stagnating any more but it looks as if it will rapidly do so again. C.P. thinks so. And so do I.

A new cynical-type, embittered establishment is slowly forming and C.P. and friends hover dangerously, waiting to provoke, burst the gas, as always really on the outside looking in.

C.P. Lee's five favourite words are Give Me More Money Now.

"Chris Lee", I ask, "are you insane?"

"You have the audacity to ask me if I'm insane and all over the world there are millions of people starving to death!"

A very funny man, Chris Lee...

PAUL MORLEY.



Another buncha New York weirdoes? No, it's the same bunch you saw on page 16 — this is what happened when Handsome Dick Manitoba got into the act. Pic: JOE STEVENS.

THE
END



A FAN'S TRIBUTE

IT'S DULLY strange — just a few fast days after reading and hearing the effect on so many lives that Presley's "Heartbreak Hotel" had — that the creator of a totally different and unique generation's rock'n'roll watershed should be so wastefully snatched away.

Marc Bolan always seemed to accept that he wasn't going to be around too long. Growing old was something he couldn't focus on, yet this subdued comprehension seemed another element in his outrage: his naive, perhaps justified, continual striving to be bracketed with the greats.

It was hard to envisage that Marc would not be around for a long, long time, a perpetually beautiful eccentric. But if his death sparks off serious realisation of his importance and peculiarly sadly neglected chameleon instincts, and that he really was one of rock'n'rolls greats, then it will not have been so totally pointless.

He adopted poses, he had a lot of fun; a softer, more sparkling *doppelgänger* to Bowie, whose calculation and aloofness he could never possibly match.

He was surely the definitive Pop Star; sweetly sexy, deceptively coy, raunchily vulnerable and taunting. His success was gargantuan, rendering resultant manoeuvres all but impossible. He created the teeny market. He gave so many people so much undemanding fun.

He made some classic pop singles: I remember jamming a crummy transistor radio up to my ear to catch the fey electric mystique of the unashamedly simplistic "Ride A White Swan", rushing out to buy it, and not even having a record player. His rock'n'roll records during his star period were so elegantly moulded. They were so effective within their blunt confinements, flowery technique totally irrelevant, because Marc *knew* rock'n'roll.

His rock'n'roll heart was big, plump and furiously pumping. He made records that were insistent, fast, fun, catchy, simple, sexy — rock'n'roll records. "Electric Warrior", a masterpiece of synthesis and distillation. The poetry of sound and order. The word used always seems to be "magic", derivative yet unique.

To thousand of teenagers, Marc was rock'n'roll. He had uncovered a massive generation, the Third Generation, aimless, yearning for heroes. Marc was the first '70s pop hero and the biggest. For Marc, it was surely destiny, and me, well, I loved him, like many others.

For the ecstatic years of '72 and '73, and amounts of '71 and '74, Bolan was the cream. It was his period but he realised immediately the impermanence of his situation, the fickleness of the worship, the total hopelessness. He gorged himself, gloated in the limelight, exploited himself. He cut himself off. To be a rock'n'roll star was his heaven, and although previously he'd made the changes swiftly and subtly, he'd been taken over, the changes made for him. He didn't want to change so quickly but fate dictated.

The demise was tortuously stretched out; he'd succeeded in alienating the majority of the music press and even during the wildest success he'd failed to hold America.

Never as shrewd as Bowie, his situation suffocated. Where previously a fierce sense of destiny, intense, naive faithful energy had fuelled him comfortably through changes, he evolved powerless and unnaturally embittered, a barely tolerable parody of his own egotism, lovable indulgences and barefaced posing.

The grin seemed contrived, the magic of his music burnt, his concerts a chore. Too fast to live; physical and mental abuse all but obliterated the Marc we loved.

BUT HE'D fought back, and that's the double tragedy. Only in the last few months had he totally overcome the intense star period and resultant backlash and matured into what he should have been back in '75: a pulp entertainer, experimenter, guider. And he was gaining the respect he always wanted.

I was with Marc only about three weeks ago, when he was in Manchester recording a couple of shows for his wonderfully corny TV show. He was infectiously buoyant and happy, revelling in the anarchistic indulgences of the show, speeding in and out of the studio for rehearsing and recording like he was on a piece of elastic.

He looked incredibly healthy, and embarrassingly eager to explain motions and plans, mischievously pleading for pumping questions. He was full of himself, as groaningly outrageous as only legendary Bolan could be, and he ploughed through the exhausting day's schedule with gobbling ease, wisecracking, bouncing, cheerfully dictating. He dragged me and Kevin Cummins around with him, and we were exhausted just following.

We were going to do some kind of day-in-the-life piece, packed with Bolan antics and tales and plans, but it's all pointless now. The piece would have been rooted in Bolan's optimism. He was bubbling again.

I remember asking Marc his five favourite words. He pondered for

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PHILIPS



ROCK AND ROLL HEART

ages, using hyphens to overcome the confines, refusing to be limited! "Sharks-fin-soup-in-Paraguay. Terrapin. Inconspicuous-limp. Food-blender. Chaise-longue".

All through his life he refused to be limited; only the cruelty of gods could limit him.

But as Marc would have said, rocking back on his heels, teeth flashing — "What a way to go. Heaven's *hot* at the moment."

Paul Morley

MARC BOLAN 1947-1977

MARC BOLAN was born on September 30, 1947, in Hackney Hospital, East London, the second son of Sid and Phyllis Feld.

As early as 1962, young Mark Feld infiltrated the periphery of London's music scene. When not helping his mother run the family fruit stall in Soho's Berwick Street Market, washing dishes in a Wimpy Bar; working in Soho disco or scoring casual photographic gigs as teen fashion model (a

Town magazine pictorial spread hailed him as "King Of The Mods"), Feld frequented The Brewmaster — a music business pub just off Leicester Square.

In between cadging drinks, showing off his latest threads and earbashing, he'd boast, "One day I'm gonna be a big star and then you'll all want to know me. Just wait and see if I'm not right!"

Throughout his entire career, Marc inhabited a world of fantasy. It was both his making and, as it transpired, almost his breaking as one of the '70s' most successful rock performers. Tolkien and Eddie Cochran dominated his work as main inspirational lynchpins, whilst Dylan Thomas, James Dean, Jack Kerouac, Buddy Holly, Gene Vincent, Chuck Berry and Jimi Hendrix acted as other points of reference.

Towards the end of 1964, Marc briefly changed his name to Toby Tyler, after failing an EMI audition singing Betty Everett's "You're No Good". Soon after, a chance meeting with American record producer Jim Economides led to a Decca recording contract.

Test pressings of his first Decca single "The Wizard"/"Beyond The Rising Sun" were credited to Mark Bowland. This was quickly amended before the record was released, in November 1965. In June 1966, Decca released Bolan's second single, "The Third Degree"/"San Francisco Poet".

In November 1966, Yardbirds' manager Simon Napier-Bell signed Bolan and produced the Parlophone Single "Hippy Gumbo"/"Misfit". Impressed, John Peel played "Hippy Gumbo"

incessantly on his *Perfumed Garden* show on Radio London.

Bolan then threw in his lot with punkadelic moddies John's Children, who toured Germany with The Who and cut two moderately successful Track singles: the controversial "Desdemona"/"Remember Thomas A. Beckett" and "Midsummer Night Scene"/"Sara Crazy Child" (the latter never released).

Along with drummer Steve Peregrine Took, Bolan then attempted to form a five man electric band, but Track snatched back the hardware after one ill-fated Middle Earth Club gig.

In 1968, Bolan moved to acoustic guitar, with Took on bongoes. As Tyrannosaurus Rex they became much-adored regulars at Middle Earth. Producer Tony Visconti masterminded the first Regal Zonophone single "Deborah"/"Child Star", released in April, followed in July by the release of the album "My People Were Fair And Had Sky In Their Hair But Now They're Content To Wear Stars On Their Brow" (featuring readings by John Peel) which not only established them as darlings of the British underground but defined their Tolkienesque direction for next two years.

Another single, "One Inch Rock"/"Salamanda Palaganda" and an album "Prophets, Seers And Sages, The Angels Of The Ages" consolidated the mixture of flower-power philosophy and rock primitivism.

The formula remained unchanged throughout 1969 with such singles as "Pewter Suitor"/"Warlord Of The Royal Crocodiles", "King Of The Rumbling Spires"/"Do You Remember" and the "Unicorn" album. However, following a disastrous US tour, Took quit in October to be replaced by Mickey Finn.

In 1970, Bolan went electric for the single "By The Light Of The Magical Moon"/"Find A Little Word" and an album, "Beard Of Stars". In October of that year, he truncated the group name to T-Rex, and switched to the Fly label for the first chart-topping single, "Ride A White Swan"/"Is It Love"/"Summertime Blues". In time for Christmas, Bolan and Finn were augmented by Steve Currie (bass) and Bill Legend (drums) and really switched on the electric for the "T-Rex" album.

ALMOST OVERNIGHT, Marc Bolan was transformed from cultist stature to fullblown teenybopper idol. Glam-Rock exploded as the '70s first transient fad and Bolan's ambivalent sexuality and terminal narcissism not only got him on the front page of every paper in Europe but paved the way for everyone from David Bowie to The New York Dolls.

Whereas Bowie had both artistic perception and control, Bolan fell victim to his own success and in time his puckish posturing was violently challenged by more outrageously aggressive acts like Slade and Gary Glitter, or by pubescent scream-machines with kissy-kissy appeal like the Osmonds and David Cassidy.

Nevertheless, Bolan's "15 minutes of fame" lasted just over three years, reaching its zenith around the middle of 1972.

Two chart-topping singles "Hot Love" and "Get It On", plus the "Electric Warrior" album (all released in '71), vividly encapsulated Bolan's highly distinctive brand of whimsy cosmic rock. Though he seldom deviated from this formula right up until his premature death, Bolan never managed to transcend the sheer naive brilliance of these aforementioned records. He had one good lick and it seemed as though he was stuck with it.

T-Rexstacy reached its peak in 1972 (Fleet Street compared it to Beatlemania), the year when Bolan signed a three-year deal with EMI to distribute his own T-Rex label. While other labels grab a piece of the action by repackaging his back-catalogue, Bolan continued to mint his own money with three singles, "Telegram Sam", "Metal Guru" and "Solid Gold Easy Action". An album, "The Slider" boasted 100,000 advance sales. In March, Ringo Starr shot live footage of Bolan's legendary Wembley Empire Pool shows for the subsequent "Born To Boogie" movie, released to mixed reaction in December.

Suddenly the momentum was lost.

Ignoring both public criticism and the professional advice of his friends, Bolan augmented T-Rex with singers, saxes and drummers to promote "Teenage Dream" and the embarrassing "Zinc Alloy And The Hidden Ridders Of Tomorrow" album (1974). On TV plug shows, Bolan seemed like a parody of himself. After seven years, he and Tony Visconti parted company.

The next two years (1975-1976) proved to be even worse, yet Bolan refused to admit that he had blown it. "I'll have four, maybe even more No. 1 singles this year," he bragged to the press. In private, he turned to drink, drugs and overeating for solace. He got fat.

Mickey Finn quit. Meanwhile, two T-Rex albums "Zip Gun Boogie", and "Futuristic Dragon" and five singles, "New York City", "Dreaming Lady", "London Boys", "I Love To Boogie" (a re-release) and "Laser Love" were stillborn.

Just when it appeared that all was lost, Bolan bounced back, proclaimed himself "The Godfather Of Punk", refurbished T-Rex, released his "Dandy In The Underworld" album and toured with The Damned.

As his supporters flocked to pay tribute it appeared that not only was much of the old magic still in evidence, but that Bolan was ready for the long haul back. At his death, he seemed at last to be coming to terms with his reduced status. Given time, he might just have made it.

In August of this year, he began hosting *Marc*, a Granada TV series, while a new single "Celebrate Summer" gathered momentum. Marc Bolan's time ran out on September 16, when he was killed in a car crash near his home in Barnes. His funeral took place at Golders Green Crematorium on Tuesday.

Despite the fact that he often drove all who knew him to the point of exasperation, Marc Bolan was a likeable man.

He lived the rock 'n' roll fantasy trip to the limits.

Roy Carr



Feld as Bowland (left); Bolan with John's Children (above), with Steve Took in Tyrannosaurus Rex (below) and on the set of Marc last month (right).

STEVE HILLAGE

Motivation Radio Goes on the Air

Steve Hillage on tour

Special guest Glenn Phillips

15 OCT	AYLESBURY	Friars At The Vale Hall
17 OCT	PRESTON	Guild Hall
18 OCT	LIVERPOOL	Empire
19 OCT	MANCHESTER	Apollo
21 OCT	BRADFORD	St George's Hall
22 OCT	NEWCASTLE	City Hall
23 OCT	EDINBURGH	Leith Hall
24 OCT	GLASGOW	Strathclyde University
26 OCT	SHEFFIELD	City Hall
27 OCT	BIRMINGHAM	Odeon
28 OCT	LEICESTER	De Montfort Hall
29 OCT	CARDIFF	University
30 OCT	BRISTOL	Colston Hall
1 NOV	BRIGHTON	Dome
3 NOV	LONDON	Rainbow

FREE SINGLE

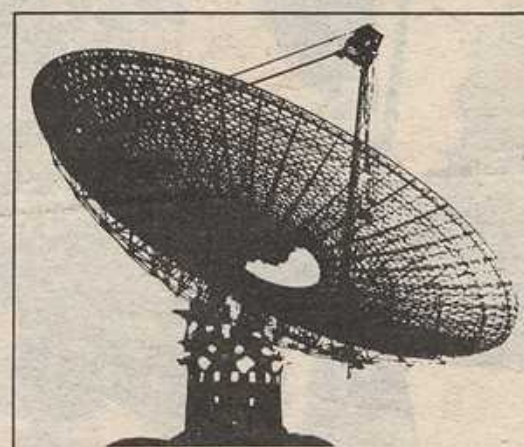
"Ley Lines To Glassdom" is a hitherto unreleased and otherwise unavailable new Steve Hillage track, recorded at the same sessions as his new LP. Glenn Phillips's "Lies" is taken from "Swim In The

Wind"- his new album on Virgin. You can snap up the two on a completely new single when you buy a ticket for any of the dates on the autumn Steve Hillage tour. **LEY LINES TO GLASSDOM/**

LIES. It comes in a very nice picture bag. It's free with Steve Hillage and it will never be released again. Tickets at the box office and all usual agents. Free singles at the door on the night.



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Totally new sounds from the guitar of the amazing Steve Hillage. Tight LA rhythms. And featuring the production and synthesizers of Malcolm Cecil. Motivation Radio - the new album from Steve Hillage. Recorded at Record Plant in Los Angeles with some of the city's finest musicians. On the air September 30th. It's the New Airwave.
Album: V 2777;
Cassette: TCV 2777. On Virgin



SILVER SCREEN

NO SEX, NO PUKE, NO FUN

But It's Still A Helluva Scary Movie

Exorcist II: The Heretic (X)

Directed by John Boorman
Starring Linda Blair and
Richard Burton
(Columbia-Warner)

THERE'S NO NEED to take a brown paper bag with you for the long-awaited sequel to *The Exorcist*. For whereas William Friedkin's (admittedly hugely enjoyable) movie relied solely on his bone-crunching ability to bulldoze his audience into submission with grotesquely graphic special effects depicting the dreadful physical presence of satanic spirits, John Boorman's follow-up — already clouded by controversy over the expensively re-edited ending — concentrates on the struggle betwixt 'good' and 'evil' within the mind.

Small wonder, considering the intricacies involved, the subtlety with which they are dealt, and the ready-made audience's inevitable preconceptions, that *The Heretic* has been a box-office turkey in America, after taking a bludgeoning from the critics.

A terrible pity, too, that Warners were panicked into re-editing the climactic sequence, since that is the one section of the film which doesn't work and, predictably, has a disastrously negative effect on all the excellence which has preceded it.

Actually, it's the *second* sequence which fails, because even Richard Burton's (curiously passionless) stentorian tones cannot prevent the



BLAIR: "You will not give this film a bad review"

BURTON: "I daren't close my eyes, I'll bleed to death"

short prologue — frozen frames with a voice-over narration encapsulating the previous film's climax — from seeming clumsily contrived.

But that is quickly forgotten as Boorman's audacious direction immediately plunges the audience into an unfamiliar world in which science (Louise Fletcher's sceptical doctor) and religion (Burton's anguished priest) tentatively hold hands.

It is four years on and Regan (a pudding-faced Linda Blair), undergoing psychoanalysis, pretends to remember nothing, but is troubled by recurring dreams of flying. Only when Father Lamont (Burton) arrives, investigating the death of Merrin (Max Von Sydow, seen in flashback only, but as imperious as ever), does the enormity of Regan's troubles come into focus.

In genuinely disturbing scenes, synchronised hypnosis is achieved between Regan and Lamont by means of a biofeedback contraption emitting strobe lights and sonic tones.

Boorman's arresting visual style — able to be simultaneously edgy and extremely elegant — lends a gruelling poetry to the ensuing drama, heightened by the highly stylised use of colour in the three main sets: chromatic black, brown and grey for the futuristic psychiatric clinic, cold cement, white and silver for Regan's surrealistic apartment, elegiac amber, gold and rust for the eerily alien African scenes.

Fine performances (Burton's craggily weather-beaten brow has rarely been put to better dramatic use), solid script (a neat blend of arcane mythology and mundane reality), imaginative direction (Boorman's rivetting reliance on nervous pauses and the paranormal, eschewing gory effects).

Perhaps one day we'll be able to see *The Heretic* with its original ending restored. Almost anything would be preferable to the apocalyptically miscalculated job currently on view.

Monty Smith

□ Continues over page

the amazing

BROTHERS JOHNSON

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C/W "DANCIN' & PRANCIN'" AMS 7313

TWELVE INCH SINGLE AVAILABLE NOW





DE NIRO on the horn in NEW YORK, NEW YORK

New York, New York (A)

Directed by Martin Scorsese.
Starring Liza Minnelli and Robert de Niro (United Artists)
IT HAD TO happen. The Scorsese/De Niro super-duo, having produced two of the best and toughest movies of recent years — *Mean Streets* and *Taxi Driver* — now offer us a 100-year-old egg on a golden tray.

The blame rests largely with Scorsese. A film buff from the cradle, he has set out to recreate a classic '40s musical with academic earnestness.

He's got the collages of neon signs saying FRED'S PLACE and DINO'S. He's got the alleygirl becomes a star number with the magazine covers whirling out of the background into close-up.

Sadly, artistic mimicry does not guarantee a good movie. Scorsese may have got the pattern on the tablecloth down, the camera angle right, but the film as a whole is formless, too long and unsatisfying.

The story creaks and reeks in identical amounts. Strugg-

ing singer meets struggling saxophonist. They conduct a bohemian, irrational love affair while touring the dance halls of backwoods America. They marry in true anarchistic style but girl has baby, guy begins playing black clubs in Harlem while wife makes it as recording star. Girl becomes rich and famous. Saxophonist becomes Bogart-style club owner but their love affair is over.

Liza Minnelli plays Francine Evans, the singer. I never have liked her or her mother. Sadly Scorsese allows her to stifle the film with her precociousness. She is sharp, tough and does her thing with commendable energy but the total effect is enervating. How can anyone be quite that shiny?

De Niro as Jimmy Doyle, ex G.I.-turned saxman, once again displays the superb technique which saves his hide. His earnest search for realism is about the only thing which prevents the whole movie from floating away. That and his humour.

As a team Minnelli and De Niro produce sparks from each other. No shit is given or taken in this meeting between two topflight professionals. Their relationship is emotionally sterile, however, a fault which cripples the film's intent. We remain impressed by the style

LIZA: Don't like you much either. *honeychile*.

but depressed by the content.

Ultimately, *New York, New York* represents the meeting of the Old Hollywood with the New. There are no prizes for guessing the winner. Innovation trapped by showbiz values.

Cabaret fans will be Minnelli crazy but may find De Niro too much. *Mean Streets* people had better go see something else.

Dick Tracy

The Island of Dr. Moreau (A)

Directed by Don Taylor
Starring Burt Lancaster and Michael York (Brent Walker)

WHAT IS that drifting into view upon the watery horizon? Can it be? Yes, by golly, it's yet another rather handsome, adventurous, stalwart, principled Britisher in the shape of Michael York, yet another survivor of yet another shipwreck, carried by the currents of fate and Central Casting to *The Island of Dr. Moreau*.

But wait! 'Ere long, our rather handsome hero tumbles to a spot of monkey business being perpetrated in the jungle by Dr. Moreau (Burt Lancaster playing Burt Lancaster mouthing mad scientist rhetoric of the "Think-what-my-discoveries-will-mean-for-mankind" school whilst cultivating roses in the *fin de siècle* Habitat compound).

As you already will have guessed if you read the gripping H. G. Wells novel or saw the 1932 Charles Laughton version, *Island of Lost Souls*, Dr. M. is the beastly, unsporting type, turning animals painfully into men (well, sort of men) with the not-too-impressive assistance of the *Planet of the Apes* make-up men.

Uncle Tom-ish Wolfman Richard Basehart stumbles about wearing mirrored contact lenses and saying things to his mates like "Thou shalt not walk on all fours." Nigel Davenport checks in as yet another drunken, rascally, but teeny-bit-stalwart-and-principled Britisher, and lovely Nicaraguan model Barbara Carrera (take one part Bianca Jagger, one part Olivia Hussey, pour into a wet, clinging camisole and bloomers ensemble and shake with a twist of the hips) soothes our

hero's fevered furry brow when Dr. Moreau finds him as boring as the rest of us did and shoots him up full of stuff to turn him into an animal.

That's the best bit.

I won't spoil the ending for you. But the ending was wonderful because it meant it was over.

I like hokum and horror more than most, so you can believe me when I tell you this is hooey, the worst film I've seen in ages.

Angie Errigo

Head (A)

Directed by Bob Rafelson
Starring The Monkees, Victor Mature, Frank Zappa

THIS IS A curio with a background history almost more interesting than the film itself.

Producer/director Bob Rafelson was one of a number of fresh-faced screen men drafted in to produce episodes of The Monkees' first TV series. The Monkees' packaging concept, the prototype for so much of our modern marketed muzak, was booming at the time, making millions for Columbia in record and TV sales.

Rafelson, having paid his dues, thus felt entitled to make a picture exposing the whole process. This coincided with The Monkees' own disillusionment with their plastic destiny and *Head* came to pass. Rafelson co-wrote and produced the picture with the then-unknown Jack Nicholson (who'd abandoned acting at this point) and a partnership was forged that would lead to such heights as *Five Easy Pieces*.

So much for history. Not surprisingly, *Head* turned out as a manic, fragmented celluloid trauma, a sit-com series on acid. The Monkees dominate the bitty action of the film which generally makes for tedium. We see them committing suicide by deep-sixing off a bridge, dynamiting coke machines in the desert and at one point ending up as dandruff in Victor Mature's hair.

Rafelson, believing that this might be his one and only chance to make a film, threw in every technical gimmick and backdrop known to man.

Frank Zappa makes an enigmatic ten second appearance as the critic. A giant Victor Mature, probably the cheapest Hollywood symbol they could get, constantly tries to trample the Fab Four.

There are high points. There's some vintage psychedelia footage which jogged my genetic memory as to what that scene was all about. Intercut shots of clean Monkees' concerts and Vietnam atrocities also work.

Ultimately though *Head* is for the buffs and antique dealers amongst us.

Dick Tracy

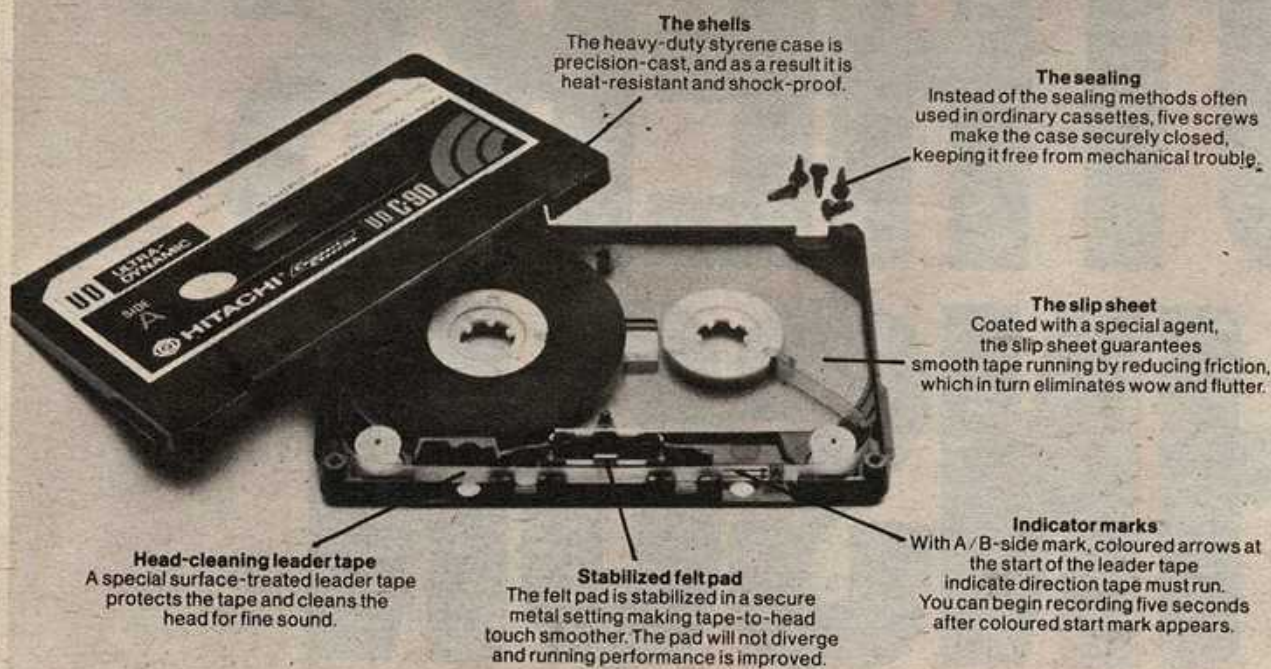
AROUND THE CIRCUITS

LATEST HOT new release is CONFESSIONS FROM A HOLIDAY CAMP (X), the latest in the '70s *Carry On* model. More tit and bum combined with low-level jokes. Ideal for office parties. THE SWEENEY (X) still available in a few locations. Uncomplicated tough opera for those who like watching television with a

big screen. FUN WITH DICK AND JANE (A)/MURDER BY DEATH (A) best double-header of the moment. Crime comedy of a reasonable calibre. MEAN STREETS (X) now set loose on the circuits. Watch this jocular hood-lum epic pile-drive its way to box office grossouts.

Dick Tracy

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Bob Gallagher
 Melody Maker July 1977



"The Brothers Johnson have the musical world at their feet. They should be touring Britain later this year and I'm greatly looking forward to it."

Geoff Brown
 Black Music July 1977



"RIGHT ON TIME"
 AMLH/CAM 64644

SINGLES

Clash 'n' Scratch in complete control

DEAD HEAT FOR THE SINGLE OF THE WEEK. SO, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER...

THE CLASH: Complete Control (CBS). "I don't trust YEW! Why do YEW trust ME? Huuuhhh?" Scratch City Rocker benefiting immeasurably from Lee Perry's J.A. connection, The Upsetter sharing production credits with the Boy Wonder Producer Mickey Foote, sound-scurge of their studio/workshop "Rehearsals, Rehearsals". The allegiance was forged when Lee Perry spent some time in the studio with The Clash a few weeks back — mutual respect blossoming when he heard the band's worthy version of the Perry/Junior Murvin classic "Police And Thieves".

It's a Protest Song, of course, concerning the friction between punks and business men after they've legally agreed to use each other. High Finance Capitalism opens its jaws to feed and if you think it wants to kiss you on the mouth you run the risk of getting chewed and swallowed.

Clipped chord-change dynamics open the song, redolent of "Pretty Vacant" and the best of their album's material, and Joe snarls the story of The Single That Should Never Have Been.

"They said that, 'It's Remote Control' / We didn't want it on the lay-hey-bell!" Nemesis for making The Sound Of The Westway blush with humiliation. **People LAAAAA-FED! / The Press went MAAAAAD!** On the road hassled at every Holiday Inn where they found shelter, a weak album track was pushed out by CBS for product to follow-up the "White Riot" single. "Oooooo-oooh, some-one's REALLY SMART! / Complete Control, you just had to LAAAAA!"

There's stunning plectrum fluidity by Mick Jones, and Joe flexing his sense of humour/sharing a tender moment with the guitarist as he shouts out, "You're MY guitar-hero!" But the solo's too Lofgren-length for comfort — put it down to the Poodle-Cut. A barrage of sound assaults the record company offices. The rivvum section of Topper and Paul are offbeat and in their element.

"They said we'd be artistically free / That was just a bit of paper / They meant, 'WE'LL MAKE YOU LOTS OF MON-EEE! / WORRY ABOUT IT LATER!'" There's a quasi-Jon Landau sense of The Epic to the climax of the tirade, the harmonies still terraces-derived, but far off and spiritual, like those The New York Dolls ripped off The Herd's "From The Underworld" hit single for their own "Trash".

TOTAL! C-O-N CONTROL! / TOTAL C-O-N CONTROL! / TOTAL C-O-N CONTROL! / This is The Punk.

Rockers! Even paranoids got enemies. **SECOND SINGLE OF THE WEEK**

KRAFTWERK: Showroom Dummies (Edited Version) (Capitol). "EINS! ZWEI! DREI! VIER!" The introduction sets the neo-Cabaret ambience of heartless Teutonic precision-honed Disco-Muzak soundtrack. A triumph of technological skill that dissolves the mind and stimulates the souls of your feet better than a shot of Novocaine pain-killer.

"We're standing here / Exposing ourselves / We are show-room dummies / We are show-room dummies." They don't share your pleasures, don't share your pains, they go down the Mecca, and lobotomize their brains. The machine will always outlast the man. Relentless, cold as a numb Nun, as dehumanised as turning a screwdriver 30 degrees every 30 seconds for an eight-hour graveyard shift on a car plant assembly line. But it's a pay-check, Jack.

"We look around and we change our pose / We are show-room dummies / We start to move and we break the glass / We are show-room dummies / We are show-room dummies / We go to a club and we start to dance / We are show-room dummies / We are show-room dummies." They've got a wonderful sense of humanity and humour. But they've got problems.



REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY TONY PARSONS

BUNNY WAILER: Get Up, Stand Up (Island). For your RIGHTS. Excel in thy life, celebrate Jah, Jeff's brought some-cider. The Marley/Tosh classic receives fine tribute from Bob's old comrade, although inevitably it suffers in comparison to the spiritual orgasm the song evokes (must have been having one of me Hot Flushes) at the end of the live at the Lyceum Wailers album. But you can still hold your head up to it.

LINDA RONSTADT: Poor, Poor Pitiful Me (Asylum). I hear that Laurel Canyon is full of famous stars and, if the sordid experiences confessed on the latest waxing from the silver-larynxed songbird are

anything to go by, a few of them could sure use a copy of my *Dating Do's And Don'ts*. The peaceful, easy palliative sounds like The Eagles with their necks expanding a couple of inches and turning decidedly crimson. The opening verse has Linda trying to End It All by laying her neck on a railway line in the hope of a bit of self-immolation. Unfortunately, the line is disused so it's true confessions time. All you dope-smoking weekend gardeners can start licking your vicarious psyches as you glimpse the blood and tears on the cheek of the tarnished woman. "Met a man out in Hollywood / Now I ain't naming names / Well, he really worked me over good / Just like Jesse James / Yes, he really worked me over good / He was a credit to his gender." The boulder sounds like he needs a damn good thrashing. Makes The Stranglers look like clean-cut college kids. You can untie yourself from the railway line now, Linda. Five Hail Marys and stop smiling at me like that, Linda.

ROSE-ROYCE: Do Your Dance (Whitfield Records). "Who-woo-heey!" Repeat numerous times over liberal dosage of hand-clapping. Then add a funky-Norman bass line, cool to commercial viability with K.C. Sunshine hornblown instructions to get down and have fun all night, party to the morning light, and so forth. Add modicum of pseudo-joyous/heroic strings so that they sound worthy of a "Hawaii Five-O" theme-tune and the lumpenprole can consume the product without remembering that they are not watching television. Or else stay home and wash your car in the garage. Preferably with... oh, no, that would be cruel. You must realise,



Carbon Monoxide gets in your eyes.

GOLDEN EARRING: Radar Love (Polydor). Next patient, nurse. "Wee gotta theeng called Ray-darr Luhfff!" The radio screams her forgotten song, an unsavoury commercially tested re-release although this time in Danish bacon hiss, sizzle, spit LIVE version. The Dutch boys let

their enthusiasm get the better of them now they're free from the confines of a studio and their almost Abbaranto-like charm is suffocated under the gross portentous overkill that made "A Day In The Life" unlistenable to these earbuds.

MILLIE JACKSON: If You're Not In Love By Monday (Spring). The title's a sort of young divorcee's variation on the "Life Begins At Four O'Clock" of school-daze, innit? Sod ya, then. Mellow marriage on the rocks, this is like Billy Paul's "Me and Mrs Jones" with the hapless hubby corner of the vicious triangle as the subject matter — and Millie singing like Gladys of Pips fame. Will Millie's success match the track record of Gladys? Will Mister Jones accept his wife's offer of a few more shots at it before the rift is final? Are the rumours true

about Stan Ogden and Len Fairclough? Does anybody care?

VINCENT PRICE: The Monster Mash (EMI). Dave Vanian's Dad sings like Richard Harris with a sense of humour on the charming crypt-kicking oldie that Jimmy Osterberg grave-robbed and mutated for "Funtime" on "The Idiot". Hopefully both this sick beauty and "Nellie The Elephant" will see chart action and yet another generation of ankle-biters will grow up to be animal-loving necrophiliacs.

FLEETWOOD MAC: You Make Loving Fun (Warner Brothers). Great dance record for all pop-kids who like to be asleep when they work out, baybee, work out, and it looks as if the Platinum-Gold-Platinum status of Fleetwood Mac's "White Album" and now "Rumours" — from whence this single is culled — will be reflected in album transplants selling like sliced bread in 45 format. There's tasteful interplay of acoustic and electric guitars, everything in the garden is blooming most rosy, and the entity is so devastatingly innocuous that I can feel my inner-being blinding into oblivion... The Bottomless Pit... aaaaaahhhhhh... there is no light here... oooooohhhhhh... my eyes, Lord, the spirit of Peter Frampton shall inherit the earth. I'll bring the shovel.

BE BOP DELUXE: Japan (Harvest). Chronic mock oriental pastiche of "We Are Siamese If You Please And Likewise If You Don't Please" with Willy De Nelson slanting his eyes and voice and musical sensibility (or not) with such

Continues page 29



Above: THE CLASH. Below: reverse of Clash sleeve.



BEE NEL-SUN with oriental offering.

MARC BOLAN
1947-1977

**For ten years Marc was one of the original
stars of the rock scene.
He rode the charts with humour and style.**

EMI

"HEROES" DAVID BOWIE



The new single taken from the
forthcoming album.

RCA PB 1121

SINGLES

■ From page 26

contrived sense of geographical location that you keep expecting him to demand with unintentional belligerence whether you want it with "fled lice". Perhaps he should do some work with Benny Hill. The B side is called "Futuristic Manifesto" which proves the nostalgia boom ain't what it used to be, although I still get dewy-eyed and tongue-hanging when I hear the great "Maid In Heaven".

THE DWIGHT TWILLEY BAND: Trying To Find My Baby (Shelter). Beautiful song about a Lonely Planet Boy (see the Noo Yawk Dolls first album for reference) searching for his Steady Date with an R Dean Taylor "Gotta See Jane" Motor City sense of urgency and the psychotic reaction tempered with a little tenderness. I won't tell you the ending, that would spoil it. It'll be a surprise and will you still place your bets...? Good band, this. Observe closely. Much potential.

DR HOOK: Sleepin' Late (Capitol). "Sometime I'm embarrassed by devious thoughts/Under the blankets let me never get caught/In disgrace with my pillow-case." So that's how Long John Silver lost his patch-work peeper. Didn't read what The Chairman warned you about, did you, Yankee? The thought of these leering degenerates assaulting a helpless hot-water bottle while he re-runs his favourite and wildest mind movies for strictly his own benefit could make you cringe under your continental quilt. Sounds like a Lovin' Spoonful daydream with the *bonhomie* of John "Call Me" Sebastian thankfully amputated. Nice one. Nice one.

THE EVERLY BROTHERS: Silent Treatment (Warner Brothers). Twee torch song from the brothers' golden period in the 60s recently discovered IN THE VAULTS! It ain't as ominous as it sounds, although telephonic long distance love is certainly no fun when you are left holding your receiver and she's not there. The ageing twins have decided to terminate solo efforts and re-form the duo with a new album entitled, during a moment of stunning creativity, "The New Album". Birth to earth, womb to tomb. Boredom, boredom, boredom. It's awright, Ma Everly, it just seems pointless.

SAILOR: Down By The Docks (Epic). A girl told me once that Sailor are the most popular band in the West End YWCA where she used to live. Stop that, damn it, I'm being serious. They certainly have a quasi-Chinnichap feel for stuff that will glean approving murmurs of pleasurable sensation in the soul of the *lumpen-prole* and my only *je regret* is that I can't stop making these silly noises. My face could freeze this way and people keep staring at me through the tiny window in the Singles Reviewing Cell. It's a contemporary Temptations derivative blatantly aimed at the disco market place, almost wanton in the shameless way it flashes hot funk and unbuttoned sailor-suit while having the audacity to cunningly include the copyrighted matelot reference in the name of the song. Still, they're nice girls, I think. At the YWCA that is. This single has "long version" printed on the label and it looks highly probable that "parts one and two" will be on the new one. Oh, Mighty Disco! Folk-Music to our nation's youth! All hail!

JOHNNY CASH: Lady (CBS). Not you, Good Ol' Boy, go stand over there with The Eagles. The skin pigmentation of my typewriter is a-changeling to a sickly white

colour because J.C. certainly don't pay homage to the Disco-Soul Godhead, or "jungle music" as the Nation-Front ginks like to term it. Here veritable orchestras of wailing violins, tinkling pianos and soothingly plucked acoustic guitars back up Johnny's trembling dirge. The girl in question, sorry THE LADY, must feel as exhilarated as someone heavy-petting with a lukewarm corpse. Yes, it does sound rather like "My Sweet Lady Jane" by The Rolling Stones, funny you should mention it! You should be aware this disc contains no soul whatsoever. Congratulations, Mister Cash, suh.

THE PIRATES: You Don't Own Me/Don't Munchen It/Sweet Love On My Mind. I must have been the only person who didn't drop his jelly and icecream in pure molten awe when this lot serenaded the NME Christmas Festivities *chez Dingwalls*. If people are, uh, *digging* the same old High Standard rivvum 'n' blooze of yesteryear then Wilko's avatar will taste sweet success and millions will writhe in ecstatic Idiot Dance. Very Feelgoods first album, which should hardly astonish. I ain't saying it treats me unkind, it just kinda wastes.

DOCTOR FEELGOOD: She's A Wind-Up (UA). Chanted title-as-hook-line-chorus with the "wind-up!" charge ricocheting twice at top speed so that it sounds curiously like Lou Reed walking through Oil City past "The Goldmine" near the seafront wearing a black mohair suit from Burton's and carrying a Telecaster. A must for their loyal fans and I look forward to seeing them do it on *TOTP* in colour. It's... the Feelgoods, y'know? "Boys' Music," says J.B., and she's right on the nail. (And I still miss Wilko). Build a family... we'll be called The Survivors, y'know why? Coz we're gonna survive. The Feelgoods have True Grit.

THE MOMENTS: I Don't Wanna Go (All Platinum). Betcha-by-golly-wow-etcetera sweet sanitised soul of The Chi-Lites/Stylistics genre which will melt the gourds of all lovers lucky enough to be still needing the spot-cream of adolescence. Now where's that mirror?

CAPTAIN AND TENNILLE: Circles (A & M). Fleetwood Mac for the under-12s with a kind lady squeaking the gunko schtuck-head sentimental, semi-mental schmaltz and attempting the kind of gut-wrenching emotion that went into "Puff The Magic Dragon". In the canyons of my mind. Like a windmill fanning my psyche. Circles, doctor, circles.

YES: Wondrous Stories (Atlantic). No, really, man. Blew my mind. Down by the river you spoke of wondrous stories and foreign lands and took me to the gate. I remember it clearly, la-la-la-la everywhere, neo-classical vibe exuding mystical vibe and I climbed into the sky, right? Great stuff, man, really. If it had lasted much longer I would have seen God. How wonderful, man. What are all these *LIZARDS* doing in my reviewing cell, maaaaan???

FLINTLOCK: Anything For You (Pinnacle). They could be the new Slik. You remember Slik, don't you? Before my time, too. Crooning lullaby with pseudo-surf music harmonies for little girls who like their emotional fraternity pins to be on the dry-blown and passive side.

GUYS 'N' DOLLS: Let's Make Love (Magnet). Whatever you do, don't ever—NOT NEVER—touch me... there (down a bit—ahhhh).

BUDDY HOLLY AND THE CRICKETS: Maybe Baby/Think It Over/That'll Be The Day/It's So Easy (Magnet). What do you say about a young man who dies? That he was a genius, a pioneer of embryo rock 'n' roll, a sweet-faced kid who died too, too soon??? That he loved Brahms and The Beatles... and me??? No, of course not! Meathead! We're talking about Buddy Holly! Silly! You say he was lucky he died before his advance publicity caught up with him, you say his primal pop tunes watered down the Cochran Purity of rock when the world was young and green in The Garden before Elvis was introduced to conscription and they started taking away our prescription. You say, "Sorry, four-eyes".



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Lookin' Through Randy Newman's Eyes

Randy Newman is a songwriter with one basic subject: the weirdness and foibles of the human race (U.S. Division) and the socio-cultural manifestations of same.

His songs are about the kind of things that happen to people (who are basically weird and perverse and self-doubting) when they come up against their environment (which is weird and perverse and self-destructive). The result is the emergence of weird perversions like quiz shows, bubblegum flavoured ice cream, racism, child-molesting (you can leave your hat on), pimple-cream and muscle-building ads and all the stuff that most song-writers don't write about because they don't think subjects like that are — heh heh — important enough.

There's nothing so trivial that Randy Newman couldn't write an important song about it, and nothing so important that he can't write a song about how it affects people.

Newman's been silent for some three years since his last album, "Good Old Boys", but finally has a new batch of songs ready for release. STEVE CLARKE, in an astonishingly obscure part of Hollywood, talks to RANDY NEWMAN, a Normal American...



PHOTO: ALLAN BALLARD

"THIS PEACEFUL, quiet song is more outrageous than anything The Rolling Stones have ever done — or would be, if the nation heard Newman do it on the radio every day." — Greill Marcus writing of Randy Newman's "Sail Away" in his book *Mystery Train*.

"ONE OF the most difficult feats to accomplish in this company is getting Randy Newman to finish an album" — a Warner Bros executive.

A COLLEAGUE who knows about these things reckons Randy Newman's home is "Modest by Los Angeles standards" — certainly not comparable to the kind of gaff inhabited by Rod Stewart in Homely Hills, or wherever it is he lays down his head these days.

Situated off the Santa Monica end of Sunset Boulevard, a good drive from the Strip and all its Neon Nite Life, Newman's house is set in the remotest corner of a lush residential nest sprinkled with houses that totally belie LA's inherent tackiness. Those who live there are prosperous Americans, but the houses don't display any ostentatious signs of their owners' wealth — well, at least, not by LA standards.

Newman's isn't ostentatious by any Western standards. Apparently it has neither name nor number, and despite copious directions given us by Warner Bros we get lost and have to ask one of the locals, a guy around 20 or so.

Randy Newman? Never heard of him. Fortunately the guy's dad has and we're soon back on course.

Once inside Newman's residence, you gain a strong impression that the place really is lived-in. But apart from the piano clue in the room adjacent to the lounge you'd have difficulty guessing how the occupant earned his living. The rooms are large. Books line one wall of the comfortable lounge (three sofas and a thick carpet) and the swimming pool (why, this is the heart of the affluent West) is strewn with kids' playthings.

Newman's German-born wife (he met her in a bank) is away with the kids visiting her folks, and save for the family mutt (heard but not seen) Newman's on his own.

In Randy Newman's life the little heard of is about to happen. Notoriously indolent, and not a little reclusive, his laziness doubtless encouraged by Los Angeles itself, Newman recently started work on his first album in almost three years — "Little Criminals" — which should be released before the end of the month.

The elpee will be Newman's sixth in nine years. Its precursor, "Good Old Boys", Newman's self-proclaimed "Vindication Of The South", was



three years in the making. In it, with characteristic compassion, sardonicism and originality, Newman drew a series of convincing portraits of life in America's much-maligned South. In one song, "Rednecks", he numbered the American North for its hypocrisy re racialism.

The late Ralph Gleason called the album "Racist" in his *Rolling Stone* review, and our own Ian McDonald castigated it's "lack of good tunes" and saw red at Newman's attempt to make "a concept album".

While his songs have been covered by a broad spectrum of artists, some with a high degree of success, Newman's own records have never met with any success to speak of. He has, however, been praised by critics and peers alike; both Dylan and McCartney have personally congratulated him. Newman therefore enjoys status — but because of his prolonged bouts of inactivity is pretty much an unsung hero.

Like his friend Ry Cooder, who's contributed extensively to Newman's

albums and whose home is nearby, Newman works musically in territory alien to his peers. Three of his uncles wrote movie scores and their work has obviously had a great deal of influence on him.

In fact as singer-songwriters go (the description isn't particularly accurate but it's the best there is) Newman is a law unto himself. Unlike those of his contemporaries, his lyrics are only very, very occasionally confessional. Moreover, the characters in his songs are, to say the least, oddballs, frequently treated in a way which results in black comedy. On "Little Criminals", for example, there's a song about a German child murderer.

Yet despite Newman's fetish for the unusual, his material is usually underpinned by a strong sense of humanity. One writer wrote that he couldn't think of a single American who wouldn't be better off for having heard his work.

Newman rarely agrees to do interviews, but on this perfect Californian Sunday evening he is more than obliging. And it seems that even if he rarely ventures outside his own living room he's clearly interested in what goes on outside it.



We're no sooner inside and he's asking us about football; he watches British soccer on TV.

He has lost weight. He chain smokes, but stubs his cigarettes after having barely touched them. With characteristic self-effacement he usually starts his answers to questions with an "I don't know" — something which nevertheless does not detract from a sharp wit and typically Jewish smart-ass sense of humour that, like his songs, is not glib and has a certain warmth.

The previous night he'd played one of his few concerts — in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Surprisingly enough it was his second gig in the last week.

"I did it solely for the money," he says candidly.

Why does he need the money? "I'm not that secure. This isn't paid off. No one owns their house. Maybe Elton owns his house." His eyes twinkle.

EVEN BY Newman's standards this last period of inactivity has been a long one. Three years, more or less, without writing so much as a quaver. Such a lengthy lay-off made it difficult for him to get back to work.

"I just laid in the sun for three years," is his resume of the post — "Good Old Boys" period. "If I saw an idea coming I just stopped it somehow. I've never got ideas just sitting around. I have to sit there and think about it. I don't get inspiration in the middle of the night. It's not inspiration — it's just kinda work. An I probably didn't want to. The whole process takes so long."

To start work Newman had to find a place to work in, since he reckons home offered too many distractions — "I'd play with the kids, watch television, read, lie down, do somersaults. Anything."

So he found a room uptown, next to an air-conditioning factory — "And I went in there every day. I felt good. You know, I drove down the freeway and I saw everyone else going to work. It was like I was part of the community finally. And it worked. Or something did. Or fear. Or dope. Or something."

"In the past I've always hated writing songs, but I didn't mind it this time. As a result the songs are (singing) 'I love you / You love me / We're in a tree!'" Laughter. "Sometimes," he corrects himself, "I minded it. When I couldn't think of anything for four hours in that horrible little room."

"This time I actually found a way to work. Other times I'd take something and maybe try and work. Speed. But it never worked. There would be that kind of pressure situation." He pauses and then, the eyes twinkling again: "I

got it now. The rest of my life is all mapped out."

Had there been no pressure from his record company for him to produce another album?

"Yeah. They asked me what I was doing and I said I was working on my suntan. But they, erhh, they're happy I'm doing something now. They were nice. They didn't pay me. They were contracted to pay me a certain amount every year too so we had a mutual kind of... it wasn't mutual. I didn't make an album a year and they didn't pay me what they were going to pay me. But I've been patient with them."

Twinkle.

Actually, it was Warners who finally gave Newman a nudge by booking a tour — the bulk of which is yet to come. Near the beginning of the itinerary was a gig at LA's Ampitheatre. And since Newman was reluctant to play his home town without any new material, he put his skates on.

"It was little things like that that scared me into it. I won't be that way anymore," he says not very seriously. "You watch. Maybe not every year, but every leap year."

Also, there were feelings of guilt. "Sure I was feeling guilty. It would be a shame to waste talent. Anyone can get a suntan."

"I immediately lie down when I feel inspiration coming on. I once read about some guy who said he couldn't remember a time in his life when he wouldn't have rather been lying down. And until now I've felt the same way, but now I'm ready."

"I'm liable to go take on the business world next..."

THOUGH AT the time of talking Newman had yet to put the final vocals on a handful of cuts, he was clearly very satisfied with the way the recording had gone. So satisfied that he's confident "Little Criminals" is his best record. Such a self-congratulatory remark from any other artist would be taken with the proverbial pinch of salt. But coming from Newman it's worth considering.

So what are the songs on "Little Criminals" like? Are they more optimistic?

There's one about a child murderer," he deadpans. "That's fairly optimistic. Maybe. There's one about a police parade called 'Jolly

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Coppers On Parade' which isn't an absolutely anti-police song. Maybe it's even a fascist song. I didn't notice at the time. It's a little... I think it's recognisable that I wrote it."

"The one about the Dusseldorf child murderer is maybe the best thing I've ever done on record. It's called 'In Germany Before the War.' I don't know whether people will like it. It's kinda scary. There's also this one about me as a cowboy. I kinda like the idea of me as a cowboy. I think it's ridiculous. The Eagles are on there. That's what's good about it."

"It's called 'Rider In The Rain'. They go, 'He's a rider in the rain, and I go (higher) 'I'm a rider in the rain'. There's also this song 'Short People'. Short people got no reason / Short people got no reason / Short people got no reason to live / They have little hands / And little eyes / And they walk around telling great big lies / They have little noses / And tiny little feet / They wear platform shoes on their nasty little feet / Don't want no short people / Don't want no short people / Don't want no short people around here'."

"The song's purely a joke. I like other ones on the album better but the audience go for that one."

As well as The Eagles singing on the album, Joe Walsh plays on it. Newman reveals: "I've never been satisfied with the guitar stuff I've done. Cooder's done fine by me, but for the type of guitar I want it's like Hendrix used to play. It surprises people when I tell them that. I like Led Zeppelin guitar, but I didn't know how to do it. You know, I couldn't tell 'em what to do. Walsh is

so good that it's kinda easy."

"Cooder might be on one thing." Does he see much of Ry? "No. I don't really see anyone socially."

SO WHERE does Newman get his inspiration from? He thinks about it. "I don't know. I can think of specific songs. A song like 'Yellow Man'... I don't know whether you know it. I remember all those production numbers from the 30s movies. Shanghai Lil — those offensive oriental numbers. And I read this book *The History Of Civilisation*. He gets up and plucks it from the wall. "I was gonna read all of it. I almost did. And the first volume is about China, India and Japan, but it's called *Our Oriental Heritage*. You know, like consigning all their history to our heritage and I figured if a guy like that can be thinking that way there's summat to it."

So you're coming across potential material all the time? "Yeah, but I don't know it. I never notice it at the time. I don't carry around a little note book like some people do."

"I wrote a song about Baltimore and I remembered later that I saw this great picture in the *National Geographical*. And that was it. And I also saw it once from a train. My songs aren't based on people I know. Not where I could pinpoint it. I don't come across anyone but the gardener and the pool cleaner."



Does he usually spend so much time on song? "Yeah. But it depends. Some of them are real quick — I can see to the end of it right at the beginning when I get an idea. And some take a long time. And I still figure I didn't put in enough."

"We're Rednecks, Rednecks. And we don't know our ass from a hole in the ground. We're Rednecks. We're Rednecks. And we're keeping the Niggers down."

The above is the chorus from "Rednecks", the song that opens "Good Old Boys".

Newman says surprisingly few of his songs are misunderstood. However, that one was. So what did he think of Gleason's charge that it was racist? "He missed the point. Yes, of course he's wrong. Look what happened to him" — Newman chuckles, Gleason now, of course, being dead — "That'll teach him to do that kind of crap about me."

"Look," says Newman, serious, "it's rough, that song. But I got over it. When I wrote it down I didn't like writing it down. Particularly seeing it in print. I don't like it but what else could I do. That's what it's supposed to be and that's what the guy would say. Almost."

The unrealistic part about that song... not getting the character right,



the thing that always worries me... was the end. Now a guy like that wouldn't know the names of all those ghettoes. He wouldn't know the name of the ghetto in Cleveland. So I just put that lyric in. I'm not happy about it. But there's always stuff like that. There's lots of stuff that bothers me on that record."

"I was worried when I started performing it where they'd misunderstand it. As a matter of fact it's gigantic in The South. I always thought it was favourable to the South. And they do to. And it is. Maybe too favourable."

Are people laughing at it in the South on the same way as they do elsewhere?

"That's a good question. I hope so."

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I don't know. Last night they were screaming on this drag strip in Baton Rouge. Somewhere else in Louisiana I got this letter from a black kid. Now there he was with 2000 people, 2000 white people and there's this white guy onstage singing 'Nigger, nigger, nigger, nigger.' And he was really upset and he wrote me a really good letter."

"I called him. He said he didn't know where I was coming from or anything. And I had to explain. And I think everything was alright. I saw him again."

There have been singers who have,



by substituting the word 'one' for 'wog' in perhaps Newman's best song, "Sail Away", completely destroyed the song's point. Bobby Darin was one of them. "Sail Away" is quite possibly Newman's masterpiece of irony. In it a beguiling slave trader lures black men away from their native land with perfect equanimity:

In America. You'll get food to eat. Won't have to run through the jungle. And scuff up your feet. You'll just sing about Jesus and drink all day. It's great to be an American.

Says Newman: "It's just stupid when they change the words. I've heard the record and it's just, 'Come on, let's go to America its great there. They don't know what a wog is. In certain parts they do. They laugh at that in Canada. They laugh up in Virginia. Somebody just told me that Alex Haley really likes that song."

"Of its type 'Sail Away' is probably the best. 'Yellow Man' is the same thing. I felt I was doing the same thing too much. I like 'Old Man'. I like 'Davy The Fat Boy'. Mmmmm. 'Sail Away'. Yeah. It's pretty good. It worked out well. You know, Charleston Bay. I didn't really know

consciously that it was the big slave port. I kind of guessed that it might be. I like 'Davy The Fat Boy' a great deal."

Does he think the song's outrageous?

"Yeah. You know lots of the time rock 'n' roll likes to try to be outrageous and anti-establishment. Now the first time I ever saw anything like that that I believed — and I don't believe it any more — was when I saw this show about The Sex Pistols."

"They looked to me like they hated everybody. I saw them again later and it wasn't the same. But on that show it was like The Rolling Stones had tried to be. I don't believe the Stones were that way. I don't know."

"I knew something like that would happen — where you find someone saying nothing's worth a shit, there's no future in anything, 'Cause kids think that way. I've written things like that in a way but not emotionally that way. I know what'll happen. They'll turn into just a great stage act or they're too crazy to work anywhere."

"I don't think the Stones were really pissed (Americanism for pissed off). But these kids were. The thing I've noticed lately that I really haven't liked in stuff I've read about music is this kind of bending over backwards to be anti-intellectual."

"Some of the most intelligent people you find will use rock as an area in which they can reasonably go intellectually slumming. You know, all this 'This is the real roots of it' attitude. Any kind of junk that they find. 'This is it. This is what rock should be.' You know, limiting it."

"Rock can be anything. Anything. It could be 'Strawberry Fields' or it could be Chuck Berry or something. Anyway, what's happening with those people over there?"

"I heard the one thing that I thought was kind of funny — 'God Save The Queen/Fascist Regime?' It was a funny rhyme. I don't think they meant it to be funny. But I was amused by the kind of, erhh, the kind of earnestness."

"I thought it was funny for anyone to come on that strong and vicious. You know, rock music can be a powerful thing. It can be scary. Rock music can be tremendous organising thing for hate. It can do it. They're (the Pistols) not doing it but you can do it."

"Their music is too bad. But you could seriously do that. The Stones have tried to do that — 'Get Offa My Cloud' and stuff. I kind of hate the way The Sex Pistols remove all musical standards. That 'No future in England's dream' is not bad. But it's kind of demagogue. If you look at

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it hard, what do they mean? Fascist regime? What's England got to do with fascism. Why get worked up about the God-damn Queen anyway."

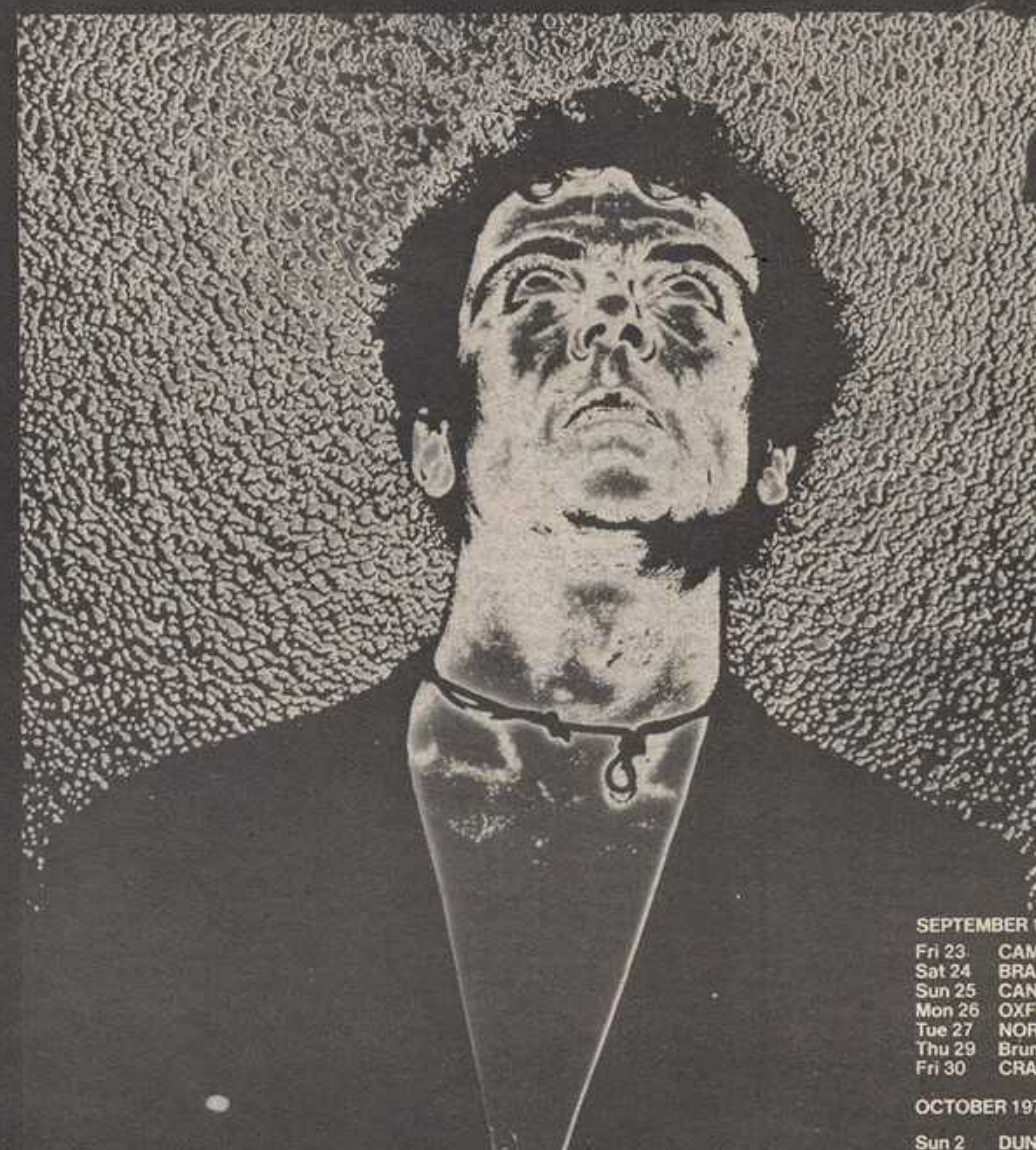
"There's some cities here where it would be dangerous if people got worked up. I think they would be successful here. I'd have to hear some more of it, but I think the idea of complete nihilism is a powerful idea, especially for kids. I felt that way — still do in a way. What does matter? I don't know. Maybe it's more interesting as a news thing than as something to do with music. The Stones did it. A lot of people believed it. There's too much sophistication

Continues page 34

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RANDY NEWMAN

■ Continued from page 31

about it for me to really buy it."

So your outlook on life is pretty nihilistic?

"Well, I don't believe in God. Oh, how could I be a nihilist? I mean, look at me. Look at these shoes. Did you ever see an anarcho-syndicalist in soft-soled shoes? Nah... I don't know. It's just relaxing to think that nothing matters. It doesn't matter what happens. Except for money of course."

"Why should I believe in God. I went to a children's ward in hospital with my father when I was six or seven and ever since then I couldn't. Oh man, the kids, the mongoloids. It just makes you wonder."

"I like the kind of God in 'God Song' (where Newman depicts God as only liking mankind because it's stupid enough to believe in him). It's like a Top 50 God. I would never, never write anything irreligious. I don't think that's a particularly irreligious song. I would never want to offend anyone about their beliefs. My beliefs aren't that... I'm ready to be convinced."

Wouldn't he want to offend a racist?

"Yeah. I'd want to try and convince him otherwise."

Newman returns to religion and becomes heated. "I'm not joining any atheist club or anything. They have them. It would really surprise me. I know where I'm going when I die. Heathrow Airport. Now that is just about the worst place I've ever bin so that's where I'll go."

What's so bad about Heathrow Airport? "Everything. The little wooden signs. After you've been flying for nine hours... Oh Jesus. You have to take one of these little buses when you go anywhere and it takes hours to get from place to place. I was there for four hours on a bomb scare. Ingrid Bergman was on the flight. The first thing they did when they thought the bomb was on the plane was move the plane away from the terminal. We were still all on it."

What does Newman believe in? "I like my family. I believe in family. I like 'em. I like my kids. I like my wife. My dog. 'Hi boy,'" he mimicks, "I'll be feeding you soon boy."

"I like America, actually. I know it well and I know its... I find myself getting patriotic when I'm overseas. They attack it on simplistic grounds. Just 'cause we're bad to our minorities. Whatdaya want?" he chuckles. "Compared to the Dutch we're almost perfect. They're bad to their minorities. Poor Moluccans."

LIKE COODER, Randy Newman is very big in Holland. He has an award atop his mantelpiece to prove it — the Dutch Edison award. When he received it, his reply was typical wise-ass. "Who's Dutch Edison?" he asked.

"They're real serious about music in Holland," he tells me. "Very serious. Maybe that's why they like it. And when I played England I had a great audience. They're really sharp in England. And nice."

While he rarely performs, he actually does enjoy performing.

"Sometimes it makes me a little nervous, but I've always liked performing. You have to be crazy not

to like it if it goes well. I don't know whether I'll play England this time. It depends. There are a lot of short people there."

What sort of people does he think are Randy Newman followers?

"Pseudo intellectuals. And reformed acid heads," he replies, only his eyes giving him away.

Does it bother him that his audience isn't larger?

"No. Not at all. I've had kind of good critical reception. I don't care about getting recognised. I've never been particularly ambitious. I make more money than I thought I'd ever make. Critical appraisal has meant a lot to me. It means less to me now."

I'm not talking about any critics — I'm talking about people who I felt knew something... you could tell by their writing that they knew what you were trying to do. Or even what you were doing wrong."

What affect does he want his songs to have on people? "I'd often want them to think they're better than the people in my songs, better than the kind of crap in 'Sail Away' or 'Yellow Man'. I'm not interested in converting

anyone to anything. I wouldn't know what to tell them to convert to. I'm interested in making them laugh. Moving them in some way. That's what music really does best."

In your songs you convey serious thoughts through humour. Do you carry on that way in life?

"I kind of think so. That's an American disease. I joke around all the time. It's easier to get to life if you just keep moving."

It's been suggested that one of the reasons you haven't had more success is because your songs are so disturbing.

"Really? They're no good unless you listen to them. My music is no good for playing in the background. It's intrusive. You have to listen to it. And in that sense it may be disturbing. If there's a lyric it says something. With something like Fleetwood Mac it doesn't matter what they say 'cause it sounds great."

"I like for my songs to be noticed — not to shock. I write virtually nothing that I don't want to be heard."

"You know, I'm not interested too much in love songs. Or *What the world needs now is love, love, love*. I think it's all full of shit... No I don't think it's all full of shit. But let them write it."

"I've often wondered why songwriters don't take more advantage of the third person", he suddenly digresses. "They can write about whoever they want."

What really annoys him?

"Lots of things. There'll be times when I wake up mad and I'll stay mad for weeks. I see stuff on television. I saw a thing on a plane the other day. Yesterday. A kid was crying. He'd left his father and was going back to his mother in Florida. He was sitting there all by himself and no-one did anything."

Did you? "Yeah. Make sure you put this in. It could be big publicity for me," he says dryly. "I talked to him about *Star Wars* or something. But anyway, you'd think anyone would. That really bothered me. He was bad. And he tried to shut the window so he couldn't see the ground going by, taking him away from his father. It was absolutely sickening."

And I'll see commercials that'll make me mad. Or the kids'll do something that will make me mad. Not for long. I think that a lot of the time I'm angry when I'm writing... But not so much this time."

People have said one of the reasons for Newman's indolence is his realisation that his songs don't do any good so why bother. Newman denies this strongly.

"What do they think I am? Some kind of philanthropist? The reason I don't write is because it's scary to write, to put yourself on the line like that."

"That's probably why I didn't... I was scared to do it. 'Cause it's hard. And it makes for some terrible nights when things aren't going well. It's much easier not to bleed like that. If I had some money or made some money..."

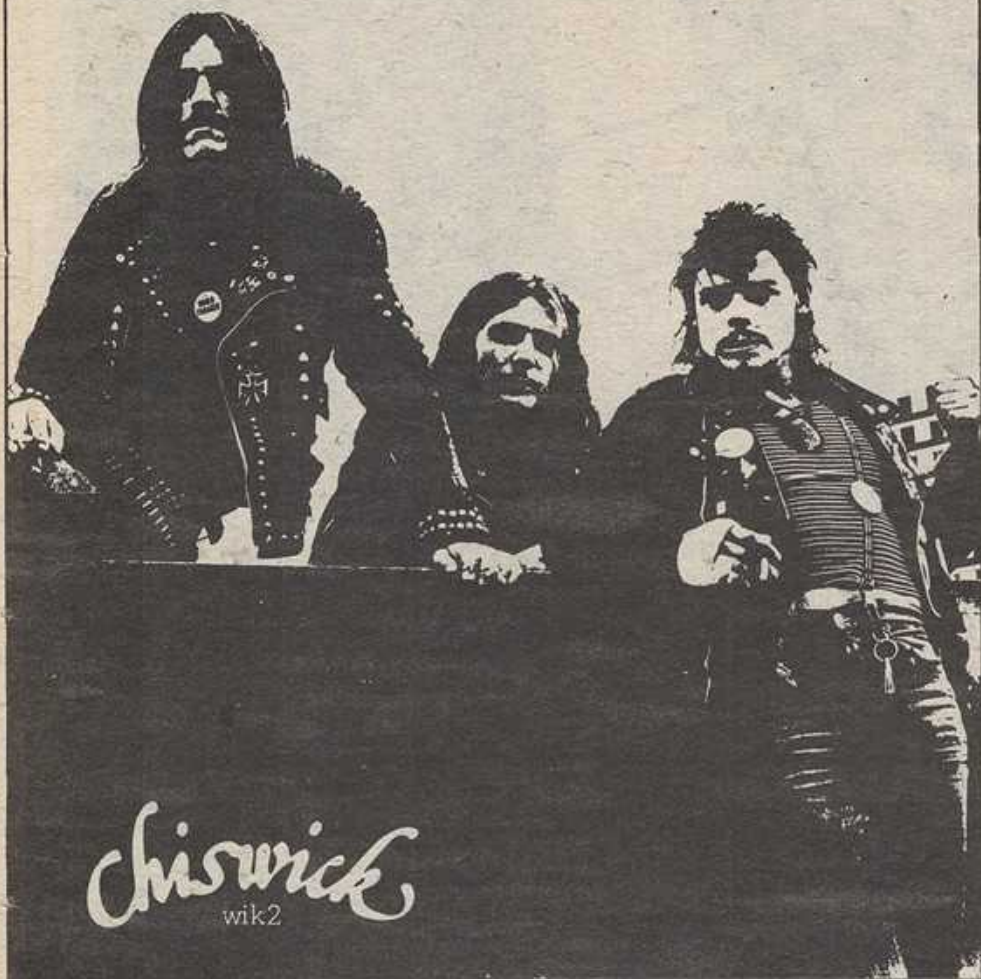
"I never believed I was going to make the world any better by writing. It seems I keep writing songs like that, but I would never presume to think that anything like that is gonna change anything. I don't think the world's so awful anyway. Not at all. I like people."

Even short people
"I wouldn't go that far."



PHOTO: ALLAN BALLARD

motörhead VINYL BRAIN SURGEONS



*The things we do to entertain you
(Part 3746):*

We flew ROB TYNER of the MC5 — who's been filling time between the demise of the original MC5 and the new MC5 by working as a journalist in Detroit — over to this country to write us a piece about how British rock looks to him.

You'll find Tyner's

BACK IN THE U.K.

in next week's NME alongside heavy-duty weirdness with

**PETER GABRIEL and the
BOOMTOWN RATS**

Name us another rock rag that gives you that kind of service and we'll buy it ourselves.

ALBUMS

THE STRANGLERS

No More Heroes (United Artists)

DEPENDING ON your reactions to the Strangers in the first place, "No More Heroes" is either verification that they are the most capable and intense of the current exponents of dirty, driven, mesmerising urban English rock and roll, or that they are full of shit.

I lean towards the former. If you found "Rattus Norvegicus" objectionable and loathsome, then you'll find this even more so — it's unarguably more sophisticated in subject matter than the first album.

At least two criticisms or comments that invariably arise when the Strangers are discussed get a miss from me this time out. First, although a considerable portion of this material was recorded at the same time as "Rattus Norvegicus", both the newer numbers and the total hard energy treatment complete their metamorphosis into a group with its own unmistakable sound and character.

The Doors analogies have become redundant; only Dave Greenfield's consistently appetising, rolling keyboard style recalls that perfectly legitimate influence.

Second, "No More Heroes" is no more sexist than most rock. While I am all for fingering grossly offensive contributions to kids' kultural influences (why d'ya think they got a girl to review this, hmmm?), and while I was very glad to read Phil McNeill making a stand against what I agree was extremely nasty on "Rattus", it's not fair to say that the Strangers have subsequently borne out the charges of male chauvinist piggery levelled at them.

"Bring on the Nubiles" is the jeans creamer here, with lyrics like "I've got to lick your little puss / And nail ya to the floor / I go crazy for ya, crazy for ya / Lemme lemme fokkya fokkya / Lemme lemme fokkya fokkya" which, while scarcely rivalling Johnny Donne or Hideous Bill Shakespeare for inspired literary eroticism, are more conciliatory than anything else. I like it.

The two outstanding tracks are by now familiar: the last hit single, "Something Better Change", and the new climber, "No More Heroes".

"Something Better Change" is conclusive evidence that they have consistent pop süss — it's timely in its impatient frustration as well as damned catchy.

The title track is frantically appealing for its verbal ironies and a dizzying instrumental climax centred, as usual, on keyboards and spun out by Hugh Cornwell's and Jean Jacques Burnel's blistering guitar-bass interplay.

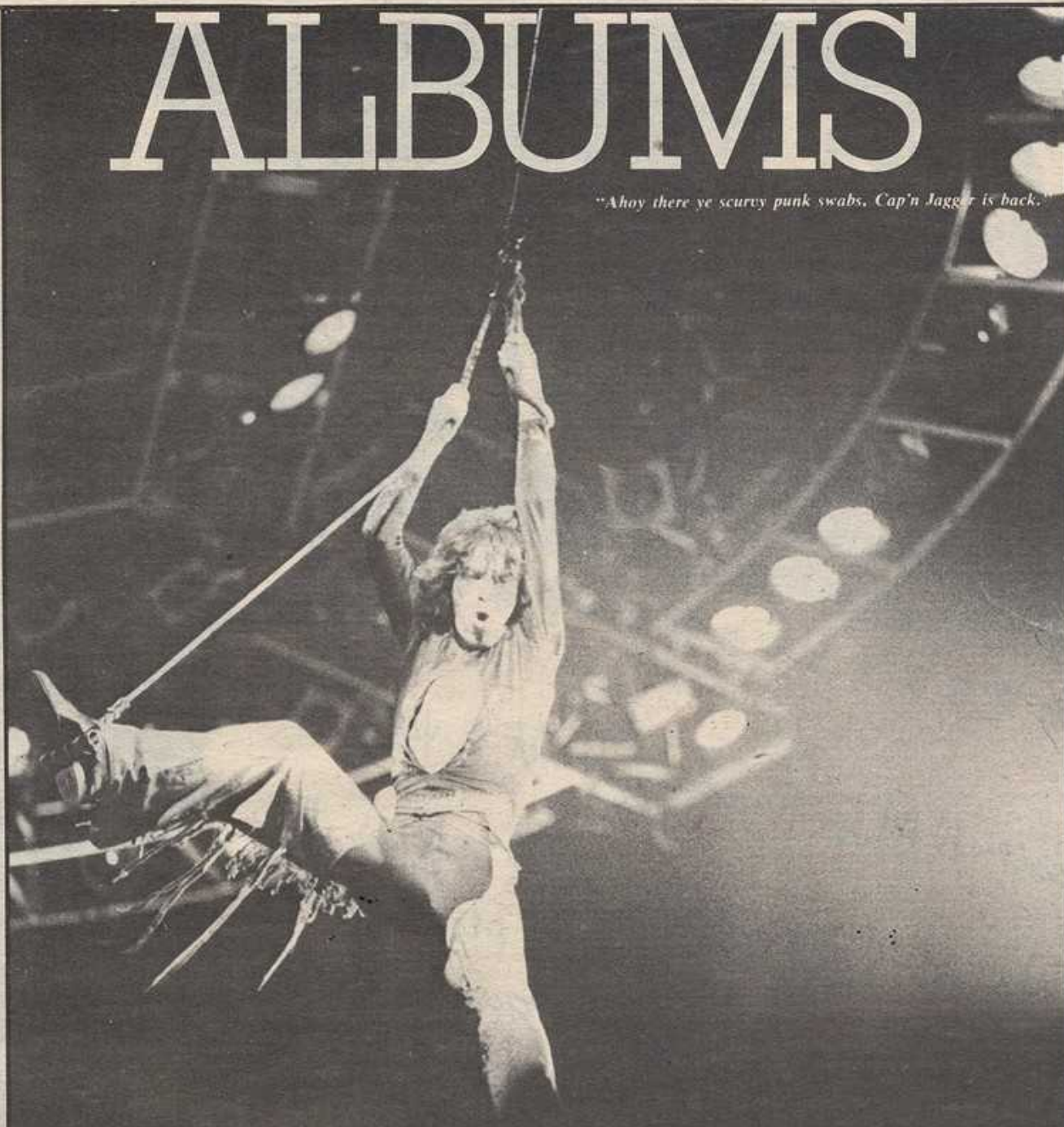
"I Feel Like a Wog" and "Dagenham Dave" are also well known as two of their stage faves. "Wog" is pumped out at full throttle with Cornwell's rapid-fire vocals convincingly aggrieved: "Golly gee, Golly gosh / Don't call me your gollywog".

"Dave" comes on with a verse hook like that of "Gloria", infectious and rather heady despite its sympathetic treatment of the sobering experience of a fan's suicide.

Of the remaining six tracks, "Bitching" is a splenic mid-tempo workout distinguished by its assured guitar break and amusingly Turtles-like vocal harmonies. "Dead Ringer" sounds an awful lot like a leaden "Peaches" and "Burning Up Time" is no more than a speedy filler.

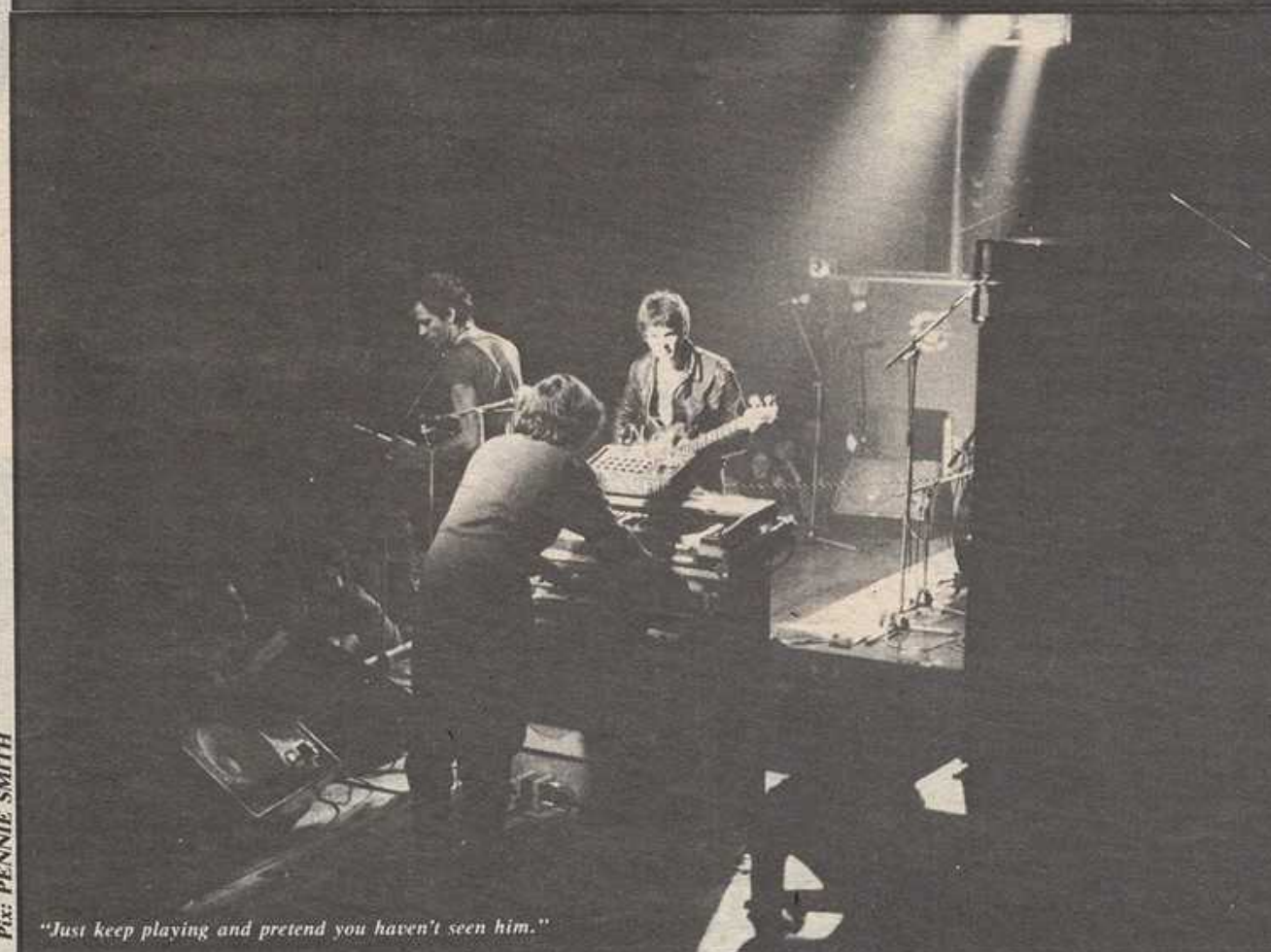
The dramatic "Peasant in the Big Shitty" has Cornwell in scary and menacing mood via his stinging vocal swoops out of a feverish instrumental spiral.

● Continued over page



HERO TODAY GOON TOMORROW

ANGIE ERRIGO gets Strangled, NICK KENT gets Stoned.



"Just keep playing and pretend you haven't seen him."

THE ROLLING STONES

Love You Live
(Rolling Stones Records)

JUST UNDER a minute into the first side — there's been the usual audience mayhem, a snippet of exotic percussion, cannons firing, about four bars of "Fanfare For The Common Man", some Frog making with the curt introduction — comes the first sound of The Rolling Stones.

Those lean, juddering chords swept neat as a meat cleaver over raw steak setting the scene for "Honky Tonk Women" say it all. It's an old song but it works — oh yes, it works because in those chords lies the very essence of The Stones; a timeless lasciviousness, reminding you all over again that, for real mannish rock and roll kicks, this band is still the king of the jive boys.

A subsequent preponderance of such giddy moments on at least three out of the four sides of this, the first legitimate Stones live album in some seven years, ensure the opus' excellence. It's not only 'very good Stones product' for the marketplace right now, but also the smartest (arguably) sidestepping manoeuvre to abate the flow of troubled murmuring as to whether the band can still cut it as a fully operative outfit.

Let's not even bother to concern ourselves with what can only be viewed as a very dicey future.

The fact is that The Rolling Stones have been caught with their pants down this last year — not only by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police but by a whole new generation of potent young rockers, who suddenly don't want to have their pics snapped as they partake in intimate exchanges with Mick Jagger. Who, moreover, despise The Stones (or at least where they're coming from) — all that jet-set crap, blood changes in Switzerland, Andy Warhol album sleeves... (and if ever Warhol presented watertight evidence of his being the ultimate artistic sham, then this hideous excuse of a gatefold cover is it.)

More to the point, new wave rock seems to have taken few tips from The Stones' classic style, barring the odd Boomtown Rats blatant rip-off, or the odd Keef lookalike ploughing out familiar rhythm pastiches.

Overall, the whole shakeup has cast the once omnipotent Stones in a somewhat dubious light, open to charges of anti-the-spirit-of-rock-and-roll behaviour, principally that of extreme indolence (which has caused even this once devoted aficionado to throw up his hands in disgust).

Surely someone as bright as Jagger, having just officially signed up his band for four more albums' worth of endurance, can see that the release of a series of new singles would be the ideal retort to the Sex Pistols' 'problem'. Until now, The Stones' lack of activity in this area has conceded total victory to their youthful aggressors.

So where does "Love You Live" fit into this scheme of slothful detente and general group untogetherness?

Well, it's probably the best move they could make right now, capturing the band at their best as live force and choosing what amounts to the best of their '70's output plus a few tasty detours back to their veritable roots. It's a convincing argument for their patent brand of white raunch and its continued relevance.

What "Love You Live" makes clear from the outset is that The Stones still have a way to go before they merit the

● Continued over page

TYLA GANG

AT
THE
Rainbow

*MINK
DEVILLE*

Dear N.M.E. Reader (for it is you),

We at "Home of the Hits" have to say that we consider 'Mink Deville' to be a great little band; however we also think that 'Tyla Gang' are an even greater little band to the extent that they're our first British signing.

They're on together at the Rainbow this Sunday, get there early and catch the World Premiere of the new single "Dust on the Needle" (BZZZ5). Out Real Soon.

See ya' there *Beserkley*
"Home of the Hits"

P.S. Now's ya' chance to buy the Rubinoos single at full price.

Beserkley
"Home of the Hits"

BE THERE OR MISS OUT
....BUY IT AND DON'T!



PHIL MANZANERA/801
Listen Now (Polydor)

WE MAY be paranoid but that doesn't mean they're not out to get us.

The cover of "Listen Now" pictures two furtive exchanges of news and views. The four faces are grotesquely airbrushed in bruise blue and vein purple; chain links angle across the scene as skyscrapers lean out of a drab sky.

Roll on 1984 and the regiments of Thought Police. Philip Castle's artwork mirrors the Orwellian tenor of "Listen Now" all too well.

Of course, former Roxy Music guitarist Phil Manzanera commissioned song lyrics from the likes of Eno, John Whetton and Robert Wyatt for "Diamond Head", his first solo album, but these weren't thematically unified. Here bassist Bill MacCormick and his brother Ian have supplied six sets of words; their preoccupations are closely linked with the cover theme.

To wit, "Listen Now" "Talk on the wire about force and choice/It's uncomfortable to raise your voice" and "Law And Order" ("It's easy to take what you are told/They said we need law and order") consider media manipulation and the strong state as actual/imminent.

"City Of Light" ("Blinds are drawn across windows facing nowhere/In the day the darkness is complete") sets a scene of inner city scarecapes; "Flight 19", "Postcard Love" and "That Falling Feeling" describe the concomitant breakdown of personal relationships.

I'm not reading too much into it am I, chaps? No, I don't think so. But you get the drift — and a bleak, apprehensive one it is too.

Apprehensive? Unsettled, unsettling? On reflection, that quality's not new to Manzanera's output. I'm thinking of the harshly ferrous edge to his work with John

Here's looking at you Winston Smith

Phil Pulls A Creepy One

Cale ("Gun" and "Heartbreak Hotel") and Nico ("The End") — to say nothing of the barely screened hysteria of some of "Mainstream", the belated offering by Quiet Sun, his pre-Roxy concern.

As it is, "Listen Now" provides a more explicit framework for these aspects of Manzanera's musicianship. And despite the fact that Manzanera is obsessively attentive to detail in the studio, that the album was recorded at intervals over some eighteen months and that it involves 15 or more players, "Listen Now" is — almost surprisingly — a coherent composite.

It would be pointless to reiterate every initiative taken by Manzanera and 801 on this showing. Nonetheless "Sheet Music" — to my mind the apogee of 10CC's achievement — serves as a useful point of comparison. "Listen Now" shares a similar outward urge.

"Flight 19" is sophisticated rock craftsmanship of the highest order. Savour its classical structure (verse, chorus, middle eight, solo, repeat) and adventurous use of same.

Although for the most part typically reticent, Manzanera fronts three instrumentals. "Island" (as in refuge and sense of calm) reveals his catholic tastes; it's "Diamond Head" rephrased, a heady turn of melody interspersed with vaguely Hawaiian lead parts. "Que?" is a terse funnel of serrated sound and "Initial Speed" exactly what its title implies; a spiral synthesiser motif alternating with Manzanera on guitars, various.

Songwise, "Listen Now" and "Law And Order" open and close side one, both pieces sidestepping around a rhythm reminiscent of Andy Mackay's

"Love Is The Drug" but with twice the snazz thanks to Bill MacCormick and drummer Dave Mattacks. "Listen Now" bridges unexpectedly through a Mel Collins sax solo into a military big band coda — sound for thought.

"City Of Light" treats Simon Ainley's vocals (Eno and Robert Wyatt crossed) over brutal staccato piano; the ominous atmospherics are reinforced by Manzanera's chilling chord fractures. I haven't been this intimidated by studio sound since Can's "Tago Mago".

"Postcard Love" and "That Falling Feeling" round off, a pair of wryly arranged but profoundly depressing ballads: the er, human catchment.

Just for the book, among those contributing to "Listen Now" are Brian Eno, Eddie Jobson, Francis Monkman and Split Enz' Eddie Rayner (keyboards), Simon Phillips (drums), Kevin Godley (voices) and Lol Creme (Gizmo).

"Listen Now" bears out its conceptual premise. George Orwell's legacy has already inspired some remarkable music in Hugh Hopper's "1984" and Bowie's "Diamond Dogs". Here's more of the same.

Angus MacKinnon

JOE ELY

Joe Ely (MCA)

WHEN THIS one arrived on import earlier this year, I took my ten gallon hat from my two gallon head and hurled it ceremoniously in the air.

Ely's from Texas, y'see. To be specific, he's from Lubbock, where Waylon once worked as a deejay and where



Phil Manzanera awaits Ministry of Truth clearance.

Charles Harden Holly joined Bob Montgomery to take off as Buddy and Bob and move on up the line via an engaging diet of bop and western. A place for someone to latch onto the good sounds, in fact.

Ely's been latching on to good sounds for many years and in his time has played half the closets in Texas. But it's only recently that he's linked with Lloyd Maines (steel guitar), Jesse Taylor (guitar), Gregg Wright (bass), Ponty Bone (accordion) and Steve Keeton (drums) and influenced compadres like Gary Nunn and Bob Livingstone of the Lost Gonzo Band.

And now we have "Joe Ely", which features nine songs penned by Ely and his songwriting sidekick Butch

Hancock, plus one other by Jimmie Gilmore. The album pans out as the finest country-oriented disc to come my way during '77 — being a dobro and half in front of Emmylou's "Luxury Liner".

Maines and Taylor's duel on "Johnny Blues", a brass-assisted, honky-tonk special, based on "Frankie And Johnnie", is guaranteed to make your hair stand on end while "Mardi Gras Waltz", a booze-sodden slice of Cajun is a pure delight.

Even the more traditional country fare — the soft as soap ballads and the Marty Robbins-type tales of Old Mexico with their smattering of maracas and mariachi — comes out tougher than tough the Ely way.

Altogether it seems that it'll soon be high noon for the likes of Jennings, Willie Nelson and the current crop of outlaw aristocracy.

Fred Dellar

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Echoes of the '60s (Phil Spector International)

WHO IS this Spectre bloke? This muddy, confused, big production sound went out with Busby Berkeley. It'll never catch on, there's no light or shade. And anyway, all those girl singing groups sound the same.

Yes, you've guessed it. This is a Phil Spector compilation and I'm too lethargic to flex my superlatives. Nobody needs to be told how good these songs are, and if I start whining about the Wall of Sound and this man's unique contribution to studio techniques you'll get bored and turn over.

If you've read this far it means you want to know what's on the record. "Then He Kissed Me," "Da Doo Ron Ron" and two earlier, slightly Latin flavoured tracks from the Crystals; "River Deep Mountain High" by Ike & Tina Turner; "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'" and two much more average crooning attempts, "Unchained Melody" and "Ebb Tide" from the Righteous Brothers.

The outstanding cuts by far are the Big Four by the Ronettes, "Be My Baby," "The Best Part of Beaking Up," "Walking in the Rain" and "Baby I Love You." I don't recall seeing a much better collection of Spector hits. If you haven't already got them, this album is essential.

The album is sub-titled "Phil Spector's Top Twenty" so the remaining grooves are filled with slightly rarer items. My favourites are "Why Do Lovers Break Each Other's Hearts" and "Not Too Young to Get Married" by Bob B. Soxx and the Blue Jeans. Their version of "Zip-A-Dee-Do-Dah" and the two Darlene Love tracks are really fillers and although I like "Proud Mary" by Checkmates Ltd, I've never really associated the song with Spector.

If some of the Christmas numbers had gone in instead of the aforementioned space-fillers, I wouldn't have any criticisms to make of this record at all. And then this review really would have been a waste of time.

Kim Davis

STRANGLERS

● From previous page

"English Towns", written after some of the aggro encountered on their last tour, is bitter and incisive to a strong melody and muscular playing: "There is no love inside of me / I gave it to a thousand girls / We build towers of sand and ivory / In our English towns".

"School Mam", the longest track, is the most adventurous and vaguely reminiscent in conception to "Down in the Sewer". It's a real bile bomb, furious, brutal, dominated by Burnel's relentless bass and Jet Black's violent percussion — a bit hard to take unless you're on downers in which case it's dangerously depressive.

The major flaw of "No More Heroes" is that the group's obvious progression presented here resembles the implosion of a neutron star as it becomes ever stronger with an ever greater pull as it becomes smaller, denser and darker.

The imagination and scope of "Rattus" — even if it was derivative — have narrowed musically. The comparative lack of light, shade and colour makes "No More Heroes" heavy, seldom relieved and tense listening.

I can't listen to the whole album in one anymore without triggering a headache, and my guess is that it's unlikely to elicit the wide response of the quarter-million selling debut. But as I said at the outset, this is a consolidation that the



"Bluurghh."

strangled will get off on, and it will be very interesting to hear what develops from this.

Angie Errigo

STONES

● From previous page

dinosaur tag. This is a great rock and roll band — one minute slick and tough, the next sloppy yet elegant.

Wisely enough, Jagger and Richard have chosen to spotlight the slapstick raunch angle on the lion's share of "Love You Live"; sides one, three and four provide aural testament to The Stones' imperious rock credentials.

SIDE TWO is the weak link and as such proves what last year's European tour indicated — that plus Wood and minus Taylor mainline Stones never sounded better live, whereas the more adventurous and diversely paced material that the band had been performing with disarming success in the

early '70's now seemed strained and disorientated, without either austere grace or sensitivity.

In my review of The Stones' Earls Court dates, I noted the set's principle casualty was the evergreen "You Can't Always Get What You Want".

This sad, limp and perverse rendition unfortunately shows up again here, commandeering eight minutes of valuable time and displaying, if anything, an even more exasperatingly directionless bent to the song's harsh, wasted realism. This inclusion is nothing short of tragic; the previous version embellished by Mick Taylor's bittersweet guitar solo and Jagger's more committed vocal was always a focal point of early '70's gigs.

Roy Carr informs me that originally "Love You Live" was to have included one side of Taylor's final live work with the band and — though one can see why that idea was nixed to present a more unified, contemporary Stones in action — I can't help but mourn the absence of such finely honed gems from that era as "Gimme Shelter", the previously mentioned "You Can't Always Get What You Want" or a blistering "All Down The Line", whose excellence on stage is confirmed by contemporary bootlegs.

Whatever, a side two laden as above would have been infinitely more potent than what's served up here. "Tumbling Dice" follows on from the

preliminary muscle flexing. It's more languidly paced than side one's six assaults but is still sinuously performed; Richard's angular guitar bearings crosscut Billy Preston's chunky organ overlays and Charlie Watts is his usual propulsive self on drums. The side's best performance.

Next up is "Fingerprint File" from "It's Only Rock 'n' Roll". The number might burst with live potential but here is frustratingly unsure of itself, and ultimately directionless.

Side three's four pieces are culled from The Stones' star-crossed Canadian sojourn in the intimate atmosphere of the El Macombo club. This move has given the album its musical heart as The Stones play *deja vu* time with their R'n'B back pages.

Oddly enough, the side's starter is a failure. The blues classic "Mannish Boy" received an impeccable reworking by Muddy Waters on his "Hard Again" album. In one move a 62-year-old man made so many rock and roll youngbloods sound positively wet in comparison.

The Stones' version doesn't pack the punch of Waters and Johnny Winter's sparse eloquence; it's only adequately reworking by Muddy Waters on his "Hard Again" album. In one move a 62-year-old man made so many rock and roll youngbloods sound positively wet in comparison.

"Mannish Boy" spotlights



"Nyaaah"

most, if not all, of Jagger's deficiencies as a singer. His voice is mixed up high throughout the album, but close scrutiny reveals that he's barely in control of his timbre, is incapable of sustaining a note, and only succeeds through heavily formulated guile which allows him to turn his vocal lines away from being plain flat.

Instead, an argument could be forwarded for either Keith or Charlie being the real star of the show, seeing as they're the boys dug furthest into the propellant that gives the band their corporate pizzazz. Thus the El Macombo side comes alive on the reggaeified version of Bo Diddley's "Crackin' Up", while The Stones simmer quietly through "Li'l Red Rooster" — not as instantly haunting as its archetype but still a noble performance. "Around And Around" is a *tour de force*, Richard and

Wood swarming all over the Chuck Berry rocker and each other's tracks.

Yet this is a mere preliminary for Side 4 — again a consistent blast of hard blood-coarsening rock, but boasting such an overpowering fierceness and unity of purpose that it easily surpasses the toughness of the first side, while picking up the gauntlet thrown at the conclusion of "Around And Around".

"It's Only Rock'n' Roll" may well be a paper-thin conceit of an attempted Stones rocker, but again Richard and Wood are in rollicking form. "Brown Sugar" and "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (both cocksure renditions of old faves) cap the intensity quite wickedly, and a final "Sympathy For The Devil" (all seven minutes of it and it's never been a song I've particularly liked) is the final crowning achievement.

Final thoughts: there's a rough-and-ready quality to the overall recording which leads one to believe that comparatively few studio overdubs were called for; surprising considering the plethora of clean-up trickery that went into "Get Yer Ya-Yas Out".

The Stones, on this outing anyway, can still show everyone purporting to play or function around rock'n'roll a whole passel of tricks and styling. Their future may be in doubt, but this is the present, and it'll stand.

Nick Kent

Beyond the Cerebral Cortex

(Whatever THAT means)

STEELY DAN
Aja (ABC)

WHILE still recognisable as the group which released "The Royal Scam" last year, on "Aja" Steely Dan have made a pronounced change of direction with a strong shift of emphasis away from songs and towards playing and arrangements.

There are fewer and longer tracks than before with space given over to instrumental prowess and complex arrangements, while Becker and Fagen evince more than ever their jazz leanings, be it contemporary jazz or big band swing.

All of which results in what is most definitely Steely Dan's best played album since the days of the sublime "Pretzel Logic", even though their continued drift towards engaging a plethora of top sessioners to play the music means that original guitarist Denny Dias is all but forced out of the picture. Dias appears on just one cut here and even then shares the honours with the Crusaders' Larry Carlton and Walter Becker himself, who along with Donald Fagen and producer Gary Katz remains the Heart of Steely Dan, as ABC President Steve Diener likes to put it in his effusive sleeve note.

Becker gets to solo on guitar for the first time in Steely Dan's career, playing with the accent tilted away from rock and firmly towards jazz. Only once on "Aja" is there anything resembling the guitar high jinks Jeff "Skunk" Baxter used to inject liberally into a Steely Dan album which is when Steve Khan solos on side two's opener "Peg". Elsewhere what guitar there is — and it doesn't amount to a lot — has more to do with jazz than rock.

No, it's horns, ensemble and solo, that are the order of the day here. And one Tom Scott — whose arrangements had a lot to do with directing Joni Mitchell towards jazzier paths — is the man responsible, arranging and conducting the entire batch.



Fagen with Becker on his mind.

Scott's work is tasteful, economic, and discreet, adding to the music's overall elegance. His arrangement on "Deacon Blues" is pure band swing, a more than welcome change from the funky clinches with which he's laden so many albums. Becker and Fagen have evidently brought out the best in him.

Familiar names like Jim Horn and Chuck Findlay are ensconced in the horn section, as is Weather Report's Wayne Shorter (a newcomer to Steely Dan records) whose solo on "Aja" is one of the album's high spots.

The title track represents the Dan at their current best. Set in between the intelligent funk of the opener, "Black Cow", and the beautifully skeletal melody of "Deacon Blues", "Aja" with three 'movements' is an adventurous construction. Michael Ovarian's graceful piano underpins Fagen's delightful vocal melody as he sings of some Oriental lady he always runs to "when all my dime dancin' is through". Guitar chording weights things up, the percussion is exquisite,

and Dias and Carlton skate away disarmingly before Shorter enters hot and raunchy, spurred on by a brilliant piece of drumming from Steve Gadd.

It's undoubtedly the finest piece of music I've heard all year and for Steely Dan represents a milestone; it extends deep into jazz-rock territory without forsaking the Dan's skill as craftsmen of fine songs.

Side two is less encouraging, and here one begins to wonder about the body of Becker and Fagen's songs. Certainly there's nothing lame, but then neither is there anything which really fights its way off the turntable, though I say this after listening to the album for a mere three days. Let's just say there's no immediacy about these numbers.

As with side one, the playing sounds a deal more comfortable than on either "The Royal Scam" or "Katy Lied", and arrangements continue to bypass the predictable, but the construction of the songs is hardly exemplary.

Nevertheless, the music is

nothing less than enjoyable, and even if the Becker/Fagen lyrical wit isn't as finely developed as it has been in the past, there are odd flashes of inspiration here.

On "Aja" Becker and Fagen have entirely eschewed making any social commentaries, and five of the seven songs deal with women. The hyper-staccato "I Got The News", on which Becker and Fagen toy with words, is explicitly sexual, the song's protagonist actually there in-the sack with the hot piece in question.

*Spanish kissin'
See it glisten
You came ragin'
Love rampagin'*

Again in the closing "Josie", an ambitious jump romp, Fagen, in the album's only evocation of teenage street life, welcomes the day when the best lay on the block returns.

Simply, "Aja" stands as probably the finest, and certainly the most sophisticated and intelligent, rock album to be released this year. The Dan sound like they're

Main Pic: PENNIE SMITH

enjoying life more than on the "Royal Scam" where, despite the craft of the songs, their bid to make statements sounded on the stilted side.

Strangely enough considering the number of musicians employed they sound like a band again. And it's been a long time since you could say that.

Steve Clarke



BARCLAY — JAMES HARVEST
Gone To Earth (Polydor)
HUDSON-FORD
Daylight (CBS)

TWO SURVIVORS — well, six if you're counting heads. Both outfits have kept so quiet recently you'd be forgiven for thinking they'd returned to selling insurance (or whatever it was those 'middle-class' rockers did on leaving college).

Richard Hudson and John Ford — remember their time in The Strawbs? — seem like they're still a couple of inoffensive bozos. They may smoke Gitanes, drink wine and smile a lot but they've been making records long enough to realise that a few wispy-washy songs and some spiffy production do not a decent album make.

Especially when neither singer is particularly distinctive. Attempts to beef-up their balancing material with brass arrangements by Chris Mercer are messy and Richard Hewson's string arrangements are not essential, more fancy embellishments.

But then piffing, tricky bits of schtick crop up everywhere, like the choppy ARPs and daffy phasing on "Shy Girl", or the Edgar Wallace guitar and gipsy violin on "Let It Rain".

And who besides The Bellamy Brothers would want to cop a Doobie's lick ("Simple Man")? Their "Wicked Lady" is accused of being like "a glossy magazine". That's a bit like "Daylight" sounds. Definitely unnecessary.

Barclay James Harvest's grandiose music is as fancy as the cover art work. Right from

the start — with the sombre "Hymn" — John Lees wears his religion (orthodox Christianity) on his sleeve, leaving precious little room for his heart. But that's given full reign on his and Les Holroyd's other songs.

The music and lyrics are so earnestly forlorn and doomy (with titles like "Lepers Song", "Love Is Like A Violin" and, gulp!, "Sea Of Tranquility") that one is forced to assume that their "Poor Man's Moody Blues" is not, in fact, a feeble joke but a glum acceptance of their dull worthiness and its Place In Rock Music.

Maybe they're not as dumbly pretentious as The Moodies, but Barclay James Harvest have gone to seed just the same.

Monty Smith

HARRY CHAPIN:
Dance Band on the Titanic (Elektra)

EVER SINCE the ship which could not sink sank, the SS Titanic has excited a macabre fascination on everyone from Bob Dylan to Smirnoff vodka.

It remains a potent symbol, the most luxurious liner of its time going down on its maiden voyage in the desolation of an Arctic night while the band played "Nearer My God to Thee" — and now it's Harry Chapin's turn to book a passage.

Chapin's a very literate writer with a good ear for melody ("WOLD" and "Cat's in the Cradle" being his two best known songs over here) and he can make good use of a voice which manages to instil some sort of feeling into his material.

It's a double album this, with a sufficient variety of material to keep you entertained. Even a 14 minute track like "There Was Only One Choice", a warning of the inherent perils of a rock'n'roller's life, manages to sustain interest throughout and the title track moves along at a fair lick, containing one line which most people remember when they hear it in "I heard the chaplain say 'Women and children and chaplains first'".

I enjoyed it, but I didn't have to buy it.

Patrick Humphries

MARK CHARIG
Pipedream (Ogun)
CORNETPLAYER Mark Charig has always been a sideman of darting spontaneity, and here on his own album he takes the dice 'n eggcup a stage further, siting the session in a church to avail himself of The Lord's instrumentation.

The opening track, "Bellaphon", which pitches his cornet against the resident bell, is startlingly effective, conjuring up a landscape of adobe and Eastwood and seata, denominationalism transcended and then some. Beauty in two kinds, from the massive, unvarying toll to the agile skip and chirrup and soar, disproportionate weights that prove wieldy bell fellows. A similar balance is achieved as Keith Tippett chords on the organ, unfurling riffs and stop-time figures that fit under Charig's improvisation like a carpet down the nave.

The two Ghost numbers come close to the Ambience of Ovary Lodge, the first a spell-binder with Tippett's wraith-like zither and Ann Winter's disembodied voice, the second with piano, voice and cornet, more disquieting. Incidentally, the title "Haven't The Chance of a Ghost" declines differently beyond the parish: "Wouldn't Chance a Stand with a Ghost like You".

Both "Pavanne" and "Pipedream" are beautifully together, the clear cornet runs wonderfully releasing after the fraught and fragmented interactions.

One of the most arresting albums of the year, the imagination of the players taking it well beyond the merely programmatic, and the old Anglican mojo working like a bitch to provide an amen corner.

Brian Case

WANTED: Phenomenal lead singer with own pirate outfit

THE PIRATES
Out Of Their Skulls (Warner Bros.)

WAIT JUST a minute. I think we got some kind of problem here. The Pirates, right. Anybody who wants to dispute the fact that they're the hottest three piece playing traditional rock and roll for the Seventies has got to be just plain dumb.

For my money Micky Green is a planetary class guitar picker. He's up there with Chet Atkins, Scotty Moore, James Burton, Steve Cropper and the tiny handful of guitar kings whose names should be uttered with real awe.

As if that wasn't enough, he's backed by Johnny Spence and Frank Farley, who have to be one of the meanest rhythm sections ever to hit the road. If you harbour any doubts just check the skull lifting instrumental "Peter Gun" on the live at the Nashville Rooms side of this album.

This version of the old Duane Eddy warhorse only came about because of a microphone failure. Lucky



Warning: trousers like this are hard to come by.

failure. It gives Green the chance to demonstrate categorically that he can show the door to any other two-players you'd care to put up against him.

So what's the problem? Well, I guess, to put it bluntly, it's the vocals. Way back in the days of yore when "Shakin' All Over" was a new smash and Johnny Kidd and the Pirates were almost as big on the macho greaser circuit as Gene Vincent or Jerry Lee Lewis, everything was fine. The Kid had one of those few and far between pure natural rock and

roll voices. When this power was added to his black leather pants, eye patch and savage knee trembling, you had the kind of unit that made young boys leave home and good girls go bad.

When the Kid totalled himself in 1966 he left a gap which eleven years haven't filled. Johnny Spence tries manfully and in another context he'd be more than adequate. Unfortunately there's so much world class music boiling out of the Pirates that it just cries out for a world class singer to put the cream in

the doughnut.

I've thought about this quite a lot, ever since the Pirates reformed a year or so ago. It almost seems an insoluble problem. The only people who could creditably front this band are all fully employed as rock and roll vocal superstars.

Don't let this quibble over the vocals deter you. You have to have a listen to this record. No argument. Instrumentally it's a peak, old fashioned rock and roll cooking in a way that's neither dated nor tongue-in-cheek revivalism. The Nashville side perfectly reproduces the heat, sweat and energy of a rockers' night out. It's a down and dirty good time dumped down, wham, in your living room.

The second side, the studio job, is a bit more refined and tailored (if the Pirates could ever be refined, storming out tunes like "Do The Dog" and "Drinking Wine Spo'De O'D"). It gives Green a chance to stretch out with some fancy picking to his firing on all cylinders, hammer-down stage style.

Like I said before, it would be wonderful if the Pirates did find themselves the dream front man, but in the meantime don't let this record pass you by.

Mick Farren

THIN LIZZY BAD REPUTATION



Album 9102 016 Cassette 7231 011



ELVIS PRESLEY

The Sun Years (Sunday)

YOU MIGHT have noticed that since the death of Elvis Presley, just about anything with the man's name stamped on it has been selling like hot cakes.

Some of the stuff that's been offered to the grieving public has been produced with some semblance of respect. Some of it also borders on tacky ripoff. Sad to say, this effort from Sun/Charly swings closer to the second category.

What this really amounts to is a 'tribute to Elvis' radio show of the worst kind. Side one opens with a radio report of Presley's death and segues into an unctuous, good ole boy commentary which recounts the well worn legend of how the truck driving kid walked into Sun Records in Memphis to make a record for his mom blah blah blah.

Cut into this monologue are the briefest snippets of just about every tune that Presley recorded on Sun. These brief, few second bursts of tunes like "Blue Moon Of Kentucky", "That's Alright Mama" and "I Love You Because" only serve as a tantalising, teasing flash that gets you up but does nothing to get you off. It's like being served the perfect steak and then having the cat run away with it before you stick your fork in the thing.

The Sun flashes are bad enough, but at least they are available in full on various RCA albums. The real frustration sets in when, towards the end of side one and then on side two, they start giving you equally short bursts of live recordings of Elvis singing live on the Louisiana Hayride, the Dorsey Show and the Jackie Gleason Show.

This is the point where one starts to get angry. A few of these tapes have appeared on bootlegs like "TV Guide" and "The Nashville Outtakes" but others have yet to see the light

of day. If the intros and the first few bars on this rather nasty piece of exploitation, how come we can't hear the whole cut? The tapes must exist and there's no doubt that literally millions of people

Albums like "Rock And Roll 1 AND 2", "Elvis Is Back" or "The Sun Collection" are what you need, not this piece of lightweight grab-a-buck nonsense.

Mick Farren

Don't Look Back

(Unless you do it with style)

want to hear them. Is somebody at RCA on the case, or what?

Most of the second side of the album is taken up by a pair of ultra bland DJ interviews recorded in the South. I imagine around 1956. About the only pearl of information that drops from the famous Presley lips is that at the time, he wanted an acting career and intended not to sing in his first movie. Beyond that he spends most of his time thanking his loyal fans for buying his records and the disc jockeys for playing them.

I really wouldn't recommend this record to anyone but the stone Elvis freak who has to have everything connected with the master. If you're not one of those, forget it. Far be it from me to compound the crime, but even the average bootleg offers better value, as does the Chiswick "Elvis Tapes" interview album.

If you're coming late to the work of Elvis Presley, miss this unpleasant object altogether.



SAD CAFE

Fanx Ta'Ra (RCA)

HERE COMES the Mancunian Mancunians! Let's hope they go home soon.

We won't dwell on the grotesquely tasteless cover (gang bangs always were pretty low on my Big Yuks list), but delve instead straight into a late-'60s/early-'70's time warp.

Because that's what the music sounds like, all licks-offa-records-that-I-know.

Funky keyboards here, guitar hero flashes there, a smidgen of occasional Chicago-horns, and some Eagle 'oooo-oooo's, too.

Horrible.

Monty Smith

VARIOUS

Soda's Pop Volume Two (DJM)

SODA POP? Didn't he used to sing with The Stooges?

No, this is another anthology of early '60's pop fodder;

drosso grosso in the guise of Dionne Warwick's "Close To You" and "Let It Be Me", B J Thomas' "I Just Can't Help Believin'" and "Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head", Troy Shondell's "Let's Go All The Way" and Barbara Mills'

"Queen Of Fools".

On a nobler note The Shirelles surrender admirably again with "Will You Love Me Tomorrow?" (Love ya? He won't even remember your shoe size, hunny!). Still suspended in their state of divine, self-induced moral paralysis, they offer the stunning, grovelling dignity of "Baby It's You".

The Newbeats contemporary classics "Run Baby Run" and "Bread And Butter" are still irresistible and Sue Thompson is as much a tempting minx as ever on the devastating "Paper Tiger" and the dopey "Norman".

Gene and Debbie are a rich man's Paul and Paula with the fatally beautiful "Playboy" and there's the shrill, tinny tango of high school betrayal courtesy of Phillipino family group The Rocky Fellers and their "Killer Joe".



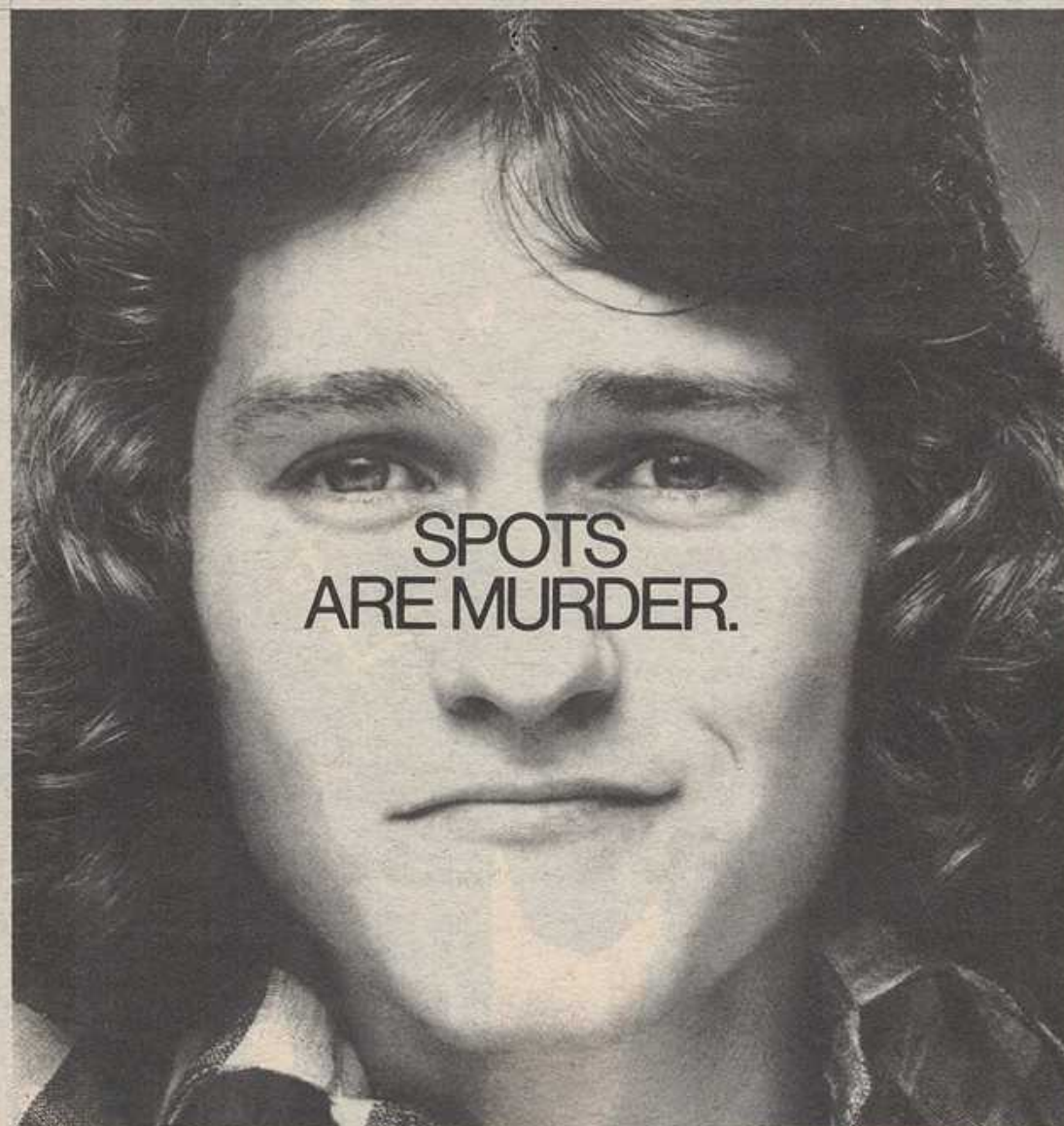
But the real stars of this selection are The Shangri-Las, The Kingmen and Gene Pitney.

Pitney with the stiff upper lip of "I'm Gonna Be Strong" and the luxurious agony of "24 Hours From Tulsa", a jukebox rumba of illicit love and flashing motel neon so near and yet, the manic Pitney sounding every inch a murderer of student nurses.

There's the Shangri-La's numb dumb "Wishing Well" plus country banjos and the sultry tenement melodrama "I



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Can Never Go Home Anywhere", with its smothered love street-corner melancholia.

Lastly, The Kingmen with their in-the-raw "Little Latin Lupe Lu" and the immortal "Louie Louie". My first time, I blush to admit — the first time I'd ever heard "Louie" performed by anyone other than Iggy Pop. But it's still an ecstatically elemental teen requiem, the song you'd choose to be locked in a dancehall forever more with!

Yeah, but could The Kingmen have written "Raw Power"?

Julie Burchill



GENTLE GIANT
The Missing Piece
(Chrysalis)

GENTLE GIANT discover rock'n'roll, go funky, it says here. Derek Shulman, prolific (ten albums in seven years) vocalist and songwriter expounds thus:

"The thing we used to do — locking ourselves in a studio and getting interesting noises and clarity and studio positioning — it's not realistic. I'd rather have a dirty, shitty sound that's full of life."

Stuff to shake the foundations of British Progressive Rock you might think. Unfortunately or not, depending on your point of view, the result of this awakening of modern consciousness for "The Missing Piece" is simply a badly produced Gentle Giant album. Otherwise it's the same album they've been making for the past four or five years.

There are a few concessions to the downstroke in "Two Weeks In Spain", "Betcha Thought We Couldn't Do It" and "Mountain Time", but Giant can't really avoid sounding clinical and stoic without disbanding. These attempts at some kind of accessible direction are in their instance ultimately futile.

They do better to take their music in the opposite direction, and either disappear up their own backsides (which they're in danger of doing anyway if they carry on in their repetitious limbo) or else capture the imagination of a new generation of techno-fans with some totally pompous, overblown immaculate conception.

Gentle Giant have had it in them for a long time to do as much. They compare favourably with Yes and Genesis; they occasionally construct a good melody and can probably play more orchestrated precision time changes than I've had the proverbial.

Points against them are that they just don't look like rock stars, that their vocals are an annoying strained monotone and that finally, they simply don't operate on that same grand scale.

Their music is safe and sterile in its complexity — then again, how can you be adventurous when you know you can slip into 11/8 time with your eyes shut?

On this album they attempt to sound a bit raunchy and end up sounding coarse and grating. I'm not surprised to read that one of them saves his true wages in a tin and banks it when he gets home.

Paul Rambali

BRENDA AND THE TABULATIONS
I Keep Coming Back For More
(Casablanca)

THE OPENING bars cash

register that this is one of those contemptuously (con)temporary cabaret/funk/discotheque melting pot mulatto throwaways, designed to satisfy and offend no one and appeal to all.

"I'm A Superstar", for example, can be pinned down and post-mortemed as Manhattan Disco Fever

IMPORTS

THIS WEEK, the rock floor at HMV had much in common with the Battle of Midway as myriad Nip products poured in to fight for a slice of the demo airtime usually allocated to the Friday arrivals from the U.S. of A.

Two Donovan albums spearheaded the attack, the most salesworthy of these being "Live" (Epic), a double cut at gigs held in Osaka during 1973, the other being "New Gold Disc", a 14-track "Best Of" compilation that sports cuts ranging from "Sunshine Superman" through to "Cosmic Wheels" and "Sailing Homeward".

I'm told that an Elvis double titled "Rock'n'Roll" (RCA) also came in that day but was immediately snapped up by mourners willing to outlay £14.95 on yet another sumptuous sample of Jap packaging. Copies of the Ventures' "On Stage '73" (Liberty), the Three Degrees' "Toast Of Love" (CBS/Sony) and Beck, Bogart, and Appice's "Live" (Epic) were however in evidence, the latter being a single album featuring the strongest tracks from the "Live" double released sometime last year.

Also around were the Three Degrees' "International" (Phil-ly-Int), which contains a version of "When Will I See You Again?" sung in Japanese plus a couple of items in best 'O' level French; also "A

Renaissance circa 1971, the intricate mesh of the worthy orchestration bled out into downbeat Vimura.

"Take It Or Leave It"? Thanks, Brenda, I've already made up my mind. This sweet sad song co-written by the incomparable Evie "Take Me For A Little While" Sands will hardly cause the sun to rise in

the west. The token subdued Carol Bayer Sager bachelor girl requiem is "Home To Myself", a song which CBS herself performs marginally better insofar as hanging would be a better way to die than being burned alive.

And so on. The music is beyond reproach; the brass is never too brash, the strings never too

sticky, but all potential interest is quickly anaesthetized by the boredom of that voice.

Coming from one with a little more genuine torment, the ballads herein might pull a few punches. And in the hands of someone a little more mechanically meticulous, the discotrash might just make you dance to keep from crying.

Julie Burchill

It includes tracks by Olivia Newton-John, who was also on the trip, is neatly packaged and illustrated with cuttings from the *Hong Kong Star*, *China Mail*, etc., and generally is fair value for £6.80.

So much for the pleasures of the Orient for this week. Back in normalsville, the news is that Stateside DJM have followed up their success with Johnny Guitar Watson by



DONALD VAN: Jap Compilation

capturing Papa John Creach, whose first album for the label, "The Cat And The Fiddle", is a healthy rocker and worth latchin' on to. Sammy Walker's "Blue Ridge Mountain Skyline" (Warner Bros.) is also earworthy, if you're into rural Dylans. Receiving fine support from multi-instrumentalist Chris Darrow, Walker provides a breath of country air on titles like

"Appalachian Coal Miner's Son" and "Carolina Country Boy".

Apart from that, not much else. The arrival of Townes Van Zandt's "Live In Houston, Texas" (Tomato) has been paged by Parke Imports, though I haven't seen a copy yet, while wholesalers are already putting in orders for "Kill City", an Iggy album which should see the light on day on Bomp Records in November.

Copies of Elvis "Moody Blue" (RCA) in blue vinyl are still arriving — though reports from the States say that these coloured pressings are already fetching inflated prices.

I've also logged such newcomers as "Hot Lunch" (Stang) by soulman Eddie Fisher; "Honor Thy Womanself" (Rounder) a songs of liberation set by the Arlington St. Woman's Caucus; Even Stevens' "Thorn On The Rose" (Elektra), which boasts help from the Oak Ridge Boys; "Terence Boylan" (Asylum), another singer-songwriter effort and one that has Jeff Pocara, Tim Schmit, Don Fagen, Wilton Felder and Don Henley hanging in; and a couple of doubles from Kool And The Gang, these being "Funky Stuff"/"Jungle Boogie" and "Hollywood Swingin'"/"Summer Madness", these titles having previously been released as single albums.

Fred Dellar

Each one has something different to say for itself

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The chromium dioxide cassette that offers faithful reproduction, greater purity of acoustic overtones, clear rendering of orchestral sound and unadulterated reproduction of speech — altogether — a superior high-frequency performance.

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Improved output at the right price — the SFD Cassette brings out new levels of performance from your machine. Its highly refined high-density iron oxide records with lower noise and better results; and the special built-in tape guidance mechanism means SFD cassettes have the reliability to match their performance.

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High dynamics at low cost — a higher density of iron oxide gives recording level control and frequency response that are better than ever before, even on the simplest machines. With exclusive color coding for easy reference in your cassette library and a thumb slot for easier opening.



There's a lot to be said for Agfa



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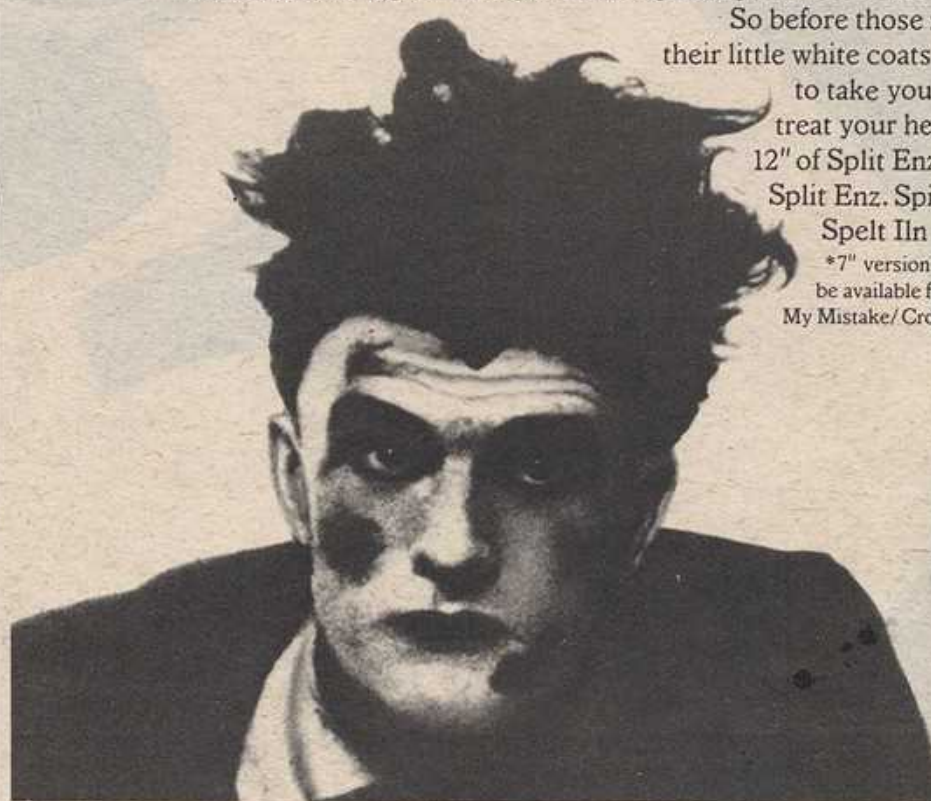
Especially as Chrysalis, having gone completely round the bend, are only charging you the price of an ordinary single for this extraordinary piece of vinyl. And for that you get three insane tracks: My Mistake, Crosswords, plus a bonus track, The woman who loves you (Spoon Song). All in a special picture sleeve.

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DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

KEYBOARDS:

TONY TYLER

THE KNOCK on the coffin lid sounded like the 32' Diapason pedal on the Halle Organ. I writhed uneasily in my sleep. In my dream I had already ascended the sublime slope from the "Great" to the "Swell" manuals, and was already the pondering the further blissful jump to the "Choir". That 32' had no business extruding at such a moment.

Shrugging, I leaned into the mighty instrument and gave vent to the puzzled cadences which were building up inside me. From the corner of my eye, I watched Bertrand Russell, Alma Cogan and Screaming Jack McDuff labouring over the bellows which kept the great organ supplied with wherewithal. The sight spurred me on.

My right hand made the jump — from "Swell" to "Choir" — and my feet flickered over the pedals beneath me. Reversals and fugal clusters washed over each other in a mounting paean as I ascended the dizzy peaks of aural bliss.

The knock came harder and more insistent. The music dissolved in a wailing *diminuendo*. I woke up.

I was in a coffin, blinking at arc lights. Pale and pinched faces gazed anxiously into mine.

Voices spoke.
"Is he awake?"
"Jesus, look at his eyes!"
A needle jabbed into my arm. I came to full consciousness. I sat up. My limbs felt stiff and painful.

I said: "That was a quick 50 years".

The faces before me — I recognised none of them — flinched from my searching gaze. "Actually", said one of them, "it's only been ten years. But a problem's arisen that only you can solve."

"My contract said '50 years uninterrupted'. Come back in 40 years. Now piss off and let me sleep."

"Better let us explain". In hushed tones, while the other white faces muttered and nodded in syncopantic agreement, he explained.

Things had changed, he said, since I had been put away. In those days the market for keyboard instruments had been expanding as the fashions in music extended from three-guitars-and-drums into soul music and the Dawn of Virtuosity. As a keyboard enthusiast of no small renown,



T. Tyler gettin' down with KORG Polyphonic Synthesiser (retailed by Hohners) price—expensive . . .)

Yeah, but can you gob on it?

Saliva-resistant cabinets score big minus in synthesised polyphony for punks probe (shock).

he said, I would appreciate the horror that he and his companions felt (he paused and took two small white tablets at this point) at the undeniable fact that the keyboard market had stagnated!

A new fashion in music had arisen, he said, which, despite all that he and his other colleagues in the keyboard manufacturing business had been able to do, had virtually dispensed with keyboard instruments.

"It's been back to three-guitars-and-drums for a good year now", he said mournfully. "Though it's true The Stranglers use a piano."

I did not understand what he meant.

"We need someone to look at our products and tell us where we went wrong. Only you can do this. That's why we

woke you up"

"Piss off"

"We'll pay"

Clambering swiftly out of the box wherein I had laid so long, I said crisply: "I'll need records — all you can get. Copies of articles in magazines. Is *Down Beat* still going? Maybe *Disc*?"

They put me straight. But within ten minutes I had all I had requested. "Now sod off and let me contemplate", I said, putting a record on the turntable and settling down to read.

Three hours later I knew the nature of the problem. I pressed the buzzer and they came trooping in.

"Right", I said. "That's one-half of the story. What about your half? What kinds of keyboards are you making? Have they improved the Vox Continental yet? Are Farfisas still selling? Hammonds? Leslies?"

"Come and see", they said. And that is how I came to be standing in the heart of London's Musicland last week, clutching a notebook and a tuning fork. What follows is my report.

I WENT first to Hammonds — to be precise, to the Cavendish Organ Centre, Margaret St., W1. I'm not quite sure what I expected. Hammonds had always been, in my view, a conservative firm. After their massive innovation of the tonewheel in the 30's, very little change had overtaken their range of organs.

An effect tab here, a reverb facility there . . . the real bonuses of Hammond organs had always been the unique tonewheel sound, the mix 'n match drawbar system, and their percussion, which gave such attack and such tonal configuration.

The showroom was filled

flash new cabinet, and the absence of useless built-in amp and speakers.

I sat down to play. It sounded well. I ran through "The Cat" and then "Whiter Shade Of Pale" while I listened for the familiar uncertainty in the Hammond note which always gives it its peculiar sensuality.

No uncertainty. A clean, crisp note. I switched on the Leslie and ran the heel of my hand up the manual as the verve reached its climax. Something was definitely missing — the banshee quality.

"What's happened to the tonewheel?"

Hammonds don't use tonewheels any more. It's now entirely solid state. A definite technological advance.

"Do New Wave groups buy this instrument?"

"Who?"

"Forget it". I played some more, musing. Altogether an impressive instrument — I'd buy one all right — but it wasn't selling to the New Wave. Why? I switched to a

morbid toccata and, in my mind, recalled what I could remember of the records I had heard that morning.

"How much is it?"

"£1,426".

No problem there. I remembered being told that, insofar as was known, no New Wave musician, despite his nastily expressed public convictions, had yet been known to turn down money. Many of the bands, indeed, were said to be stinking with it. So why weren't they buying?

It needed thought.

Atop the Hammond X5 were two other alien keyboards, each of a single manual. Together the three instruments made a pleasingly complicated ensemble. The lower of these two was the Logan String Synthesiser. The assistant explained it to me. It was made especially to simulate a string orchestra, as indeed its name implied.

I switched on and played the opening cascade of "Charmaine".

An unpleasant string sound, to my mind.

"It's got a good organ sound," said the assistant, as indeed it had. But beneath the Logan lay a real organ. I failed to see the point, and told him so.

On top of the Logan was another, similar but far more complicated instrument.

"This", said the assistant proudly "is a proper synthesiser, the ARP Pro Soloist". I switched it on, set up a pattern, and tried it.

The ARP Pro Soloist farted. "It's a bit complicated", said the assistant, flashing his hands over the settings. "Here, try that". Undeniably better, but I grew rapidly irritated at my inability to play chords.

"Aren't these things polyphonic yet?" I demanded. "As a matter of fact they are, but not this one", he replied.

The ARP had a good selection of buffoonish noises — comic effects — but I found it hard to reconcile these with the deadly seriousness of the New Wave music I had heard that morning. Certainly here was one reason why the New Wave weren't buying these technological wonders.

I LEFT Hammonds. Five minutes later I was at the headquarters of Mellotronics Ltd., makers of the Mellotron.

In my day these fantastic things were just being introduced. I expect you know how they work. Enormous tape recorders really, linked up to small keyboards so that by depressing any given key the player triggers the pre-recorded tape-loop of the corresponding note.

Simply: play an "F" and what comes out is an actual recording of a real musician

■ Continues over page



Hohner exec. Sean Leary wishing he'd brought Tyler the KORG instruction manual.



Tyler awaiting clearance from ground control.

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KEYBOARDS

From previous page
playing a sustained "F" on whatever instrument you have selected on the three-way switch. A choice, usually, of Strings, Flutes and Brass; or Strings, Brass, and Male Voice Choir; or Strings, Organ, and Farmyard Noises.

In my day the problems with Mellotrons were as follows (1) They kept breaking down. (2) There were only three choices of "stop".

Nowadays, it seems that problem (1) has been solved. The cabinet has been re-designed and finished in white. The structure is stronger and no longer do Mellotrons come to pieces at the high point of "Epitaph". Problem (2) has not really been solved. Owing to a difficulty called "crosstalk" there are mechanical reasons why more than three channels on the standard Mellotron are impracticable.

This problem has in part been eased by the introduction of a new model, which is in actuality a double Mellotron, literally two Mellotrons side-by-side in a single cabinet; plus of course, two sets of three channels, i.e. six channels. But a stereo pan facility doesn't really disguise the fact that, at £2000, this instrument, Mellotronics' sole advance in eight years, doesn't represent good value when you can buy two standard M400 SM models for a total of £1500 and set them up side by side.

NEXT I tried a proper polyphonic synthesiser, the KORG. This is retailed by Hohner Ltd. You can play chords on it.

The only trouble was, I couldn't understand how to operate it. Neither could the assistants. "The handbook hasn't come yet", said one.

Nevertheless I tried. It was like the ARP — a fantastic selection of comic noises (except I couldn't get the same effect twice running) which I found impossible to reconcile with the stern austerity of the New Wave. Altogether too flash, too technological. What use a million separate effects if you only want one?

Price: expensive. If synthesisers have a future in rock music, then it lies with instruments like this.

But do they have a future at all? Don't ask me — the handbook hasn't come yet.

AFTER THIS I needed to experiment with an instrument familiar to me — an electric piano. These had been going for some time in my day, and though not to be compared with a real piano for tonality, were rapidly becoming an instrument in their own right. The difference between real and electric pianos is more than a matter of amplification. An electric piano, though mechanically operated does not have an acoustic resonating chamber. It works like an electric guitar.

I tried one proper electric and one elec/acoustic. The

former, courtesy of Fender Soundhouse, was the Fender Rhodes Stage 88. A nice long keyboard. Good touch. Solidly built. The aura of a tried and trusted workhorse. At £981 or so, reasonably priced. It was the first keyboard instrument I had yet seen which looked like standing a chance in the New Wave market.

The next piano, the Yamaha Electric Grand CP-70 was another strong possible, although the fact that Genesis, 10cc, Jethro Tull, John Miles, Mott The Hoople, Status Quo, and (wait for it) the Cliff Richard Band have already bought one might act as some sort of deterrent to New Wavers.

Nevertheless — a handsome and effective instrument, a real piano sound, properly amplified, with a wide range of tonal variations at the fingertips.

Price: £2,500 (inc. VAT, whatever that may be). If they'd had these when I was last around I might not have gone to sleep.

FINALLY, there was the Grand Piano. The Chappells Grand Piano.

Black and shiny, she stood there before me. The piano was nice-looking too. I sat reverently down on the handsome hand-made bench and played a little Russ Conway. Then a little Rachmaninoff. Then "Take Five". The ultimate keyboard, whatever the electronics

business may say.

But what would the New Wave think of it?

There was only one test to make. I gobbled on the Chappells Grand piano.

The beeswax coating effectively repelled my saliva.

The last contender had thus failed to satisfy the single most important New Wave condition of acceptance.

THESE, GENTLEMEN, have been my experiences investigating your industry. Here are my conclusions:

1. You cannot make a keyboard to satisfy the New Wave because the New Wave don't like keyboards. Keyboards do not fit the New Wave image.

2. You are a symbol of the Technological Society they despise. So are your goods.

3. Keyboards do not lend themselves to being played fast.

4. One cannot "pogo" while sitting down.

My advice therefore is: Put all plans for new synthesisers etc. on "hold" until the NW burns itself out. Concentrate on accordions. Assassinate any New Waver who comes into your stores and dispose of his body quietly. Pursue these policies for long enough and eventually the Boring Old Farts will once again be in a majority and you can go back to selling BOF instruments.

Now sod off and let me sleep.

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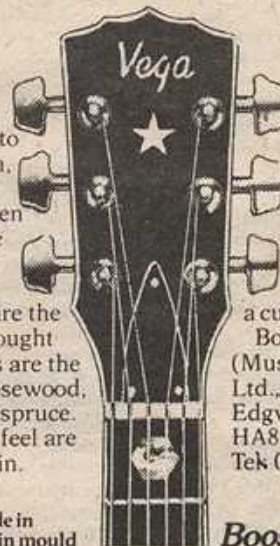


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TOURS OPENING

DR FEELGOOD warm up for their British gigs with three dates in Ireland, supported by the Lew Lewis Band, at Belfast (Thursday), Cork (Friday) and Dublin (Saturday). Their tour proper gets under way next week, opening at Leicester (Monday) and Bradford (Tuesday), and Mink De Ville are special guests throughout. Pictured above is Lee Brilleaux.



MINK DE VILLE arrived here hot on the heels of their "Spanish Stroll" hit single, and with their "Cabretta" album selling strongly. Although they played a last-minute gig last weekend, their official British debut is a headlining concert at London Rainbow on Sunday. They then join the Dr Feelgood tour, comprising over two dozen dates, as guests.



CAMEL go on the U.K. trail for the first time in 18 months, seven of which have been spent recording their newly-released album "Rain Dances". Their 14 concerts, described as "a visual extension of the LP", open at Manchester (Friday), Liverpool (Saturday), Glasgow (Sunday), Newcastle (Tuesday) and Leicester (Wednesday). Pictured is Peter Bardens (keyboards).



THURSDAY

BARNESLEY Hoyland The Turf: ARC ROUGE
BASILDON Towngate Theatre: ALBION DANCE BAND
BEDFORD Nite Spot: COUNT BISHOPS
BELFAST Ulster Hall: DR. FEELGOOD/LEW LEWIS BAND
BILSTON The Burrough Arms: FORCE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE ONLY ONES
BIRMINGHAM College of Food: ARBRE/SHANGHAI
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: SKREWDRIVER
BLACKBURN Lodestar: LONDON/THE VICTIMS
BOLTON Gaiety Bar: STRIFE
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: PETER GABRIEL/NONA HENDRYX
BRIGHTON Alhambra: WILDLIFE
BRISTOL Crookers: AIRGOLD
BRISTOL Granary: DAGABAND
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: THE ADVERTS/SPITFIRE BOYS
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
COVENTRY Mr. George's: GENERATION X
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER/CITY BOY
EXETER Zhivago's: EDISON LIGHTHOUSE
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: THE PRANKSTERS
HERTFORD Public Hall: ANDERSON SHELTER-PISTON BROKE/COSMIC DICK
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: FABULOUS POODLES
HUCKNALL Miners Welfare Club: TRAPEZE
LANCASTER No. 12 Club: THE LURKERS
LEEDS Polytechnic: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
LEICESTER Blooblo's: ADVERTISING
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: CARAVAN/NOVA
LIVERPOOL Gregson's Well Club: ALISTAIR ANDERSON
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: SOX
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SURPRISE GUEST
 ● Well-known band whose name cannot be revealed in advance for contractual reasons
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SUBWAY SECT/THE SLITS/KILLJOYS
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: WHY NOT
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawford: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: STARDUST
LONDON EPPING Centre Point: THE CRACK
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: MATCHBOX
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: DON WILLIAMS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STILETTO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: SCREENS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: FRACTURE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: EX-MUTATIONS/THE DRONES
LONDON MARQUEE Club: HEAVY METAL KIDS
LONDON MARYLEBONE Cockpit Theatre: NATIONAL YOUTH JAZZ ORCHESTRA
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: CIMARONS/FRUIT EATING BEARS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: WHIRLWIND
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: LANDSCAPE
LYTHAM ST. ANNES Central Hall: AFTER THE FIRE
MANCHESTER Hollins College: AMAZORBLADES
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: 999
MARKET RASEN R.A.F. Binbrook: GOBBLINZ
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NORWICH Arts Centre: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT/SIDEWINDER
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PENANCE The Garden: BOOMTOWN RATS
POYNTON Folk Centre: KITSYKE WILL
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RIPON College of Ripon & York: JET HARRIS & THE DIAMONDS
RUNCORN Norton Recreation Centre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
SCARBOROUGH Ollie's Club: BURLESQUE
STIRLING Albert Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
STREET Stude Theatre: YETTIES
SUTTON Red Lion: JOANNE KELLY & PETE EMERY
SWANSEA Circles Club: THE MOTORS
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: RESTLESS ROCKERS
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: SHEER ELEGANCE
WIGAN Casino: THE CRABS

WREXHAM Yale College: S.A.L.T.
YORK College of Ripon & York: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH

FRIDAY

ASHFORD Chilham Hall: PRIVATE PARTS /RACK'N'RUIN/SKINTIGHT JACKSON
BASILDON Double Six: SUNDAY BAND
BATH Brilling's: ROCKY RICKETTS & THE JET PILOTS
BELFAST Polytechnic: FLYING ACES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: FABULOUS POODLES
BIRMINGHAM Old Bingley Hall: BIG YOUTH & THE ARK ANGELS/DENNIS BROWN
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BRIGHTON Buccaneer: WRIST ACTION
BURTON 76 Club: HI BALLERS
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE STRANGLERS/ONLY ONES
CASTLE DOUGLAS Town Hall: WHITE PLAINS
CHELTENHAM Pavilion: VAN 59
CORK City Hall: DR. FEELGOOD/LEW LEWIS BAND
COVENTRY Matrix Hall: BURLESQUE
CROMER West Runtin Pavilion: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
DUNDEE Technical College: 999
DUNOON E.M. Club: THE MOTELS
HARROW College of Art: STRETCH/WILDER
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IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: DON WILLIAMS
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEEDS Packhorse Hotel: LOI COXHILL
LIMPSFIELD Village Hall: FRUIT EATING BEARS
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LONDON HARLESSEN Roxy Theatre: HELEN SHAPIRO/PAPER LACE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: PRAIRIE OYSTER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: LEW LEWIS BAND/NO DICE
LONDON MARQUEE Club: HEAVY METAL KIDS
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: SAMMY MITCHELL'S BLUES BAND
LONDON RAINBOW Theatre: "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - THE ROLLING STONES" (film)
LONDON ROYAL FESTIVAL Hall: THE DUBLINERS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CISSY STONE BAND
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: SUCKER
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scotts: HIT & RUN
MANCHESTER Belle Vue: BING CROSBY
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: KILLER/ADVERTISING
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: CAMEL
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: GENERATION X
MARCH Cromwells Disco: HONKY
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: JENNY HAAN'S LION
MILTON KEYNES College of Education: LEFT HAND DRIVE
MONTROSE Town Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: CARAVAN/NOVA
NEWCASTLE Technic: GONZALEZ
NORTHAMPTON Technical College: BUSTER JAMES BAND
NORTHWICH Memorial Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: THE NEXT BAND
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: THE DARTS
NOTTINGHAM West Bridgford Dancing Slipper: ARBRE
OXFORD New Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS
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NATIONWIDE

WATFORD College: S.A.L.T.
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE PIRATES
YEovil St. Gilda's School: YETTIES

SATURDAY

AXMINSTER Guildhall: BOOMTOWN RATS
BANGOR Students' Union: THE ACCELERATORS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: FABULOUS POODLES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: RAMROD
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BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare and Hounds: GARY AND VERA ASPEY
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross Pub: COLD COMFORT
BIRMINGHAM Old Bingley Hall: BIG YOUTH AND THE ARK ANGELS/DENNIS BROWN
BLOXWICH Nags Head: ZETH
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Folk Club: GEOFF AND PENNIE HARRIS
BRACKNELL Sports Centre: THE STRANGLERS/ONLY ONES
BRIGHTON New Regent: THE ACTORS
BRIGHTON The Vault: THE PIRANHAS
BRISTOL Barton Hill Youth Club: SUBWAY SECT/PRIMATE/MEDIA
BRISTOL Granary: AGNES STRANGE
BRISTOL Hippodrome: ELKIE BROOKS
CANTERBURY Odeon: BILLY J KRAMER AND THE DAKOTAS
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CORBY Nags Head: SPITFIRE BOYS
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DUNOON E.M. Club: THE MOTELS
DURHAM Bede College: STRETCH
EASTBOURNE Kings Country Club: BILLY OCEAN
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: ALVIN STARDUST
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: CARAVAN/NOVA
GUILDFORD Technical College: BURLESQUE
HERTFORD Balls Park College: LISSEN/ALLAN HARRIS BAND
HITCHIN North Herts College: SHANGHAI/ALICE AND THE JAGUARS
HUDDERSFIELD New Theatre: BLACK SLATE
LEEDS The Packhorse: MICHAEL MOORE
LEICESTER College of Education: ARBRE
LEICESTER The Pippin: THE NEXT BAND
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: CAMEL
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: THE MOTORS
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: MUTANTS
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: SPONTANEOUS MUSIC ENSEMBLE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: STUDS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: S.A.L.T./NO DICE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GEORGIE FAME AND THE BLUE FLAMES/WILDER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE YACHTS/LOVEMIGHT
LONDON COMPTON Garden Roxy Club: SHAM 69/THE TICKETS
LONDON E.1 Club Row Club: STEEL PULSE
LONDON EPPING Centre Point: THE RAGE/THE OSCAR/PETE THE MEAT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: SMALL FACES/BLUE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: X-RAY SPEX
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON HARLESSEN Roxy Theatre: JOE BROWN/SUSAN MAUGHAN
LONDON HOUNSLOW Sneakies Club: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: CLAYSON AND THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BEES MAKE HONEY/PRAIRIE OYSTER
LONDON MARQUEE Club: QUARTZ
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS AND QUIVER/CITY BOY
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: FOLK PROM with ROY HARRIS/ALBION DANCE BAND/NA FILISUE HARRIS/FLOWERS AND FROLICS/OLD SWAN BAND
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CONSORTIUM
LONDON TRAFALGAR SQ. Crypt Folk Club: EWAN MacCOLL & PEGGY SEEGER/DAVE & RUTH COOPER/SPREDTHICK/PUDDLEDUCK
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: HIT & RUN
MALVERN Winter Gardens: ULTRAVOX
MANCHESTER Belle Vue Elizabethan Ballroom: SAD CAFE/THUNDERBOOT
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: REZILLOS

MANCHESTER Hulme Labour Club: ARC ROUGE
MANCHESTER Midland Hotel: RIOT ROCKERS
MANCHESTER Y.M.C.A.: WOLFF
MANSFIELD Kingsway Hall: STRIFE
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: JOHN OTWAY AND WILD WILLY BARRETT
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: GEORGE MELLY AND THE FEETWARMERS
NEWTOWN (Staffs) Country Club: KEITH MANIFOLD
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: THE 'O' BAND
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: VALKYRIE
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: DON WILLIAMS
PETERLEE Senate Club: SCENE STEALER
RADSTOCK Slow and Dirty Festival: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH
REDDITCH Tracey's: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
RETTFORD Porterhouse: THE DARTS
ROCHESTER Nags Head: PEKOE ORANGE
ROMFORD Three Rabbits: SUNDAY BAND
SHADSWORTH Set End Inn: WHITE PLAINS
SLOUGH Thames Hall: THE DUBLINERS
SOUTHPORT Floral Hall: BODY
WAKEFIELD Bretton College: THE SNEAKERS
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: THE ADVERTS
WALSALL Dilke Arms: STAGE FRIGHT
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: NUTZ
WIGAN Casino: THE PIRATES
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOKING Centre Halls: THE CRABS
YORK Grob and Ducat: THE INDEX

SUNDAY

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: SON OF A BITCH
AYLESBURY Kings Head: LAZY
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: PETER GABRIEL/NONA HENDRYX
BLACKPOOL ABC Theatre: SYDNEY DEVINE
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Cellar: PACIFIC EARDRUM
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Centre: DEAD FINGERS TALK
BRADFORD Princeville Club: THE SNEAKERS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER/CITY BOY
CANTERBURY Odeon: THE STRANGLERS/ONLY ONES
CASTLEFORD Liberal Club: KEITH MANIFOLD
CHASE TERRACE The Troopadour: FORCE
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: BOOMTOWN RATS
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: GRAND HOTEL
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: HAWKWIND/BETHNAL
CROYDON Greyhound: STEVE GIBBONS BAND/DEPRESSIONS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: CAMEL
GOUROCK Ashton Hotel: CHOU PAHROT
HAYES Alfred Beck Centre: SWINGLE II
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: STARDUST
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: SAD CAFE
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: MONTANA
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: JOHN STEVENS
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: MAR BHI
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse Downstairs: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: BERT JANSCH/QUILAPAYUN (Concert for Chile)
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: SMALL FACES/BLUE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON HOUNSLOW White Bear: SUNDAY BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: DIRE STRAITS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ALICE & THE JAGUARS
LONDON Marquee Club: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON PALMERS GREEN Intimate Theatre: FRANK JENNINGS SYNDICATE/COUNTRY SHACK
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: MINK DE VILLE
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: NO DICE
LONDON TRAFALGAR SQ. Crypt Folk Club: EWAN MacCOLL & PEGGY SEEGER/DAVE & RUTH COOPER/SPREDTHICK/PUDDLEDUCK
LONDON W.C.1 Pinder of Wakefield: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS

THE STRANGLERS begin their massive concert series this week, playing almost 40 gigs, so it must rate as the most important new-wave tour to date. No less than ten different support bands will be working with them on the various dates, with **The Only Ones** appearing on the first five — which are Cambridge (Friday), Bracknell (Saturday), Canterbury (Sunday), Norwich (Tuesday) and Ipswich (Wednesday).

IGGY POP was the subject of extensive picture coverage in last week's NME, so excuse us for printing another mug shot, but we couldn't let the opening of his short tour pass without giving him the proper treatment. The Ig can be located at Manchester (Sunday), Newcastle (Monday), Birmingham (Tuesday) and Bristol (Wednesday) — this time, we're assured, minus Bowie.

STEVE GIBBONS (above) and his band begin a lengthy British trek this week, and the first five of the 29 dates are at Cleethorpes (Thursday), Cromer (Friday), Folkestone (Saturday), Croydon (Sunday) and Shrewsbury (Tuesday). Main object of the exercise is to promote their new live album "Caught In The Act", out this weekend. Further gigs are still being confirmed.



GIG GUIDE

MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: IGGY POP
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE SLITS
MANCHESTER Whitefield Philips Park Hall: WHITE PLAINS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: ULTRAVOX / BLITZKREIG BOP
MONSAL DALE Monsal Head Hotel: DAGABAND
NEWBRIDGE Pavilion: THE MOTORS
NORWICH Theatre Royal: DON WILLIAMS
OXFORD New Theatre: THE DUBLINERS
POYNTON Folk Centre: THERAPY/JOE BEARD
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: CARAVAN/NOVA
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
RUTHERGLEN Mill Hotel: THE MOTELS
SOLIHULL Looney Bin Club: MECHANICAL HORSESTROUGH
SOUTHEND Cliff Pavilion: WOODY HERMAN ORCHESTRA
ST. ALBANS Goat Inn: WENDY GROSSMAN
STOKE Burslem George Hotel: THE PIRATES
WALSALL Bilton Old Bush: IAN HARTLAND
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: ZETH

CHELTEMHAM Tramps: MUSCLES
CHESTERFIELD Blue Bell Inn: ARC ROUGE
COLWYN BAY Riverboat Club: MECHANICAL HORSESTROUGH
COVENTRY Locarno: ULTRAVOX
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: THE DUBLINERS
EDINBURGH Napier College: S.A.L.T.
EXETER Jolly Porter: WENDY GROSSMAN
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER/CITY BOY
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: HAWKWIND / BETHNAL
LIVERPOOL Pen & Wig: AGAINST THE GRAIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BLACK SLATE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: PACIFIC EARDRUM / INSIDE OUT
LONDON Central Polytechnic: BURLESQUE / THE RIP
LONDON CHARING CROSS Global Village: THE HEARTBREAKERS / SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: XTC / BAZOOKA JOE
LONDON EUSTON Shaw Theatre: AL HAIG
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SUNDAY BAND
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: SCREENS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE MOVIES
LONDON Marquee Club: GENERATION X
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON PADDINGTON Fanga Disco: STARDUST
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE WASPS
LONDON WANDSWORTH The Ship: NEMA
LONDON WARDOUR STREET Vortex Club: RADIATORS FROM SPACE / DEAD FINGERS
TALK / TANYA HYDE / WRIST ACTION
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: RED TRACK / REBEL

MONDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: HAWKWIND/BETHNAL
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOPPER
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: THE ACCELERATORS
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's Bar: THE PIRATES
CHELTEMHAM The Plough: THE INDEX
CHIGWELL Row Camelot Club: COUNTRY SHACK/JOHNNY SPENCER & SMOOV
CORBY Festival Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: WOODY HERMAN ORCHESTRA
DONCASTER Outlook Club: ULTRAVOX
EDINBURGH Nicky Tams: CHOU PAHROT
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
EXETER Cavern Club: THE PIGS/SOCIAL SECURITY
HUDDERSFIELD The Minstrel: THE SNEAKERS
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: DR. FEELGOOD / MINK DE VILLE
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: TOTALLY FRAGILE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SHADY LADY
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BLACK GORILLA/TEQUILA
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: XTC/VIOLETORS
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: SUNDAY BAND
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Southside Club: 999/THE SWANK
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SLIP-STREAM
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: TYLA GANG
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: SUCKER
LONDON Marquee Club: X-RAY SPEX
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: RUBY BRAFF
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: TIM ROSE
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: ELKIE BROOKS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: THE ACTORS
LONDON WARDOUR STREET Vortex Club: STEEL PULSE/THE WASPS/CYANIDE/THE JETS
LONDON WEALDSTONE Royal Oak: ALISON McMORLAND
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: LANDSCAPE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: IGGY POP
PLYMOUTH Castaways: THE MOTORS
SHERBAIN-IN-ELMET Red Bear: MICHAEL MOORE
STAFFORD Top of the World: LONDON/THE VICTIMS
STOKE Jollies: HERB REED & THE PLATTERS
SUTTON COLDFIELD Good Hope Club: STAGE FRIGHT
SWINDON The Affair: SHAM 69
TREMADOG Golden Fleece: MECHANICAL HORSESTROUGH
WALSALL Three Crowns: MUSCLES

TUESDAY

AMBLESIDE Park Hotel: BERT JANSCH
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CHERRY VANILLA
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: IGGY POP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: DR. FEELGOOD / MINK DE VILLE
BRIGHTON Alhambra: DAGABAND
CAMBRIDGE Blimps: THE CRABS
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE MOTORS
CHELTEMHAM The Plough: ANGEL

WEDNESDAY

BATH University: TIM BLAKES CRYSTAL MACHINE/SEAGULL
BETWS-Y-COED Waterloo Hotel: MECHANICAL HORSESTROUGH
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: LE ARGO
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: JAMESON RAID
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ZETH
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: MAGNUM
BRADFORD Victoria Hotel: ARC ROUGE
BRIGHTON Top Rank: BILLY OCEAN
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
BRISTOL Colston Hall: IGGY POP
CARDIFF Casino: LONDON
CARLISLE Coach House: MARTIN SIMPSON
DERBY Shottle Railway Hotel: KEITH MANIFOLD
EDINBURGH Clouds: THE JOLT
GREENOCK The Regency: CHOU PAHROT
ILFORD King's Club: DESMOND DEKKER
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: THE STRANGLERS / THE ONLY ONES
LEEDS Ace of Clubs: THE ACCELERATORS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: CAMEL
LIVERPOOL Pen & Wig: FRONT LINE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dainwalls: FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: RADIATORS FROM SPACE/THE CRABS
LONDON CHELSEA College: SCREENS
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS/MINOTAUR
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE LURKERS
LONDON HARROW RD Windsor Castle: LIGHTNING RAIDERS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE STUKAS/THE RIP

LONDON KENSINGTON Beagles: SUNFLY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: THE MOTORS
LONDON PADDINGTON Fanga Disco: STARDUST
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TUSH
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: LANDSCAPE
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: DEPRESSIONS
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: PETER GABRIEL-NONA/HENDRYX
MIDDLESBROUGH Teeside Polytechnic: S.A.L.T.
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
OLDHAM Tower Club: STRIFE
OXFORD Corn Dolly: DAGABAND
RYDE L.O. W. La Babalu Club: GENERATION X
SHEFFIELD City Hall: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
SHEFFIELD Thornbridge College: MUSCLES
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: MUSCLES/COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Top Rank: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: THE DUBLINERS
SOUTHEA Kimbles Ballroom: PIRATES
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: WOODY HERMAN ORCHESTRA
TORQUAY Temperance Club: SHAG CONNORS & THE CARROT CRUNCHERS
UXBRIDGE Load of Hay: WENDY GROSSMAN

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club: GARY GLITTER
 Week from Sunday

BLACKBURN Cavendish: TALLI HALLIDAY
 Thursday for three days
BRISTOL Crookers: MAMA ROUX
 Monday for three days
DERBY Bailey's: THE ROMANTICS
 Thursday for three days
LEICESTER Bailey's: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS
 Week from Monday
LONDON Palladium: BING CROSBY
 Monday for two weeks
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: WOODY HERMAN ORCHESTRA
 Thursday for three days
LONDON Royal Court Theatre: "SLEAK!" with ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
 Currently until October 1
LUTON Cesar's: NOLAN SISTERS
 Week from Monday
OLDHAM Bailey's: OZO
 Thursday for three days
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: THE VAGABOND
 Thursday for three days
SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern (doubling NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita): GERRY 'ORBISON' GRANT
 Week from Monday
STOKE Bailey's: JUDGE DREAD SHOW
 Thursday for three days
STOKE Jollies: LOVELACE WATKINS
 Wednesday (28) for four days
USK International Club: HERB REED & THE PLATTERS
 Thursday for three days
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: TOMMY STEELE
 Week from Monday
WATFORD Bailey's: MUD
 Week from Sunday
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: ZOE BLACK
 Week from Sunday

TV RADIO

THE TV SHOW all of us will want to watch this week is "Marc" (ITV Wednesday), though unfortunately few of us will be able to catch it because of its tea-time transmission slot. Even before **Marc Bolan's** tragic death, it was scheduled as the last programme in the series, so it provides the last opportunity of seeing him in action. What's more, **David Bowie** makes a rare appearance in the show, and other guests include **The Rods**, **Generation X** and **Lip Service**. BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" is back in studio action on Tuesday, with **Lone Star** and **Crawler** performing live sets. Same channel on Saturday repeats one of the programmes from the last series — it's the Capricorn Records "Barbecue Party" edition with the **Marshall Tucker Band**, **Bonnie Bramlett**, **Elvin Bishop** and **Wet Willie**.

The long defunct **Lindisfarne** re-formed briefly for a one-off concert in Newcastle last Christmas. You can see film of the event in BBC-2's "Network" on Saturday.

Also on BBC-2 a new series of solo concerts begins on Friday, with **Olivia Newton-John** showcased in the first one, which is subtitled "Only Olivia". And on Monday, the first of the new **Barry Humphries** shows gives Dame Edna Everage a chance to display her formidable talents. Highlight of BBC-1's schedules is the **David Essex** show on Tuesday, when **Denny Laine** takes time out from Wings to make a solo guest appearance. Earlier the same evening, country singer **Roy Clark** guests with the **Osmonds**. And of course, there's the inevitable "Top Of The Pops" on Thursday, hosted this week by **Dave Lee Travis**.

Russell Harty is back in his regular London Weekend spot on Friday nights, and this new series will also be taken by Granada on Saturdays and Anglia and Grampian on Sundays. Joining Harty in the first show are the **Muppets** and their creators.

George Hamilton IV has his own special at midnight on Sunday (London only), but elsewhere the ITV outlook is pretty bleak, apart from Yorkshire TV's Saturday morning **Elvis Presley** film season. And to add insult to injury following the return of "New Faces", "Opportunity Knocks" is back again on Mondays!

The final Radio 1 "In Concert" on Saturday, before the series links with BBC-2 for "Sight And Sound", features the **Albion Dance Band** and **Na Fili**. And on Sunday, "Summer of 67" also comes to an end with an edition called "A Life On The Ocean Waived", which deals with the demise of the pirate radio ships.

The **Chieftains**, recorded in concert at Boston during their U.S. tour, can be heard in Radio 2's "Folkweave" tonight (Thursday). It's preceded by "Country

Club" with **Ed Nix** and **Busted** and **Al Barrett** with **High On The Hog**.

Film of the week? We'll settle for the movie version of **Harold Robbins' "The Carpetbaggers"**, which created a minor sensation when first released in 1964. Stars include **George Peppard**, **Carroll Baker** and **Alan Ladd** (his last picture before his death). It's on BBC-1 on Friday.

Stuart Henry's "Sound System" chart, based upon listeners' letters to Radio Luxembourg, is aired by 208 at midnight on Friday and spotlights this Top Twenty:

1. "The Best Of ROD STEWART";
2. "NEW WAVE";
3. BROTHERS JOHNSON "Right On Time";
4. YES "Going For The One";
5. AVERAGE WHITES AND BEN KING "Benny And Us";
6. GRATEFUL DEAD "Terrapin Station";
7. "THE FLOATERS";
8. STEVE HARLEY "Face To Face";
9. FLEETWOOD MAC "Rumours";
10. "STEVE WINWOOD";
11. ELKIE BROOKS "Two Days Away";
12. DONNA SUMMER "I Remember Yesterday";
13. BOB MARLEY "Exodus";
14. RITA COOLIDGE "Anytime Anywhere";
15. CAMEL "Rain Dances";
16. CANDI STATON "Music Speaks Louder Than Words";
17. "MINK DE VILLE";
18. "OTWAY AND BARRETT";
19. DAVID ESSEX "Gold And Ivory";
20. BONEY M "Love For Sale".



LONE STAR... "Whistle Test" (Tuesday).

LIVE PAGE

marquee

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OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
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Thurs. 22nd and Fri. 23rd Sept.
Welcome Return of
THE HEAVY METAL KIDS
Plus support and Ian Fleming (Admission £1)

Sat. 24th Sept. (Adm 75p)
Free admission with this ad. before 8 pm
A1
Plus support and Ian Fleming

Sun. 25th Sept. (Adm 85p)
GLORIA MUNDI
Plus support and Nick Leigh

Mon. 26th Sept.
X RAY SPEX
Plus support and Jerry Floyd

Tues. 27th Sept. (Adm £1)
GENERATION X
Plus support and Jerry Floyd

Wed. 28th Sept. (Adm. 75p)
THE MOTORS
Plus support and Ian Fleming

Thurs. 29th Sept. (Adm 70p)
GIGGLES
Smiler and Ian Fleming

Fri. 30th Sept. (Adm 75p)
RADIO STARS
Plus support and Ian Fleming

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STOP PRESS . . . STOP PRESS . . . STOP PRESS . . .

Football hooligans invade

Covent Garden

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ROXY, NEAL STREET,
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Thursday, September 22nd

MAM PRESENTS

IGGY POP + THE ADVERTS

RAINBOW THEATRE
Friday 30th September
and
Saturday 1st October
at 8.00 pm

Tickets: £3.25, £2.75, £2.25, £1.75

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UPSTAIRS



UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thurs. Sept. 22nd 75p

BUSTER CRABBE

Fri. Sept. 23rd £1.00

PRAIRIE OYSTER

Sat. Sept. 24th 75p

CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS

Sun. Sept. 25th 75p

DIRE STRAIGHTS

Mon. Sept. 26th £1.00

TYLA GANG

Tues. Sept. 27th 75p

THE YACHTS

Wed. Sept. 28th 75p

THE STUKAS

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

THE BOOMTOWN RATS

LEW LEWIS BAND
YACHTS

ON RECORD MARK POPPINS

ROUNDHOUSE

CHALK FARM N.W.1
SUNDAY 2nd OCTOBER at 5.30

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VORTEX

AT CRACKERS 203 WARDOUR ST. LONDON W.1
Every Mon & Tues 8.30pm till 2am

Monday September 26th

STEEL PULSE

THE WASPS

Cyanide The Jets
D.J. Jock McDonald
Admission £1.00

Tuesday September 27th

RADIATORS FROM SPACE

DEAD FINGERS TALK

Tanya Hyde & The Tormentors
Wrist Action D.J. Jock McDonald
Admission £1.00

50 copies of Patti Smith's "Gloria" to be given away each night
All booking enquiries: Dave Woods 01-734 8181 Ext. 313

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WORDS (Barry Clarke), CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1st
The welcome return of Gary Holton and the

HEAVY METAL KIDS

+ Special guests: ZOOKY
Mary Jane Disco Bar Food

Advance tickets from Box Office, Chequer St., St. Albans. Tel 64511, or on door

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DUKE OF LANCASTER

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Tel: 01-499 0465

Thursday September 22nd

MISTER SISTER

Friday September 23rd

CANIS MAJOR

Saturday September 24th

DEAD FINGERS TALK

Sunday September 25th

PEKOE ORANGE

Tuesday September 27th

GNASHER

COOKS FERRY INN

Angel Road
EDMONTON

Friday 23rd September

ROGER THE CAT

+ Cloudie + Guest
8.30 till late
Adm 60p students 45p

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WORDS (Barry Clarke) THE FORUM, LEMS福德 ROAD, HATFIELD

(Sited behind swimming pool)
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2nd

CLIMAX BLUES BAND

+ Special Guests: FLYING ACES

Licensed Bar
Advance tickets from Forum Box Office, Tel 71217, Rag Records Hatfield, Record Room St Albans or on door.
£1.50 standing £1.75 seated

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There are only two kinds of people in the Home Counties of England—there are those who saw Mink DeVille tear the place apart at Friars Aylesbury on September 17th, and there are those who didn't.

Fri Sept 23rd 60p

THE DRONES

Sat Sept 24th 75p

X-RAY SPEX

Sun Sept 25th Free

CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS

THURS. 22nd

STILLETTO

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASH VILLE ROOM

Thursday September 22nd £1.20
Special Guests. Ring for Details

Friday September 23rd £1.00

LEW LEWIS BAND

+ NO DICE

Saturday September 24th £1.00

BEES MAKE HONEY

+ PRAIRIE OYSTER

Monday September 26th 75p

ALICE & THE JAGUARS

(Ex Slack Alice)

Tuesday September 27th £1.00

THE FABULOUS POODLES

Wednesday September 28th £1.00

THE MOVIES

+ BRAINCHILD

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel. 01 603 6071)

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

CAMDEN HIGH ST. OFF. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE N.W.1

Wednesday, September 21st £1.00

THE COUNT BISHOPS

+ THE SCREENS

Free admission for one before 10.30 pm with this ad.

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Nothing escapes unscathed as the AYLTP's put on a comedy that rejects all previous concepts of musicianship and humour, and instead goes for a passionate expression of youthful dissent. It's a broad, almost family entertainment, send-up of rock excess that anyone even vaguely familiar with the subject will be able to comprehend.

The story begins at a local gig with our hero Norman Sleak, who as a child would throw himself downstairs for kicks, finding his sole money cut off.

His girlfriend Sandra, a plumber's mate, persuades him that it's time to face life and get a job, and so, showing the strength of his conviction by promising to sell all his Lynyrd Skynyrd albums, Norman stumbles off in search of employment.

He asks the roadies for a job, and they beat him up. He asks the group for a job, and they too beat him up.

Meanwhile the group's manager, Sammy Spincter (engagingly played by C. P. Lee as an expatriate Corsican Sarfend spiv; the role George Cole did to a turn in the old St. Trinians films) hatches a gimmick with which to reverse their ailing fortunes, and Norman, as chance would have it, displays all the required qualities for Spincter's brainchild — Snuff Rock.

He lures Norman away from Sandra with promises of fame and fortune and the grisly conclusion is in sight.

Within the concept of this come many jibes at popular rock cliché — Lou Reed, punk and other mostly easy targets — and plenty of rehearsed humour that's fast paced enough to remain funny.

Its main deficiency is the fact that the first half is much funnier than the second, which tends to labour as it reaches a climax that isn't as scathing as it might have been.

Nevertheless, it's good to have what you know and love come under the fierce attack of satire once in a while.

Anything that features a song called "Gobbing On Life" seems to me an intelligent alternative to a night at the Marquee. Worth seeing.

Paul Rambali

Natty dread meets punk

ROUNDHOUSE

AS AN event which was meant to prove something, this was a wash-out.

Slaughter & The Dogs, the major punk attraction, pulled out, making any comparisons between two important reggae acts and two punk bands worthless.

The success of the evening lay in bringing high quality

reggae out of the clubs and into a more accessible venue. The audience was made up of disappointed Slaughter fans, white reggae lovers and surprisingly few Rastas.

Everyone must have heard by now that new wave and reggae are supposed to have something in common, even if it's spiritual rather than musical, so the JA contingent sat tapping their feet politely through intensely mediocre sets from Johnny Curious and the Strangers and the Fruit Eating Bears.

The former were remarkable only for producing the Robert Wyatt interpretation of "I'm A Believer" as their only distinguishable song. They've got no real front-man, in fact at the moment they've got nothing going for them whatever.

The Bears have degenerated so much that they can hardly manage "Louie Louie," and I thought anyone could play that.

I've still got memories of the original Bears, a typical rusty juke-box pub band: this new streamlined version might at least have the grace to change their name.

Thus the evening turned out to be a reggae concert with less than mediocre punk support.

What do I know about reggae? Not a lot, but I know what I like, mate.

The Cimarons topped the bill and they were alright. They've been a leading force in British reggae for a decade now. They sounded competent and went down a treat with most of the audience. I didn't like them as much as I like some other bands, but I'm too ignorant to start separating out the subtleties.

As the main purpose of this event was to bring reggae to people who were interested but not too knowledgeable, I'm making no apologies.

The real revelation of the evening for me were Black Slate. They had a bored, passive audience on its feet and on the small, circular dance floor within three numbers. For the band it was a religious experience with "Jah Rastafari" on everyone's lips. I was just enjoying myself.

Black Slate confronted the audience: "Do you want to hear this music or don't you?" They seemed to be making an extra effort to get the message across to the unconvinced, wavering elements in the crowd without ever compromising or condescending.

I recognised Marley's "Waiting In Vain" and Black Slate's own hit "Sticks Man" but the two outstanding titles were "Fight For Your Rights" and one about wolves in sheep's clothing which I couldn't begin to spell.

As a reggae gig it was a big success and it must have won over a lot of people who (like me) were sitting on the fence, interested but wary.

As a Punk-Reggae exchange it never got off the ground because the new wave had nothing to offer on the night.

Generation X, The Buzzcocks or, of course, The Clash could have made it two-way communication and a night to remember.

Kim Davis

JAZZ

THE TENOR SAX URI GELLER: NECK BREAKING A SPECIALITY...

Cats who blow the necks off their horns are cats to be watched, right? AACM tenor man CHICO FREEMAN had it happen to him. And his Dad, well, he had REAL problems. Chico puts it all down to that spiritual energy.

By BRIAN CASE

CHICAGO KEEPS comin' up roses. If Elvin Jones' Jazz Machine is the best band he's had in years — one lead pipe cinch in my book — then much of the credit must lie with his new Chicago tenorman, Chico Freeman. Already in its third generation, the toddling town's AACM is still the bootcamp and onlie begetter of young threats like Chico, George Lewis, Douglas Ewart and Adegoke, though it still takes New York to bestow the spurs.

"What I play with Elvin is a lot different to what I play in the lofts," grins Chico. Believe it. He's been hanging out with Murray, Bluiett, Favors and Moye, which is out.

"With Elvin we have time limitations on us. The way he sets up a programme, it's another discipline, so I look at it like that. It teaches me to condense things, to play things really meaningful in a short amount of time. Elvin is a master drummer. I feel very fortunate just to be playing with him and to feel his spirit and listen to him first-hand and get his experience. So, it's maybe different to the concept I might have, but nevertheless..."

Embracing the current orthodoxy of universality and the retreat from rigidity poses no problem for Chico. Tunes are back. For Chico, son of veteran tenorman Von Freeman, with a drumming Uncle Bruz — ex-Hawes, ex-Bradford — and a guitar-playing Uncle George, tunes never went away.

"My father wanted me to be whatever I wanted to be, which is, I think, the reason I'm a musician. He wasn't the type to direct me into his direction."

Chico showed early promise on piano, started lessons, wrote his first song at seven or eight with chords and structure, and it still holds up.

"He played saxophone all the time in the house, practising a lot. My brother and I were always curious, you know — he likes to save things, my father does, and down the basement he had this room that was just packed. My brother and I went down there, just nosey, going through things and my brother found a saxophone and I found a trumpet. My father, he heard this noise and came to find out. We had everything all out, his Navy duffel bags and everything — I'd put on a couple of his uniforms. Anyway, what happened, at first he was angry until he saw the instruments, and then he helped us take them out and clean them up."

As a result, Chico joined the school band on trumpet, getting a mathematics scholarship into Northwestern University and transferring to the music department. He got a grounding on bass, percussion and alto as well as his chosen trumpet. "We had a week's break, so I asked my professor if I could take the tenor saxophone home. I practised 8—9—10 hours a day, came back to school and told the director of the band I wanted to audition."

"He told me I was already in the band, on trumpet, you know, what am I talking about? I said, Well — I wanna audition on tenor. He says, You must be crazy, blah-blah-blah — he went into the whole thing. I told him, It's for you to say yes or no after you hear me and that's all. I auditioned and I made it, to his surprise — and frankly to mine too."

"Some tenormen tell me it's the easiest axe to fake," I tell him.

"No way. My father useta tell me trumpet starts out difficult to get a tone, and gets easier as you go along. Saxophone starts out easier, but gets more difficult as you go along. I found that to be extremely true. You can make a sound on saxophone, a tone but not necessarily a good tone, and that could deceive you. Each instrument has its own peculiarity — it's no more or less difficult than the next."

"My father never offered me help per se. He always told me it was better to get it on your own, but he never allowed me to go in the wrong direction. You're gonna have a hard row, he useta tell me, because you wanna be original. He's extremely advanced. The things he was doing, although he approached them chordally, sounded free. Free — but with knowledge."

"He always told me to learn songs, learn changes, and I was doing it although at that time Coltrane was moving into his newer things, and cats like Albert Ayler. I loved late Coltrane — 'Interstellar Space', 'Ascension' — and Pharoah too, but my father kept Charlie Parker in my ear too, and Lester Young."

ASIDE FROM Von Freeman, Chico's first influence was Fred Anderson. I caught the opening night of Fred's Lincoln Avenue Loft, The Birdhouse. With tenor veteran Fred, trumpet veteran Billie Brimfield — one of the finest players I've ever heard, and still almost unknown outside Chicago — and newcomer Douglas Ewart toting a golfbag full of wild, home-made flutes and a searing Dolphyish alto, the music covered about 30-some years.

"I'd go on to Fred's house from college. At that time, Northwestern wasn't too hip socially for blacks — we were just beginning to break into the school and there were a lotta racial problems — so me and Steve Colson (Adegoke) would go to Fred's house. He had all these old 78s of Charlie Parker and Wardell Gray, and tapes of my father because one of his idols was my father. All the cats kept telling me my father was THE CAT, cats who'd made all the records had been sitting up under him and listening and took from him."

"Steve, myself and Fred, we'd sit up there all night listening to these records and practise, and Fred'd show us things. His wife'd get up next morning and fix us breakfast — man, we'd stay like two days. I love Fred. We got in the AACM that way, because Fred gave me Muhal Richard Abrams' number and address."

Muhal, one of the co-founders of the Association For The Advancement Of Creative Musicians, taught him advanced theory and composition.

"This was a totally new approach. That's when I found out from the cats who were REALLY playing that there's no such thing as playing free. I found out these AACM cats were using a lotta structures, and that has more validity than playing free."

"I was first tenor chair in Muhal's big band and that band was phenomenal! I never heard a band today get that creative energy. There are so many things you can do that work — I mean, he would play two charts together! Every day we played would be a surprise. Oh man! — he'd have us into all kinds of things, R & B, Charlie Parker-type. He'd think of a background, sing it to us, and we'd hafta hit it. And we were playing for like nothing, you know."

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So Van der Graaf still look good, still as off beat as ever, breaking new ground once more. If I hadn't been sent this album, I'd have bought it. What more can I say?

Angus MacKinnon, NME

This is music worth getting to know, I've no time for the "Can't get into them" tribe. It's the sort of song that primarily has you searching for clues as to its identity, then demands repeated involvement.

David Brown, Sounds

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CHICO FREEMAN. Pic VALERIE WILMER

housed the band. A smaller fore-runner, same name, had seen the start of Chico's own unit with George Lewis, Billie Brimfield, Malachi Favors and Don Moye. Chicago's jazz outlets have had their ups and downs, and these days most of the action, Chico included, has moved to New York. A well-publicized four-day jazz festival in Chicago got no States coverage at all, though *Down Beat* is only just up the road on West Adams; the Japanese and the Swiss covered it instead.

"I think probably with the AACM necessity was the mother of invention," says Chico. "At that time there was no place for a cat to play. Even the straight-ahead bebop cats weren't working. The AACM was started by a bunch of cats who were not involved originally in the avant-garde."

Jodi Christian, one of the founders with Muhal and Steve McCall, was a piano-player in the bebop tradition. The first cats were all straight-ahead types. It was founded to give musicians an opportunity to showcase their original work — and to try to find a place to play and people to play with. Then, from this, different concepts began to emerge, different types of instrumentation.

"Cats were very open to cats. There were times when we didn't have the full instrumentation to play a cat's composition, maybe no drums and bass, but you'd carry on regardless and you'd play the concert anyway. Everybody was experimenting. That's our thing in Chicago — we play anything. Lester Bowie'd say, I'll blow you away with some St. Louis blues; Muhal'd play a rag."

CHICO DIGS everything, grades only on a sincerity basis. He's played R & B with The Dells, Four Tops, Isley Brothers and Chi-lites. He digs African music, Sly Stone, Hendrix and Stevie Wonder. With Elvin he plays oldies like "My One And Only Love" and plays from the heart with a big stomping sound, circular breathing passage released on a scream, getting off on the education in the structure. With his sound, he can afford to play simply and know that it'll project.

"They'll tell ya be-bop is out, so-and-so is in. No. Music is IN — period. There's room for every kind of music if it's properly approached, but it's NOT, that's what makes it bad. They saturate the market with the jazz-rock thing. It's typical of the American way of thinking — Jaws I, Jaws II. So if myself or David Murray hits, it seems likely that the rest of us will get some kinda play. Maybe. When Coltrane hit, it made it possible for Pharoah and a lot of others to record."

"R & B and Funk and Rock, the music made in the States is big all over the world. I figure there's billions of people, and with a market like that if just a million people heard what I do or what David does, or my father, the record companies could find a million people to buy the records. But they don't think like that. They want ten million to buy one kind. Capitalism isn't about any kind of art, it's about money."

"This music is black music. The main elements in European music are harmonic, and ever since we've been playing, we've looked at these harmonies because we came up in a Western environment. We've incorporated it by putting the black spirit into it. Coltrane got a lot from European harmonic concepts. I used to listen to Debussy a lot, the whole-tone thing. That's always the case — but not to let it alter our sound or feeling."

"Most European music is extremely academic — I love like Beethoven, Bach, Chopin, and I think that when they wrote, they were DOIN' it, but over the centuries of continuous repetition, it wasn't possible to keep the spirit."

Chico Freeman has come a long way from the thin, classical sound he brought vacuum-packed from class to one of his father's jam sessions. Nowadays, the problem is reversed. I asked him about the reinforcing strut under the neck of his tenor.

Chico laughed. "Well, one day I was playing and I bit the neck down. Hamiett Bluiett recommended a repair man — he had one on his baritone. Elvin cracks up. I was with him in California one day, and I was REALLY playing and next thing I knew, the horn was down here and the neck was in my mouth. I was in the middle of a solo, man — it was really frustrating! I think it's a spiritual energy and it just softens the metal, you know. My father breaks necks all the time. He broke three in a night once with Muhal. He was playing so much, he was just amazing people — when the neck popped!"

Sounds Transylvanian to me, Chico. I'm only hell on Biros.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

Chico Freeman: "Morning Prayer" (Trio — Japanese), "Nai's Song Dance" (Contemporary), "Swing Out" (provisional title) (India Navigation).

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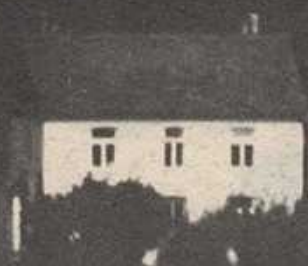
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ON THE TOWN

The beat goes sour

Cheltenham's New Wave (sorry, fast rock'n'roll) festival ends in disaster. **BOB EDMANDS** commiserates with the participants.

THIS NEXT one's called 'Suicide City,' said Kid Strange of the Doctors of Madness. 'This one's for Chelmsford.'

It seemed a suitable epitaph for the first, and presumably the last, rock festival to be held in a football stadium at Chelmsford, a town in the Essex commuter belt, 30 miles from London.

The organisers, a group of local businessmen, needed 6,000 paying punters to break even. In the event, they got 1,100.

Given that tickets were £3.00 in advance and £3.50 on the day, that means that losses ran somewhere around £20,000.

From the start, no one seemed very sure whether it was a punk rock festival, or just a rock festival with punks as added exotic ingredients.

The message to the Conservative local authority was that it wasn't a punk festival. Some of the bands would just play 'fast rock and roll'. And that helped to explain why it went ahead when so many others had failed to elude the censors.

For the fans, the message was more ambiguous.

Seven out of the ten acts had New Wave pretensions. One was a reggae band, alleged to be much favoured by punks. And the other two were the Rods and the Lew Lewis Band. If nothing else, they're newer wave than the rock superstars.

(Top) Barrie Masters woos the hardy hundreds; (right) the scaffolder protests by dismantling the stage while the police look on and Lew Lewis halts his act, and (below) Dave Higgs and Rob Tyner finally give the crowd something to remember.

Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES

The licensees of Chelmsford's pubs weren't in much doubt, though. They closed their doors for the evening of the festival, and even during the day, you had to sneak round the back if you wanted a drink.

It was a bit like a California town preparing itself for an invasion by hordes of rabid Hell's Angels.

When the festival was over, the good citizens could afford to laugh.

Barely half of the gallant 1,100 were punks, and only a very few were done up in the full range of safety pins and zips. Hardly an invading army. The inquests began early in the day.

By the time the first band, Solid Waste, came on at noon, there were no more than 500 people in the stadium, and they were dwarfed by the stage.

Solid Waste played an energetic set, which was met by complete indifference and an absolute minimum of applause.

Later their singer said he welcomed the hostility of New Wave audiences towards would-be stars. It was a healthy response, he said. Then, he got very drunk indeed.

Slaughter and The Dogs easily lived up to their growing reputation, though the singer was hard-pressed to follow his remarkable arrival onstage.

He came on like an utterly deranged academic, sporting a university gown, and with his head and shoulders totally covered in chalk dust. Once he'd shaken that off, however, he grew increasingly less bizarre.

Despite the singer's antics, the act was very much down to guitarist Michael Rossi, who plays blistering chords in illogical, manic succession.

Rossi's unusual dance routine suggests a baby who's spent too long in the same nappy. No doubt he'll gain in



sophistication, if he wants to.

John Peel, billed as 'host', was sufficiently moved by the band to come out from behind his turntables and take a few snaps.

What was he doing at a festival that was so manifestly a failure? He just wanted to see the bands. Believe it or not.

He thought the organisers were out of their depths. These were bands who were great in clubs, but not in daylight.

This argument overlooks the familiar progression of club acts to bigger venues, but no doubt helps save some face for bands deserted by their fans.

Aswad, members of the so-called 'black New Wave' gave most of the other performers on the bill a lesson in playing. Their drummer came on alone, and performed a stunning intense solo that was almost worth the price of admission.

Sadly, Aswad played no more than two songs. They mistook the flying beer cans that greeted every act as a racial slur, and walked off. Such perverse displays of adulation are evidently not easily understood outside punk circles.

In the press box, at the top of the main football stand, a newspaper 'stringer' began to foam at the mouth as he dictated copy to the *News Of The World* on this latest battle-

front in Britain's race war.

The organisers were hoping that the day would be saved, when the pubs closed after lunch, but since many of them were shut anyway, this quickly proved to be false hope.

By mid-afternoon, the backstage gloom had developed into crisis. People due to be paid after the gig wanted their money there and then, in case there wasn't any later.

The 80 security men walked off the field, and left the gates unattended, and demanded their pay.

'If we don't get what we want,' said one, 'We might give the Teds an 'and with some of these punks.'

The scaffolder who'd built the stage opted for a spectacular protest. He started to dismantle it while the Lew Lewis Band played below, and great pieces of canvas began to descend onto the musicians.

At this point, the police were called in. The demonstrator was fetched down off his scaffolding, and shortly afterwards paid.

The next blow to the organisers' morale was delivered by The Damned. They'd gone so far as to have their gear set up, but because they were worried about their loot, they pulled out.

So much for New Wave altruism. To hell with the fans.

It was left to the Doctors of Madness to provide the day's first memorable performance. That weird combination of violin and guitar that sounds thin on vinyl works wondrously well live.

Kid Strange is an authoritative figure, mixing raucous vocals with sardonic comments to the crowd, which seemed overwhelmed by his music and his band.

After six hours in the cold, the kids finally got what they paid for. An inspired rock band on a flat-out wave of adrenalin.

Earlier, Lew Lewis and even The Fruit Eating Bears had their moments, but it was the Doctors who stole the show. The wall of sound these guys put out makes Phil Spector seem like a rickety fence.

With The Damned out, The Rods came on an hour before they were due to, and had a hard act to follow with the Doctors.

For my money, The Rods have never quite sustained the high-energy performances that made their name.

Inevitably, though, it was their Dylanesque hit single 'Do Anything You Wanna Do' that was the big crowd-pleaser, and their act had several songs in a similar melodic vein.

But it was the encores that

clinched it for The Rods, and sent the audience home relatively happy.

For one thing, they brought on Rob Tyner of the legendary MCS for a bellow at one of Five's Chuck Berry songs, 'Back In The USA'.

Tyner just happened to be there with the band (on an assignment for the *NME* in fact), and just happened to come out for the number, which they just happened to be available to perform. Which just happened to be fine for all present.

Tyner looks nothing like a rock legend. More like a benign and beatific psychotherapist with a rich practice, but he's not forgotten a thing about selling his act.

Many of the kids may not have known who they were getting, but they sure knew they liked what they heard.

And when Tyner had gone, the crowd just boiled over as The Rods went into their classic killer combination of 'Gloria' and 'Get Out Of Denver', with Barrie Masters doing his Tarzan routine among the controversial scaffolding.

'I hear it was a good gig, after all,' said one of the organisers, sunk in despair backstage.

For a man who'd just lost his shirt, it seemed a dignified way of looking at things.



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"I CAN'T recall wiping the smile off my face for ages afterwards," says NICK KENT about JONATHAN RICHMAN'S bizarre, beguiling and quite unbelievable British stage debut last weekend.

Richman, one of the few

originals in rock, gave a performance that far transcended the quality of his albums. Nick Kent's full appraisal of Richman's gig will appear in NME next week, together with more of CHALKIE DAVIES' quite illicit pix.

... as two diverse, but excellent, concerts demonstrate. (And Des O'Connor is now hip — official.)

The Crickets KILBURN

THERE MUST BE something of the elephant in all Britons; we seldom forget.

It's a national trait that's noted by most visiting artists from America (where "We're only as good as our last record") when they come up against the invariable demand for them to perform oldies over here that have long been dismissed at home.

And if we're pretty insistent that living artists pay suitable homage to their past, we can be even more dogged in our respect of the dead.

Some would put it down to simple nostalgia or a morbid investment in romantic legends but, accepting a small element of truth in those charges, I like to think it's more because we're not quite so fooled by the mechanics of the industry as that obsessively 'progressive' society across the water.

Fashion be damned. What's good when first created doesn't necessarily have to be demeaned by time.

It's a near certainty that Elvis Presley will be more religiously commemorated in Britain than in America over the coming years — just like Buddy Holly has been since his death in a plane crash in February 1959.

This year the commemoration (arranged for the anniversary of his birth) was on a grander scale than ever before and was a triumph for all concerned.

Not a memorial service but a glorious confirmation that Buddy's music really does mean as much today as when first recorded.

Financed by Paul McCartney and organised by John Beecher, the free concert was held at Kilburn's State theatre because Buddy & The Crickets

played there during their trip to Britain in 1958.

Among the other names on that bygone bill was one Des O'Connor; a fact revealed when m.c. Roger Scott read out a telegram of tribute to Holly and moral support for this venture from O'Connor.

Suddenly, as Scott observed, O'Connor is seen in a whole new light, especially as he was the only entertainer to bother to send such a message (although there were some heavy names in attendance. See Teasers).

Mike Berry and his temporary Outlaws — Billy Kye, gtr; Chas Hodges, pno (both from the original group); and Dave Peacock, bs; Mick Burt, dms — got the show off to a fine start, romping casually but authoritatively through a fast moving set of some dozen songs which climaxed with his own famous "Tribute To Buddy Holly."

Without stooping to caricature, Berry comes close to Holly's vocal style (with a touch of the Bobby Vee's) through his obvious devotion to the music, and with the four musicians similarly inspired they brought alive normally overlooked flip sides ("I'm Looking For Someone To Love", "Mailman, Bring Me No More Blues", "Tell Me How") and album tracks ("Look At Me", "Rock Me My Baby", "You're So Square") each one sounding more faithful to the original as the show progressed.

Sonny Curtis, voc/gtr; Joe Mauldin, bs; Jerry Allison, dms; are the most important and famous trio of Holly's ex-accompanists, although, as far as I'm aware, the three of them never actually played as a unit while Buddy was alive.

Who cares? Curtis was a key man on many of Holly's early records and Mauldin & Allison were the backbone of the original Crickets, so when the curtains parted on the opening bars of "Oh Boy" the audience rightfully erupted in joyous recognition of something special.

Plump, balding and conservatively suited like a bank manager, Curtis neither denied the passing years nor consciously aped Holly, but then he didn't have to. From the same area and era as the absent star of the evening, he only had to be himself and the connection was made.

Similarly, the hefty Allison and the diminutive Mauldin slipped into their original roles as if it was only yesterday; the latter even playing a stand-up bass for the first five minutes.

"We may be too old to have hair on our head" Curtis confessed, "but we'll never be too old to rock." For sure.

Sonny Curtis and Jerry Allison: still ravin' on.



Interspersed with a little country cornball rapping, they rocked the audience with a succession of great versions of Buddy's hits ("Maybe Baby", "Peggy Sue", "Everyday", "Think It Over") and a couple of Curtis's own classics ("I Fought The Law", "Walk Right Back") before Berry & The Outlaws re-joined the party to make up a 7-piece combo that tore the house down.

Chas Hodges had been augmenting The Crickets since early in the set, anyway, then after the four men maintained the high with "It's So Easy" and a new arrangement of "It Doesn't Matter Anymore", Berry led the entire cast on "Rave On" before Curtis

resumed lead for the natural show-stopper, "That'll Be The Day".

What a killer version it was too; a real standing ovation job.

With a minimum of equipment (the amps were practically invisible) or fuss and bother (every song was kept to its recorded length and the interval was barely five minutes), The Crickets and Mike Berry & The Outlaws put on a show that was not only a magnificent tribute to a rock 'n' roll legend but wiped the floor with many of the more ambitious roadshows around today.

Here's hoping that next year's bash will go on tour.

Cliff White

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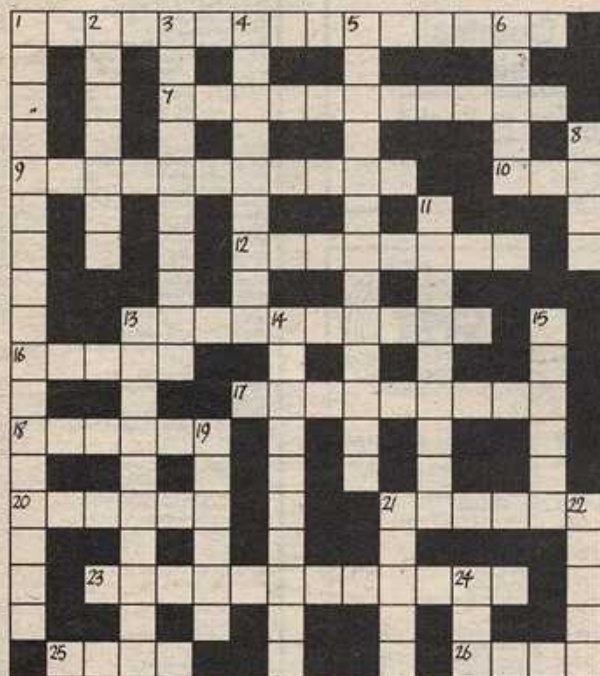
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ACROSS

- 1 Gallic keyboards and synthesiser personage (4, 6, 5)
- 7 Bowie's mutant album (7, 4)
- 9 Deadhead winding up in Central Intelligence Agency! (5, 6)
- 10 E.C.'s label (1, 1, 1)

DOWN

- 12 Latterday Zimmerman album taking title from earlier classic composition (4, 4)
- 13 A.k.a. J. H. Deutchendorf (4, 6)
- 16 Grade of Winter?
- 17 From 1971, Rod Stewart's first No. 1 (6, 3)
- 18 "Ma Baker" lot (5, 1)

- 20 & 8 down Mid-period Moptops long player
- 21 Smokey Robinson classic, recorded by Temptations and Otis Redding (2, 4)
- 23 His music has been described as Swamp Rock (4, 3, 5)
- 25 Early nickname, also the title of Todd's first Bearsville LP
- 26 & 19 down Glaswegian folkie, recorded early albums (co-credited) with his wife Beverly

DOWN

- 1 Gallic monickered nouveau wave bass and vocal personage (4, 7, 6)
- 2 The stuff that's not Editorial?
- 3 Slightly bananas female folkie personage! (5, 5)
- 4 Any relation to Genghis? (5, 4)
- 5 Was he to skiffle what J. Rotten is to punk? No, but that's the only clue you're getting! (6, 7)
- 6 & 15 down Queen drummer — By appointment?
- 8 See 20
- 11 Mid-'60s Brit-rock, his speciality was to tie himself in knots with the mike cord (4, 5)
- 13 Ladeez'n'gennelman, the NME crossword gives you The Hardest Working Man In Show Business, the Prince Of Soul, the King Of Funk, Mr. Please Please Please, Say It Loud He's (Oh shut up — Ed) (5, 5)
- 14 Where the jaded musician enrolls to refresh his ear for music? (4, 6)
- 15 See 6
- 19 See 26
- 21 See 24
- 22 Was he (nudge nudge) at the helm (geddit? geddit?) of The Band? (Oh shut up — Ed)
- 24 & 21 down Whoever heard of an Oriental Seventh Wonder Of The World cutting blues albums for CBS? (That's a good one coming from someone who thought Little Walter was a character in The Archers? — Ed)

Last week's answers

ACROSS: 1 Gene October; 6 New York Dolls; 8 (Sean) Tyla; 9 "Roadrunner"; 11 "They Shoot Horses (Don't They)"; 12 Organ; 13 "Tonight's (The Night)"; 14 Jesse; 15 (Robert) Plant; 18 "Don't They"; 20 Space; 21 "Get It On"; 24 "The Night"; 25 Rumour. DOWN: 1 Generation X; 2 New Wave; 3 Booker T and the MGs; 4 Esther Phillips; 5 Bill Nelson; 7 Ken Boothe; 10 "Rising Sun"; 14 "Judy Teen"; 16 "Tapestry"; 17 "Dog"; 19 Troggs; 22 Dud; 23 Rod(s).



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Angel Gabriel and the last trump



Peter Gabriel
Nona Hendryx
SHEFFIELD

NONA HENDRYX possesses all the lumps and bumps, (in abundance), in all the right places, and flaunts her curvacy in a performance which promises sexuality

but practises *coitus interruptus*.

Harnessed to a musical performance of the utmost banality, the result is almost obscene: her fine voice pales into insignificance in the oh-so-fleshly presence of her body, the triumph of the concrete over the abstract.

I know that rock 'n' roll's supposed to be all about sex, drugs and violence, but the reduction of a musical performance to only one of these factors is hardly satisfactory; I might as well have been watching Legs & Co. on the box.

Still, what should Nona care? She'll doubtless get plenty of coverage in *The Sun*.

Clad in white cat-suit, green Flash Gordon boots and green blazer (which she discards quite early in the set), she stomps, skirms and thrusts to a bunch of nothing songs, including The Who's hoary "We're Not Gonna Take It" and her new single, Russ Ballard's "Winning", none of which imprint themselves on the psyche in any memorable way.

Her percussively top-heavy backing band — Eddie Martinez, guitar; Carmine Rojas, bass; Jose Rossy, percussion; David Prater, drums; John Anderson, keyboards — are tirelessly tireless in well-known disco musak fashion, lacking musical personality, but not achieving that well-oiled disco-machine precision until the set-closer, a Latin funk number which allows them solo space. Prater and Rossy here demonstrate their interpretations of the respective bombing of Dresden and Hamburg.

There was no encore. Thankfully.

IN COMPARISON, Peter Gabriel comes across about as sterile as one would expect from a public schoolboy who grew up (musically, with a renowned art-rock band).

Not, of course, that this necessitates virility, merely that the parameters of his performance aren't sexual.

Perhaps "asexual" would be a better term than "sterile". Even clad in tight black leather trousers, he exudes little or no sexual charisma; it's as though he's been hiding behind masks so long, the real him has become just another role.

It's significant in that his audience is predominantly male, and that what females are present are not ostentatiously feminine.

Curiously enough, however, whereas Hendryx promises sexual satiation and delivers nothing, Gabriel promises nothing and delivers consummation (of sorts) time and time again.

The set opens and closes with "Here Comes The Flood", just Gabriel on grand

piano and guitarist Syd McGinnes on mandolin-style 12-string to begin with the rest of the band (Tony Levin, bass; Bayete, keyboards, Jerry Marotta, drums) joining in slightly later.

Levin, who with his bald pate resembles "Grasshopper" Carradine from the Kung Fu series, is the only band member who played on the star-laden Peter Gabriel album; that the live arrangements are damn near a spit image of the record's is a testament to the rigours of rehearsal.

Still, I guess that's what you'd expect from Gabriel.

A funk-up "Morivund The Burgermeister" follows, Gabriel emerging from behind the piano to strut the stage in a fashion I presume is meant to be camp menace: as such, it succeeds admirably.

"Modern Love" and "Humdrum" are carbon copies of the recorded versions, but Gabriel's interpretation of "I Heard It Through The Grapevine" was quite an eye-opener: hyper-staccato choppy funk, taken at a hell of a pace, as inexorable as Kraftwerk, it put me in mind of nothing so much as Can at 78 (that's quite a commendation). It would make a better single than "Modern Love", that's for sure.

The barbershop intro to "Excuse Me" is done by all the band bar Levin, who's got his tuba chores to take care of, and there's much camp Bowie and repetition (which gets rather tedious) before the song gets underway, Levin's tuba is evidence of a bigger oral fixation than Kojak ever dreamed of.

A measure of Gabriel's lack of sexual charisma can be gathered from the fact that, despite his boyish charm, he can stroll calmly through a vast auditorium with a radio mike, (as he does in "Waiting For The Big One"). Little or no attempt is made to mob him.

Those who do attempt to make contact do so by shaking hands, patting his back or ruffling his hair; cerebral, rather than genital congratulation seems to be the intention.

Such close contact obviously pleases an audience, Gabriel capitalises on this by doing his trump card hit single, "Solsbury Hill". The response is Pavlovian, the fervour frigh-tening.

"Down The Dolce Vita" follows, then a new number "On The Air", which features fast-fingered synthesiser from Bayete, but suffers from a weak disjointed chorus.

Then it's straight into "All Day And All Of The Night", which, despite a fine solo from McGinnes, gets pretty boring after a while.

Both McGinnes and Levin are magnificent; all the band display peerless musical abil-

ity, but in their role as visual back-up for Gabriel, these two excel: Levin strong and silent, as befits his Brynner'd bonce, McGinnes full of fun and living up to his "Shit Kicker" T-shirt.

Gabriel's manner is peculiarly British: warm, believably friendly, and with a droll self-deprecation.

He apologises for his occasionally rough vocals by drawing attention to his recent acquisition of "A new multi-million-pound device to simulate the effect of a common cold."

His timing and stage use are exemplary: there are some large "pool hall" lamps hanging in strategic places over the stage, and at the conclusion of his encore, he leaps from the top of the grand piano and gives the centre lamp an almighty clout in mid-air, leaving the place pitch black except for this one lamp swinging from side to side.

Simple, but so successful. The complete professional performer, Gabriel puts on a show, the quiet perfection of which shows up the clumsy antics of Nona Hendryx for what they really are: crude, unfeeling, and, in the final analysis, grotesque.

Andy Gill

Big Youth Dennis Brown

RAINBOW

BLACKSTOCK A dreadlock — all the way down Rock Street to the Rainbow. You're tuned to boss dread one in the land, temperature eighty five degrees fahrenheit, kinda warm in Finsbury Park tonight, baby!

Billed as the Professionals, a group including Revolutionaries Lloyd Parks (bass), Sly Dunbar (drums) and Agrovator Earl Smith (lead guitar) opened Friday night's star-studded show at the Rainbow, easing straight into Parks' own "Mafia", the song for which he is best remembered.

As the last strains died away, Radio London DJ Steve Barnard appeared on stage to introduce Dennis Brown, visionary, dressed in a white three-piece suit and t'ing.

Outside the reggae scene, Brown has not achieved anything like the notoriety of say, Big Youth; but within the confines of his own, loyal audience, he is without peer, as the reception he received proved.

He opened with "Children Of Israel"; and then performed two titles from the recent "Visions" album — "Concrete Castle King" and "Love Me Always" — moving across the stage with all the confidence of a seasoned trouper. (21-year-old Brown has been a pro for 14 years.) His hoppitty little dance

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

routine, in particular, delighted the crowd.

Next came "Wolf And Leopard", which topped the UK reggae chart last month. "Too much waggonist, too much antagonist; wolves and leopards are trying to kill the sheep and the shepherds." The Professionals were just that, as they laid a solid foundation for Brown's soaring vocal to ride.

"Ghetto Girl" is a lovers-rock favourite, and even in the echoey atmosphere of the Rainbow managed to retain much of its appeal. As did "Whip Them Jah", the singer's admonishment to the iniquitous.

"I want everyone, whoever, that agrees with me to stand and sing along," he said.

Everyone stood and sang along.

Such is the atmosphere of the Rainbow, however, that upon the song's close, the audience again returned to their seats. Much, I suspect, as the majority of the crowd would have preferred to stand and dance.

Following a reading of his current discomix smash, "Funny Feeling", Brown ended his set with "Here I Come", another UK reggae chart topper, from earlier this year.

Dreadlocks dread — stoned in the house of dread.

Big Youth's backing band — Ark Angels — were again led by Earl Smith, who came out looking pretty much as he did a Professional, and immediately launched his own, rather abysmal "Marijuana".

This was followed by another brief onstage sally by the brilliantly funny Steve Barnard, followed by BY, suitably sequenced, and sporting a red, gold and green top hat balanced precipitously on his head.

The Ark Angels led into the Abyssinians' "Satta Massa Gana" rhythm; and Big Youth, his face creased into a massive grin, launched into a word perfect rendition of his 1973 beseech, "I Pray Thee".

I've never been much of a fan of Jah Youth's singing — though I'd rate him unparalleled as a toaster — so I was less than overjoyed to hear his rather strained versions of Marvin Gaye's "What's Going On" and Boris Gardiner's "Every Nigger Is A Star"; even though both songs were well received by the audience.

For "Dreadlocks Dread", Youth removed his sequined jacket, revealing a red, gold and green tri-coloured T shirt beneath; and took off his tam — flash! — the dread flash him looks and the weak heart drop.

Actually, it proved the biggest crowd pleaser of the night — "Natty dread them love it" — and every shake of Youth's head brought a delighted gasp from the audi-

ence. "Natty dreadlocks dread — stoned in a Babylon; you walk with the high dread — stoned in a Babylon; you can't walk free — in a Babylon..." Don't you just know it? His closest friends were black men, for they seem to understand, what it's like to be in society with a shackle on their hands.

Marley's "Get Up Stand Up" again raised the audience to their feet, dancing, but they returned to their seats for youth's tribute to Jesus Christ, "Jah Man Of Syreen". Then, "Ace 90 Skank" and the more recent "Love In The Neighbourhood"; and Youth bounded offstage to massed applause.

Naturally, there was an encore. The Ark Angels played Carlton & The Shoes "Love Me Forever" rhythm; Steve Barnard appeared briefly, elven-like; and back came Youth to sing his own, fervent version of Ray Charles' "Hit The Road Jack", visiting "Hell Is For Heroes", "Dread In A Babylon" and "Lively Up Yourself" medley-wise, before reiterating the song.

A lively night's entertainment, proving again the irresistible lure of Jamaican talent.

Penny Reel

Small Faces

MANCHESTER

BLUE WERE indistinguishable, bland, ever so correct. Very transparent minor one-hit-wonders.

I always used to prefer Cochise, and always thought that Blue had disintegrated at much the same as the latter. My mistake.

Interestingly enough the last time I saw Cochise was as support to The Faces, one of the '70s better rock groups, who were just right for that early '70s period, smashing pretensions and always good for a laugh.

The Small Faces were just right for their period too, summer silliness, boppy brilliance.

In 1977 their faintly desperate re-emergence smacks tiresomely of indulgent nostalgia. Nostalgia that at the Apollo just wasn't special enough, old classics at best ordinarily regurgitated, dotted between easily churned-out two-dimensional bluesy-jam songs.

It was the third time I'd seen the S.Faces this year.

First time it was cosily entertaining, because they played happily, like it was a one-off, second time hearing the old hits performed for the sake of it palled, this time it was simply tedious and none of the new S.Faces numbers are in any way arresting. Jimmy McCulloch (from Wings) played well enough, which means he slid unobtrusively into the band.

Paul Morley

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Otway and Wild Willy — on the way up (and down)

John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett

ST ALBANS

THE UNIQUE lunacy of John Otway and Wild Willy Barrett is steadily spreading its grip on the nation.

Trouble is, it seems to me, is that it's losing some of its magic on the way.

Some months ago, an Otway/Barrett gig was like a tightrope act — would the

ramshackle collection of songs (not to mention equipment) hold together or would the whole set collapse in chaos?

Otway always seemed able to supply new twists to keep up the suspense.

The Aylesbury Loonies are still doing basically the same set, but, at their St. Albans City Hall gig, it seemed at times as if the audience was running the show.

With a large contingent of their mobile fan club in the crowd, Otway and Barrett seemed content to deliver the goods demanded, and sprang few surprises for those who'd

seen them before.

They opened with "Only A Hobo", which owed little to Dylan's original, but served as a taster for things to come — toppling mike stands, tangled leads, the artist versus technology routine. If the chaos was a little ordered, no one seemed to mind.

The original numbers were more effective. "Beware Of The Flowers ('Cos They're Gonna Get You, Yeah!)" has the aimless craziness that sets Otway's lyrics apart from those of your average funny man. A petal-splitting solo added a certain zest.

"Really Free", in the same vein, featured bizarre vocal inflections and facial contortions from Otway, and powerhouse guitar chording from Barrett.

"Louisa On A Horse", last year's single, showed the duo at their most musical, Barrett's quasi blue grass fiddle driving powerfully.

The whole Otway/Barrett armoury of chaotic technology and crazed theatrics is employed to the full on "Cheryl's Going Home". Otway attacks the old Bob Lind song with vicious frenzy, making an absurd melodrama of the wimpoid lyrics.

With the obligatory shirt-tearing, mike-thrashing and harangue from on top of the p.a. speakers, it was still a perversely compelling performance.

Less successful was their treatment of Otway's "Geneve". On record it proves to be a rather limp ballad, and it received a self-deflating live performance.

"Racing Cars" always makes a climactic ending to the set, hence its choice for single release. It featured as always the destruction of Barrett's Dexion built steel guitar on wheels, a stunt which never fails to impress newcomers, and which diehard fans never tire of.

Constant giggling, I suppose, has taken the inspired edge of lunacy off their act. Is their whimsical anarchy in danger of becoming mere crowd-pleasing clowning, done to order? If anything will spare them from this fate, it will be the fact that Barrett really can play his assorted instruments — banjo, fiddle, electric and steel guitars — combined with Otway's extraordinary command of an

audience.

The second encore proved it. Otway stood alone at the mike and sang an unaccompanied version of the Bee Gees' old sob song, "To Love Somebody". It was spell-binding, crazy, fascinating, funny and absurd — a flash of the old magic.

See Otway and Barrett before the showbiz routine catches up with them.

Pete Sutton

Pete Atkin EDINBURGH

ARARE bird is the Atkin these days. To see it perform its little dance of courtship to the sadly indifferent world at large, the few committed observers squeeze into the attic auditorium of the Traverse, Edinburgh's radical theatre club, during the city's annual three week cultural overdose.

"Welcome to my parlour," announces Atkin as he enters for his late night concert. With the small hours atmosphere, and the audience looking down from banks of high seating on to the stage-set of the preceeding C. P. Taylor play, the whole affair has the feeling of some kind of time-war, a glass case video exhibit for a 21st century museum, a feeling subtly increased by the timeless quality of the Atkin/James songs. It was all rather like one of those perfect moments acclaimed in the opening song, sagely entitled "Perfect Moments".

Stringing them together with his dry, often self-mocking humour, Atkin wandered through a selection from the Atkin/James songbook for old heads on young shoulders.

And a rather odd selection it was too — almost forgotten songs from cobwebbed corners ("Senior Citizens"), requests for some of the more esoteric compositions ("Screen Freak") and unrecorded material ("Canoe", "Search And Destroy"), all rubbing shoulders with the better known ditties.

These included his theme tune "Master Of The Revels", his smash flop "The Jokes", the clever and witty "Beautiful Stranger", as well as songs like "Nothing Left To Say", which shows how well Clive James can observe and capture mood, and "Apparition In Las Vegas" — the song about

visions of Elvis. That song appeared in 1972 — think on it.

Atkin has always been (allowed himself to be?) overshadowed by the verbal presence of James, which is a pity. He's both a gifted composer — some of his melodies have been deserving of better lyrics than James latterly provided — and a fine player and performer.

He has a voice ideally suited to their unique compositions — strong, rich in presence, most comfortable in the slow, half-spoken delivery and attention demanded by Clive James' verbal volleys.

Some years ago I had great hopes that the Atkin/James partnership would be the Next Big Thing.

It didn't happen, of course, possibly because of the "academic" image, possibly because of the increasingly recherche nature of the lyrics, but on experiencing the songs again, it struck me that there's really no reason why they, properly promoted, should not still become massively popular.

However, at present the Atkin seems in danger of becoming an endangered species.

Ian Cranna

Gags

MANCHESTER

I'VE BEEN meaning to write about Gags for so long, because they're such an important part of the Manchester scene, and yet have only got a meagre following. For them, no bandwagons, but no headliners either. Just two new pub venues already created, the Cavalcade and the Sale Hotel, both for free and friendly.

Now, for Gags, with a new and more integral drummer, and a gig in London behind them — "we learnt a few things in London" — it's beginning to climax. Soon they'll be there, and yet I reckon when they say they'll stay in Manchester and keep clear of the waves (new or old), they mean it.

Gags are a good-time, sweaty, bluesy, sometimes original, sometimes derivative, always adventurous chance to relax on a Monday night. And yet the energy poured back and forth, as Brendan Gore moved from eyes-rolling piano to hips-rolling harmonica, out there as gagsman and clown.

His voice is as bluesy as his music, but the nervous apologies of earlier gigs are gone and the new colours are red and white hats and T-shirts exclaiming *Bio-Strath* — for better health.

Meanwhile, McLaughlin wears the 'Guitar Hero'

T-shirt. Gerry McLaughlin that is. He plays electric guitar like he was born to it... every so often a solo with that lyrical quality that turns your lips up at the edges, and finds you singing the high notes with your head.

He writes most of the original songs — main influence The Beatles — although bassist John Kelly provides some of the better lyrics, e.g. to the atmospheric "Money Makers".

The unoriginals cover a wide spectrum, from old blues tunes (arr. Gore) to old blues tunes (arr. Gore) and back again.

But you just can't predict, they're so versatile... and after only three gigs with a new drummer (Nigel Coatman, ex-Against The Grain), tonight it's "Need Your Love So Bad", "Willin'", "Rambling On My Mind", and "Knockin' On Heaven's Door".

O.K., they're sometimes sexist, but usually in self-confessed piss-take, like "Easy Lay", their own brand of punk. The lyrics to the other songs are hardly in the genius category either, like Coyne, but we ain't on about pain here. It's the happy band.

Can you imagine a group that plays a different set every time; that doesn't put up the barriers, but brings them down; that works damn hard and gets a pittance?

Of their original numbers, "It Doesn't Matter", written in Ireland about a simple one-off romantic holiday affair, is the strongest musically, dying down and building up again amidst shifting guitar and piano, with McLaughlin's singing not unlike McCartney's.

Then there's an obvious single — the riffy "Come Back"; and the introduction of bottle-neck slide on the newest song... "Do Nobody Wrong". Not new feelings, just universal ones. And as the night warms up, another nod to the punkies: "Keep It Clean" is really rough and in the right mould alright (can't make out any of the words). Gore does a silly wave, and McLaughlin joins in. We do the new-wave back.

A great Kelly bass solo drives "Boar's Head Blues" along, flowing free and storming into the usual finisher, the old Savoy Brown number, "Tell Mama". Richard Thompson r'n'r style guitar; a chorus you have to sing along to; and then opening out... a few chords against the rhythm, starting light and thundering to a climax, a split second break, and... in to the chorus again. "Tell Mama, and all the folks back home..."

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Paul Hunter



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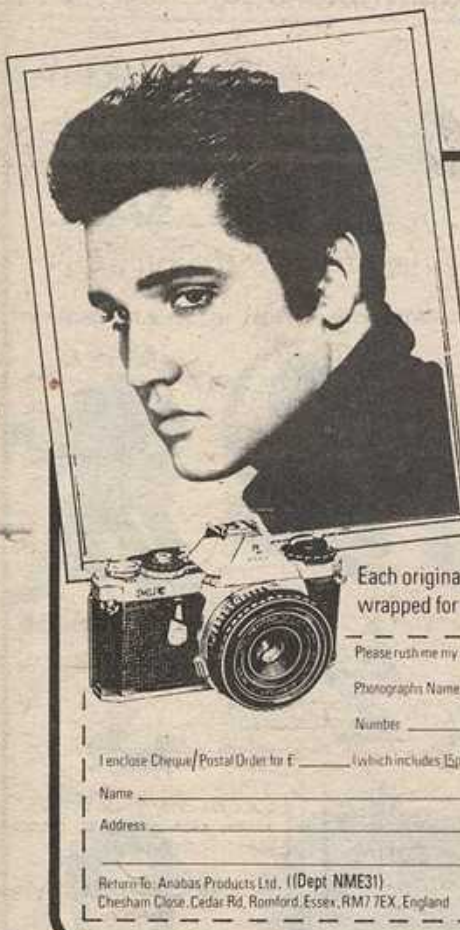
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IT'S ALL over, you've made sure of that. It'll be no fun now you lot start printing daft things like "Tom Robinson — a star for '77."

You always have to get in on the act don't you? Just once, when there's something really good, you have to go and spoil it, you crummy lot! They were our band and now you're gonna take them away from us.

IRATE KATE
Still, at least the gay revolution will be televised — M.S.

REGARDING Kim Davies' review of The Tom Robinson Band Marquee gig:

Relax, honey, the police ain't after you. The full story is that my friend John Williams' car was nicked during the concert and the police were merely trying to identify him, to say they'd found it. (Anyway, he doesn't mind, he's saving for a grey Cortina). So please don't be frightened, Kim.

Very nice to see such generous, favourable reviews, but was anyone at the Brecknock, Camden? Absolutely brilliant.

One question — will you still like TRB when they're on more than thirty quid a week?!

KEMO SABLE, London.
Depends — M.S.

At a recent Tom Robinson Band gig I was offered a fanzine-looking piece of paper called *Temporary Hoarding*. It had a Rock Against Racism symbol and thus I was wary of its contents. I bought it for 10p and my worst fears were soon realised.

The mag used Sex Pistols-esque printing (you know — the pieces of different type pieced together), combined with an assortment of pictures and newspaper clippings concerning recent demonstrations patronized by the Socialist Workers Party. Amongst said items were pictures of Johnny Rotten, in one instance looking like he's part of a Right to Work March. There were other newspaper type clippings about punk-rock and also the "God save the Queen" symbol. (What symbol? — M.S.) There was also some crap about Elvis Presley. Well what does this all mean?

The answer is simple: — the SWP are attempting to use punk-rock as another stepping stone in their attempt to gain political power. Now I don't give two shits about the SWP or the NF for that matter, what I do care about is that music remains free from

political infiltration. There is one hell of a lot of difference between kids expressing their feelings and political infiltration.

Don't let yourselves be used to further the aims of others. That means the NF, SWP, *Sunday Mirror*, *People*, *News of the World* etc. In the mag I bought (remember the mag), there was a large slogan which said: "WE SHALL BE FREE"

Yeah With a bit of luck free from you!

ANN DROID, Hatfield, Herts.
O.K. Droid-person — head back in the sand-bucket — M.S.

YOU STINKING bastards! You cruddy scum! I had never won a competition in my life, until you gave me a runners-up prize in The Damned competition: but did you print my name? No!

I cannot forgive that! I know I seem ungrateful, but I want the fame, the prestige, the corrupting power of publication! God, the printers ink pulses through my arteries like nobody's business! In fact, it is, but so what?

NAME ILLEGIBLE, Hammersmith.
Tough — M.S.

SINCE Elvis has gone to the great Heartbreak Hotel in the sky, does this entitle Jake Riviera and his lads to put out "Elvis is a Stiff" badges?

BILLY MAC, Harrow, Middlesex.
Maybe, but we at NME say "Elvis is Day" — M.S.

I'D JUST like to say that I've seen Presley's ghost, been possessed by his spirit, inherited his voice and am ready to start making money just as soon as I find an agent. *M.U.G.S. (W/H branch).*

Would you settle for 60%? — M.S.

I HAVE spent much spare time conducting experiments with recordings of The Ramones. I am now ready to publish my findings EXCLUSIVELY in the N.M.E. Basically the experiment consisted of:

(a) Timing the track "I Don't Wanna Walk Around With You" (studio version) on the first Ramones LP.

(b) Timing the track "I Don't Wanna Walk Around With You" (live version) off the B-side of their "I remember You" single.

(c) Dividing (a) by (b), the results were as follows:

(a) 90 secs.

(b) 100 secs.

(c) 1.11 (correct to two places of decimals).

Thus it is proved that The Ramones play 1.11 times faster live than in the studio. Can I have an LP token please?

Dr. K. TUBBY, Bsc. F.A., Fulwood, Preston, Lancs.
No. Besides, sheesh, we knew that already — M.S.

MAY I HAVE the pleasure of addressing your organ? I always read it one year behind now 'cos the news is the same but different — punk rock is non-existent, in fact, I eagerly await the first reviews. I like living in the past.

Will the future catch up with me in the present, past or future? Is the past, present or future?

All interesting questions but the real (what is real?) reasons I so succinctly address your organ (DING!!) What for? "Repetition" was the stern reply. "Oh no!" "DING" repeated Michael Miles) was to supply you with an excellent Quotable Quote what I thought up. It goes thus:—

"In the vast ballot box of life the *Readers Digest* is a spoilt paper."

You can, of course substitute other things for *Readers Digest* like the NME if you like. I always insult my mates with it.

I will have to wait a year to see if you print my Q. quote.

JOHN THOMPSON, Hobbiton, Nr. Accrington, Lancs.
We probably won't bother. — M.S.

SAY, MAN, ya heard about the latest wave? Ya ain't!! It's really far out, man. The music's slow and really BORING and everyone's goin' round bald with javelins stuck through their noses and hatches through their heads and bananas stuck up their...

Whaddaya say man? What's the music about? Well everyone's singin' bout changin' the world and having a better place to live and rebelling against society...

Whaddaya mean, just like the Teds, Hippies and Punks.

Whaddaya mean yer bored with people singin' bout it...?!

MARK, Birmingham
Subscription to *Readers Digest* winner. — M.S.

FOR ONCE the BBC hit the nail on or near the head with ROOTS ROCK REGGAE. I expect the reason it was screened when it was, was to attract as many people home as possible before the police had their little carnival.

I just thought you might like to know that Big Youth was so good at the Rainbow last week that we tried to get some standing tickets for the Saturday night show, and were told:

"Sorry, but we don't like to release standing tickets for THAT kind of show." (!!!) Dread In A Babylon?

Keep on hammering the Front. Take the wind out their sails. Put the wind up them instead. I'm a rocker. And as everyone knows, rockers are CANNIBALS. I can't wait to eat Uncle Enoch.

ROB NOXIOUS, Finsbury Park, 3rd Tree on the Left.
Beware ptomaine poisoning, Rob. — M.S.

EXCERPT from *The Prisoner*, episode 8. The scene: a mock trial, No. 6 being prosecuted.

Prosecutor (addressing court): "It is our duty to make sure the rules are applied and adhered to. Without their discipline we should exist in a state of anarchy."

No. 6: "Hear, hear".
To borrow an old NME phrase, be there or be square!

ANDY WICKHAM, Aylesbury Estate, London.
Very cubist, very Patrick McGoochan. — M.S.

AM I TOO early to mention the aeolian cadences and pentatonic clusters in "Pretty Vacant"? Apparently not, to judge by Chris Salewicz's Clash feature last week. Didn't Joe Strummer say it clearly enough: "It's a load of bullshit. We're just a group".

Oh well, at least Julie Burchill's improving.

LOU KEMIA, Chelmsley Wood, Birmingham.

Metaphorically speaking (cont. on page 94) ... — M.S.

DEAR Tammy Talk. I sent in a joke and I forgot to give you my address. It is:

HAZEL HEADS, Shipley, W. Yorkshire.

Thanks Hazel, but this is Grossbag, not Gus Gags. — M.S.

OH SHIT! I've forgotten the smart-arse one-liner I was gonna write.

SMALL BROWN TURD, Hayes.
Fine. — M.S.

DEAR L Davidson, Tooting.

I agree.
D J MILLS, Penn, Wolverhampton.

IS THIS a minimalist letter?
THE GROAN LOUVRE, Southampton.

Not really, but D J Mills is. — M.S.

WAS ANYONE else thoroughly disgusted by the fiasco on last week's *Top of the Pops*, i.e. some idiot singing "I Remember Elvis Presley"? How obscene can you get?

What did amuse me, however, was Jimmy Savile saying something about "We only play what you, the public,

IS IT too early to say that you cunts will be hearing from me again after you've slagged off the new Barclay James Harvest album?

BJH FAN, Scotland.
Not at all. See page 38. Be hearing from you. — M.S.

I WISH to voice my opinion about the different messages and pictures people can have on their T-shirts.

I think most of these are filthy and am extremely annoyed about No. 143 — *Son of a bitch*. It is mocking a bible verse. God created us. He sent his own son Jesus to die for us. Please don't have these filthy adverts in the *New Musical Express*. Thank you.

GWYNETH ANGELA ISAACS, New Malden, Surrey.
I used to live in New Malden. Did you ever get pissed in the Royal Oak? — M.S.

IF I HAD no comment whatsoever to make about the state of the British music scene, if I had no desire to state my views on Punk Rock or New Wave as a new phenomena or merely as a '60s revival, if I was non-plussed about the friction between the Teds and the Punks, even if I don't want to tell The Pistols where to get off, would you describe me as speechless?

WORDS FAIL ME, Kent.

Probably. — M.S.

ONE WEEK it's Lewisham, another it's Notting Hill. Your reporters wax lyrical on assorted big city phenomena like riots and West Indian carnivals as if the world began and ended in weird, unreal cities like London. Out here in the real world we may have another tractor procession soon by the National Union of Farmers. They're not black or fascists I'm afraid but they're goddam angry!

ERNEST PROVINCIAL, Norwich.
Let them bring in sheaves. Next week — the mildly irritated dentists of Gillingham. — M.S.

YOUR COLLECTIVE secondary school teachers would laud you for your repeated abhorrence of anything that smacks of Black-Shirtism as you understand it.

GUNDA HAZENFUSS, London W12
Don't understand it! — M.S.

ONE OF the truly great stars of showbiz has died. An artiste of incomparable stature, his totally unique style has been copied by many though none have captured the essence of the original. His delivery was unique, his posture incredible, star of many films, he was one of the most sought after personalities of our time. He will be sorely missed but the

Life with The Pistols, Part IV



From PETE KNIFTON, Sandiacre, Nr. Notts.

buy". If that's true how come we didn't get to see The Pistols when "God Save the Queen" was No. 2 on the B.M.R.B. charts?

The BBC's double standards are sickening. Thank God he wasn't an Englishman.

P. HIPSON, Cornwall.
Who wasn't an Englishman? — M.S.

"SHE SPAT playfully, I'm ahead of you Johnny!" ("Big shot" — Bonzo Dog Band 1967.) Almost worth reviving album token winner idea, eh?

AL ATROCIOUS, Devon.
Almost. — M.S.

memory lingers on and will do so for a long long time.

GROUCHO IS DEAD: LONG LIVE GROUCHO. DAVID O'NIELL, Glasgow.

Why don't you take out some insurance for your old age, which should be here in a couple of minutes if I'm any judge of horseflesh? You better beat it — I hear they're gonna tear you down and put up an office building where you're standing. — GROUCHO MARX

■ To WELSH ZEP FAN, I guess you can stop reading NME now. And to SIMON CUNNINGTON — you have got problems, haven't you?

**This madness edited
by MONTY SMITH.**

Phew, it's almost like old times round London this week, what with favourite exiles like **The Stones** (minus **Keef**) and **Rod Stewart** back in town for a short spell.

Mick and **The Stones** were here to hype their latest waxing and meet the papers (well, the national press anyway) at a press reception at the Marquee (well, you didn't expect 'em to actually play there, did you?) where the rock 'n' roll fever ran at a pitch that almost caused your **Tzers** correspondent to nod out into his salad.

Later **Mick** handed out quotes like confetti to those Fleet Street chappies, mostly assuring them that everything between him and **Cinzano Del Bianca Nicaragua** was extremely hunky dory, rumours to the contrary notwithstanding. **Mick** also said he thought that punk rock was a jolly good thing, though he told the *London Evening Standard's* **James Johnson** that it must be hard for **Johnny Rotten** to be more and more horrible each day. Talk about missing the point! **Tzers** would have thought ol' rubber lips would have been more suss. Don't believe everything you read in the papers, **Mick**.

Rod, meanwhile, was taking a break from his legal wrangle with **Britt** and to mellow his suntan at the Scotland/Czechoslovakia footy match at Hamden Park. Earlier in the week **Rodders** (now a winning blonde himself) told an LA court that his former love laid on his make-up too thick, didn't have an extensive command of English, and was "not an accomplished cook." You surprise us, **Rod**.

More old faces at the **Paul McCartney**-sponsored **Crickets** gig at Kilburn's Gaumont State: **Jagger**, **Wood**, **Clapton**,



Iggy being helped back ON-stage for an encore at his Rotterdam gig. He's a tryer that boy.

Lol Creme, **Kevin Godley**, **Bruce Welch** and **Macca** himself among the prestige liggers present, many of whom also video-recorded best wishes to **Linda McCartney**, recovering in hospital after the birth of another Maccalette. This one will be dubbed **James** after **Macca's** late pa.

Then there were all those rumours about **Led Zeppelin's** final demise (see *Thrills* page II), not to mention the disturbing news that **The Archers** are using a new version of their theme tune by **The Yetties** for Sunday broadcasts. Where will this new wave madness stop, asks **Tzers**.

Well, certain major labels are by all reports discovering that all that gobs ain't necessarily gold, as their punk product fails to garner significant sales action. No such worries for **Abba**, cited by Sweden's leading financial paper as the country's most profitable corporation in the last fiscal year, when the group grossed £11,600,000. Since 1974's Euro-song bash they've sold a total of 50 million records worldwide. **Abba** have also delivered four new tracks to their various European record companies, inviting opinions about which should be the next single.

Supporting **The Clash** on their autumn tour: **Richard**

teazers

WEEKLY

YOUR

NIBBLE



Everyone's doing it! Handsome young **Stiff Record's** superstar **NICK LOWE** jumps on the bite-your-own bandwagon for **CHALKIE DAVIES'** magic lantern. We'll soon wipe that smirk from your face **Nick** when you see our **THRILLS** expose of your previous incarnations.

Hell and The Voidoids. Such is the word from our man in Noo Yawk **Joe Stevens**, who also tips us that on the next **Ramones** sleeve, **Joey Ramone** appears eating a plate of brains. He needs 'em.

Back home, Cockney actress **Rita Hayworth** is to play the part of **Johnny Rotten's** mum in the **Russ Meyer Pistols** movie currently being shot 'somewhere in England.' "I'm sure they're very nice lads," said **Rita**, showing considerably more common sense than ol' **Jagger**.

With **Bowie's** "Heroes" album imminent (release date is October 7th), **The Stranglers** jumped in quick with a seeming riposte: their "No More Heroes" single and elpee. But nowt's stranger than life on Earth, because it's just a coincidence.

"The Stranglers didn't know anything about **Bowie's** album," says UA's **Michael Gray**. "Funny, isn't it?" The **Anaemic One** may not think so, but he's got his own heroes to back him up: **Bob Fripp**, **Eno** and the "Station To Station" / "Low" boys, **Carlos Alomar**, **Dennis Davis** and **George Murray**.

Sweet 16-year-old **Laura Logic**, who's been gigging with **X Ray Spex**, has had to return to school (boo!). But she's going to form her own band at the end of the academic year (boo!).

Airplay on **John Peel's** Tuesday show for **Mick Farren's** Great Lost New York single — the one on Ork that **Farren** himself claims he doesn't own. **Peel** reckoned that **Mick** sings better in '77



Smile they're looking at you in England... **Robert Gordon** (right) ex-Tuff Dart turned punk rockerbilly (as reported in last week's **THRILLS**); **Sylvain Sylvain** (centre) ex-New York Doll turned lead Criminal in *The Criminals*; and **Jerry Nolan** (left) ex-New York Doll turned Heartbreaker, grin for the loping lens of **JOE STEVENS** after fun at *The Criminals* gig at New York's Max's Kansas City. "Everyone had a grand time but nobody got rich," says **Joey**. Ain't that the truth.

Radio Stars' Andy Ellison received hospital treatment after an off-stage French fracas in Paris. A glass was smashed in **Andy's** face after several rows over volume during **R. Stars'** residency at the Nashville club. Their contract was terminated as "zee culture you represent iz, 'ow you say, not welcome 'ere." Vive la difference.

Lemmy's 10-year-old son **Paul** has asked permission to sign a £25,000 publishing deal. **Lucky Island** release the first single.

ERK! We'll repeat that — **ERK!!** **Radio One** planning a 90 minute special called *Radio One — The First Ten Years*. You have been warned.

Surely of more significance to the survival of the human species: At a recent **London** gig at the **Croydon Greyhound** (or should it be at a recent **Croydon** gig at the **London Greyhound**) members of the audience took the "Make Love Not War" epitaph literally and started, er, groping in the stalls. Just like all them ol' 'ippies rolling in the mud at **Woodstock**, what? **London** singer **Riff Regan** meanwhile coupled with a five-foot rubber doll onstage. He must be short of groupies.

Other apocryphal stuff: on a recent promotion tour of the city, milk snatcher **Margaret Thatcher** launched a competition for Manchester's best dressed Ted in an appallingly crass bid for the rock vote. Beats kissing babies, but where was she in '56 man? More to the point, how did the po-faced old bat react when she came face to face with **Slaughter and The Dogs' Wayne Barratt** in the lobby of a London hotel last week? Her response was unfortunately not recorded, but the similarity of hue between her green two piece ensemble and **Wayne's** hair was remarked on.

New signing for **Wilko's** threatened team: **Count**



Hugh Cornwell gets to grips with the new **Stranglers** album while trying to digest the thumbs he had for lunch. Pic: **NANDO**.

Bishops' bassist Steve Lewins. The **Bishops** currently auditioning replacements.

Peter (J. Geils Band) Wolf and **Faye (Network) Dunaway** have apparently terminated their marriage.

CBS and **Chrysalis** currently in contention to sign **Blondie** now that the diminutive popsie's management have bought back her contract from **Private Stock Records** at a trifling quarter million greenbacks. Where does all this loot come from wonders **Tzers**, searching for a two bob bit to buy a cuppa.

Seven hundred fans turned away from the Marquee last week for the **Boomtown Rats** gig. Inside, things got so sweltering that **King Rat Bob Geldof** blacked out halfway through "Joey's On The Streets Again." He was back on stage in five minutes, but the **Rats'** set was cut short. The group plan a freebie or cheapie at the capital's warmest venue by way of compensation.

And it's goodbye from us, and goodbye to them: **NME's** former messenger **Dave Oliver** has gone on the rails, and Classified lady **Penny Morgan** has hung up her typewriter for a social life with security.

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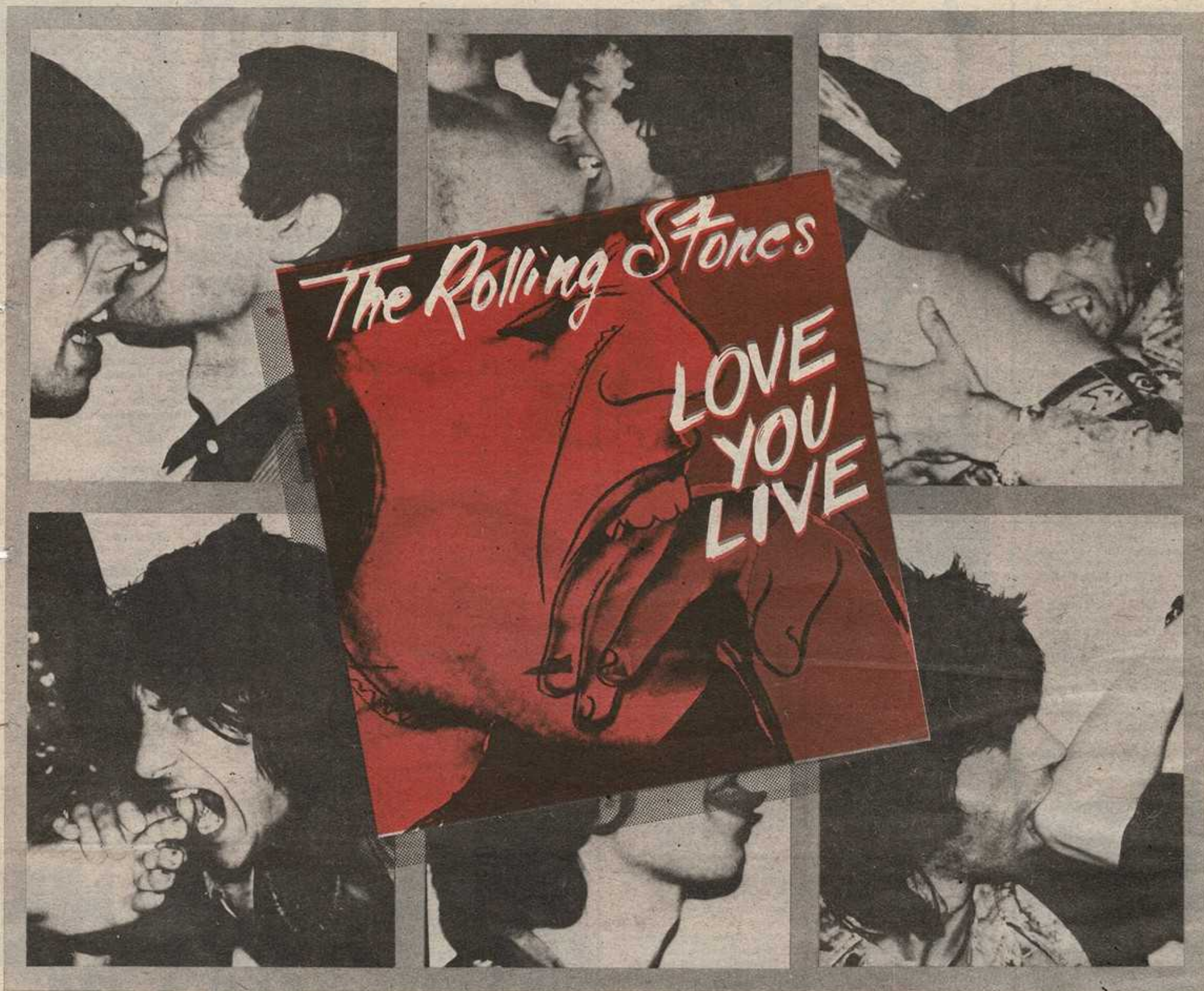
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