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Back in the U.K.

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ROB TYNER pic. CHALKIE DAVIES

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CHARTS

SINGLES



This Last Week		Week ending October 1st, 1977		Highest position in chart
Week	Rank	Rank	Artist	
1	(2)	1	WAY DOWN..... Elvis Presley (RCA)	6
2	(3)	2	SILVER LADY David Soul (Private Stock)	5
3	(1)	3	MAGIC FLY..... Space (Pye)	7
4	(6)	4	TELEPHONE MAN Meri Wilson (Pye)	5
5	(19)	5	BLACK IS BLACK La Belle Epoque (Harvest)	3
6	(4)	6	OXYGENE Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	5
7	(7)	7	BEST OF MY LOVE Emotions (CBS)	3
8	(5)	8	DEEP DOWN INSIDE Donna Summer (GTO)	6
9	(12)	9	FROM NEW YORK TO L.A. Patsy Gallant (EMI)	3
10	(10)	10	LOOKING AFTER NUMBER ONE Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	5
11	(9)	11	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER Carly Simon (Elektra)	8
12	(24)	12	WONDROUS STORIES... Yes (Atlantic)	2
13	(17)	13	DO ANYTHING YOU WANNA DO Rods (Island)	7
14	(28)	14	I REMEMBER ELVIS PRESLEY Danny Mirror (Sonet)	2
15	(11)	15	SUNSHINE AFTER THE RAIN Elkie Brooks (A&M)	5
15	(-)	15	I REMEMBER YESTERDAY Donna Summer (GTO)	1
17	(23)	17	GARY GILMORE'S EYES The Adverts (Anchor)	5
18	(14)	18	I CAN'T GET YOU OUTTA MY MIND Yvonne Elliman (RSO)	5
19	(-)	19	NO MORE HEROES Stranglers (United Artists)	1
20	(15)	20	THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR Deniece Williams (CBS)	9
21	(20)	21	BLACK BETTY Ram Jam (Epic)	3
22	(27)	22	WAITING IN VAIN Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	3
23	(8)	23	NIGHTS ON BROADWAY Candi Staton (Warner Bro)	9
24	(21)	24	DANCIN' IN THE MOONLIGHT Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	7
25	(-)	25	YES SIR I CAN BOOGIE Baccara (RCA)	1
26	(-)	26	FROM HERE TO ETERNITY Giorgio (Oasis)	1
27	(-)	27	SHE'S A WINDUP Dr. Feelgood (United Artists)	1
28	(18)	28	THUNDER IN MY HEART Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	3
29	(-)	29	DO YOUR DANCE Rose Royce (Warner Bros)	1
30	(16)	30	FLOAT ON The Floaters (ABC)	10
			BUBBLING UNDER ... YOUR GENERATION — Generation X (Chrysalis); THEME FROM "STAR WARS" — Meco (RCA); COOL OUT TONIGHT — David Essex (CBS); GREATEST LOVE OF ALL — George Benson (Arista).	

ALBUMS



This Last Week		Week ending October 1st, 1977		Highest position in chart
Week	Rank	Rank	Artist	
1	(1)	1	20 GOLDEN GREATS Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)	4
2	(2)	2	OXYGENE Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	7
3	(3)	3	MOODY BLUE Elvis Presley (RCA)	6
4	(4)	4	A STAR IS BORN Soundtrack (CBS)	25
5	(6)	5	RUMOURS Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	32
6	(9)	6	20 ALL TIME GREATS Connie Francis (Polydor)	12
7	(5)	7	MAGIC FLY Space (Pye)	4
8	(12)	8	GOING FOR THE ONE Yes (WEA)	11
9	(16)	9	PLAYING TO AN AUDIENCE OF ONE David Soul (Private Stock)	2
10	(8)	10	I REMEMBER YESTERDAY Donna Summer (GTO)	14
11	(7)	11	WELCOME TO MY WORLD Elvis Presley (RCA)	6
12	(-)	12	NO MORE HEROES Stranglers (United Artists)	1
13	(14)	13	EXODUS Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	16
14	(11)	14	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS The Stranglers (United Artists)	22
15	(10)	15	ELVIS 40 GREATEST HITS Elvis Presley (Arcade)	6
16	(23)	16	BAD REPUTATION. Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	2
17	(13)	17	HOTEL CALIFORNIA.. Eagles (Asylum)	40
18	(-)	18	LOVE YOU LIVE Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	1
19	(22)	19	BEST OF ROD STEWART (Mercury)	11
20	(18)	20	THE JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION Johnny Mathis (CBS)	15
21	(26)	21	SHOW SOME EMOTION Joan Armatrading (A & M)	2
22	(15)	22	ARRIVAL..... Abba (Epic)	45
23	(20)	23	FLOATERS..... Floaters (ABC)	6
24	(24)	24	G.I. BLUES..... Elvis Presley (RCA)	4
25	(-)	25	BEST OF FRANKIE LAINE Frankie Laine (Warwick)	1
26	(-)	26	BOOMTOWN RATS (Ensign)	1
27	(17)	27	NEW WAVE.... Various Artists (Philips)	7
28	(21)	28	ELVIS PRESLEY SUN COLLECTION Elvis Presley (Starcall)	3
29	(-)	29	AJA Steely Dan (Anchor)	1
30	(30)	30	RAIN DANCES..... Camel (Decca)	2
			BUBBLING UNDER ... PASSAGE — The Carpenters (A & M); SIMPLE DREAMS — Linda Ronstadt (Warner Bros); BEAUTY ON A BACK STREET — Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA). HITS GREAT-EST STIFFS — Various Artistes (Stiff).	

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending October 1, 1977

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

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending October 1, 1977

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

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

MODERN LOVE

CB 302

Peter Gabriel

Peter Gabriel on tour September 13th to October 2nd



Marketed by Charisma Records

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending September 26, 1972

Last This Week		Week ending September 26, 1972	
Week	Rank	Rank	Artist
1	1	1	CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION..... T Rex (T. Rex)
2	2	2	HOW CAN I BE SURE David Cassidy (Bell)
3	3	3	MAMA WEER ALL CRAZY NOW Slade (Polydor)
4	4	4	TOO YOUNG..... Donny Osmond (MGM)
5	5	5	MOULDY OLD DOUGH Lieutenant Pigeon (Decca)
6	6	6	IT'S FOUR IN THE MORNING Faron Young (Mercury)
7	7	7	YOU WEAR IT WELL Rod Stewart (Mercury)
8	8	8	WIG WAM BAM Sweet (RCA)
9	9	9	SUGAR ME Lynsay De Paul (MAM)
10	10	10	VIRGINIA PLAIN Roxy Music (Island)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending September 30, 1967

Last This Week		Week ending September 30, 1967	
Week	Rank	Rank	Artist
1	1	1	THE LAST WALTZ..... Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
2	2	2	EXCERPT FROM A TEENAGE OPERA Keith West (Parlophone)
3	3	3	FLOWERS IN THE RAIN Move (Regal-Zonophone)
4	4	4	REFLECTIONS Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)
5	5	5	HOLE IN MY SHOE Traffic (Island)
6	6	6	ITCHYCOO PARK Small Faces (Immediate)
7	7	7	LET'S GO TO SAN FRANCISCO Flowerpot Men (Deram)
8	8	8	I'LL NEVER FALL IN LOVE AGAIN Tom Jones (Decca)
9	9	9	THERE MUST BE A WAY Frankie Vaughan (Columbia)
10	10	10	SAN FRANCISCO Scott McKenzie (CBS)

15 YEARS AGO

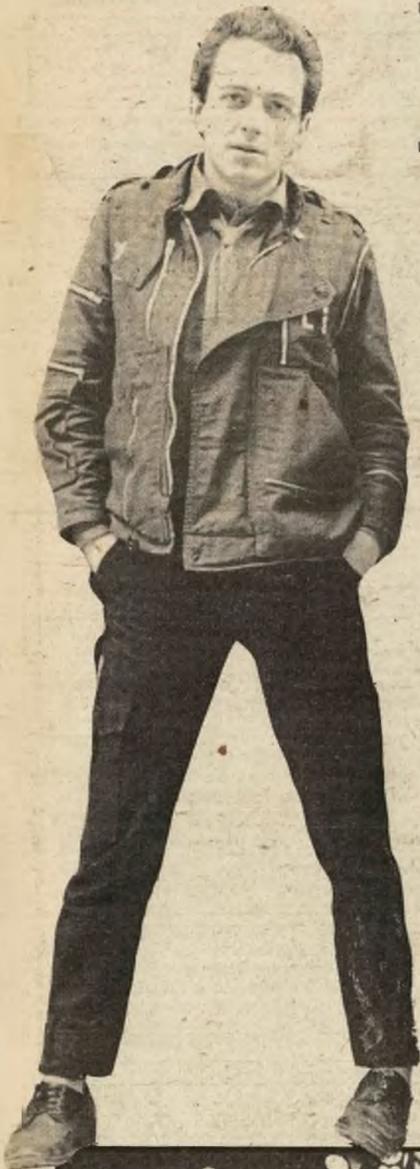
Week ending September 28, 1962

Last This Week		Week ending September 28, 1962	
Week	Rank	Rank	Artist
1	1	1	SHE'S NOT YOU Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	2	2	TELSTAR Tornados (Decca)
3	3	3	IT'LL BE ME Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4	4	4	ROSES ARE RED Ronnie Carroll (Philips)
5	5	5	SHEILA Tommy Roe (HMV)
6	6	6	I REMEMBER YOU Frank Ifield (Columbia)
7	7	7	THINGS Bobby Darin (London)
8	8	8	THE LOCOMOTION Little Eva (London)
9	9	9	BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO Neil Sedaka (RCA)
10	10	10	DON'T THAT BEAT ALL Adam Faith (Parlophone)

NEWS DESK

Edited by Derek Johnson

Clash, Lizzy in big U.K. tours



THE CLASH have at last been accepted officially by The Establishment. That's the main significance of their extensive autumn tour itinerary, announced this week, which takes in many of Britain's leading concert halls and theatres. The band headline 22 major dates between October 20 and November 13 — visiting all four of the home countries — before playing a string of big London shows.

Their last British outing, The "White Riot" tour in early spring, encountered numerous obstacles — with many venues banning them outright, and others cancelling after bookings had been made. Then their projected punk festival at Birmingham Rag Market in July was banned by the local city council.

But when their new tour was being lined up, although they still met with antagonism from some venues, they found that many previously closed-doors had now opened to them. And this, coupled with the Stranglers' tour (which opened at the weekend), marks an important development in the recogni-

tion of the new-wave movement.

Clash are supported on all their dates by Sire recording artists Richard Hell and the Voidoids, whose single "Black Generation" has just been issued here through Phonogram, with an album to follow in October. Hell was one of the forerunners of New York punk, having been a founder member of Television with Tom Verlaine, as well as playing in the Heartbreakers with Johnny Thunders. The line-up of his present band is Hell (vocals and bass), Bob Quine (guitar), Ivan Julian (guitar) and Marc Bell (drums).

The tour is promoted by Endale in conjunction with Clash manager Bernard Rhodes, and they are currently planning to add a third act to the bill. It's understood this is likely to be The Rich Kids, the new band formed by ex-Sex Pistol Glen Matlock.

Provincial dates are Belfast Northern Ireland Polytechnic (October 20), two shows at Dublin Trinity College (21), Liverpool Stadium (22), Dunfermline Kinema (24), Glasgow Apollo (25), Edinburgh Odeon (26), Leeds University (27), Newcastle Polytechnic (28), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (29), Hanley Victoria Hall (30), Sheffield Top Rank (November 1), Bradford University (2), Derby Kings Hall (3), Cardiff University (4), Norwich St Andrew's Hall (6), Birmingham Odeon (7), Coventry Locarno (8), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (9), Bath University (10), Cambridge Corn Exchange (11), Hastings Pier Pavilion (12) and Southampton Top Rank (13).

The itinerary also reflects the Rank Organisation's enlightened policy of allowing new-wave into their Top Rank venues. And it includes Coventry Locarno, a venue owned by Mecca, who earlier announced a total ban on punk.

Tickets go on sale next week at most box-offices, and they will be also be available through many agencies.

Details of the London dates, to follow the provincial gigs, were still being finalised at press-time. These are expected to be announced next week.

THIN LIZZY headline 23 concerts during their major British tour in November and December — including two each in Glasgow, Manches-

ter, Birmingham and London. Promoter Adrian Hopkins says he has planned the itinerary to cover as much of the country as possible. The band have just started a month-long American tour, then they return home to play the following dates:

Newcastle City Hall (November 11), Glasgow Apollo (12 and 13), Edinburgh Odeon (14), Liverpool Empire (16), Bridlington Spa Pavilion (18), Oxford New Theatre (19), Bristol Colston Hall (21), Sheffield City Hall (23), Bradford St. George's Hall (24), Manchester Free Trade Hall (25 and 26), Brighton Dome (28), Portsmouth Guildhall (29), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (30), Birmingham Odeon (December 2 and 3), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (4), Leicester De Montfort Hall (5), Southampton Gaumont (7), Cardiff Capitol (8) and London Hammersmith Odeon (10 and 11).

Tickets go on sale tomorrow (Friday) to both personal and postal applicants. Prices at all venues are £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2 — except at Bridlington, where all tickets are £2.75. The support act has still to be named.



Stranglers, Jam hit by violence in Scandinavia

THE STRANGLERS' massive 36-date tour opens on schedule at Cambridge tomorrow (Friday), though the first few gigs looked to be in jeopardy until a few days ago, after the band were viciously attacked in Sweden and two members of their road crew were taken to hospital.

The incident occurred when the Stranglers were set upon by gangs of thugs belonging to a semi-political group called the Regeri, who are described as a cross between the National Front and Hell's Angels. All the band were battered, and £3,000-worth of their equipment was a write-off — including their amps and Jean Jacques Burnel's guitar, which was broken in half.

The fracas was front-page news in all the Swedish daily papers, coming soon after a similar — though not so severe — attack on the Sex Pistols during their recent tour of that country. Not surprisingly, the Stranglers cancelled the rest of their dates in Sweden, and flew home last

Thursday. Although still shaken, they are going ahead with their British tour as planned.

The band's first album "TV Rattus Norvegicus" officially went Gold this week. It is still strongly placed in the Top Thirty after 22 weeks and, based upon the NME Annual Chart Points Table, it is currently the eighth best-selling album of the year — with every likelihood of this placing being improved.

THE JAM also encountered violence in Sweden when, in Ronneby last weekend, the audience started pelting

them with eggs and chair legs after their first number. This was followed by a stage invasion, when their bank of speakers was knocked over and seriously damaged.

The band beat a hasty retreat and didn't complete their set. Because of the damage to their gear, they were forced to cancel Sunday's gig in Stockholm and a concert in Holland on Wednesday.

The Jam fly to America next week for a short introductory promotional tour, during which

they will be playing at such prestige venues as Los Angeles Whiskey, New York CBGB's and Boston The Rat. Paul Weller is also guesting with Iggy Pop in NBC-TV's "Tomorrow" show, which will include film of the band playing live at Manchester Electric Circus.

To tie in with their visit, 40 F.M. radio stations will be playing hour-long live recordings of The Jam performing at London Nashville and 100 Club. The band then fly direct to the Continent to complete their European schedule, and it is understood that selected British dates are planned for November.

Runaways dates

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the autumn tour by the Runaways, plans for which were exclusively revealed by NME last week. To coincide with their visit, Phonogram release a single by the group on October 14 — titled "School Days", it is the first to feature their new line-up, with Joan Jett taking lead vocals. Their latest album "Waitin' For The Night" follows in November.

The girls play Dublin Stadium (October 26) and Belfast Ulster Hall (27), then go off to Europe.

They return ten days later for concerts at Sheffield City Hall (November 1), Birmingham Odeon (9), Newcastle City Hall (10), Glasgow Apollo (11), Manchester Free Trade Hall (12) and London Hammersmith Odeon (13). They are expected to pay a fleeting visit to London in October to film a "Top Of The Pops" spot, prior to the first leg of their European tour. Agent Paul Fenn and promoters Straight Music have not yet named a support act.

WISHBONE ASH

NEW SINGLE

"Front Page News"

c/w 'DIAMOND JACK'

MCA 326

OUT NOW ON

MCA RECORDS

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BONEY M DATES IN OCTOBER

BONEY M, the German-based West Indian group who've been dominating the NME singles chart this year, are at last set for their debut British concerts. They are playing five major dates at the end of October, four of which have just been confirmed — at Birmingham Odeon (25), Sheffield City Hall (27), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (28) and London Rainbow (29) — and the fifth is still being finalised for October 24.

They will be supported by West Indian band Eruption, who will also be performing a solo set. Tickets go on sale next Tuesday (4); in London they are priced £3, £2.25 and £1.50; and at other venues £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

Boney M comprise Liz Mitch-

ell, Bobby Farrell, Marcia Barrett and Maizie Williams. They have had three major hits this year with "Daddy Cool", "Sunny" and "Ma Baker", the latter reaching the No. 1 spot. In the NME Annual Chart Points Listings, they have just overtaken Abba to head the 1977 table. Additionally, their album "Love For Sale" reached No. 11, and their latest LP "Take The Heat Off Me" looks like assuming hit proportions.

Advertising's Boswell is ill

SIMON BOSWELL of Advertising was rushed to London St. Mary's Hospital last Thursday, when he was found by the other members of the band, having collapsed on the floor of his flat. It is believed his condition was caused by a sinus problem creating pressure on the brain.



Heep, Sabbath: upcoming tours

URIAH HEEP are being lined up for a British concert and college tour in November, and dates are expected to be announced within the next week or two. The tour ties in with the November 4 release by Bronze of their new album "Innocent Victim" which, said a spokesman, features a different style from that usually associated with Uriah. A single titled "Free Me"

precedes it by a fortnight.

BLACK SABBATH plan a major British tour early in the New Year. The exact timing depends upon their current intensive sessions in the studios, where they are working on two projects — compiling and editing a live album, and recording a studio set. The British dates are expected to coincide with the release of the latter.

RECORD NEWS

Rod's new album due

ROD STEWART's latest album titled "Footloose 'N' Fancy Free" is set for October 21 release by Riva. Again produced by Tom Dowd, it's his first LP to feature his touring band — Phil Chen, Jim Cregan, Gary Grainger and Billy Peck (guitars), John Jarvis (piano) and Carmine Appice (drums). One of the tracks, Rod's self-penned "You're In My Heart",

is issued as a single on October 7.

Other songs on the album are "Hot Legs", "You're Insane", "Born Loose", "You Keep Me Hanging On", "If Loving You Is Wrong", "You Really Got A Nerve" and "I Was Only Joking". The elpee coincides with Stewart's 52-city tour of the United States and Canada, opening this weekend

Queen single

QUEEN have their long-awaited new single, a Freddy Mercury composition titled "We Are The Champions", released by EMI on October 7. Out the same day on Capitol is "I Wanna See You Soon" by Tavares, featuring guest singer Freda Payne and taken from their new album "The Best Of Tavares".

New-wave beat poet John Cooper-Clark and his backing band The Narks have a three-track EP issued by Rabid Records next week, in a special gate-fold colour sleeve.

Eater's new single, for October 7 release, is the self-penned "Lock It Up" coupled with their version of Marc Bolan's "Jeepster". It's in a limited 12-inch edition as well as conventional seven-inch. Their debut LP titled "The Album" follows on November 11. The band recently re-signed with The Label Records for three years.

To coincide with their current tour with Dr. Feelgood, Mink DeVille's single "Little Girl" is rushed out by Capitol this weekend. Simultaneous releases include "La Di Da" (Fantasy) by Country Joe McDonald, "I Haven't Stopped Dancin' Yet (EMI) by Gonzalez, and the live version of "Black Night (Purple) by the late-lamented Deep Purple.

Ex-Fleetwood Mac member Bob Welch has his first solo album "French Kiss" issued by Capitol in a month's time. It includes "Sentimental Lady" which he sang on Mac's "Bare Trees" LP, and this new version was produced by Mac members Christine McVie and Lindsay Buckingham, who also play on the track with Mick Fleetwood.

Status Quo's new single and album are both called "Rockin' All Over The World", and this title is also being given to their previously-reported upcoming tour. Vertigo release the single this weekend, with the LP to follow in mid-October.

Roxy Music's first two hits are reissued on one single by Polydor on October 7. Titles are "Virginia Plain" and "Pyjamarama". And both tracks appear on the album "Roxy Music's Greatest Hits", for late October release.

The Buzzcocks' debut United Artists single, for October 21 release, couples two of their most popular live songs — "Orgasm Addict" and "Whatever Happened To".

Randy Edelman's new 20th Century single "Take My Hand", out this week, is taken from his album "If Love Is Real" scheduled for October release.

Release date of Leo Sayer's new Chrysalis album "Thunder In My Heart" has been put back one week to October 7.

Newly signed by EMI, Alfalfa — who support Dr. Hook on their British tour next month — will have their debut album issued in October.

June Tabor's new album "Ashes And Diamonds", issued by Topic Records next week, features a wider range of instrumental backings than her previous sets. Session musicians include Nic Jones, Tony Hall, Jon Gillaspie, Rick Kemp and Nigel Pegrum.

First releases on the Ariola-UK and Ariola Hansa labels, distributed by Pye, are due out tomorrow. They are "Goodbye City Lights" by Scoundrel, "I'm Countin' On You" by Shady and "The Money Song" by Co-Co.

Lynyrd elpee

LYNYRD SKYNYRD have a new album titled "Street Survivors", their first studio set for almost two years, released by MCA on October 7. It contains all new material, including two new songs they performed on their last visit here, "Ooh That Smell" and "Ain't No Good Life". A single from the LP, "What's Your Name", comes out in late October. The band say they hope to perform in Britain again early next year.

RAFFERTY IS BACK AGAIN



GERRY RAFFERTY returns to the recording scene this week after a 2½-year absence, following the break-up of Stealers Wheel. He has been signed by United Artists, who are rushing out his single "City To City", and an album is in the pipeline. He was formerly co-leader of Stealers Wheel with Joe Egan, recording three hit albums and having two Top Ten singles — "Stuck In The Middle With You" and "Star".

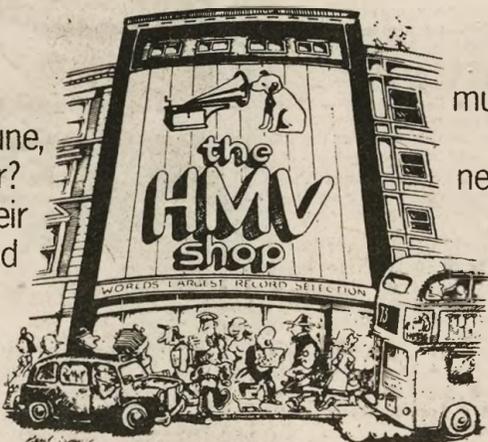
Giltrap's new outfit



GORDON GILTRAP headlines a major British tour starting in the second half of October, to aid promotion of his new album "Perilous Journey", released this weekend by Electric Records (distributed by Decca). He has put together a new band for the tour, with the emphasis on his swing away from traditional folk to more contemporary sounds. Giltrap (acoustic and electric guitars) is joined in the line-up by Eddie Spence and Pete Sommerville (keyboards), Dave McDonald (bass) and Dave Barfield (drums and percussion).

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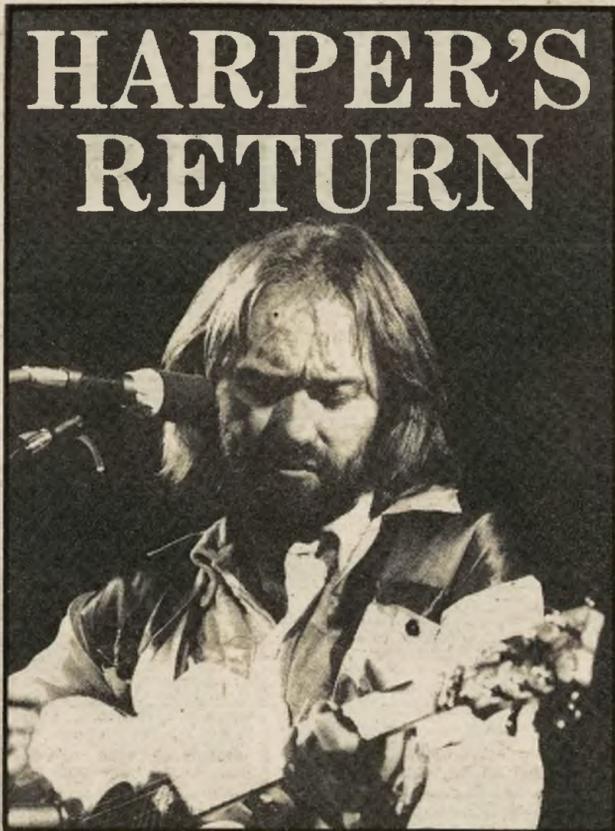
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Sleak! —four more weeks

"Sleak!", the Snuff Rock musical starring Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias, has proved so successful in its current three-week London run that it has been booked for a further four weeks in the capital. Its season at the Royal Court Theatre ends this Saturday, and it immediately transfers to Chalk Farm Roundhouse where it opens next Tuesday (4) and runs until October 29, Sundays excepted. Tickets for the two-hour show are priced £2 and £1.



HARPER'S RETURN

ROY HARPER is back in action this month, after spending the summer convalescing from the illness which looked like cutting short his career. He has finished work on a new album, due for release later this month, and he's playing a nine-venue concert tour to promote it — supported by his Black Sheep band.

Henry McCullough and Andy Roberts (guitars), John Halsey (drums), Dave Lawson (keyboards) and Dave Cochran (bass). Harper was originally taken ill when he caught a disease from an ailing sheep, after giving it the kiss of life on his Herefordshire farm. He eventually recovered, but collapsed again soon afterwards with a mystery virus, though it was uncertain if it was connected with the sheep incident.

Several gigs on his European tour were cancelled, but he managed to struggle through his British dates with a doctor in constant attendance. He said at the time it was his last tour and that, for health reasons, he would have to confine himself in future solely to recording. But now he is back to full fitness and, happily, has changed his mind.

Four dates are Bletchley Leisure Centre (October 23), Birmingham Town Hall (24), Manchester Free Trade Hall (25), Newcastle City Hall (26), Glasgow City Hall (27), Edinburgh University (28), London Rainbow Theatre (30), Exeter University (31) and Cardiff University (November 1).

Black Sheep also back Harper on his new album "Commercial Breaks", issued by Harvest on October 21. They comprise

Pasadenas on parade

PASADENA Roof Orchestra begin a 13-date concert series this weekend visiting Southampton Guildhall (tonight, Thursday), Nottingham Rushcliffe Leisure Centre (Friday), Oxford New Theatre (Saturday), Felixstowe Spa Pavilion (Sunday), Southend Talk Of The South (October 4), Saltburn Philmore (5), Leeds Town Hall (6), Paignton Festival Theatre (8), Weston-super-mare Winter Gardens (12), Basildon Towngate Theatre (13), Mansfield Civic Theatre (15), Leatherhead Thorndike Theatre (16) and Malvern Festival Theatre (18). They then leave for an extensive four-country European tour, before returning to Britain for another week of concerts in December.

ROGERS, GAYLE VENUES

KENNY ROGERS undertakes a British mini-tour in early November supported by another United Artists singer, Crystal Gayle. After gigs in Dublin (2) and Belfast (3), they play Birmingham Hippodrome (November 4), London Rainbow (5) and Liverpool Empire (6). It's not yet certain if Rogers, who had one of the biggest singles sellers of the year with "Lucille", will be doing any other dates. Crystal, who made a big impact at the Wembley Country Festival in April, films her own TV special in late October.

Tom Robinson dates

TOM ROBINSON BAND's long-awaited EMI debut single "Motorway" is being rushed out tomorrow (Friday) and, to tie in with its release, the outfit begin a lengthy one-nighter tour the same day. Robinson signed a lucrative deal with EMI in August, and was hoping that his controversial single "Glad To Be Gay" would be issued fairly quickly, but there is still no news of its release.

The band's dates are Dudley J.B.'s (tomorrow, Friday), Huddersfield Polytechnic (Saturday), London Oxford St. 100 Club (October 4), Manchester Middleton Civic Hall (5), Birkenhead Mr. Digby's (6), Liverpool Eric's (7), Northamp-

ton County Ground (8), High Wycombe Nags Head (9), London Marquee (10 and 24), Wolverhampton Lafayette (12), Nottingham Katie's (13), Manchester Rafter's (14), Newcastle University (15), Doncaster Outlook (17), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (19), Bradford University (21), Sheffield Polytechnic (22), Leeds Polytechnic (23), Bournemouth Dorset College (25), Plymouth Woods Centre (26), Reading University (28), Oxford Polytechnic (29), Canterbury Kent University (November 2), Birmingham Rebecca's (3), Kirklevington Country Club (4) and Middlesbrough Rock Garden (5).

Sandy Denny in 11 solo concerts

SANDY DENNY bounces back into the limelight with news of a solo concert tour she is undertaking in November, her first since leaving Fairport Convention last year. To support her on stage, she has got together a group of former colleagues both from Fairport and Fotheringay, the band she fronted for a short period during her first breakaway from Fairport — they include Danny Thompson, Dave Mattacks and Trevor Lucas.

Billed as "Sandy Denny and Friends" they play London Sound Circus at the Royalty Theatre (November 6), Brighton Dome (8), Croydon Fairfield Hall (11), Edinburgh Usher Hall (13), Glasgow City Hall (14), Manchester Palace (15), Birmingham Town Hall (16), Oxford New Theatre (17), Cardiff Capitol (18) and Bristol Colston Hall (20). The tour ends by returning to its starting point, with a second concert at London Sound Circus on November 27. Tour promoter is Roy Guest of Evolution.

Ben Sidran, George Duke one-off gigs

BEN SIDRAN — the highly respected U.S. composer, producer, keyboards player and singer — comes to Britain to headline a one-off concert at London Victoria Palace on Sunday, November 27. Sidran, who has a considerable cult following, has played with Eric Clapton, Peter Frampton and the Rolling Stones, among others. He has also produced the Steve Miller Band and Boz Scaggs, and recently formed his own band, who accompany him on his flying visit to London.

NOTED U.S. keyboards wizard George Duke — formerly with Frank Zappa and Jean-Luc Ponty, among others — brings his new band to Britain for a one-off concert at London Rainbow Theatre on Tuesday, November 1. Tickets are on sale now priced £3.75, £3 and £2. Duke's new album "From Me To You" has just been released by Epic.

Punks-Teds London get-together is off

THE PROPOSED punk-and-teds concert, planned for London Charing Cross Global Village on Tuesday of this week, was called off just three days after the initial announcement was made.

The gig was to have co-headlined Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers and Shakin' Stevens & the Sunsets, and was

an attempt to reconcile the two opposing musical factions.

But it seems the venue's management got cold feet, when they heard rumours of a threatened punch-up on the night.

● The Heartbreakers' major London concert at the Rainbow will now be on Thursday, October 20 — and not October 14, as originally announced.

CLIFF RICHARD'S TWO U.K. TOURS

CLIFF RICHARD sticks to the policy he has adopted for the past few years, by headlining two separate tours this autumn — a series of gospel shows, followed by a conventional concert tour. The gospel pilgrimage starts next weekend and takes him to Redruth Carn Brae Leisure Centre (October 7), Paignton Festival Theatre (8), Cardiff New Theatre (12), Stoke Trentham Gardens (13), Manchester Free Trade Hall (14), York University (15), Brighton Dome (19), Ilford Odeon (20), Cambridge Kelsey Kerridge Hall (21), and Ipswich Gaumont (22), finishing in Rotterdam on October 24.

He then plays orthodox concerts at Southampton Gaumont (November 9), Birmingham Odeon (11 and 12), Middlesbrough Town Hall (16), Glasgow Apollo (17, 18 and 19), Oxford New Theatre (23), Croydon Fairfield Hall (24 and 25), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (26), a special charity

show at Purfleet Circus Tavern (29), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (December 1), Southport New Theatre (2), Blackpool Opera House (3), London Royal Albert Hall (5), Bristol Colston Hall (7), Leicester De Montfort Hall (8), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (9 and 10) and Walford Town Hall (12).

ROXY THEATRE'S OPENING BANNED

THE SERIES of "nostalgia" concerts at London's new Roxy Theatre in Harlesden failed to get under way at the weekend, when owner Terry Collins was served with an injunction on behalf of 17 people living in a block of flats behind the venue. They had objected to the noise level seeping from the theatre and, as a result, the whole of the back wall is having to be sound-proofed. The rush job was well in hand at press-time, and it was

hoped that the Roxy concerts would begin this weekend. The first two cancelled shows, by Helen Shapiro and Joe Brown, will be re-scheduled for later in the series.

ON THE ROAD

KURSAAL FLYERS have switched their venue this Saturday from Exeter University to Barnstaple Checkers, and they have added extra dates at Plymouth Fiesta (this Sunday) and Scarborough Penthouse (October 21). Support act throughout their tour is the Cortinas.

DAVE EDMUNDS' ROCKPILE headline a London concert at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, October 30. Support act is the Flying Aces, who have had to postpone their previously-reported gig at Accrington Lakeland Lounge on that date. Other newly confirmed bookings for the Flying Aces are Nottingham Katie's (October 9) and Blackburn Golden Palms (20).

MUD are touring extensively from now until Christmas, playing clubs, concerts and colleges. Most of their gigs are still being finalised, but those confirmed so far are Bedford Nite Spot (this Sunday), Stoke Bailey's (October 13-15), Derby Bailey's (20-22), Stockport Davenport Theatre (November 6) and Leicester Bailey's (7-12).

EATER play seven warm-up gigs, prior to headlining a full U.K. tour in November. They visit Barnstaple Checkers (tonight, Thursday), Birmingham Rebecca's (October 6), Reading Byron's (9), Wigan Casino (13), Barkingside Oscar's (19), Scarborough Ollie's Club (27) and Corby Nags Head (29).

LITTLE RIVER BAND have added a date at Keele University on October 14 to their British tour, opening at Aylesbury this Saturday.

ALICE & THE JAGUARS, formerly known as Slack Alice, play Uxbridge Technical College (to-morrow, Friday), London Mile End Queen Mary College (October 3), Sheffield Polytechnic (5), West Bromwich Gala Baths (6), London Roehampton Digby Stuart College (8), Eastbourne East Sussex College (14), London Ealing College (20), Harrow College of Art (21), Durham New College (27), Alsager Civic Centre (28), Ilkley College (29) and Barrow Maxim's (30).

LIVERPOOL EXPRESS have gigs at Nottingham Palais (tonight, Thursday), Bradford University (Friday), Slough College (Saturday), London Hammersmith Palais (Sunday), Leicester Polytechnic (October 7), London Roehampton Digby Stuart College (8), Birmingham Polytechnic (14), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (20), Loughborough University (22), Aberdeen Palace (25), Stirling University (26), Dundee Royal Centre Hotel (27) and Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (29).

THE YETTIES continue their tenth anniversary tour with concerts at Salisbury Playhouse (October 3), Banbury Winter Gardens (6), London Lewisham Riverdale Hall (7), Crewe Theatre (9), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (15), Colchester Mercury Theatre (17), Grizedale

Theatre-in-the-Forest (20 and 21) and Milton Keynes Leisure Centre (30).

BOBBY BLAND will not now be guesting in B.B. King's two concerts at London Hammer smith Odeon on October 8 and 9. It was originally intended that King's own band would back him in the shows, but apparently he doesn't want to accept this compromise. The Son Seals Band are, however, still on the bill.

PETER SKELLERN supports Carole Bayer Sager in her British debut concert at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal this Sunday (2). It is his first London show for two years.

VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR have added another date to their British tour, opening at London Victoria Palace on October 16. It's at Swansea Mumbles Nutz Club on October 20.

BUZZCOCKS, who headline the closing night at Manchester Electric Circus this Sunday, have three other gigs next week — at Blackpool Jenkinson's (October 3), London Marquee (4) and Liverpool Polytechnic (7).

THE PIRATES have made a few changes to their current "Out Of Their Skulls" tour. Date switches involve Doncaster Outlook (now October 24 instead of 17) and Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (brought forward one day to October 28). And they have extra gigs at London University (October 15) and Manchester University (29).



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MORE TOUR NEWS: PAGE 41

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The Re-genesis Of Peter Gabriel

For someone who once accepted the Noble Order Of The Pension Book, this chap is rather lively. **TONY STEWART** saw him knocking out audiences at Newcastle and Glasgow — no walking stick — and checked out what went wrong at the Sunnydale Rest Home for Retired Rock Stars.



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

"I WAS going to take a bet," Peter Gabriel remembers as he rough-rides the hired Cortina along a high hedged country lane, "that I wouldn't be back on the road within a couple of years of leaving Genesis. I didn't take it in the end, but I felt very confident about it."

Gabriel's at the wheel of the rattling Ford, trying to grapple his way through this interview while negotiating the hazardous switchback road cross country from Newcastle to Glasgow, where tonight he performs

another solo concert.

Eyes taken from the white line for just a second, he misjudges the angle of a bend and the motor lurches dangerously over to the right hand side of the road.

Slightly embarrassed he grins, shrugs his shoulders and murmurs an apology. While noticeably reducing speed he continues talking as if there hadn't been any unnerving interruption.

"I kept on with songwriting," he explains. "I knew I wanted to do that, but I really wasn't that interested in performing again."

"Then, once the songs came out I

realised that to get them done in a way I liked I'd have to start recording again. I got back into the recording thing and started enjoying it.

"And here," he adds with a self-conscious smile, "I'm back again."

There isn't a hint of smug satisfaction. Nor does he come anywhere near confirming any suspicion that he was ever a recalcitrant superstar who lurked behind a theatrical stage mask and a web of lyrical fantasy until just over two years ago when he obstinately quit Genesis.

His retirement came at a crucial

time: Genesis were on the verge of establishing themselves as a popular top line attraction, and he — as the then-unchallenged leader — was abandoning an outfit he had spent ten years building.

So was it a hollow, petulant gesture of self-sacrifice? Or perhaps in the light of the rapid success of his own solo career, an astute business move?

He chose to seclude himself away in a modest cottage in a small village just outside Bath, with his wife and daughters, for the purpose of, as he explains, "just clearing my head really". But even now he is still unable or unwilling to articulate his

reasons at any length.

"Partly," he begins, "I felt that we were just at a point of breaking through to the Big Time. I just felt that if I'd stayed I would have got trapped into roles that I was beginning not to enjoy — both within the band and within myself."

"It would have been much more difficult to let go once we'd got some material mountain, if you like. But at that point it didn't make too much difference."

"Had my lifestyle changed considerably as a result of live success it would have been more difficult for me to let go of all that and leave the band."

Were you afraid of success?

"Well," he hedges, "a little bit. I think saying I was afraid is a bit dramatic. I thought I was beginning to notice changes within myself in the way I dealt with people outside the business, and I didn't like them too much. There were things separating me from other people."

Yet when asked how these changes manifested themselves he's at a loss for words.

"Oh, I dunno . . . well, maybe I was . . . err . . . thinking more in terms of units than in people. I don't really know."

"It was very easy on a tour to get every whim catered for and so on."

You mean like ordering kippers and jam at 4 am and having them delivered promptly?

He nods. "And just being couched from the realities of things going on around me."

"It's a very hard question. I just have answered it a thousand times, and I've never really put my finger on it."

"Just a sense of growing dissatisfaction with how things were going," he suddenly announces positively, "and in the way I seemed to be going."

Paradoxically, by seeking refuge in a fairly remote West Country village he was basically cocooning himself: as surely physically isolated as he would have been if he'd become an *untouchable star*.

"Yes, I suppose so," he agrees.

"But I seem to function in two ways: one is an inward looking thing, and the other is sort of outward. With writing I just like to withdraw a bit and think about things. I don't need too much in the way of outside stimuli."

"Then the other half is the exhibitionist part of me that enjoys jumping about on the stage."

Although Gabriel is now 27 and an experienced rock musician and performer, he seems like a self-conscious adolescent during this interview. He's a quietly modest person, reserved and, as he admits himself, ill at ease with a journalist asking questions and a photographer sitting in the back of the car snapping off frames.

"There are," he explains, "quite a lot of situations — a press reception or something like that — where I just don't feel comfortable at all."

"On stage it's different because I find it much easier to psyche myself up: where I can do what I want without worrying about being embarrassed about it."

"Off stage" — he hunches his shoulders tensely as he rams the Cortina down the winding road — "I find it very hard to relax."

"PETER GABRIEL!" A hoarse Geordie voice shouts through the dressing room window of the Newcastle City Hall. "If you're in there I jus' wantae tell ya you're magic!"

Gabriel, sweating profusely and still dressed in black leathers, forces a strained smile. Five minutes ago he left the stage after his second triumphant concert in the venue, and now exhausted he has collapsed into a chair.

The dark shapes of eager fans are pressed against the frosted windows set high in the wall on one side of the dressing room. The tour manager has rushed round closing the curtains, but the Geordies aren't to be deterred.

"Peter, Peter!" Cries the same voice anxiously. "You're magic! Will ya gi's yer autograph?"

A hand bearing a concert ticket pokes through a small opening at the top of the frame, and Gabriel, still without uttering a word, clambers onto a chair, takes the slip of paper and asks who he should make the autograph out to.

"Jacka!" The voice replies with obvious delight. *Me friends call me Jacka!*

■ Continues over page

Peter Gabriel

From previous page

IN APRIL this year Gabriel made his British solo debut following a more extensive American tour. With the successful single, "Solsbury Hill", and album, he played four London and two provincial shows in Liverpool and Manchester.

Now he's doing the major UK circuit, consolidating his reputation and delighting admirers like Jacka.

Only bassist Tony Levin remains from his original all-American band, and he's joined by guitarist Sid McGinnis, a ringer for Nils Lofgren who's previously played with Andrew Gold and Leonard Cohen; drummer Jerry Marotta, powerfully built with an equally muscular technique, and until just before the tour a member of New York-based Orleans; and finally Automatic Man leader Bayete on a selection of synthesizers.

A percussionist and Mick Ronson were at one time going to join, but after three weeks of rehearsals with the current line-up Gabriel decided against augmenting further.

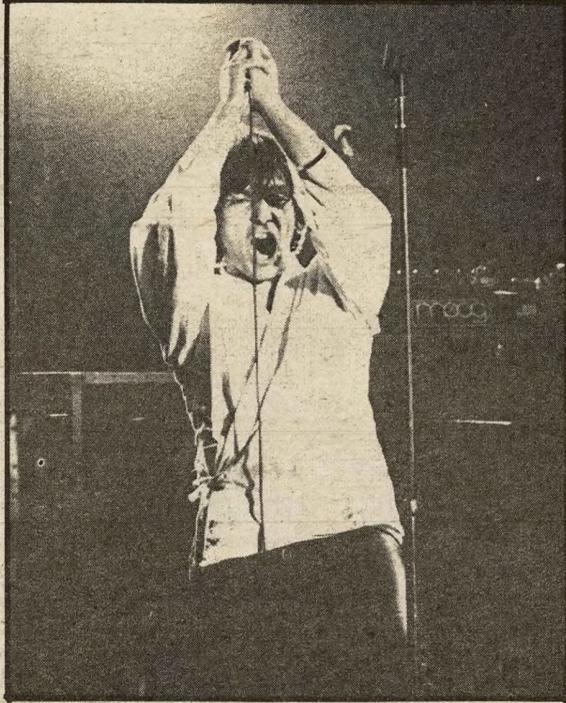
"To bring in other players would have been like strapping on arms and legs that weren't needed," he comments.

"We realised that things sounded full enough. There really wasn't enough space left."

As it is the group is flexible and talented enough to be even better than the prototype Gabriel used for the spring shows.

Bayete has the electronics to create, when necessary, a full orchestral embellishment, while the others are essential hard-nosed rock musicians but with the same kind of instrumental flexibility.

McGinnis, for instance, uses pedal steel and acoustic as well as the traditional electric. And Levin expands the sound by



frequently dispensing with his four-string bass and using an instrument called The Stick, on which he simultaneously plays bass patterns and rhythm chords on the ten strings — and on "Excuse Me" he blows the tuba.

Again the set comprises the entirety of his solo album, three new songs he's currently reshaping, a hard powerful reading of The Kinks' "All Day And All Of The Night" with an excellent solo by McGinnis, and a unique version of "Heard It Through The Grapevine", which relies as much on Gabriel's vocal tension as the fluid rhythmic accompaniment of the band.

Lyrical though his songs remain obscure — with the exception of the autobiographical "Solsbury Hill", referring to his split with Genesis.

He explains: "I just write down images that interest me. That's about it."

"I've got an idea of what I'm trying to say," he continues

with a mild chuckle, "but there's one part in 'Humdrum' which I wasn't clear about. You know, the words sounded nice when written down."

"I bought a dictionary," he announces, "and that's got hundreds of words. All I've got to do now is find out how to put them in the right order."

Instead, the show relies on the band's superb musical ability, and more importantly, on Gabriel as an artist.

For the opening of the Newcastle set he is a slight, insignificant figure who's slipped behind an imposing black grand piano to the left of the stage. And it's only on the third number, the menacingly melodramatic "Moribund, The Burgermeister", that he begins to prowls the stage.

Wearing a white judo jacket, leather trousers and motocross boots, he's an odd but striking spectacle.

Again he frequently has the gangling awkwardness of an adolescent. At other times his movements are suddenly

Pix: PENNIE SMITH

abrupt, his feet clumped deliberately on to the stage. Towards the end of the set he unexpectedly frog-marches from one side of the stand to the other.

For this reason he might earn himself a reputation as rock's Max Wall.

But it will hardly diminish his importance as one of the most exciting and visually entertaining solo performers to emerge this year.

IRONICALLY, with a hit single album and tour, Peter Gabriel now faces the same dilemma which forced him to quit Genesis: he is on the treacherous brink of stardom.

"Yeah, in many ways I am," he mutters neutrally, cruising the Cortina at 50 along a straight stretch. "But it feels much more free, and I feel I can do things that keep my mind a little more open. That would have been difficult in the Genesis situation."

"Although I'll be putting myself in the same sort of situations I hope to get much more opportunity to handle them better, and to deal with it differently."

"If I feel the same way about this work as I did about Genesis I'll probably... ha... drop out."

His quiet acceptance of his present position suggests that all has not yet been revealed about his split with his old cohorts. Was it really such an amicable parting of their ways?

After all, Gabriel has already stated that once he began to write he knew he'd have to start recording again. Now he also admits that he had every intention of composing and was actually working on a musical story during his exile.

"I felt I needed to be doing something solid and have a definite direction, otherwise I would have just frittered away the days," he says.

Publically at least there has been a lack of animosity between the two parties. Yet Gabriel was the brains and head of the animal, and once severed the remaining body might have trotted aimlessly round the yard until it died. The nastiest Genesis became was when one member said Peter was... tut-tut... "selfish".

He's genuinely sensitive, and doubtless their subsequent success was both a relief and a joy to him.

Now Genesis are rightly proud and confident about their own survival. Gabriel is wrangled that his contribution to the group has since been undermined by their euphoria.

"The only thing that used to upset me a lot," he explains, "was when with things that I'd written with the others or done of work on, such as 'Supper's Ready', or 'The Lamb Lies Down', it was glossed over that I'd been involved with those songs at all."

"I used to get angry," he laughs now.

"But I knew they had a very good chance of doing well. I didn't know it'd be quite as easy as that."

"I'm probably biased about it, but I don't like their lyrics too much. But I think that in terms of production and playing they're really very good."

But, as he also explains, it was the creative environment of Genesis that he disliked. He believes he carried too much responsibility, and now he prefers being the solo mainman playing with session musicians.

"It's a lot less competitive ego-wise," he states, "and it's now easier to try different styles. In Genesis we were all putting in material to a polished band arrangement, whereas now I'm trying, as a writer, to arrange things differently."

"It's nice just to be able to realise some of the ideas that I was going for. In the group it was a compromise. You'd hand over your idea to a band interpretation, but now if I



hear some things in my head it's possible just to try them out and see how they work.

"It's a lot more enjoyable for that reason."

Traditionally, he says, only one party in a musical divorce goes on to be successful. Genesis obviously were, so with this in mind he doubted at first whether he could be as well.

"Generally, there's only one golden egg in a band, as far as business goes. It's very rare when people split up or break off that you get two successful acts. The chances are remote."

"The longer I didn't do anything the bigger the question mark."

"I wouldn't describe myself as a golden egg yet," he mutters modestly. "But I'm in a strong position; certainly much stronger than I was a year ago."

AS WE approach Glasgow, now sprinting along a dual carriageway that leads into the town centre where he'll play the Apollo theatre, Gabriel is reluctant to elaborate on the obvious rivalry that exists between him and Genesis.

Whatever intrigue exists inevitably becomes irrelevant, because basically Peter just wanted to approach his music differently. That's why he quit; that's what he's doing now.

The real Peter Gabriel, songwriter, composer and performer, is trying to stand up without the prop of theatrical artifice.

"It would have been quite easy for me to develop a visual show," he says, "and win audiences through a sense of spectacle. I felt I needed to try and base it on my music and my performance, so that I'd build a foundation with the people on a musical level."

HE'S STILL 20 yards from the steps leading up to the high Apollo stage, seen under the blaze of a spot light desperately clutching his radio mike and attempting to sing his own blues piece, "Waiting For The Big One".

The Scots audience is confused and amazed as the intrepid singer suddenly appears out in the hall. From the balcony he's moved down to the stalls, and at least 200 fans have dashed from their seats, surrounding Gabriel and jostling him from side to side.

He literally makes "personal contact". Pushed and pulled along by two burly members of the road crew, Gabriel eventually staggers on to the steps. His hair has been ruffled, his judo jacket ripped over his shoulders by excited Glaswegians.

The set is even more of a triumph than his Newcastle performance, reaching an absolute zenith with the Gabriel's anthem, "Here Comes The Flood".

Later, when he and the band melt into armchairs in the dressing room, they're obviously as delighted by the performance as the fans still noisily shouting after them from the bottom of the backstage stairs. Even Gabriel's manager, Tony Smith, has to concede that it was a blinder.

Smith, an affable giant of a man, tells his charge that he's going to make it. Why, only recently he received a call from a Scottish theatre manager asking if the singer was free for a six-week booking in December.

"He wanted to know if you'd play principal boy in his pantomime," Smith tells Gabriel.

"That's it!" cries Peter. "Forget the music business. This is the break I've been waiting for."

For a short while they both laugh at the suggestion, until Gabriel silently slopes off into a corner. Outside the dressing room fans are being held back by the Apollo's security team, waiting for the tour manager to accompany them in to collect autographs and shake their star's hand. The vocalist seems unmoved by the hullabaloo.

"I'm not that interested in being a mythical superstar," he explains. "I would like to be a successful one, but the actual opportunity to live out that image doesn't appeal to me."

"I've just been very lucky. I didn't expect things to go as easily as they have."

The NME CONSUMERS' GUIDE TO THE '70s

"No more heroes" — The Stranglers
 "Your generation don't mean nothing to me" — Billy Idol, Generation X
 "No Elvis, Beatles or Rolling Stones in 1977" — The Clash

Have the '70s, as the punks would have us believe, only now begun? What about the last seven years? During this decade Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison died, The Beatles abdicated, Neil Young sang about the Ohio Kent State massacre, Dylan about George Jackson, Oz went on trial, the Sex Pistols on TV, ELP and Yes discovered techno-rock, bozoes the concept album, David Bowie the make-up counter at Boots, lotsa rockstars became megastars and went to LA. If nothing else 1977 has been the year when the '70s finally came into perspective.

Starting next week in NME, the best writers in rock journalism attempt to find that perspective — alongside a pullout wallchart detailing the significant events of the decade. In NME next week.

Plus

The Stranglers

In Tony Parsons' words and Pennie Smith's pictures.
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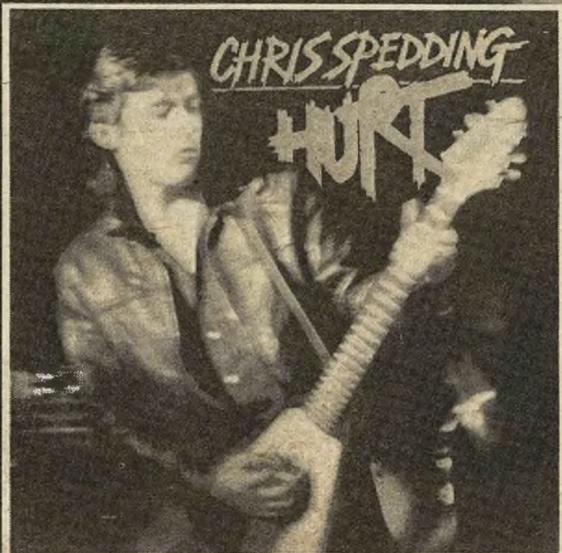
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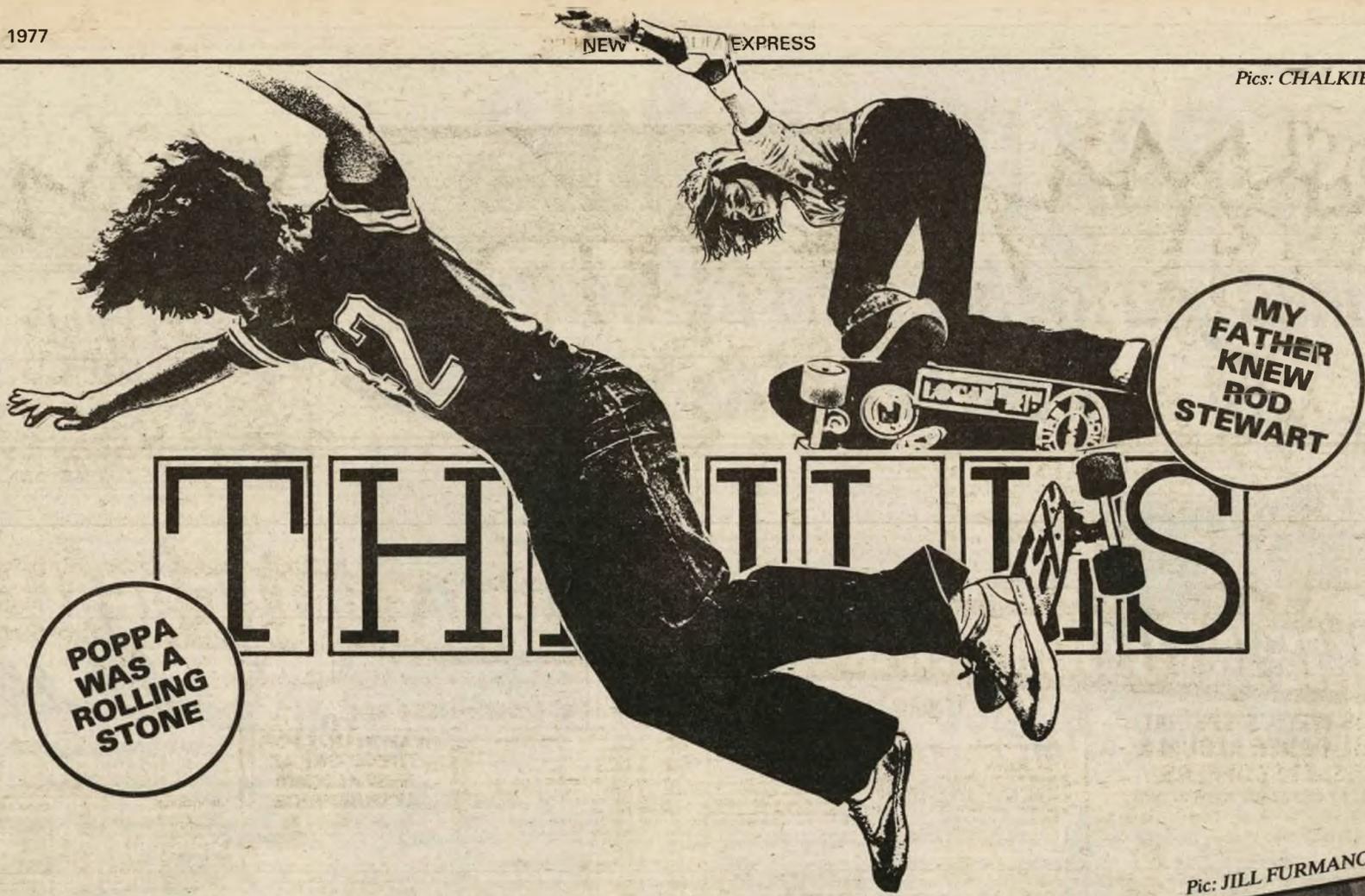
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DADDY!

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR FATHER?

I THOUGHT everybody in rock 'n' roll had illegitimate children."

Yes, kids — Rod Stewart might be *your* daddy! Remember the headlines a while back when the *Daily Mirror* claimed to have discovered that our Rod was the father of a 13-year-old daughter? "My Phantom Baby Is Just A Giggle — I Made It Up Says Pop Star".

At that time Rod told the *Mirror* through his press agent Tony Toon that he had invented the story, which appears in Peter Burton's biography *Rod Stewart: A Life On The Town*.

"The trouble with some people," said Rod, complaining that the author shouldn't have taken him seriously, "is that they don't understand my sense of humour."

But now, in an interview in the latest edition of America's *Creem* magazine, the Phantom Father admits all.

"Yeah, it's all true," he tells interviewer Richard Cromelin. "Everybody else around me's denied it . . . It was nothing I ever kept quiet about. If anybody asked me I'd always tell them."

According to the *Mirror*, the girl's mother was Rod's first love in 1963, when he was 18 and a 'beatnik'. He went out with her for two years and "She wanted to settle down but he didn't" — so when the girl became pregnant, she went to see Rod's mum Elsie



at the family shop.

Elsie was quoted as saying "Yes, I do remember a girl coming to our shop about that time, claiming that Rod had made her pregnant. Of course Rod denied it and we believed him."

Now it can be told, she is his mother!

Seems Rod's minions were just trying to protect his spotless reputation. And seems Rod reckons that kind of whitewashing is out of date.

Rod made his revelation when Cromelin asked him about "Gasoline Alley."

"Some of the lyrics are so much

fun on that one," responded Stewart, revealing that he touched on the subject of his illegitimate offspring (actually 14) in the song "Jo's Lament". If people had listened to that, said Rod, they would have known the story was true.

"Ten years ago that would have been the ruination of one's career if they found out you had an illegitimate child. The only one who knew about it, funny, was Mick (Jagger)'s lady at the time, Chrissie Shrimpton.

"And me and the mother," he adds somewhat unnecessarily, concluding "I can't believe sometimes that they (the press) are that interested. I thought everybody in rock 'n' roll had illegitimate children."

Now doesn't that open up a fascinating field of speculation? Of course it's fairly widely known that Jayne Mansfield is Elvis Costello's mum, that I myself am the daughter of legendary bluesman Blind Lemon Prosser and that miniature H.B. Gangrenettes litter the Home Counties.

BUT — have you ever paused to ponder your own parentage? Ever gazed into the glass and murmured "Gee, I look just like M-ck J-gger (or J-mmy P-ge, or Farrah F-wcett-M-jors)? Well, here's your chance to claim kinship with a Star! Just send us a photo of yourself, together with a photo of your lookalike famous parent — and maybe he or she will write in and claim you as a long-lost!

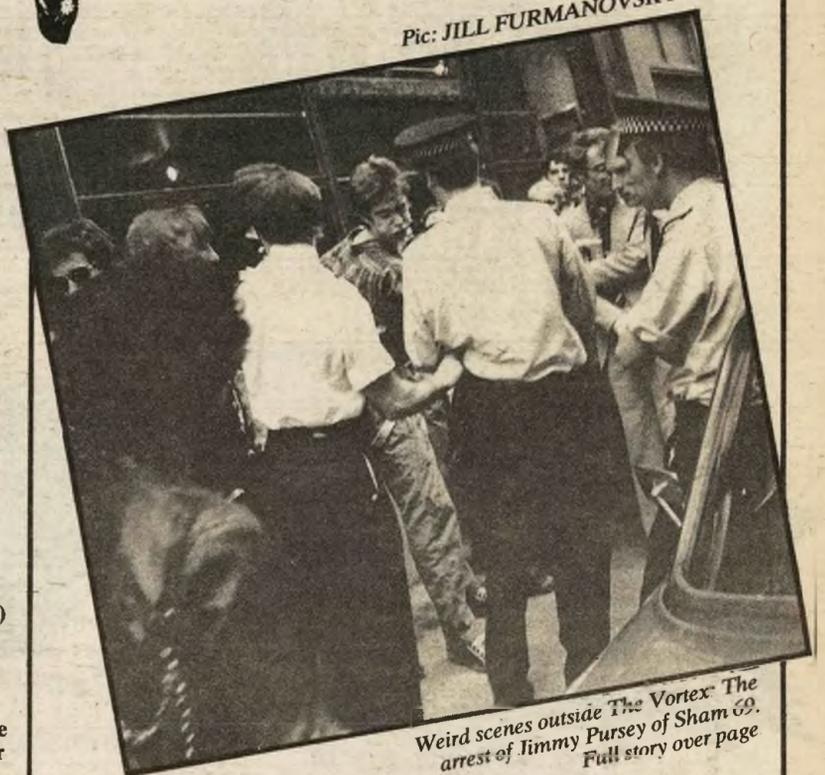
What have you got to lose, kids?

And do yourself a favour, huh — pick rich daddies, won't you?

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THRILLS

Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY



Weird scenes outside The Vortex: The arrest of Jimmy Pursey of Sham 69. Full story over page

LIFE IMITATING ART? OR ART IMITATING LIFE?

The cover of Sham 69's debut single: The arrest of an anonymous demonstrator at Lewisham NF march.



Pic: HARRY MURLOWSKI

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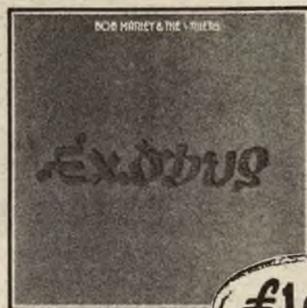
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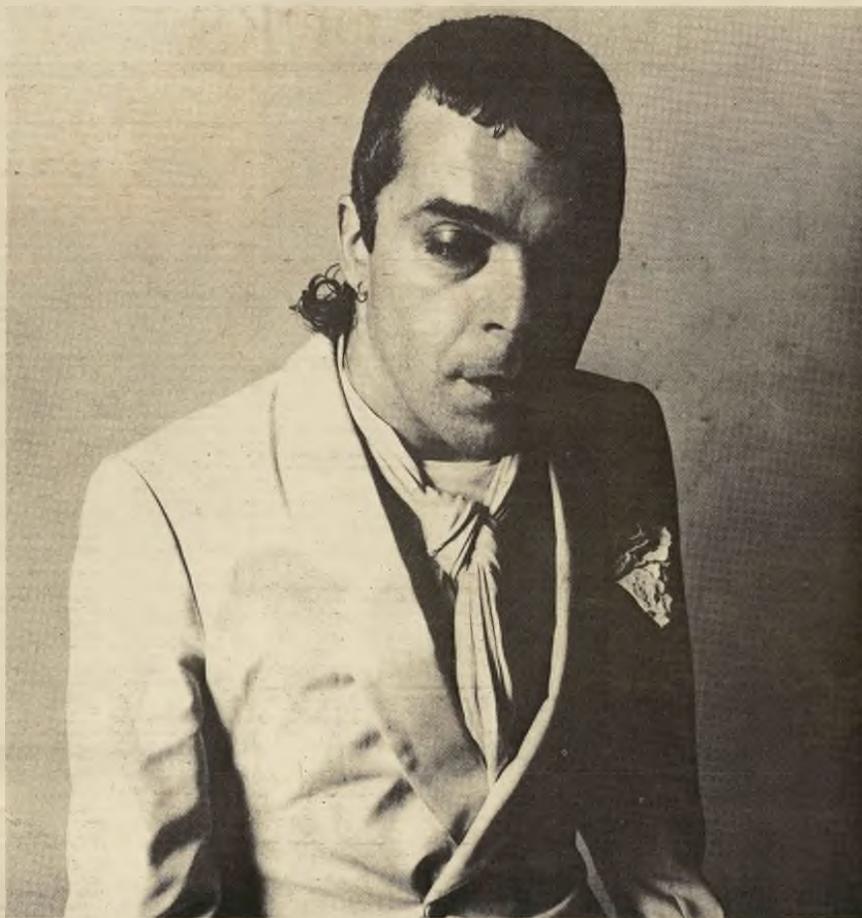
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IAN DURY NEW BOOTS AND PANTIES!!



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SPIKEY HEADS MEET DREADLOCKS

at the grass roots of dub.

LEE PERRY WANTS to make one point clear. He's talking about the likely next Bob Marley single, an item entitled "Punky Reggae Party" that Perry is producing.

"We mix it down *deep* man," he yells, gesticulating. "Deep! DEEP! DEEPPP!"

Jamaica's most idiosyncratic and prolific producer — who's also co-producer on the new Clash single — leaps to his bare feet and does a little dance round the room, pulling up his feet like they're glued to the floor with tacky Bostick.

"Deep!" he affirms. "Deep to the roots so it kinda mucky, so you can feel the slime on it."

He laughs, I laugh too. His enthusiasm is contagious, and I'm reminded of watching Perry at work at his Black Ark Studio, lodged on the outskirts of Kingston JA, 12 months previously. Perry brings to the mixing console the intuitive feel and passion that the best musicians bring to their instruments, and adds his own immense sense of humour. Leaping, dancing and shouting as he records, he flourishes shades like he was orchestrating the string section of a symphony orchestra, twiddles knobs like he was tuning a Stradivarius, mixes a dub with the ferocity of Townshend smashing a guitar. A flickering reggae dervish routine was also one of the highlights of BBC-TV's excellent recent *Roots Rock Reggae* documentary.

Lee Perry — aka Scratch aka The Upsetter — can't help it. He has to keep moving. A slight, wiry figure who positively crackles with a fierce but *ital* electricity, his is an impatient, restless spirit, his creativity insistent, nagging, a complete way of life.

Seldom out of the studio, the sheer volume of his work would be awe-inspiring if it were uniformly of his best. As it stands, it's merely staggering. "I can't keep it in here," he says, indicating his head and heart, "I 'ave to let it out. So whether you love it or not you 'ave to sympathise with me, I 'ave to put it out so something else can 'appen."

Even now he's converted his London flat-of-stay into a miniature studio. "You want to hear yourself?" he laughs halfway through our conversation and plays back the interview. Other visitors found themselves being video-taped for instant action replay on the colour TV that now shows a soundless kids' puppet programme.

Perry's in London by accident rather than design. En route to Nigeria to produce Island Records' Afro hope Eddie Quansah, delays in obtaining a visa here on top of the predictable delay in leaving Jamaica meant that by the time Scratch was finally ready to go to West Africa, it was damn near time to come back. Well, you know how it is when you're operating on Jamaican time . . .

Scratch found himself in London, with, amazingly for him, no clear business aims in view here; a perplexing state. "So it just pure talking me a do, pure interview. And me rest."

Well, not quite just talk and rest. For a start there was an apparently chance meeting with Bob Marley who also happened to be in town, while later The Upsetter could be found (or not) in a lesser known East End studio with The Clash.

PERRY AND Marley have had a thing going from way back. It was Perry who helped Marley and The Wailers set up their Tuff Gong

Records back at the end of the '60s after the collapse of their first label, Wailin' Soul. He went on to produce some of the best Wailers' music — reggae music — ever: classic sides like "Trenchtown Rock," "Mr. Brown," "Duppy Conqueror," "Small Axe" . . . the list is so long.

Later, when the team split up, there was talk of some friction between them, as is usual between artist and producer in Jamaica, though Perry later took production credits on "Jah Live", Marley's stately elegy for Selassie. Perry, in fact, tells me that he's worked uncredited on all Marley's Island albums except "Exodus".

"People might have said things about the difference between me and Bob but it no' so. We 'ave a work we mus' do y'understand — *compulsory* job — so if Bob stay away a little while man might 'ave 'im own view but 'im interpret it wrong, because it's 'im that have the trouble and we 'ave none, dig."

Whatever, The Upsetter clearly feels the current re-union to be part of the grand design, and he's delighted at the musical outcome, the already notorious "Punky Reggae Party". Later I discover the lyric to this offbeat item is basically a recital of New Wave bands who will attend the

party; "The Wailers will be there, The Slits, The Clash, The Feelgoods . . . rejected by society, treated with impunity, protected by their dignity, it's a punky reggae party."

"We done a cassette right here," Scratch says. "I gon' do the backing track in Jamaica, then maybe back to the States for the vocals . . ."

"It's something big we going for. It will be like a *festival* when that song come out, everybody move to it. Sing and the whole world a sing the same song. What a *great* song that will be — 'Punky Reggae Party'!"

"Me and Bob, we still ave fe go to a *deeper* depth because we 'ave to find the *alf* that never been told. Deep, deep down . . ." he stares into my face, his eyes go a long way back. He leaps up. "Go find out all the lie them tell, find out the facts and expose it to the people," he declaims grandly.

Yeah, you and Bob been doing that a long time already Scratch . . .

"Yeah, but everytime we get close together to do that, evil force part us. But now that we know where the trick is — that the evil force part us because we expose too much of the truth — we stronger. When we're together we're the same powerhouse again."

THEN THERE was the collaboration with The Clash. "Great," said Perry

when I asked him his opinion of The Clash's rendition of "Police And Thieves" (which Scratch wrote and produced for Junior Murvin) on their album. How he later came to meet the band and go into an East End Studio with them is already obscure: the meeting was "purely co-incidence," according to Clash manager Bernard Rhodes.

Whatever, Scratch is co-credited with regular producer Mickey Foote on the group's latest waxing "Complete Control", their lambast against centralised corporate decision making. It's an impressively proportioned opus, but to these ears there's scant that's Scratch about it beyond some tasty reverb on the vocals.

"I want to take the Jamaican vibration, the American vibration, the English vibration and combine it all together like a clock . . . tick tock tick tock . . . like a *rocket*." He gives one of his hearty cackles. "Right now I'm surveying a new scene, I want to make use of the atmosphere when I get home. I'm recording it all up there now," he says pointing to his head.

So what do think to the atmosphere in London right now Scratch? It seems to be getting pretty downpressing . . .



Pics: KATE SIMON

"Yeh man, it's a universal crisis. Everybody a feel it cos this is a tedious time. '76 was a *sipple* (slippery) year, but '77 is a *tedious* year."

Yeah, know what you mean Scratch.

In fact, Perry has already released a song called "Tedious" on Junior Murvin's "Police And Thieves" album, just as he released "Sipple Out Deh" — better known as "War In A Babylon" in this country — by Max Romeo last year. It's that and "Police And Thieves" that have made him probably the best known JA producer among rock audiences, though his pop chart successes here also include Susan Cadogan's "Hurt So Good", "Return Of Django" and the immortal "The Upsetter" itself from the days of the skinhead reggae craze.

"The Upsetter" was a big record for Scratch. Like several other of his records, it's a record of retribution, a musical retaliation for the way he felt he'd been treated by JA patriarch producer Coxsone Dodd and his Downbeat set-up for whom Perry had worked, since the primal days of the mid-'50s first as a sound system DJ, then as producer and artist, until 1968 when he left in fury.

Since '68 he's worked with just about everyone on the island, though his outstanding work has been with The Wailers, Junior Byles — with whom he cut the stunning "Beat Down Babylon" and epochal "Curly Locks" — and with The Upsetters, the shifting musical conglomerate that's his studio band and which at one time included the Barrett Brothers before they became fully fledged Wailers.

As an innovator he ranks second to none. Alongside King Tubby he's one as one of the originators of the dubwise style, and on tracks like "Cow Thief Skank" with its bizarre cut-up and effects and "Enter The Dragon" (Bruce Lee holds a particular fascination for Scratch) took Jamaican music to surreal limits. "It's like when you make a movie and you make a scene where man always 'ave to laugh," he says about "Cow Thief". "Station Underground News" and "Bathroom Skank" were another pair of notables, this time with Scratch providing a whacky talk-over vocals.

All this time he was building up Black Ark to the self-contained unit it is today — a small bunkerhouse lodged literally at the bottom of his yard. "By '74 Black Ark in full operation and me 'ave everything me want," he relates. "The first thing me came up with is 'Hurt So Good', an international best seller."

Over here, Scratch product appeared on a variety of labels — principally Trojan — before he signed up with Island Records a couple of years back to their apparent mutual benefit. That Scratch is scathing about some of his dealings with other companies would be an understatement.

The next spate of releases should be interesting in the light of the man's recent activities. He's worked with Robert Palmer on three tracks for his next album, while Paul McCartney has also been working with him, with Macca apparently operating by mail order. Pity, a visit to Jamaica might do Macca a bit of good, I snide. "Yes I agree," says Scratch quietly.

But it's to the man's own compositions that these ears will be turned. Tedious times demand brilliant minds and the heart to back them up. Lee Perry The Upsetter has both.

NEIL SPENCER

THRILLS

A STORY TO TUG NUBILE HEART STRINGS

(The Tremeloes wouldn't have carried on like this — Ed.)

"IT'S WHEN I see the nubiles," sighs Jean-Jaques Burnel as two fledgling punkettes glide into the bar, "that's when I wish I had a place of my own . . ."

If, from the safety of your warm council estate, you imagine that after two box-office albums and a string of hit singles The Stranglers reside in smart town apartments on the right side of the tracks, then YOU MISSED AGAIN!

Both Stranglers front-line boys, Burnel and Hugh Cornwell, stay in the transient romantic squalor of No Fixed Abode; Burnel seeks shelter at various mates' pads after numerous break-ins and gangster weird-outs at his previous accommodation in North London, and Cornwell finds relative sanctuary in a hole in a wall in Knightsbridge.

"It's great!" Hugh enthuses in the *apres-gig* steam of a Bracknell Locker-Room. "I've got my own mattress!"

I flick my wet towel at him incredulously. A hole in a wall, Hugh?

"Yes! Well, it's like a part of a corridor that goes

in to the wall about six feet deep and three wide . . . got my mattress in there. It's all you need, man!"

The guitarist's only problem is people walking up and down the corridor next to his hole when he's trying to get some sleep.

So what's J-J's problem. "Of course, I've got the money but a suitable gaff is so hard to find."

Have ya got any offers?

"Oh yes," the dual-national nomad smirks smugly. "The phone at Alan Edwards' office didn't stop ringing with nubiles asking me to go and live with them . . . unfortunately, few of their parents liked the idea. They would bleat, 'I've checked with me mum and she don't mind but me dad don't like the idea much coz he's on nights.'"

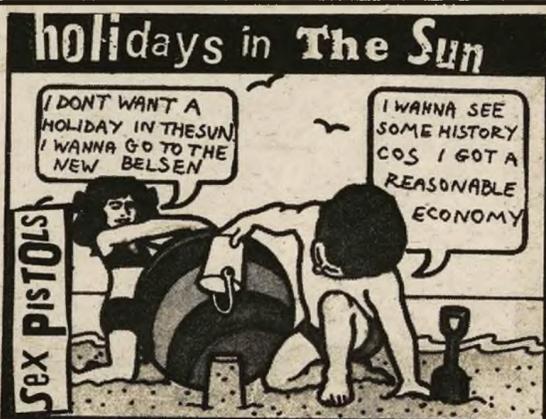
Cold showers, boys, and can you tell me where a man might find a bed? Where the folks below won't mind nailing nubiles to the floor? I can't think of a much worse place to be.

TONY PARSONS

THRILLS

BLACKMAIL CORNER

Sorry to disappoint you, but this week's intended victim coughed up the first cheque. Better luck next week, huh!



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| 29th De Montford Hall, LEICESTER | |
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ROOGASOONA



IF MEDALS were awarded for dogged determination then Roogalator, and Danny Adler in particular, would look like five-star generals. Two years ago they were celebrated as the band most likely to succeed with an infectious brand of jump blues that had record companies queuing to proffer cheques and promises that — as Danny Adler puts it — they'd make the band "bigger than Bruce Springsteen after two weeks' worth of work."

Roogalator, however, refused to jump. They acquired a reputation for being stand-offish. And the companies turned their attention towards newer and brighter playthings.

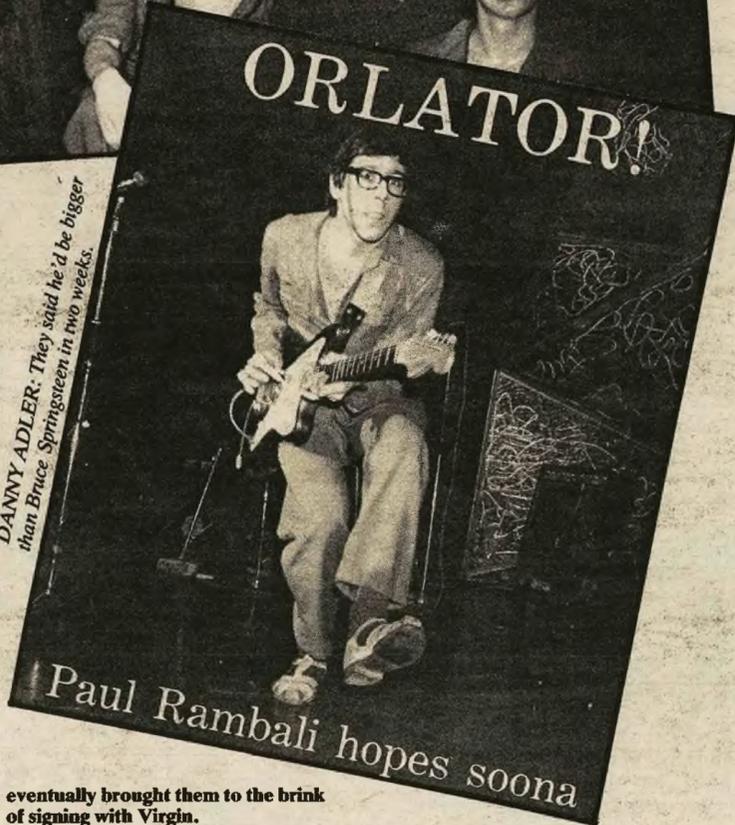
The situation left them drained and confused. The rhythm section quit, but Adler and keyboard player Nick Plytas soldiered on, bringing in Justin Hildreth (drums) and Julian Scott (bass) for another crack at the pie in the sky.

Stiff released an EP of "Cincinnati Fatback" and "All Aboard" taken from a John Peel session and Roogalator began touring steadily. Very Steadily.

Between last November and May this year they had, according to their manager, the heaviest workload of any band in Britain, turning in a mileage that would make a long distance lorry driver proud — 1500 miles per week.

The work paid off, and renewed interest from the companies

DANNY ADLER: They said he'd be bigger than Bruce Springsteen in two weeks.



eventually brought them to the brink of signing with Virgin.

"Virgin were negotiating" says the affable Danny Adler, "they were really haggling over percentages. Eventually we just said O.K., let's sign the deal. It wasn't all that good, but we were gonna do it because we thought, let's get on with it, let's make some records."

So Roogalator were ready to go. But while the contract was being drawn Virgin began to have second thoughts — "They wanted us to record some demos to see if we were worth the original interest."

He adopts a sarcastic tone. "So, with that kind of positive frame of mind, we went into the studio and cut four tracks. We weren't really happy with them but Virgin wanted to release 'Love And The Single Girl'."

More haggling. This time Adler claims, the company offered to release the single and base their decision on whether to give the band the original deal on its success.

"We said no — we were ready to sign but you put us through so many

changes. It's a one-off deal and that's it."

Which brings us to the present — and ostensibly leaves Roogalator in an unhealthy situation once again. However, it seems the setbacks have only served to strengthen their resolve — so much so that they've now gone and recorded their first album, paying for it out of their own pockets.

It's to be released early in October on their own label, Square Records, where "the record is square but the music is hip."

Says Adler: "I'd say we're in a good position . . . but we're scuffling. Bad news first — we don't have a deal and we don't have any money. The cost of touring has gone up, and our gig money hasn't gone up as much."

"But we've got an audience. We know a lot of people bought the single, and we've got an album which we own ourselves. We've got what most groups give their publishing rights, the ownership of their material and a lot more for."

It's clear that Adler holds certain ideals he won't compromise, even though they haven't helped Roogalator to slot into an easy path career-wise. And he says this attitude was one reason why the band didn't sign when all the original offers came pouring in.

"They said come in and let's talk, so I went in and I said I want to own the titles of the songs I've written and I want my own publishing and we want to own our own masters because they are our creations."

"They balked at the idea. They said who do you think you are, this is unheard of. And they started backing out of all the original enthusiasm, which at the time was literally coming through the cracks in our windows."

"I won't bullshit you. If a good offer had come along, a decent percentage, we would have taken it, but people never offered what we felt we were worth."

It's obvious that Adler is bitter, but he doesn't feel Roogalator have suffered unjustly, and he isn't out for vengeance. His disappointments have merely made him all the more determined to win through.

"We've been forced into a position where we have to take every step on our own. We've gotten out, we've promoted ourselves, and we've got an audience."

"An album's worth of material has been mastered, cut and artwork done for less than a couple of thousand pounds," says Adler. "So all you aspiring cats out there, take note. Do it, it's cheap and it's fun — if at times a bit hair-raising."

Considering that the album is at least as good as the potential they've always threatened, and much better than either of the two singles, then I wish them all the success.

THRILLS

SEX

AND ROCK CONT'N'D

THE CAMPAIGN by American radical women's groups against what they describe as "the trivialising and gratuitous use of sex and violence against women" in record advertising and album art flared up again recently.

Representatives from the National Organisation For Women and Women Against Violence Against Women had held a rally at the foot of a giant billboard in Hollywood advertising the Kiss album "Love Gun" which shows women writhing at the feet of the band.



Once again the women declared the Warner-Elektra-Atlantic combine the prime offenders among record companies. The campaign began following the infamous Rolling Stones' "Black And Blue" campaign.

At that time a list of 45 offensive albums was drawn up. Artists fingered for condemnation included Grand Funk the Ohio Players, Ted Nugent, Nelson Slater and Johnny Guitar Watson.

The record companies replied that they had little control over what artists choose for their covers, but earlier this year one company, Elektra, chose to make a stand. Chairman Joe Smith issued a press release saying that using images of sexual violence to sell records was against company policy "not only as a matter of sales but as a question of morality and ethics as well."

How much success the campaign can expect is difficult to estimate. Many will feel it's a fuss over nothing, but Susan Brownmiller, feminist author, points out: "If the illustrations showed the lynching of blacks or the gassing of Jews, then people would understand it as a political issue, but tie a woman up and that's sexy."

One Elektra woman employee put it more simply. "What I want to know is when they are going to start coming up with albums that show somebody chaining a man."

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

DASH OFF!

From the Pete Townshend interview in M—M—, September 17.

When the scramble is over something will come out of it. You don't need time to tell who is good or bad. I can tell now. I tend to relate to the writers, like the geezer with Vibrators who writes songs that say something. They don't just say,

That's easy. Did Pete think perhaps the Sex Pistols and their camp followers were just merrily

That's easy? You try saying f—, f—, f—, f— with a mouthfull of raw goldfish!



THE END

LOWRY



"What an astonishing discovery! This primitive tribe's lifestyle would seem to have remained virtually unchanged since nineteen fifty-six."

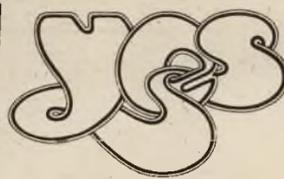
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 November 12th LIVERPOOL, EMPIRE
 November 14th MANCHESTER, FREE TRADE HALL
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 October 4th NEWCASTLE, CITY
 October 5th LIVERPOOL, EMPIRE
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 October 8th BIRMINGHAM, HIPPODROME
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 October 11th SHEFFIELD, CITY HALL
 October 12th LONDON, RAINBOW



October 14th GLASGOW, APOLLO
 October 15th MANCHESTER, PALACE
 October 17th NEWCASTLE, CITY HALL
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 December 13th LIVERPOOL, EMPIRE
 December 14th BIRMINGHAM, ODEON
 December 22nd HAMMERSMITH, ODEON
 December 23rd HAMMERSMITH, ODEON
 December 31st GLASGOW, APOLLO
 January 2nd GLASGOW, APOLLO

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Drive into Chicago.

Chicago XI. Chicago's new album

Produced by James William Guercio

86031
CBS
Records & Tapes

By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

PERFECT. JUST perfect. There's this band, see, hot out of Dublin with their demo tape, sitting around in the offices of what is beyond a shadow of doubt the hottest independent record company in the U.K. '77.

The tape is playing, and one of the two main cats in the company is sitting listening to it. Maybe half-listening would be more accurate, because even though his foot is going *tap tap tap*, our dashing executive's nose is firmly buried in a rock paper. He's just in the process of turning the page when the rag is ripped out of his hands and thrown across the room and he finds himself staring right into the enraged countenance of the band's lead singer, a gangling, frenetic, hi-intensity type with two days stubble and a spiky haircut.

The singer is white with rage and fairly uninhibited about it. The executive apologises. The tape is wound back to the beginning, and this time the record man listens carefully. He tells the band that with this tape they could make a far more lucrative deal elsewhere, but if by some fluke of fate they don't, he'd be delighted to issue the demo material as an EP.

The band say thank you and carry on shopping around, ending up with a neat little deal as the first major act on a new label distributed and marketed by one of the biggies. Their first single is discreetly unveiled on a sampler album, then graduates to a 12-inch single (followed inevitably by a seven-inch single) and finally appears in triumph as the opening cut on what looks like a dangerous contender for the best debut album of the year.

Said single is now a Big Hit, only months after Bob Geldof of The Boomtown Rats tore a copy of *NME* out of the hands of Dave Robinson of Stiff.

Like I said: *perfect*. Just like *Rock Follies* or *A Star Is Born*. A mere 16 months from the dole queue in Dunleary to *Top Of The Pops*, hundreds of kids getting turned away from the Marquee, salutations and saliva raining down like pennies from heaven... hallelujah!

A real live 24-carat rock and roll success story is what it is. Just like in the movies.

Perfect.

BOB GELDOF tells the story of The Boomtown Rats in the first person singular. He's been described on the odd occasion as "a bit of a Steve Harley", and while it'd be more than a little unfair to draw the shortest distance between two points and link that up with the stylised, goodhumoured selfishness (or "solipsism", if you prefer) of the lyrics of "Lookin' After Number One", the fact remains that when Geldof's in the driving seat, the tale that gets told is his.

Which is by no means the damning indictment that it sounds. In his role as singer, lyricist, frontperson, spokesperson and Chief Image Asset (the band's permanently pyjama'd pianist Johnny Fingers is an honourable runner-up), it's Geldof's manic energy and friendly egomania that have fuelled and spearheaded the Rats' progress.

Many a band has made its way up in the slipstream of an ego-bastard whose hunger is not satiated by success but, instead, grows ever more monstrous, but Geldof's drive is free of that particular taint, leavened as it is by humour, generosity and a capacity for self-analysis that would cripple your average egomaniac at the starting post.

I doubt that anyone could seriously find Geldof uncongenial unless they had something he wanted. And then they'd have to be very tough and very smart and very vigilant to hold onto it.

Even if I'd known nothing about him I'd've sussed *that* out the moment I saw him pick up a guitar. Dig: he's left-handed, but he can play guitars strung for right-handed players: a technique which involves learning all the various chords and runs backwards. You don't get around to doing that without a considerable amount of dedication and determination, and he's overcome that particular handicap in style — turning himself into a pretty fair guitarist with a good command of assorted country blues idioms.

At a time when it's considered cool



We were nonentity Nightlife Thugs...



Until we became Boomtown Rats . . .

THE EFFECT WAS SHATTERING

in certain circles to dismiss any music pre-dating the first Stooges album as reeking of BOF-hood and related attitudes, it's a pleasant surprise to find Geldof and his colleagues to be well into De Blooze. The night before the T Lizzy/G Parker/B Rats gig in Dublin's Dalymount Park, lead guitarist Gerry Cott wandered over to talk about Skip James and Son House and Robert Johnson and Mississippi Fred McDowell — and that's pre-war country blues, which is a far more esoteric league than digging modern bluesmen like Albert or B.B. King or Buddy Guy.

Geldof, in fact, was a prime mover in the Irish Blues Federation in his

teens, booking men like Champion Jack Dupree and sitting in with them on mouth harp. In the grand post-Van Morrison tradition of Irish musicians, the Rats' music betrays an *assimilated* blues and soul influence: i.e. their music isn't blues or soul *per se*, but the feel and spirit of Black American music is more evident in the Rats than in any of their contemporaries.

Equally unusual in the New Wave is Geldof's unrelenting admiration for The Rolling Stones. Unless you want an argument (the five-minute argument or the full half-hour?) don't bother putting the Stones down around Bob Geldof. It'll be an entertaining argument, though . . .

AROUND THE time that John Lydon of Finsbury Park (Johnny Rotten to you, Mr Grundy) was embarking on his studies at a Catholic school in North London, Bob Geldof was already a couple of years into a similarly unpleasant educational experience and hating it at least as much.

"When the English occupied, they refused to educate, so it was left to the religious, which was a very bad move on their part. In terms of holding the country it was, any way. When there were no schools allowed they used to hold these hedgerow schools which were banned and if they were caught they were finished. The tradition of

the thing was always one of segregation and keeping boys and girls apart, and the attitude was beat-it-into-them. That must translate into *any* kind of Catholic environment, whether it's run by the Christian Brothers or the Holy Ghost.

"The education was about as nebulous as the ghost in that particular establishment. It's something of a cliché, but that was the *worst* thing I've ever experienced in my life. *I hated every minute of it.*

"I was chairman of the debating society in the fourth, fifth and sixth year, and because I never had a blazer, I was never allowed to take part in the major debates. Even though I was *voted* chairman. And the turds in that school were *unbelievable*. I remember one debate in 1968 on whether the Americans should get out of Vietnam, and the vote was 260 to 1. I was the one.

"It was a totally controlled situation, because everybody was watching to see which way the priests would vote."

Rotten said that Catholic schools produce either rebels or robots.

"That's exactly right. I call it a cloning process, because they try to make you just one of a set of identical human beings, just churned out. I was caught in the Jubilee Hall, which was essentially just a gymnasium with a 'fookin' stage at the end, playing my guitar in the wings of the stage. There was nowhere else you could go in the entire place for privacy. I was caught by the Dean, and I got six cracks on the . . . "He pauses, speak, memory!

"No, I got it on the hand that time. "Then my old man stuck me into the same school as a boarder because there was nobody at home, since me mam was dead and my old man was a traveller. All I'd do when I got home was turn on the radio, turn on the record player, turn on the TV and pick up my guitar. I'd stay up until about one and then get up for school. I did *fook all*, and it got to the point where my father said I was going to be a boarder to get my leaving certificate.

"I could see my house from the dormitory, man, and I *couldn't* get out. It was the time of the mods, and I wanted to be *out there*. The only way out, I figured, was some outrageous scheme, so I wrote to China . . ."

Hey, I reckon this kid has potential. . . . and they sent me every single piece of Mao Tse-Tung literature and *two hundred* Litte Red Books. I started distributing them during Religious Instruction while everyone was reading their catechism. This *totally* freaked everybody out, and about a week later I got a visit from the Special Branch in Ireland. They hauled me up in front of the President of the school and told me I was filed in Dublin Castle as a subversive from now on.

"The President called in my old man who — strangely enough — stood up for me. But the scheme worked. They tossed me out as a boarder and I became day boy again, but it took me a year and a half."

AFTER FAILING his leaving certificate in fairly spectacular style — apart from honours in English — Geldof left school intending to get into photography because — backwash from *Blow Up* and Carnaby Street — he regarded it as a "hip job". He ended up doing processing chores in a darkroom,

■ Continues over page



HIT TOWN

WITH
ROCK
Authentic's

SEE PAGE 53

BOOMTOWN RATS

From previous page

from which he eventually got fired because he was usually so stoned that he's under-expose everything. He'd cost the company a fortune in spoiled work by the time he left.

Eventually, he came to England and got a similar job in Oxford Street. "We had the contract at the time for the *Mayfair* centrefold, and I used to get my jollies by airbrushing out the nipple and painting it in about six inches further up the tit. If they had saggy tits you'd just airbrush them out and draw new tits in."

Geldof began blagging his way into concerts at weekends: he'd arrive festooned with empty camera cases and intercept photo-passes. Eventually he started taking pictures, and sold photos of The Who, The Faces and The Rolling Stones to various poster companies.

His next move was to light out for Spain, where he ended up teaching English in Murcia — the southwestern desert region. He'd show for classes barefoot and shirtless, with shoulder-length hair and a straw in a flagon of wine, and his pupils — usually wealthy, important middle-aged citizens — would politely stand up when he came through the door.

He returned to England driving heavy transport up the M25 and then took off again for Canada, where he bluffed his way into the gig of music editor on the Toronto semi-underground paper *Georgia Straight* (the first publication to carry Gilbert Shelton's *Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers* strip).

"I bullshitted that I'd written for *NME* and everybody else and that I was a journalist and I got the job. I was better than anybody else on the fookin' paper, anyway. I did stuff for the English papers from there, and then I came home and became the Dublin stringer for *NME* . . ."

Ahem. We can pick 'em but we can't hold 'em. Geldof filed a few pieces (including a notable report on Eric Clapton's custard pie party), but the work wasn't regular and the money was none too good and we didn't answer his letters. So the copy stopped coming . . .

"I was doing the Dublin stringer number and I wasn't making any bread out of it. I was pulling dole at the same time. There were four other guys that I knew who were all pulling dole in Dunleary — that's a suburb of Dublin — and I had two other mates who were pissed off with their jobs. Faulkner O'Kelly — our manager — was a journalist at the time; he couldn't play an instrument so we made him the manager instead.

"I just knew that we could do better than what was happening, but I wasn't interested in country rock, I wasn't interested in funk rock, I wasn't interested in jazz rock, I wasn't interested in the self-indulgence of musicians who played 15-minute guitar solos and then spent half an hour tuning up. It was at around the same time that the same ideas were striking The Sex Pistols and people like that: ideas strike the collective consciousness at the same time. What was happening here was happening in Ireland: we did it just for a Saturday afternoon blast.

"We were just playing what I wanted to hear. I couldn't hear it on the radio, I couldn't hear it from other bands . . . if any band was the major reason we got together it was the Feelgoods, because when I heard 'Down By The Jetty'. I just knew that that was the music. I turned off in 1968, essentially, except for Bowie."

The name "Boomtown Rats" is drawn — as an alert *Gasbag* correspondent recently noted — from Woody Guthrie's autobiographical *Bound For Glory*. "I wanted a name with an immediate impact, because rock and roll is about total excitement: visual, physical, aural, cerebral: it's everything all combined into one huge experience. So we had all these fookin' stupid names while we were hammering it out on acoustic guitars, which is how we started.

"We got our first gig at South Bolton St College of Architecture and they said, 'What's your name?' and we said, 'We don't have one', and they replied, 'Well, you better fookin' have one if we're going to advertise it'. I was pushing for Darkside

Demons, but nobody really wanted that so we made up a shortlist and the one that came out was the Nightlife Thugs, which seemed pretty . . . ambient. Collective groans, but we took a vote and everybody decided that that was the best one.

"The night before the gig I was reading *Bound For Glory*, and I got to the point where, at the ripe old age of 11, Woody was living in this little town in Oklahoma. I can't remember what it was called, but they discovered oil there and the oilmen moved in and renamed it Boomtown. The kids who were living there before the oilmen came had this special elitist gang going, and the new kids weren't allowed to join it, so they started their own gang and didn't want anything to do with the old gang. Woody — even then — was a rebel and he joined the new gang.

"The name was amazing: *The Boomtown Rats*.

"So I said to Gary Roberts (rhythm guitarist) as we were leaving after a practice, 'What d'you think of this one?' He said it sounded all right, and the next night at the gig — I was so nervous I wouldn't allow my girlfriend to come to it — we got up on stage and to my utter disbelief the crowd started clapping. It was the first time, man, my head was just swollen. It was like coming — I don't want to sound like Patti Smith but it fookin' was.

"I saw *The Nightlife Thugs* written up on a blackboard, and I rubbed it off and wrote in *The Boomtown Rats*. And people were actually freaking at the name: actually going, 'Jeeeee-zuz! Bleaghhh!' We had short hair, and that completely freaked them at the time. When we played in Amsterdam we sent pictures over and when we got there we found that the club had drawn long hair onto our photos . . ."

COMING UP at around the same time were The Radiators From Space. At the beginning there were petty rivalries between Rats and Radiators over who was playing R&B first, who was wearing shades first, who had short hair first blah blah blah. Dublin's highly partisan *Heat* fanzine still refers — rather resentfully — to The Boomtown Prats.

The first lesson the Rats learned was that it's tough getting hard rock

played in Ireland. Geldof — fired by the example of the then-current Naughty Rhythms Tour — put together a package of the Rats and two other Dublin bands and set out on the road, challenging the dominance of the showband circuit, where it has been known for an entrepreneur to promote five shows a night and do £5,000 worth of business at each, paying the showband £1,500 or so and raking in the rest as profit, since he owns the halls.

Geldof's tour — despite precautionary measures like donating to police funds in order to make sure his posters stayed up and checking in with the local fuzz in each new town — found their coach vandalised, their posters removed anyway, and the bands being threatened by mysterious phone calls and third-party warnings.

Their decision to move to England was prompted partly by the closed shop in Ireland and partly by seeing The Rods, being totally unimpressed and figuring that if that was the state of the game then England was wide open.

So it was that this band, hot out of Dublin with their demo tape, happened to be in the offices of . . . I think we've seen this bit. Onwards.

Prior to their going on at Dalymount, no less experienced a Ratwatcher than California's own Angie Errigo was wondering how the Rats would fare on a stage of that size.

It's a legitimate question to ask concerning a band who you may only have seen exploding pent-up off a carpet-sized stage in your local dive, because what may seem dynamic when it's all cramped up in a small space may dissipate its energy on the — uh — big screen, as it were.

Such fears were totally unfounded. The Rats catapulted on to the stage and didn't let up until the final encore. The big stage only gave them added scope; by comparison, when I saw them a few weeks later at the Marquee they seemed inordinately squeezed together, with only Geldof enjoying sufficient freedom of movement to get his stuff across. On the big stage, they just kept up a total assault on the audience, with only drummer Simon Crowe and Johnny Fingers remaining stationary.

Bass player Pete Briquette has gone

Chuck Berry one better. Forget the duck walk, baby. That is *last decade's thing*. What Briquette got for you is the Frog Walk. The way you do is to stand straddle-legged while whacking away at your Rickenbacker (if you haven't got one, pretend) and then just hop around as fast as you can while leering at the audience like a demented schoolboy.

Roberts and Cott whizz around with cool elan, and Geldof prowls the stage shoving the other Rats, leaping over things, waving his arm around and generally Carrying On. He's been compared to Jagger, but there's no element of either narcissism or sexual teasing in Geldof's schtick, which just leaves the athletics and the ka-rizz-mah.

Stones comparisons do seem to dog the Rats, but while there are Stone traces in their music, it's by no means the only or even the dominant influence. Only "Closer Than You'll Ever Be" features Keefchording, and the slow "I Can Make It If You Can" has obviously passed through "Memory Motel" at some time, but "Mary Of The Fourth Form" is a splendid cop from "Born To Be Wild", "Never Bite The Hand That Feeds" — Geldof's best lyric on the album apart from "Number One" — is a tribute to Wilko Johnson that The Man should be proud of. "Joey's On The Streets Again" is in the Morrison tradition, and let's leave Bruce Springsteen right out of this.

The Rats are a New Wave band — of sorts — an R&B group — in a way — and a rock and roll storm that's gonna blow you away when you get to see them. Ultimately, they're a Contemporary Rock Band of the first water.

It'd be an act of criminal stupidity to name them — or anyone, for that matter — as the Future Of Rock And Roll (Maaaaan), because the Boomtown Rats are the *present* of rock and roll, and five'll getcha ten that any rock and roller who still retains any fragments of the brains he was born with would rather be the present than the future any damn day of the week, Jack.

And if Bob Geldof has his way — and he has a habit of getting it — The Boomtown Rats are gonna be the present of rock and roll for a lo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-oong time.

++ BULLETIN ++

THE DOCTORS NEW SINGLE ON POLYDOR

++ BULLETIN ++

What Motors Tapes?

The Motors cut out now — on Virgin
Album: *The Motors 1 V2089*

Produced by Robert John Lange

Don't miss the 7" single
'Dancing The Night Away' / Whisky And Wine'
in a picture bag. VS186
12" limited edition — now sold out.

THE MOTORS TOUR
OCTOBER
Sat 1 NORWICH UEA / Sun 2 CHELMSFORD
City Tavern / Mon 3 SWINDON Brunel Rooms /
Wed 5 LONDON Marquee / Thur 6 ROTHERHAM
Windmill / Fri 7 STAFFORD N Staffs Polytechnic

The good taste people.

Once you've had Sticky Fingers...

Sticky Fingers

Brown Sugar/Sway/Wild Horses/Can't you Hear Me Knocking/You Gotta Move/Bitch/I Got the Blues/Sister Morphine/Dead Flowers/Moonlight Mile.
COC 59100

It's Only Rock 'n' Roll

If You Can't Rock Me/Ain't Too Proud To Beg/It's Only Rock 'n' Roll (But I Like It)/Till The Next Goodbye/Time Waits For No-one/Luxury/Dance Little Sister/If You Really Want To Be My Friend/Short and Curly/Fingerprint File.
COC 59103

Exile On Main Street

Rocks Off/Rip This Joint/Shake Your Hips/Casino Boogie/Tumbling Dice/Sweet Virginia/Torn & Frayed/Sweet Black Angel/Loving Cup/Happy/Turd On The Run/Ventilator Blues/I Just Want To See His Face/Let It Loose/All Down The Line/Stop Breaking Down/Shine A Light/Soul Survivor.
COC 69100

Black And Blue

Hot Stuff/Hand On Fate/Cherry Oh Baby/Memory Hotel/Hey Negrita/Melody/Fool To Cry/Crazy Mama.
COC 59106

Made In The Shade

Brown Sugar/Tumbling Dice/Happy/Dance Little Sister/Wild Horses/Angie/Bitch/It's Only Rock 'n' Roll (But I Like It)/Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo (Heartbreaker)/Rip This Joint.
COC 59104

Goat's Head Soup

Dancin' With Mr D/100 Years Ago/Coming Down Again/Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo (Heartbreaker)/Angie/Silver Train/Hide Your Love/Winter/Can You Hear The Music/Star Star.
COC 59101



Obviously the greatest Rock'n'Roll band in the world.

Available on Rolling Stones Records and tapes.



SINGLES

Guess who's still singing love songs...

SINGLES OF THE WEEK

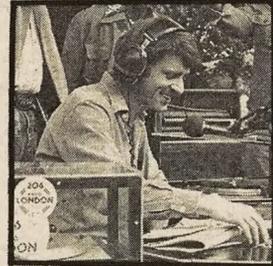
ROD STEWART: You're In My Heart (Riva).

Whatever hell it is to be a star, Rod could tell better than anybody around. While everyone else runs for cover, he suffers it all without wincing, dedicated to the task of making himself the most famous singer in the world.

If it means conducting love affairs in public, and being the butt of snide comments from every upstart punk group, Rod doesn't care; he's in it for the money. All of which would lead you (or anyway, me) to expect the worst of his new record. Under that kind of pressure, surely the best he could do would be just a routine job. Instead, he has come up with an almost flawless love song, surely destined to be a classic.

There's not much point in describing what it sounds like, you're going to hear it non-stop for the next three months, and by Christmas we'll all be sick to the teeth of it. But a year after that, it'll sound good again.

Where Rod Stewart's songs



REVIEWED THIS WEEK by CHARLIE GILLET

are different from most pop songs is in the particular details he throws in, which make them sound autobiographical. In "Maggie May" and "You Wear It Well," he sang about 'wanderers'; now he's in high society, and he meets a girl at a party who ignores him, beguiles him, and finally entrances him. But while the

verse is personal, the chorus is for us all to sing along with; so crafty, so well done. The only flaw is the line in the chorus: "You'll be my breath should I grow old." What does that mean? Otherwise, perfect. Tastefully produced by Tom Dowd, with sparse accompaniment from acoustic guitar, a lone violin, and a subtle drummer.

NEW WAVE (AND FIRST COUSINS)

MICKEY JUPP: Nature's Radio (Arista). Mickey was ahead of his time back in the early '70's as the leader of Legend, a group who played songs when the fashion was to be loud or clever. This should set him up for belated recognition, a singalong chant about telepathy that could slide easily into most radio and disco playlists. Can't wait for an album from him.

YACHTS: Suffice To Say (Stiff). Very reminiscent of Tommy James and The Shondells, and other American pop groups of the mid-to-late 60s. Which is meant to be a compliment, except that the result is slightly old-fashioned. Still, an ingenious and funny

Out of the confused and complicated mass of communication that reaches us one signal has emerged stronger and better defined than the rest.

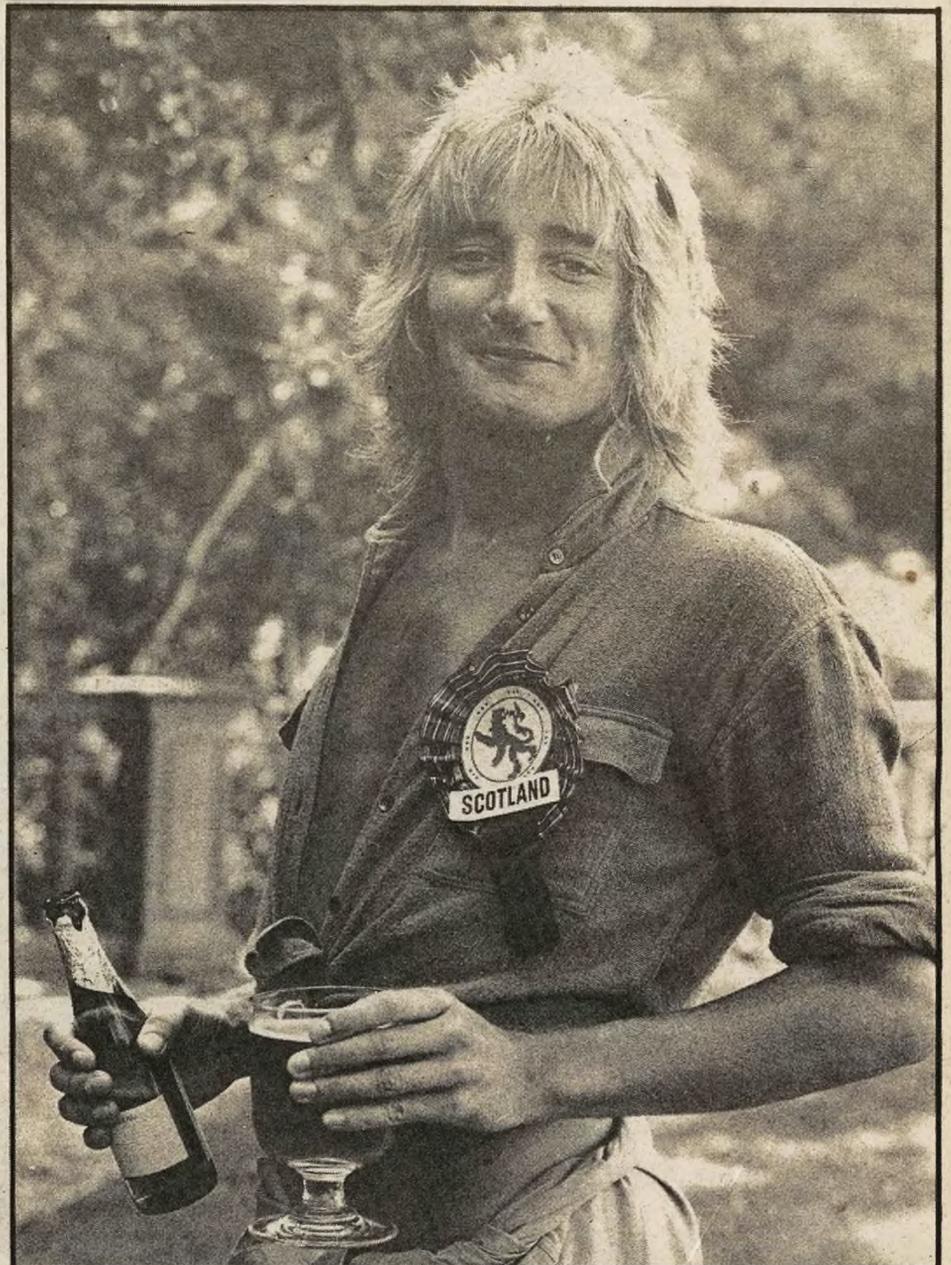
Nova have made contact
The message is
Wings Of Love, their new
album charged with
energy and
romance.

Wings of Love

SPARTY 1021

Produced by Narada Michael Walden
for Perfection Light Productions Inc.

Nova, on tour with Caravan
29th Sept Sheffield, Town Hall
2nd Oct Hammersmith, Odeon



ROD looking beguiled by romance

STATUS SINGLES

song which sounds better with each play, and definitely a promising start for both the group and the producer, Will Birch. Will is a founder-member of The Kursaal Flyers, but I've been impatiently waiting for him to let somebody else play drums with the Kursaals while he does what he is best at, writing songs. I'm surprised nobody has covered any of the songs from the first two Kursaal albums — lots of good pop songs in there.

JONA LEWIS with TERRY DACTYL AND THE DINOSAURS: Cherry Ring (Sonet). Another of our unacknowledged eccentrics who has been waiting for his time to come. All of Jona's records have a similar effect, making listeners prick up their ears and say, what is that? "I like factory bosses, who don't have a job for me." Not exactly punk, but close enough to get played wherever the cosmic surfers ride the new wave.



JEFF HILL: I Want You to Dance With Me (Chiswick). Should we know who this guy is? He sounds confident enough to be famous, as he chants the title over and over. The overall atmosphere sounds like what I imagine used to be played every Sunday at the Roundhouse in the early 70s (when Mickey Jupp's Legend was being ignored), searing guitar, brash vocal, and no dance beat to hold it all together.

MINK DE VILLE: Little Girl (Capitol). Peculiar choice for a single, this strangely wooden version of an old Spector song. I think that the people who bought "Spanish Stroll" would have been more likely to buy "Cadillac Walk"/"Mixed Up Shook Up Girl." But maybe I'm wrong, and the people who bought Dawn records three years ago will have grown up enough to buy this.



BACK TO BASICS
SHAKIN STEVENS: Somebody Touched Me (Track). Vast improvement on his first single for Track. Shaky takes this one like it was still 1958, ooh-papa vocal chorus, tenor sax solo and all. If he gets half the TV coverage of Showaddywaddy he might even get a hit.

OLD WAVE (AND OTHER LOST CHILDREN)
DAVID BOWIE: Heroes (RCA). Well, he had a pretty good run for our money, for a guy who was no singer. But I think his time has been and gone, and this just sounds weary. Then again, maybe the

... Platters for the discerning punter. See Andy's Platters Stall, page 52, for where to obtain them.



Above: Sniwelling's debut disc. Right: Sophisticated promo for The Banned.

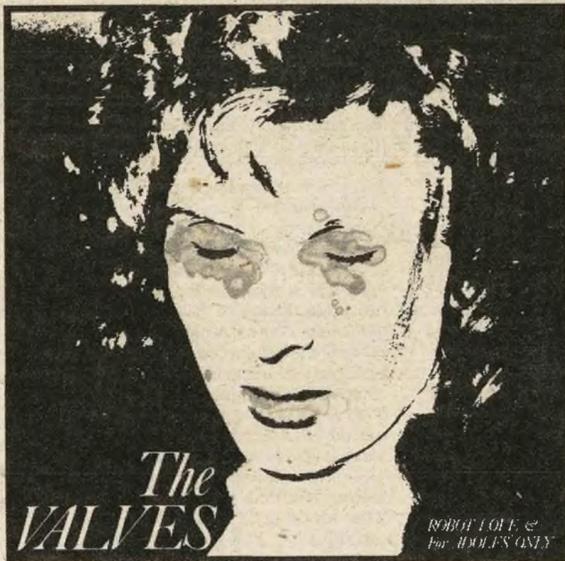
THE BANNED: Little Girl (Can't Eat Records). I hope I won't blow anybody's anti-establishment pose by suggesting that this would sound fine on the radio. There are several different chords (four?), the singer is pretty good, and you can hear the words.

Back in '66, before most of you were born, this song was an American hit for a pioneer punk outfit from San Jose, California, called The Syndicate Of Sound, and this version could finally bring the song home to our charts.

Lightning Records are distributing the initial pressings, but on-the-ball A&R men should call Willie (01-647 2988) and if he's out leave a message with his mum.

THE VALVES: Robot Love (Zoom). Down-the-line new wave record, as being turned out by the new indies in Autumn '77, this one will probably please the market it's aimed at, but leave the rest of us stone cold. What will the pogo dancers do during the slow bit in the middle?

THE SNIWELLING SHITS: Terminal Stoopid (Ghetto Rockers). Are these guys really trying to sell to the same



people who bought The Sex Pistols' singles, or are they just kidding? If they are trying to slip into Johnny Rotten's slipstream, they should listen to him more closely: his songs are short and sweet, and he phrases them well. The singer here has so many words in every line, he's run out of breath and off the tune before the end of each one. If it's just a joke, sorry fellers, I didn't mean to spoil the fun.

SOUL SURVIVORS: There are only three limited-edition British releases this week, so we've got space to mention a different kind of 'select product,' available only as US

CHICAGO: Baby, What a Big Surprise (CBS). Radio producers love these guys, and I can never figure out why.

HIP COUNTRY

BILLY VERA: Private Clown (Polydor). Billy Swan's "I Can Help" opened up a market for a whole lot of Southern white Americans who had till then been supposed to toe the traditional 'Nashville line' and sound like good rednecks should. My favourite follow-up was Delbert McClinton's "Victim Of Life's Circumstances" album (US ABC import), which mixed R&B and rock 'n' roll with bits of honky tonk country-and-western and sounded like some of the best music of the last couple of years. But so far, British radio producers have generally ignored the whole style, so

maybe there's not much hope for this, the latest in the line. Billy Vera is actually from New York, I think, but he went to Nashville to record "Private Clown" with some of the best men in town, and the result is a record with energy and emotion — a far cry from the likes of Chicago.

DENNY ST GEORGE: Talk Talk (Talkin') (Seville). Denny struts with such brash verve, who cares if he misses a note here and there. The clarinet solo adds an unusual flavour to a record which is an all-round delight.

CRYSTAL GAYLE: Don't It Make Your Brown Eyes Blue (United Artists). Lovely, lazy night-club crooning from a singer who is no more 'country' than Olivia Newton-John but a lot more convincing. Without being able to play you the

imports (Record Corner, Balham).

FRANK LUCAS: Good Thing Man (ICA). Lovely slow dance groove, with a punchy horn section swirling in the background. Pity is, Frankie blows it with a male chauvinist lyric that makes you wince. The record was on the US R&B chart for six months earlier this year, so there's still a market for men who swagger up to the nearest woman and...

THE REGAL DEWY: Love Music (Millenium). Throw-back to the oldie vocal group era, a bit like Pete

Wingfield's "18 With A Bullet," but the lyric lets it down — just a simple idea of turning off the disco music and dancing slow. Then again, maybe that's all you need to know to go out and get it.

JOHNNY LEE: This Should Go On Forever (GRT). Country soul, where a white singer and a steel guitarist bury themselves in a raunchy sax section on a swampy old ballad that will remind you of Fats Domino's "Blueberry Hill." This time, the song fulfills the promise of the idea, richly-recorded with the best sound equipment that 1977 can buy.

record, it may be hard to get you to go and listen to it; but if you like the 'sophisticated' sound of Rod Stewart's new single, then you'll probably be caught by the moody atmosphere of this one. Nice piano.

DANCING THE NIGHT AWAY

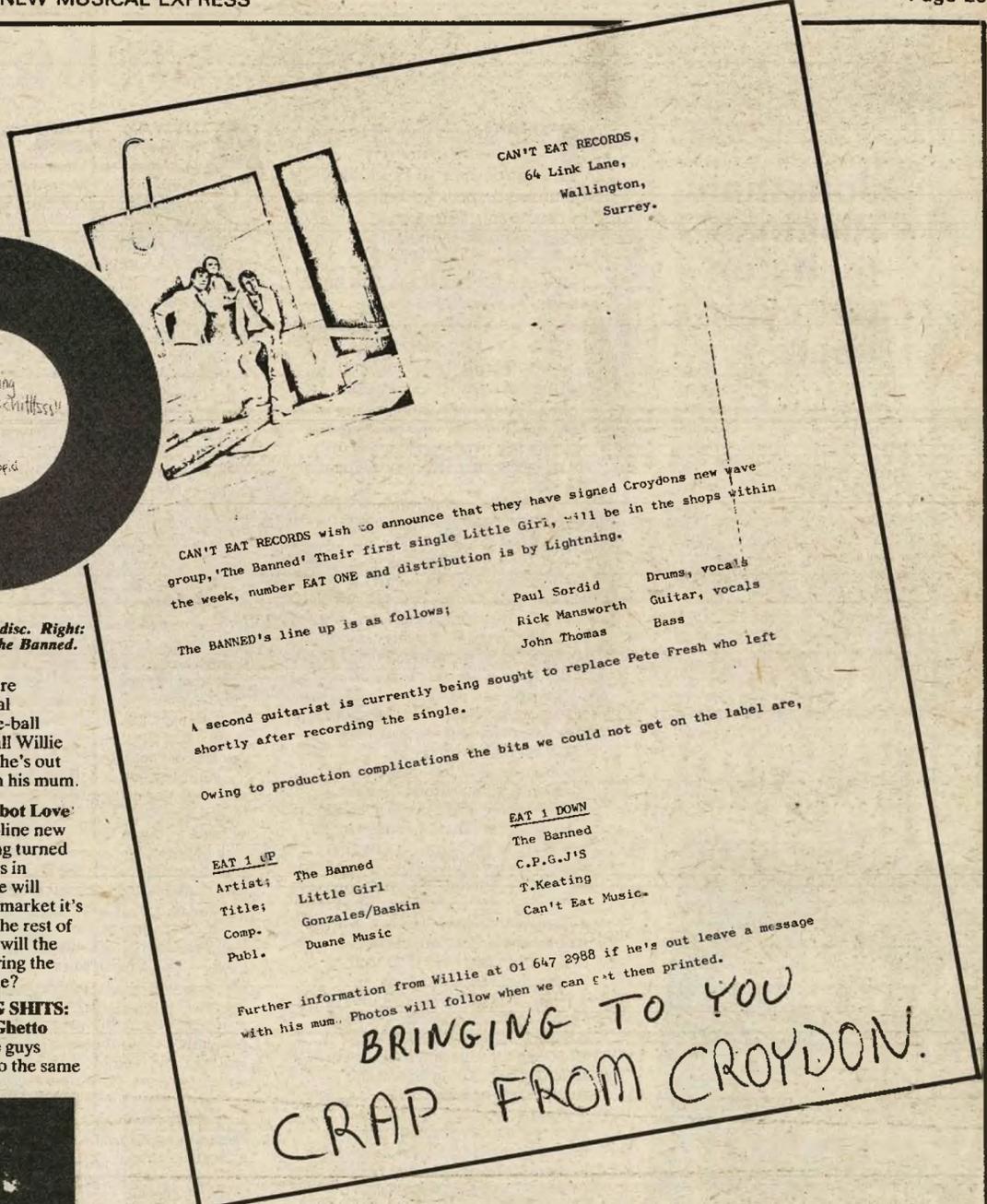
LENNY WILLIAMS: Shoo Shoo Fu Fu Ooh! (ABC). Despite all the fuss and bother about new wave and punk, still the best-selling singles are mostly made for dancing, and although a lot sound as if they were conceived and played by computers, a few come up with touches of humanity. Lenny Williams walks down the street, gets invited to audition for a record producer, dreams of all the TV shows he might get invited to, and practices his favourite scale: shoo shoo fu fu ooh! Nice idea, done well.

LAMONT DOZIER: Going Back to My Roots (Warner Brothers). Any disco record that leaves out the zipping hit-hat and the synthesiser is OK with me. This one isn't outstanding, but it'll pass that basic test.

COMMODORES: Sweet Love (Motown). Is this the third try for this record? Whatever, it sounds like a hit, and in the wake of "Easy," probably will be.

SMOKEY ROBINSON: The Theme From 'Big Time' (Motown). Not quite in the class of Marvin Gaye's "Got to Give It Up," but similar; solid snare drum, and lovely bass-line.

CHAIN REACTION: Why Can't We Be Lovers (Gull). Impressive production for a British-made record, well-sung by Bruce Ruffin.



XTC 3D ME

Jonathan Richman melts an old cynic's heart

IN HIS hometown of Boston, Jonathan Richman is regarded, or so I'm told, with bemused respect for being a kind of divine simpleton — presumably the fanciful end-product were Werner Herzog's Kasper Hauser to have suddenly wandered out of Disneyland and resolutely chosen rock as a mouth-piece and soap-box both to defend and define his own freakishness.

Me, I've found Richman — or at least the character who presented us with his last two Beserkley albums — an overbearing sickly-sweet pain in the ass.

Talk about preconceptions — I'd shored up a ton of 'em just for this performance.

But... a long-standing love affair with the very first "Modern Lovers" album proved to me conclusively that Richman, before his self-administered metamorphosis into loony-toons' cartoon form, possessed a unique and thoroughly disarming vision of rock'n'roll and its place in bolstering his charmingly naive commitment to a stern morality and sense of values totally at odds with the macho-obsessed self-assertions of rock's identikit attitude-dancers.

This stance alone made Richman a refreshing proposition, but a single exposure to the songs on that first vital album proved far more was going on. Firstly, Richman's attraction to rock'n'roll was contagious, producing a chain reaction infectiousness in all who heard him. Even massive stylistic debts to anyone from The Velvet Underground (particularly perceptible on that first album) to Frankie Lyman and The Teenagers, couldn't disguise the fact that Richman's stance and consequent style of composition were quite staggeringly original.

On that first album, Richman's airy fairy romanticism and all-purpose doe-eyed stout-heartedness sounded inspiringly believable and realistically touching, and the most easily discernible consequence has been the speedy recognition of the record for housing at least three true-blue '70s rock classics — "Pablo Picasso", "Someone I Care About" and, of course, "Roadrunner".

The disintegration starts... well, where?

ACCORDING to many spectators, Richman was already veering towards a restrictive policy of singing only 'happy' songs towards the end of that first album's recording.

Whatever, the moody realism of that initial masterpiece was resolutely dumped in favour of him choosing instead to home in on his most infantile lyrical preoccupations. To call the immediate results as witnessed on "Jonathan Richman And The Modern Lovers", his second album, 'wacky' is to bless them with some dint of endearment which just isn't on.

Nursery rhyme lyrics about Martians baking Martian cakes were the order of the day — to some it was all very agreeably surreal or touchingly child-like. I found it quite unbearably artless at all times and often believed the record displayed proof that Richman had suffered some grisly retarding of his senses.

The third album, "Rock'n'Roll With The Modern Lovers", released here quite recently, is even more fixated purely around Richman as Jesus's sunbeam — a gross overgrown child gurgling artlessly from his cloud-cuckoo-land of silly fun.

Still the critics have by and large gone along with it yet again, making a grand play over the singer's refreshing musical hyper-naivety.

Unfortunately, this Richman cult has up until now displayed all the loathsome qualities of the hipper-than-thou twerps who lavish attention and superlatives on any left-field enigma, making much grandstand print bluster over the artist's uniqueness (and Richman is certainly nothing if not unique) without ever questioning whether the touted innovations are of any relevance to anything beyond their cult formation.

ANYWAY, THERE I was, last Sunday night at the Hammersmith Odeon preparing for... well, I didn't honestly know what was about to occur, but I was expecting the worst.

The last publicity shot had him sporting thick long hair and wearing California casual-wear — loafers, cut-offs and T-shirts. Now that basic contemporary fraternity Mr. Normal style had been adamantly forsaken for a quite bizarre olde world look — slightly over-size white dress shirt, Chaplinesque baggy trousers over sneakers. His hair had been given a brutal clipping — not, mark you, in the currently 'acceptable' spiked-out style, but in a slicked-back oily fashion that, together with a quirky pencil-thin moustache, made him at once resemble a benignly sleazy Mussolini wide-boy straight out of Bertolucci's *The Conformist*.

The rest of the quartet was Leroy Radcliffe, beefy guitarist with pudding-bowl Beate cut, D. Sharp, wiry drummer in clothes (shades a9nd beret primarily) that made him resemble a take-off of the all-purpose '50s Bohemian (only a set of bongos were conspicuously absent) and finally Asa Brevner, an unprepossessing hippy bass-player.

Their first combined musical doodling was not quite as bereft of high volume reading as I'd expected or been led to believe — although the lack of piercing volume was something of a disarming relief, the less fortunate in those seats at the back of the hall may well have disagreed.

The first song performed, by the way, was Richman's virtual signature tune — "Ice Cream Man". Fair enough, that — just perfect, in fact, for me to start silently stirring the vitriol, seeing as the song in question perfectly exemplifies everything I loathe about The Modern Lovers' current prissier-than-thou stance.

Only it wasn't going to be quite as straightforward as that. Richman ran through the song first of all, standing almost reverently still, a look of such ridiculous plaintiveness etched on his features as he poured his soul into every dippy syllable that only a man totally devoid of humour could fail to be drawn, however perversely, towards this clownish spectacle.

The song ended after two minutes or so — the applause commenced and stopped in good time for the band to start up again. Again they performed "Ice Cream Man", only this time Richman was starting to loosen up, physically drawing himself, however awkwardly, into the action and positively beaming with joy as once again he sung of the delights of hearing the Ice Cream Man's little bell as it rings down the street, somehow representing the very apex of soul-elevating music that he's come to love so well (thus rhyming with "bell", "Street" by the way rhymes with "neat... uh... neat, neat, neat, neat", as in "He's so...").

The audience, at first suitably reverent, had suppressed an initial vague chortle on viewing Richman under the spotlight, but now they were having mass hysterics all over the auditorium, barely able to control their hiccoughs of mirth — though still totally bemused by this Richman bimbo because he still looked so benignly, so self-consciously, so blissed-out reverent and totally immersed in being granted some grand spiritual fulfillment from systematic performances of the bird-brained jingle.

By the fifth straight repeat of "Ice Cream Man", Richman had lost all stiffness and presumed pre-concert nerves and was throwing himself about in front of the stage like some dark kid irretrievably immersed in performing his James Brown moves in front of Mom's full-length bedroom mirror.

More to the point, though, he'd somehow conquered his audience into giving his mad-cap quirkiness their undivided and mostly delighted attention, and all with the aid of just one utterly nonsensical song.

I still don't know quite what caused this sudden detente but therein lies the essence of Richman's true appeal. I later narrowed this decisive attribute down to Richman being either hyper-aware of his freakishness and guying it up to the incorrigible hilt or else he unknowingly possesses this undefinable quasi-genius for forcing his audience en masse to

unconditional surrender.

Whatever, both contentions are touched off with the ultimate cross-reference of the performer being blessed with a very unique charisma totally opposed to anything previously sited in rock'n'roll and therefore all the more disarming in its given context.

All I know is that Richman in person somehow imbues all those dreadful cloud-cuckoo excursions into dip-rock with a style of performance that somehow makes them sound perversely entertaining.

Richman, arguably as a direct result of this primary disarming breakdown of conventional rock cliches, got a great rapport going with his audience that night. Afer a handful of set pieces — mainly works from the "Rock'n'Roll" album plus a great rendition of "Route 66" with Richman displaying a real gift for minimalist Ventures-styled guitar embellishments (and demonstrating in the process where the inspiration for his own great car-radio paean to the US highways came from), he drew the crowd in to holler requests, more often than not granting the more accessible choices.

The sizeable chorus calling for a run-through of "Pablo Picasso" was, true to current legend, granted a terse "No" in reply, but the mostly amenable Richman did venture into uncharted territory by tossing together a spontaneous "Wimoweh" for one possibly sarcastic requestee.

OF COURSE there were the shortcomings. The set nudged well past the two-hour slot and I for one was starting to get bored two-thirds of the way through just when the band suddenly let fly into a fine "Roadrunner", proving yet again that it's Richman's finest song thus far.

Again the composer strapped on his electric guitar pulling off simple but abrasively effective tremelo-treated riffs. Unfortunately Richman only used the instrument on three or four numbers, mainly one-offs from the first album though he also played fairly comic, amateurish saxophone improvis on several newer songs.

Unfortunately a brace of new songs featured provided no competition to the latter, instead giving us further instalments of Richman's dippy universal cartoon vision. The ridiculous theatre of "Little Dinosaur", for example, awkwardly bridged a gap between coming off hilarious and being hideously banal, while the set's initial closer — one of Richman's real heart-to-heart specials, in which he delivers much earnest advice to a young girl who "won't even listen to her own self talking" entitled, would you believe, "The Morning Of Your Life" — was just ridiculous half-baked schmaltz, even when performed, as it was, with such a passionate display of concern and unselfconsciousness.

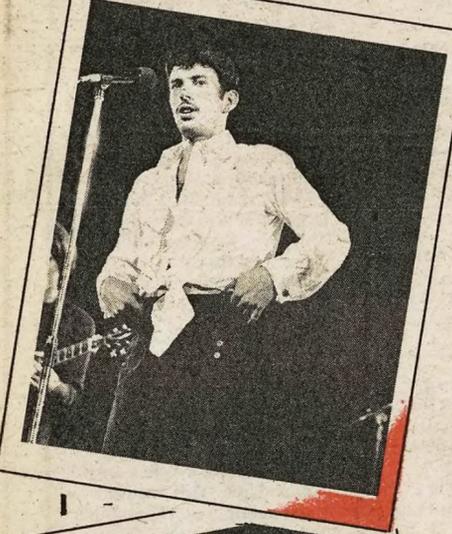
The various encores mixed more dross with more undeniably contagious dross and actually pinpointed Richman's main musical influence — namely the street-corner doo-wop stylings of Frankie Lyman and The Teenagers. Maybe he should return to fixing his attentions on more contemporary artists, seeing that his Lou Reed impersonating caused him to write songs that at times transcended anything the original has come up with. This current '50s obsession has yet to provide him with a song one-eighth as good as Lyman's "I'm Not A Juvenile Delinquent".

The point of the matter though, in a nutshell, is that Jonathan Richman is a very, very gifted performer. The exceptional talent left simmering from the songs on that first album is relocated in full bloom bolstering up the man's oh-so-disarming performing exuberance. It wasn't just those baggy pants he was wearing either — but Richman exuded just the sort of incredible benign freakishness of manner that made Charlie Chaplin the greatest visual comedian of the century.

I won't be checking out those recent albums, mind you, nor am I looking forward to the next opus, but Richman's much-touted concept of 'fun' came vividly to life for me when I saw him last Sunday. I can't recall wiping the smile off my face for hours afterwards.

The part of the cynic played by Nick Kent

DIPPY DIPPY HEY!



Jonathan pledges his troth for the Modern World.

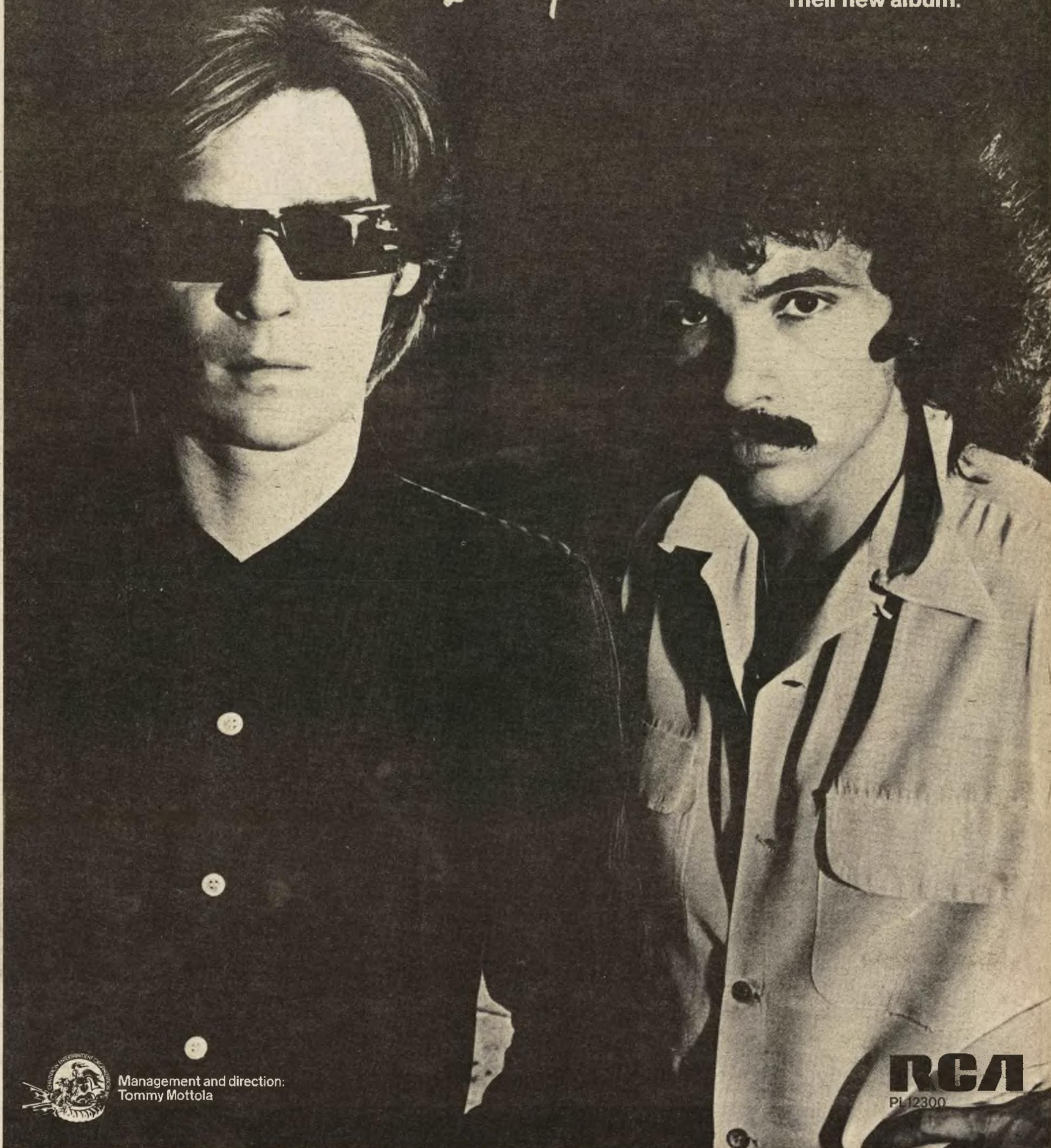
Monochrome snaps from Richman's UK concerts by CHALKIE DAVIES.

Rock turns a new corner...

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- *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

- 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
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BACK IN THE U.K.

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE days when we were sitting round looking for new ideas to amaze and baffle you all.

"What we need," somebody said, "is a whole new perspective."

"Huh?" the rest of us replied.

"We're all too close to what's going on here. We need someone who can take a step back and look at the entire scene in perspective."

"The big picture, so to speak?" We all nodded.

"Cute . . . cute idea." — "Yeah, but who?"

There was a long pause. Some of us scratched ourselves, other stared blankly or tried to think of a plausible excuse so they could slide off to the pub.

"Ideally we ought to have a musician. Somebody whose name gets bandied about as a seminal influence on the New Wave."

Those of us who knew what "seminal influence" meant looked up.

"Iggy Pop?"

"Too difficult."

"One of the Dolls?"

"Can they write?"

"Jim Morrison?"

"Hard to get hold of."

"One of the MC5?"

"Rob Tyner's been

writing longer than he's been singing. He even treats Lester Bangs like a human being."

There was no denying that the MC5 and their singer Rob Tyner are a major influence on today's new wave. You can hear traces of Tyner's staccato, powerhouse vocal style in maybe half the current new wave singles.

With the added plus that he could find his way round words longer than five letters, he seemed like the ideal candidate.

So it all began. The transatlantic wires hummed. Air flights were booked and hotels reserved. No expense was spared.

Finally, two weeks ago, Rob Tyner stepped onto a Pan Am jumbo in Detroit and was

whisked into Heathrow.

For the next fourteen days, Tyner and the redoubtable Chalkie Davies saturated themselves in all that was good, and some that was not so good, in British rock and roll.

From Generation X to The Pirates, via The Clash and Sid Vicious, they saw it all.

What you're about to read is the result, what U.K. '77 looked like to one of the original Motor City wild bunch.



By Rob Tyner

PHOTOGRAPHS by CHALKIE DAVIES

THE CROWD BUSTED into full pogo and I was almost knocked over. I quickly caught myself and snapped into a semi-karate stance with my elbows sticking out samurai-style to ward off a future eruption.

This wasn't an attack on me or anything . . . it was just punks in action at the Marquee. Groups of ten or twelve dudes who looked like a cross between *A Clockwork Orange* and *Night Of The Living Dead* were leaping up and down with shaking heads and rolling eyes and crazy teeth. Generation X was up on the stand lashing and flailing and Billy Idol, their blond lead singer was exhorting the crowd. They responded by spitting on him. I could scarce believe my eyes.

The air was thick with sweat and spit and noise as Billy opened his teenage lips to shout his unintelligible lyrics into the jam-packed club. A girl pushed past me in the crush with her hair dipped in what looked like glue. She'd painted her eyelids bright magenta and was wearing a dog collar as her black lips mouthed Billy Idol's gibberish words.

I suddenly looked around me at all the chaos and I began to feel a little out of it. Phantom werewolves in battle gear and

ghoul-goddesses were dancing in an insane bacchanale, their bared and deadly fangs dripping unknown essences. It was a barn-dance in the Emerald Galaxy. The dance floor was electrified and the crowd jerked and shuddered and jolted with the volts . . .

THIS WAS my introduction to British New Wave, live and in person. I'd heard all the records and seen pictures, of course, but this was face to face, literally. I've seen the Ramones and Patti, but that's American Punk. The British are (and always were) more into the "look" and there's a hell of a lot more primping that goes into it here.

Back in the States, you just wear black leather and say to hell with it. The "Art Dachau" starvation look is usually sufficient and most don't augment it with make-up much.

The mob was closing in and the heat was a visible steam in the air. My lungs had to struggle to get any oxygen at all and I could feel the tiny trickles of sweat running down my back. Gen X's music is pretty one-dimensional. (Granted it's the fourth dimension, but just one dimension, still). Their tunes are hard and played really fast but the titles are really baby-talk. "Youth, Youth, Youth."

They bashed into their single, "Your Generation", the hook of which goes "Your generation don't make sense to me!" Not bad, but highly derivative to put it mildly. Nonetheless, the people broke out in shouts and waving fists, chanting along like a football cheer.

The first bona fide British Punk Rocker I met was (perfectly enough) Sid Vicious, bassist of the Sex Pistols. Photographer Chalkie Davies and I were at Virgin Records to see some video-tapes of the Pistols, and I looked up and saw him walking up to the office in his ancient jeans and black leather jacket studded with badges and military medals. He was wearing a Texas Chainsaw Massacre T-shirt, every other word out of his yap was gutter filth and I liked him immediately.

He sat on the couch with his lovely wife Nancy, shared a smoke and watched the video-tapes with us, as he'd never seen them himself. The first was really well produced and very funny. It was "God Save The Queen", complete with Palace guards marching in time with the beat in red dress uniforms.

Johnny Rotten's perfect rock face came leering and snarling, spliced with the marching tin soldiers as he spat out "God save the Queen, she ain't no human being!"

I thought *Jeez, I gotta see this band live, they're incredible*. The drummer, Paul Cook, has really good timing and he anchors the sound solidly with the thumping bong of Sid's raw bass. Steve Jones, the guitarist, appears to be the hottest around, but I'd need to

see him live to be able to tell for sure. His smashes are really big and his slides and rips are murderous. The choppy chords on "Queen" have tons of elemental drive and a raw rock rumble that's a little scary, just like good guitar should be.

But it's Rotten who rivets the eye with a mighty magnetism that buzzes right off the screen. He hangs, looning and mincing, clutching a huge chromium-plated microphone that looks eerily like a skull.

His features are oddly Victorian and he has the air of a degenerate young English nobleman who's into dissipation, drinks, drugs and the lash.

His words are hissed viciously through clenched teeth and his goo-goo eyes have a fire and intensity like a young Iggy. This sequence was followed by some footage of "Anarchy" and a clip of an abortive gig on a boat cruising the Thames. The police pulled the plug and everyone got mad and finally there was a big scuffle and Pistol's manager Malcolm McLaren was kicked in the butt accompanied by whoops and gales of laughter from Sid Vicious sitting there watching.

A FEW NIGHTS later I bumped into Pistol's drummer Paul Cook at (of all places) a No Dice gig at the Marquee. He was standing at the

Continues over page

From previous page.

bar enjoying a little spirits and I walked up and introduced myself. He said, "What are you doing here?"

I said, "Come over to see you guys play."

"Huh!" He snorted. "Where?" Good Question. The tactics that the Pistols have used to promote their act have gotten them white hot, but they've backedfire on them too. What good is it to be really hot when you can't play for an audience that wants you? But then it's historically perfect. The Stones were banned, the Trogs were banned, I was banned,

everybody and their momma has been banned. It's part of the Social Backlash Syndrome that occurs when groups begin to stir up the Wrath Of The Authorities. But it's more than the cops against the Pistols, it's mums and dads. They're a more powerful pressure group than most bands can take on and beat. I've been asking people like cabbies and milkmen and postmen and cops about Punk and their reaction is interesting.

"Every time I see one of these bleeders" says a grizzly cabbie, "walkin round with safety pins and swastikas all over their asses I look up to God and curse the seven years of my life I spent fighting the Nazis in the Big War."

A constable said, "If they like to fight and spit so much, perhaps a couple years militia would sort them out. Then they could work off that spunk fighting England's battles and not bashing innocent people in the face."

WHEN I WENT to see Donovan Letts' Original Punk Rock Movie, I met these two spinster sisters who looked horrified all through the flick. I kept one eye on the screen and one eye on the sisters. When something juicy would happen on film, they'd cover their faces.

The movie is shot in what looks like Super 8 and it's cut really jagged and gives a great representation of the subject. The sound is raunchy and chaotic, just like the music. Afterwards, I popped up to the two nice ladies to get their opinion about all this madness. (I took off my Acid Punk badge first, see, I'm undercover over here and didn't want to blow my cover.) I offered to buy them a drink in the bar and got 'em loosened up enough to get the real scoop out of them. They were drinking Martini Sweet Red (Yeech). The older spinster sister related that they recently had a punker (sic) working in the architectural office on the switchboard. The younger spinster sister said, "Yes, and she was on drugs too, I could tell!"

The first S.S. said "These people are animals!" Her eyes were worried, "all that screaming and the part where that young man was cutting himself on the belly with a razorblade was the most disgustingly sick thing I've ever seen!"

Well, self-mutilation is never pretty, but they saw something even more ominous behind the thing. They felt that if some nouveau-Nazi type came along to direct and channel the insane energy, we'd have a deadly urban army of vampires and werewolves bent on destroying spinster sisters as we know them today.

Picture her in her nightgown with a candle peeking under her bed at midnight and finding a grinning Sid Vicious with a trench knife. She may have a point there...

People in the American Midwest are somewhat repulsed by New Wave, probably because the press has portrayed it as inane flailing by moron bondage-sicks. But I'm here to say that in every New Wave band I've met so far, there's only been three or four of the aforementioned undesirables and so there.

THE NIGHT I saw the Boom Town Rats was the sweatiest and most chaotic scene so far. Even before the band went on there was steam in the air in the dressing room. I glanced over and here was this dude standing around in his pyjamas. Nice comment on the heat, I thought.

Later I found out that his name is Johnny Fingers and he always wears

pyjamas. Great image and a stroke of genius.

Funny to see the Rats accepting their gold album with Fingers standing there yawning in his jammies. Anyways, I offered my services to introduce the band and it was mighty tasty. The crowd crashed and rumbled in summer thunder as the Rats took the stage in a remarkable display of pyrotechnic dynamism and stage presence. The lead vocalist, Bob Geldof, worked them up into a real lather like a young and electric Jagger as their ballsy R&B-ish tunes crested and rolled.

The audience was a sea of waving arms and shaking hair. Some leaped up in the air and violently shook their heads like sailfish fighting to dislodge the hook. A slim girl passed out and had to be lifted up across the stage into the sauna dressing room where she lay limp and soggy.

The band was raging and snarling, whipping the already frenzied crush with tune after tune as gobs and shouts filled the surging air. There were a dozen cups of water on the drumstand and in between tunes I reached over and handed one to a kid in the front row. He gulped it down greedily, spilling lots of it fighting off his mates. Gasping for a drink themselves, the others stretched their hands, pleading like prisoners in a concentration camp for water. There was nothing that the band could do but fling the water in the air over the crowd, affording them blissful, if momentary relief from the infernal heat. The Rats are a great stage act and should go down well in the States.

THE FRENZY of London's punk audiences is at once inspiring and a little scary. The real New Wavers keep warning me about "posers", the weekend punks who dress up on Saturday night in Sex Pistols drag and get violent. There are always bandwagon types who'll jump on any trend and give the thing whatever bad name it has.

There must be a lot of posing going on because I certainly haven't seen many punks out in the street during the day. Maybe, like the vampires they resemble, they only rise from their crumbling crypts after the sun has gone down in blood-red west. (Dave Vanian's hand sneaks out from the crack and lifts the coffin lid, cre-e-ak...)

But I must conclude that it's easier to be a weekend hippie than it was to be a weekend punk. To be a proper hippie, one needed really long hair to prove your dedication to the cause. It's very difficult to hide a four-foot mane of hair and try to blend into the mainstream of society. Now, weekend punks can take off their plastic bags, wash off their make up and comb down their short hair. Boom, you can blend in nicely.

As a matter of fact, I don't mean to worry you, but one of these dangerous bondage sickies could be serving lunch to you at any London Restaurant. I've actually seen a waiter from a King's Road restaurant leaping through the Vortex in razorblades and SS gear. But I must admit that to be a proper serious New Waver, you have to live with the image as much as hippies did.

I mean, it's hard to pull off being a milkman with blue hair and a pierced cheek.

Authenticity also demands that you be un-employable and on the dole, so the job thing needn't really matter...

It's the very lack of bread that gives rise to the ingenuity of the New Wave. The style embraces safetypins, antique gymshoes, tattered Levi's,

and all manner of refuse and castoffs. The gear is made from objects that cost nil or nearly nothing. Class from trash. Totally unlike the Mods, whose gear was expensive, the punks make theirs from junk. Of course, at Malen McLaren's you can still buy hippies for a very high price. Even though leather jackets cost a lot, after the initial investment you have some gear that will wear like iron and be in style forever. (Been in style 25 years, now, with no end in sight.)

I must admit that this whole thing is damn scenic, though. Some nights in the Vortex, these jaded eyes have beheld sights unimaginable. Two heavyset chicks with shocking pink hair and leotards walked past, both decked out in dog collars and spiked heels straight out of Mondo Bizarro.

They crawled under the stairway and clinched on the floor in passionate kisses as this black dude with rainbow striped dyed in his hair was attacked by a rowdy punker in a blue flack suit with a parachute bag hanging off his butt.

There was a gigantic scuffle and several other martian humanoid got involved and the fists and curses began to fly. They were separated by a couple of rino-sized boomers and dragged bodily up the stairs to God knows what fate. The crowd was still charged up from the violence in the air, so I kept one hand on my laser gun and one eye on the door.

The levels of violence around here are weird and random. At least, back in the U.S.A. if you're getting the shit kicked out of you, you know exactly who is doing it and why. Here, it seems to just erupt and could easily spill over your innocent lap. In lovely London town, the lines of struggle are sharply drawn between punks and Teds and hippies. You can get smashed for any of a multitude of reasons; (a) having long hair, (b) having short hair, or (c) not greasing your hair back in a pompadour.

Seriously, the animosity between Teds and punks and hippies totally mystifies me. People here treat relatively minor stylistic differences as if they were the uniforms of warring armies. These factions seem to fail to realise that we're all into Rock and Roll. Teds and punks actually have more in common with each other than they do with the rest of society. We've got the Big Beat in common. It's just disgusting to see rock and roll people bashing each other around.

Mick Jones of The Clash told me about coming out of Jonathan Richman's concert in Hammersmith and getting bashed in the head with a Ted's crash helmet. It's definitely tribal warfare and utterly senseless. The Rock and Roll of the Teds formed the historical basis for the psychodelia of the hippies and that formed the basis for New Wave. It's all from a common root.

I believe the Teds are keeping alive a really important musical influence that's all but died out in Detroit. I can't remember the last time I saw a waterfall hairdo, or heard the name of Eddie Cochran on the grey streets of the Motor City. People have nearly forgotten Gene Vincent in contemporary America, but here he's a live and vital musical force even today. Which is cool. But, you can't cut it off at 1957 and violently oppose other rockers exploring new influences.

THERE ARE OTHERS keeping alive the heavy historical pulse and making its powerful message ring on the stages of today's U.K.

Chalkie Davies and I made a mini-cab pilgrimage to Manchester to witness The Pirates. Their set starts out with a tape of seagulls and the ocean's roar. Then, with a barrage of cannonfire, The Pirates hit the deck like a boarding party in an Errol Flynn epic. I'd always heard that Mick Green was a wizard guitar, but I've got to testify that this dude can play rhythm AND lead, simultaneously. Honest, he stands there in his flash Pirate duds and strums away like he's just playing the chord part, but my ears were hearing a blistering lead. Mick's fellow buccaneers, Johnny Spence and Frank Farley, are a truly professional and utterly powerful rhythm section. Bassist Spence's lead vocals are real window rattlers.

Mick Green has this perfect rock and roll face, complete with a hip sneer like Ricky Nelson, only grown up and deadly serious. He tunes his high E string down a full note when they do their thunderstorm version of "Shaking All Over". His whizzing fingers made a carooming thunder of rock and roll that was truly inspired.

I didn't mind the four hours there and the four hours back to London at all. Ship ahoy. Honorable mention beau coup.

THE GREAT DISASTER of Chelmsford was held on a gray day with chilling winds and ominous clouds overhead. Backstage was a grumble with disconcerted security crew and bands milling around rumbling.

The promoters weren't even allowed to sell booze back there, which would have made conditions somewhat more agreeable. In retrospect, they probably wish they'd gotten the security gang soused and in better spirits. I met The Damned.

Hi, Damned. Bye, Damned. They pulled out of the gig on grounds of no bread and the professional in me couldn't blame them, but the fan in me wanted to see them play, it was a little disappointing. But they saw it as a disaster and pulled out on the basic level of sheer survival.

The Doctors of Madness went on and played some really heavy stompy tunes and the people brightened up a little and then even more. The violinist had an insane violin that was stripped down to just an outline of its former self and it was painted day-glo orange. The sound that came blasting out of the amplifier was piercing and gutsy.

At the end of their set, they kept repeating "Where are your Punk-Rock bands when you need them? That's how much they think of you..." That's how much they think of you!

The Doctors have a really powerful rhythm section and a big pumping sound. Their lyrics seem to be some of the most biting and surreal that I've heard this trip, and I dig that because when faced with a choice between political and vacant, I'll take sarcastic.

Now, I realise that it's not fashionable to dig The Rods. I understand that and know full well the risk I am about to take. Being your basic rock and roller at heart, I really do dig the Rods.

Maybe the dudes in plastic bags and fuchsia hair don't know, but the little girls understand.

When the Rods hit the boards, all of a sudden, the crowd changed. Immediately, there were pretty girls right down front where, seconds before there had only been boys

jumping up and down with each other.

Interesting transformation. Barrie Masters, The Rods' jack-in-the-box lead singer ran and dizzled and did flips all over hell. He climbed up the support rods that held up the stage's canopy and hung there 40 feet over the crowd, and generally made happy mayhem while the band was rocking out down on stage. I've developed a real affection for The Rods, both musically and personally, and I believe that they have the best chance for America of all the bands I've seen here.

I was hanging out with Barrie Masters at the La Chasse (Members only, eat your hearts out), having a drink after what turned out to be a fairly sedate evening with The Motors at the Marquee. The tiny club was nearly full, which means that there were about 12 people there. Keith Moon was doing his usual loonery, which is only what's expected of him. For a giggle, I stopped him and asked him what his thoughts were on the New Wave.

"Never heard of it," quoth he, his eyebrows raised in lofty disdain. "What is it? A new disease?" He smiled brightly, his face registering mock puzzlement. "A religious sect?" His pinball eyes were flashing and there was a little neon sign over his head that said "Boing".

"Maybe so..." said I. "I think maybe if it hangs around long enough, it'll catch on." He said evenly "But I doubt it."

"Why?" I asked. "Look!" he snarled, suddenly manic and eagle-eyed. "If any of them punk-rockers gets anywhere near my drum kit I shall kick 'em square in the knackers! I got fifteen years in this bloody business and what the hell do these bastards know?"

Obviously, the gentleman has his mind made up. The Old Guard is still in control of the mass market, juggling from the most recent charts and popularity polls. I believe that in some ways the politics of the New Wave are responsible for the lack of worldwide acceptance.

In the States, punk is buzzing around the fringes of the industry like hornets, but they haven't found the way in yet. None of them, with the slight exception of Patti Smith, have made any sort of inroad toward the mass audience, but the politics of Ameri-punk are implicit in the stance and not really a blatant part of the lyrical content any more. But then, we went through our heavy political period in the late 60s and 70s. Britain is in a serious No Future trajectory, and on that level, Rotten is dead on.

The music of groups like the Pistols and The Clash draw an energetic electricity from the political environment. Which is as it should be. But the problem inherent in this is that U.K. politics do not translate into the American.

This may keep the more political acts from reaching the broad masses of American Mid-West, which is a large chunk of the world marketplace.

While it's a smoking track, "Anarchy In The U.K." doesn't have the potency in Omaha, Nebraska, that it enjoys in London.

While some groups would find the political thing a major stumbling block, acts like Boom Town Rats and The Rods would have a much easier time translating the buzz abroad. That's strictly from an American point of view of the business and musical tastes. All I can say is that Yes are doing six nights at Wembley and the Pistols say they can't play under their own name.

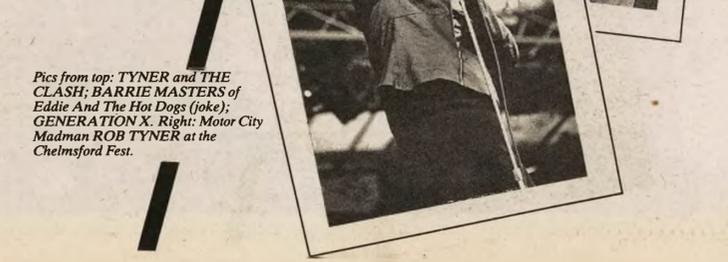
I KNOW it's in vogue to say that the scene here is dead and decaying and you should see it last year, but that kind of talk doesn't faze me at all I give Brit-Rock my seal of approval and a clean bill of health.

The atmosphere is more exciting than I've ever seen it before and there is more possibility for hip action than there was when I came to this great city six years ago. The bands are hotter, the folks in the street seem happier and the pubs are rowdier.

And if this is decadence and decay, where do I sign up and take my blood test?



Pics from top: TYNER and STEVE JONES of Sex Pistols; GENERATION X at the Marquee; TYNER and the FEELGOODS. Left, Victorian degenerate JOHNNY ROTTEN.



Pics from top: TYNER and THE CLASH; BARRIE MASTERS of Eddie and The Hot Dogs (joke); GENERATION X. Right: Motor City Madman ROB TYNER at the Chelmsford Fest.

Advertisement for City Rock Festival at the Marquee. Includes text: BOB MARDON PROMOTIONS in association with present CITY ROCK FESTIVAL Football Stadium - on SAT. SEPT. 3. Also lists bands: THE HEAVY METAL KIDS, GENERATION X, THE MOTORS, BOOMTOWN RATS, LEW LEWIS BAND, and ROUNDHOUSE.

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Moorcock fan rescued from Deep Fix

COULD YOU tell me something about Mike Moorcock and Deep Fix — like who were they and what did they release? — ROBIN PAYNE, Shamley Green, Surrey.

● Michael Moorcock is a prolific provider of sci-fi novels — though he once made a living by gigging on the folk club scene, where he sang and played guitar, mandolin and banjo. In 1975 he cut an album with Deep Fix — a band comprised of Moorcock, Steve Gilmore (guitars, vocals) and Graham Charnock (guitars, vocals), which had the assistance of such sessioneers as guitarist Snowy White and Hawkwind's Dave Brock (guitar) and Simon King (drums).

Called "New World's Fair" (UA UAG29732), the album — which is about the end of

the world — features as its main character a fairground king named Dodgem Dude, who had formerly appeared on an unreleased Deep Fix single. U.A.'s reluctance to issue this particular single made little sense in view of the fact that Moorcock claimed the disc provided the whole key to the album and without it "New World's Fair" would be extremely difficult to understand.

COULD YOU tell me on which labels The Flamin' Groovies' singles have appeared and list catalogue numbers so that I can obtain them? Also, could you provide some info on the "Still Shakin" album — is it just another compilation job? — C JORDAN, Thornbumald, Hull. HU12 9PJ.

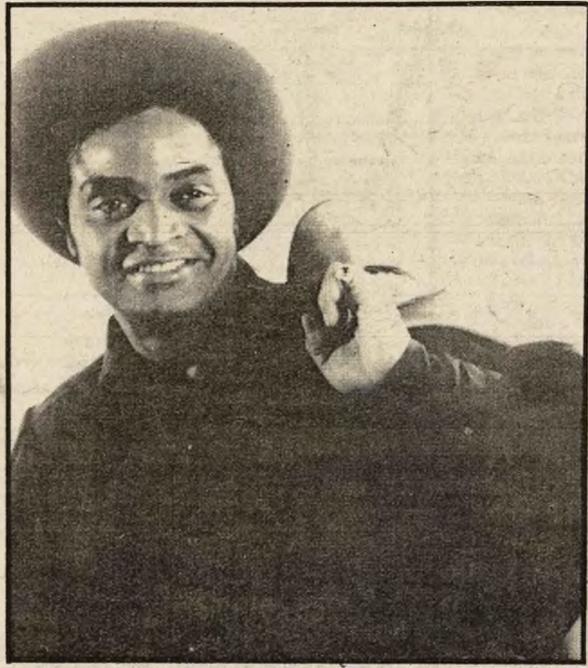
● Currently the only Groovies singles to be found in the shops are "You Tore Me Down"/"Him Or Me" (Bomp

101); "Shake Some Action" (different take from the album cut)/"Teenage Confidential" (Br. Philips 6078 602); "Teenage Head"/"Heading For The Texas Border" (Br. Kama Sutra KSS707) and "Let The Boy Rock'n' Roll" (French Philips 6078501).

Now deleted are "Rockin' Pneumonia"/"The First One's Free" (Epic 5-10507); "Somethin' Else"/"Laurie Did It" (Epic 5-10564); "Have You Seen My Baby"/"Yesterday's Numbers" (Kama Sutra 527); "Slow Death"/"Tallahassee Lassie" (Br. UA UP35392) and "Married Woman"/"Get A Shot Of Rhythm And Blues" (Br. UA UP35464) though the British UA titles can be found on an E.P. numbered UA REM405.

Mention of E.P.s reminds me that the Groovies "Grease" can still be found in the import shops on Skydog FGG001 and FGG-002, while back in singlesville it's worth checkin' out "Lovin' You" (KO 001) and "Hey Grandma" (KO.002) two import singles by Hot Knives, a group led by ex-Groovies drummer Danny Mihn.

The "Still Shakin'" album, which was recently released in the States on the Kama Sutra label — though the copies I've seen in London shops seem to be on French Buddah 940541 — contains some cuts from the "Teenage Head" and "Flamingo" epes plus a previously unissued rock and roll medley ("Shakin' All Over", "That'll Be The Day", "Louie Louie", "My Girl Josephine", "Around And Around", "Rockin' Pneumonia" and "Goin' Out Theme" — all recorded in January, 1971, that fills one complete side. The only other unreleased track on the album is a version of "Walking The Dog", the old Rufus Thomas hit.



JACKIE WILSON: still in coma

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

● Zoo were a French outfit with a style loosely based on that of Blood, Sweat and Tears, the band's gimmick being that Daniel Claret and Michael Ripoché, Zoo's tenor-players, often laid down their horns to indulge in bouts of violin interplay instead. Originally fronted by vocalist Joel Dayde, the band featured a British Clayton-Thomas soundalike named Ian Bellamy when they made a brief tour of this country during 1970. Contracted to Barclay-Riviera in France, the band's discs were released here through Major-Minor and RCA — but Zoo achieved little success and eventually faded to join the

ranks of the great might-have-beens, though Dayde later staked some claim to fame via a hit single of "Mamy Blue".

More recently, Andres Herve (keyboards) and his bass-playing brother Michel, both original members of Zoo, joined Alan Stivell's band and appeared on his "Before Landing" album.

COULD YOU enlighten me about an album called "Hate Kills" (Paramount SPML 934093) by Hate, a band who are pretty bloody good. The disc has no personnel details on the sleeve, though the production is credited to Tony Chapman of Realisation, while two guys named Bruce and Lacey would appear to be the writers of the album's ten songs. — VAUGHAN ROBERTSON, Keri Keri, New Zealand.

● This seemed a tough one

— until I finally tracked down an EMI press handout dated November, 1970. Obviously penned to tie in with the release of "Hate Kills", which was issued here on Famous SMFA 5752 — your Paramount version is a Down-Under job — the handout reveals that Hate was a Glasgow-based outfit comprised of James Lacey (guitar), Leonard Graham (bass), Alan Pratt (drums), Neill Bruce (organ) and Robert Munro (vocals), adding such quotes from the band as "Our hate is not directed at our generation but at those abstractions of war, injustice and cruelty still being perpetuated upon us from a great height — the frustration and the futility in life."

Admirable sentiments, but I guess Hate must have learnt even more about futility and frustration when Famous folded after releasing just a few albums by such as Ralph McTell and Tear Gas.

I'VE JUST finished reading an American paperback called *Rock On*, which contains an item on Jackie Wilson. It claims that this entertainer had a stroke while performing onstage about three years ago and that's he been in a coma ever since. Can you confirm this and perhaps add some further info? — ALAN HARNEY, Greenwich, London SE10.

● It's sad to confirm that the once great Wilson did suffer a heart-attack while performing at the Latin Casino, Cherry Hill, New Jersey, in October, 1975, and has remained in a hospital bed ever since. It was reported at one stage that we'll never see the ex-leader of The Dominoes onstage again. "Nobody But You", (Brunswick BRBS 5002), an album of material cut shortly before that final gig, has recently been released by Decca.

this is an ad for

The BOYS L.P.

ALBUMS



IAN DURY
New Boots And Panties!!
(Stiff)

WHAT WE have in "New Boots And Panties!!" is a long overdue solo album from one of Britain's most unique and uncompromising talents.

If, through circumstances beyond his control, the "Handsome" album never fulfilled Dury's potential with Kilburn & The Highroads then "New Boots And Panties!!" enables the singer to vindicate himself with a vengeance after two year's silence.

It's impossible to bag Ian Dury except to say that he has taken the essence of the Cockney music hall and utilised rock as a contemporary means of expression.

On occasions Ray Davies has dallied with a similar approach, but Dury has none of the self-conscious pretensions that Davies exposed in his flawed Flash Harry caricature.

Ian Dury feels no need to adopt a transatlantic rock voice to comply with his subject matter, preferring to deliver ribald and bittersweet monologues in the tone of voice he was born with. Max Wall with a backbeat. Max Miller on mandies.

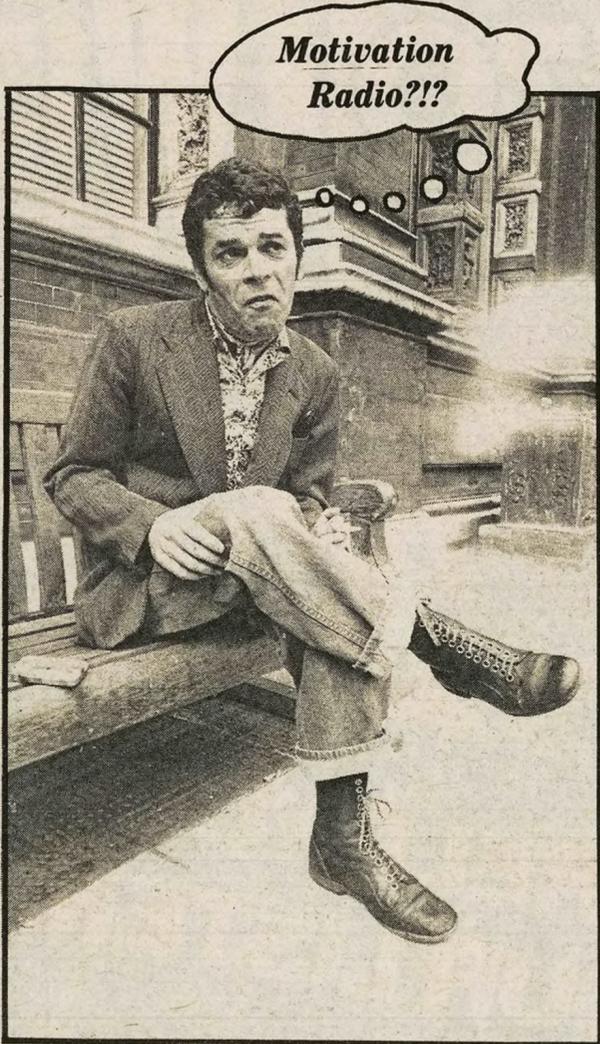
"New Boots and Panties!!" is concerned with two aspects of tragi-comedy. The first side, a mixture of earthy erotica interspersed with two reflective tributes in "Sweet Gene Vincent" and "My Old Man", is offset by the second, itself almost entirely devoted to Dury's more manic side.

The album's unqualified success owes as much to Dury's performance as to the deftness with which Charley Charles (drums), Norman Watt-Roy (bass), Chaz Jankel (guitar, keyboards), Davey Payne (saxes), Edward Speight (guitar) and Geoff Castle (moog) interpret the mood of each song. Gentlemen, stand up and take a bow.

In recounting his sexual exploits, Dury deviates between the unashamed romanticism of being an early morning riser (!) on "Wake Up And Make Love With Me" with observations like: "You come awake me in a horny morning mood, and have a little wriggle in the naughty naked nude/Roll against my body, get me where you want me, what happens next is private, it's also very rude!" By night, Dury favours a vaudervillian wham-bang-thank-you-ma'am approach of a public bar casanova, winning the heart of a fair damsel. At the other extreme, "If I Was With A Woman" reveals a kamikaze approach to more serious matters of the heart: "If I was with a woman, I'd often offer my indifference and make quite sure she never understood. If I was with a woman, she'd have to learn to cherish the purity and depth of my disdain".

I'd like to observe Dury and his label mate E. Costello comparing notes. As a matter of interest, Elvis is currently performing the Kilburns "Roadette" on live dates.

By their very nature, records of tribute are often nauseating. The only one that ever did any justice to an artist's memory was Mike Berry's "Tribute To Buddy Holly". Ian Dury's musical memorial to the late Gene Vincent is delivered with affection and accuracy. With freeze-frame lyrical economy,



SEATED MEN COMPARE ALBUM TITLES

he portrays Vincent's charisma with a time-stop chant of "White face-black shirt-white socks-black shoes-black hair-white Stratbled white-died black".

"My Old Man", one assumes, is a poignant "all the best mate from your son," celebration of Old Man Dury. "Clever Trevor" depicts a Dury stream of consciousness word game set against a surreal fairground atmosphere of swirling moog scales, whilst his last three vignettes: "Blockheads", "Plastow Patricia" and "Blackmail Man" are prime-cut Brit-rock, each one faster and more psychotic than its predecessor.

Not since George Harrison's "Piggies" has any one song numbered an unpleasant sector of society with as much venom as Dury's "Blockheads". While dementoid moog and sax play tag similar to Eno and MacKay at their most inspired, Dury remains unconsolable in his tirade —

"You must have seen parties of blockheads with blotched and larded skin, blockheads with food particles in their teeth, what a horrible state they're in. They've got womanly breasts and permo vests, shoes like dead pigs' noses, cornflake packet jackets, catalogue trousers, a mouth that never closes".

Stand up and be counted! "Plastow Patricia" is an indictment of council estate conditions, the lure of UpWest and the final degradation of strictly-kicks drug abuse.

Finally, "Blackmail Man" is a garbled full-tilt primal

cockney-slang screamer that leaves the listener totally unnerved.

I really don't know if the public is ready for the eccentricities of Ian Dury. Perhaps they never will be. Whether or not you buy "New Boots And Panties!!" at least make hearing the album a priority.

It's your loss if you pass.
Roy Carr



STEVE HILLAGE
Motivation Radio (Virgin)
EARLIER THIS year Steve Hillage, noted Piscean turned Aquarian troubadour, announced that he would record a third solo album in Los Angeles with the help of Malcolm Cecil.

It seemed like a good idea. It was. Whilst on tour there, Hillage had found California well attuned to his 'esoteric' enthusiasms. Cecil himself had written a "Pyramid Suite" under the auspices of Tonto's Expanding Head Band and, when Hillage met him, was tracing correlations between whale songs and Alpha brain

waves. (Far out! — Ed)

The two men's minds obviously met. They share a consuming interest in synthesis — musical, cerebral, elemental and otherwise. "Motivation Radio" promised to be some sort of Ultimate Inner Space Silver Surf soundtrack.

It is and it isn't. The inevitable West Coast psychedelia and New Age apocrypha are wing to wing, present and prevalent — but not in the soft, sensurround focus of Hillage's "Fish Rising" and "L" albums.

Cecil produced, achieving a resonantly hard studio sound, very upfront and very physical. The overall instrumental spread is sparse; Cecil's own synthesiser work is keyed to a curt, clean, "fluted" register.

The black rhythm section is something else again. Drummer Jo Blocker and bassist Reggie McBride are taut, emphatic players, sparing to a fault. Blocker's muscular panache seems almost out of synch until — sweet revelation — you realise that this is Steve Hillage's ROCK record. (Faaaar out! — Ed).

"Motivation Radio" is subtitled "a dimensional window". A window on what, though? It depends which way you're looking and why.

The cover and inner sleeve are coded with cryptic clues. Note the scarab beetle, and ancient Egyptian symbol for the driving wheels of Space and Time, also The Chariot Tarot Card, which represents the control of psychic energy. Both are Sun signs. (Faaaar out! — Ed)

A wedge of UFOs cruise above the cover seascape. As Hillage sings in "Light In The Sky": "In '77 we looked into the ethers and saw that they were very much alive". The Rastas aren't alone in lending this year special significance. Think on it, won't you?

But it's not de rigueur to be a fully fledged Atlantis buff or modern day mystic to check Hillage. I'm neither myself. On the other hand, there's ample reason to believe in many of the para-scientific avenues Hillage explores — and without resorting to the sensationalist chicanery of, say, Erich Von Daniken or Charles Berlitz.

Try it another way. Go visit a standing stone site and see what you feel. Hillage's premise is straightforward enough: Mankind once enjoyed a fuller relationship with his natural environment and the cosmos in general.

And if Hillage wants to hymn his version of the untold tale and to project a new age in which we re-establish those links with the judicious use of technological hard and software (like the cover's radio telescope), then that's fine by me. Better than building neutron bombs, isn't it?

Hillage is an optimist, and I respect him for that. He's also got a sense of humour, an attribute which seems recently to have deserted Todd Rundgren, a man who professes similar arcane interests.

But I digress. Whether it's possible to remain untouched by Hillage's er, 'philosophical'

views and still enjoy his music, I wouldn't know. The two have always struck me as inseparable.

There again, there's no denying the man's guitar prowess. Hillage uses guitar synthesisers with an intuitive sense of what makes for natural, often exotic sounds. The technicalities of the operation are transcended.

Some of the songs on "Motivation Radio" have precedents in Hillage's past work, others have not.

Of the former, "Radio" is the gentle glissando, "Searching For The Spark" the "Sprinkling Of Clouds" sweep of sequenced synthesisers and "Octave Doctors" the ascending split-echo guitar scale.

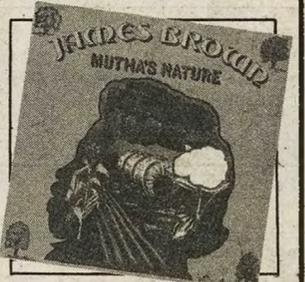
Of the latter, "Wait One Moment" is all muted melody and rather Beatleish, "Motivation" all juddering chords and ricochet and "Light In The Sky" prime rock time, utterly exhilarating as Hillage flays out massive block riffs.

By and large, the material is less complex and more direct than anything Hillage has previously attempted; it's uniformly charged with vital freshness.

The version of "Not Fade Away" will doubtless delight or infuriate to taste. I like it; Hillage's vocals are now as confident as his omnipresent and beguilingly serpentine lead guitar.

And so Steve Hillage pursues The Perfect Note. "Motivation Radio" — not so much an album as a state of mind. (Faaaar out! — Ed)

Oh, shut up!
Angus MacKinnon



JAMES BROWN & THE NEW JB's

Mutha's nature (Polydor)
COMEDIAN-CUM-SINGER Bill Cosby's recent parodies of James Brown have been astute and very funny but they're outclassed every time by the man himself. Whenever Brown makes one of his all too frequent serious statements he's invariably downright hilarious.

This time he's turned his attention to ecology, as portrayed by the album's title, its horrendous art work and his own side-splitting sleeve note, in which he manages to remind "The people in politics, music, sports, churches and also most of our educational bodies throughout the world" that they should not only clean their minds and get on the right track but that he, Brown, is to be compared with Beethoven, Bach and Brahms. And all in one paragraph too.

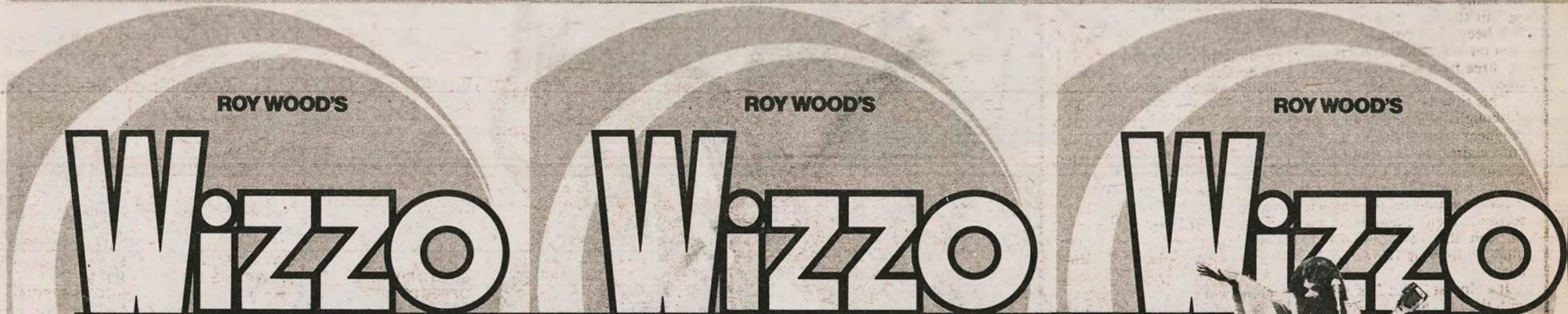
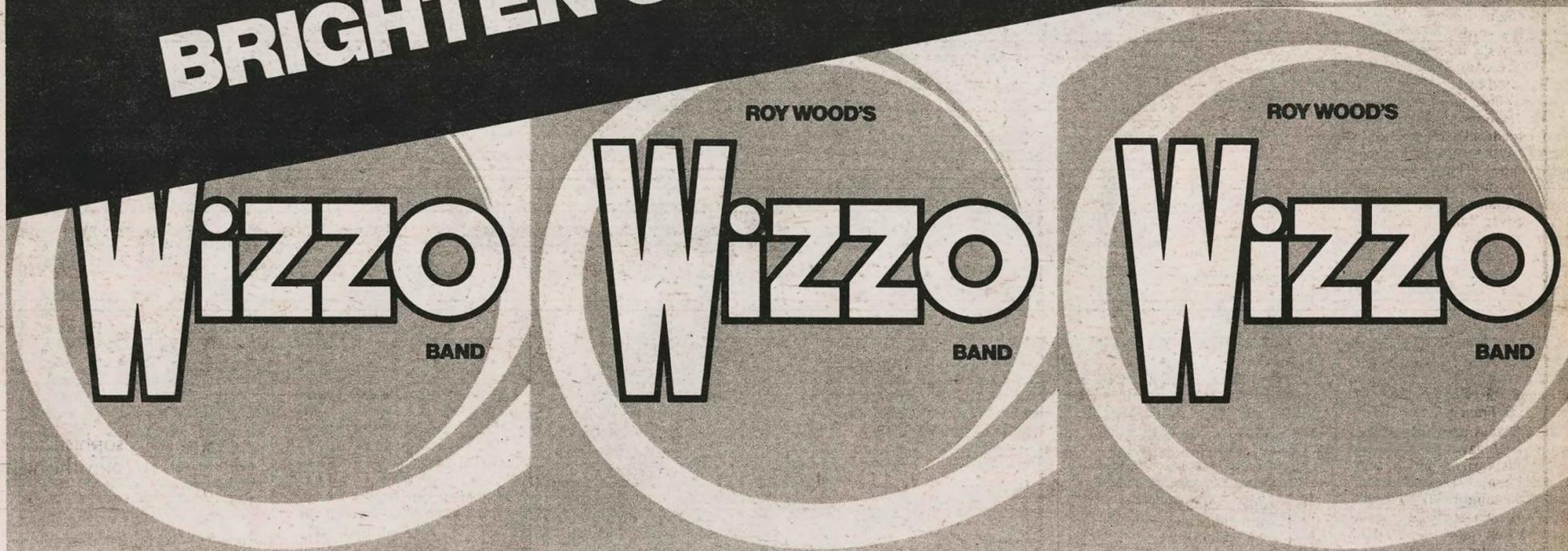
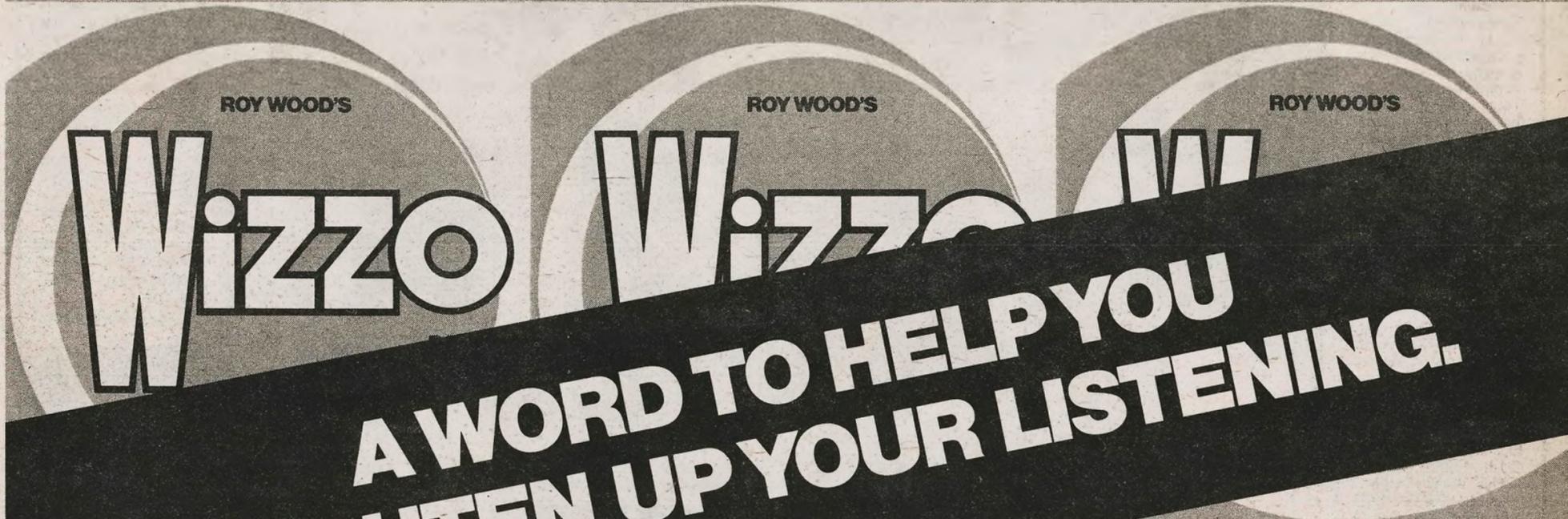
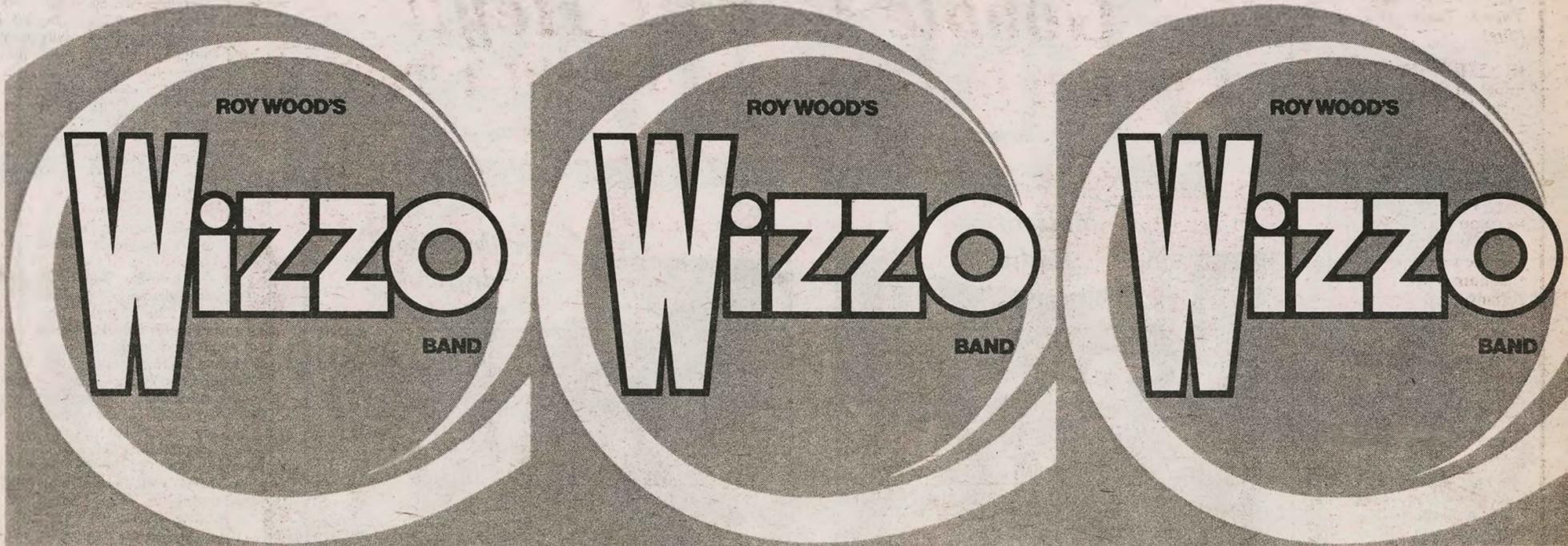
He's absolutely right on every count of course; it's just the way he goes about telling it that makes the sides ache.

Needless to say, once you get past the sleeve you find that the music inside is about as ecologically based as the nuclear lobby — for which relief much thanks. I'm all for curbing Man's purblind onslaught on his environment but I can well do without a James Brown concept album on the subject. Let's keep a sense of proportion about these things.

Unfortunately, while the eight tracks are not inflicted with the same pretension as their wrapping they are almost equally ruined by the technological demands of a disco-dominated society. In short, the mix is completely arse about face.

Whether you like Brown's music or not, you should understand that a crucial factor in his career is that he has

Continues over page



The new album from Roy Wood
 Features 'The Stroll' (K16961) his new single.
 Available on Warner Brothers Records and Tapes. K56388



THE DEAD BOYS
Young, Loud And Snotty (Sire)

IF THIS shower could inject into their Establishment Punk repertoire the undoubted creative flair that they employ when they're inventing emotive alias-monikers — as in Stiv Baters on tonsils, Cheetah Chrome on lead and Jimmy Zero on rivvum guitars, also the final flourish of Jeff Magnum on bass and Johnny Blitz on drums — then their self-publicity pushing them as Noo Yawk City's Sex Pistols wouldn't grate so harshly on my threadbare fluffy mohair sweater consciousness.

Recorded live at C.B.G.B.'s and studio mastered-sanitised before available for consumption by the rabbit-breeding army of N.W. neophytes, it's innocuous Flotsam and Jetsam that is as valium-choking predictable as the weekly implosion of Discomat fodder.

Like, throw enough of any product at the lumpen-proletariat and sooner or later you'll find something that they'll gobble up ravenously, right? Nobody wanted to keep it elitist or anything, (well, maybe just a touch) but I never imagined it would sink to the level of Baked Bean cans.

The Dead Boys churn out a synthetic sadism soundtrack that lacks the cornball clomp charm of those sixty-second-men the Vibrators and even the sinister locker room conviction of the Stranglers, so don't even start looking for the chortle-inducing, stumbling perfection of the Brothers Ramone, the tension of the Pistols' savage grace, the incisive lyrical beauty of X-Ray Spex, the Fairly Orthodox Existentialism of the Clash.

This is the dregs, honey, crass M.M. pyrotechnics given a facelift of standard bondage chains / studs / black leather. It's dross nevertheless with Boys' Club nihilism where the size of your erection is calculated by the length of your cat o' nine tails.

Gonne make you scream all night, lil' nublie, if they can get all the equipment together in time. The token gesture of furious contempt for the female gender (the perennial cover for Closet Case rock-schlock), a drone of rivet-punching guitar solos as New Wave as Alvin Lee, portentous major-chords that The Dead Boys lash out like wet towels, dire fret-jerking three-chord quagmires of boredom

Gobble Gobble Hey!!

A Turkey In Safety Pins Is Still A Turkey



Jimmy Zero (far left) and Stiv Baters (far right) model life-affirming New York T-shirts. Centre: Jimmy escorts Stiv after an on-stage collision necessitated six stitches in the head. All in a day's work. Pix: JOE STEVENS.

flexing their stunted libido in wasted vinyl like "What Love Is", "Not Anymore", "Hey Little Girl!" and — surprise fellas! — "Caught With The Meat In Your Mouth".

The bad-value pittance of a sub-thirty minute album time also includes their brace of machismo gems (very sic) "All This And More" and "Sonic Reducer" which are featured on the Phobogram compilation album "New Wave" and don't deserve to share the same record deck as the true forgotten bead-boize of Babylon . . . the Dolls.

The phone rings and it's Johnny Thunder calling three-thousand mile collect.

"Whaddaya doon, mannn?"

Reviewing the Dead Boys album, John.

"You poor bastard." Caught 'em already, huh?

Tony Parsons

ELVIN BISHOP
Raisin' Hell (Capricorn)

THERE'S a great EP hiding somewhere midst this live double set. Elvin Bishop's brand of good-time music may be wonderful to witness live, but listening to audience enthusiasm at home tends to be a fat pain.

The opening title cut — a brash instrumental with blaring horn work right out of an LA

niterity (it's Tower Of Power actually) — comes over like an apposite theme for indolent,



spoon-fed Californians. "It doesn't augur well for the ensuing festivities. Nothing gets quite that bad again, however, although those oppressive horns and strident back-up vocalists remain obstacles which are never overcome or remotely integrated.

That's why side two is the best: no horns. It contains the only numbers recorded outside LA and Bishop's (mainly dumbly likeable) on-stage raps suddenly assume an accen-

tuated 'Y'all' drawl for the Atlanta audience.

"Juke Joint Jump" and "Hey Hey Hey Hey" are neatly laid-back chunky-funks (there's an easy grace to the rhythm section throughout), effortlessly gliding into the gospel-tinged "Joy".

The solid guitar interplay between Elvin and Johnny Vernazza distinguishes "Stealin' Watermelons" and Bishop's best-ever song, "Fooled Around And Fell In Love", is given a surprisingly successful rendition, with Paul Aaberg outstanding on piano.

But the rest, all three sides' worth, really is non-essential. Though he promises, on side three, "to get meller, play some blooze, huh, yeah!" those damn horns dissipate any attempt at same. Side four is mainly given over to an incredibly messy Sam Cooke medley ("Let The Good Times Roll", "A Change Is Gonna come" and "Bring It On Home To Me"), enigmatically dedicated to his Ma.

Pay off the horns, get shot of

the singers and get back to boogie, Bishop.

Monty Smith

SHIRLEY BROWN
Shirley Brown (Arista)

FROM NINE to 14 she stood on a box to reach the Baptist church choir microphone in West Memphis, Arkansas. Then she lost God in favour of opening for Albert King whom she toured with till the age of 23. Hiring a travelling tutor to finish her schooling and generally shooting off the sharks, King took her to the Stax executives.

Nothing shook till three Stax staffers came up with a song about a wife who confronts The Other Woman, for Inez Foxx. When the Foxy Lady vetoed it, Stax foisted the song off on Shirley, who made "Woman To Woman" strike American gold in eight weeks.

Stax packed up but the single got her onto *American Bandstand* and *Soul Train* and kept her touring for close on two years. Now Arista have her.

While near lulling you into slumber / lounge comfort, the opening bars of "Blessed Is The Woman" sensually gyrate rather than grate — more streamlined and less wrenched than the great Millie Jackson but strong stuff nevertheless. This is the first of six songs by Bettye Crutcher who also co-produced the platter. Interesting to note that the current batch of discotrash is without fail male-conceived and created. Okay, boys?

Shirley flaunts a voice like cafe au lait on this and the next track "When You Really Love Somebody". Marvell Thomas' occasional piano is more golden than silence could ever strain to be.

Turn it up for "Said I Wasn't Gonna Give You No More Love" which gets fingerpopping like a true neophyte of that other Shirley's "Shame, Shame, Shame".

It's back to the desperate dignity of the singles bar downbeat for "I Need Somebody".

But the ace is "Givin' Up" in memory of Al Jackson Junior; it drips as smoothly as honey off bassist Duck Dunn's back as he reveals himself to be a worthy conspirator to Shirley Brown's aim of turntable domination by next Thursday. This song should make you shiver right down to your liver.

"Long On Lovin'" is *risque* without taking risks while the restrained "Midnight



Rendezvous" could even drive you to climb out of your bedroom window.

"(I'll Be Right Here) Lovin' You" celebrates the wounds that time won't heal while "A Mighty Good Feeling" is the mid-tempo soundtrack on which to reach the Promised Land of all dancefloors.

Shirley Brown's credo is "From The Heart Reaches The Heart". She puts her mouth where her motto is.

Julie Birchill

JAMES BROWN CONTD.

From previous page

always dominated his records. Regardless of how important his various accompanists have been, they would have remained insignificant without Brown to inspire them, bully them and lead them. He, thrusting his idiosyncratic bad self to the fore of everything, has been the centre of attraction on virtually all of his two or three hundred vocal recordings.

This time he has slipped up. Although an unfamiliar engineer is credited, Brown still claims responsibility for production so it must be his fault. Most of these tracks focus attention on the rhythm section, then graduate down through the rest of the band, finally admitting Brown to the mix.

It's almost like a JB's album with the boss as an intermittent guest star; indeed, one track, a big-fat-woman bumpalong in praise of "Bessie", was issued in the States on a single that was credited solely to the band. (But then that might have been just the backing track or a different take; one can never be sure of anything where Brown is concerned).

The most frustrating track is an easy, loping strut, "If You Don't Give A Dogone About It", in which Brown sounds as

if he's just about leaking through a tape fault from an entirely different recording. Either that or he was singing in the next studio to the band and some fool inadvertently closed the connecting door.

A relentless stomp, "Take Me Higher And Groove Me", is slightly better mixed but still ridiculously bottom heavy and a similarly paced cry, "People Who Criticize", is only marginally more sensibly layered. That leaves, "Give Me Some Skin", as the outright winner of the high-powered cuts, which is probably why it's been chosen as his latest single — and even that is bass over apex.

He's best heard on the least exciting tracks: an indifferent Charles Sherrell ballad, "Have A Happy Day"; George Gershwin's evergreen "Summertime", on which he duets with Martha High; and his own "People Wake Up And Live", which presents new lyrics with some ecological references over a track that appeared on his last album.

It's a damn shame. Within the mess there are some customary superb moments of greatness. If this is an example of his "Brand New Sound" he can send it back to Georgia as soon as he likes.

Cliff White

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All of Lew Lewis

VARIOUS Hits Greatest Stiffs (Stiff)

HERE, THERE'S something a bit pony about this deal.

Like, it's bad enough Stiff deleting their first 13 singles at a stroke — thus depriving an ungrateful world of such indispensable cultural niceties as Nick Lowe's "Heart Of The City / So It Goes" and Elvis Costello's "Less Than Zero" in single form, not to mention The Adverts' First single and Richard Hell's venerable "Blank Generation" if that's your cup of nightshade (it ain't mine) — but then to flash out an eleven track sampler of this early product and charge a super de luxe £3.99 for it... well, it's hardly Marquis Of Queensberry Rules, is it? After all, if Chiswick can put out their 'Best Of' album for £2.25...

Here comes the new record company, not quite the same as the old record company...

Because, by gosh, those Stiff blighters do have style. Why, on the inner sleeve of this biscuit, right where CBS and EMI albums display their stable's current droppings, Stiff have drolely laid out "some fine records on other labels you might enjoy." Good taste they show too — everything from Lee Dorsey to "Trout Mask Replica".

The company have exhibited the same impressive style and

taste with their own signings too, even though this album shows they weren't quite so, er, rigorous in their early days back in far-off '76 when most Stiff contracts were for one-off singles. Not only were these singles radical entertaining slices of contemporary rock (well, most of 'em), they undoubtedly helped the acts concerned to get signed up by other record companies on more long term bases. Fine stuff.

Still, "Stiff's Greatest Hits", like its predecessor "A Bunch of Stiffs", fails to display the company's product in its most impressive light. Though ten of the first eleven singles are represented here (one of which was never even released!), the overall effect isn't as stunning as might be expected.

This is in part because of the emphasis on B-sides and B-sides-not-on-albums rather than on the obvious blockbusters; in part because singles are meant to be singles not tracks on albums; and in part because in their selection from the Stiff great vault the corp have exhibited an unworthy miserliness — a couple more cuts would definitely have helped justify that four quid tag.

Enough of the overview, this is what you get:

1) Nick Lowe; "Heart Of The City". The first and possibly best Stiff single; tough, tuneful, rootsy rock confirming this man's status as one of London town's most creative rock talents this side of 1980 as well as the rock star with the most buttoned-up suit. Shoulda put the aforementioned B-side on too yer mangey lot. Roll on the album.

2) Pink Fairies: Between The Lines. "An ill-fated attempt to keep the psychedelic pixies together" says the blurb. On this showing they're better bust up. Nice original cover from Edward though.

3) Roogalator: "Cincinnati

Fatback". Danny Adler — about the only rock star left in town who smiles at his audience — is too warm and sensitive a human being, his playing too goddam classy, and his material too sassy for Roogalator to make it. Virgin Records (who signed 'em) and you punters out there please prove me wrong.

4) Sean Tyla: "Styrofoam / Texas Chainsaw Massacre Boogie". Two chunks of sub-Beefheart boogie from one of rock's highest foreheads. The first is predictable and contrived, the second predictable and pleasant. Expendable.

5) Lew Lewis: "Caravan Man". Raw, lean, menacing Canvey production from Feelgood house; sloppy Chicago harp from ex-Rod. Not as good as top side "Boogie On The Street", but still an excuse for me to advance a friend's theory that all the best bands start with a gob-iron in the sound; Beatles, Stones, Who, Zeppelin, Dylan, etc. Think about it.



6) The Damned: "Help". "New Rose" B-side - not - on - album, written by well-known New Wave songwriters Lennon/McCartney. One of these days John'll recut it like he promised. This? Bloody murder.

7) Richard Hell: "You Gotta Lose". Sounds like blitzed-out Creedence. Utterly weedy simpering vocals, foolish sentiments, what's the fuss about?

8) Plummet Airlines: "This Is The World". Pub rock league, second division. Inter-

Dreams At A Pinch!

esting production, otherwise anonymous. Next.

10) Motorhead: "Leavin' Here". "Never issued due to long boring problems". Lemmy's one of the great mythological figures of our time, but this is still a clumsy heavy metal trampling of Eddie Holland's Motown obscurity-but-goody.

11) Elvis Costello: "Radio Sweetheart". B-side of the outstanding "Less Than Zero" (truly a song of the time) — a fresh intriguing melody and long distance love lyric, with steely flashes of Elvis' Gram Parsons country leanings. Quietly brilliant.

12) Get Stiffed — if you can afford it!

Neil Spencer



One third of Rush

airbrush production. Though a complete absence of melody would appear to indicate an origin in stoned folksiness, this tiresome trio are seemingly

RUSH

A Farewell To Kings (Mercury)

"REALISM" MAY be angrily in vogue in the U.K. but, across the Atlantic, the Dream Machine continues to elicit roars of approval from a million human cash-registers.

Whilst proliferating studio technology hones off the rough edges, hacks in every idiom are labouring doggedly to complete the market formalisation of what was once, from time to time, a living music.

Rush do riffs — not too heavy, not too techno, and with the right contemporary

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unable to conceive anything as modest as a song.

Making only token gestures towards integrating their odds and ends into a coherent whole, they generally rest content with lining them up end-to-end in ten-minute "epics", trusting that their audience will be sufficiently dazzled by lasers and gibberish about black holes not to notice the joins.

And lo: their trust is amply rewarded — even in the homeland of the New Wave — by sell-out tours and rave reviews in the more credulous reaches of the rock press.

Why? *Star Wars* hasn't even got here yet. By all the normal calculations, realism's still got six months in hand before the Dream Machine comes up with a suitable fantasy with which to replace it.

Rush can probably afford to wait for the masses to come around. (Or rather, to go back to sleep again.)

Their fantasy is hard-core sedation material, straight out of Pete Sinfield. No hidden menace here — just the complacent tum-ti-tum of self-satisfied quatrains pottering brainlessly around in a familiar landscape of castles, galaxies, etc.

Neither can a single reference to unemployment be found — unless you count the political redundancy of the sheltered romantic: "And the men who hold high places / Must be the ones who start / To mould a new reality / Closer to the Heart." Rundgren, you've got a lot to answer for.

And, speaking of the dreamer in the electronic nursery, who do Rush imagine is going to do all that tiresome cleaning up?

"You can be the Captain / I will draw the chart." ("Tum - ti - tum - ti - tum / Closer to etc.")

Everybody wants to draw the charts, bozo. It's the Captain

we're worried about. Enough of Rush. On with the revolution . . .

R. G. Brickmaster



ROSE ROYCE
In Full Bloom
(Whitfield)

APPROPRIATE TITLE for the group's first real shot in their own right, after several years of anonymous session work at Motown and their recent triumphs behind Undisputed Truth and on the "Car Wash" soundtrack.

A nine-piece unit (+ studio guests) with more than the average share of what it takes to justify a recording contract, they nonetheless don't seem to harbour exceptional talent. The album is on the right case to satisfy their present following but it sure won't turn the world around.

Lead singer Rose Norwalt sounds comfortably at home in a Linda Lewis to Deniece Williams range of sweet but soulful moods, expressed in ballads (Wishing On A Star, "Ooh Boy") and hand-clapping, string-lined descendants of "Car Wash" ("Do Your Dance", "It Makes You Feel Like Dancing").

The males in the band split vocal ranks into fragile falsetto ("You're My World Girl") and mellow tenor ("Funk Factory") while tuning their instruments to a subdued line of funk that's on a similar

wavelength to the Brothers Johnson. Norman Whitfield wrote most and produced and arranged all. Somebody ought to tell him to change up a gear.

Cliff White

CHICAGO
Chicago XI (CBS)

INSTITUTION: "Long-established law, custom of group, e.g. a club or society".

Chicago really are institutionalised, aren't they? Right down to their eponymous logo (a registered trademark) and nifty matching record labels.

Indeed, the excellence of their cover art has been as consistent as their line-up, which has been stable from the outset, the only addition to the ranks being Brazilian percus-



sionist Laudir de Oliveira (since, "Chicago VII").

Whilst making them a remarkably cohesive outfit, Chicago's stability has leant them a certain staleness, an air of indifference which has permeated their work since that appalling quadruple live set. Sure, there's been occasional sparks of vitality since

then, but that brashly confident Big City sound has lain dormant since the compelling debut albums.

There are only a couple of attempts on "XI" to recapture that abrasive Chicago of old and, predictably, they're Terry Kath's contributions. "Mississippi Delta City Blues" starts the elpee aggressively and "Takin' It On Uptown" (— on t'other side), though utterly unexceptional, stands out from the rest by virtue of its meaty toughness — sorry Angus. (Ha, ha. MacKinnon is vegetarian —Ed.)

Otherwise, Chicago continue to develop their fascination with creating music best heard through wood-furniture stereos. "Till The End Of Time" is best, I suppose, being a neat flirtation with '50s rock ballads, well arranged and sung by James Pankow (with

goodly vocal support from one Carl Wilson on the lengthy coda).

But Robert Lamm, Pete Cetera and Danny Seraphine have all written numbers that are mortally maudlin.

Lamm's weary "Policeman" ("Straps his magnum on once more . . .") is done to an incongruous bossa nova, while Seraphine's odd ode to his daughter ("Little One") is hopelessly sloppy, particularly since it follows a dooily orchestrated prelude that is daffily titled The Inner Struggles Of a man". It successfully brings the album to a grinding halt.

There's nothing here to suggest that Chicago are going to attract new listeners at this stage of the game, and very little that warrants a serious recommendation to fans.

Monty Smith

IMPORTS

"AIN'T IT Somethin' " (Capitol), the fourth album from the eclectic James Talley, one-time ghetto-area social worker, is pretty much the story as before.

It's a collection of hard bumpin' blues and easy going ballads, laced with the type of socially meaningful country material that Woody Guthrie or Jimmie Rodgers might have been doing if they'd been alive today. Though B. B. King, who appeared on Talley's "Blackjack Choir", doesn't chip in his ten cents worth on this occasion, Talley band guitarist Steve Hoska trades licks in an effective manner with sessionman Jerry Shook.

Such other Tennessee based dignitaries as Randy Scruggs, Charlie McCoy, Johnny Gimble, Josh Graves and Tommy Cogbill all successfully help to bring further modernity to that Nashville skyline

without forgetting their debt to heroes past. If your tastes run to J. J. Cale and thereabouts, spend some time in listening booth with Talley and "Ain't It Somethin' ".

It seems that Capitol have pretty well dominated the import scene this week, other arrivals on that label including Bob Welch's "French Kiss"; The Bob Meighan Band's "Me-hun"; Bill Cosby's "Disco Bill"; Unicorn's "One More Tomorrow" and Merle Haggard's "A Working Man Can't Get Nowhere Today", the latter being comprised of mainly unreleased cuts recorded shortly before the Hag headed out to join MCA.

The Welch release, which features back-up support from Mick Fleetwood, Lindsey Buckingham and Chris McVie, is an oddity in that it contains songs titled "Mystery Train" and "Ebony Eyes", both of which prove to be Welch originals, while the arrival of "One More Tomorrow" is equally surprising in its way.

The Bil Cosby elpee boasts

the help of Wah Wah Watson and other stellar studio sidemen, who aid the comedian-actor-singer in his sendups of James Brown, Barry White et al. The Meighan Band's release would appear to be bereft of visiting firemen, only Valerie Carter hanging around to pick up a session fee or two; the disc wins this week's Steve Clarke Award for the inclusion of a Jackson Browne song in "Under The Falling Sky".

Elsewhere perhaps the most interesting is "Max's Kansas City Vol. 2" (Ram), a return visit to the Kaycee hop, where Philip Rambow, Lance, Just Water, The Brats, Grand Slam and Andrew Parson headline this time out. Though I haven't tuned into this one as yet, reports suggest that it's not as strong as the previous volume, which featured Wayne County, Cherry Vanilla and other sweethearts of Sigma Chi.

"Ricky West And North South East" is okay if your forte is disco versions of "Benny And The Jets", "Bad

Bad, Leroy Brown" and such-like though it'll be a long time before I forgive West for his assault on "Sincerely", the old Moonglow's favourite. May his nights be ever tormented by the ghost of Alan Freed.

"China" (Rocket) is by a Davey Jonstone and James Newton-Howard-led outfit that has (predictably) Elton and Kiki Dee hovering somewhere in the background and sports the sleeve info "Made in Germany — for China Productions".

Presumably it'll shake a little action customwise as will "Live — Takin' The Stage" (RCA) the latest Wells Fargo delivery from Pure Prairie League.

A double album comprised of concert tracks, "Stage" contains five previously unreleased songs on "Dark Colours", "Heart Of Her Own", "Feelin' Of Love", "Came Through" and "Louise (What I Did)" and also breaks new ground by not having a cover decorated in Norman Rockwell tradition. Fred Dellar

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MAZE

(Capitol)

ALTHOUGH THIS is the seven-piece group's first album as Maze they've each payed dues in various guises for years. It shows. With one concerted effort they've caught up with the big boys.

Frustrating thing is, it's difficult to describe how. The mechanics of their music are much the same as those of many other modern black groups of singer/musicians. It's not so much what they do as the way that they do it. Put it down to soul power — and to Frankie Beverly; lead singer, rhythm guitarist, composer and producer of all seven tracks.

It's first and foremost Beverly's rough, warm, shaggy-dog of a voice that sets Maze apart from the pack. In this era when the majority of Black American singers seem to be opting for one of the three camps of light, tidy harmonics, post-Sly weirdness or straightforward pop singing with all the jagged edges burnished away, Beverly is one of the increasingly rare breed whose own character and emotions dominate his singing. No specific technique, just served up as it comes.

But if Beverly alone is a strong enough reason for me to recommend the album, let me not ignore his buddies, who not only provide a righteous vocal backdrop from time to time but play their own choice variation of the coolly assertive drift and pulse combination.

It's all in the family too. No overdubbed strings, no guesting horns, no extraterrestrial inspiration; just a rock 'n' roll line-up with added percussion on the business end and guitar and/or keyboard coping with the fancy interludes.

Occasionally they get downright funky, as in "Colour Blind". But primarily they're concerned to lead Beverly through assorted subtler moods, all of which succeed magnificently, even the longest, most complex track, "You", which shows the guitarist to be from the same school, if not the same class, as Eric Gale.

A major new black group and an essential album. Git it.
Cliff White

THE OUTSIDERS

Calling On Youth

(Raw Edge)

BOY, THESE bozos sure blew the opportunity of the year! "Albert Camus and The Outsiders" — great name, eh?

The Outsiders are three Wimbledon grammar school boys named Adrian, Adrian and Bob who've been together now for just one year, supporting The Jam and The Vibrators at the Roxy.

The title track's archetype running-scared riffs are chased by lyrics of quite astonishing naivete. "On The Edge," your usual "Live fast, die young" spiel, is amusing if you've ever seen The Outsiders — a more plump, well fed bunch of boys you've never seen, and apple-cheeked Ade has a complexion that would turn a Devon milkmaid envy green.

"Hit And Run" is your token misogynist muck; "Hit and run! Sure way to have some fun!" Honest, I could take it from a cute thug type, but I went to school with chicks who were more bad-ass than these boys.

Hey, look! The next track's called "I'm Screwed Up" Great! But it's boring — nay, tedium incarnate.

And all those moaning guitars, like on your big brother's "Heavy Metal" records — you know, the type of guitar that sounds like it's trying to get off but is getting castrated instead.

"Start Over" is a limp bit of acoustic torture. However I was stunned by a song called "Break Free". Abysmal lyrics "I saw you as a princess, now I know you as a slut" but a beautifully simple arrangement of chords, drums and guitars coagulating into a smooth blue aquatic soul tune, evocative of



Early Jonathan gets so cute it almost hurts. In fact it does hurt.

MY BERSERK PAGES

JONATHAN RICHMAN:
The Modern Lovers.

Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers (Beserkley).

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6! SUSPEND your credibility awhile and dally in the quirky world of Jonathan Richman, the man who's elevated naivete into an art.

He's managed to polarise opinion to the extent that, in some quarters Richman is regarded as the future of what was once known as rock and roll, while others think him little better than a nurd of the Melanie variety, with his songs about ice cream men, Martians and abominable snowmen in the supermarket.

Me? I'm a sucker for his whimsical style, ever since I heard "Road Runner" on a Peel show last year and felt it was destined to become an actual rock classic. But even I wasn't prepared for the bundle of weirdness Richman's dished up on his first two albums, now released here for the first time.

Richman's unclassifiable talent, approaching rock like a kid attacks a box of paints. I find something wonderfully endearing about a bloke who can write such daffy nonsense as "I've seen Israel's arid plain, it's magnificent, but so's Maine". Tell it like it is Jonathan!

Take "Amazing Grace" from the second album; most people have a crack at it simply as an excuse for vocal pyrotechnics, which makes Richman's "interpretation" unique. I mean the guy's one

strike down already because, basically, he can't sing, but he still manages to turn in an initially risible but finally endearing version of that old chestnut.

"The Modern Lovers" (the first album with a handful of tracks produced by John Cale) is stark and bare, reminiscent of early Velvet Underground, particularly "Pablo Picasso", which has all the evocative insistence of the Velvets.

The second album "Jonathan Richman And The Modern Lovers" is more accessible, mainly because Richman concentrates on the adolescent whimsy he's managed to perfect, delivering the songs with adenoideal sincerity. He uses words as randomly as a dyslectic would attempt *The Time* crossword, but with a commercial ear for melody and unbounded enthusiasm for his bizarre material.

Richman's no more 'punk' than John Betjman, and after a Top 30 smash hit single it's difficult to say quite who his audience is, and impossible to speculate where his demented imagination will take him next, but as far as I'm concerned he's the best thing to have happened in years.

On the strength of these two albums — and the third, "Rock 'n' Roll With the Modern Lovers", now available — it would be well worth your while to take a spin with Jonathan Richman down that enchanted Route 128.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 everybody?
Patrick Humphries

early Sixties Stax. It broke my heart to see such a beauty not waving but drowning amongst such morass.

And so on until The Outsiders fling themselves over the edge of their frantic finale, "Terminal Case". "I'm a rock

and roll terminal case!", they screech. How silly. They don't even take drugs.

Let me just quit the hostilities long enough to say that The Outsiders play as competently as any 19 year olds whose parents were rich

enough to buy them electric toys last Christmas. The album is produced as nicely as would be any album put out on a label set up especially by the rich Daddies.

But I'm just so BORED with these well-bred little students toying with our music like it's the latest coffee-table conversation piece. I'm so sick of rich bitches hooking their claws into our cause.

I'm so tired of people who need to think about breathing.
Julie Burchill



ROBIN TROWER
In City Dreams
(Chrysalis)

FAR TOO much horseshit has been written about Robin Trower. All that surrogate H★dr★x guff is well wide of the mark, for openers.

Trower is, and always has been, a great songwriter who happens to play the most incendiary guitar this side of Hades. Witness "Twice Removed From Yesterday" and the incomparable "Bridge Of Sighs" (or even Procol Harum's "Broken Barricades" if you fancy getting pedantic).

Now, I'm as big a fan of Hen★i★ as anyone, but for me Trower's appeal has always lain a long way from Guitar Hero posturing. The intensity of his playing allied to an astutely emotional compositional sense has made him a compelling artist capable of bringing water to the eyes

without so much as lifting a boot.

So, "For Earth Below" wasn't up to par, "Live" wasn't essential and "Long Misty Days" disappointing, but give the guy a break — two great albums is no mean achievement by anyone's standards. And, patience rewarded, the new one contains some of his best work since "Sighs".

Following the moody-blue funk of "Somebody Calling" and the near-lackadaisical r'n'b of "Sweet Wine", "Bluebird" exemplifies Trower's mellower approach to his emotionally wrought music.

As Trower sweetly picks over a hypnotically rhythmic backdrop (drummer Bill Lordan has been joined by another ex-Sly man, bassist Rusty Allen), Jimmy Dewar's plaintive voice (in fine fettle throughout) becomes an additional instrument.

The chunky "Falling Star" retains the yearning atmospherics which earmark Trower's best music, and despite producer Don Davis' over-zealous use of phasing, the solo is smack-in-the-mouth powerful. The extraordinary sounds emanating from Trower's guitar are mysterious enough without these gratuitous production effects.

The only non-original, Bobby Bland's "Farther On Up The Road", closes side one in a straightforward manner, though it's almost spoilt by extraneous crowd noises.

Side two opens with "Smile", one of those Trower classics which immediately zap you. Trower is that busy he makes Tommy Garrett's 100 Guitars sound like a one-armed band.

"Little Girl" and "Love's Gonna Bring You Round" are both beautifully developed, structured for maximum slow-burning effect. They aren't adequate preparation for the closing title cut, which Trower himself describes as "oddball".

MY BANG PAGES

VAN MORRISON
This Is Where I Came In (Bang)

A COMPILATION album that chronicles the three years (1967-1970) following the disintegration of Them. Van Morrison opened his mail soon after the split to discover a one-way air ticket to New York City and an offer of a recording contract with Bert Berns' emergent Bang label.

Berns had produced and written Them's "Here Comes The Night" and had spent many years working with the very finest soul/blues/R & B/pop black artists: Joe Turner, The Drifters, Ray Charles, Wilson Pickett, Aretha Franklin, Solomon Burke, Sticks McGhee, you name it . . .

Morrison had devoured the sounds of Muddy Waters, Leadbelly, John Lee Hooker, Ray Charles, Little Walter and Jesse Fuller from his Dad's extensive blues/R & B/jazz collection, voraciously soaking up their close-to-the-bone gravel and grit.

Berns' offer immediately snapped Morrison out of chronic depression; he jumped on the next plane from Belfast to New York. The first single they cut together was the exquisite "Brown Eyed Girl" and it was in the Stateside Top Ten with a bullet, shifted a million-plus copies and went solid Gold.

And so — you guessed it — a beautiful relationship was forged. Too bad Berns died the

same year. His liaison with Morrison marked the beginning of the creative surge that resulted in "Astral Weeks" and "Moondance"; Bang, however, didn't benefit from the success because the fickle Van had moved on to Warner Brothers.



"This Where I Came In" is released at an appropriate moment as the man himself continues his decline (the lack lustre "Period of Transition" was his first album since his divorce three years back) and as more and more heavyweight talent emerges showing shameless hallmarks of his influence: Elvis Costello; Graham Parker; Phil Lynott; Bruce Springsteen, etcetera.

"He Ain't Give You None" is a classic if-you-were-my-woman torch song worthy of Percy Sledge, the emotional strength of its bitter-sweet guitar evocative of what "Blonde On Blonde" would have sounded like if Steve Cropper had been hanging out in Nashville (most unlikely) at the time. This is an area where Morrison excels like no other — that subtle vocal anguish about giving some girl his bleeding heart when anybody

else would have broken her legs.

More convincing examples of Van's glorification of inner turmoil are the feisty "Send Your Mind" and a brace of veritable gems in "Madame George" and "T.B. Sheets".

"Brown Eyed Girl" itself is still better than looking at photographs, the song's exhilarating secret contained in the fact that it don't sit crying over good times had — very much in the spirit of a wake, in every respect.

In comparison the contrived Spanish acoustic whimsy of "Spanish Rose" is sheer drivel. There is a Shamrock in Spanish Harlem? The midnight bar-room blooze workouts like "Goodbye Baby (Baby Goodbye)", "The Back Room", "Who Drove The Red Sports Car", "It's Alright" and "Midnight Special" don't remind me of Albert King's "Born Under A Bad Sign" so much as Norman Mailer's White Nigger, which don't do nobody any good.

There's adequate filler/fodder/padding like "Ro Ro Rosey" and "Joe Harper Saturday Morning" with the chunky rocker walking it like he talks it in recent photos — whilst "Beside You" moves back to strong proof potency with Van's soulful intensity stamping its authority on all the fragmented sources of his inspiration.

This album should propitiate the numerous lonely-hearts who have been let down by the Van man for such a long time and who have yet to kick the habit.

Tony Parsons

The bolero-type construction is initially alienating, but it gradually evolves into a striking musical statement, eerily

reflecting the rigidity of people's low threshold of boredom.

Robin Trower remains an

inner city dreamer, rough-hewn, darkly brooding and deeply satisfying.

Monty Smith



A fifth of Them

ULTRAVOX!



SEPTEMBER

FRIDAY 30th BIRMINGHAM BARBARELLA'S

OCTOBER

SATURDAY 1st BIRMINGHAM BARBARELLA'S SUNDAY 2nd CHELMSFORD CHANCELLORS HALL

MONDAY 3rd SWINDON BRUNEL ROOMS TUESDAY 4th LEEDS POLYTECHNIC

THURSDAY 6th HUDDERSFIELD POLYTECHNIC FRIDAY 7th EDINBURGH HERRIOT WATT COLLEGE

SUNDAY 9th LONDON THE ROUNDHOUSE

NEW SINGLE » ROCKWROK » OUT NOW



ISLAND

GERRY RAFFERTY



New single
CITY TO CITY
LP 36278

U.A.

Tour News —EXTRA

RADIO STARS

RADIO STARS set out this weekend on a massive tour comprising over three dozen dates. They headline most of the gigs, though at certain Irish venues they support the Runaways and the Strangers, respectively. The tour coincides with the October 14 release of their new Chiswick Records single "Nervous Wreck"/"Horrible Breath", which is followed on November 11 by their album "Songs For Swinging Lovers".

Headlining dates are London Marquee (tomorrow, Friday), Wigan Casino (Saturday), Hull Tiffany's (October 3), Newcastle Polytechnic (7), London University College (8), London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (9), Birkenhead Mr Digby's (13), Liverpool Eric's (14), Blackpool Jenkinson's (17), Leicester Coalville Blooblo's (20), Brighton Polytechnic (22), Stoke George Hotel (23), London Central

Polytechnic (November 2), Rotherham Windmill (3), Leicester University (4), Belfast Northern Ireland Polytechnic (10), Dublin Bellfield University (12), Keele University (16), Wakefield Unity Hall (17), Sheffield Polytechnic (18), Bolton Institute of Technology (19), Doncaster Outlook (21), Bristol Polytechnic (24), Derby College of Art (25), Nottingham Boat Club (26), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (27), Burton 76 Club (December 2), Manchester UMIST (3) and Birmingham Barbarella's (9 and 10).

The band also support the Runaways at Dublin Stadium (October 26) and Belfast Ulster hall (27). And they are on Strangers shows at Belfast Ulster Hall (November 8), Coleraine Ulster University (9), Galway Leisureland (11), Cork City Hall (13) and Dublin Stadium (14).

COLOSSEUM II

COLOSSEUM II headline a British tour in November, their first since changing their line-up to a four-piece — comprising Jon Hiseman (percussion), Gary Moore (guitar), John Mole (bass) and Don Airey (keyboards). The itinerary includes a major London concert at the Victoria Palace, and it's preceded on October 7 by the release of their second MCA album "War Dance". Tour dates are Sheffield University (November 1), Scunthorpe Baths Hall (2), Northampton County Ground (5), Blackpool Imperial Hotel (6), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (13), Liverpool Eric's (16), Loughborough Town Hall (17), Norwich East Anglia University (19), London Victoria Palace (20), Edinburgh University (25), Glasgow University (26) and Carlisle Market Hall (27).

WARREN HARRY



WARREN HARRY have been signed by Bronze Records, who release their single "I Am A Radio" this weekend, with a debut album to follow early in the New Year. The band begin an extensive tour tomorrow (Friday), running through to mid-December, and dates confirmed so far are: London Southbank Polytechnic (this Friday), Sheffield Polytechnic (Saturday), Cardiff Top Rank (October 4), London Hammersmith Red Cow (5 and 26), Newcastle Polytechnic (7), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (8), Redcar Coatham Bowl (9), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (12), London Queen Mary College (14), Biggleswade Shuttleworth College (15), Bradford University (19), Leicester University (21), London Camden Dingwalls (22), London Imperial College (28), London Islington Hope & Anchor (29), London Chelsea College (November 2), Reading University (4), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (5), Huddersfield Polytechnic (10), London North Polytechnic (22) and Southampton University (26).

TYLA GANG

TYLA GANG are off on their travels this weekend, playing a lengthy tour to coincide with the October 27 release of their debut Beserkley album "Yachtless". It's preceded on October 7 by their single "Dust On The Needle". Confirmed gigs are:

Oxford Polytechnic (this Saturday), Bedford Nite Spot (October 6), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (7), Nottingham Boat Club (8), London Camden Music Machine (10), Glasgow Strathclyde University (13), Aberdeen University (14), Dundee Marriott Hall (15), High Wycombe Nags Head (20), Burton 76 Club (21), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (22), London Marquee (25), Birkenhead Mr Digby's (27), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (28), Dudley J.B.'s (29), Newbridge Memorial Hall (30), Merthyr Tydfil Tiffany's (31), Birmingham Barbarella's

(November 1), Wolverhampton Lafayette (2), Coventry Mr George's (3), Kingston Polytechnic (4), London Imperial College (5), London Marquee (8 and 29), London Twickenham St Mary's College (9), Coventry Warwick University (10), Harrogate P.G.'s Club (11), Norwich East Anglia University (12), Manchester Ratters (17), London Southbank Polytechnic (18), Plymouth Castaways (23), Penzance The Garden (24), Basingstoke Technical College (25) and London North-East Polytechnic (26).

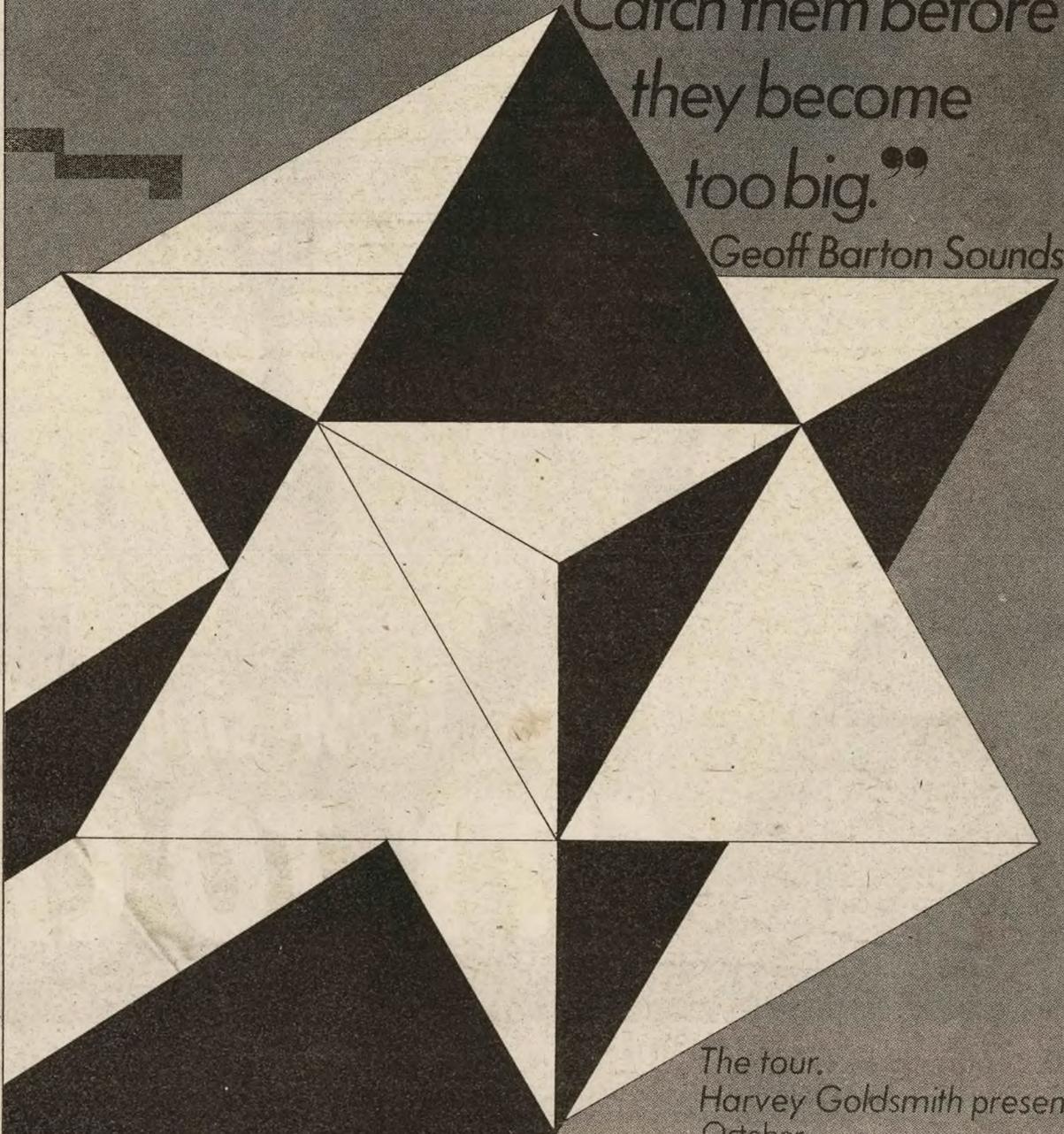
LONE STAR

FIRING ON ALL SIX

"Lone Star are by far and away Britain's most ambitious, professional, and freshly sounding rock band.

Catch them before they become too big."

Geoff Barton Sounds.



The tour.
Harvey Goldsmith presents:
October
2 CARDIFF, Capital Theatre
3 BRISTOL, Colston Hall
4 NEWCASTLE, City Hall
5 LIVERPOOL, Empire
7 CAMBRIDGE, Corn Exchange
8 BIRMINGHAM, Hippodrome
10 MANCHESTER, Free Trade Hall
11 SHEFFIELD, City Hall
12 LONDON, *Rainbow*



82213



Records & Tapes

Produced by Gary Lyons



Some hope!

Did you know an unplanned baby is born in Britain every few minutes?

The trouble is, it's a great deal easier to start a baby than you think, especially if you take chances.

A man takes a chance if he just hopes the girl is on the pill or is 'safe'.

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If you're a man at least ask the girl if she's on the pill and wear a contraceptive if she's not. You can buy them from chemists, barbers or slot machines.

If you're a girl you should never rely on a man. You can get advice and free contraceptives from doctors or Family Planning Clinics - whether you are married or not.

You'll find clinics listed in your telephone book.



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ON THE TOWN

Willy woos 'em

NICK KENT sees de Ville snatch victory in the 15th

Mink de Ville
The Tyla Gang

THE RAINBOW

THE RAINBOW really is yer proverbial blight of a venue when its gets down to non-sense rock'n'roll bands trying to project out to an audience closeted inside its four portholds.

Chosen as the place where New York's much lauded Mink de Ville were trying to headline as a prestigious preface to their hefty trek through the provinces with Dr. Feelgood over the next month or so, it was pretty much a case of being thrown in at the deep end — not only for the bill-toppers but also support-act, the Tyla Gang.

Both bands after all have been working on their chops pretty much solely in clubs over the past year or more; certainly, it was in that far more intimate environment throughout the innumerable dives centred in Manhattan that the strengths of the Mink de Ville band, and in particular leading light Willy de Ville became all too flagrantly apparent, summoning forth all the superlatives that have plastered articles and subsequent Capitol press releases on the band, building up right through to the near-rabid sense

of grand expectancy that could be divined beneath the supercilious 'cool' of this particular audience.

Talk about cold-comfort time! The general feeling permeating throughout the length and breadth of the theatre last Sunday was more akin to that of a cold-storage unit — the dank austerity of the venue's basic architectural bearings highlighted by what can only be defined as a virtually intransigent gulf twist stage and seating and the of-so-hesitant 'passive' cool being osmosed from a particularly jaded London audience coagulating together to provide both bands with an icy atmosphere that was to prove a grisly proposition to by-pass throughout the evening.

Sean Tyla's bunch fared worse than most bands I've seen there, getting a thoroughly vexing diffident reaction — the sort of obligatory 'polite' muffled applause that must have been even more of a drag for a rock performer to have awarded his efforts than outright hostility.

In retrospect, though, the Tyla Gang may have, to a marked extent, deserved the mediocre turn-out. Superficially they make all the right noises, amping out their hard-rock with a commendable tenacity and a clenched-fisted unity on the fire-power front.

After a few numbers though,

● Continued on page 48



Willy in classical pose

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

Too pooped to Pop

Iggy Pop

MANCHESTER

NOT MUCH JOY came Jimmy Osterberg's way on the opening night of his current U.K. midget-tour.

When you're the wrong side of 30, there just ain't no possible way you can stay up for two nights running/rolling prior to a gig as important as this one without selling short both the understandable Great Expectations of the kids and the gargantuan megalomaniac visions of Number One.

He's told me on numerous occasions that he's doing it all for himself, which is an undeniable affirmation of his right to self-abuse and, when he's in a less wasted state of health, it's probably the most apocalyptic masturbation that has ever graced the planks of a method-rock stage.

But jerking off when you're limp and lustless is just like hypnotising chickens. The Artist owes his audience nothing apart from a little bit of ecstasy. The Audience owes the artist nothing but a refusal to settle for anything less than his total honesty.

It hurts to report that both sides bottled out of their commitments — Iggy tired and faking it, not really making it, and the crowd playing along with the charade by going through the motions of witnessing the Burning Bush while their mainly static dancing shoes and restrained pseudo-riotous response revealed a cryptic disillusion that the show was in terrible reality a damp squib.

See, not only was he in no physical state to perform but

the set's running order — carefully chosen to avoid featuring the stunning catalogue of Stooze classics on the Spring '77 tour for a second time — turned out to be a major tactical error.

Simply, the crowd got restless because they didn't hear the songs they'd come for. Nothing from "Raw Power". Nothing from "Fun House". Nothing from "Metallic K.O." Certainly, the palliative would have been easier to digest had the set's largely "Lust For Life" frame of reference (an album of Pop Rock Action surpassed by only the "Raw Power" *meisterwerk* of heroic dynamic tension) been given the respect it deserves by its creator.

"Sweet Sixteen," "Lust For Life," "Some Weird Sin," "Neighbourhood Threat," and "The Passenger" came nowhere near their superb vinylised intensity.

If the last tour suffered from being too choreographed/contrived then this gig was marked by being so ridiculously loose/sloopy that there were times when the whole thing looked on the verge of disintegrating into little tiny pieces.

On the former, Iggy had his band drilled with a Teutonic sense of precision-timing while keeping his audience spied down to a heartbreaking pathetic plea to "not break up the seats or they won't let us play."

During this set, however, the band (Tony and Hunt Sales the rhythm section. Stacey Heydon on guitar and Scotty Thurston on keyboards — sorry, no David) showed admirable flexibility of their staggering musical muscle-

● Continued on page 49

Anachronism In The U.K.



Jean-Jacques Burnel

Pic: GUS STEWART

The Stranglers
The Only Ones

CAMBRIDGE

WHATEVER HAPPENED to — the existentialist heroes, or the de Niroes?

It's true: for most people there are no more heroes — only group therapy. Safety in numbers — dress by numbers, dance by numbers.

Straight in to all of this come the Only Ones, who live up to the name, sort of. Lead singer Peter Perret wears mascara and sings in a way redolent of an affectionate parody of Steve Harley. Lead guitarist John Perry plays solo, man, plays them slow, with sustain rather than disdain. Drummer Mike Kellie is apparently something of a veteran, like Jet Black of The Stranglers, the inconspicuous and reliable type. Bassist Alan Mair is the only bow in the direction of Blank, with his tight leather liquorice stick trousers.

Collectively, they seem to really phase the crowd — switching from Ramoneish tempo of attack, to a slower, more thoughtful approach, Perry's guitar terse and understated, an odd snatch of lyric making you think in terms of potential. But as people nearer the band than I remarked, they have to decide exactly where they are aiming.

My all too Western mind was plagued with pre-conception over The Stranglers — yes, that's right, the sexist bit. Well, almost, because my objections were never motivated by any Crusading Spirit for the, er, sisters — just that I've always found any manifestations on the Macho-see Macho-do projection in Pop Kulture to be somewhat infantile.

Having said that — blow for sainthood — they came over about as sexist as the National

Front are humanist. In fact they came over as nothing if not bored, little or no effort made to win over the crowd with sexist remarks or otherwise and atmosphere less-than-zero. As the set wore on I began to realize that the Only Ones weren't the only ones, anachronism-wise. I mean these guys are strange heroes — no short back and spikes, no contempo "This City Will Be The Death Of Me" imagery, and Greenfield playing with increasing weirdness on the ivories — psychedelia rampant for a change of gear (velocity) and a dance that doesn't hammer the Law of Gravity with such force.

As for the music, I found it all a bit sick and detached. They may be more accomplished instrumentally than the majority of the New Wave, but they don't seem to play with any conviction, live force. Certainly not enough light and shade. They played "Straighten Out", "Bring On The Nubiles", "Sometimes", "Dagenham Dave", "Dead Ringer" (everyone greeting it, apparently as "Peaches" which they didn't play), "Hanging Around", "Peasant In The Big Shitty", "I Feel Like A Wog", a new song "Five Minutes", "London Lady", "No More Heroes" and "Something Better Change".

Somewhere into "Grip", the first number of the "encore", two "Chicks" materialised on stage and proceeded to do what can best be described as a mindless, formless, moron-cheer leader dance, going on to clutch Cornwall and Burnel in a manner that would have made Woody and Les envious. No attempt was made to get rid of them, even by the heavies or The Stranglers themselves — who looked as if they were past caring. More and more people followed suit on to the stage until the band — by now plowing through an unscheduled (?) instrumental (?) — was totally obscured by the frenzied mob.

Ian Penman

holidays in The Sun

SEX PISTOLS

THE WHO

ZOOM INTO NEWCASTLE

WITH **ROCK** Authentic's

SEE PAGE 53

THURSDAY

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: 5000 VOLTS/ GUYS 'N' DOLLS
ABERDEEN Music Hall; DR. FEELGOOD / MINK DE VILLE
BARNSTAPLE Checkers: EATER
BATH Brillig's: TONY GODWIN
BATH Octogan Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
BELFAST Kings Hall: DEMIS ROUSSOS
BIRKENHEAD Mr Digby's: JENNY HAAN'S LION
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: NEW HEARTS
BISHOPS STORTFORD Rhodes Centre: J.A.L.N. BAND
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: DAVID PARTON
BLACKBURN Lodstar: THE MOTORS
BOLTON Gaiety Bar: FREERIDE
BRAINTREE Waggon & Horses: THE CRACK
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: THE PIRANHAS
BRISTOL Crockers: FINAL FRONTIER
BRISTOL The Glen: MATCHBOX
BRISTOL Granary: STRIDER
BRISTOL Polytechnic: THE DARTS
BURY ST. EDMUNDS The Griffin: DAGABAND
CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: LEO SAYER/BLUE
COVENTRY Mr George's: FABULOUS POODLES
DARTFORD College of Education: SCENE STEALER
DUNFERMLINE Kinema: REZILLOS
EXETER Groucho's: COLIN WILSON & CHRIS BILLINGS
EXETER Zhivago's: JET HARRIS & THE DIAMONDS
GILSGATE MOOR Lord Seaham Inn: MIRIAM BACKHOUSE
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER/CITY BOY
HALE Wellgreen Hotel: MECHANICAL HORSE-TROUGH
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: DESPERATE STRAITS
HEYWOOD Seven Stars: QUAD
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS/EL SEVEN
LANCASTER No. 12 Club: STAMPS
LEICESTER Coalville Blooblo's: MUSCLES
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: HAWKWIND / BETHNAL
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: SPEED-O-METERS
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: RACING CARS
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: JANETS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: MOON
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: THE END
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawford's: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT/RAINMAKER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: THE CRUISERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STILETTO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LANDSCAPE
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: FRACTURE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE PIRATES
LONDON Marquee Club: GIGGLES
LONDON OLD BROMPTON Rd. Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OXFORD St. 100 Club: BLACK SLATE
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CRAZY

CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: NORTHSIDE RHYTHM'N BLUES ENSEMBLE
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: AL HAIG
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST/PAUL BRETT
MANCHESTER Rafter's Club: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: WOODY HERMAN ORCHESTRA
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
MORECAMBE Inn On The Bay: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
NOTTINGHAM Beeston Katie's: THE DEPRESSIONS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Palais: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
PAISLEY Silver Thread Hotel: THE JOLT
PENZANCE The Garden: FOSTER BROTHERS
POYNTON Folk Centre: CHERYL GIBBONS
RICHMOND Brighton Country Club: KEITH MANIFOLD
ROCHESTER Nags Head: JERRY THE FERRET
ROMFORD White Hart: WHIRLWIND
ROTHERHAM Windmill Club: BUZZCOCKS
SCARBOROUGH Ollie's Club: SPITFIRE BOYS
SHEFFIELD Broadfield Hotel: ARC ROUGE
SHEFFIELD City Hall: CARAVAN/NOVA
SHEFFIELD Deepcar Royal Oak: FOGGY
SHEFFIELD University: MAGNA CARTA/MIKE ABSALOM/BRIGHT EYES
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: CAMEL/ANDY DESMOND
SOUTHAMPTON Guildhall: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
SOUTHAMPTON University: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
SOUTHEND Railway Hotel: STEVE HOOKER & THE HEAT
STOKE Gaiety Bar: GAFFA
SUNDERLAND Empire Theatre: THE DUBLINERS
SUTTON Red Lion: BEGGAR'S DESCRIPTION
TAUNTON Odeon: DON WILLIAMS
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: THE STRANGLERS / WIRE
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: CADILLAC
WIGAN Casino: THE LURKERS
WINDSOR Festival at Eton College: SWINGLE II
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: BRUCE RUFFIN

NATIONWIDE



LEO SAYER



KURSAAL FLYERS

FRIDAY

ABERDEEN MacRobert Hall: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
ANDOVER Country Bumpkin: STARDUST
ASHTON Tameside Theatre: THE DUBLINERS
AYLESBURY Civic Centre: THE YETTIES
BATH Brillig's: DAVID GREEN
BEDFORD Nite Spot: GONZALEZ
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: ULTRAVOX
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST / PAUL BRETT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: DAVID PARTON
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Smokey Dive: BENNY WATERS
BRADFORD Star Hotel: LEON ROSSELSON
BRADFORD University: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: WRIST ACTION
BROMLEY Stockwell College: BURLESQUE
BROWNHILLS Top Club: FORCE
BURTON 76 Club: COUNT BISHOPS
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
CHELMSFORD Chelmer Institute: WILD ANGELS
CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: GBI
CHIPPENHAM Technical College: GAFFA
COVENTRY College of Education: THE PIRATES /

LEARGO
COVENTRY Sportsman's Arms: STAGE FRIGHT
CRAWLEY Sports Centre: THE STRANGLERS / WIRE
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
EDINBURGH Odeon: DR FEELGOOD / MINK DE VILLE
EXETER University: FABULOUS POODLES
HEYWOOD Seven Stars: S.F.W.
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE STUKAS / GOLDEN GUITARS
HODDSDON The Crown: JEREMY TAYLOR
HORNCHURCH Bull Inn: THE STICKERS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES / STEEL PULSE
HUDDERSFIELD Shepley Folk Club: FOGGY
HUDDERSFIELD Town Hall: WOODY HERMAN ORCHESTRA
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
LEEDS Fford Green Hotel: THE NEXT BAND
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEEDS Trinity & All Saints College: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: X-RAY SPEX
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: THE DARTS
LONDON ACTON Priory Youth Centre: THE DEAD / THE PRISONERS / DOGSBODY / THE TICKETS
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: SPITERI / ZILA
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MOTHER SUPERIOR
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: KRAKATOA
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LITTLE ACRE / TRADER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: SHAM 69 / RADIATORS FROM SPACE
LONDON DOWNHAM The Northover: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: CAMEL / ANDY DESMOND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE DRONES
LONDON HARLESDEAN Roxy Theatre: HERB REED & THE PLATTERS / WHITE PLAINS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: PRAIRIE OYSTER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: 999
LONDON LEICESTER Sq. Centre Charles Peguy: DAVE PEGG & TREVOR LUCAS
LONDON Marquee Club: RADIO STARS
LOHNDON N17 White Hart: CADILLAC
LONDON North Polytechnic: BUZZCOCKS / CIMARONS
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: IGGY POP / ADVERTS
LONDON SE1 Southbank Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty: FLIRTATIONS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: XTC
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: RICO
LONDON WCI The Centre (Adelaide Street): STAN SMITH BAND
LONDON WCI Logan Hall: HUMPHREY LYTTLETON / STAN TRACEY / SPIKE MILLIGAN
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: ROSE ROYCE
MANCHESTER Commercial Hotel: CRY WOLF
MARCH Cromwells: BILLY J KRAMER & THE DAKOTAS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: NUTZ
MORECAMBE Inn On The Bay: LOVE AFFAIR
NEWCASTLE Guildhall: YOUNGBUCKS SCRATCHBAND
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: RACING CARS
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: BROTHERS JOHNSON
NOTTINGHAM Pinebanks: BUSTER JAMES BAND
NOTTINGHAM Rushcliffe Leisure Centre: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
OXFORD New Theatre: HAWKWIND / BETHNAL
OXFORD Westminster College: MUSCLES
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: LEO SAYER / BLUE
PETERBOROUGH Key Theatre: MARTIN SIMPSON
RETFORD Porterhouse: HEAVY METAL KIDS
ROCHESTER Kings Head: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
ROSS-ON-WYE Harvey's: RED HOT / WHIRLWIND
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE YACHTS
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: MECHANICAL HORSE-TROUGH
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: PETER GABRIEL / NONA HENDRYX
SOUTHAMPTON University: KURSAAL FLYERS
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: TONY ROSE
SOUTH SHIELDS Turks Head: HOT VULTURES
TIVERTON The Motel: MATCHBOX
UXBRIDGE Technical College: ALICE & THE JAGUARS
WAKEFIELD Newton House Club: CRAZY CAVAN

'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
WALLINGTON Public Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: JOHN CONOLLY
WISHAW Crown Hotel: THE JOLT
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE MOTORS
WORCESTER College of Education: GRAND HOTEL
YORK Folk Centre: WENDY GROSSMAN

SATURDAY

ANDOVER Country Bumpkin: SCENE STEALER
AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: LITTLE RIVER BAND
BANBURY United Club: GROUNDHOGS/DAVE KELLY
BARNSTABLE Checkers: KURSAAL FLYERS
BASILDON Double Six: STAN SMITH BAND
BATH Pavilion: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
BEDFORD College of Higher Education: BUSTER CRABBE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: ULTRAVOX
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: NESS
BIRMINGHAM Bulls Head: FLYING SAUCERS
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Waterside Rock Club: BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM King's Heath: Hare & Hounds: CHUCKLEFOOT
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: ROSE ROYCE
BIRMINGHAM University: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: SHOWAD-DYWADDY
BRISTOL Granary: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
BRISTOL Polytechnic: JOHNNY THUNDERS & THE HEARTBREAKERS
CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: PETER GABRIEL/NONA HENDRYX
CHESTER College of Education: OSCAR
COVENTRY Sportsman's Arms: STAGE FRIGHT
COVENTRY Warwick University: GEORGE HATCHER BAND/THE SNEAKERS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: JUDGE DREAD
DERBY Grandstand Hotel: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
DONCASTER Gaumont Theatre: SLIM WHITMAN
DUBLIN Stadium: DON WILLIAMS
EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER/CITY BOY
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: MEAL TICKET
GARSTANG Capus Village Hall: BRIAN DEWHURST
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: DR. FEELGOOD/MINK DE VILLE
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: COUNT BISHOPS/VENTILATORS
HUDDERSFIELD New Theatre: ROKOTTO
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: LEO SAYER/BLUE
KINGSTON Polytechnic: GONZALEZ
KINGSWINFORD The Hillcrest: FORCE
LINCOLN Swiss Cottage Inn: OLDE ENGLISH PUB BAND
LIVERPOOL C.F. Mott College: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: THE MODELS/AMAZORBLADES
LONDON BARKING North-East Polytechnic: GENERATION X
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: JERRY EADIE BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: COUNT BISHOPS/SORE THROAT
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STRAY
LONDON CHARLTON The Broom: RED HOT
LONDON CHELSEA College: BURLESQUE/LESER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SPITERI
LONDON EALING Technical College: FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON EDMONTON Pymmes Park Inn: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: BLUNT INSTRUMENT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: CAMEL/ANDY DESMOND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
LONDON HARLESDEAN Roxy Theatre: BILLY J. KRAMER & THE DAKOTAS/MOJOS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: 999
LONDON LEWISHAM Black Bull: THE JETS
LONDON N.11 Orange Tree: THE CRUISERS

14 tours open this week

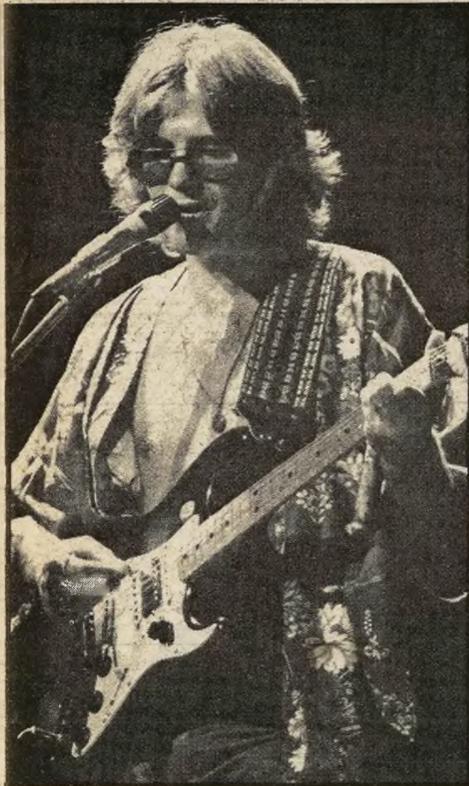
THE AUTUMN tour bonanza is now in full swing, with no less than 14 tours opening during the next few days. We can't possibly cover them all pictorially this week, specially as there's over 500 gigs to cram into the day-by-day listings, so here's a rundown of who's going on the road between now and next Wednesday:

- **LEO SAYER** is off on his travels, playing 20 dates with two performances nightly. But don't bother trying to book if you haven't already got tickets, because all of his concerts are completely sold out. Ticket-holders can catch him at Cardiff (Thursday), Peterborough (Friday), Ipswich (Saturday), London (Sunday) and Newcastle (Wednesday).
- **BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST** are undertaking their traditional autumn tour, and then presumably they'll go into hibernation for another year! They're supported by Paul Brett and their first few gigs are at Manchester (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday), Leicester (Sunday), Liverpool (Tuesday) and Bristol (Wednesday).
- **CHRIS SPEDDING** is one of the most highly-respected musicians in the business. So the fact that he's fronting his own band for the first time should make quite an attraction. It should prove well worth while trundling along to Cromer (Friday), Bath (Saturday), Birmingham (Sunday), Nottingham (Tuesday) or Durham (Wednesday).
- **BROTHERS JOHNSON** haven't yet had the same impact in this country as in their native America, but they're hoping to rectify that situation by way of their debut British tour. They play a major London concert on Tuesday, as well as shows at Newcastle (Friday), Birmingham (Monday) and Cardiff (Wednesday).

- **LITTLE RIVER BAND** did themselves proud at the recent Reading Festival, despite the atrocious weather conditions and, after a European tour, they're now back to headline their own concert series here. Highlight is a show at London Rainbow (Sunday) with the Foster Brothers supporting. They're also at Aylesbury (Saturday) and Oxford (Monday).
- **KURSAAL FLYERS** set out on another of their regular tours, this time to promote their new CBS album "Five Live Kursals" and single "TV Dinners". Their itinerary kicks off at Southampton (Friday), Barnstaple (Saturday), Bath (Monday), and Wakefield (Wednesday).
- **ROSE ROYCE** of "Car Wash" fame are paying their first visit to Britain, though their schedule has been severely curtailed from the originally-announced ten gigs. In fact, they're playing just four major concerts — at Manchester (Friday), Birmingham (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday) and London Rainbow (Monday).
- **THE HEARTBREAKERS** (Johnny Thunders' mob, that is) are now back in Britain, courtesy of the Home Office. And they're celebrating their return by headlining an extensive tour, occupying most of October and part of November. Their opening dates are at Bristol (Saturday) and Hull (Monday).
- **THE DRIFTERS** are never absent from these shores for very long, and they begin another long tour this weekend, running until shortly before Christmas. They open with a gig in Wolverhampton (Saturday) and a week's cabaret in Manchester (see Residencies).
- **LONE STAR** are one of the fastest-rising bands in the country, and top promoter Harvey Goldsmith is sending them out

- on a major headlining concert tour. Supported by newcomers Stranger, they open at Cardiff (Sunday), Bristol (Monday), Newcastle (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday).
- **CLIMAX BLUES BAND** don't tour here very often, because of their popularity in the States and Europe. But they are treating us to a short series of concerts in early October, with the Flying Aces in support. Their eight-venue date sheet starts at Hatfield (Sunday), Cardiff (Monday), Sheffield (Tuesday) and Hanley (Wednesday).
- **GARY GLITTER** is back in business with a bang, playing concerts and cabaret through until Christmas. He's just completing a week at Batley then, after a Sunday concert at Southport, he has another club week at Leicester (see Residencies).
- **IAN GILLAN BAND** are going out on a mini-tour, appearing as special guest stars in the area finals of the "Sound Spectacular" National Rock Competition. The first of these is at Portsmouth on Tuesday.
- **ELVIS COSTELLO** heads the bunch of Stiffs taking the road in a package tour being staged by Stiff Records. Also in the line-up are Ian Dury, Nick Lowe, Wreckless Eric and Larry Wallis — and their opening date is at High Wycombe on Monday.
- In addition to the above tours, there are a couple of other events to bring to your attention:
- **CAROLE BAYER SAGER**, who recently cropped up in both the singles and LP charts, makes her British debut by way of a London concert on Sunday.
- **BUZZCOCKS** top the bill at London Roundhouse on Sunday, when the venue resumes its regular weekly rock gigs. Also appearing are the Lew Lewis Band and the Yachts.

GIG GUIDE



BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST



JOHNNY THUNDER

LONDON North-East Polytechnic: THE MOVIES
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: IGGY POP/ADVERTS
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: WOODY HERMAN ORCHESTRA
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: XTC
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: RICO
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: MIKE BERRY & THE OUTLAWS/WHLWIND
LUTON Folk Festival: ROY HARRIS/BILL CADDICK/TICKLERS JAMPETE CASTLE/DAVE EDWARDS/BERNARD CHALK/WHIRLIGIG
MAIDSTONE The Mitre: PEKOE ORANGE
MANCHESTER Belle Vue Elizabethan Room: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE DRONES/THE PREFECTS/RIP OFF/THE NEGATIVES/JOHN THE POSTMAN/THE SWORDS/MANICURED NOISE
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: SPINNERS
MANCHESTER University: THE MUTANTS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: JENNY DARREN
MORECAMBE Inn On The Bay: LOVE AFFAIR
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: STRIFE/SLOW-BONE
NORWICH East Anglia University: THE MOTORS
NUNEATON 77 Club: MATCHBOX
OXFORD New Theatre: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
PERTH Isle of Skye Hotel (lunchtime) doubling
DUNDEE Maryat Hotel (evening): THE JOLT
RIPON College of Ripon & York St John: MUSCLES
SCUNTHORPE Priory Hotel: AMERICAN TRAIN/CHEAP FLIGHTS
SHEFFIELD Hurfield Campus: AL HAIG
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: THE DARTS
SHEFFIELD University: RACING CARS
SLOUGH College of Higher Education: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
SOUTHAMPTON University: LEW LEWIS BAND
SOUTHEAST Queen's Hotel: CADILLAC
ST ALBANS City Hall: HEAVY METAL KIDS
STOURBRIDGE Lea Castle Hospital: MARTIN SIMPSON
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: RESTLESS ROCKERS
SWINDON Wyvern Theatre: SWINGLE II
THATCHAM Hamilton's Club: GRAND HOTEL
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: HEDGEHOG PIE
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOKINGHAM King of Clubs: WHITE PLAINS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: THE DRIFTERS

SUNDAY

ACRRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: STRIFE
ANNFIELD PLAIN The Plainsman: THE BRIDGES BAND
AYLESBURY Kings Head: VILE BODIES
BARROW Civic Hall: "UP COUNTRY" with JON DEREK TRIO / COTTONWOOD / CINDY JACKSON & BORDER COUNTY
BEDFORD Nite Spot: MUD
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SPELLBOUND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
BRISTOL Colston Hall: CAMEL / ANDY DESMOND
BRISTOL Hippodrome: PETER GABRIEL / NONA HENDRYX
BROMLEY Traditional Folk Club: WENDY GROSSMAN
CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: LONE STAR / STRANGER
CASTLE DONNINGTON Priest House Hotel: FOGGY
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: ULTRAVOX
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: THE MOTORS
COLCHESTER Embassy Suite: J.A.L.N. BAND
CROYDON Greyhound: GENERATION X
DUNDEE Caird Hall: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER / CITY BOY
DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall: THE STRANGLERS / JOHNNY CURIOUS
FELIXSTOWE Spa Pavilion: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
GLASGOW Pavilion: 5000 VOLTS / GUYS 'N' DOLLS
GREAT HARWOOD Football Club: AL HAIG
HATFIELD Leisure Centre: CLIMAX BLUES BAND / FLYING ACES
HULL Dorchester Theatre: SLIM WHITMAN
JERSEY Gorey Bay Ampoule Hotel: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: FABULOUS POODLES
LEEDS Grand Theatre: THE DUBLINERS
LEICESTER Beaumont Club: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS

LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST / PAUL BRETT
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: BILLY BOY ARNOLD
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: ROSE ROYCE
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: S.F.W.
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: BILL BOAZMAN
LONDON BROCKLEY St. Germain's Hotel: THIEF
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SHADY LADY
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Roundhouse: IVOR CUTLER
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: BOOM-TOWN RATS / LEW LEWIS BAND / YACHTS
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: CAROLE BAYER SAGER/PETER SKELLERN
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: DEPRESSIONS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Palais: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: NEW HEARTS
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: WHIRLWIND
LONDON Marquee Club: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON Palladium: LEO SAYER / BLUE
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: LITTLE RIVER BAND
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON W.C.I. Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDER-CLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LYTHAM Cricket Club: BRIAN DEWHURST
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: BUZZCOCKS / THE FALL / THE WORST / JOHN COOPER-CLARK / THE PREFECTS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: RACING CARS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: DR. FEELGOOD / MINK DE VILLE
NOTTINGHAM Beeston Katie's: HOOKER
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: WOODY HERMAN ORCHESTRA
POYNTON Folk Centre: BROWNSVILLE BANNED
PURFLETT Circus Tavern: HERB REED & THE PLATTERS
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: JOINT EFFORT
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
SOUTHAMPTON Glen Eyre Hall: THE PIRATES
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: GARY GLITTER
ST. ALBANS Goat Inn: MUCKRAM WAKES
STOCKPORT Rudyard Hotel: HOT VULTURES
TORQUAY Princess Theatre: DON WILLIAMS
WALSALL Bilston Old Bush: MALCOLM STENT

MONDAY

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER/CITY BOY
ABERYSTWYTH University: BRIGHT EYES
ALDERNEY Folk Club: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BATH University: KURSAAL FLYERS/ MEAL TICKET
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: CAMEL/ANDY DESMOND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOPPER
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: SPITFIRE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: BROTHERS JOHNSON
BOSTON Folk Club: MARTIN SIMPSON
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: WOODY HERMAN ORCHESTRA
BRISTOL Colston Hall: LONE STAR/STRANGER
BRISTOL Hippodrome: HAWKWIND/BETHNAL
CARDIFF University: CLIMAX BLUES BAND/FLYING ACES
CHELtenham The Plough: THE INDEX
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: SOUNDS COUNTRY
DONCASTER Outlook Club: BURLESQUE
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall: ELVIS COSTELLO/IAN DURY/NICK LOWE/WRECKLESS ERIC/LARRY WALLIS
Huddersfield Minstrel Hotel: S.F.W.
HULL Tiffany's: JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: THE STRANGLERS-STEEL PULSE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE YACHTS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STARRY EYED & LAUGHING
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TELEMACQUE/LOOK
LONDON E.1 Queen Mary College: ALICE & THE JAGUARS
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Southside Club: FRUIT EATING BEARS

LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: WIRE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MANIACS
LONDON Marquee Club: CHERRY VANILLA
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: THE DARTS / AMAZORBLADES
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: BILLY BOY ARNOLD
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: PAUL MILLNS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: ROSE ROYCE
LONDON School of Economics: STEVE SKINNER
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: COCK SPARRER
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Vortex Club: THE ONLY ONES/DEPRESSIONS/SKUNKS/SPEED-O-METERS
LONDON WILLESDEN Lingbob Folk Club: WENDY GROSSMAN
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: LANDSCAPE
NEWCASTLE Centre Hotel: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
NEWCASTLE University: THE MOVIES
NOTTINGHAM Albert Hall: RACING CARS
OXFORD Polytechnic: LITTLE RIVER BAND
PRESTON Polytechnic: BRIAN DEWHURST
SALFORD University: THE SNEAKERS
SALISBURY Playhouse: THE YETTIES
SHEFFIELD City Hall: DR. FEELGOOD/MINK DE VILLE
SOUTHPORT Dixiland Showbar: MONTANA
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: ULTRAVOX/THE MOTORS
YORK Grob & Ducat: KNIFE-EDGE

TUESDAY

ABERDEEN Palace Ballroom: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: WOODY HERMAN ORCHESTRA
BURTON Town Hall: THE DUBLINERS
CAMBRIDGE Dog & Pheasant: THE LURKERS
CARDIFF Top Rank: WARREN HARRY
CHELtenham The Plough: ANGEL
COVENTRY Belgrade Theatre: TOMMY MAKEM & LIAM CLANCY
COVENTRY Locarno: THE STRANGLERS/STEEL PULSE
DARTFORD Railway Hotel: JEREMY TAYLOR
EDINBURGH University: BURLESQUE
FLEET Fox & Founds: BOB STEWART
GUERNSEY Folk Club: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH
HANLEY Victoria Hall: DR. FEELGOOD/MINK DE VILLE
LEEDS Polytechnic: ULTRAVOX
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST/PAUL BRETT
LIVERPOOL Pen & Wig: AGAINST THE GRAIN
LONDON BATTERSEA College of Education: HOT VULTURES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BONE IDOL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BILLY BOY ARNOLD
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: DEAD SCHOOL
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DEPRESSIONS/FOXY MAIDEN
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: THE ACTORS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BROTHERS JOHNSON
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON KILBURN The National: CHRISTY MOORE
LONDON N4 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST 100 Club: TOM ROBINSON BAND/THE RICH KIDS
LONDON School of Economics: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: MIKE KHAN BAND
LONDON WANDSWORTH The Ship: NEMA
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Vortex Club: SHAM 69/WIRE / BAZOOKA JOE / SOLID WASTE
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: ZHAIN
MANCHESTER Owen's Park College: JENNY DARREN
NEWCASTLE City Hall: LONE STAR/STRANGER
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hall: GAFFA
NOTTINGHAM University: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
PENZANCE The Garden: SHADES
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: THE TABLE
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: IAN GILLIAN BAND
SALFORD University: CLOVER
SHEFFIELD City Hall: CAMEL/ANDY DESMOND
SHEFFIELD University: CLIMAX BLUES BAND / FLYING ACES
SOUTHEND Talk Ot The South: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: HAWKWIND / BETHNAL
WORKINGTON Carnegie Hall: BRIAN DEWHURST
YEADON White Swan: MARTIN SIMPSON

WEDNESDAY

ABERYSTWYTH University: RACING CARS
BARNSELY Changes: S.F.W.
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: SLEEPER
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: THE DUBLINERS
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
BRISTOL Hippodrome: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST/PAUL BRETT
BURTON 76 Club: CHERRY VANILLA
CARDIFF University: BROTHERS JOHNSON
CARMARTHEN St Peter's Hall: THE STRANGERS/KRYPTON TUNES
CLITHEROE Swan & Royal Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
CORBY Nags Head: GOBBLINZ
DONCASTER Yarborough Club: SON OF A BITCH
DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall: TOMMY MAKEM & LIAM CLANCY
DURHAM University: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
EASTBOURNE The Lamb: HOT VULTURES
HAINAULT Old Maypole: WHIRLWIND
HANLEY Victoria Hall: CLIMAX BLUES BAND / FLYING ACES
JERSEY St Helier Folk Club: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH
LANCASTER Bowland College: CHINA STREET
LEEDS University: CAMEL
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: LONE STAR / STRANGER
LIVERPOOL Havana Club: THE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL Pen & Wig: FRONT LINE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE PIRATES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE SAINTS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: HAWKWIND / BETHNAL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARREN HARRY
LONDON HORNSEY Town Hall: SWINGLE II

LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: YACHTS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: THE MOTORS
LONDON School of Economics: TEQUILA BLUES BAND
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE WASPS
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: DEPRESSIONS
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: XTC
MANCHESTER University: THE DARTS / AMAZORBLADES
MONK BRETTON The Pheasant: WENDY GROSSMAN
NEWCASTLE City Hall: LEO SAYER/BLUE
NORWICH Toppers: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
PAISLEY Silver Thread Hotel: BURLESQUE
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
RYDE Lo.W La Babalu: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
SALTBURN Philmore Disco: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: ALICE & THE JAGUARS/SCREENS
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHWICK Dryad Club: LESSER KNOWN TUNSIANS
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: MUD
SWANSEA Top Rank: WOODY HERMAN ORCHESTRA
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: KURSAAL FLYERS
WORTHING Carioca Club: LUCIFER

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Bar: ALIKI
 Week from Sunday
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: IAN 'SLUDGE' LEES
 Thursday for three days
DERBY Bailey's: THE BROTHERS
 Thursday for three days
HARROGATE Gallop Inn: THE DOOLEYS
 Week from Monday
LEICESTER Bailey's: GARY GLITTER
 Week from Monday
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: ERNESTINE ANDERSON
 Currently until October 15
LONDON Talk Of The Town: KAMAHL
 Monday for five weeks
MANCHESTER Golden Carter: THE DRIFTERS
 Week from Monday
OLDHAM Bailey's: MARMALADE
 Thursday for three days
PORTHCAWL Stoneleigh Club: LOVELACE WATKINS
 Week from Monday
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: U.S.A.U.K.
 Thursday for three days
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: THE BROTHERS
 Week from Monday
STOKE Bailey's: OZO
 Thursday for three days

TV RADIO

SATURDAY marks the start of a new series of "Sight And Sound In Concert", again transmitted in a simultaneous stereo link between BBC-2 and Radio 1. It's running for 26 weeks, which means it'll be with us weekly through until the early spring. First to be featured in the hour-long showcase (6.30 pm) are Camel, who'll be performing tracks from their new "Rain Dances" album, as well as some of their earlier material.

Tuesday's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on BBC-2 has a particularly strong line-up this week. It's co-headlined by Joan Armatrading who's about to start a major tour, and the Sutherland Brothers and Quiver who are already on the road. So at last we're getting some satisfaction, after such a bleak TV summer.

Also on BBC2 Johnny Mathis gives a 45-minute solo performance on Friday. And on Monday there's a Marti Caine show, with Leo Sayer and the Stylistics guesting — it was filmed some time ago but, more by luck than judgment, it's being screened just at the time when Sayer is starting his sell-out concert tour.

There's not a lot happening on BBC-1 this week, apart from Twigg guesting in the David Essex show on Tuesday. But TV addicts may want to tag along with "Top Of The Pops" (Thursday) and an end-of-season "Seaside Special" (Friday).

Johnny Mathis also crops up on the full ITV network (except Harlech, Westward and Channel) on Saturday night, filmed in concert at Edmonton Jubilee Auditorium, Canada. But you'll need to be a genuine Mathis freak to sit through two of his performances on successive nights.

The big ITV news is the return of "The Muppet Show", with the new series moving to a 7 pm spot on Fridays in most regions, immediately preceding Pam Ayres. Strictly local ITV shows include George Hamilton IV (London, Sunday midnight), and the Steve Gibbons Band guesting in the ATV-Midlands magazine "Right Now" (Monday).

This weekend marks the tenth anniversary of the start of Radio 1, and the powers-that-be are wasting no opportunity of cashing in on the occasion. There are two special shows on Friday — Tony Blackburn presents three hours of the hits of 1967; and there's the live "Great Radio 1 Disco" from London Lyceum with Blackburn, Noel Edmunds, Paul Burnett, David Hamilton and Dave Lee Travis. Then on Sunday at 4.30 pm, Alan Freeman hosts a marathon called "Radio 1 — The First Ten Years".

On Radio 2 tonight (Thursday), Dave Plane and Andrew Townend guest in "Country Club". It's followed by "Folkweave", which includes the musical documentary "The Days Of The Whale", compiled by John Surridge.

Stuart Henry's "Sound System" album chart, compiled from listeners' letters to Radio Luxembourg, is again aired at midnight on Friday. And these are the Top Ten LPs you can hear this week:

1. AVERAGE WHITES & BEN E. KING "Benny And Us";
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5. YES "Going For The One";
6. FLEETWOOD MAC "Rumours";
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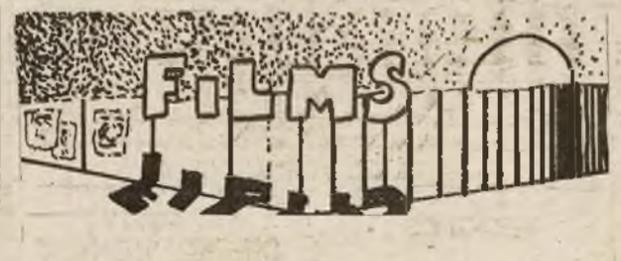
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Mink de Ville

From page 43

the general high energy wears off quickly, uncovering a depressing number of cavities to the basic conceptual 'substance' within.

The Tyla Gang in fact are really nothing more than pretty adept hard-rock identikit, offering absolutely nothing of any originality and, more to the point, ultimately proving themselves unable even to beef up the stock-eclectic constituents in order to grant the old warhorses a new credibility.

Old riffs regurgitated endlessly is the name of the show here: Tyla's songs quickly degenerating into irreverent "spot - the - riff" contests and little else.

Perhaps this is all much too harsh because the band obviously are well versed in their mode of attack, but in the final analysis it becomes all so blatantly uninspired and cliché-ridden that its very presence right now at a time when rock is discovering new, often albeit clumsy and stupid, modes of expression and experiencing differing attitudes almost weekly, this blustering pot-pouri of hand - me - down fire-power can't be expected to impress arguably London's most faded and rock-sated audience.

Anyway, it didn't. Mink de Ville followed after an approximately half-an-hour of amplifier/equipment reshuffling.

The safety curtain rose to present the whole band already on the stage and plugged in, led by Willy de Ville straight into a hesitantly tough "Gunslinger".

Not one of the album's most memorable items, "Gunslinger" is still an adequate opener, it's abrasive pacing giving proceedings a sharp drop-kick off while allowing de Ville to limber up on his "I'm so cool" self-assertion stance as his band organize them-

selves around the fairly basic structure.

Unless one had any doubts to the contrary at the outset, the first minutes of the set proved conclusively that this is Willy de Ville's show first and foremost with the rest anonymously plying his slick histrionics with a steady workmanlike grip on their instruments, filling in all the gaps but rarely vying for equal attention.

Only guitarist "Uptown" Louie Erlanger and a guesting saxophonist, presumably the redoubtable Steve Douglas, are given any room for the odd solo, thus countering de Ville's constant forays into vocal virtuosity.

That voice by the way is what Willy de Ville has got going for him - even more so than the amazing arch-hipster visual, and the consequent highly volatile sexuality of his appearance and performance.

Far rarer than that first album even hinted at, de Ville has one of the most abrasive jolting timbres I've ever heard. It's fairly redolent of the early Van Morrison way on up to the trauma-strained howls of the "T.B. Sheets" time.

The atmosphere was rigged throughout mostly all the set with a discomforting tension which often dislocated or certainly undermined the 'groove' that this band, more than any I've witnessed for years now, rely upon establishing for their performances.

Thus the slow sensual numbers that proliferated on the album often sounded cautious and slightly off-kilter in a live setting at the Rainbow while the rockers similarly seemed cursed by the absence of a consistent centre-pin.

Attempting to analyse the reasons for these deficiencies, a fairly obvious cause must have been simply one of excessive nerves all-round. de Ville himself appeared consistently ill-at-ease, quite edgy at certain given moments.

Even when thanking the audience for the initial encore

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oration, he sounded so wired and disorientated he lapsed into virtual incoherence.

By the time this clumsy speech was given, the band had broken the ice quite adamantly.

After almost an hour of diverse pacing — maybe two or three little victories like a great "Mixed Up, Shook Up Girl", plus a moving "She's So Tough" both very early on — the set finally gained a much-needed momentum, hitting its stride when de Ville abandoned guitar for a sterling James Brown work-out on "You And Me".

Here at last was the fearsome trouper we'd all read about — the blazing dynamism, the whole slick schtick done to a treat. It was a sudden heady jolt of totally mesmerizing power.

And then just as the audience had finally been delivered the goods, it was all over.

Fortunately however de Ville returned to pick up on the intensity he'd left off with a quite masterful rendition of "Stand By Me", certainly as earth-shattering a rendition of the old classic as I've ever heard, which also finally gave his three piece vocal back-up the Immortals a chance to stand up and be counted.

Final encore — a tough old blues possibly entitled "Shadows In The Night" packed a heap of menace but somehow lost its direction and couldn't quite resolve itself properly.

By then though it was all wrapped up. After a hard struggle, Willy and the Minks had finally conquered this frigid collective.

A good long struggle it was in the final analysis but musically I'm convinced that this was nowhere near their best by a long chalk.

If you missed out on this one, count yourself lucky in a way but be assured that the Minks' Hammersmith Odeon gigs next month with the Feelgoods will be a veritable feast.

Nick Kent

Iggy Pop

• From page 43

power as they kept as tight as they could through numerous pointless costume changes, (Iggy may be in athlete, he's definitely a dancer, but he ain't no male model) interminable embarrassing ad-libs straight out of the crass Showbiz (as in Las Vegas) syndrome; and worse of all, points where he had to be helped to his feet after apparently draining his over-taxed physical reserves.

I swear that in that minute Copenhagen club just three weeks back he gave the most awe-inspiring live performance.

Tonight he was a mere Pop-parody, even dancing with two left feet as though he desperately needed a truckload of Phyllosan.

"Night Clubbing" got the mandatory "Oy Vey!" and Germanic Nacht-Spielung *und-sewetter* treatment and it was hardly a surprise to view numerous political-retards responding with Nazi salutes. Not that Iggy Osterberg cared...

"Do whatcha want," he invited. "Go to sleep it ya want..."

"C. C. Rider" is re-written for "Benny Take A Ride" with a long, rambling introduction about getting school-kids hooked on shooting marijuana and Otis Redding's words to "That's How Strong My Love Is" are given new Pop-music for their encore opener and that's followed by a brief "Fame" work-out and the desperate "Now I Wanna Be Your Dog" finale and that was all you got.

I wanted Rock Action, Iggy. You gimme danger in Copenhagen and lack-lustre senile apathy in Manchester. You made plenty bucks but you were just a geek.

Either pull up your sagging *lederhosen* or you'll be a nurd for all your life, and if saying that makes you hate my guts, Mister Osterberg, well, that's how strong my love is.

Tony Parsons

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JAZZ DIARY

THE NORTHERN branch of Jazz Centre Society offers a clutch of good gigs throughout its exotic outposts. Manchester University Jazz Club has Don Weller's Major Surgery on October 6, and Terry Smith with the Chris Williams Quartet (10).

Oldham's Birch Hall Hotel has Terry Lightfoot's Band on September 29. Billy Butterfield is playing at the Great Harwood Sporting Club on 29th, and at Hurlfield Arts Centre, Sheffield on October 1. Ronnie Scott's Quintet will be at Hurlfield Campus on October 8 and Leeds Jazz Club, Astoria Centre, on the 9th. Ruby Braff will be at Hull's Humber-side Theatre on October 2.

South Hill Park, Bracknell has Benny Waters on September 30 and the Lennie Best Quartet with Kathy Stobart on October 11. The Workers' Music Association presents its third jazz weekend at Little Benslow Hills, Hitchin, Hertfordshire from October 14-16. This year's theme is the big band, and the course includes participation in a rehearsal big band under Mick Collins, with analysis of arrangements and development of reading skills.

Veteran US sax and clarinetman, Benny Waters will be weighing in at the 7 Dials on September 29, with Colin Smith and the Ron Rubin Trio. The Jeff Scott-Dave Gelly Quintet will be at The Plough, Stockwell, also on the 29th and Jabula are at 100 Club on the 30th September, followed by US Blues star Billy Boy Arnold on October 3.

From CBS's budget-priced Embassy, George Benson's "Summertime", material drawn from the guitarist's debut as a leader a decade back. Decca are releasing "Surprise Surprise", a duo featuring Marian Montgomery and Richard Rodney Bennett. Tenorman Dick Morrissey has an album out in the States on Atlantic, but there are no plans so far to release it here: daft.

The Yachts

THE ROCK GARDEN

THE IDEA of this group I love; the actuality's not bad, either. Visually, it's surfing revival — not Beach Boys candy-stripe, rather Brighton/Bognor at the same period: short sleeved open-necked shirts, parallel stripes and plimsolls.

The Yachts are probably Stiff's newest signing; their droll first single, "Suffice To Say", came out this week, produced by droll Kursaal's lyricist Will Birch.

Singer J.J.J. Campbell and keyboard player Henry Priestman wrote it and their other originals, such as "Semaphore Love" and "Mantovani's Hits", titles which made me wish I could hear the words.

Campbell's basic move is great, but he needs more than one to transcend novelty value. An animated Archies character, he blinks and prances like a bemused kid hauled on stage at the high school hop.

Priestman's is better still. And when I tell you they were announced by an accomplice as fresh from a triumphant residency at the Locarno, St. Helier, you will doubtless file under satirock, wrongly. (There goes the Channel Islands readership.)

You see, Yachts can actually play — albeit on instruments of studied unfashionability — and their songs should stand up without the visual.

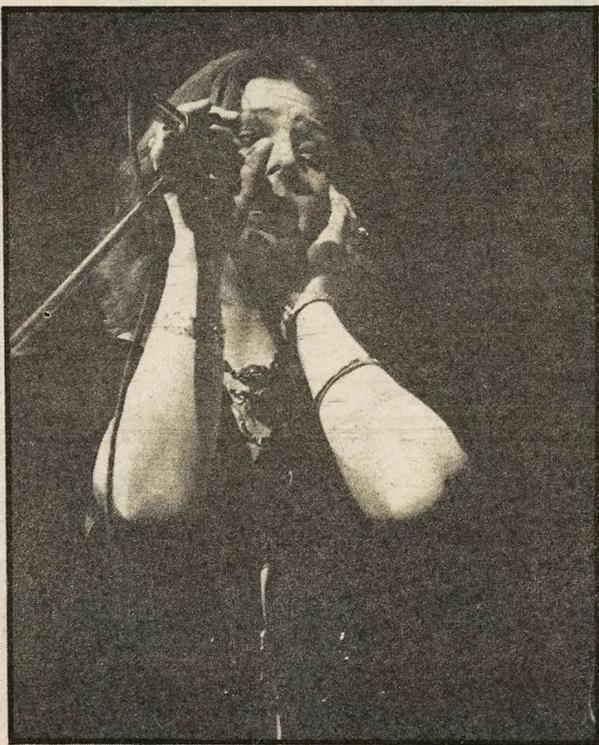
Martin Watson's over-loud acoustic/electric put paid to what the PA had left of Campbell's voice, but Martin J. Dempsey handled his Framus bass with due care and attention and Bobby Bellis on drums carried off the amiable lunkhead role to perfection. Priestman's work on Farfisa and electric piano was the strong point, though, fully equalling his footwork.

"24 Hours From Tulsa" was featured, but these guys are only as camp as a small row of tents.

After all, they're from the West Coast (alright, Liverpool), they formed in May and, once on *Top Of The Pops*, could sweep the country.

Get your sou'wester now!
Harry Robinson

Glasgow Belle back on the mainline



Cado Belle's Maggie Riley

Cado Belle MUSIC MACHINE

WHEN I first started seeing Cado Belle around a couple of years ago a musician friend turned to me and said "What's a band like this doing playing pubs?"

I described them in a subsequent review as "high class funky rock" and my only criticism — if criticism it be — was that where many bands in their position (no record contract, endless pubbing and clubbing etc.) needed to be *tightening up*, they could afford to be *loosening up* a bit.

Everything they did was

beautifully crafted, precision-honed . . . whether it was one of their spell-binding melodious love songs like the haunting "Stone's Throw From Nowhere" or one of their mad belters like "Give 'Em The Next Best Thing".

I only noticed something missing after I'd seen them jamming at the Nashville one night with the great Jim Mullen (ex-Kokomo, Pete Brown, et al who has now taken his axe, regretfully, to the States).

On that night the band were forced to let their hair down, to take a chance, and the resulting tension was, as they say, electrifying.

In due course Cado Belle signed with Anchor and their first (and so far only) album fairly showcased all the above-

mentioned excellences of their live act *plus*, to my own slight chagrin, the unnecessary addition — to my ears at least — of "professional" backing vocals from Paddy McHugh and Frank Collins of Kokomo.

Which is not to say that these two fine singers were bad — they were merely *de trop*.

Their very professional rendition of the latest in American soul styling, exhilarating falsettos and all, made Cado Belle of Glasgow sound too much like just another highly polished US soul outfit. Superficially at least. Get into the songs and you find something else happening entirely . . .

It would be a pity, however, if their uniqueness should come to be overlooked on account of this surface resemblance to a form of music that once had much to say, but which has, over the last few years, become all-too-closely associated (if not indeed synonymous) with yer ultimate disco bland-out. Basically.

Anyway, after their gig at the Music Machine, Camden, my fears are . . . allayed.

The band hadn't played together for a month, and there were veiled hints backstage to the effect that they

were getting fed up doing the same stuff all the time etc, etc.

And despite my reservations the place was fuller than I've ever seen it before — busier even than for the recent event with the Boomtown Rats.

And Cado Belle went on and bloooooo.

Singer Margaret Riley, whose mood onstage can be as changeable as British weather — she can even be quite frosty when she thinks the boys aren't up to scratch — was going through her 1976-style British heatwave this night.

It must be tempting when you have a prodigious vocal skill like Riley's to stand back from your own performance sometimes and see what you can do. But that, as we all know, is not the heart of the matter . . . and is why one "Chain Of Fools" from Aretha, for example, is worth to us rockers any amount of the self-possessed musical enquiries of, say, a Cleo Laine . . . Basically.

So tonight she was bouncing it round the stage and kicking it into the audience . . . striking home.

And towards the end, who should come on but the aforementioned McHugh and Collins, also kicking out the jams . . . McHugh looking quite magnificent in red-stripped blazer and gold toe-capped high-heel sneakers.

No complaints from me about the sound this time because they weren't trying for cold studio-effect embellishments, they were really blowing.

Maybe it was because they had "Jesus On The Mainline", or because it was Miss Riley's birthday (Virgo, you see) . . .

Seriously, I think they're just learning to let it hang out, a new direction for them, and an important step.

Afterwards they were mumbling apologies backstage about "looseness".

Forget it. Expect an EP from them soon.

Geoff Hill

AROUND THE CIRCUITS

WARNING: All over London cinemas will be invaded by A **BRIDGE TOO FAR** (A) *NME* readers who venture in should take gas mask and packed lunch. Beware of rabid colonels in the seats behind.

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Dick Tracy

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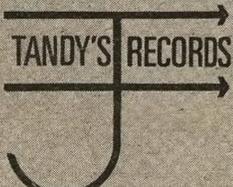
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Hawkwind Bethnal

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DESPITE THEIR apparent commitment, Bethnal made little impact. There are no rough edges whatsoever, it's all clear, clean, calculated brutality.

Accessible (that much a yes-yes), non-offensive (no-no!), safe and sane climactic rock that's so smooth it slides straight over my head. It doesn't seem restrained, yet neither is it spontaneous.

The band's centre of attraction is singer, violinist, harmonicist, keyboardist George Csapo, who sings strongly. He bounces around the stage, trousers flapping wildly, impatient always to grapple with another instrument. He's good. So's the band. That is, at what they do.

The guitarist plays chunky and charged, bassist thunderous and fancy, drummer hard. All in all they supply an anonymous tidal wave of fast h. metal that doesn't engross, nor distract.

They don't seem creative enough to supply an occasional fillip to their own uninspiring material, so they rely on The Who's 'Baba O'Reilly' and perform it probably better than them — this band doesn't need tapes — Csapo does it all, keyboards, violin, vocals. The epic rolls out of the Bethnal mangle a token showcase for Csapo's talents.

Bob Calvert, meanwhile, has injected an elegantly provocative cultured force to Hawkwind; there's been a mature modulation of the basic Hawkwind elements into a fresher, softer music (humorous, even).

The identifiable Hawkwind slang still exists, throbbing insistencies, obvious weird interjections, disturbingly hypnotic visual effects, pleasingly conditioned robotic lyrical imagery etc., but no longer is it all an immediately depressing and suffocating

sound but persuasive, sharper, jumpier.

Applause to Hawkwind for their economic but effective adaptations. Not only has their collective consciousness recognised fluctuation but the music has absorbed it too.

Calvert is not only an authentic front man, but also a performer with a lovely, cool, impersonal control. He sings and writes well. His tongue, though, is always in his cheek, and that helps ease the occasions when the Hawkwind intensity threatens to overwhelm. Calvert is a surprisingly strong pop persona, not convenient to Hawkwind but necessary. The Peter Cook of rock'n'roll.

Musically, Hawkwind are adequate, but that's not a put-down. There is a paced static tension throughout the show, a sureness within the limitations, no excess (honest).

If occasionally, like on a weak instrumental, the music hints at strangling, there's always the back-drop visuals to mind-fiddle with, or Calvert's studied antics to smile at.

There is no let-up; it is definitely effective.

Bob Calvert, a man with a mission, has lent Hawkwind visible direction; hard, long pop, mechanical realism. I am frankly shocked, but delighted.

Paul Morley



Calvert: a man with a mission **Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS**

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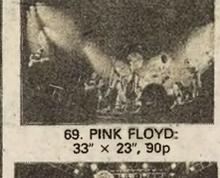
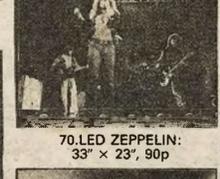
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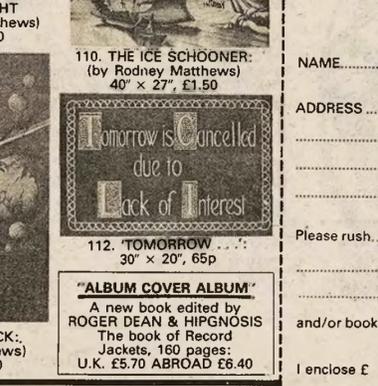
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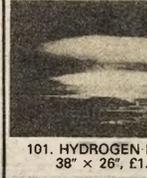
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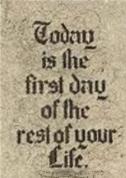
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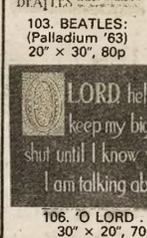
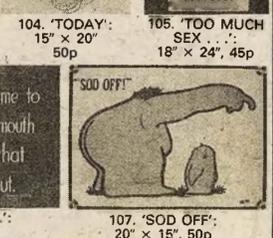
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"The Blank Generation" THE OTHER CINEMA

IF YOU judged the contemporary rock scene in both London and New York purely on the strength of Don Letts' *The Original Punk-Rock Movie* and the Amos Poe / Ivan Kral (of Patti's band), *The Blank Generation Movie* respectively, then you'd never want to wander further west than the Hammersmith Palais.

Compared to the Letts' cinematic triumph, this is about as nerve-tingling as trying to make out in the back-row with an Orange Drink On A Stick.

Letts succeeds because he uses an impressive line-up of interviews, live-footage, imaginative eavesdropping, living colour and spiritual affinity; Poe and Kral fall on their faces because they consider pseudo-avant garde use of the wealth of raw material available in C.B.G.B.'s and Max's Kansas City to stun the dormant imagination of their audience into suitable spiritual enlightenment.

Kids, it's dire. Television, Patti Smith, Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers when Richard Hell was with them, Ramones, Talking Heads, Wayne County, Blondie, plus a host of lesser names like The Shirts, Marbles and Harry Toledo, and virtually all of it is thrown away by the film's technique of totally disregarding the laws of Sound And Vision, meaning that the hour-length movie is ALL SHOT IN NON-SYNC, ANTI-SYNC, CONDESCENDING-SYNC... the image and the music, in other words, don't run together and at times it seems as if they're running in totally opposite directions.

Amos Poe says, "Just as



Top to bottom: Annie Golden of The Shirts; Richard Hell; Nicky Weymouth of The Talking Heads. — Pics: JOE STEVENS, JOE STEVENS, GUS STEWART.

good. One hands on the camera's trigger. The other holding the hot light. I got my hands full, My eyes full. My head's fillin'."

Yeah? You sound like a right berk. Only the footage of the ego-clash with Thunders and Hell in the same band and Talking Heads charming-enigmatic on "Psycho Killer-Qu est-ce que c'est?" plus the opening with Patti Smith doing "Gloria" and "We're Gonna Have A Real Good Time Together" transcend the artistic pretensions of Kral and Poe, and Patti's segment doesn't even have a genuine, never-heard-before-soundtrack, ripping off "Gloria" from "Horses" and "We're Gonna Etcetera" from the bootleg with the green and red cover.

Such lack of imagination! Such condescension! Poe again: "N.Y. filmmakers make film in sync sound, but it doesn't add nothin' to the film, it's just a stinky toy... I asked myself why must film be sync?" Because it doesn't work without sync, Amos.

Tony Parsons

Save this cinema

THE OTHER CINEMA has been running a heady brew of live music, movies and discussion for several Sundays past in conjunction with Music For Socialism.

Despite enthusiastic audiences, the survival of The Other Cinema looks a little rocky at the moment, with £25,000 needed.

"Jazz: A Tradition Of Protest" kicked off with Lol Coxhill and David Holland on stage and me adjusting to a new palatal groove of ice cream and hot licks.

Lol's soprano is uniformly authoritative in all registers, a turbo-throb of power with none of that insecure instrument's facile plaint. His line looped with sudden sprays and jets of aggression, but his lyrical gifts are strong enough to accommodate his most gothic manner.

The first movie, *St. Louis Blues*, was made in 1929 and starred Bessie Smith in belting voice and Henry Cooper-style acting ability.

Three Duke Ellington shorts followed featuring the band and soloists from 1941, a generous helping of absurdity in the settings, and a jitterbug sequence between massed Jack The Bellboys and Hattie The Hatcheck Girls that came on like Le Grand Mal.

Pre-pouched Ellington was a good deal less urbane than the stereotype our decade permitted: the '40s shows him in the 'happy darcy' mould which was *de rigueur* for black band-leaders.

The Down Beat Awards for 1951 capture the laughably embarrassing bonhomie affected by whites towards blacks: "Congratulations Diz — I can call you Diz? — sorta shorten it down from Dizzy there."

Parker in a natty bowtie takes his award and with masterly sang froid cuts the crap — "I think we'll let the music speak for us" — and wallops into "Hot House."

The evening wound up with the Johnny Rondo Trio on stage, and a discussion of jazz's radical relevance in the 1970s. Good value.

The Other Cinema has involved itself in worthwhile causes — Grunwick's, Chile Solidarity, Friends of the Earth, the Campaign for Free Speech in Ireland, as well as hitching up with the Independent Film-Makers Association. It deserves to survive, and it can if it pulls more members.

Brian Case

SB&Q THE RAINBOW

THERE ARE a million and one concerts that you should really go and see in London during the current bumper rock season, and because of this you'd suspect that a night at the Rainbow with the Suths supported by City Boy was pretty low down on a thinking person's entertainment schedule.

Musically, the two acts were fairly complementary: both relying essentially on the strength of their material and their ability to perform it with professional polish and recreate, as far as possible, their studio sound.

This is probably why both acts were not particularly exciting and the audience's lack of response was because they were at home listening to the stereo.

The only real reminder they were in a rock theatre was the continual buzz on the PA through both sets, occasional

feedback, and stage introductions by the respective bands.

City Boy were ill at ease on the large stage and as a result unnecessarily cautious. The hard rock element of their act was subdued and had it not been for the consistently excellent guitar work of Mike Slammer, would have been an often boring, sometimes perfunctory, reworking of those of their songs which are most suited to live performance, such as "Hap Kido Kid" and "Mama's Boy".

Similarly, The Suths chose to concentrate on their overall sound, ensuring there were few ragged edges. But whereas the Boy had Slammer's entertaining improvisations, SB&Q's success depended mainly on Ian Sutherland's compositions and his generally good vocals.

He and brother Gavin and drummer Willie Wilson, have been joined for the tour by Alan Ross (guitar), Mick Weaver (keyboards), Tex Comer (bass), John Shearer (percussion) and the two girl vocalists, Debbie Doss and Shirley Roden.

Surprisingly, only Weaver made any outstanding contribution to the material, usually when his attention was concentrated on piano, and the others merely filled out the sound.

Ross, for instance, was embarrassingly bad; Gavin preferred to pose and only once demonstrated his real talent when he took over lead vocals from Ian on "Harbour Lights"; and Shearer was the kind of percussionist who concentrated more on his dance routine than playing.

Nevertheless Ian carried the group through a set that did have its highlights, and eventually created enough energy, mainly from the solid foundation work of Wilson and Comer, to earn a couple of encores.

The trouble with both bands was that they seemed to achieve minimum standards when they're capable of much more. You don't conquer the States — as City Boy hope to — or even survive — as the Suths should — like that.

Tony Stewart

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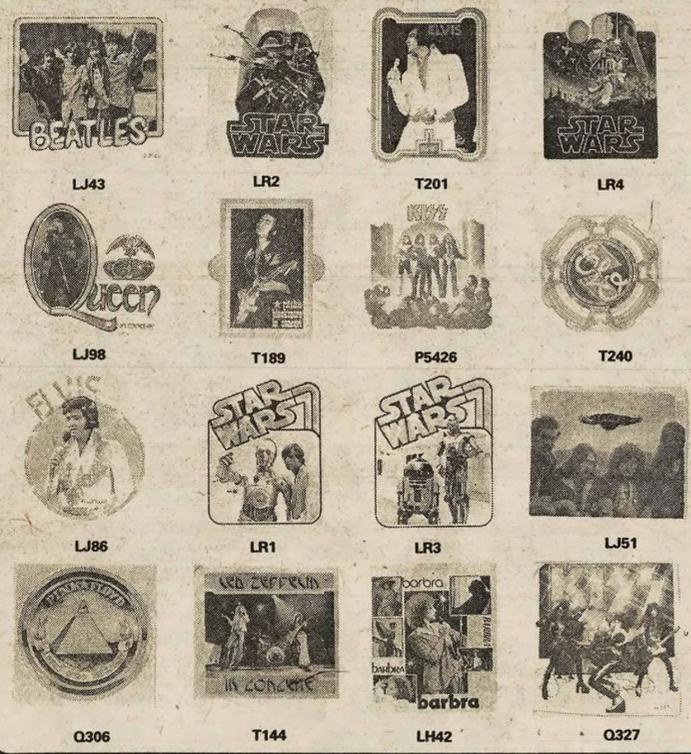
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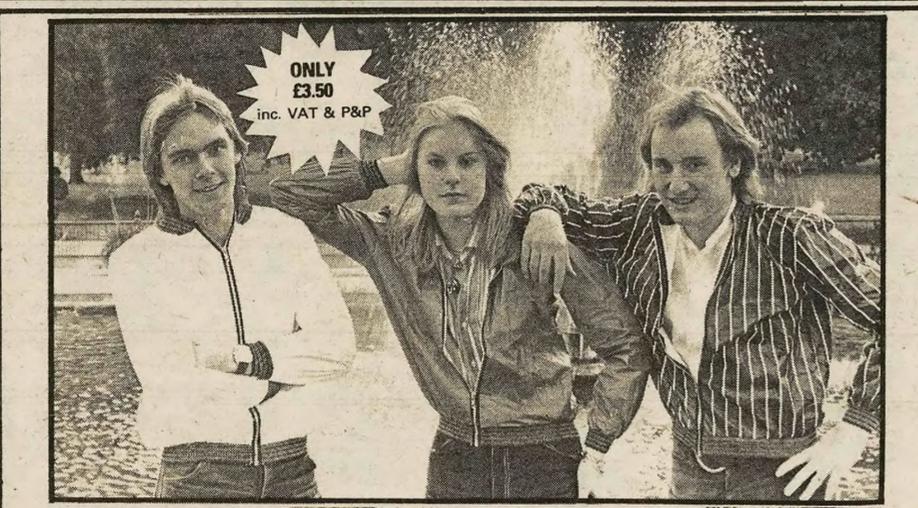
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Crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-25.

ACROSS
1 Mine rips, SOS (anag.)
6 Ritchie's venue?
8 Portrayed by Dustin Hoffman in bio-pic of same name.
9 Gay Lib rock 'n' roller (3,8).
11 Forerunner of ELP.
12 & 5 Recorded live, a hit 45 for Marley's Wailers (2,5,2,3).
14 Tidy boys The Damned!! (4,4,4)
15 Big C or former Raspberry.
16 Children's character in Bowie elpee.
18 Former lead voice of Pentangle (6,6).
19 Haley's band.
20 Currently imprisoned, former mainman of the MC5.
21 Chiffons oldie (5,6,3).
24 & 3 His forte was big booming pop ballads; his trademark black clothes and hornrimmed glasses (3,7).
25 & 4 One half "Deja Vu" mob as credited on "Long May You Run" (6,5,4).

DOWN
2 "Country Life", 801 and Quiet Sun guitarist (4,9).
3 See 24.
4 See 25.
5 See 12.
6 A virulent species, the rock 'n' roll rodent (6,10).
7 Formed by Mick Abrahams when he left Jethro Tull (7,3).
8 Likely lads from Liverpool who did fairly well at songwriting game (6,3,9).
10 Veteran soul star recently in cohorts with AWB (3,1,4).
13 Half of one of the '60s most successful partnerships (3,9).
17 Posthumously released Janis Joplin elpee, contained "Me And Bobby McGee".
18 "Hold On To What You've Got" and "Skinny Legs And All" were two of his U.S. hits (3,3).
22 They were previously known as The High Numbers.
23 George Benson had a U.S. hit with title song from his movie.

ACROSS: 1 Jean Michel Jarre: 7 "Diamond Dogs"; 9 Jerry Garcia; 10 RSO; 12 "Hard Rain"; 13 John Denver; 16 Edgar (Winter); 17 "Maggie May"; 18 Boney M; 20 "Rubber (Soul)"; 21 "My Girl"; 23 Tony Joe White; 25 "Runt"; 26 John (Martyn).
DOWN: 1 Jean Jacques Burnel; 2 Adverts; 3 Maddy Prior; 4 Chaka Khan; 5 Lonnie Donegan; 6 Roger (Taylor); 8 "Soul"; 11 Dave Berry; 13 James Brown; 14 Deaf School; 15 Taylor; 19 Martyn; 21 Mahal; 22 Levon (Helm); 24 Taj (Mahal).

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MUSICIANS! MAKE SURE YOU SEE NEXT WEEK'S N.M.E. THERE ARE LOADS OF JOBS GOING

"MYSTERY BAND, the Cognoscenti Orchestra, check music press and grapevine for details"

A neat way of filling the Music Machine with punk punters hoping to see The Pistols or maybe The Clash (as their manager was promoting the gig), and instead having to suffer The Slits, Killjoys and sundry other new wave flotsam. Isn't it time to stop this disgraceful type of concert promotion, and tell the punters exactly who is appearing on the bill?

This type of behaviour is inexcusable from any promoter, but when that promoter is the manager of a band whose philosophy directly opposes such exploitation it seems inexplicable. Towards the end of the gig someone came onstage and said "The Cognoscenti Orchestra is you, the audience, s'if you don't like it — tough."

Complete Control? It certainly looks like it. **DISGUSTED, Bushey, Herts. Control corrupts. You're absolutely right and the wonder of it is, you manage to stay so temperate.** — M.S.

"WHAT'S HAPPENED to your movement now, eh. They've given you the big E, haven't they?"

Those words were spoken by Kid Strange of The Doctors of Madness at Chelmsford. How right he was. The Damned couldn't have cared less about the audience, they were only interested in whether they got paid or not. They were offered £500 instead of £1,000, and they still refused to play. How many of that audience are able to earn £500 for a week's work, let alone an hour's?

We waited in the cold five hours before being told The Damned weren't going to play. The Damned aren't punks. They're just a bunch of boring old farts posing as punks. The Rod and The Doctors of Madness aren't punks, but they care for their audience much more than The Damned do!

The sooner The Damned become tax exiles the better — maybe we can forget about them then.

"Sick of being sick". The Damned said that!

MICK CAVALLA, and Martin Woodlatt, Chaz Pearson, Wee Mall, Oh No Kennard, Ray Pettitt, K Brookman, Cod Haddock, Brian Damage, N Nichols, Tell Lewis. No temperance here, but damned right just the same. Always suspected The Dimmeds were the Alice Coopers of the 'wave' — M.S.

IF YOU ASK me. (Oh, alright. — M.S.) the reason for the Chelmsford fizzle is simply that the 'novelty' of Punk Rock is wearing off. Now I'm not an old fart and I ain't a punk either — I'm just a rock fan. The first punk music appealed to me because it was basic and unpretentious. Honest energy-music.

Unfortunately, after eight months or whatever, it has become just a case of 'heard one, you've heard 'em all'. How can punk rock last? If it doesn't progress, it gets boring. The Damned wanted to progress so they got an extra guitarist and are considering the services of a saxophonist. What will they want next, a synthesiser?

You're looking for a new type of music — a new wave. Punk isn't that; it's more like a back-to-square-one-with-a-vengeance wave. Music was all doowop and croon until Rock 'n' Roll came. At first this was just energy and speed but then it had to progress and become more and more sophisticated until it was pretty boring itself.

Then came Punk-energy and speed again, more intense than in the '50s, but basically offering the same goodies. Rock music is a limited field which can only stagnate or at best go round in circles.

ADY THE ORACLE Maybe, Ady. — M.S.

THERE IS something disturbing about Jonathan Richman. Musically speaking I would judge him to be mad. Here is a man who stands on the

Cliff Richard and Una Stubbs present in rather puny black and white . . .



Don't just slump there! Petition the—

Neat! Neat! Neat!

stage of the Hammersmith Odeon in front of thousands of people singing, sometimes without a microphone, a song about an ice cream man who parks his truck at the end of the street. He outstretches his arms to the audience, without his shirt (delicately knotted around his belly button), pleading for them to hear his song. It is weak and pathetic but at the same time his voice is so nice that you feel you have to listen to him, at least until the end of the song, before you walk out. Then he sings it again and again and you can't walk out. I don't know why but somehow you have to stay.

SIMON MONTGOMERY, Portslade, Sussex. And he's mad? Actually, Richman is a good example (being a genuine original) with which to combat Ady's pessimism. — M.S.

IT IS NOW a month since the rock festival at Dalymount in Dublin. 15,000 fans saw Thin Lizzy, Boomtown Rats, Graham Parker, Fairport Convention and three local bands. But there was no review in the NME. The gig went off without any violent incidents and as far as I can gather there must have been a few NME reporters present or nearby (e.g. Phil Lynott interview).

This omission is inexcusable especially in the light of your front page Sunday People-type coverage of the Belfield stabbing (7/2/77).

That article did a lot of damage to a struggling (but growing) Irish rock scene, especially Irish punk rock. You could have repaired some of the damage you caused.

The Irish rock scene needs all the help you can give so howabout a constructive reply — or even better, a review.

J.S., Belfast. The festival was covered in the Lynott piece and we hate repeating ourselves, he said shame-facedly shame-facedly shame-facedly. — M.S.

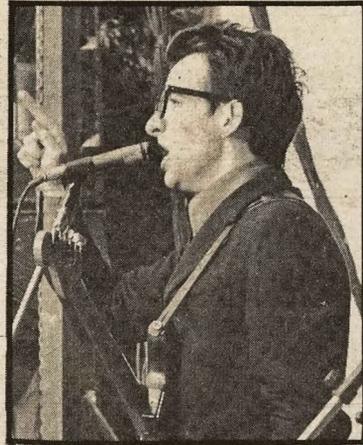
I WENT TO Dalymount Park a few weeks ago to see Thin Lizzy and The Boomtown Rats play. I couldn't believe my ears when I heard Bob Geldof of The Boomtown Rats introduce a song by saying it was about this guy who used to pretend he was in the band and who had been stabbed to death. I knew he could only be talking about my friend Joey when he mentioned that he came from Sallynoggin. I heard their new L.P. the other day and the same song is on it.

What I want to say is that The Boomtown Rats heard the wrong rumour about Joey. Fair enough he was stabbed near the docks in Dublin but he didn't die.

Up until then he was the sort of guy who liked a night out for a few jags (especially if he could see a good rock group with his drink). Myself and Joey first saw The Boomtown Rats play in a hotel in Bray, I think they had just started playing together. I thought they were shit (if you'll pardon the expression) but Joey loved them. He started going to see them whenever he could (Joey claims that he saw 'The Rats' 35 times).

Joey's stabbing soon put a stop to all that. Since then he has been a completely different person. He never goes anywhere so it's not surprising that some people think he is dead. So, Boomtown Rats, stop saying that Joey's dead (it gives him the willies).

He is glad that you are getting some success and he wishes you all the best. **TOM, Sallynoggin, Ireland.** Staying in the Emerald Isle a while longer . . .



MR COSTELLO: "Shut up, both of me!"

RISING UP ANGRY BAG



YOU REMEMBER all the letters that rightly hauled Julie Burchill and Tony Parson's article on the NF/SWP rumble thru' the coals? They missed out on something that to me makes Ms. Julie's avowal of hostility to fascists and racists nothing more than a hollow boast — a chic pose.

In her review of Chris de Burgh's LP she says "If I had Irish relatives I'd keep schtum about it." Without holding any candles for de Burgh's LP, that comment cannot be translated in anyway but as a direct insult to the Irish — a racist or imperialist slur. Boy does it raise hackles — yeh, and questions.

It was (is) not for nothing that we were (are) called white niggers. The only whites considered low enough to be the rootless backbone of your construction industry — fulfilling the same latrine-cleaner shithouse dwelling function in Britain as the Portuguese and Italians do in Germany, France and Switzerland, or the Puerto Ricans, Blacks and Native Indians do in the U.S.

People in Britain who criticise your education system are right, but they miss one of the most important reasons. It's not that it fails to equip you for the future. It fails to equip you for the past.

Everything your forefathers (the upper class officers and the prole rank and file) did in America, or the Caribbean, or India . . . everything being done by your cousins in Rhodesia, was practised on us first. Don't you know that the first slaves in the West Indies and the U.S. were transported Irishmen and Scotsmen who had "rebelled" against their English masters who had ripped off their houses and land?

This was a hundred years before the blacks were brought over! And the racist attitudes expressed now are the results of hundreds of years of such pillage and brutality, along with relentless indoctrination.

Jesus, I can understand the NF-gobshites who believe the imperialist and racist dogma that's been handed down. What I hate more than the Front is trendy pseudo-radical or quasi-anarchic poses. Assholes that cannot keep their smartass prejudiced comments under control. — **SEAN MORRISON, Dublin.** Julie was under the impression that the Irish had a wonderful sense of humour. But thanks for the history lesson. — M.S.

DEAR Irate Kate, Please don't be such an elitist, good music is for everybody. You might like going to a gig where there are only about ten people in the audience but I don't, and I don't think any band likes playing to small select audiences. You also appear to be under the illusion you have to be gay to be allowed to attend or admire Tom Robinson Band Gigs. Well you don't. The sooner this society learns to tolerate its minority groups (no pun intended) the better. This is what Tom Robinson is saying in his songs. Now he is getting just recognition for his music and publicity from the excellent reviews, his ideas will reach a lot more people who might learn not to hit something because it's different.

DAVID, York. Or are we all preaching to the converted? Intolerance appears to rule. — M.S.

DEAR BILL Nelson and Tom Robinson, Reading between the lines of your two pieces it appears that it really amounts to this:— Bill, how many sales are you guaranteed? Tom, how many you got? Sure Bill can now come out with statements like the biz sucks and he wants as little to do with it as possible. It's as if Bill's been through it all and

ended up on the beach and if any of the "medium wave" (it can't be "new" — it's a year and a half already!) are any example, they too are coming ashore on the same boat Bill used.

Just a couple of examples to give you an overall impression of the scene — just what is all this crap with limited edition, Rhinestone studded, 12" singles? Hype is Hype is Hype! It was one of the best moves by the biz for a long time, i.e. Oil crisis, shmoil crisis, 12" singles now stimulate the market in a different direction as we've been taking a hammering lately with albums at £4 a time. So what we do is this, instead of charging the normal price for singles and keeping them 7" black vinyl with a plain bag, we make 'em bigger and brighter, push the price up, start a collectors' boom, therefore shifting more product and keeping profits stable — who knows, if it catches on, maybe we can use it on Yes. (It's already been tried. — M.S.)

So no matter how much credibility the "medium wave" had at the beginning, the longer it lasts, the more it dissipates into the land of big biz. Look at the Pistols — what a move with all that secret tour baloney. Have the punters benefited from it anymore than if the tour had been announced? Anyway, they probably have Earls Court booked by now.

It just seems so inevitable — any genuine spark of originality is just crushed with a big £ sign. The music press is all part of it — not that you can blame 'em — it's just all part of the process. So Tom, if you can make it without them (which I still contend is near impossible) I promise I'll eat half my album collection — and good luck to ya anyway.

But when they start to make a 12" single of your new record pressed in green vinyl with a nice shot of you and the boys looking mean on the cover, don't turn around when you're No 5 with a bullet and think: See I made it without 'em. Have you? Has anybody ever?

SIMON BASKIND, Hull. I don't know who's more cynical — you, Bill, Tom or Salewicz. — M.S.

IS IT a bird? No. Is it a plane? No. It's Crosby, Stills and Nugent! **THE PHANTOM skirt slasher of Olde London Towne.** Jeez, this guy might live next door to you. Anyway, I thought it was Crosby, Stills, Freud and Jung. — M.S.

"ROCK 'N' ROLL is the music of rebellion and of sexual liberation . . . the music which attacks patriarchy and authoritarianism and as such constitutes a direct attack on what I think of as traditional Christian values."

Miles, I agree. If we're talking about rock 'n' roll in the Chuck Berry/Dr Feelgood sense, changing the lyric of "Sweet Little Rock 'n' Roller" to accommodate Jesus amounts to plagiarism. However, contemporary music can still express a spiritual vibe without being false — Bob Marley and Stevie Wonder are obvious examples. The trouble with the Greenbelt Festival and bands like "After The Fire" is that they're built on a "if you can't beat 'em, join 'em" philosophy.

Jesus Christ was anti-establishment — it killed him. The Christian established church has become in many ways like the Pharisees of Christ's own time. Just as Jesus did not call for violent revolution when he exposed the rot but pointed towards a Spiritual God-without-Pharisees, Miles need not discount 'the spiritual' just because of the pedlars who push it.

With Elvis dead, Keef doing his best to kick smack and The Clash gradually becoming Old Wave, I really don't believe it's rock 'n' roll that has the answers. — **STEVE DAY, Bristol.** Not even the crossword has the answers. — M.S.

REGARDING Kemo Sabe's review of Kim Davies' review of The Tom Robinson Band Marquee gig: Hi, sweetie. We'll keep this brief. Let's just say you owe my good friend T. Kim Davies a little apology. **PSYCHO, London.** This can't go on. — M.S.

SIRS, I must (cont. page 94) Yours, DER

THAT's some page, that page 94. **DAE WOO, Gwent** I was right. — M.S.

This squalid mess of old jokes, drab pix and letters edited by **MONTY SMIFF**



TWO OF Britain's leading rock venues are under threat of closure this week.

The first is Birmingham Odeon, which is currently issuing pamphlets which plead for punters to "stay in your seats so the Birmingham Odeon can remain the Midlands' leading pop concert venue."

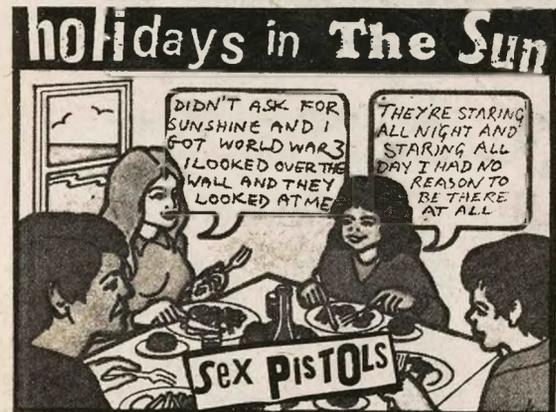
Then there's the Roxy Club in London's Covent Garden, which must close within eighty days after Camden Council Planning Department's decision that the club's presence in the Garden constitutes a nuisance to local residents.

The Manchester Palace Theatre is already doomed, which is perhaps why the bouncers there feel free to display wanton violence on punters at the recent Hawkwind gig there, where, the group's singer Bob Calvert, felt forced to threaten the bemused morons with his mike stand to save punters from serious injury at their hands.

With the departure of guitarist Mick Grabham from the group, an unceremonious bust-up for Procol Harum seems assured. And this just ten years after "Whiter Shade Of Pale"...

Also parting: Chelsea and singer Gene Oktober... And yet more break-up; weird things going on at Stiff Records where founder Jake Riviera not only leaving the company behind but taking principal Stiff star Elvis Costello and house producer Nick Lowe with him.

Another independent record company meanwhile planning a come back; Charlie Gillett (who reviews our singles this week) planning a relaunch for his Oval Records in the new year.



teazers

YOUR WEE KLY HANGUP

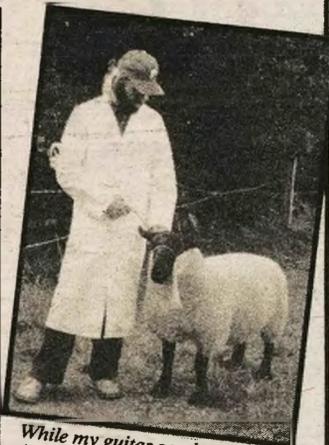


Is it a bird? Is it a plane? Is it a twister? Is it an equatorial rain forest? No it's ERK! Lee Brilleaux's new jacket, peeked exclusively by T-ZERS. Or more exactly by cameraman CHALKIE DAVIES.

Another bust-up: Dr. Feelgood manager Chris Fenwick has severed all ties with the Lew Lewis Band — without telling Lew, When Canvey's deranged harpist turned up at the Nashville last week he was surprised to learn that the band's agency, Bron, had been told by Fenwick that the group had split up, and that another band — one Blast Furnace and The Heatwaves — had been booked in his stead.

But does any of this matter to Rod 'Mr Personality' Stewart, who before jetting back to Los Angeles a happy man (Scotland won), once more made the front pages of the sensation sheets after "a weekend of fun" with Cinzano Del Bianco Nicaragua wife of well known R. Stone, M. Jagger. After snooting round the posh bits of town Rod admitted, "I hope to see her again soon."

Punk Rock Ban Threat Sensation: No, not the GLC's public guardians making unpleasant noises again, but the management of West London's rock hostelry The Nashville becoming concerned that when noo waive bands play there the audiences they attract just aren't tipping enough of the pub's delicious Fullers brew.



While my guitar gently sheeps (contd): 'Big' Roy Harper takes the Gabriel Oake memorial trumpet after winning 3rd prize at the Suffolk Canty Fair with one of his lambs. Roy's next album to be called "Between The Muttons."



The view from Shepherd's Bush Roundabout these days as another terrace end falls to rock advertising.

bands," said manager Dave Young.

A Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band re-union on the cards with Steve Winwood producing? Apparently, but hasn't their pitch been well and truly taken over by the likes of the Albertos and the Fab Poos asks a modern day Tzers...

Skinny sneering Frank Zappa is also back with his own label and a new album called "Lather". Very appropriate Frank...

Ooops, we got it wrong last week when we told you that

Lemmy's ten year old son had been signed to a £25,000 song writing contract with Island Records. The contract was with Island Music and was for a trifling £10,000. "Commented the protege's father later, "Can you lend us a tenner till Friday?..."

Kozmik Krautrockers Can, apparently miffed at their treatment by the hippy's friend Virgin Records, have now signed with EMI...

Russia admits existence of rock'n'roll shock. Yes, Ilyana, there is someone called Bob Dylanski, and he was a protester and anti-war singer in the '60's. These days though, he's nothing more than a "greedy capitalist" according to a Soviet newspaper. Even the president of the Soviet Socialist Republics sometime must have to stand naked says a libertarian Tzers. And even middle-aged ol' protest singers should put out albums from time to time too...

Which reminds us: apparently Bob Dylan was "seriously considered" for the role of James Dean in a musical remake of Rebel Without A Cause in 1966. That was before The Zim broke his neck of course...

Don Letts Original Punk Rock Movie now re-edited to run for a total of 100 minutes rather than the previous 60. Hope there's a few more fans in this version...

Clash manager Bernard 'I'm A Creative Person' Rhodes declaring that the relations between the group and CBS are much better than ever before, despite the band's attack on the company in "Complete Control".

"CBS are great, it's the people that control CBS who are the problem," said Rhodes (whatever that means). No white rioting on the corporation steps then lads...

ULP! Unconfirmed reports that Robert Fripp is joining David 'We need you Big Brother' Bowie for a Japanese tour this year. But is the thin white duke really ready to handle The Wimbourne Sound?...

Vile and totally credible rumours persist of a big shake-up at Onederful Radio One, much to the alarm of Tony 'I'd like to have been born a housewife' Blackburn who stands to lose his huge and prestigious morning show with its eleven million strong audience and be shunted to a three million audience afternoon show which would also be in direct competition with Blackers' arch rival in the Mandrax market David Hamilton on Radio Two. The Chubby One's morning slot would then go either to whizz-kid Simon Bates or possibly to Kid Jensen (who alongside stalwart John Peel is the only halfway decent DJ the station possess). Breakfast show listeners might also be rid of the tiresome Noel Edmonds and his appalling taste in clothes, not to mention records. None of these shifts would alter the extortionate salaries these people receive from public funds; only their standing for the real money making work of opening supermarkets and the like. In the meantime, aren't other Radio One DJs getting more than a trifle hacked off with Blackburn's public carping at the prospect of his move...

And while on the subject of Radio One, hasn't the service hit new depths of nurd-dom with the chronic music press round-up conducted by the foppish Tony Jasper Friday tea-time? (And you can quote us on that Tony.)

At least one Old Hippie (remember them?) had foresight, ma-an. NME reader Graham, from Bath, came across this yellowing clipping from the notorious OZ mag: "If in the end it means only that Wimpy goes organic, Peter Stuyvesant gets stoned, the OZ musical replaces Fiddler On The Roof and 'God Save The Queen' is set to rock 'n' roll, it was still fun on the way." Fun, fun, fun...

NO DICE catch'em



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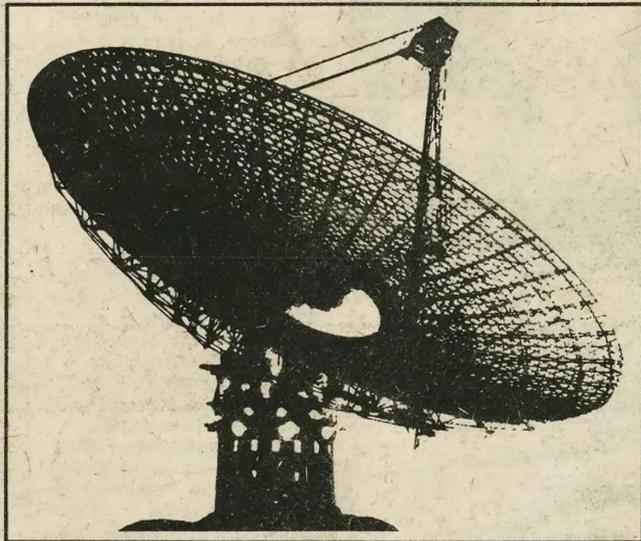
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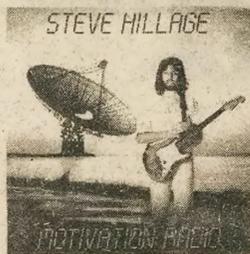
STEVE HILLAGE

ON HIS OWN WAVEBAND

MOTIVATION RADIO



Totally new sounds from the guitar of the amazing Steve Hillage. Tight LA rhythms. And featuring the production and synthesisers 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.



Motivation Radio
Album V2777
Cassette TCV 2777
Out September 30th on Virgin

FREE SINGLE

A free single in a picture bag featuring an otherwise unreleased track from the Motivation Radio sessions will be given to all ticket holders at the door on the night.

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
25 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

