

MUSICAL EXPRESS

'PATRIOTS' CUT UP ROUGH

Rotten, Cook
beaten up

Page 11

ALEX
HARVEY
Page 21

Van
Morrison

Page 25-27

TALKING
HEADS
Page 7

MIKE HARDING

"BORN BAD"
PHILIPS CLOG 1

GENE COTTON

"ME AND THE ELEPHANTS"
ABC 4173138-140 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON WC2
01-836 6699.MODERN
LOVE CB 302

THE NEW SINGLE FROM

Peter
Gabriel

Marketed by Charisma Records

HOT RODS EDDIE AND THE
the Rainbow (at the Sound of Speed) New EP! Live at

Heartbreakers Born to Loose/Chitane Rocks - 70p
M.C.5 Borderline/Lookin' at You - £1.15
Chitane Right to Work/Time the Loner - 70p
Cortinas/Pascent/Denoted/Television Families - 70p
Rocky Erickson/Born to Loose/Chitane Rocks - 70p
Sex Pistols/God Save the Queen - 70p
Kaiser/Think of the U.S.A. - 70p
Jam/In the City/Single - 70p (1 p. £3.25)
Shakin' Stevens/Silver - 70p
Little Bob Story/In the City - £1.00
High Time - £2.50
Let me In - £1.00
Ramones/Leave Home - £4.50 (US import)
Hollywood Stars/Kids on the Street - 70p
Damned/damned/damned - £3.25

Hot Rods/Might be Lying - 70p
Teenage Depression - 70p
Love at the Marquee - £1.00
Woolly Bull - 70p
Writing on the Wall - 70p
Television Marquee Moon - £3.30
Flamin' Groovies/Him or Me - £1.50
Damned/Neat Neat Neat - 70p
Iggy Pop/Idiot - £1.25
M.C.5 Back in the U.S.A. - £2.25
Tyla Gang/Suicide Sockley - £1.50
Nick Lowe/Keep it out of Sight - 50p
Boris - 70p
Rockfield/Chitane/Single - £1.00
Mail Order HP Free for UK only

BiZZARRe Record Distribution
33, FRAZER ST., LONDON E2. Tel: 01-432-1936

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending June 20th, 1972

This Week	Last Week	Chart
1	1	VINCENT.....Don McLean (United Artists)
2	2	TAKE ME BACK HOME.....Slide (Polydor)
3	3	ROCKIN' ROBIN.....Michael Jackson (A&M)
4	4	CALIFORNIA MAN.....The Move (Harvest)
5	5	METAL GURU.....T Rex (T. Rex Music Company)
6	6	MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.....Wings (Apple)
7	7	SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES/AT THE C.B. 100.....Drifters (Atlantic)
8	8	OH BABE WHAT WOULD YOU SAY.....Hurricane Smith (Columbia)
9	9	TAKE ME HOME.....New World (Rak)
10	10	ROCK AND ROLL PT. 1 & 2.....Gary Glitter (Bell)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending June 21, 1967

This Week	Last Week	Chart
1	1	A WHITER SHADE OF PALE.....Percy Sledge (Demos)
2	2	THERE GOES MY EVERYTHING.....Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
3	3	CARRIE ANN.....Hollies (Parlophone)
4	4	SILENCE IS GOLDEN.....The Tremeloes (CBS)
5	5	WATERLOO SUNSET.....Kinks (Pye)
6	6	OKAY.....Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Titch (Fontana)
7	7	THE HAPPENING.....Sophtones (Tandem)
8	8	PAPER SUN.....Traffic (Island)
9	9	SWEET SOUL MUSIC.....Arthur Conley (Atlantic)
10	10	GROOVIN'.....Young Rascals (Atlantic)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending June 22, 1962

This Week	Last Week	Chart
1	1	COME OUTSIDE.....Mike Sarno (Parlophone)
2	2	GOOD LUCK CHARM.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
3	3	PICTURE OF YOU.....Joe Brown (Pecodilly)
4	4	I'M LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW.....Chiff Richard (Columbia)
5	5	GIMMY GONE LATELY.....Bryan Hyland (HMV)
6	6	LAST NIGHT WAS MADE FOR LOVE.....Billy Fury (Decca)
7	7	I DON'T KNOW WHY.....Alan Kane (Decca)
8	8	I CAN'T STOP LOVING YOU.....Ray Charles (HMV)
9	9	AS YOU LIKE IT.....Adam Faith (Parlophone)
10	10	NUT ROCKER.....B. Bumble (Top Rank)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
C · H · A · R · T · S

SINGLES

This Last Week	Chart	Week ending June 25, 1977	Position	Weeks in chart
1	(2)	SHOW YOU THE WAY TO GO The Jacksons (Epic)	3	1
2	(4)	LUCILLE Kenny Rogers (U.A.)	8	2
3	(1)	GOD SAVE THE QUEEN Sex Pistols (Virgin)	4	1
4	(5)	YOU'RE MOVING OUT TODAY Carole Bayer Sager (Elektra)	4	4
5	(3)	I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT / FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST Rod Stewart (Riva)	9	1
6	(7)	TELEPHONE LINE Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	5	6
7	(6)	A STAR IS BORN (EVERGREEN) Barbra Streisand (CBS)	11	3
8	(8)	HALFWAY DOWN THE STAIRS The Muppets (Pye)	4	5
8	(29)	SO YOU WIN AGAIN Hot Chocolate (Rak)	2	8
10	(10)	FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN Emerson Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	3	10
11	(15)	PEACHES The Stranglers (United Artists)	5	11
12	(11)	THE SHUFFLE Van McCoy (H & L)	11	3
13	(9)	AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE Joe Tex (Epic)	9	2
14	(16)	BABY DON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)	4	14
15	(20)	SAM Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	2	15
16	(13)	LIDO SHUFFLE Boyz Scaggas (CBS)	6	11
17	(17)	GOT TO GIVE IT UP Marvin Gaye (Motown)	7	6
18	(12)	GOOD MORNING JUDGE 10cc (Philips)	9	5
19	(22)	SPOT THE PIGEON Genesis (Charisma)	4	15
20	(21)	OH LORI Alessi (A&M)	2	20
21	(25)	GOOD OLD FASHIONED LOVERBOY Queen (EMI)	3	20
22	(19)	YOU'RE GONNA GET NEXT TO ME Bo Diddley & Ruth Davies (EMI Int.)	3	19
23	(28)	TOO HOT TO HANDLE/SUP YOUR DISC TO THIS Heatwave (GTO)	7	14
24	(—)	DO WHAT YOU WANNA DO T Connection (TK)	1	24
25	(27)	JOIN THE PARTY Honky (Creole)	2	25
26	(14)	O.K. Rock Follies (Polydor)	5	7
27	(—)	ANYTHING BUT ROCK 'N' ROLL Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers (Island)	1	27
28	(30)	NATURE BOY George Benson (Warner Bros)	3	23
29	(—)	SLOW DOWN John Miles (Decca)	1	29
30	(—)	BITE YOUR LIP/CHICAGO Elton John & Kiki Dee (Rocket)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER...
EXODUS — Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island); I CAN PROVE IT — Tony Etorria (GTO); FEEL THE NEED — Detroit Emeralds (Atlantic); DON'T LET GO — Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic).

ALBUMS

This Last Week	Chart	Week ending June 25, 1977	Position	Weeks in chart
1	(4)	BEATLES LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL (EMI)	7	1
2	(1)	ARRIVAL Abba (Epic)	31	1
3	(6)	THE MUPPET SHOW (Pye)	4	3
4	(3)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA Eagles (Asylum)	26	1
5	(2)	A STAR IS BORN Sound Track (CBS)	11	2
6	(5)	DECEPTIVE BENDS 10 c.c. (Philips)	8	2
7	(7)	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS The Stranglers (United Artists)	8	6
8	(8)	A NEW WORLD RECORD Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	29	8
9	(22)	SHEER MAGIC Acker Bilk (Warwick)	2	9
10	(12)	ENDLESS FLIGHT Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	24	2
11	(9)	RUMOURS Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	11	6
12	(—)	ROCK FOLLIES 77 (Polydor)	1	12
13	(—)	THE JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION Johnny Mathis (CBS)	1	13
14	(14)	EXODUS Bob Marley (Island)	2	14
15	(10)	ABBA GREATEST HITS (Epic)	64	1
16	(11)	THEIR GREATEST HITS 1971-1975 Eagles (Asylum)	46	1
17	(17)	ATLANTIC CROSSING Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	52	1
18	(27)	NIGHT ON THE TOWN Rod Stewart (Riva)	31	1
19	(16)	ANIMALS Pink Floyd (Harvest)	20	2
20	(13)	THE SHADOWS 20 GOLDEN GREATS (EMI)	21	1
21	(20)	IN FLIGHT George Benson (Warner Bros)	2	20
22	(21)	ALL TO YOURSELF Jack Jones (RCA)	7	9
23	(28)	I'M IN YOU Peter Frampton (Atlantic)	2	23
24	(19)	BOOK OF DREAMS Steve Miller Band (Mercury)	4	12
25	(—)	SILK DEGREES Boyz Scaggas (CBS)	1	25
26	(23)	TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS (Island)	2	23
27	(30)	PETER GABRIEL (Charisma)	15	11
28	(—)	KENNY ROGERS (Charisma)	1	28
29	(15)	SMOKE GREATEST HITS Smoke (Rak)	10	6
30	(26)	SNEAKIN' SUSPICION Dr. Feelgood (United Artists)	3	21

BUBBLING UNDER...
PURE MANIA — The Vibrators (CBS); TWO DAYS AWAY — Elkie Brooks (A&M); IN THE CITY — The Jam (Polydor).

U.S. SINGLES

This Last Week	Chart	Week ending June 25, 1977	Position	Weeks in chart
1	(3)	THEME FROM "ROCKY" (GONNA FLY NOW) Bill Conti	1	1
2	(5)	UNDERCOVER ANGEL Alan O'Day	2	5
3	(4)	LONELY BOY Andrew Gold	3	4
4	(1)	GOT TO GIVE IT UP (PART 1) Marvin Gaye	4	1
5	(6)	FEELS LIKE THE FIRST TIME Foreigner	5	6
6	(8)	JET AIRLINER Steve Miller	6	8
7	(7)	ANGEL IN YOUR ARMS Hot	7	7
8	(2)	DREAMS Fleetwood Mac	8	2
9	(17)	DA DO RON RON Shaun Cassidy	9	17
10	(10)	HEARD IT IN A LOVE SONG The Marshall Tucker Band	10	10
11	(12)	MARGARITAVILLE Jimmy Buffett	11	12
12	(13)	LIFE IN THE FAST LANE Eagles	12	13
13	(14)	I'M IN YOU Peter Frampton	13	14
14	(21)	LOOKS LIKE WE MADE IT Barry Manilow	14	21
15	(15)	I JUST WANT TO BE EVERYTHING Andy Gibb	15	15
16	(20)	DO YOU WANNA MAKE LOVE Peter McCann	16	20
17	(19)	HIGH SCHOOL DANCE The Sylvers	17	19
18	(9)	I'M YOUR BOOGIE MAN K.C. & The Sunshine Band	18	9
19	(26)	WHATCHA GONNA DO? Pablo Cruise	19	26
20	(24)	MY HEART BELONGS TO ME Barbra Streisand	20	24
21	(27)	IT'S SAD TO BELONG England Dan & John Ford Coley	21	27
22	(11)	LUCILLE Kenny Rogers	22	11
23	(18)	SLOW DANCIN' DON'T TURN ME ON Address Brothers	23	18
24	(30)	YOU AND ME Alice Cooper	24	30
25	(—)	KNOWING ME, KNOWING YOU Abba	25	—
26	(28)	LOVE'S GROWN DEEP Kenny Nolan	26	28
27	(—)	YOUR LOVE HAS LIFTED ME (HIGHER AND HIGHER) Rita Coolidge	27	—
28	(29)	LUCKENBACH, TEXAS (BACK TO THE BASICS OF LOVE) Waylon Jennings	28	29
29	(—)	YOU MADE ME BELIEVE IN MAGIC Bay City Rollers	29	—
30	(—)	ARIEL Dean Friedman	30	—

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

This Last Week	Chart	Week ending June 25, 1977	Position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	RUMOURS Fleetwood Mac	1	1
2	(5)	LIVE Barry Manilow	2	5
3	(3)	BOOK OF DREAMS Steve Miller Band	3	3
4	(2)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA Eagles	4	2
5	(4)	MARVIN GAYE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM Marvin Gaye	5	4
6	(8)	COMMODORES Commodes	6	8
7	(12)	LITTLE QUEEN Heart	7	12
8	(10)	IZITSO Cat Stevens	8	10
9	(—)	I'M IN YOU Peter Frampton	9	—
10	(11)	FOREIGNER Foreigner	10	11
11	(7)	ROCKY Soundtrack	11	7
12	(19)	HERE AT LAST — BEE GEES — LIVE Bee Gees	12	19
13	(6)	THE BEATLES AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL Beatles	13	6
14	(16)	RIGHT ON TIME Brothers Johnson	14	16
15	(9)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE Stevie Wonder	15	9
16	(13)	GO FOR YOUR GUNS Isley Brothers	16	13
17	(14)	BOSTON Boston	17	14
18	(18)	SILK DEGREES Boyz Scaggas	18	18
19	(21)	CHANGES IN LATITUDES — Jimmy Buffett	19	21
20	(20)	EVEN IN THE QUIETTEST MOMENTS Supertramp	20	20
21	(22)	CAROLINA DREAMS Marshall Tucker Band	21	22
22	(15)	A STAR IS BORN Streisand/Kristofferson	22	15
23	(36)	PARLIAMENT LIVE/ P. FUNK EARTH TOUR Parliament	23	36
24	(17)	ENDLESS FLIGHT Leo Sayer	24	17
25	(—)	NETHER LANDS Dan Fogelberg	25	—
26	(29)	OL' WAYLON Waylon Jennings	26	29
27	(23)	NIGHT MOVES Bob Seger	27	23
28	(—)	TRAVELIN' AT THE SPEED OF THOUGHT O'Jays	28	—
29	(30)	TEDDY PENDERGRASS Sweet Forgiveness	29	30
30	(—)	BONNIE RAITT Bonnie Raitt	30	—

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

News Desk

Bad Company — second gig

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

Racing Cars and Metropolis are again the support acts, and tickets for the extra show are on sale now priced £3.50, £2.50 and £1.50. They can be obtained from the box-office and usual agencies, or by post from Earls Court, Warwick Road, London S.W.5. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to "Earls Court & Olympia Ltd. (Bad Company)", enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

VIBRATORS: NEW TOUR LINED UP

THE VIBRATORS, who earlier this month played a string of concerts as support act to Ian Hunter's Overnight Angels, set out this weekend on another headlining tour of their own. They are promoting their newly-released CBS album "Pure Mania", and confirmed dates are Colchester College (this Saturday), Chelmsford Chancery Hall (Sunday), Harlow Tiffany's (June 28), Swindon Affair (29), Leeds Polytechnic (30), Sunderland Seaburn Hall (July 1), Dunstable California (2), Croydon Greyhound (3), London Twickenham Winning Post (6), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (8), Scunthorpe Priory Hotel (9), Manchester Electric Circus (10), Wakefield Unity Hall (12), Leicester Tiffany's (13), Coventry Mr. George's (14), Retford Porthouse (15), Redditch Tracey's (16), Birkenhead Mr. Digby's (21), Liverpool Eric's (23), Stafford Top Of The World (25), Cardiff Top Rank (26), Plymouth Woods Centre (27), Penzance The Garden (28) and Ross-on-Wye Havery's (29).



AWB GIG with Ben E. King

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

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

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

Jack The Lad jack it in

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

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

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

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

Ultravox top autumn tour

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

Terje Rypdal in November

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

Rods live at Marquee X 5

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

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

Jam, O Band: extra shows

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

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



Isaac Hayes tour

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

Petty's final two gigs off

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

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

Brand X get new drummer

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

Albertos for London stint

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

NEWS FLASH!

LONDON

SINGLE "EVERYONE'S A WINNER" MCA 305

NOW ON TOUR WITH THE STRANGLERS

JUNE

22 City Hall GLASGOW

23 Winter Gardens CLEETHORPES

24 Exhibition Centre BRISTOL

26 ROUNDHOUSE LONDON (two shows)

MCA RECORDS

ORDER NOW FROM YOUR LOCAL RECORD SHOP

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson



Beach Boys tour plans take shape

AS NME CLOSED for press on Tuesday, final details of the Beach Boys' British visit were still being hammered out. After an all-night meeting at impresario Robert Paterson's London offices, several legal points had still to be clarified before an official announcement could be made. But it now seems certain that the group will headline a string of dates here, instead of the one-off concert originally planned.

Dave Clark of the Paterson office — taking time out of the lengthy talks with the Beach Boys' management, Irish promoter Pat Murphy and lawyers representing the various parties — told NME: "We have to get everything exactly right. There's a lot of money involved. This is going to be one of the most expensive tours ever in this country."

It is understood that several open-air concerts are being lined up for the group in early August. It is now probable that there will be a concert in the London area, and among provincial venues mooted are Cardiff Castle, Bradford Football Ground and Manchester Speedway. Murphy's presence at the meeting also indicates an Irish date.

But there have already been changes in initial plans, and Monday night's marathon conference implied that some proposals were still in the melting pot. Full details of the itinerary are expected in time for next week's NME.

As reported by NME two weeks ago, the Beach Boys were originally scheduled to headline at Wembley Stadium on July 30, and the venue was reserved for them on that date. Despite denials elsewhere, Wembley is still the intended London venue, although the date may possibly be moved back — for two reasons:

- The Wembley authorities are not sure if the stadium will be available on July 30. Following the pitch invasion after the England-Scotland soccer match last month, barricades are being erected around the ground during the summer and — in view of other bookings there — late July seems the only time when this work can be carried out.

- The group are wanted by CBS to perform in a private function at the label's annual convention on that date, and they feel obliged to do so having just signed with Caribou Records, whose British outlet is through CBS.

Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show, who were being sought as the main support act for the proposed Wembley gig, turned down the offer to appear. Their management confirmed the invitation, but said they decided to decline as they are committed to a September tour here for Kennedy Street Artists. The band are currently finishing a new album, for release by Capitol in mid-September to tie in with their visit.

RECORD NEWS

Essex, Lynott, Julie for concept album

DAVID ESSEX, Julie Covington and Thin Lizzy's Phil Lynott are among the artists involved in a musical version of H. G. Wells' Classic novel "The War Of The Worlds", which has been recorded in Los Angeles and London for release as a double album in late September. Essex plays the role of the Artilleryman, with Lynott as the Parson and Julie Covington as his wife. Richard Burton is the narrator. Others featured include Justin Hayward and Chris Thompson, lead singer of Manfred Mann's Earthband. Producer is Jeff Wayne who also wrote the music, with lyrics by Gary Osborne.

- The new Yes album "Going For The One", originally scheduled for release this week, has been delayed because the band were dissatisfied with the first pressings. Atlantic hope to have copies in the shops in about ten days' time.

- A new Steeleye Dan album "Aja" is due for release by Anchor on August 5.

- Following last week's news that Gladys Knight is recording a solo LP, her backing group the Pips are also working on an album in their own right. September release is planned by Buddah.

- Flamin' Groovies' new single "Teenage Head", issued this weekend by Kama Sutra,

is the title track from their album of the same name.

- Release of Fairport Convention's much-delayed album "Bonny Bunch Of Roses" is finally set by Vertigo as July 22.

- Manfred Mann Earthband's new single, out this weekend on Bronze, is Bruce Springsteen's "Spirits In The Night". Three of the Earthband's earlier albums — "Manfred Mann Earthband", "Glorified, Magnified" and "Messin'" — are reissued at the same time.

- Australian band The Saints have a new single on Harvest on July 1. Titled "This Perfect Day", the first 12,000 copies are being marketed as a 12 inch in a special sleeve.

BOB STORY CAR CRASH; GIGS OFF

LITTLE BOB STORY, who were due to arrive in Britain yesterday (Wednesday), have had to postpone their visit after being involved in a car accident in France last week. Gigs off include London Kensington Nashville this Saturday (25). They are now due in on July 1 to begin work on a new album with producer Sean Tyla, and will play a week of dates from July 8. They have just signed a British distribution deal with Phonogram, who release their single "All Or Nothing" via the Mercury label on July 15.



THE CRUSADERS — with Larry Carlton (seated left).

CRUSADERS IN AUTUMN TOUR

THE CRUSADERS return to Britain in September for a concert tour, when they will probably be performing as a four-piece. Guitarist Larry Carlton has left the band to pursue a solo career, though it is possible he may join Steely Dan, with whom he played on their last two albums. No decision has yet been taken on whether to replace him in the band.

His last work with the Crusaders was on their new album "Free As The Wind", released by Anchor last week. Although a veteran group of long standing,

their early-autumn tour will be only the second British visit by the Crusaders, following their debut in July last year.

Mr. Big extra

MR. BIG have last-minute bookings at Newcastle Mayfair (tomorrow, Friday), Skegness Eastgate Leisure Centre (Saturday), Redcar Coatham Bowl (Sunday) and Hawick Town Hall (Monday), to complete their British tour.

GIGS BY SCAGGS, BONNIE

BOZ SCAGGS, already announced for a visit to London to attend the annual CBS Convention, will play two nights at the Rainbow Theatre while he is here. He headlines there on Friday and Saturday, July 29 and 30 (both performances start at 8pm), and these will be his first appearances in this country since 1971. The gigs are promoted by Harvey Goldsmith, and tickets are on sale — either by post from the Rainbow or to personal callers at the box-office — priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50. BONNIE RAITT flies into London after her appearance at the Montreux International Festival in Switzerland to play a one-off concert at the New Victoria Theatre on Saturday, August 6. Tickets are on sale now at the box-office and through the usual agencies priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50, and the promoter is Paul Fenn of Asgard. Apart from new keyboards man Martin Grebb, her band will be the same as the lineup which accompanied her when she was last here in March 1976.



BOZ SCAGGS
Two concerts at London's Rainbow

We'll replace Mary — say the Supremes

THE SUPREMES have decided not to split up despite the departure of the last original member Mary Wilson following the group's London concert earlier this month.

The two remaining Supremes, Scherrie Payne and Susaye Green, are now back in the States seeking a replacement for

Mary. Their plan is to continue working, probably under the name of the New Supremes.

Mary Wilson starts work shortly on her first solo album, and there's a project to team her with Marvin Gaye for a U.S. tour possibly followed by joint concerts in Britain at the beginning of next year.

Darts behind Iron Curtain

THE DARTS are set for a month-long string of gigs in Eastern Europe. They tour Yugoslavian coastal resorts for three weeks from August 3, followed by a week of concerts in Poland and Czechoslovakia, and return to Britain via club dates in France and the Low Countries during the first half of

September. New British gigs are High Wycombe Chiltern Rooms (July 19), Brighton Regent (21), Manchester Electric Circus (22), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (23), Coventry Mr George's (28) and London Kensington Nashville (29 and 30). Newport Roundabout is brought forward two days to June 20.

Nobody but me, babe Henry Buckley



Released through RCA

KLK RECORDS

ROCK LEAD GUITAR TUITION

YOUR OWN TEACHER IN YOUR OWN HOME

BRAND NEW correspondence course on CASSETTES specially created for ROCK and ROLL and HEAVY LEAD STYLES.

My course will save you years of struggling on your own. All the solos and modern LEAD runs are played for you on tape to hear and practice with. This is better than taking private lessons as this enables you to have the lessons over and over again.

A pupil writes, Dear Mr Wilcock, Your Rock Lead Guitar Tuition Course is just fantastic! I am now able to play quite well and a friend and I have started a group.

G. Mitchell, Cheshire

FOR FREE DETAILS PLEASE FILL IN FORM. Information sent by return post.

NAME

ADDRESS

POST NOW! TO JACK WILCOCK TEACHING TAPES, 46 STANLEY ROAD, MANSFIELD, NOTTS., NG18 8AA.

MUDDY WATERS BLUES BAND

FEATURING LUTHER JOHNSON GUITAR, BOB WOLFE PERKINS PIANO

NEW VICTORIA

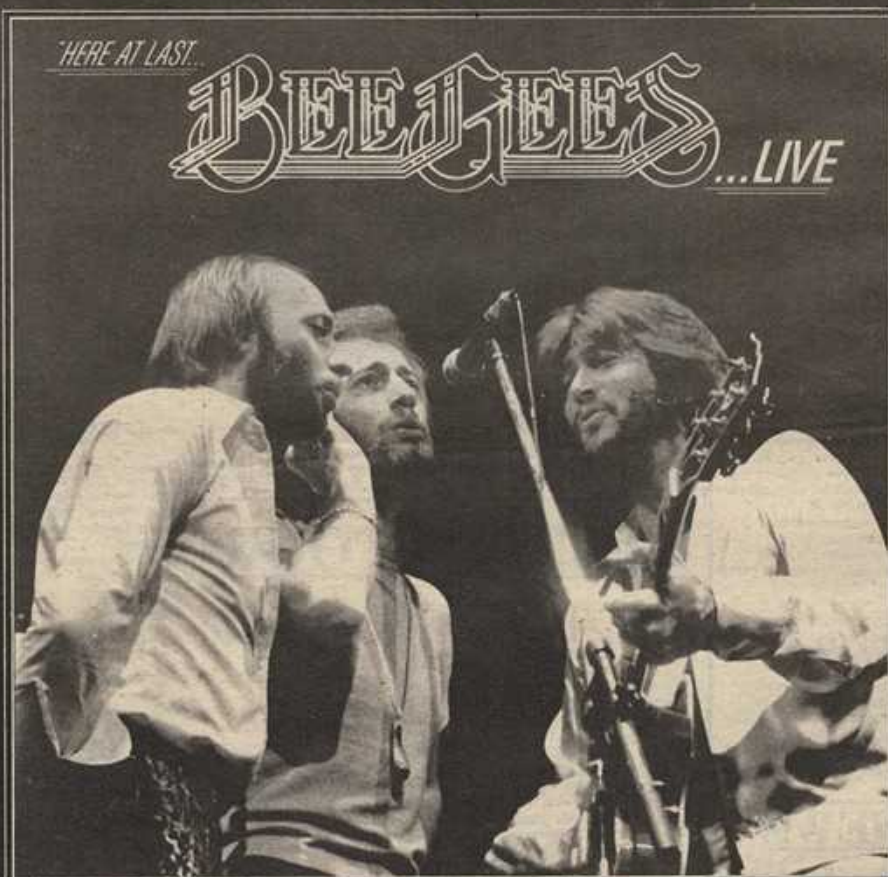
FRIDAY 8th JULY at 8:00

POKESDALE ARCADE & 100-110 THE LINE AND BARNES, THAMES VALLEY, Uxbridge, Bucks. (near the station). LONDON THEATRE, BALCONY, 100-110 THE LINE AND BARNES, THAMES VALLEY, Uxbridge, Bucks. (near the station).

HERE AT LAST...

BEE GEES LIVE!!!

Only
£4.49
R.R.P.



DOUBLE ALBUM INCLUDING 22 BEE GEES' ALL TIME GREATEST HITS

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



TALKING HEADS

ORIGINAL

BY NICK KENT

ARTISTIC



Jerry Harrison

David Byrne



SENSITIVE



Chris Frantz

INTELLIGENT



Tina Weymouth

Are these guys trying to give rock a bad name?

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

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

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

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

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

But Byrne's song isn't like that at all.

It's about an ordinary man who owns an apartment in some American suburb and who lives a quiet, fairly

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

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

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

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

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

Everybody laughs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

What was disclosed was that the band was a trio then, led by the angular, neurotic-looking Byrne who carried all guitar, vocal and composing chores, while the bass-player was a slight blonde-haired girl called Tina Weymouth whose basic feminist features were undermined by a slightly asexual manner. Drummer Chris Frantz was baby-faced and pleasantly effeminate. Their music, though, seemed incapable of being pigeon-holed and continually presented reviewers with a daunting problem.

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

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

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

THIS IS how the band's music works — in a way that transcends conventional avenues of 'rock criticism' where parallels to established musical forms become redundant and trite. When one has finally achieved some intimacy and contact with the repertoire, the music alone is overwhelming at times. One song — Byrne's "I'm Not In Love" — twists and turns, its twined guitar rhythms chattering and spitting like snap-dragons with sudden unsettling changes, its chorus brash and pointedly announced — before it charges off, climaxing in a devastating one chord ricochet of sound. Each song takes on a personality of its own as one becomes more and more acquainted — the jagged paranoid thrashings of "What Is It?" full of technical malevolence; the richly textured abrasive changes of "No Compassion", that utterly disarming motif to "The Book I Read".

Similarly the lyrics make themselves apparent in this same

Continued over page



Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

From previous page

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



At CBGB's Pic: JOE STEVENS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Seems the atmosphere has never actually soured and that circumstances have been pretty agreeable all the way along. From the other new wave bands of this country, T. Heads claim not to have incurred any particular animosity.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Byrne: "That's not true."

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

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

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

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

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

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

'SPIRITS IN THE NIGHT'

BRO 42

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

MANFRED MANN'S

EARTH BAND



Manfred Mann's Earthband 180N 257



Glorified Magnified 180N 257



Messin' 180N 261

BRONZE

A M E R I C A N

stars 'n bars

N E I L Y O U N G

His new album

K54088

Available on Reprise Records and Tapes



THE BEST OF ROD STEWART



Maggie May



Cut Across Shorty

(I Know)
I'm Losing You

Handbags & Gladrag



It's All Over Now



Street Fighting Man



Gasoline Alley

Every Picture
Tells A Story

Oh! No Not My Baby



Mine For Me



You Wear It Well



Let Me Be Your Car

An Old Raincoat
Won't Ever
Let You Down

Jodie

Pinball Wizard
From the Rock Opera
"THAT'S WHAT I AM"

Angel



Sailor

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

2
RECORD SET
SPECIAL PRICE
Contains Over 80
Minutes Of Music



Album 6643 030 Cassette 7599 141



AFTER THE FLOOD...

Pistols nearly slain by 'Patriots'

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

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

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

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

producer Chris Thomas was cut on the arm.

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

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

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

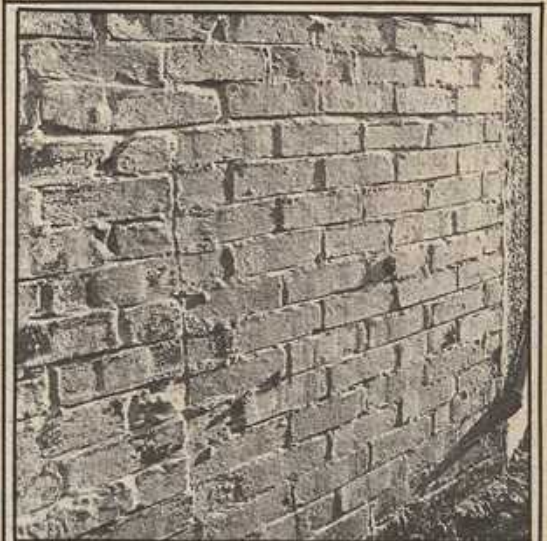
However, both the Pistols' management and Virgin have

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

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

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

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



GREAT LANDMARKS OF OUR TIME, No. 2

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

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

Pic a spiel: CHALKIE DAVIES

JOURNALISM

Train-spotters out, P*nks in

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

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

What the H*ll is happening to those hippies in Aylesbury? Since its inception over 8 years ago, *Zig Zag* has never exactly made any money. Two months ago they put Cherry Vanilla on the cover and the issue sold out, despite being banned by W H Smiths.

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

Well known William Shakespeare-lookalike Peter Frame founded *Zig Zag*, and has stayed with it ever since. Despite a recent self-confessed relapse into laziness, Frame most earnestly didn't, quoth Frame, want to see his baby disappear.

"If *Zig Zag* is going to die, then its going to die like James Dean and I'm going to be at the wheel."

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

Does this mean that *Zig Zag* is going New Wave?

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

Now that is something.

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

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

"Ron Wood is Dead."

□ CHALKIE DAVIES & RON WOOD

You'll never walk alone again

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

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

Ah, but over in Florida, U.S.A., they know how to treat a girl!

Recently, 19-year-old William

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

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

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

□ JULIE BURCHILL

LOWRY



PEOPLE'S REPUBLICS

CHINX
ARE
STILL
FINX,
OK?
OK.

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

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

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

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

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

Confucius he say: Wise Man Crap On Animals, Cos Animals Don't Fight Back.

□ TOOLIN DALTON

WILDLIFE

RARE BIRD
SEEN IN
SWINDON

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

Watt?

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

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

You may well ask.

Well, the concert, which featured



The Osprey (Battereticus Cretinus): its nests have been raided.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dynamite quotes, uh?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

All the profits from the show went to local charities.

PAUL WILENIUS

DEATH

APOCALYPSE Pt 94

AND THE leaks keep on coming.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANGUS MacKINNON

INCARCERATION

GETTING BUSTED Pt 95

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DICK TRACY

Corpse
exploded
while
it was
being
cremated

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

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

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

From the Ipswich Evening Star



With one hand they give, with t'other they take away (G. G. Hey). Punk couture or safety pin chic from the House of Zandra Rhodes. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES.

Have you heard The Rumour?
Their first single is
"Do Nothing Till You
Hear From Me"
Single 6059174
(And you never will.)

Produced by Robert John Lange and the Rumour
Mixed by the Rumour



Ask at your record shop about the Silver Salvo Competition.



Little River Band



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

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

12 EMI 2632



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

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

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

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

"Wiv the band, in I, John?"

"Bain't matter who you be with, oi want thee sitting daown."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ARE THESE MEN

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

"What rumours?" Jeremy The Blare demands.

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

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

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

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

Lead guitarist is Mike Fewins, who gets in some good, short solos while looking every inch an apprentice encyclopedia salesman who has had his big toes nailed to the floor. Dexter Dalwood, on bass, moves hunched like a crab dwarfed by his Rickenbacker and, after gangling Nick Sheppard on rhythm guitar, he frequently diverts your attention from the crass though amusing overkill of Jeremy. Decked out in all red, Sheppard plays and moves like he's the bastard grandson of one Wilko Johnson, although his scatter-gun



Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I'll see you in the sewer, dahling... □ TONY PARSONS

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

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

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

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

Or there's country and western

on Saturdays between 11.00 pm and 1.00 am.

Soul on Friday nights from 10.00 to 11.30.

Golden oldies from 11.00 to midnight on Thursdays.

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

Some of the great programmes

waiting for you on 208.

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

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

Radio Luxembourg — much more music.



ALL PRATS?

Yes.

SO FAR IT'S been a confusing summer for NME's own elder statesman of rock Mick Farren (44).

It all seemed to start about the time that this redoubtable veteran appeared onstage with Lemmy's Motorhead at the Marquee three months ago; since then, Farren (53) has conspired to have his first record in seven years released, has had what the man describes as a "breakdown", has appeared in amateur happy snapper David Bailey's fanzine *Ritz* (twice), has finally made "Pseud's Corner" in *Private Eye*, has had a warrant issued for his arrest, has been involved in a physical fracas, and has seen a major portion of his living room go up in smoke.

To the beginning... fresh from the giddy delights of cutting his first record in years (for New York's super-chic ORK Records) while on working holiday in the Big Apple, Farren (21) returned to his penthouse apartment in London's bohemian Ladbroke Grove to file the several American reports that NME readers have recently been privileged to, to

work on his latest trilogy of novels, to continue with several science fiction stories and a projected coffee table book on great rock'n'roll hotel damage bills, to update the twentieth volume of his collected memoirs and gaze meditatively on the placid face of his stuffed aardvaark (really).

It was apparently while coping with the particularly hazardous mental exploration involved in scribing the latest Farren novel that things started to get out of hand. A fiendish double suicide sequence apparently tipped the balance of the Farren grey matter into the abyss whose depths the author had dared to sound. Fiction and fact blurred.

Our artist suffered from what might commonly be called a case of "the terrible whirling pith".

"Yeah, dig man, I'm having a breakdown," piped the distinctive Farren tones in the phones of the NME offices late on Friday afternoon. "I can't review Dolly Parton and I'll be out of circulation for a while." (No relation).

For several agonising days, nothing more was heard from the Farren eerie

beyond rumours that he had been engaged in several all-night verbal workouts in the cosmic gymnasium with ex-Dr Feelgood guitarist, the scorpionic Wilko Johnson (47), who consoled Farren with the information that "it happens to me every three days. Don't worry about it."

Farren's first re-entry into rock'n'roll London's swinging social circuit was at the Ramones jubilee bash in the King's Road, where the fellow's apocallypsothright social manner — accosting people with a brandished bottle — appeared to upset several younger members of New Wavedom.

A few days later he was sighted again, this time displaying another notch in the weathered visage, the apparent result of a contretemps with an over-zealous punter in downtown Camden's less-than-exotic Dingwalls niterie.

Then came *Private Eye*, bearing at the closing section of Farren's "Notes Towards Defining Minimalism In The Ramones" as an entry in Pseud's Corner, a feat only achieved once before by an NME scribe, when Tony Tyler made the spot in 1972 with a



The Old Timer in action recently.

piece on Vinegar Joe (Vinegar Joe?? — Ed)

Then, the same morning as an ORK Records discography flopped on the Ass. Ed's desk, proclaiming the release of a picture sleeve single by El Farren ("Lost Johnny / Play With Fire") with the words that "the lord of loud" was "back" (we didn't know he'd been away), came the news

NO NEED TO ASK ABOUT THIS MAN

that the warrant was out for his arrest following his alleged failure to appear in court on a charge of defacing a bridge in London's "Little Venice" with spray-can graffiti. It was perfect karmic vindication of ORK Records' claim that The Big F "helped start British punkrock" (so how come he spends five hours listening to The Grateful Dead? — Ed)

It later transpired that Farren's non-appearance had been occasioned by a court clerical error, thus quashing speculation that Farren (32) had reverted to 1968 and "gone underground".

At this point, most mortals would be justified in believing that their hail of misfortune had ceased. So did Farren. At least until he awoke to find a pall of smoke issuing from the living room of his sumptuous bohemian apartment. Investigation revealed a portion of the room's historic artefact-encrusted decor to be ablaze. The fire required five buckets of water to douse it, and the ensuing smoke also necessitated the opening of the flat's windows, an act unrecalled in Farren's ten year occupation of the pad.

The aardvaark was undamaged. At the time of going to press, Farren (207) was believed to be staying in the fashionable "Little Poland" district of Fulham. "Dig, I'm beginning to feel like Ulysses, man," were his last words. "Are you still having a breakdown Mick?" asked Thrilly. "I can't bleedin' afford to," replied Farren.

CAPTAIN NEMO

LONE GROOVER



BENYON

OUR PRICE RECORDS

CHECK OUR PRICES BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE!!

90^{OFF}

TOP 50 ALBUMS OF THE WEEK

1. London — Bob Marley & The Wailers	OUR PRICE	25. Their Greatest Hits — Eagles	2.90
2. Hotel California — Eagles	2.60	26. Rock Folks 71	2.70
3. Rusty Novecent — The Stranglers	2.40	27. Intro — Cat Stevens	2.50
4. A Star Is Born	2.80	28. Sneaker Suspicion — Dr Feelgood	2.35
5. A New World Record — Electric Light Orchestra	2.90	29. Two Days Away — Elton Brooks	2.70
6. In Flight — George Benson	2.60	30. Peleed of Tyranny — Van Morrison	2.40
7. Runners — Fleetwood Mac	2.40	31. Greatest Hits — ABBA	2.50
8. Heavy Weather — Weather Report	2.60	32. Fly Like an Eagle — Steve Miller Band	2.35
9. Book Of Dreams — Steve Miller Band	2.40	33. Greatest Hits — Smokie	2.45
10. Deceptive Bends — 10cc	2.60	34. Dark Side of the Moon — Pink Floyd	5.50
11. I'm In You — Peter Frampton	2.70	35. Works — Emerson, Lake & Palmer	5.50
12. The Muppet Show	2.40	36. Wish You Were Here — Pink Floyd	2.70
13. Animals — Pink Floyd	2.60	37. Wind and Wuthering — Genesis	2.80
14. Toots and the Maytals	2.70	38. Endless Flight — Leo Sayer	2.45
15. Even in the Quietest Moments — Supertramp	2.70	39. Best of the Car Wash	2.35
16. Songs in the Key of Life — Dave Wonder	2.70	40. Marooned Roll — Brand X	2.35
17. Arrival — ABBA	2.50	41. Alaska — The Alessi Brothers	2.50
18. In the City — The Jam	2.35	42. Peter Gabriel	4.65
19. Time Loves a Hero — Little Feet	2.40	43. Evin	1.95
20. The Clash	2.50	44. The Best of the Faces	2.70
21. American Stars & Bars — Neil Young	2.40	45. One of the Boys — Roger Daltrey	2.40
22. Remember Yesterday — Diana Summer	2.35	46. Now — The Tubes	2.70
23. The Vipers — Pury Mena	2.50	47. Galt — Dave Edmunds	2.40
24. C.S.N. — Crosby, Stills & Nash	2.40	48. This is Wacky — Genesis Williams	2.50
		49. Classic Ash — Withnail & Ash	2.45
		50. Wings over America — Wings	5.15

WHY PAY MORE!!

90^{OFF}

TOP 50 ALBUMS OF THE WEEK

ALL ALBUMS DISCOUNTED

(EXCEPT TV ADVERTISED ALBUMS)

FOREIGN VISITORS SAVE 8% VAT on orders of £80 plus by our Export VAT Scheme available at Charing Cross Road Branch only

SUPERDEALS

1. American Stars & Bars — Neil Young	RSP	O/P
2. C.S.N. — Crosby, Stills & Nash	2.30	2.40
3. Exotic — Bob Marley & The Wailers	2.50	2.60
4. Hotel California — Eagles	2.60	2.80
5. Book of Dreams — Steve Miller Band	2.50	2.60
6. I'm In You — Peter Frampton	2.80	2.90
7. Remember Yesterday — Diana Summer	2.25	2.35
8. In Flight — George Benson	2.30	2.40
9. A Star Is Born	2.80	2.90

137 CHARING CROSS RD. (2ND FLOOR) WC2 TEL: 01-437 1713 • 70 NORTH END (NEXT TO WORKWAY) CROYDON TEL: 01-681 7107

12 TOTTENHAM COURT RD. W1 TEL: 01-636 4631 • 26/28 KENSINGTON CHURCH ST. W8 TEL: 01-937 4282 • 95 CLARENCE ST. KINGSTON TEL: 01-546 6353

219A FINCHLEY RD. NW3 TEL: 01-624 2217 • 16 GOLDERS GREEN RD. NW11 TEL: 01-455 1078 • 151 EDGWARE RD. W2 TEL: 01-723 1883.

Still Going Strong

POLK SALAD ANNIE: IT (AND SHE)

TONY JOE WHITE fills in the fallow years

THERE'S AN intangible something about Tony Joe White that puts me in mind of Elvis; but whoever he looks like, he is disgustingly handsome.

In a rural kind of way that is; annoyingly likeable, for his good humour, quiet sincerity and unaffected personal charm; and altogether far too much to be fashionable at a time when Freddie Mercury represents one extreme of chic and Johnny Rotten the other.

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

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

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

As mentioned in NME a few weeks

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

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

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

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

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

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

"They would take my sessions and



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

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

"Like 'That Loving Feeling', which is on my new album. I offered that to Warners, but they said it sounded too much like Isaac Hayes. So I took it to Isaac instead and he put it on his 'Chocolate Chip' album and it went gold. This kept going on man, so finally it got to where I wouldn't send 'em to much. They would pay me my money, anyway."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOW YOU CAN GET THE NEWEST CRAZE T.V. GAME

At the lowest price yet!

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

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

Full money back guarantee if returned within 7 days if not satisfied.
1. Black and White Mark I Model 4 different games Football, Tennis, Squash, Solo/practice, automatic service, automatic scoring, on screen digital read-out, 2 bat sizes, 2 ball speeds, fast and slow, realistic sound effects. £27.50, as above in colour £38.50.
2. Black and White Mark II same as above but with gun for target and skit shooting. Great fun for all the family only £47.00. As above in colour £54.95.

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

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

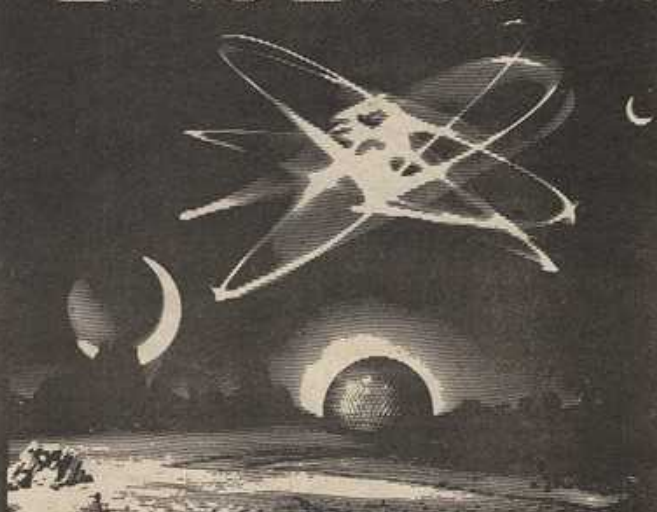
barclay ELECTRONICS
TECHNOLOGICAL PRECISION PRODUCTS

Personal callers welcome
Mon-Thurs. between 2 and 5pm.
Sons. 10am to 1pm.
BARCLAY ELECTRONICS, Dept. M1 245 Phone 01-458 4755
1115 FINCHLEY RD., TEMPLE FORTUNE, LONDON N.W.11.
Please send me... with/without optional mains adaptor.
I enclose cheque/money order total value £.....
Please add 95p to all items to cover P.&P.

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... County.....

"COLOURS AS PURE AND RICH AS A RAINBOW... INCREDIBLE" L. A. Times

LASERIUM



THE COSMIC LASER CONCERT,
AT THE PLANETARIUM.

Mon-Thurs 8pm, 9.15pm
Fri-Sat 7pm, 8.15pm, 9.30pm
Sunday 7pm, 8.15pm

ALL SEATS £1.50

For booking enquiries telephone: 01-486 2242

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

□ CLIFF WHITE

BENYON

MEMORIES OF THE OLD NEW WAVE...

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

"Primal you're in a delirium—try and make like you're suffering from a fever—new 'RAM'—you've just been stabbed... okay?"

So Richard turned his face, tucked his body and pretended he was in a delirium, clanking at his hair and frenziedly jerking his body. Then suddenly he twitched violently as an imaginary knife slid between his shoulder blades, severing the left ventricle of his palpitating heart.

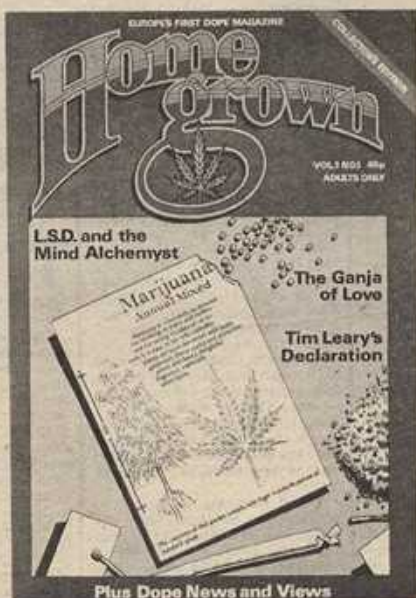
Now he gets (been) a week.

And you tell me he doesn't snort it...



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

Try the real stuff



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



out now

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

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

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

(That's Irish for "HOT STUFF!")

says **AENGHI**
EIGHORRIGHAOU

("Angie Errigo")

ARE YOU READY for
Irish punks?

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

noteworthy for its happy excitability in these days of rampant contemptuous coolth. You'll pardon an old-timeuse for thinking these boys get off something like the Stones circa 1963.

Taking it from the top, the Boomtown Rats are singer Bob Geldoff, keyboards player Johnny Fingers (who ought to be called J. Pyjamas, because he lives in them), bassist Pete Briquette, drummer Simon Crowe and guitarists Gerry Cott and Gary

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AND FINALLY..

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

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

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

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

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

□ DICK TRACY

THE BROTHERS JOHNSON
Strawberry Letter 23
Brother Man *I'll Be Good To You*

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

AMS7297

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

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

Ted Nugent

*Cat Scratch
Fever*

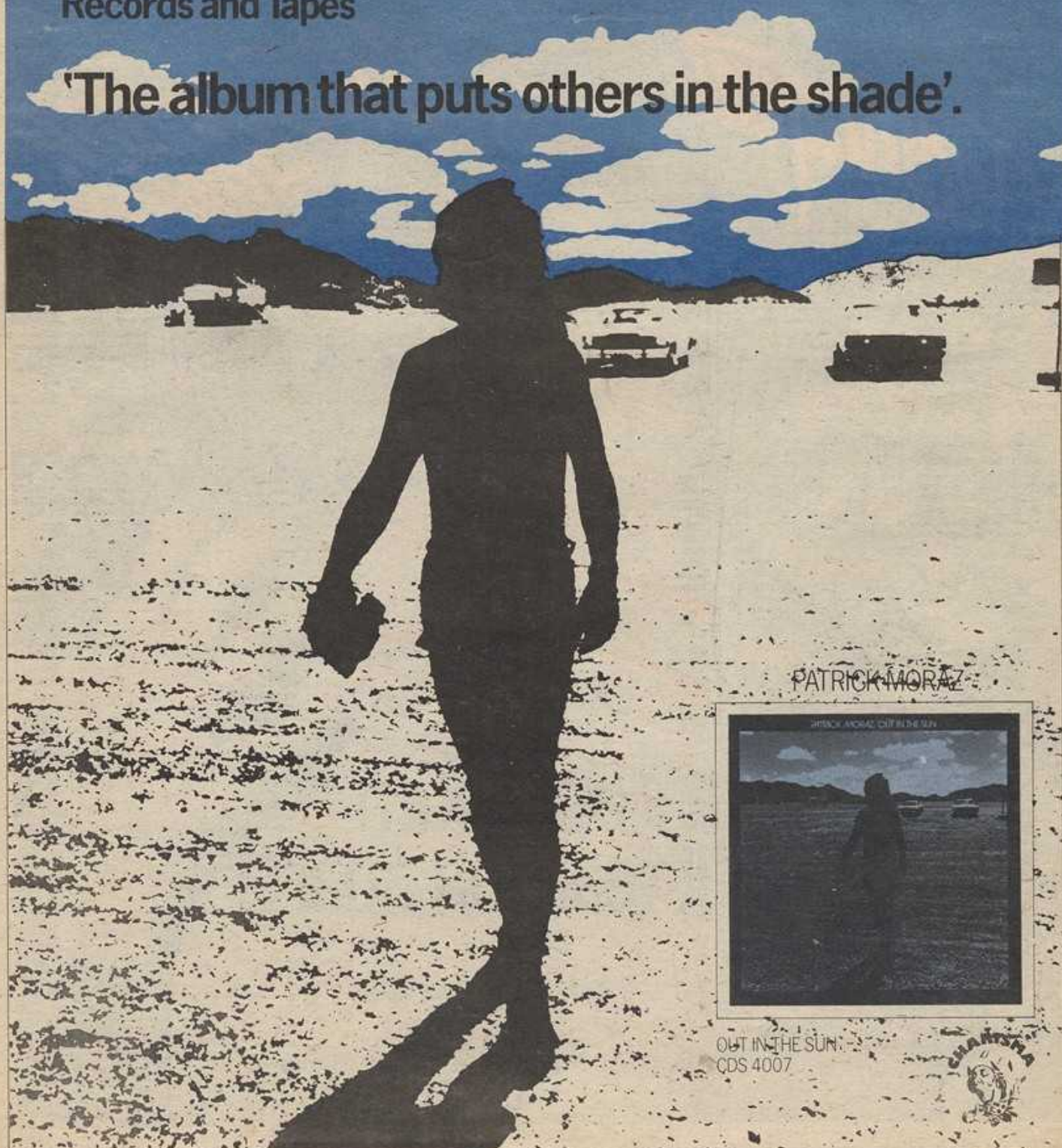
It's an album
that'll tear you apart!

on  Records & Tapes
EPC 82010

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

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

'The album that puts others in the shade.'



PATRICK MORAZ



OUT IN THE SUN
CDS 4007



THE MEAT OF THE MATTER

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

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

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

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

polite not to suck up too much brains ... you just sip it nonchalantly.

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

"Ummmm ... did you experience any particular psychological change after eating the sheep's brain?"

"Yeah ... I thought I'll go an' be a hippie an' drop out."

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

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



HARVEY sheltering behind X-Ray. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

three-quarters written."

Assuming that Alex and his collaborator, SAHB keyboardist and Johnny Kool alter-ego Hugh McKenna, get their collective finger pulled out, "Vibrania" should be unfeashable sometime in '78 as SAHB album number niineine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You're what's happenin', baby!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"We never," continues Alex, "did that at all."

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

"After the show he come back and said, 'I don't know why people say these things about you. You're well behaved in the dressing room ... We just did a normal gig and he was expecting Alex to throw a hand grenade into the audience or somethin'.'"

"That's probably the trouble," resumes Alex. "We're not outrageous enough."

"And I tell ya we've had some provocation. There's been times when I've almost got angry ..."

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

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

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

good song." He stubs out his Marlboro and mutters, "I can remember 'em supportin' us at Grangemouth Town Hall."

Collapse of assembled company.

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

"You were a household name in 'Grangemouth,'" prompts Glen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"See?" howls Alex gleefully.

"That was 'cause they couldn't play E major at that time."

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

Jesus ... that amounts to outright sabotage.

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

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



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



MODERN LOVE

CB 302

THE NEW SINGLE FROM

Peter Gabriel

TAKEN FROM THE FIRST
PETER GABRIEL ALBUM



CDS 4006



Marketed by
Charisma Records

Fabuloso groupo defies ashes of crud

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

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

SINGLES



Hot... Willy of MINK DE VILLE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PEACOCK: Rose Marie (United Artists). At last, the man himself, the mask behind the mask, and Jonathan King is back to impregnate "Peacock" into the subconscious of the nation for six weeks, then vanish, only to return in another guise. You can knock the bloke, but he has got a knack for making memorable, disposable pop 45s. Who else would have the gall to charge 70p for a single whose total playing time clocks in at three minutes dead?

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

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

WEIRDO OF THE WEEK

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

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

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

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



Not so hot... GEORGE HARRISON

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

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

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

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

esiser solo, something for everyone. I liked it.

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

DO YOU SINCERELY WANT TO BE BORED (DISCO PAP)

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

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

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

EXCLAMATION MARK OF THE WEEK

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

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

ROD ARGENT

'GYMNOPÉDIES NO.1' & 'LIGHT FANTASTIC'

MCA 294

"Irresistible and enchanting. A hit"
— MELODY MAKER

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

MCA RECORDS

1 Great Pulteney Street, London W1

THE ROLLING STONE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ROCK & ROLL

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

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



Portrait Of The Artist As A Moody Bugger

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

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

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

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

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

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

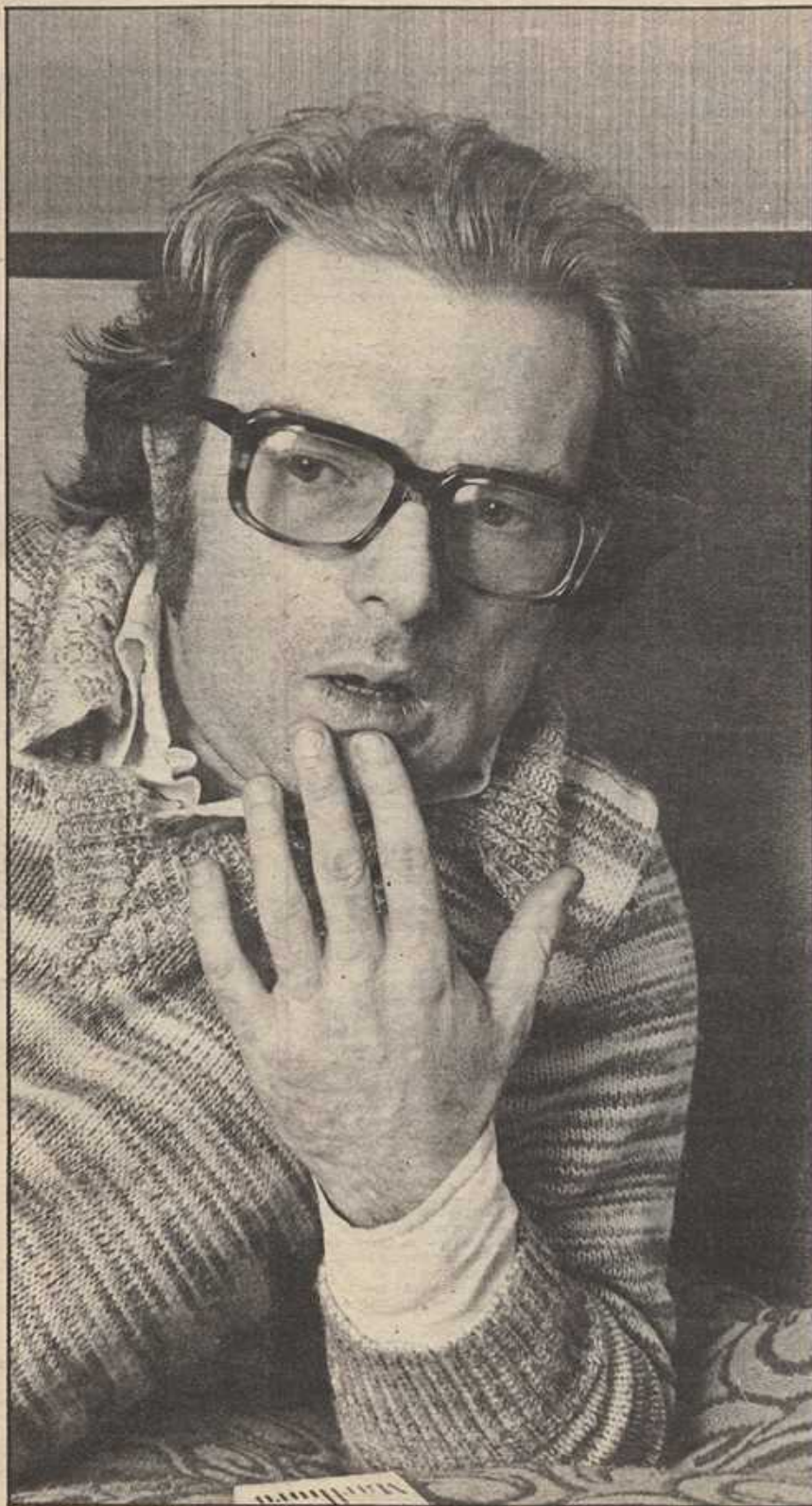
AS IT TRANSPIRES, the music that Morrison had created to accompany the sleeve wasn't indicative of a transition — more a de-classification of style. A premeditated return of fundamental basics and an eagerly-anticipated album which, for the first time in Morrison's career, divided his critics.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Van Morrison

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

ever imagined that it would happen to me."

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

"I'd constantly be writing and recording even if I didn't use it."

Seriously, for a musician to own his own recording studio is like giving a drunkard a brewery. Morrison simply OD'd on Scotch Tape.

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

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

"It really did take that long," he replies. "During part of that time, I got into experimenting with different people, but many of the things I learned never really got off the ground."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It really did take that long," he replies. "During part of that time, I got into experimenting with different people, but many of the things I learned never really got off the ground."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It really did take that long," he replies. "During part of that time, I got into experimenting with different people, but many of the things I learned never really got off the ground."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It really did take that long," he replies. "During part of that time, I got into experimenting with different people, but many of the things I learned never really got off the ground."

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

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

"If," he says, "you have to start thinking that you have to do specific things to break through to the masses..."

"He doesn't finish the sentence, instead he begins another: "You do what you're doing and if it's going to happen, it will and there's nothing you can do about it."

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

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

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

"It really did take that long," he replies. "During part of that time, I got into experimenting with different people, but many of the things I learned never really got off the ground."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It really did take that long," he replies. "During part of that time, I got into experimenting with different people, but many of the things I learned never really got off the ground."

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

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

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

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

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

I'm not going to do any records. Instead, I can do a few more of the more well-known things and slip in a few new things that may not be acquainted with... my kinds ring it and yong-it."

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

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

"Quite recently," he explains, "I dug out all my old blues records and there's something about that kinda music that still turns me on. But you see, I was in that singer-songwriter phase... progness... what have you... I ain't knockin' it, but I realized I was missing out on all the many other things that I can do and, more important, enjoy doing... and the moment you start to think that you're one thing, you're not."

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

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

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

"It really did take that long," he replies. "During part of that time, I got into experimenting with different people, but many of the things I learned never really got off the ground."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It really did take that long," he replies. "During part of that time, I got into experimenting with different people, but many of the things I learned never really got off the ground."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Quite recently," he explains, "I dug out all my old blues records and there's something about that kinda music that still turns me on. But you see, I was in that singer-songwriter phase... progness... what have you... I ain't knockin' it, but I realized I was missing out on all the many other things that I can do and, more important, enjoy doing... and the moment you start to think that you're one thing, you're not."

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

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

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

"It really did take that long," he replies. "During part of that time, I got into experimenting with different people, but many of the things I learned never really got off the ground."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It really did take that long," he replies. "During part of that time, I got into experimenting with different people, but many of the things I learned never really got off the ground."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Howlin' Wolf," he speaks the name with respect and then begins to warble. "If I hear your feelings, please tell me... that kinda stuff. I love Willie Dixon... love Mose Allison, in fact I'm seriously thinking of recording a couple of Mose's songs."

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

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

"OK, so it may not be regarded as hip, but it's still an integral part of what you're doing."

"It's that whole expectancy thing again."

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

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

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

"It really did take that long," he replies. "During part of that time, I got into experimenting with different people, but many of the things I learned never really got off the ground."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It really did take that long," he replies. "During part of that time, I got into experimenting with different people, but many of the things I learned never really got off the ground."

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

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

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

opens up musical cultures that they might not realize exist.

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

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

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

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

"It really did take that long," he replies. "During part of that time, I got into experimenting with different people, but many of the things I learned never really got off the ground."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It really did take that long," he replies. "During part of that time, I got into experimenting with different people, but many of the things I learned never really got off the ground."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It really did take that long," he replies. "During part of that time, I got into experimenting with different people, but many of the things I learned never really got off the ground."

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

Morrison considers the implications carefully before replying.

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

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

"Personally speaking, I still want to get as much fun and as much genuine satisfaction out of making music when I'm 40 as I am now — or when I started out with them — because that's what I do better than anything else."

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

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

His conclusions are self-explanatory.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Almost as weird as some dishevelled pad hollering.

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

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

that was old hat, but when in later years you see the total picture it all makes sense.

"The minute you start denying something that you did, I think you're in real trouble... no matter what it is... deny that and you're denying part of yourself."

Though he has always been aware that many great artists have suffered because of their failure to conform or at least compromise, he took all this into consideration when making such albums as "Astral Weeks" and "Moondance".

"I had to take the chance that I wasn't going too far out on a limb and getting stuck. I had to take the chance, otherwise I might never get in the other side of what I was trying to achieve."

"Sure, I know that it might not work. I might not be in tune with what people wanted to hear, but at the same time as something inside was pushing me to do that, I felt it was strong enough to be right and you have to go through it to come through it."

"Take Larry Brown. The things he was burnt for are now totally accepted and successful. You need look no further than The Tubes."

Point taken.

After almost 10 years of self-imposed exile on the West Coast of America, Van Morrison has decided to transplant his activities back to Britain. With the charismatic Harvey Goldsmith directing his

business activities, Van Morrison has decided on a low-key re-entry programme into public life.

"In the past," he says, "I know that I've been too inclusive — most definitely."

So apart from sporadic live gigs with whoever's available, what are Van Morrison's career prospects?

"I really don't," he admits, as planned as possible. "I'm in one of those periods where I don't have a clue what I'm gonna do next. All I do know is that I want to get out and play with all kinds of different people... you know I've been a little inclusive in the past."

You already said that. (*We'd agreed — Ed*.)

"Maybe some people will think that I'm trying to throw them through a hoop or something, but I just want to keep loose and see what happens. Cause if you feel that you've gotta do something, you can't stop and start thinking if it's gonna sell, you just have to rely on your instinct, and my instincts tell me to do what I'm doing right now and I'm sure it's right."

The evening Morrison re-affirmed his promise down at Manchester, I was standing less than five feet away from the stage, totally absorbed in the music, when Chicwick Records house-producer Roger Armstrong grabbed me by the shoulders and in his thick Belfast drawl intoned:

"This is more than just enjoyment for me, it's about a religious experience."

"I think I understood what he meant."



Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES



PLEASE CONFIRM the existence of an album titled (I think!) "Brian Jones Presents The Pipes Of Pan At Jajouka"? Could you also provide a catalogue number for this record if it really exists? — **P. JOBSON, Ceres By Cupar, Fife.**

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

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

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

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

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



LOOKING BACK: THE STROLLING BONES

Jajouka? No, I've never tried...

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

instead. Originally fronted by vocalist Joel Dayde, they featured English David Clayton-Thomas soundalike Ian Bellamy during their tour of this country in 1970.

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

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

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

● The earliest album I can trace by Barton Cummings' Canuck caperers is "Shakin' All Over" (Scepter 533), which came out around 1968. During the following year they signed for RCA and cut "Wheatfield Soul" (RCA ANL 1-1171), a million-seller. Next came "Canned Wheat" (ANL 0983), then "American Woman" (LSP-4266), "Share The Land" (LSP-4359), "So Long" (LSP-4574), "Rockin'" (LSP-4602), "Live At The Paramount" (LSP-4779), "10" (APL1-0130), "Artificial Paradise" (LSP-4830), "Flavours" (CPL-0636), "Power In The Music" (APL1 0995), "The Way They Were" (APL1-1778) and two compilations, "The Best Of The Guess Who" (LSPY-1064) and "The Best Of The Guess Who Vol. 2" (APL1-0269). I have provided American catalogue numbers only here, those marked with an asterisk (*) still remaining in the catalogue. "Shakin' All Over" is currently available on Springboard 4022, while somewhere along the way there was an album called "The Guess Who Played The Guess Who" which appeared on PIP 6806, though I know no further details about this particular item. Any info on this particular subject would be gratefully received.

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

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

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

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

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

● Possibly the toughest British album to find by the duo is "Simon And Garfunkel" (Allegro AL1836), a compilation of material which stemmed from Paul and Artie's

early teen years when they recorded as Tom and Jerry. Released here in 1967 by Pickwick, the elpee was quickly withdrawn when a legal battle was threatened, though copies still turn up from time to time. After signing to CBS in 1964 the twosome cut "Wednesday Morning 3 a.m." (63370), then came "Sounds Of Silence" (62690), "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary And Thyme" (62860), "Bookends" (63101), "The Graduate — Original Soundtrack" (70042), "Bridge Over Troubled Water" (63699), and a "Greatest Hits" compilation (69003). Paul Simon, who had recorded a solo album, "The Paul Simon Songbook" (62579), as early as 1965, then went off on his little own to cut "Paul Simon" (69007), "There Goes Rhymin' Simon" (69035), "Live Rhymin'" (69059) and "Still Crazy After All These Years" (86001); while Artie, failing to catch Kris Kristofferson in his bid to hang his hat on the Hollywood sign, returned to the recording studios to cut "Angel Clare" (69021) and "Breakaway" (86002), reuniting with Paul for one track, "My Little Town", which appeared on both "Breakaway" and "Still Crazy".

CAN YOU advise if Kristofferson and Coolidge have recorded any albums other than "Full Moon" (A&M ANLH64403)? — **R. J. BITHELL, Gateshead.**

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

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

● The album to which you're referring is almost certainly Mike Mantler's "No Answer" (Watt 2) released by Virgin in July, 1974. The record, which features a trio comprised of Mantler, Bruce and Carla Bley, contains an interpretation of Beckett's "How It Is" monologue — though it has to be said that when it comes to the Abbey Theatre stuff then Bruce is outclassed by Jack MacGowan, whose Beckett-produced "MacGowan Speaking Beckett" (Claddagh CCT3), on which he reads extracts from *Endgame*, *Molloy*, *Malone Dies*, *Echols*, *Bones*, *An Abandoned Work* and *Wait*, is quite superb.

WHAT EQUIPMENT is used by guitarist Mick Schenker of UFO? — **IAN "SPIKE" MILLIGAN, Perth 6000, W. Australia.**

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

LEFT TO RIGHT: Brian Bennett, Mick Jagger, Charlie Watts, Keith Richards, Wyman, Ronnie Spector (nee Jones), Nicky Taylor, Bill Wyman.

PARK HALL CHARNOCK RICHARD CHORLEY LANCS

THE SECOND JULY 15-16-17

JULY WAKES FESTIVAL

SATURDAY 16th

BARBARA DICKSON

HEDGEHOG PIE

GALLAGHER & LYLE

FRIDAY 15th

FIVE HAND REEL

GAY & TERRY WOODS

SPECIAL GUEST GORDON GILTRAP

CRYPHON

THE ROSS MACFARLANE BAND

TOM YATES

THE BUSHWHACKERS

SPRIGUNS

COMPERE: WALLY WHITTON

DJ FOR WEEKEND JERRY FLOYD

SUNDAY 17th

LEO KOTTKE

Richard & Linda THOMPSON

JUNE TABOR

THE PAUL KING BAND

THE TANNAMILL WEAVERS

PETE FARROW

RAB NOAKES

FAIRPORT CONVENTION

SPECIAL GUESTS DREW Mc CULLOCHS' ALMANAC

MARY ASQUITH

COMPERE: NOEL MURPHY

ROTHY BAND

COUNTRY JOE McDONALD

COMPERE: TONY CAPSTICK

Site Facilities include:

CAMPING-PARKING
BORING LAKE
SAUNA
CABARET ROOM
SQUASH
SWIMMING POOL
LICENCED RESTAURANTS
FRESH WATER TOILETS
BARs...

TRAVEL: M6 Exit 27. Main stations Wigan and Preston then local bus to site. Main coach station Chorley.

★ SPECIAL WEEKEND TICKETS ★

including VAT, Camping and car parking at no extra charge.

£5.50

★ IN ADVANCE ONLY ★

ADMISSIONS AT GROUNDS

Friday £2.25
Saturday £3.25
Sunday £3.25

To: NJF/WAKES FESTIVAL
P.O. Box 450, LONDON W1A 4SQ

Name

Address

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

Note: Stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed. Allow 10 days for cheques to clear before tickets sent. M12

No. of tickets @ £5.50

Cheque/PO No.

Total £

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Old farts mount massive counter-offensive

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



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



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

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

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

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

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

However, it was more by accident than intent.

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

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

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

A few more facts: Contrary to rocklore, NME's Christmas thrash isn't simply an excuse to get nominated for Teazens' coveted Falling-Down-Gets-You-Accepted Award. Cram the cream of the British rock scene within four walls and someone is bound to do a deal of one kind or another.

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

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

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

Continues over

GERIATRICS FAZE PUNKS

From previous page

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

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

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

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

He qualifies himself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"So how could they lose?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Come in Vic Maile.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

on the open road.

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

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

Kawasaki
sets the pace

Kawasaki Motors (UK) Ltd. 748-749 Deal Avenue, Trading Estate, Slough, Berkshire, Tel: Slough 38255

You really got me
Chartreuse

KLICK RECORDS

Released through RCA

PLATTERS

CROSBY, STILLS AND NASH

Crosby, Stills And Nash (Atlantic)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nick Kent

COUNTRY JOE McDONALD
Goodbye Blues (Fantasy); The Best Of Country Joe McDonald (Golden Hour)

THINKING OF Country Joe as a Frisco flower child barks you up a wrong tree of considerable proportions; close but no cigar. Nearer to it: a Berkeley politicofolkie who got psychedelised and dived



headfirst into rock and roll.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Charles Shaar Murray

THE MUPPET SHOW (Pye)

IF THE media successes of Johnny Rotten and the Muppet Show reflect the operations of a common subculture, it may be that this augurs well for the future of Western Civilisation.

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

Go, place your stylus in the groove that moves.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But then, that's Kermit for you.

Chris Salewicz

Old Farts Special

C, S, & N: Sorry, but it's a wet one.

NICK KENT wrinkles his nose in disgust.

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



NEIL DIAMOND

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



NEIL DIAMOND

'Love at the Greek'

Live double album produced by Robbie Robertson

Features:

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

CBS 95001



Also on Tape

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

***£5.50 tickets still available**

with SAE from Keith Prowse & Co. Ltd.,
Dept. NDWA, 24 Store St., London WC1

01-637 4673 or

01-637 3527

Ticket, Train and Coach specials

Tel: 01-589 6633

PLATTERS

HALFWAY TO 1978

ALBUMS

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

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

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

SINGLES

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

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

BEST COMPILATIONS

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

BEST RE-ISSUES

MC5 Back In The USA (Atlantic); **IGGY & THE STOOGES** Raw Power (CBS).

MC5 BACK IN THE USA



JAZZ ALBUMS

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

*denotes Import.

FOLK ALBUMS

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

REGGAE 45s

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

All available on British release.

SOUL ALBUMS

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

SOUL 45s

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

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

Prospect Jubilee Season at the Old Vic 928 7616

World Premiere of a theatrical spectacle

WAR MUSIC

Homer/Christopher Logue/Donald Fraser

Timothy West tells the story William Louthers dances

Gary Kettel plays

June 23 & 24 at 7.30





VARIOUS Best Of Car Wash (MCA)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Julie Burchill



BEE GEES At Last - Bee Gees Live (RSO)

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

"Jive Talking" from "Nights on Broadway" was the first indication that something was happening. Instead of that familiar nasal warbling, the Brothers Gibb had opted for trademark disco falsettos.

The strength of the song depended on its formidable riff, also on its cunning arrangement and production, the work of Arif Mardin.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bob Edmunds



THE COMMODORES: Zoom (Motown)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MORE PEOPLE RIDE HONDAS. HERE'S WHY.

Good news travels fast.
And Hondas are good news.

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

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

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

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

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

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

So now you know why there are more Hondas on the road, and where to get one. What are you waiting for. Another increase in fares?



THE HONDA CAMINO AND C70

Just two of Honda's range of commuter bikes. The Camino could cost you as little as £3-50 a week to buy and run, including h.p. charges over two years, tax and insurance, oil and petrol for around 100 miles a week. The Honda C70 can cost you about £4-50 a week to buy and run.

HONDA More sense, more style.

IMPORTS

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

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

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



Richard Pryor

Poor Bobbi is ill-served by her initial big-time romp. No info is provided on the album sleeve and if you didn't already know that Ms. Humphrey flute-tooted in Mann-made fashion then you'd be led to assume that her only donations to the proceedings were the vocals that occur on some tracks.

Musically she's not got it all that hot either — the songs and the uncredited arrangements are often straight out of rent-a-disco (Upper Manhattan branch) and one way or another, the whole deal would appear to be the waste not only of Bobbi's undoubted talents but also of a great opportunity.

The tragedy of it all is that "Tailor Made" will probably prove to be her biggest seller to date and her next offering will be fashioned in equally lack-lustre vein.

I think it's equally likely that Leon and Mary Russell's

debt and begin to show a musical profit.

"Won't You Come Dance With Me" is everything in one track that Wonder's "Key Of Life" could have been had it not been dissipated over two and a half years and four and a half sides. "Squeeze The Fruit" boogies sharply with the attack of early Funkadelic and the compulsive bounce of pre-war Ohio Players; "Brick House" is so damn funky the bass and drum mix is like being whacked upside the head with a hollow log.

In contrast, the title track is a fresh edition of the harmony ballad style that The Commodores are almost single-handedly returning to fashion (modern production and arrangement but the same irresistible charm as a fifties doowop).

"Easy" is more of the same, hovering over a gospel piano melody until it's scooped up in the metal talons of McClary's guitar. A great finale, and possibly the most likely to succeed in Britain.

But then all tracks are potential singles; three or four of them obviously destined to be million sellers in America. Whether or not they'll do any good over here is this month's prize teaser.

Cliff White

PAT METHENY Watercolors (ECM)

THIS TIME aquamarine. Another round from the Gary Burton Quartet's young American guitarist.

Cut the credits, count to four and Metheny sounds a lot like The National Health's Phil Miller. Calm and collected as he unleashes long melodies, curt and catchy as he flecks off angled chords.

"Bright Size Life", Metheny's previous set, was saved from nagging tonal uniformity by the luxuriant bass of Weather Report's Jaco Pastorius. "Watercolors" is likewise saved by the presence of German basso supremo Eberhard Weber.

Weber plays an amplified upright bass — which still doesn't explain how he manages to make it sound like a distant choir, a cello quartet, a French horn section or, most characteristically, a whole bass orchestra of warm, resonant grandeur.

But one monumental musician doth not an album make. It's not that Metheny's licks are without interest, just that they seem oddly casual, lack urgency, seem to verge on the facile.

Only once does Metheny threaten to cut the quick. "Ice

Fire" is an arresting solo piece; his electric rings through a brief raga structure, wedging harmonic dazzle every which way.

"Sea Song", "River Quay" and the other group pieces are too languid for my taste. Drummer Danny Gottlieb taps safe, goes out of his way to avoid undue tension. Pianist Lyle Mays shows promise and flair, even if he does knead his rich chords with an ear cocked at Keith Jarrett.

All the material is Metheny's (which may account for the set's failure to grip firm); I'm not too convinced he's a strong enough stylist or writer to lead — yet. Less of the limpid lagoons, Mr Metheny, more of the breaker surge.

Go for the Burton Quartet's recent "Passengers" instead, which also has Weber aboard but combines tranquility with strength.

Angus MacKinnon



ARETHA FRANKLIN Sweet Passion (Atlantic)

WHAT to do with Aretha Franklin? The question must echo around Atlantic's New York offices whenever it's time for her to make another record.

Last year someone had the idea of having her do a sound-track album and putting the writing and production chores in the hands of Curtis Mayfield: a decision obviously inspired by Mayfield's recent artistic and commercial success doing the same thing for the Staple Singers on "Let's Do It Again".

Dispensing with lush settings, Mayfield let the simple excitement of Gospel-style singing come through, backed by a small band and tight vocal arrangements. "Sparkle" saw Aretha in the hands of a sensible, sympathetic producer; "Sweet Passion" does not.

Aretha never really makes a bad album. The presence of her voice could redeem almost anything. However she's very much at the mercy of settings various producers have created for her.

Lamont Dozier, a Motown

veteran, won this job. He tackles the task as though "Passion" were a Barbra Streisand album. He swamps the lady with overbearing brass and string arrangements on such MOR specials as "What I Did For Love" and a half-dozen other ineffectual soft ballads. He leans towards formula disco (again over-orchestrated) on "No One Could Ever Love You More" and "Touch Me Up" (an unfortunate title, and the lyrics are even worse).

The one departure is a piece of contrived seat jazz that begins with Kiki Dee's "I've Got The Music In Me" and goes absolutely nowhere.

Aretha sings her way through this mire with as much conviction as can be expected. Her voice is as strong and emotional as ever, but, apart from "No One Could Ever Love You More", the songs are too innocuous and badly arranged for her to inject any feeling.

Paul Rambali

DELANEY AND FRIENDS Class Reunion (Prodigal)

THE DELANEY in question is Delaney Bramlett, formerly half of the "blue eyed soul" singing duo Delaney and Bonnie who received superstar patronage in the late sixties by George Harrison and Eric

Clapton.

His "friends" these days aren't such an illustrious company as they were. "Names" like drummer Jim Keltner, reedsman Chuck Findley and the ubiquitous Clydie King and Sherlie Matthews on back-up vocals contributing to this desultory affair. Bramlett merely demonstrates how limited his abilities are.

Certainly he has a certain feel for Southern music, be it R & B and its concomitants or country, but his songs are ill defined and sloppy, the production unsuitable and the mix is far too string-heavy.

One to avoid.

Steve Clarke



MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS Anthology (Motown)

IF MARTHA and the Vandellas had never made another

record "Dancing In The Street" would still have assured them of a hallowed place in pop history.

Everybody knows "Dancing In The Street". The Motor City hit Factory surpassed itself, and so did Martha Reeves. It was everything and more than the title implies but, contrary to the sleeve notes on this anthology, it was never a number one.

It made number two in '64 but it couldn't topple the Animals' "House Of The Rising Sun" and, despite six other U.S. Top Twenty hits, Martha and the Vandellas never scored as high in the charts again. Nor did they ever make quite as good a record.

The most interesting thing to emerge from this anthology is how little Martha Reeves had to do with the success or failure of her records. She had a good voice, initially sounding like a more soulful Carole King, but it boiled down to Holland, Dozier, Holland songs and Brian Holland and Lamont Dozier's production.

All of their hits save for "Dancing" were masterminded by the HDH team, as were a good half of Motown's successes.

The formula was very simple, like all good formulas: a tight synthesis of Brill Building pop with a hard-hitting R'n'B beat, glossed up with a clean Spector-derived produc-

tion.

But the Vandellas suffered because the team saved much of their best material for the Supremes, for whom they were also musically responsible. In strictly commercial terms Diana Ross had a better voice, richer and sexier than Martha Reeves', and when Motown reached the watershed mark of '67 the Vandellas were turned over to a succession of lesser writers and producers while the company concentrated on coming up with something to satisfy a newly-awakened social conscience.

They never had another hit, and most of their post-'67 material, which takes up the second side, sounds like songs written for the Four Tops and given to the Vandellas because there was nothing else around.

Also Martha's voice had matured by this time, but not into anything special. It lacked the all-important quality of being distinctive.

The first side, the pre-'67 songs, is far stronger. Martha's voice has a delicate, girlish charm and at least half of the songs are Motown classics: "Heatwave"; "Quicksand"; "Nowhere To Run"; "Jimmy Mack"; "I'm Ready For Love" and "Dancing In The Street".

We've had a greatest hits, and now an anthology. Wonder what they'll call it next?

Paul Rambali

"Make Love To The Music" (Paradise) will enjoy a high degree of public acceptance, the title track being one of those easy-flowing melodies that seem to get even the couples on Top Of The Pops dancing together.

However, the Russells (Mary's the one with the less extensive thach and the more expressive voice) look-down-each-others-larynx idea of rockin' romance and cuddle-up boogie making impresses me not, though those whose Jubilee parties are due to be replayed because of the recent monsoon season may go down extremely well at lemonade swilling time.

News liable to have jazz-freaks throwing their bop-betters in the air is that Peerless Records are now importing Muse releases on a regular basis, their first 16 titles, which retail at £3.79 a throw, including Deodato's "Joao Donato" (MR5017), Richard Davis and Chick Corea's "With Understanding" (MR5078), Eddie Jefferson's "Still On The Planet" (MR5063), Stan Bronstein's "Living On The Avenue" (MR5113), Chick Corea's "Bliss" (MR5011), Mark Murphy and the Brecker Brothers' "Mark Murphy Sings" (MR5078) and others by Cedar Walton, Phil Woods, Woody Shaw, Dave Pike, Sonny Stitt, Cecil Payne, Buster Williams, Pat Martino, Al Cohn and

Zoot Sims. All can be ordered through local record retailers.

Meanwhile, this week's other arrivals have been distinctly on the pithy side, the only reported sightings being Richard Pryor's "Greatest Hits" (Warner); the Dixie Dregs' "Free Fall" (Capricorn); "Chunky, Novi and Ernie" (Warner); David Sanborn Band's "Promise The Moon" (Warner); "Weapons Of Peace" (Playboy); "Shaun Cassidy" (Warner) featuring darling David's hit-parading brother, Tina Charles' "Rendezvous" (Columbia), which is really the "Dance Little Lady" album with one track change; and William Salter's "It Is So Beautiful" (Marlin), a T.K. production on which Salter sings material composed with the aid of percussionist

Ralph MacDonald; Patti Austin, Bob James, Valerie Simpson, Jon Faddis, Eric Weissberg and Eric Gale being on hand to provide some fairly star-studded back-ups. Not much there, I'm afraid — but there should be newsies from Joan Baez (now on Portrait) Laura Nyro (a live double) and Charlie Daniels on the next plane in. Guess I'll mosey over to Heathrow and stake my place in the queue now. Get the Sopwith Camel out, James, we're heading for runway one again!

Fred Dellar

PURE MANIA

33 1/3 R.P.M.
L.P.

The Vibrators

on tour

25th June Colchester College 26th Chancellor Hall Chelmsford 28th Tiffanys Harlow 29th Swindon Affair 30th Leeds Poly 1st July Seaburn Hall Sunderland 2nd California Ballroom Dunstable 3rd Greyhound Croydon 6th Winning Post Twickenham 8th Pavilion West Runton 9th Priory Hall Scunthorpe 10th Electric Circus Manchester	12th Unity Hall Wakefield 13th Tiffanys Leicester 14th Mr. George's Coventry 15th Porterhouse Retford 16th Tracy's Redditch 21st Mr. Digby Birkenhead 23rd Eric's Liverpool 25th Top of the World Ballroom Stafford 26th Top Rank Suite Cardiff 27th Wood's Club Plymouth 28th Garden Club Penzance 29th Harveys Ross-on-Wye	
--	--	--

Car Wash (A)

Directed by Michael Schulze
Starring Franklyn Ajaye,
Richard Pryor; Music by
Norman Whitfield (Cinema
International)

IT'S A THEORY worth postulating that the wealthy and privileged always have a sneaking suspicion that, despite it all, the poor and oppressed are somehow having more fun.

It is this suspicion that gives rise (depending on temperament) to either heavier-duty repression or else the simultaneously patronising and sycophantic practice known as "slumming".

The answer in a diamante Faberge nutshell is: yes, Matilda, the poor and underprivileged create their own unique brand of fun because it's the only alternative to going crazy and either submitting completely or launching the kind of kamikaze attack on the parent culture that results in death, imprisonment or some other form of reprisal.

Which is why — artistically speaking — ghettos of all kinds are High Productivity Areas, producing everything from the Marx Brothers to rock and roll.

Car Wash is about a bunch of people, mostly black, working in a Los Angeles car wash. The movie begins as they arrive for work and ends when they knock off in the evening. The movie is about how they cope with the day's occurrences and — by extension — the larger personal and social problems that they represent.

The inhabitants of the car wash react to the crushingly 'horrible' nature of their job by going to extreme lengths to entertain themselves and each other as all manner of bores, crazies, heroes and villains wander in and out of Mr. B's Car Wash and some of the people win their battles and get a little deeper in the hole.

Still, let's leave that side of things to the *New Left Review*. It's the virtual non-stop shuck, jive and misadventure implicit in the ghetto/survival humour



Franklyn Ajaye gets carried away in 'Car Wash'.

that keeps *Car Wash* booging along for an occasionally laboured but never less than entertaining ninety-seven minutes. Plotless in the conventional sense — in the style of *Nashville* or *American Graffiti* — the film gives you *A Day In The Life*, punched along by Norman Whitfield's excellent score blaring from transistor radios and the carwash P.A.

The reason I've gone into this sociological guff at such great lengths isn't because virtual non-stop humour isn't the paramount feature of *Car Wash*, but because it's such an hilarious movie that it's all too easy to forget why it's funny.

The characters manage to represent and epitomise different personality types and lifestyles without descending to stereotype or caricature, though the Superfagg Lindy (Antonio Fargas) and the rip-

off evangelist Daddy Rich (Richard Pryor) with his covey of "daughters" (the Pointer Sisters) come dangerously near it. Still Lindy has one of the best lines in the movie: he responds to a put-down with "Honey, I'm more man than you'll ever be and more woman than you'll ever get."

There's Duane (Bill Duke), the Black Muslim perpetually insisting, "Don't call me Duane! My name is Abdullah!"; T.C. (Franklyn Ajaye), the little dude always trying to be superfly but always charmingly failing to carry it off; the boss's son, Irwin (Richard Dreyfuss) smoking dope in the bog, quoting Mao and trying to "relate to the workers"; Lauren Jones as the beautiful hooker afraid to yield her own self-disgust while she goes through the motions, ex-con Lonnie trying to stay clean in the face of unconscious callousness from Mr. B (Sully Boyar), tempta-

tion in the form of access to the boss's safe and harassment from the mean cop who busted him before, Floyd and Lloyd (Darrow Igus and DeWayne Jessie) forever rehearsing their Temptations routines, Calvin (Michael Fennell), a kid on a skateboard who zooms around harassing everyone as Freedom Incarnate, George Carlin as a bozo cabbie and borders of others.

Schumacher's script is a joy and Schulz keeps things moving with an admirable sense of pace even though his material occasionally seems to be running away with him. It's Ajaye's movie, though: the most natural and winning screen personality since Arnold Schwarzenegger in *Stay Hungry*.

Car Wash is one of the funniest movie comedies for years, and it's also one of the few movies that displays

compassion for its characters without dipping into bathos and sentimentality.

Dig it. (I tried. I thought it was shallow crap — Ed)

Charles Shaar Murray

A Bridge Too Far (A)

Directed by Richard Attenborough
Starring Dirk Bogarde, James Caan, Michael Caine et al. (United Artists)

AS MONUMENTAL, long, costly bloody war movies go, *A Bridge Too Far* is not the worst I've seen. Assembled, financed and directed with all the subtlety of a nuclear missile, the movie successfully plunges the helpless punter into the widescreen world of total war.

It's not a pretty sight. Operation Market Garden, the real life wartime incident on which the film is based, was one of the most mis-timed and disastrous manoeuvres of the War. 35,000 U.S. British and Polish troops dropped out of the sky into Eastern Holland. Large numbers were simply decimated on sight or beaten into scraps by a vastly underestimated German force.

War nostalgia being what it is the movie actually manages to make the whole lousy incident seem tragically heroic. Funded by huge sums of American mazzonias, the film makers spent almost a year reconstructing the incident in painstaking detail. The majority of the faults of previous war epics have been corrected. Germans actually speak their own language, tacky love scenes are out and spectacular action rules the day.

Producer Levine in true Hollywood tycoon style, insisted on assembling a cast who would be known just by their surnames. Consequently superstars keep bumping into each other throughout the film which, individual performances aside, lends to the whole project an air of unreality.

Virtually without exception the cameo appearances are wholly predictable. Dirk Bogarde wheels out his British officer facade, James Caan is a tough G.I., Sean Connery the muscle bound Major General, Elliott Gould the brash bullshitting Colonel, while Robert Redford again gets to play the blond haired, blue-eyed hero.

Sure, the film is well-made entertainment. War Nostalgia buffs of advanced age will love it as will teeny war comic fans. Ultimately though the movie

is yet another large-scale cosmetic job, sodden with Hollywood glamour. The gangrenous sores, the amputees, the pointless and futility of total war remain firmly hidden.

Dick Tracy

Echoes of a Summer (U)

Directed by Dan Taylor
Starring Richard Williams, Jodie Foster. (W. Bros)

SINCE SCOTT F. Fitzgerald threw Rosemary Holt into a cab with Dick Driver (or better still, since Jehovah first hurled Lilith into Adam's Eden), the Lolita icon has been worshipped by enlightened liberals and vicariously virtuous citizens alike.

A person's perversions are their own concern, but if there's one thing I hate it's the sad spectacle of old men sniffing around chicklets young enough to be their nubile daughter. It smacks of certain double-think which says that anything men fancy is OK whereas for a woman the same behaviour is considered disgusting degeneracy.

To the cleancut eye *Echoes Of A Summer* might seem refreshingly free of such morbid fascination, concerning as it does the limited life expectancy of a silver spoon bronzed child (Jodie Foster) of distraught, dotting parents (Richard Harris and Lois Nettleton). But wait! Was Miss Nettleton not Jean Farlow in Kubrick's celluloid celebration of Nabokov's paedophile tract? (She means the Lolita movie — Ed) And look at the way Harris clings to Foster, like he's got a cracked spine or something! And the way she leers at her! And the way she simmers "I love you, Daddy." Yuck! No wonder Mama Lois Drinks and Goes To Movies Alone.

Shot in the blinding colours of a seaside brochure, the movie stars, is co-produced by and gilded by the larynx of Richard Harris. It's a long way down from *Camelot*. Richard seems unhappily aware of this, resembling a shell-shocked survivor of World War One, babbling with lighthearted hysteria at his daughter, yelling with sexual bitterness at his wife, and recurring like a nagging toothache to plague us with the ghastly theme song.

Amidst all this, the amazing Jodie Foster is entirely inappropriate, her ironic mouth and wry eyes belying her P.T.A. upbringing, the knowing husk in her voice defying the dress she recites.

Evading without effort the trap of cutesy pie nymphette which any other teen actress would skip straight into, she puts her full range of restless,

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR ROCKY HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU"



THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW

Book, Music & Lyrics by RICHARD O'BRIEN

NOW ROCKIN'N ROLLIN
INTO ITS 5th FANTASTIC YEAR!

"IMPOSSIBLE TO OVER PRAISE"

Punch

DON'T DREAM IT — SEE IT!

KINGS ROAD THEATRE

279, KINGS ROAD, SW3 BOX OFFICE: 352 7488

AROUND THE CIRCUITS**LONDON****ROCKY (A)**

Stallone makes it through Round 9. Don't miss it. Reviewed NME 16.4.77. (Odeons/Gaumonts).

BURNT OFFERINGS (X)

Moderately successful creepy house movie. Reviewed NME 28.5.77. (Odeons/Gaumonts)

ADVENTURES OF A PRIVATE EYE (X)

Sleazy British sex comedy series meets the gumshoe genre. (Selected ABC's).

SQUIRM (X)

The ultimate worm movie. Take brown paper bag. Reviewed NME 1976. Selected ABC's.

TAXI DRIVER (X)

Rerun of the De Niro/Scorsese classic. Worth a second or third view. Reviewed NME 1976. (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts).

PROVINCIAL**CARQUAKE (X)**

The wide screen wince of

tortured chrome. Reviewed

NME 2.4.77. (Scottish

Odeons/Gaumonts).

JABBERWOCKY (A)

Manic machiavellian madness. Bloody bundle of laughs. Reviewed NME 2.4.77.

(Scottish Odeons/Gaumonts).

ROLLERBALL (AA)

James Caan meets the sport of the future. Welcome rerelease. (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts)

BOUND FOR GLORY (A)

David Carradine meets Woody Guthrie. To be reviewed. (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts).

TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING (AA)

Could this be the end of civilisation as we know it. Reviewed NME 28.5.77. (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts).

ABC subruns include 7% SOLUTION (to be reviewed), FIRE, FOOD OF THE GODS, ZOLTAN — HOUND OF DRACULA and classics like NAUGHTY KNICKERS.

SILVER SCREEN

Below: *The Dauphin of France* discovers the truth about Mary the Hermaphrodite.



The Dauphin mocks the soldiers sent to collect him by the emperor.



listless nuances into awkward androgynous action, her blond ingenuity signifying a clear-eyed visionary or potential Kate Hepburn.

Were it not for Jodie Foster, sitting through this movie would be like *Eternal Damnation*; as it is, it's more Purgatory.

Julie Burchill

Private Vices & Public Virtues

Directed by Miklos Jancso
Starring Lajos Balazsovits
and Pamela Villoresi
(Eagle Films)

HUNGARIAN FILM-maker Miklos Jancso's conversation is as riddled with contradictions as are his movies. "Private Vices & Public Virtues" is his interpretation of the royal scandal involving the Mayerling affair in the Austro-Hungarian Empire of a century ago.

Jancso says his is an imaginary empire "because it is better to utilise the imaginary in place of the specific. And an imaginary empire gives the author more freedom to say what he wants."

Yet he concedes that there are precise Middle-European references in his film; the uniforms are strictly period and the Hapsburg Imperial Anthem is heard.

Whatever and wherever, his film is rife with rich ambiguities and is never less than interesting to watch, even if it mostly brinks on the edge of being no more than an intel-

lectual tit and bum show (plenty of male appendages are on view, too).

Jancso's schematic style — his use of the camera as an end in itself, tracking, encircling and observing his players in the (self?) conscious role of dispassionate third party — relies heavily on long takes, emphasising the composition of characters in relation to their landscape, an approach that gives his films their visual grandeur and epic quality.

Until this film, Jancso's most consistent imagery in his sour, ordered world (politics as a game, a game as politics) has been nudity as a symbol of submission or humiliation, rarely sexual. With "Private Vices", the copious displays of fine young flesh (male, female and a graphically depicted hermaphrodite) are at once innocent and perverse, always erotic.

As the Dauphin (first glimpsed indolently sunbathing) and his lovers (the Duke and his sister) conspire to discredit the Emperor (an infallible character personifying paternalistic power), overt sexuality is seen to be an impotent symbol of revolt.

Although he employs a more staccato rhythm than usual, Jancso's predilection for languorously imperious tracking shots remains and one of the longest takes (a bacchanalian marathon dance of bizarre detail and escalating extravagance) is a real tour-de-force.

But as Jancso once again reveals himself to be essentially a pessimist (with an under-developed sense of humour), one remains as clinically detached as the camera circumscribing the characters.

Monty Smith

HUDSON-FORD

Their new album

'DAYLIGHT'

is a painting in music



The colours are brighter, the words more lyrical, the sounds richer, the rhythm more subtle.

Daylight is the beautiful new album by Richard Hudson and John Ford. It fulfils all the promises of their ten years as a hit songwriting team. If 'Part Of The Union', 'Burn, Baby, Burn', 'Pick Up The Pieces' and 'Floating In The Wind' were the promise then the album 'Daylight' is the fulfilment.

Let some Daylight into your life soon — everything will look that much nicer.

Hudson-Ford new album 'Daylight' CBS 82027. Produced by Robin Geoffrey Cable on CBS records and tapes.

ON THE TOWN

The Jam kick out the jams—

Maggie Thatcher style?!!

The Jam

POPLAR CIVIC HALL

ANOTHER NIGHT, another dressing room.

Bruce Foxton takes my beer and sneers: "Socialising?"

"I'm reviewing it."

"This should make good reading." The Sir Galahad of the New Wave turns to smirk at the assembled mish-mash of press, publicity and management who festoon the dressing room like empty Coca-Cola cans.

Two kids who have won a competition by writing a cool 25 words on "Why I Like The Jam" hang nervously around. Bruce Foxton, Paul Weller and Rick Buckler read the winning entries solemnly, and autograph albums.

Our heroes have just been taken outside by the lovely Jill Furmanovsky (an enviable experience) for a photosession on the stairs, and look momentarily menacing when requested to pose with their guitars for a weasly yellow-haired photographer from *Vogue*. Predictably, they comply, and I eye the scene with some distaste.

Purely by accident I lean against the light switch and everything goes black. The kindly PR man from Polydor takes me out of harm's way and apologises for all the fans and photographers.

Oh, signing autographs is what rock and roll should be about, I say. But a *Vogue* photographer — no way! The Clash, I bleat pompously, would not allow a *Vogue* photographer within gobbling distance.

The PR reminds me that The Jam are not Political.

The lyrics to "Time For Truth" scamper idly through

my mind: "It's time to tell the truth and the truth is you lied, Uncle Jimmy... whatever happened to the great Empire?" If that is not Political, then I am a Hitler Youth.

But enough fighting amongst ourselves for the moment; we have a Common Enemy still. Tonight it's the GLC, who have decided to draw the limit at 500 people, which means that at least that number have been turned away since the doors closed at 8.00.

"This is meant to be a community, right? And this is a community hall. And The Jam are playing free, just to help the Jubilee. I don't know why we bother."

One can see Polydor's point, but as luck would have it, several hundred kids are at present being hustled in through the stage door.

The kids present are a varied bunch, though there does seem to be an exceptional number of girls together. This is always the case at Jam gigs, it seems; the only time my big brother failed to score was when a little blonde chicklet's tall gruff friend saw him off in no uncertain terms while The Jam were playing the RCA. Looking around I feel quite nostalgic; God bless you, my children.

Inside they're packed tight against the stage, but the sizable hall is half empty and it's a pagan waste of opportunity. I remember the nights pressed up against the stage in the Hope basement when they were just sublime, and sigh. Nevertheless a roar goes up, and The Jam hit the stage.

If they looked any sharper they'd cut themselves to ribbons. Weller, Foxton and Buckler: the eternal triangle of stark, functional beauty. And the music's the same; it's so good it hurts, only a deaf man could dismiss it. But tonight

GRAHAM & ERIC pose for their favourite publication

Pic: LAURENCE COTTRELL



there is no communication; little things mean a lot, and things like people wandering out before the end, boys hitting their girls (I saw three cases of it) and Weller's obvious dissatisfaction with the whole set-up add up to a nasty atmosphere that can not be disguised by their technical perfection.

"Enjoy yourselves, you miserable sods! It's the Queen's Jubilee!" Weller declares his interest bitterly and I strain to hear the sweet discords of derision, but all this crowd can manage are apathetic mumbles.

"Tak'n My Love", "London Girl", "Carnaby Street", "Away From The Numbers", "Bricks And Mortar" (how can Weller write a song like that and be such a social bland-out?) plus those teen anthems with a hotline to all our hearts — that one hot line that hits and won't go away: "Art School" ("They only laugh cos they envy you"), "Changed My Address" ("Didn't mean to make you cry but I know it's for the best") and "In The City" ("In the City there's a thousand things I wanna say to you / But every time I approach you, you make me look a fool") — cameo masterpieces.

But there are some things that sour my enjoyment somewhat.

"Who's been reading the Sunday papers? This is called 'Time For Truth'. You better pray for it!"

There follows the aforementioned tirade against Callaghan. While seeing that Jimmy is indeed a fat old klutz with about as much charisma as a wet dog-end, I can see no way in which Thatcher, Joseph, Maudo, Boyson and the rest would not have made an even lower job of handling this poor dear country, and I begin to find The Jam's self-righteous indignation a little sickening. Do they really believe the Conservatives will achieve anything that the Labour Party won't? Somewhat depressed, I leave before the encore reflecting that The Jam seem like the most politically naive young people I've encountered since I was kicked out of the Young Communist League.

I'm in love with The Jam with the lyrics blanked out. Julie Burchill

Lest we forget...

10cc

HAMMERSMITH

THAT ERIC STEWART — well, I never knew he was such a wit! I mean, there's some bloke yelling incoherently in one of the front rows, and Eric, after having told him to shut up, says: "One of those bloody NME reporters!" — followed by (and here's the killer): "I remember when they used to be a music paper."

I remember a few things too, Eric.

I remember when Jan MacDonald wrote a long, incredibly complimentary review of your first album, which helped to elevate you well away from the teenybopper schtick that being on Jonathon King's UK Records had landed you with.

I remember writing a piece on you after hearing the finished tracks of your second album, "Sheet Music", and proclaiming in print how good I thought it sounded.

And I remember Charlie Murray's review of "The Original Soundtrack" and Pete Erskine's "How Dare You!" — and I remember agreeing with them both.

What I don't remember too much is your concert last Saturday. New band — two drummers, the guy from Kokomo on keyboards, another guitarist, plus you and Graham in his silly black jumpsuit.

You played — oh, let's see — "Second Sitting For The Last Supper", "Wall Street Shuffle", "Art For Art's Sake" (O'Malley on vocals, as I dimly recall), "Feel The Benefit", "The Things We Do For Love", "Ships Don't Disappear", "I'm Not In Love" (with taped ethereal choir — just like the record), and a bunch of others plus some boogie number for an encore.

I do recall noting that it was all note-perfect and very well-rehearsed, but ultimately very, very cold — no feeling, just a lot of clever-clever music played in a technically precise but utterly unnecessary manner.

Unnecessary because it's all on the bloody records.

I remember your fans loved it.

I remember it as the most forgettable rock gig I've seen this year. Nick Kent

Kursaal Flyers

OXFORD

PAUL SHUTTLEWORTH played Hamlet last Saturday — and it was a walk-over. Hamlet was spouting away in the courtyard of St. Edmund's Hall College as a rival May Ball attraction to The Kursaal Flyers, but Eric Clapton playing Ulysses and Rick Wakeman playing Henry VIII on the same stage together could not have drawn me away from the Kursaal on Saturday.

I'd thought the departure of Graeme Douglas would diminish the band's rock ties and see them drifting further into leaning-on-the-bar theatricality, but the reverse is miraculously true.

I've never seen the Kursaal rock so hard, so streamlined and so purposeful. The set currently includes no less than ten songs written since their last album — and all but one of them are up to the standard of "Radio Romance", "Pocket Money" and other K. Flyers standards.

There's at least two irresistible single hits: "Girls That Don't Exist", a superb hard rock beat song about glossy magazine images, and "Television Generation", a song which reveals the debt they openly admit they owe to punk rock — fast, catchy, stuttered chorus, a charge of adrenalin which would be slurped eagerly into the sets of innumerable new wave bands if they'd come up with it first.

Barry Martin is a fine guitarist whose more conventional personality has obviously been a factor in the new binding together of the group — and Will Birch, abetted by Ritchie Bull now that Douglas isn't there to put his words to music, is obviously hitting a real peak as a songwriter.

I went down expecting to find a group settling comfortably into Div. II. I came away convinced The Kursaal Flyers could be the band to trounce all-comers this autumn. Phil McNeill

Spiteri

THE NASHVILLE

JORGE SPITERI has now stabilised his line-up, and the other night he managed to transform the Nashville from London's favourite new wave au pair pick-up spot into an approximation of a Paris latin quarter bohemian club. Slinky girls danced in the narrow space by the stage and proto-revolutionary student types propped up the bar.

Jorge, like a latin Zappa in a Dr Zerkon nose-and-moustache set, injects the driving energy into his group by very un-latin prancing with his bass. By deciding to keep what few lyrics there are in English and to eliminate the traditional three-man chorus that a 'correct' Salsa group should have, Spiteri has constructed one of the most accessible fusion groups on the scene.

The three-man brass section — trombone, trumpet and tenor sax — take turns soloing, very much in the jazz-rock area, but when they play the chart through they master the Salsa perfectly. The percussion is there with a drummer, a conga player and front line percussion, including an amplified gourd — and you don't see too many of those around.

They like to make those slow starts in which everyone wanders about jangling sleigh-bells and making random plunkings and toots before developing into one of those naughty latin rhythms which get people up off their asses to dance. Once they've blasted off they like to try and keep building till they end in a complex web of cross-rhythms and brass, not unlike some of the climaxes that Coltrane achieved in "Africa Brass".

The mix of latin and jazz-rock is very subtle — many of the guys in the line-up are British, so though it may be lacking in some elements which latinos would like to be there, it's much smoother to the British ear.

If you want to try out some fancy footwork instead of pogoing then you should catch Spiteri — the new wave is not all that's happening these days. Miles



Jet-propelled PAUL WELLER

Pic: J. TYGIER

The Table The Police

MUSIC MACHINE

A BAND THAT calls itself The Table must, at the very least, lack sound commercial principles — and will hopefully have something novel to offer.

Or maybe they're just crazy?

I was mulling over these possibilities whilst awaiting their appearance on the most ill-conceived stage of all time, a platform suspended fifteen feet above a dance floor and tucked away at the back of the Music Machine's stage area. Coupled with the gaudy, plastic-plush interior and lack of sensible lighting (the lights stayed bright even when the groups were on stage), this effectively reduces any group's chances of generating some atmosphere.

The Table ambled on to this unlikely set-up and nervously began tuning up. Elsewhere they would have looked fairly normal, apart from sporting candy-striped Beach Boy shirts — but they were a little incongruous considering that, with The Boys topping the bill, this was supposed to be a Punk Nite. The motley crowd reacted with a solitary cry of "Hippies" and returned to whatever diversions were at hand. The Music Machine is so designed that it's easy to ignore what's happening on stage.

Tuning up completed, The Table finally began their set. My projections turned out to

be correct: their music was a deft combination of ineptitude and imagination, held together by a lunatic edge that threatened to bring everything together in a flash of inspiration or allow things to come shuffling to a halt. It did neither, but the promise was there.

At times they sounded like the Magic Band, and at times like Syd Barrett. The singer had a dry, flat voice, not unlike Robert Wyatt's, and the two guitars weaved and interacted with each other like organised chaos, around the very unusual songs and arrangements.

That they are attempting some subtle and subversive mix of ideas is obvious, as they had prepared detailed animated films to accompany a lot of the songs. However, I can offer no conclusions as to what exactly they're trying to do because most of the abstruse visual images made little sense to me.

The reason for this was that the films are carefully linked to the lyrics, and without knowing the lyrics it was difficult to decipher the films. All that came across was a broad impression of what the various songs were about.

How they can overcome this, and the fact that the films draw attention away from the music rather than complement it, I don't know — but they are definitely an interesting enigma.

I had put the perfunctory audience response down to a case of miscalculated booking, so I was surprised to see that The Police did little better, though their music was far



Pic: JOE STEVENS

more accessible.

Racy power trio stuff, like a frenzied and energetic version of Bad Company, it was very well played — fast and brash enough to get a new wave tag, but distinct and catchy all the same, particularly the bass player's gleeful white-soul voice.

After The Table, however, they seemed a bit too tame and straightforward.

Paul Rambali

DEVO take CBGBs by storm, says the caption on the picture above. Yes, it's another scoop for the inimitable Brownie 127 of JOE STEVENS, our man in New York with the false moustache and the rap about dirty peechers. Devo is short for Devolution, and this "strange group of intellectuals" lived up to their name by blowing in from Ohio and, says Joe, instantly getting "the boys with the attache cases and cigars reaching for the contracts". However, before the execs could get their hands on Devo, the fabulous Dead Boys beat 'em to it and left Ohio's "sure-fire hits" minus their gym shorts. Don't you wish you'd been there?

BARBARA DICKSON

Pic: T. ROSS



Barbara Dickson DUNFERMLINE

TO THIS audience, packed into the sold-out Carnegie Hall, Barbara Dickson is something special — the hometown girl made good.

But I suppose to most people the name Barbara Dickson conjures up that photo of a white, expressionless visage gazing out from under an ironed out Afro. That's about it as far as her image goes — that and her track record. One neat hit single with "Answer Me", one of the few bright moments from the dreaded *Evita* with "Another Suite Case In Another Hall", and a stint at the ivories with the John, Paul, George, Ringo And Bert show.

It's not a lot to go on, but there is more. Barbara Dickson, you see, has one of those voices.

Boy, can this lady sing! She can glide with glacial beauty, bright and pure, through the high notes. She can slip down to husky warmth, and she can burn with straightforward soul power. When she sang the folk clubs, she could transfix with feeling and intensity. Now she's moving on again, but that

voice is still there.

The work that Barbara Dickson is doing is hard to pigeonhole. There's tastefully chosen contemporary material as always: Steve Goodman's "City Of New Orleans", "The Tatler" a la Ry Cooder, Gerry Rafferty's "City To City" and a couple of Beatles songs as encores.

Then she's slipped in a couple of her own songs, and very good they are too. "Who Was It That Stole Your Heart Away" is dead catchy and would make a very acceptable summer single. "I Could Fall" is beautiful — a simple, wistful, contemplative song that's reminiscent of "Send In The Clowns".

But most of what she does is a kind of pale version of soul with rock undertones. It's the kind of strained funk that you would associate with names like Troy Seals, Mentor "Drift Away" Williams and Barry Goldberg, who wrote most of the songs on the new album.

I have reservations about these songs. They seem to leave Barbara in no-man's-land between warmth and power without ever giving her the chance to show what she's really capable of.

Still, Seals and Williams

(with David Bryant) did write the superb "Stolen Love", and the Dickson performance will have La Ronstadt for one looking to her laurels a bit sharper.

My other small reservation is that the contribution of the four-piece back-up band, drums especially, could be made a bit more spartan. At present they take the edge off Barbara's voice to no good effect of their own.

But let's not be picky. Barbara Dickson fulfils a long-standing British need — a fine lady singer who's not afraid to try something a bit different. There's a whole lot more to Barbara Dickson than meets the eye, and you should check her out.

And on the subject of recommendations, let's not overlook her support act, Andy Desmond. Some of you will recall Andy Desmond from the Hall and Oates tour, and his performance did nothing to detract from his growing reputation. Good voice, strong songs and a pleasingly unaffected style — singer/songwriters are out of season just now, but this man is good news. I'm looking forward to an album from him.

Ian Crahan

Eat your hearts out!

In this issue we get our legs over the most expensive sports bikes in the world — testing the Agusta 750 and 350.

It's a mind blowing experience we wanna share with all you hot machine lovers out there.

We also bring you the inside story on why Phil Read finds it impossible to stay retired.

And among other goodies we scorch our way through a full road test on the new Suzuki 750.

Plus some of the snappiest visuals outside of the Tate.

It's all happening in
SuperBike — July Issue
Out now



A Link House Publication



THURSDAY

ABERTILLERY The Metropole: BURLESQUE
AYLESBURY King's Head: TIM LAYCOCK
AYLESBURY R.A.F. Hall: SOUL DIRECTION
BATH Pump Room: JET HARRIS
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: SHANGHAI
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRIGHTON New Regent Ballroom: KRAKATOA
Bristol Crockers: DAI THE ROCK
Bristol Granary: KRAZY KAT
Bristol Naval Volunteer: SPIDER
CAMBRIDGE Alma Brewery: MARJORY RAZOR-BLADE
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: ALBERTO Y LOST
TRIOS PARANOIAS
CANNOCK Hazel Slade Inn: TONY ROSE
COVENTRY Mr. George's: LITTLE ACRE
COVENTRY Tiffany's: KATSCHOEL EDMONDS
COVENTRY Warwick University: THE DARTS
CROYDON Red Deer: ALTERNATIVE TV
EXETER Zhivago's: OZO
GLASGOW Amphora: THE EXILE
HIGH WYCOMBE Children Rooms: HONKY
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS

HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: THE JAM
KEGWORTH Oddfellows Arms: BILL CADDICK
KENDAL Old Brewery: REDBRASS
LEICESTER University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: CITY BOY
LONDON Barnes Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S
HOT GOOLIES

LONDON Camden Brecknock: SKIN FLICKS
LONDON Camden Dingwalls: THE PIRATES
LONDON Camden Music Machine:
TRAPEZE/IRON MAIDEN

LONDON Covent Garden Roxy Club: HEAD
BANGER & THE NOSE BLEEDS
LONDON DePitford Rachael McMillan College:
WINDOW

LONDON Earls Court Stadium: GENESIS/
RICHIE HAVENS
LONDON East Ham North-East Polytechnic:
ZAINE GRIFF

LONDON Hammersmith Red Cow: TOOTING
FROTTIES
LONDON Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: J. J.
JAMESON

LONDON Islington Hope & Anchor: THE
SAINTS
LONDON Kensington The Nashville: KURSAAL
FLYERS/BUCKLE

LONDON Kingsway Sound Circus: ARCHIE BELL
& THE DRELLS
LONDON Marquee Club: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON Old Bromford Road Troubadour:
DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL

LONDON Palladium: NEIL DIAMOND
LONDON Plumstead Green Man: ZHAIN
LONDON Stoke Newington Rochester Castle:
BRETT MARVIN & THE BLIMPS

LONDON Tooting The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.L. Speakeasy: ALFA LPHIA
LONDON W.M. The Kensington: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON W.C.I. Jeffrey Hall Institute: BOUNCER
LONDON W.C.2 Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP
NEWMAN/BOB FLAG

LONDON W.C.3 Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP
HATCHER BAND
MANCHESTER Ardies at Rathers Club: ASWAD
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: 'O' BAND
MIDNIGHT White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: SLACK ALICE
NEWCASTLE University: PEGGY FERRET & TOM
GILFELLON

NEWCASTLE - UNDER - LYME Tiffany's:
ULTRAVOX
NOTTINGHAM Albert Hall: McALMANS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Palace: NEIL DIAMOND
OXFORD New Theatre: BILLY CONNOLLY
OXFORD Polytechnic: LOTUS
PENZANCE The Garden: THE DAMNED/THE
ADVERTS

PLYMOUTH H.M.S. Drake: GENO WASHINGTON
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: HERON
POYNTON Folk Centre: CUCKOOS NEST
PRESTON Albion Hotel: MONTANA
READING Cap & Crown: CHRIS FOSTER
ROMFORD White Hart: MATCHBOX
ROYSTON Arts Club: JON BETMEAD
SHEFFIELD Royal Oak: MARTIN SIMPSON
STEVENAGE Granpian Hotel: CHRIS BARBER
BAND

STOCKPORT Rydard Hotel: DOWNES & BEER
TONYFANDY Library: CIL DRAGONS
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club:
GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
YEAVILTON Heron Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
YORK Cats Whiskers: LOVE AFFAIR
YORK Goodricke College: GONZALEZ

FRIDAY

ANDOVER Country Bumples: THE REAL THING
BATH University: HERON/RADIATOR
BEARWOOD Bear Hotel: LORNA CAMPBELL &
BRIAN CLARK
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CLAYSON & THE
ARGONAUTS
BIRMINGHAM Newman College: ARBRE
BIRMINGHAM Polytechnic: MUSCLES

BIRMINGHAM The Pose at Barbarella's: 999
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM University: GEORGE HATCHER
BAND / LITTLE ACRE / HOOKER
BORHAMWOOD Civic Hall: STRETCH
BRAintree 21's Club: TONY & THE JAIL-
BREAKERS

BRIGHTON Alhambra: AMAZORBLADES
BRIGHTON Buconner: FLYING SAUCERS
BRIGHTON Springfield Hotel: TAVERNERS
BRIGHTON Top Rank: ARCHIE BELL & THE
DRELLS

BRIGHTON Hippodrome: BILLY CONNOLLY
BRIGHTON Naval Volunteer: QUANTUM
BRIGHTON New Savoy Club: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
BRIGHTON Technical College: DRAGONS
BROADSTAIRS Grand Ballroom: KRAKATOA
GIZMO

BROMLEY White Hart: STAGEFRIGHT
BURNLEY Lucas Social Club: BERNARD WRIGLEY
BURTON 76 Club: RAY PHILLIPS' WOMAN
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: SCREAMING LORD
SUTCH & THE SAVAGES / THE ROMANTICS /
BETHNAL

CARMARTHEN College: UNCLE PO
CLACTON 101 Disco: J.A.L.N. BAND
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: THE STRANG-
ERS
CRANFIELD Institute of Technology: JET HARRIS
CROMER West Runtun Pavilion: JENNY HAAN'S
EGHAM Royal Holloway College: KURSAAL
FLYERS / BURLESQUE / GYGIS
EGREMONT Folk Club Festival: FIVE HAND REEL /
SEAN CANNON / ALBA / TONY CAPTICK /
ROSS McFARLANE etc.

EXETER University: THE DAMNED / THE
ADVERTS
EXETER University: MARTIN CARTER &
GRAHAM JONES
FORDINGBRIDGE Rockbourn West Park:
GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
GLASGOW Saints and Sinners: CHICO
HANLEY Sea Lion Hotel: JOHN DOE BAND
HEREFORD College of Education: JOHNNY THUN-
DER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
HORNCASTLE Town Hall: WHIRLWIND
INDINGHAM Civic Hall: TRAX

KEELE University: CARAVAN / BOOMBAYA
KETERINGHAM East Carlton Manor: CHRIS
BARBER BAND
KIDDERMINSTER Penn Green Hotel: BILL
CADDICK
KINGSWINFORD Woodman Inn: PETE & CHRIS
COE

LACASTER University: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE
SUNSETS
LEEDS Polytechnic: VIBRATORS
LEEDS University: SNEAKERS
LEEK Green Man: HUNTER
LEICESTER University: MOON / OZO
LONDON Berkeley Sq. Free lunchtime concert:
CHRIS BARBER BAND

LONDON Camden Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON Camden Dingwalls: DAVID PARTON
BAND
LONDON Camden Music Machine: JIMMY HELMS
LONDON Covent Garden Roxy Club: THE
SAINTS

LONDON Earls Court Stadium: GENESIS /
RICHIE HAVENS
LONDON Eltham Avery Hill College: SPITERI
LONDON Fulham Greenhouse: STUKAS
LONDON Hammersmith Red Cow: KICKS
LONDON Hampstead Westfield College: FABUL-
OUS POODLES

LONDON Islington Hope & Anchor: BEES
MAKE HONEY
LONDON Kensington The Nashville: LEW LEWIS
BAND
LONDON Kensington Royal College of Art:
ROOGALATOR

LONDON Marquee Club: THE POLICE
LONDON N.I.T. White Hart: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE
RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON Palladium: NEIL DIAMOND
LONDON Putney White Lion: DAVE HOGG
BAND

LONDON Southgate Royalty Ballroom: 5000
VOLTS
LONDON Stoke Newington Rochester Castle:
STRUTTERS / TOOTING FROTTIES
LONDON Twickenham Maria Grey College:
MATCHBOX

LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: PROPAGANDA
LONDON Willesden White Horse: CADILLAC
LONDON W.I. Speakeasy: SOX
LONDON W.C.I. Architectural Association: EXODUS
LONDON W.C.I. School of Oriental & African Studies:
BLACK SLUTE

LONDON W.C.3 The Centre: ZHAIN
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: SHANGHAI
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: BENNY
CARTER & RALPH SUTTON
MATLOCK Pavilion: AFTER THE FIRE
MELTON Mowbray Melton College: ACKER BILK
BAND

NATIONWIDE

MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: GEORGE
SUGDEN ELEVEN
NEWCASTLE City Hall: "SALUTE TO SATCHEL"
with ALEX WELSH / GEORGE CHISHOLM /
HUMPHREY LYTTLETON

NEWCASTLE Victoria Restaurant: MARTIN
SIMPSON
NORTHAMPTON Roanary Club: WILD THING
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: ALKATRAZ
NOTTINGHAM University: THE 'O' BAND
NUNEATON Union Club: SOUL DIRECTION
OXFORD Corpus Christi College: MUNGO JERRY
OXFORD New College: RACING CARS
OXFORD University Centre: GLITTER BAND
READING Top Rank: SYD LAWRENCE
ORCHESTRA

READING University: STRIDER / DAI THE ROCK
RETFORD Porterhouse: SASSAFRAS / BITTER
SUITE
RIPON College of Education: BOUNCER
ROCHESTER Kings Head Hotel: McALMANS
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: ULTRAVOX
SHEFFIELD University: THE DARTS
SOUTHAMPTON University: TOM ROBINSON
BAND

STAFFORD College of Further Education: THE
MOVIES
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: THE JAM / STAMPS
TAMWORTH Chequers: STAGE FRIGHT
THATCHAM Hamilton's Club: DESMOND DEKKER
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: MR. GLAD-
STONE'S BAG

WEYMOUTH College: TELEPHONE BILL & THE
SMOOTH OPERATORS
WINCHESTER King Alfred College: GONZALEZ

SATURDAY

AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: KURSAAL
FLYERS
BEDFORD College of Education: BURLESQUE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CLAYSON & THE
ARGONAUTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE
ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Civic Hall: SUBURBAN
STUDS

BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: BILLY CONNOLLY
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Waterside Club: LITTLE
ACRE
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds:
STAN ARNOLD
BIRMINGHAM The Pose at Barbarella's: 999
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ZETH
BIRMINGHAM St Peter's College: MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM University: CARAVAN
BIRMINGHAM Harold Hill Recreation Hall: FOGGY
BRIGHTON Granary: NO DICE
BRIGHTON Naval Volunteer: AIRGOLD
BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH Yacht Club: CHRIS
BARBER BAND

BURTON B.T.R. Ltd: HARVEY ANDREWS
BURTON-ON-TRENT Horninglow Road Festival:
PENTANGLE II / PRELUDE HARVEY
ANDREWS / DEREK BRIMSTONE / MIRIAM
BACKHOUSE
CHELMSFORD Marconi Club: ACKER BILK BAND
CHELTENHAM Town Hall: GEORGE HATCHER
BAND

COLCHESTER College: VIBRATORS
COVENTRY La Chaux: STAGE FRIGHT
CROMER West Runtun Pavilion: THE DARTS
CROYDON Red Deer: BRABBS BAND
DUDLEY J.B. Club: LEW LEWIS BAND
DURSTALE California: ARCHIE BELL & THE
DRELLS

EDINBURGH Leith Festival doubling Nicky Tam's
BAD NEWS
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: CROOKED OAK
EGREMONT Folk Club Festival: See Friday for details
FARNHAM Roodabout Hotel: JET HARRIS
FOLKESTONE Civic Centre: ALBERTO Y LOST
TRIOS PARANOIAS
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: CITY
BOYCHICO

GLoucester Brockworth House Club: CREPES 'N'
DRAPES
HARLOW Tiffany's (afternoon): BLOKES
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: RAY PHILLIPS'
WOMAN/AMAZORBLADES
HEKTFORD Bells Park College: HERON
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: PETE BROWN'S
BACK TO THE FRONT
HITCHIN Open-Air Festival: ALKATRAZ
LEEDS University: LIAR
LEICESTER University: RADIO CAROLINE
ROADSHOW

LEWES The Lewes Arms: CHRIS FOSTER
LLANDRINDOD Grand Pavilion: JOHNNY THUN-
DER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
LONDON Bloomsbury Bull & Mouth: PEGGY
SEEDER & EWAN MacCOLL
LONDON Camden Brecknock: SLOWBONE
LONDON Camden Dingwalls: SASSAFRAS/
SMILER

LONDON Camden Music Machine: STRETCH
LONDON Cockfosters: Middleses Polytechnic:
F.B.I.
LONDON Covent Garden Roxy Club: THE
SAINTS
LONDON Earls Court Stadium: GENESIS/
RICHIE HAVENS
LONDON Hackney Adam & Eve: VERNON &
THE G.I.'s
LONDON Hammersmith Red Cow: HEAD OVER
HEELS
LONDON Hounslow Sneakies Club: ZHAIN
LONDON Islington Hope & Anchor: PRAIRIE
OYSTER

LOTHIAN NI Weavers Arms: ONE HAND
CLAPPING
LONDON N11 Orange Tree: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: BUZZCOCKS /
THE FALL / VERBAL
LONDON Palladium: NEIL DIAMOND
LONDON Peckham Bouncing Ball: DESMOND
DEKKER

LONDON Plumstead Green Man: CYAN
LONDON Regent's Pk. Cecil Sharp House: PETE
BOND
LONDON Southbank Polytechnic: GONZALEZ
LONDON Stoke Newington Rochester Castle:
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: PROP-
AGANDA

LONDON Waltham Forset North-East Polytech-
nic: STUKAS
LONDON Wandsworth Town Hall: TOM
ROBINSON BAND
LUTON The Kingsway: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE
RHYTHM ROCKERS
MALVERN Winter Gardens: THE JAM
MANCHESTER Bellevue Ballroom: LIVERPOOL
EXPRESS

MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: MARVELS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: AFTER THE
ORCHESTRA
NEWCASTLE University: THE MOVIES
NEWTOWN Elephant & Castle: BETHNAL
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: NUTZ
NOTTINGHAM Rutland Hall: FABULOUS
FOODLES

PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: SHAKIN' STEVENS &
THE SUNSETS
READING Bulmershe College: BOOMBAYA
ROTHERHAM Arts Centre: REDBRASS
SCUNTHORPE Priory Hotel: AMERICAN TRAIN
SHEFFIELD Highgate Hotel: COCKY
SHEFFIELD University: WARREN HARRY
SHOREHAM Harbour Club: SUNSTROKE
ST. IVES (Heats) St. Ivo Centre: GENO
WASHINGTON

TELHAM Black Horse: McALMANS
TORQUAY 400 Club: SOUL DIRECTION
WALSALL West Midlands College: KRAKATOA
WEST BROMWICH Town Hall: BUSTER CRABBE/
SHANGHAI

WIGAN Casino: THE DAMNED/THE ADVERTS
WISBECH Fenland Park: EDGAR BROUGHTON'S
CHILDRENMARRYING ACES
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime) doubling GLAS-
GOV Zhivago's (evening): THE JOLT
YEAVIL Football Club: YETTES
YORK Donnington & Grimston Sports Club: KEITH
MANIFOLD

SUNDAY

AMERSHAM The Crown: MIKE REAN & JOHN
BURGE
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE Tameside Theatre:
CLODAGH RODGERS/PROMISES
BARROW Maxim's Disco: AMERICAN TRAIN
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: ZETH
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: CITY BOY
BRIGHTON Top Rank: OZO
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SKIN TIGHT
CHELMSFORD Chancery Hall: VIBRATORS
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: PLUMMET AIRLINES
CHESTERFIELD Bluebell Club: AFTER THE FIRE
CREW Brunswick Hotel: DOWNES & BEER
CROYDON Greyhound: THE JAM
DOUGLAS Isle of Man Palace Lido: DEAD END
KIDS

EASTBOURNE The Beachy Head: J. J. JAMESON
EDINBURGH Police Club: THERAPY
EXETER Welcome Inn: MARTIN CARTER &
GRAHAM JONES
HEYWOOD Seven Stars: ZHAIN
IPSWICH Corn Exchange: "SALUTE TO SATCHEL"
with ALEX WELSH / GEORGE CHISHOLM /
HUMPHREY LYTTLETON

GUILDFORD Civic Hall: CARAVAN
HARLOW Bandstand: SYD LAWRENCE
ORCHESTRA
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: SHANGHAI

GENESIS at Earls Court

GENESIS (left) play their only British gigs for the rest of this year at London Earls Court on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Special guest is Richie Havens, on his first visit to this country since 1973.

DIAMOND at the Palladium

NEIL DIAMOND (right) headlines five concerts in four days at the London Palladium, starting on Thursday. These will be followed on Saturday, July 2, by his open-air concert at Woburn Abbey.



GIG GUIDE

LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: BILLY CONNOLLY LEICESTER Tiffany: RIKKI/LAST DAYS OF EARTH
LIVERPOOL The Shipperies: BODY
LONDON BATTERSEA South Bank: ACKER BILK BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: STRIPJACK
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JO-ANN KELLY/CAROL GRIMES/QUINTESSENCE II
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: JUNE TABOR
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE STRANGLERS / THE CORTINAS
LONDON CHLSEA Cafe des Artistes: THUNDER-CLAP NEWMAN / BOB FLAG
LONDON CHLSEA Man in the Moon: NEO
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: ALKATRAZ
LONDON GREENWICH Well Hall Theatre: JAKE THACKRAY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: SOUNDER
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SLIP-STREAM
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: STRUT-TERS
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: RAIN-STORM
LONDON Palladium: NEIL DIAMOND
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Open Air Theatre: MIKE WESTBROOK BAND/HENRY COW
LONDON STROKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TENDERPOOT
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE DAMNED/THE ADVERTS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: SPINNERS
MATLOCK Baths Pavilion: KEITH MANFOLD
NOTTINGHAM Arts Festival: GORDON GILTRAP
POYNTON Folk Centre: TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND
RAMSBOTTOM Grants Arms: FOGGY
RED CAR Coalbrook Bowl: MR. BIG
REDHILL Lakens Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: STRETCH
SOUTHEAST Railway Hotel: JENNY BEECHING & TONY CLIFF
STEVENAGE Gordon Craig Centre: RAY DORSET & MURDO JERRY
WIGAN Rugby Club: BERNARD WRIGLEY
YORK Theatre Royal: REDBRASS

MONDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Mokka Ballroom: HERON
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: GRIND
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: TOOTING FROTTIES
BRISTOL Chutes Club: GENERATION X
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: AJ WEBBER
CHESTER Quaintway: OZO
CHIGWELL Row Camelot Club: SUMMER WINE
COLCHESTER Windmill Hotel: THE CHANTS
CONVENTRY Tracey's: ROCK ISLAND LINE
DONCASTER Outlook Club: BURLESQUE
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
HAWICK Town Hall: MR. BIG
HEREFORD Crystal Rooms: CHRIS BARBER BAND
HULL Tiffany's: ZHAIN
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LANCASTER University: THE DAMNED/THE ADVERTS
LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Hall: SCAFFOLD
LONDON BATTERSEA Town Hall: THE JAM
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: HOOKER
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GLORIA MUNDINEO
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: XTC
LONDON EDMONTON Cooks Ferry Inn: QUARTZ
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: RAY PHILLIPS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: LURKERS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SKEW-DRIVER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ALKATRAZ
LONDON Marquee Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
LONDON STROKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: URCHIN
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: AMAZOR-BLADES
LONDON WEALDSTONE Royal Oak: JUNE TABOR
LONDON W4 The Kensington: LANDSCAPE
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: BILLY CONNOLLY
NEWCASTLE University: WALLY WHYTON/BRIAN CHALKER / THE NEW FRONTIER/PETE STANLEY/BRIAN GOLDBY
ORPINGTON Bryan Oak: STAN ARNOLD
PLYMOUTH Caslaways: THE REAL THING
PRESTON Lamb Hotel: NIC JONES
STAFFORD Top Of The World: JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
ST. AUUSTELL Par Royal Hotel: PEABODY & McNULTY

TUESDAY

BANGOR Theatre Gwynedd: BROKEN ARROW
BENFLEET Crooked Bilet: BILL CADDICK
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: THE DAMNED/THE ADVERTS
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: THE 'O' BAND/AMAZORBLADES
CHELTHAM Esplanade Arms: MIKE RYAN & JOHN BURGE
CROYDON Scamp: FRUIT EATING BEARS
GARSTANG Eagle & Child: BERNARD WRIGLEY
HALESOWEN Royal Oak: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
HARLOW Tiffany's: VIBRATORS
HUNGERFORD Jazz Club: CHRIS BARBER BAND
HULL Tiffany's: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS
PARANOLAS
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: ZHAIN
LEAMINGTON Royal Spa Centre: STRETCH
LINCOLN Drill Hall: THE JAM
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: NORTH SIDE R & B ENSEMBLE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON CHLSEA Man in the Moon: RIKKI/LAST DAYS OF EARTH
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: EATER
LONDON ENFIELD Middlesex Polytechnic: STRAY/99/BROWN/GENERATION X
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SPITERI
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: LANDSCAPE
LONDON HAMPTSTEAD Three Horseshoes: AMITY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE PIRATES
LONDON Marquee Club: CITY BOY
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Trobadour: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: THE DARTS/THE ZOOTS
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: JOHNNY MOPED
LONDON STROKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: XTC
MILFORD HAVEN The Centre: DEAD END KIDS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFPA
PENZANCE The Garden: MATT VINYL & THE UNDERCOATS
RIMFORD Golden Lion: STAN ARNOLD
SCUNTHORPE Tiffany's: BURLESQUE
SHEWSDURRY Tiffany's: ULTRAVOX
SOUTH MILFORD Cocked Hat: RIVENDELL
SOUTHPORT Midnight Lounge: MONTANA
ST. NEOT'S Kings Head: FLAKY PASTRY

WEDNESDAY

ASHEFORD Wye College: AFTER THE FIRE
BIRMINGHAM Boppy's: HUNTER
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BRIDGEND Recreation Centre: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
BROMLEY The Square: STAGEFRIGHT
CHECKENDON Four Horseshoes: BILL CADDICK
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
DARLINGTON Incongnito Club: KRAKATOA
DONCASTER Outlook Club: F.B.I./FABULOUS POODLES
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: CHICO
EXETER Catharis: PLAENET
GLASGOW City Hall: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
ILFORD King's Club: THE CHANTS
KETERING Freshwater: MUSCLES
KING'S LYNN Norfolk College of Art: SLACK ALICE
LANCASTER University: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS
PARANOLAS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JENNY HAA'S LION
LONDON CHLSEA Man in the Moon: X-RAY SPEX
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RIKKI / LAST DAYS OF EARTH
LONDON DEPTFORD The Albany: REDBRASS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: WINDOW
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: LURKERS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: FRACTURE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON STROKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DOWLINERS SECT/LOWDOWN

LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post: GENERATION X
LONDON W.I. Adams Arms: ROY HARRIS
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: BURLESQUE
PLYMOUTH Good Companions: CHRIS BARBER BAND
RYDE (I.A.W.) La Bahulu Club: TRAX
SHEFFIELD Fiesta: ALVIN STARDUST
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
SUTTON Scamp: CADILLAC
SWINDON The Affair: VIBRATORS
WATER ORTON Blackthorn: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
YORK Cats Whiskers: THE JAM

RESIDENCES

AVEMORE Folk Festival: RAB NOAKES / ALBION DANCE BAND / ROY HARRIS / THERAPY etc. Friday for three days
BATLEY Variety Club: DAVE BERRY & JIM CROW Wednesday (29) for four days
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: CANDLEWICK GREEN Week from Monday
BRISTOL Crockers: LISSEN Monday for three days
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: NOLAN SISTERS Summer season opens Friday
LEICESTER Bailey's: TERRY WEBSTER & DICTIO-NARY Week from Monday
LICHFIELD Folk Festival: ROARING JELLY / GARY & VERA ASPEY / RIPLEY WAYFARERS / JULIAN EYRE / COSMOTHEKA etc. Friday for three days
LONDON DRURY LANE The London Room: BILL FREDERICKS Week from Sunday
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: GENESIS / RICHIE HAVENS Thursday for three days
LONDON Palladium: NEIL DIAMOND Thursday for four days (sold out)
LONDON PICCADILLY Aphrodite's Club: SAND-PIPERS Currently until July 3
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: CARMEN McRAE Monday for two weeks
LUTON Cesar's: JOHNNY NASH Week from Sunday
NEWCASTLE New Tyne Theatre: JACK THE LAD Tuesday (28) for three days
NOTTINGHAM Heart of the Midlands: THE BROTHERS Week from Sunday
OLDHAM Bailey's: CURLEY Thursday for three days
READING Berkshire Midsummer Festival: LEON ROSSELSON / ROY BAILEY / PACKIE BYRNE & BONNIE SHALJEAN / A. L. LLOYD / JOHNNY COLLINS etc. Friday for three days
SCARBOROUGH Floral Hall: BERT WEEDON Summer season opens Tuesday (28)
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: BOBBY SOX & THE PRIZE GUYS Thursday for three days
SOUTH SHIELDS Taverna (doubling NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita): FREDDIE "FINGERS" LEE BAND Week from Monday
STOCKTON Fiesta: SHEER ELEGANCE Week from Monday
SWANSEA Townsmen Club: THE DOOLEYS Week from Monday
WATFORD Bailey's: NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND Week from Sunday

TV RADIO

ANOTHER WEEK devoid of rock on the box. The schedules are liberally peppered with sport and repeats but, although there are a few items of MOTR interest, the rock enthusiast must look elsewhere for satisfaction.
BBC-1 has Jimmy Savile with "Top Of The Pops" on Thursday, when it also starts repeating Max Bygraves' recent BBC-2 series. On Saturday there's Berni Flint, Miquel Brown and Dukes & Lee in "Seaside Special", and Lena Martell and the New Seekers in the late-night "Make The Music Speak".
BBC-2's three contributions are all repeats... The Three Degrees and Charles Aznavour in the "Shirley Bassey Show" (Thursday); and Barbara Dickson in "The Two Ronnies" and Fivpenenny Piece in "The Camera And The Song" (both on Monday).
Apart from "The Muppets" (another repeat) at the weekend, all ITV has to offer is Marc Bolan in "Get It Together" on Wednesday.
Even Radio 1's outstanding weekend highlight is a repeat, but well worth catching for all that. It's Rod Stewart in concert at Olympia (6.30 pm Saturday), first broadcast on Christmas Eve.

JAZZ DIARY

THE UNLIKELY and highly successful merger of Henry Cow with the Mike Westbrook Brass Band and singer Frankie Armstrong into The Orchestra will be repeated on 26th June in Regent's Park Open Air Theatre. The 1977 Tour by American Students Bands winds up in London at the International Students House, 229 Great Portland Street, on 1st July; bands include The Hammer College Band from Toronto, The Aptos High School Band from California, and The Arden Intermediate Jazz Band, also from California. Third of the special Jazz Centre Society events is the Battersea Arts Centre presentation of John Stevens' Spontaneous Music Ensemble, the string version with guitar, violin and cello, on 24th June.

John Stevens' long-gone Little Theatre Club residency pre-dated the New York Loft scene by years. These days his gigs at The Plough, Stockwell, are very much in that line, and deserve support. Mostly with Evan Parker and Barry Guy, the music coming out of that boozier is the high-point of my week, with sax sitters-in driven into their deepest resources by the challenge. Next gig at The Plough, Frank Charl-ton Quintet on 23rd June; Terry Smith Quartet on 25th; Coharus on 30th and John Stevens & Friends on 1st July.

Stanley Unwin, dyslexia-dude of humour, is giving "A Poty History of Jazz" at the Pizza Express, Dean Street on 24th June. The Keith Ingham Trio plus Digby Fairweather are there on 25th.

New releases from ECM include Keith Jarrett's "Staircase", a double album of solo piano, "Polarization" by Julian Priester & Marine Intrusion, "Watercolors" by guitarist Pat Metheny and "Dis" by Jan Garbarek with Ralph Towner.

Two from Ogun: "The Cheque Is In The Mail" by Elton Dean, Joe Gallivan and Kenny Wheeler, and "They All Be On This Old Road" by the Elton Dean Quartet, including Keith Tippett, Chris Lawrence and Louis Moholo. Brian Case

The Man In The Shades by BENYON



THE CARTOONS shown in our Graham Parker competition illustrated the following:

- A. No. 21 (Help Me Shake It)
- B. No. 6 (Back To School Days)
- C. No. 19 (Back Door Love)
- D. No. 3 (Silly Thing)
- E. No. 20 (Something You're Goin' Thru)

The following entrants, senders of the first 50 correct entries checked after the closing date, won the exclusive, rare and unspeakably precious "Live At Marble Arch" albums. They are: Richard Barrett, Lutterworth. Bryan Bull, Gillingham. Richard Bull, Oldham. Mick Cavalla, Basildon. Neil Chalmers, Glasgow. R. J. Chambers, Bromley. Alan Clark, Ashington. Charlie Connolly, High Wycombe. Keith Cottrell, Birmingham. Peter Creenan, Hart-lepool. N. Cubitt, Kettering. G. Dean, Fresh-field. Richard Evans, Coventry. David Fryatt, London E2. Adrian Grimshaw, Kettering. Ronald Gurr, Edinburgh. Mrs. Tracy Hancock, Manchester.

Michael Harney, Skipton. K. Hickson, Coventry. M. J. Kirrich, Corsham. S. P. Laming, Chatham. Terry Lewis Basildon. D. Stuart Linn, Edinburgh. Nick Love, Birming-ham. Timothy Maher, Harlow. Gus McCall, Accrington. Brian Moore, Sheffield. D. R. Moore, Scarborough. Bruno Morelli, Troon. Philip Morrison, Liverpool. Stefan Mucha, Kempston. Michael Munslow, Worcester. Mick Noble, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. D. Paul O'Sulli-van, London N1. Mr. G. A. Palmer, Sunbury-on-Thames. G. N. Parker, Dewsbury. John C. Pugh, Liverpool. Tim Purvis, Washington. Phil Simmons, Wenderow. J. Smith, London E3. Andy Spencer, Bath. Joe Spencer, Newcastle-on-Tyne. R. K. Stevens, West Croydon. Mick Stott, Blyth. Bob Swan, Blackburn. Peter Tamkin, Brighton. Michael Taylor, Dunbar. Mike Wathen, Morden. Gemma Whibley, Leicester. Pete Wild, Winchester.

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 p.m. to 11.00 p.m.
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs. 23rd June (Adm 85p) AFTER THE FIRE Plus support & Ian Fleming	Mon. 27th June (Adm 70p) GEORGE HATCHER BAND Plus guests & Jerry Floyd
Fri. 24th June (Adm 70p) THE POLICE Plus The Larkers & Ian Fleming	Tues. 28th June (Adm 85p) CITY BOY Andy Desmond & Jerry Floyd
Sat. 25th June (Adm 75p) Free admission with this ad. Before 8 pm SQUEEZE Plus support & Ian Fleming	Wed. 29th June (Adm 75p) HERON Plus support & Jerry Floyd
Sun. 26th June (Adm 85p) S. A. L. T. Plus Friends and Nick Laigh	Thurs. 30th June (Adm 85p) ULTRAVOX! The Strakes & Ian Fleming Flares come early

Hamburgers & other hot & cold snacks are available

READING ROCK '77

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND



The Bawl-room
THE KING'S HEAD BALLROOM
HARRISON ON THE HILL

SUNDAY JUNE 26th

The welcome return of
THE STREETBAND

Sounds Lights Bar Cheap beer

Members 60p Non members 75p
BAR TO 10.30 — BE THERE!

Next week — HUNGRY HORSE

Friday June 24th Free

KICKS
(Featuring Paul Randolph & Alan Powell ex Hawkwind)

Saturday June 25th Free

Head Over Heels

Sunday June 26th Free

Sounder

Thursday June 23rd Free

TOOTIE FRUITIES

Wednesday June 29th Free

The Lurkers

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASH VILLE ROOM

Thursday June 23rd £1.00
KURSAAL FLIERS

Friday June 24th £1.00
LEW LEWIS BAND

Saturday June 25th 90p
999

Sunday June 26th 60p
THE STRUTTERS

Monday June 27th 60p
ALCATRAZ

Tuesday June 28th £1.00
THE PIRATES

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel. 01 603 6071)

HASTINGS PIER
Saturday June 25th
The return of

Hollywood Killers

The first group to play The Moon and win!
Be There Hastings

13th Cambridge Folk Festival

Cherry Hinton Hall Grounds
July 29, 30 and 31

Don McLean; Ralph McTell; David Bromberg Band; Boys of the Lough; Bert Jansch; Albion Dance Band; Martin Carthy; Cousin Joe from New Orleans; Vin Garbutt; Alex Campbell; Bernard Wrigley; Magna Carta; Jean Redpath; Johnny Silvo; Andy Irvine and Paul Brady; Bill Caddick; Dick Fegy; Hunters' Moon; Fred Wedlock; Bill Keith; Tony Rice; David Grisman; Frances Gillyray and Mick Burke; Telephone Bill and The Smooth Operators; Jim Page; Joanne Carlin; Stephen Wade; Johnny Morris

FREE CAMPING ★ REAL ALE
ON SITE FOOD AND DRINK (Hot or Cold)

TICKETS: Day £3, Weekend £5
Box Office: Central Library, Lion Yard, Cambridge, Tel 57851
Promoted by Cambridge City Council

City of London Polytechnic S.U.
102/105 Whitechapel High Street E.1.
Friday June 24th at 7.30 pm.
A FANCY DRESS SUMMER BALL
with
METROPOLIS
(ex-Pretty Things)
S.A.L.T. + support

Late Bar (real ale) Food available
Tickets 70p in advance — 70p on door if in Fancy dress, £1.00 if not!

TELEPHONE 01-387-04289

MUSIC MACHINE

CAMDEN HIGH ST. OFF. MARCHINGTON CRESCENT TUBE - NW.1

THURSDAY 23 JUNE £1.00 TRAPEZE + IRON MAIDEN D.J. Jerry Floyd	MONDAY 27 JUNE £1.00 GLORIA MUNDI + Support Free admission for one with this ad before 10.30 pm
FRIDAY 24 JUNE £1.50 Only London date of JIMMY HELMS + HOOKEY DALLION + D.J. Jerry Floyd	TUESDAY 28 JUNE £1.00 CRAZY CAVAN & THE RHYTHM ROCKERS + Support Free admission for one with this ad before 10.30 pm
SATURDAY 25 JUNE £2.00 STRETCH + Support	WEDNESDAY JUNE 29 JENNY HAAN'S LION + Support D.J. Jerry Floyd Free admission for one with this ad before 10.30 pm

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
3PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

BARBEQUE GRILL
NOW OPEN
UPSTAIRS

THURSDAY JUNE 23rd £1.00
THE SAINTS

FRIDAY JUNE 24th 70p
BEES MAKE HONEY

SATURDAY JUNE 25th 50p
PRAIRIE OYSTER

MONDAY JUNE 27th Free
SKREWDRIVER

TUESDAY JUNE 28th 75p
LEW LEWIS BAND

WEDNESDAY JUNE 29th 50p
HEAD OVER HEELS

UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY

Enquiries to Jazz Centre Society, c/o C.A. 12 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 4ET

At THE PHOENIX, Cavendish Square, W1 (Oxford Circus tube) 8.00 pm

Wednesday June 22nd
GRAHAM COLLIER MUSIC

Wednesday June 29th
BOBBY BRADFORD QUARTET

At SEVEN DIALS, 27 Shilton Street, WC2 (Covent Garden, Leicester Square tubes) 8.30 pm

Thursday June 23rd
DON RENDELL FIVE

Thursday June 30th
SUSANNAH MCCORKLE
KEITH INGHAM QUARTET
featuring Duncan Lamont

The O Band

ON TOUR

JUNE

- 6 Granary Club BRISTOL
- 8 Dartington College of Art DARTINGTON
- 9 The Garden Ballroom PENZANCE
- 10 Castaways Leisure Centre PLYMOUTH
- 11 Balls Park Centre HERTFORD
- 15 Imperial Hotel BLACKPOOL
- 16 Town Hall WEST BROMWICH
- 17 The Penthouse SCARBOROUGH
- 18 The Porterhouse EAST RETFORD
- 23 The Crypt MIDDLESBOROUGH
- 24 Hugh Stuart Hall NOTTINGHAM
- 25 The Electric Circus MANCHESTER
- 28 The Chancellor Hall CHELMSFORD
- 30 Tiffany's DERBY

JULY

- 2 Pier Pavilion HASTINGS

SNEAKIES ROCK CLUB

White Bear, Kingsley Road, Hounslow

Saturday June 25th
ZHAIN

Sunday June 26th
NO SWEAT

Members 35p Non members 40p

FRARS

AT THE VALE HALL
AYLESBURY

Saturday June 25th at 7.30 pm
LADS WHAT PLAY GUITARS

KURSAAL FLIERS

CONTEMPT

AC SOUNDS AND VISION

Tickets 140p from Earth Records, Aylesbury; Sun Music High Wycombe; Ellis Jon's Amersham; Free 'n' Easy, Hemel Hempstead; P.J. Moore Dunstable and Luton; H.V. Buckingham de 140p at door on night. Life membership 25p.
BENEATH THE STARS WE PLAY OUR GUITARS, JUST LIKE EDDIE

Midland Folk Promotions
PRESENT AN
EIGHT HOUR

Folk Festival

Artists Include:-
PENTANGLE II
PRELUDE
HARVEY ANDREWS
DEREK BRIMSTONE
MIRIAM BACKHOUSE
LEONARD & SQUIRE
HOLLERIN' DAVE BULL
THE ALLCOCK BROTHERS
PLUS SUPPORTING ACTS...

Undercover if wet
Saturday 25th June, 3.00p.m. to 11p.m.,
Hornunglow Road (A50),
Burton-on-Trent.

Tickets £2.50 each from Midland Folk Promotions
5, West Avenue, Hilton, Derby.

LICENSE APPLIED FOR. REFRESHMENTS

TOO GOOD TO MISS — BOOK NOW!

ROCK AGAINST RACISM PRESENTS

BUZZ COCKS

+ VERBALS

At N.E. London Poly, Longbridge Road, Barking.
Saturday June 25th at 8.30 pm
Admission 80p on door.

SOUND CIRCUS

ROYALTY THEATRE - PORTUGAL STREET - KINGSWAY - WC2

ADVANCE BOOKING OFFICE (Mon-Sat 10am-6pm) Tel. 01 405 8004 And Usual Agents
(RESTAURANT AND BARS OPEN LUNCHTIMES Mon-Fri 12.30-3.00pm)

GEORGE HATCHER BAND

AND GUESTS

SUN. 17 JULY 7.30 pm. £1.50, £1.00

SPEAKEASY
01-580 7730

Thursday June 23rd
ALFALPHA

Friday June 24th
SOX

Saturday June 25th
UPROAR

Monday June 27th
FUSION

Tuesday June 28th
LIGHTNING RAIDERS

Wednesday June 29th
METROPOLIS

Thursday June 30th
ALFALPHA

Ring for details
Speakeasy
50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 2010

THE ROKY CLUB
41/43 NEAL ST.
COVENT GARDEN, WC2

Wednesday June 22nd
AUDITION NIGHTS
30p before 10 pm, 50p after 10 pm

SHOP LIFTERS
+ GLORIA MUNDI
Thursday June 23rd
HEAD BANGER & THE NOSE BLEEDS
+ Support

Friday June 24th
THE SAINTS
+ NEO

Saturday June 25th
THE SAINTS
+ MEGAN STREET

Wednesday June 29th
AUDITION NIGHTS
30p before 10pm, 50p after 10pm

BERNI TORME
+ ICEBERGS

Thursday June 30th
ELECTRIC CHAIRS
+ ALTERNATIVE TV

Friday July 1st
ELECTRIC CHAIRS
+ ALTERNATIVE TV

Saturday July 2nd
SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
+ VIOLENT

Tom Petty

RAINBOW
TOM PETTY now must know exactly how Nils Lofgren was feeling when the punk (sic) from the South supported the punk (sic) from Washington all over Europe and the northerner had to pull out every Barnum and Bailey trick in the rock'n'roll showbiz book to hang on to his credibility.

For this little Tom Petty-topping jaunt about the British Isles, you see, the boot has been — 'ow you say? — on ze other foot.

The Boomtown Rats are a Dublin band whose visual points up how almost the only thing that separates Northern Soul and Southern Punk images is the width of the trousers, and they have, it is said, been giving Mr. Petty certain cause for umbrage in their outing as support band. The stock headliner's prerogatives, such as only uttering minimal time permitted for the support band's sound-check, have been wielded. This is because, it appears, The Boomtown Rats are a very strong outfit indeed.

Basically, they play amphetamine hard rock with a lot of soul. In the tradition of provincial English bands with a penchant for the blues, they possess a keyboard player who sticks in great rolling Alan Price-in-the-days-of-The-Animals underlays to each number. They have a very tight, black-sounding rhythm section, plus twin guitarists who inject heavy metal density, though not volume, into the proceedings.

They also have a very powerful vocalist with an excellent line in Jaggeresque/gygy onstage movements.

Tom Petty's main problem is that he was being billed as a punk, at a time of shifting (or, in fact, already long shifted) definitions. But these days,

Tom Petty: too pretty for his own good?

anyway, not even sociologically backward Yanks can get away with selling themselves as that and try wearing a black velvet suit and a pink satin shirt onstage.

Now, we may look at the grizzly machismo that he and his band parade before our retinas and remember The Hollies going on TV for the first time with their hair still swept back, or Procol Harum desperately trying to grow moustaches before "White Shade Of Pale" slipped from number one, and we may conclude that the visuals will be a little more appetising, perhaps, next time around.

But this does not highlight the essential dilemma that is Tom's — to go for critical acclaim and a sizable cult following, or just to empty bottles of organic shampoo every night over those milkmaid-and-buttercup looks, sparkle up the choppers and mosey on down that biodegradable rock trail and head The Eagles off by the National Cash Registers?

Tom Petty seemed snared in that dilemma for the length of his set.

What Petty should be doing is going up onstage and churning out great three-minute self-penned song after great three-minute self-penned song. What he should not be doing is diluting his abilities with the same kind of US showbiz flash in the stage presentation that the aforementioned Nils Lofgren pulled out as a security blanket on the recent tour.

Indeed, it certainly seemed as though Petty was far from

"Blitz!"

Pic: DAVID HILL



totally confident in his bill-topping role. Obviously The Boomtown Rats hadn't helped either, but there were times when he came across as rattled or just plain weak — though I did also hear that he's pretty exhausted from this European tour.

Anyway, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers played twelve numbers in total. Had they dropped the fairly redundant display of guitar hero posing in front of the quasi-cosmic and ill-chosen global backdrop during the quite interminable closer, "Dog On The Run", they could have played at least three more. Why should they want to, though? As it was, the set was greeted by a near-orgasm of approval.

However, the reason most of the audience were going gaga was because of what Petty had achieved, patchily, in the earlier part of the set — memories of the spine-tapping sensuality of the intro to "Breakdown" and of the classic rock'n'roll sense of shimmering tension that holds you throughout "All American Girl" and even (for the truly prescient) of "Route 66", the bitching second encore.

Petty's guitar-playing can also be very good indeed when he's not playing to the back-drop. He's certainly one of the strongest American players about, alternating sweet blues licks with feisty white rock interchanges with Heartbreak-

ers guitarist Mike Campbell — who is also no slouch at playing the six-stringed beast. As are none of the band, in fact.

One of the main bitches about the whole overblown production job (in addition to what's already been mentioned the set was big on Hollywood deep "mood" lighting, calls of "England, We Love You", and an album logo backdrop for the encores) is that it detracted from the band and placed everything on the not exactly Atlas-like shoulders of Tom. A mention, then, for Benmont Tench's keyboards and the rhythm section of drummer Stan Lynch and bassist Ron Blair.

As it was, it seems that the most memorable aspects of the set are not visions of storming rock'n'roll but moments like the searing vibrato vocal riff on "Strangers In The Night". In fact, one is led to notice just how many of Petty's songs are bound together by vocal, as opposed to instrumental, riffs. Actually, maybe this thing about the presentation is all wrong. Maybe it doesn't matter at all. Maybe what Petty and the Heartbreakers are giving us is just some kind of very laidback seminar on the eclecticism of the past twenty years of US rock.

Maybe, though, the professor would feel more secure were his lessons less overshadowed by the paraphernalia of teaching.

Chris Salewicz

Plummet Airlines Claire Hamill NASHVILLE ROOMS

THE LAST TIME I saw Claire Hamill was a couple of years ago. Her new album was just out and a single of "Geronimo's Cadillac" was nudging its way into the bottom of the charts. Confident, she'd turned down a spot on *The Old Grey Whistle Test* because they'd wanted her to do an acoustic set. No, she had a new band all her own and she wasn't going to go on the box doing her folkie singer-songwriter thing — not any more.

So now it's the sticky end of a hot weekend and she's playing the opening set at the Nashville: support to Plummet Airlines and her name isn't even on the gig sheet outside. No band, just acoustic guitar.

She starts off with "Cadillac" in the hope that some folk will remember it. It's the only song in the set that's not her own; the only one that isn't new. The next two numbers show her at her best — "In My Dreams" and "Peter Went To Paris" — voice deep and full of confidence, occasionally swooping into the upper register in a manner that has to be reminiscent of Joni Mitchell. The lyrics, too. "This is a kind of relationship song," she says, the Georgia accent still there in the voice. They all are. They don't flinch and they trust you to listen, believe it.

And the audience is listening. Not always the case here, especially with an act like Claire's. You can see she feels good about it, secure enough to stop a number after one verse, retune and start again. It's a good set.

The only weakness is her

one country song, the only time she becomes anonymous, unreal. But she's going out on a country package in July. It's work.

I want her to do a raunchy blues like Jimmy Reed's "Baby, What's Wrong With You" on the second album, but she finishes with another new song and despite shouts for more it's over.

Plummet Airlines are having problems, too. In danger of being swamped by the New Wave, they start like a band that's gone under twice and is struggling to avoid the fatal third. Desperate to avoid the taint of a hippie image, the lead singer leaps on stage wearing plastic shades and flashing V-signs at the audience — which may not be the best way to go about it.

They've lost a guitarist, got a new manager, dropped the Dylan songs and suchlike they used to feature. It's mostly their own material and although it boogies along and keeps the audience happy, it's fairly undistinguished.

After a strong guitar solo by Duncan Kerr on their version of "Casey Jones" things pick up. Harry Stephenson has a good voice and presence. Slightly manic, like a Graham Parker who's been stretched on the rack. He also wrote their two most distinctive songs, "You Don't Get No Oscar From Me" and "Took A Long Time".

They'll survive, but maybe not in this form.

Backstage, Claire Hamill's happy. Someone came round after her set and offered her a college gig for the following night. Next time she's at the Nashville I reckon someone will be supporting her. She might even have her own band. At twenty-two, starting all over again — but like Mel and Tim say: "It's gonna be tough, but we're gonna make it."

John Harvey

Live in Concert
THE ENID
with Special Guests
Clayson & the Argonauts

Saturday July 9th
at the Drill Hall, Hornglow Street,
Burton-on-Trent

Licensed Bar 7pm — 12pm.
Tickets £1.40.
Send SAE to: Galaxy, High
Street, Burton-on-Trent

THE KENSINGTON
Russell Gardens, W14
Tel: 01-603 3245

Thursday June 23rd
HEADS OVER HEELS
Friday June 24th

TELEMACQUE
Saturday June 25th

BASIL'S BALLSUP BAND
Sunday June 26th

PAZ
Monday June 27th

LANDSCAPE
Tuesday June 28th

CIMARONS
Wednesday June 29th

GEORGE KHAN'S MIRAGE

CHISWICK POLY,
BATH ROAD
(Turnham Green Tube)
Friday July 1st

MOON
+ SUPPORT
DISCO + BAR
85p in advance or N.U.S. card holders
£1.00 on door

E.W.S. MANAGEMENT
PRESENTS

LEARGO
In concert with guests

Friday June 24th
at 7.30 pm

at
Digbeth Civic Hall
Birmingham

Admission £1.00

THE MILLABOUT ROCK CLUB
Clarence Hotel, Park Road, Teddington

Thursday June 23rd
SABOTEUR

Admission 40p. Membership 25p
Bar 8pm — midnight
Next Week: Clemon Pull

THE PEGASUS

109 Green Lanes,
Stoke Newington N.16

Friday, June 24th
9 pm-12 pm

**ANDY'S NEW
ROCK BAND**

Admission: 50p after 10 pm

Saturday, June 25th
9 pm-12 pm

SUNSET

Admission: 50p after 10 pm

City Rock
City Tavern,
New Writtle Street,
Chelmsford

Sunday, June 26th

**PLUMMET
AIRLINES**

80p 8 till 11 80B

Next week JOHN OTWAY &
WILD WILLY BARRETT

WORDS (Barry Clarke) CITY HALL, ST ALBANS
SATURDAY JUNE 25th at 7.45pm

CADO BELLE

+SPECIAL GUESTS Tanya Hyde & The Tormentors

Mary Jane Disco — Bar — Food

Advance Tickets £1.10 (inc VAT) from Box Office, Chequer St., St. Albans. Tel. 64511 or £1.20 (inc VAT) on door



"I knew the Bride
(When she used to
Rock & Roll)"
Dave Edmunds

His new single (SSK 1941) from his
album 'Get It' (SSK 5940) Got it?

DAVE EDMUNDS...GET IT



Available on Swan Song Records and Tapes

RING ANDY McDUFF ON 01-261 6172

Sager: moving out alive . . .

Carole Bayer Sager

DENVER, COLORADO CAROLE BAYER SAGER was relaxing backstage, enjoying the afterglow of her first-ever public performance, when she was approached by a grinning well-wisher.

"Do you realize that you were personally responsible for the most popular joke in my 8th grade class?" he challenged.

Sager smiled shyly and asked him about his joke.

"What do you get when you use a corduroy Johnny?"

"I . . . don't know."

"A Groovy Kind Of Love."

She had to chuckle. Carole Bayer Sager wrote that tune over ten years ago. In the last few years she's written lyrics with Marvin Hamlisch, Melissa Manchester, Peter Allen and Bette Midler. It was only months ago that old friend Richard Perry convinced her to step in front of a

microphone and sing her own songs.

The resulting album, "Carole Bayer Sager", spawned an immediate English hit, "You're Moving Out Today." After flying over to tape a *Top Of The Pops* show, she returned to Los Angeles and put together a stage act. In Denver, she started a small tour to support the album and test the onstage waters after learning to swim in the studio.

Sager has a sizable past repertoire to rely upon, which is her current claim to fame Stateside. In her first concert, though, she only alluded to her pre-recording career with a medley of "A Groovy Kind Of Love" / "Midnight Blue" / "When I Need You", hits for The Mindbenders, Melissa Manchester and Leo Sayer respectively.

Her back-up band, led by Manchester's ex-musical director Stanley Schwartz, eased Sager into a comfortable niche to recreate her album's charming pop. The cabaret-like swinging precision of the group (currently nameless after someone pointed out the merits of "The CBS Band")

allowed her to relax a little and work on establishing a stage persona.

For the time being, that consists of her considerable little-girl charm (still intact at age 30), not at all recalling her New York lyricist background. She's short and pretty, and her petite Shirley Temple croak was endearing enough to warrant an encore (much to the consternation of the band, who didn't know any more songs).

The highlight of the set was "You're Moving Out Today", with Sager moving around the 250-seat club singing to various male members of the audience. The recorded version hasn't been released as a single in the States, since pal and co-writer Bette Midler has her version out shuffling around the bottom of the charts. Sager's interpretation is superior, but as she explained, "It would put a strain on the writing relationship. I don't want to be in competition with her."

Right now, her future looks secure enough to warrant a return to England plus an extended American tour. That seems to set well with her, despite her lack of experience as a performer.

She just hopes to avoid more grinning well-wishers. "That 'Groovy Kind Of Love' joke is pretty funny," she laughed, "but if old junior-high students tell it in every city . . ."

G. Brown

The Jolt

EDINBURGH

IF, A WEEK AGO, you had suggested to me that there was a new wave band that I would actively like, never mind enthuse over, you would have been greeted with incredulous derision.

I really welcome the new wave as a phenomenon but when Neil Spencer described its music as "unlistenable", I reckoned he erred on the side of moderation. Still, working on the principle that there's always one gem among all the rubbish, I kept on going along to the gigs, more in pious hope than anything else. But at last I've found it, that rare gem. It's called The Jolt.

The gig was a disaster. Edin-

burgh's first new wave midweek disco at the revitalised Clouds venue attracted a sum total of seventy people all night. And while the kids who came threw themselves about energetically for the discs, they mostly sat still for the band, staring with thinly disguised disinterest. Which was surprising and sad, because The Jolt are the most enjoyable British new wave band I've yet encountered.

The Jolt are Robert Collins (guitar), Jim Doak (bass) and Iain Shedden (drums) who come from Wishaw and Shotts, two industrial towns on the edge of greater Glasgow. They've been together some eight months, during which time they've secured a Saturday lunch time residency at the Crown Hotel, Wishaw.

Their tightness is the most immediate impression. The Jolt are not just hitting out

blindly, but working really well together. Shedden is a hard working drummer who's not afraid to use percussion for effect. Doak has only been playing bass for a few months but he has a real feel for it, pumping in some dynamic runs and patterns.

Collins, in addition to handling the vocals and power-chords, can really handle his guitar, fairly blizzing the songs along. When he unleashes an amazing razor sharp solo dash in "Mistakes In The Plan", yours cynically starts peering for the tape machines — but no.

Two speakers, two columns and a PA — but no tapes. Gee. I'm impressed, moved to admiration, even.

The songs are mostly their own. Penned by Collins, they feature a number of good strong tunes along familiar new wave themes — "Decayed", "Dire Straights", "Show Stoppers" (geddit?), "Teenage Fun", and the excellent "Mr. Radio Man". Interspersed are well worked versions of oldies that show the Jolt's second hand British R & B influences — Bo Diddley's "I Can Tell", "Money", "Route 66", "I Wanna Be Your Man" (featuring slide guitar, yet!), "Whatcha Gonna Do 'Bout It" and "Somebody Help Me". A well balanced and rousing set, using imagination as well as power.

Not that they're perfect. The set was marred by the obligatory scowling new wave pose which provoked derisive laughter from the 'crowd'. A sullen "This one's about p'licemen" statement was greeted by an airy "Big Deal" quip from a punkette comedienne and the place dissolved in laughter, effectively undermining the effect of the group. But if ever I saw a diamond in the rough, it's this lot.

It's The Jolt's misfortune to be so far from London. Otherwise they'd be sitting pretty already. They'd certainly stomp all over most of the competition. I just hope they don't miss out.

Ian Cranna



THE JOLT (l. to r.): Shedden, Doak, Collins.

BELOW: SHEFFIELD'S ONE AND ONLY ROCK GROUP
Back (l. to r.): Allen, Ake, Face / Front: Anderson, Markin, Quick.



Working man's glam?

The Extras

SHEFFIELD FORMERLY known, at various times over the last year, as Last Exit, Fire Exit and Abattoir, The Extras are one of the few bands currently enjoying any kind of reputation in Sheffield. Jesus, they're damn near the only regularly working band of any worth in the city.

Y'see, for a city with over half a million inhabitants, the paucity of small venues for home-grown bands (the Working Men's Club circuit notwithstanding) fully justifies Sheffield's status as a musical backwater.

One of these few small venues is the Broadfield, a watering-hole overlooking several acres of redeveloped urban wasteland in one of the city's immigrant areas. Most of the bands that appear there should either be cast back on the cheap cabaret/WMC circuit or should rehearse a little. For many, I suppose, it's the only place they can rehearse, so I guess I shouldn't be too hard.

The Extras, however, are a different case altogether. A six-piece, fronted by vocalist Ed Ake and pianist Robin Markin, they draw much of their stance (and a lot of their material) from the Reed/Bowie/Roxy axis, with a tempering down-to-earth urban sensibility that seems to come inevitably to the majority of Sheffielders.

The remainder of the band — Simon Anderson, guitar; Rob Allen, bass; Cliff Face, drums; Andy Quick, sax —

take a pretty low profile, though Face, a remarkably emphatic drummer with a laudable sense of pulse, lacks little in terms of visual attack.

They open with "All I Want Is You", a bit muddy, but nothing that a mixer (or £75,000 from A&M) couldn't sort out, then straight into "After Midnight". This is JJ's laidback party piece? It's not so much that they've changed the arrangement — fast, with a killer streak of funk — as that the intention of the song's changed. Where Cale thinks of hitting the sack, The Extras would rather hit the floor . . .

Markin, a fairly recent addition to the band, has affected their sound quite drastically. His battered electric piano comes across at times like amplified barrelhouse piano; hammered chords cutting through and carrying the thing along, taking the weight off the rhythm section and adding a jarring edge to their peculiarly Roxyesque texture.

This "Extras texture" is, in fact, best displayed on their version of "Remake Remodel", a definitive blend of Anderson's guitar, Markin's piano and Quick's sax which completely floored me the first time I heard it.

The set contains several Lou Reed numbers — several too many, in fact, but they fit The Extras well enough to appear natural. "I'm Waiting For My Man", despite technical troubles (no roadies to run on and put things right, y'know), fairly storms along, a flashback surge of rabid Velvets fanaticism — Allen riding the bass over the top like a roller-coaster and piling it down for the chorus. Ake attacking with a virioli Uncle Lou would've been

proud of, were he still alive.

Happy Len Cohen's "Diamonds In The Mine" gets a similar treatment to "After Midnight", the goodtime malevolence of the original replaced with their ripped (and occasionally ragged) Roxyesque viciousness.

Of their own material, credit for which usually lies with Ake (although Markin's now contributing a few), "GTG's (The Good Time Girls)" is probably the most successful, a dedication to decadence with a few cameo lines: "Chromed plastic dolls, rude rouge, sweet plastic trash/Rip up the dance floor in siletto feet/Sit on the jukebox, so cheap, so neat". Not seen many of them round Sheffield lately, that's for sure.

"Omega Mile" closes the show, neat slivers of verbal shrapnel along the lines of "Hey Mr. Dylan, you're a 20 million man/You got thorns on your head and holes in your hands", set to a typical Extras romp. Face hammering hell out of a kit that surrendered ages ago, finally kicking the damn thing over.

Leaving aside the PA/mixer hassles which continue to plague them, there are, in The Extras, the makings of a cracking little band. At any rate, I'll warrant they're a damn sight better than the majority of bands currently being unearthed in the capital like bugs under a stone.

But then, they're from the provinces, they ain't played Dingwalls or the Roxy, they don't all wear safety-pins, and they're attempting something a little more substantial than the *de rigueur* three-chord trick. So who's gonna listen?

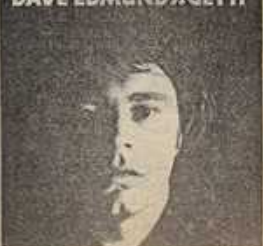
Andy Gill



"I knew the Bride (When she used to Rock & Roll)"
Dave Edmunds

His new single (SSK 1941) from his album Get It (SSK 59404) Got It?

DAVE EDMUNDS GET IT



Available on Swan Song Records and Tapes

Say it on a Say Shirt

I'm Mandy & I love Stinky & Hutch
They're New!

Boat Party For P.M.
They're custom printed!

Your name it — we print it TO ORDER on a high quality, colour fast, unisex T-shirt or sweatshirt in 100% cotton — any message up to 40 letters per side! Say thank you — sorry — I love you — anything! — let your wit show. Support your favourite pop star, soccer team, pub, club. A SAY SHIRT SAYS IT ALL!! Specify CHEST SIZE, colour (2nd choice also), and type of shirt. Print your message clearly and tell us where to send. Delivery in 10 days. Sweatshirts, £4.25. Colours, red, navy, light blue, black. T-Shirt's, £2.50. Colours, red, navy, yellow, blue, light green, black. Money back guarantee. Prices include V.A.T. and p.p.g. If you want BOTH sides printed, add £1.00. Cheques and P.O.'s to SAY SHIRTS LTD., Dept. NME 31 Box 50, 3 Guinea Street, Exeter EX1 1BX. Good discounts on bulk orders. Brochure and price list on request. Special Offer! JUBILEE SHIRTS with your own name on T-Shirts £1.99. Sweatshirts £3.99.

GENUINE Soft Kid Leather
WESTERN BOOTS

IN LIGHT & DARK TAN
Sizes Mens 6-11
Girls 3-8
£18-95

Plus £1.62
Smart round fashion toe, strong double stitched seams, leather covered stacked heel, welted stitched sole, 7-14 day delivery. If not fully satisfied money will be returned on boots returned unscathed within ten days of receipt. (All sales outside UK. Just send P/O cheque to: **TENNESSEE BOOT CO.** 413-415 Ecclehall Rd. Sheffield S10 3JL

SILVER FOOTBALL

Silver football on a fine silver chain.
£2.40 + 10p p.p.g.

Send cheque/p.o. to — **BOJANGLES (ref. NME)** 26, Plantation Road OXFORD
tel Oxford 511698

A catalogue of our other items is also available — please send an a.s.e. Wholesale catalogue also available.

A WRANGLER OR LEE WESTERN JKT.
Sleeveless denim jacket with 1/2" elasticated cuffs and hem. Size 36-40. £12.95

B LEVI T-SHIRT
Heavy metal plain t-shirt with Levi's pocket on front. 100% cotton. Colour: Black. Navy. White. Size 36-40. £3.50

C WRANGLER HOOD SWEATSHIRT
Sleeveless hooded sweatshirt with 1/2" elasticated cuffs and hem. Size 36-40. £9.25

D LEVI T-SHIRT
Heavy metal plain t-shirt with Levi's pocket on front. 100% cotton. Colour: Black. Navy. White. Size 36-40. £3.50

E LEVI WESTERN JEAN
Heavy metal plain t-shirt with Levi's pocket on front. 100% cotton. Colour: Black. Navy. White. Size 36-40. £12.99

F LEVI WESTERN JEAN
Heavy metal plain t-shirt with Levi's pocket on front. 100% cotton. Colour: Black. Navy. White. Size 36-40. £12.99

G WRANGLER WESTERN JEAN
Heavy metal plain t-shirt with Levi's pocket on front. 100% cotton. Colour: Black. Navy. White. Size 36-40. £12.99

H LEVI WESTERN JEAN
Heavy metal plain t-shirt with Levi's pocket on front. 100% cotton. Colour: Black. Navy. White. Size 36-40. £12.99

Post free UK & Eire. Cheques & P.O.'s to **Matchplace Jeans Ltd** Dept. NME 3 Station Rd West Croydon Surrey
If paying by debit card or cheque please quote number.

DIRECT FROM HATTON GARDEN - THE CENTRE OF THE JEWELLERY WORLD

Royal Silver Jubilee SOLID SILVER PENDANT

An impressive and lasting memento of this historic royal occasion that is certain to appreciate in value. Each precious ingot weighs approx. half an ounce and has an authentic Royal Silver Jubilee Mark of the Queen's profile. Makes a perfect gift for Birthdays, Christenings etc., that will be treasured for years to come. Matching Solid Silver Chain only £2.25 extra if required. In a choice of lengths: 16in, 18in, 20in (state length). Order now and save £15. All orders will be dealt with in strict rotation and sent by recorded delivery.

£6.95

LOUISE MARKS Mail Order (Dept. NME) 67-68 Hatton Garden, London EC1N 8JY

A COMPLETE BADGE
Pin-on Plastic coated 2 1/2" wide

ANY NAME in space allowed

Block printing on brickwall background. Tick badge and colours red, lt. denim blue, stone, beige, white, red, green, yellow. State alt colours.

Send 50p + SAE for each badge to **Topprints & Co.** 1 Glenworth Court, Edgware, Middx. Allow 21 days for delivery.

NAME FOR BADGE

Short or nickname

If more than one badge req. please use separate piece of paper

CANNABIS LEAF
Fabulous Jewellery
By popular request we have designed a good quality highly detailed Cannabis Leaf ring for you! A chunky real silver band at only £7.00. (Send us or we can make it adjustable. Our 1 1/2" high real silver leaf pendant on silver plated chain is £4.00 or on quality real silver chain £7.00. A 1/2" single earring on silver hook is £1.95. Join the rush and send money to

ATLAS (Dept. N)
40 Sydney St. Brighton

Great NEW DEAL
EMER AFGHAN COATS!
80% Sheepskin - 12% OF
Season price **£13.75**
£1.10 each. Usually £18
£181 Chest 32-34-36-38-40
510 BOY JEAN Co (S)
48 Menor View, London N3

FONZ BADGES FROM THE USA is COOL

Send to **BARRY'S BADGE** 578 WANDSWORTH ROAD LONDON SW8
TELEPHONE 01-422 5552

Please send me: Tick boxes
My choice is ☐ Three 'Fonz is cool' badges
☐ 1 Key ring and 1 'Fonz is cool' badge

A ☐ B ☐ C ☐ D ☐ E ☐

I enclose a cheque / postal order for £1.25p + S.A.E.

Each Profile the FONZ is Approved

VIEWER'S GUIDE TO TV Sport 80p

Offside or goal?
KO or foul?
Game or deuce?
Four faults or three?
LBW or not out?
Blue ball or brown?

At last, a book that explains everything about sport on TV that you've never quite understood

Titbits Special

HOW DID YOU MANAGE WITHOUT IT?

A fantastic new book especially for TV sports viewers. Packed with clear and concise information and hundreds of illustrations, **Viewers Guide to TV Sport** answers in detail all the questions you ask when you're watching sport. What is a Madison? How heavy is a welterweight boxer? When, precisely, is a footballer offside? There are rules of more than 60 varieties of sport. So don't be stumped... get your copy NOW!

A Titbits Special

VIEWERS GUIDE TO TV SPORT

If you cannot obtain a copy from your newsagent, please write to Post Sales, IPC Magazines Ltd., Lavington House, Lavington St, London SE1 0PF, enclosing a cheque for £1.05 (addresses in Great Britain) or £1.35 (elsewhere in Europe), to include part postage and packing. Copies cannot be mailed outside Europe.

IPC Magazines Ltd Registered Number 53626 Registered Office King's Reach Tower Stamford St London SE1 9LS

Postal Bargains from: Permaprints (Dept. N.M.157), P.O. Box 201, 96 Newington Green Road, London, N1 4RR

PUT COLOUR ON YOUR CHEST!

With Permaprints 1977 range of designs!



DESIGN NO. 106. SPARKS
T-SHIRT
ONLY £2.20 EACH
(OR £4 ANY 2)



108. HAVE ANOTHER
Heavy Cotton Fleece Lined
SWEAT SHIRTS
ONLY £4.20 EACH
(OR £8 ANY 2)



577. SUPER SIGN
Cap Sleeves
Only £2.95 each
(Or £5 any 2)



123. TRUST ME



256. FRIED RAT

Have a break...
Have a



249. KWIK KRAP

TOOTHICKFOR



251. TOO THICK FOR
UNIVERSITY



687. LORRY

All designs shown below are available on both garments

Details as follows:
Colours: Red, Yellow, Blue, Black and White.
Sizes: Small, Medium & Large.
(100 Type T-Shirts also available in
this size: 20", 24", 30" & 32")
When ordering state size, colour
and one alternative colour.



538. SOUTHERN
COMFORT



124. LIE DOWN



125. PATIENCE
MY ASS!



702. ANGELS



200. NAZARETH



167. JOIN THE ARMY



700. NEW STATUS QUO



126. LIPSMARKIN



134. GENESIS



255. THINK PUNK



166. WORK



517. TRUCKIN'



188. STATUS QUO



150. PINK FLOYD (2)

CONTENTS
untouched by
human hands
CERTIFIED
all moving parts in working order



129. CONTENTS



682. HAWKWIND



254. DARTMOOR OLD BOYS



169. EAGLE



679. IDIOT



587. CHARLIE'S ANGELS



199. EAGLES



507. FLOYD



508. ZEPPELIN



242. TORY TUG



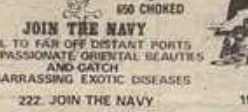
564. CAMEL SMOKER



237. STEELY DAN



245. REBEL



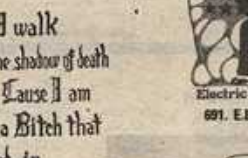
222. JOIN THE NAVY



227. MILCH TRAY



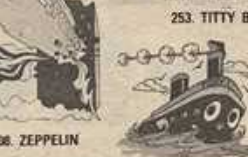
229. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT



148. LED ZEP



691. EL ORCHESTRA



253. TITTY BUM BUM



690. EGGHEAD



693. STEVIE WONDER



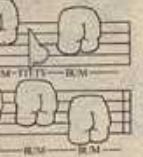
157. BLOODY SLOGAN?



680. STUPID



667. PERNOD



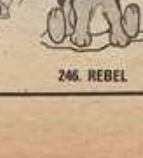
732. REALITY



691. EL ORCHESTRA

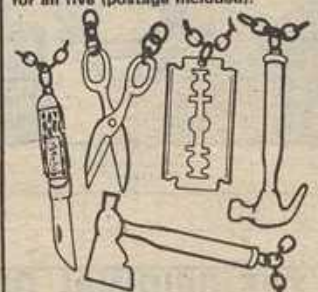


693. STEVIE WONDER



690. EGGHEAD

SPECIAL OFFER
From PERMAPRINTS
Pendants only 55p each to clear or £2
for all five (postage included).



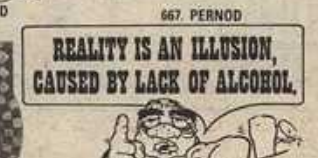
Heavy steel (nickel plated) pendants approx. 1 1/2" long
complete with 22" chain. 5 titles available, ONLY 55p each.
£2 for all five (A) razor, (B) scissors, (C) axe, (D)
hammer, (E) knife.



175. UNION JACK 135. STATUS QUO



175. UNION JACK 135. STATUS QUO



175. UNION JACK 135. STATUS QUO



175. UNION JACK 135. STATUS QUO

PLEASE ADD the following for Postage and Packing: One
garment add 25p (50p for abroad). Two or three garments add
35p (70p for abroad). For four or more garments add 45p (90p
for abroad).

ORDERS TO: PERMAPRINTS
(Dept. N.M. 157, P.O. BOX 201)
96 NEWINGTON GREEN ROAD,
LONDON, N1 4RR

Name _____ (PRINT CLEARLY)
Address _____

please send the following: State which garment required Ref. No. and size
of design also size and colours for each garment.

OTHER ITEMS _____

I enclose £ _____

(Dept. N.M.157)

When ordering if not enough room on order form give full
details on separate piece of paper

SAVE THE WHALES!



Whalefriend musician
Steve Hillage

T-SHIRTS

Kwakwaka'wakw native American Indian design in full four-colour on white background.
Sizes: large/medium/small.
Price: £2.20 + 25p p & p.
Also available in same design:
"Save the Seas" or
"Save our Planet".

BADGES

Black on white oval whale badge (as in photo). Fin, sperm whale or orca — PLEASE SPECIFY.
Price: 35p + 10p p & p.

Greenpeace "eco-artists" group has sailed boats into nuclear test zones, successfully ending atmospheric testing, confronted Russian whaling fleets in the Pacific and focused international attention on the annual sealift off the coast of Newfoundland. We are dedicated to direct action solutions to critical planetary problems. Help us! All proceeds from sale of t-shirts and badges go to "Save the Whales" fund. Write for details: GREENPEACE, 47 Whitehall, London SW1A 2B2. (Vat) Registration No. 242 0482 011.

FANTASTIC VALUE

Super flowing feminine dress in cotton. Piped colour: Lt Blue, Cream, Bottle Green, Dark Blue, Olive Green, Dark Brown, Rust, Wine, Black. Neckline: V-neck, high collar, etc. IN ANY SIZE!! at these unbeatable prices!
1) Petite dress (sleevesless) £4.99 + 35p p&p.
2) Puffed sleeved dress £4.99 + 35p p&p. Same style, size, colour and alternative colour. Allow up to 21 days for delivery. Send cheques or P.O.s to: JENNIFER WALKER, Dept. N, 30 Stag Lane, Ashford, Surrey. KT21 2TF. Trade enquiries welcome.



LOOK SCANDINAVIAN

FROM
£5.50
post free
U.K. &
Eire

SCANDINAVIAN STYLE CLOES. The original and still the best at Scandinavian bargain price. Buy direct and save money. SEND £5.50 (plus £2.25 postage) to: 27 Larkfield Cres., Norwich, Essex. Yellow, black, blue, brown, leather. £5.99 (plus £2.25 postage) in black, blue, brown and white (with an optional wooden orthopaedic shaped sole).

STATE SIZE AND 2nd CHOICE COLOUR. SCANCENTRE (Dept NME) 27 Larkfield Cres., Norwich, Essex. Overseas enquiries welcomed.

MAIL ORDER PROTECTION SCHEME

The Publishers of New Musical Express are members of the Periodical Publishers Association which has given an undertaking to the Director General of Fair Trading to refund money sent by readers in response to mail order advertisements, placed by mail order traders, who fail to supply goods or refund money owing to liquidation or bankruptcy. This arrangement does not apply to any failure to supply goods advertised in a catalogue or in a direct mail solicitation. In the unhappy event of the failure of a mail order trader readers are advised to lodge a claim with New Musical Express within three months of the date of the appearance of the advertisement, providing proof of payment. Claims lodged after this period will be considered at the Publisher's discretion. Since all refunds are made by the magazine voluntarily and at its own expense, this undertaking enables you to respond to our mail order advertisers with the fullest confidence. For the purpose of this scheme, mail order advertising is defined as: Direct response advertisements, display or postal bargains where cash had to be sent in advance of goods being delivered. Classified and catalogue mail order advertising are excluded.

ANGELS! FONZ! MUPPETS!



SUPER FARRAH £1.20



JACKIE F1 KATE F1



CHARLES ANGELS 95p



FARRAH 95p



FARRAH No. 3 (30 x 20) 95p



FARRAH No. 2 £1.10



MUPPETS £1.50 Add 25p (1-2 posters) + 5p each extra poster



CARDS & POSTERS, 22 MOOR STREET, BIRMINGHAM 4



GREAT NEW DEAL 48 MANOR VIEW, LONDON E2 3

THE ORIGINAL OLD DENIM GEAR

SPLIT KNEE JEANS

£7.95 + 65p p&p. Original old Levi or Wrangler jeans to the knee, but flaring out with panels of matching old denim to 28" bottoms. State waist (light) and inside leg measurements. (Up to 42" waist).

JEAN SHORTS

£3.95 + 65p p&p. Ideal for summer, grey-wash Wrangler and Levi cut-offs. Available in sizes 22-40" waist (leg state leg).

CAP SLEEVE T-SHIRT

£1.95 + 25p p&p. Available in most colours, sizes S,M,L. State size and 2nd colour choice. Looks great with the shorts. One built for only £5.95 + 50p p&p.

JEAN LAPEL JACKET

£7.95 + 65p p&p. Neatly styled faced jacket with single centre back vent. State chest/bust size.

JEAN WAISTCOAT

£4.95 + 65p p&p. Very well fitted old denim waistcoat. Looks good on guys or chicks. State chest/bust size.

JEAN SHIRT

£7.50 + 65p p&p. Our ever popular old denim jeans shirt, wear it as a shirt or a jacket. Cut to fit guys or chicks. State chest/bust size.

JEAN JACKET

£9.95 + 70p p&p. Smart short jacket in used denim. Pin back front, metal button fastening. Fantastic fit. State chest/bust size 32"-42".

JEAN SKIRT

£6.95 + 65p p&p. Cut length skirt made from old Levi or Wrangler jeans with V inseam front and back. State leg size 30"-60". Please allow 10-14 days delivery. If not fully satisfied money will be refunded on all goods returned unused within 7 days of receipt. All goods are made from famous name old worn denim jeans. Trade enquiries welcome.



Send cheques/P.O.s or Access Remittance note to: Tommy Clothing Ltd. (PME) 11, 3 Oakley Street, Northampton. Please send double postage and packing outside U.K.

SQUARENECK SMOCK CHEESCLOTH TOP

A new one from Shapes, an elaborated square neck with front pockets. In blue stripes with a white background. £3.95 plus 25p P&P. One size only 32" to 36" bust.

EMBROIDERED SCOOPNECK

Another beauty from Shapes, a cotton scoopneck with a very colourful embroidered. Only £2.95 + 25p P&P. Bust sizes 32" to 34" 36" 38" 40" 42" 44" 46" 48" 50" 52" 54" 56" 58" 60" 62" 64" 66" 68" 70" 72" 74" 76" 78" 80" 82" 84" 86" 88" 90" 92" 94" 96" 98" 100" 102" 104" 106" 108" 110" 112" 114" 116" 118" 120" 122" 124" 126" 128" 130" 132" 134" 136" 138" 140" 142" 144" 146" 148" 150" 152" 154" 156" 158" 160" 162" 164" 166" 168" 170" 172" 174" 176" 178" 180" 182" 184" 186" 188" 190" 192" 194" 196" 198" 200" 202" 204" 206" 208" 210" 212" 214" 216" 218" 220" 222" 224" 226" 228" 230" 232" 234" 236" 238" 240" 242" 244" 246" 248" 250" 252" 254" 256" 258" 260" 262" 264" 266" 268" 270" 272" 274" 276" 278" 280" 282" 284" 286" 288" 290" 292" 294" 296" 298" 300" 302" 304" 306" 308" 310" 312" 314" 316" 318" 320" 322" 324" 326" 328" 330" 332" 334" 336" 338" 340" 342" 344" 346" 348" 350" 352" 354" 356" 358" 360" 362" 364" 366" 368" 370" 372" 374" 376" 378" 380" 382" 384" 386" 388" 390" 392" 394" 396" 398" 400" 402" 404" 406" 408" 410" 412" 414" 416" 418" 420" 422" 424" 426" 428" 430" 432" 434" 436" 438" 440" 442" 444" 446" 448" 450" 452" 454" 456" 458" 460" 462" 464" 466" 468" 470" 472" 474" 476" 478" 480" 482" 484" 486" 488" 490" 492" 494" 496" 498" 500" 502" 504" 506" 508" 510" 512" 514" 516" 518" 520" 522" 524" 526" 528" 530" 532" 534" 536" 538" 540" 542" 544" 546" 548" 550" 552" 554" 556" 558" 560" 562" 564" 566" 568" 570" 572" 574" 576" 578" 580" 582" 584" 586" 588" 590" 592" 594" 596" 598" 600" 602" 604" 606" 608" 610" 612" 614" 616" 618" 620" 622" 624" 626" 628" 630" 632" 634" 636" 638" 640" 642" 644" 646" 648" 650" 652" 654" 656" 658" 660" 662" 664" 666" 668" 670" 672" 674" 676" 678" 680" 682" 684" 686" 688" 690" 692" 694" 696" 698" 700" 702" 704" 706" 708" 710" 712" 714" 716" 718" 720" 722" 724" 726" 728" 730" 732" 734" 736" 738" 740" 742" 744" 746" 748" 750" 752" 754" 756" 758" 760" 762" 764" 766" 768" 770" 772" 774" 776" 778" 780" 782" 784" 786" 788" 790" 792" 794" 796" 798" 800" 802" 804" 806" 808" 810" 812" 814" 816" 818" 820" 822" 824" 826" 828" 830" 832" 834" 836" 838" 840" 842" 844" 846" 848" 850" 852" 854" 856" 858" 860" 862" 864" 866" 868" 870" 872" 874" 876" 878" 880" 882" 884" 886" 888" 890" 892" 894" 896" 898" 900" 902" 904" 906" 908" 910" 912" 914" 916" 918" 920" 922" 924" 926" 928" 930" 932" 934" 936" 938" 940" 942" 944" 946" 948" 950" 952" 954" 956" 958" 960" 962" 964" 966" 968" 970" 972" 974" 976" 978" 980" 982" 984" 986" 988" 990" 992" 994" 996" 998" 1000" 1002" 1004" 1006" 1008" 1010" 1012" 1014" 1016" 1018" 1020" 1022" 1024" 1026" 1028" 1030" 1032" 1034" 1036" 1038" 1040" 1042" 1044" 1046" 1048" 1050" 1052" 1054" 1056" 1058" 1060" 1062" 1064" 1066" 1068" 1070" 1072" 1074" 1076" 1078" 1080" 1082" 1084" 1086" 1088" 1090" 1092" 1094" 1096" 1098" 1100" 1102" 1104" 1106" 1108" 1110" 1112" 1114" 1116" 1118" 1120" 1122" 1124" 1126" 1128" 1130" 1132" 1134" 1136" 1138" 1140" 1142" 1144" 1146" 1148" 1150" 1152" 1154" 1156" 1158" 1160" 1162" 1164" 1166" 1168" 1170" 1172" 1174" 1176" 1178" 1180" 1182" 1184" 1186" 1188" 1190" 1192" 1194" 1196" 1198" 1200" 1202" 1204" 1206" 1208" 1210" 1212" 1214" 1216" 1218" 1220" 1222" 1224" 1226" 1228" 1230" 1232" 1234" 1236" 1238" 1240" 1242" 1244" 1246" 1248" 1250" 1252" 1254" 1256" 1258" 1260" 1262" 1264" 1266" 1268" 1270" 1272" 1274" 1276" 1278" 1280" 1282" 1284" 1286" 1288" 1290" 1292" 1294" 1296" 1298" 1300" 1302" 1304" 1306" 1308" 1310" 1312" 1314" 1316" 1318" 1320" 1322" 1324" 1326" 1328" 1330" 1332" 1334" 1336" 1338" 1340" 1342" 1344" 1346" 1348" 1350" 1352" 1354" 1356" 1358" 1360" 1362" 1364" 1366" 1368" 1370" 1372" 1374" 1376" 1378" 1380" 1382" 1384" 1386" 1388" 1390" 1392" 1394" 1396" 1398" 1400" 1402" 1404" 1406" 1408" 1410" 1412" 1414" 1416" 1418" 1420" 1422" 1424" 1426" 1428" 1430" 1432" 1434" 1436" 1438" 1440" 1442" 1444" 1446" 1448" 1450" 1452" 1454" 1456" 1458" 1460" 1462" 1464" 1466" 1468" 1470" 1472" 1474" 1476" 1478" 1480" 1482" 1484" 1486" 1488" 1490" 1492" 1494" 1496" 1498" 1500" 1502" 1504" 1506" 1508" 1510" 1512" 1514" 1516" 1518" 1520" 1522" 1524" 1526" 1528" 1530" 1532" 1534" 1536" 1538" 1540" 1542" 1544" 1546" 1548" 1550" 1552" 1554" 1556" 1558" 1560" 1562" 1564" 1566" 1568" 1570" 1572" 1574" 1576" 1578" 1580" 1582" 1584" 1586" 1588" 1590" 1592" 1594" 1596" 1598" 1600" 1602" 1604" 1606" 1608" 1610" 1612" 1614" 1616" 1618" 1620" 1622" 1624" 1626" 1628" 1630" 1632" 1634" 1636" 1638" 1640" 1642" 1644" 1646" 1648" 1650" 1652" 1654" 1656" 1658" 1660" 1662" 1664" 1666" 1668" 1670" 1672" 1674" 1676" 1678" 1680" 1682" 1684" 1686" 1688" 1690" 1692" 1694" 1696" 1698" 1700" 1702" 1704" 1706" 1708" 1710" 1712" 1714" 1716" 1718" 1720" 1722" 1724" 1726" 1728" 1730" 1732" 1734" 1736" 1738" 1740" 1742" 1744" 1746" 1748" 1750" 1752" 1754" 1756" 1758" 1760" 1762" 1764" 1766" 1768" 1770" 1772" 1774" 1776" 1778" 1780" 1782" 1784" 1786" 1788" 1790" 1792" 1794" 1796" 1798" 1800" 1802" 1804" 1806" 1808" 1810" 1812" 1814" 1816" 1818" 1820" 1822" 1824" 1826" 1828" 1830" 1832" 1834" 1836" 1838" 1840" 1842" 1844" 1846" 1848" 1850" 1852" 1854" 1856" 1858" 1860" 1862" 1864" 1866" 1868" 1870" 1872" 1874" 1876" 1878" 1880" 1882" 1884" 1886" 1888" 1890" 1892" 1894" 1896" 1898" 1900" 1902" 1904" 1906" 1908" 1910" 1912" 1914" 1916" 1918" 1920" 1922" 1924" 1926" 1928" 1930" 1932" 1934" 1936" 1938" 1940" 1942" 1944" 1946" 1948" 1950" 1952" 1954" 1956" 1958" 1960" 1962" 1964" 1966" 1968" 1970" 1972" 1974" 1976" 1978" 1980" 1982" 1984" 1986" 1988" 1990" 1992" 1994" 1996" 1998" 2000" 2002" 2004" 2006" 2008" 2010" 2012" 2014" 2016" 2018" 2020" 2022" 2024" 2026" 2028" 2030" 2032" 2034" 2036" 2038" 2040" 2042" 2044" 2046" 2048" 2050" 2052" 2054" 2056" 2058" 2060" 2062" 2064" 2066" 2068" 2070" 2072" 2074" 2076" 2078" 2080" 2082" 2084" 2086" 2088" 2090" 2092" 2094" 2096" 2098" 2100" 2102" 2104" 2106" 2108" 2110" 2112" 2114" 2116" 2118" 2120" 2122" 2124" 2126" 2128" 2130" 2132" 2134" 2136" 2138" 2140" 2142" 2144" 2146" 2148" 2150" 2152" 2154" 2156" 2158" 2160" 2162" 2164" 2166" 2168" 2170" 2172" 2174" 2176" 2178" 2180" 2182" 2184" 2186" 2188" 2190" 2192" 2194" 2196" 2198" 2200" 2202" 2204" 2206" 2208" 2210" 2212" 2214" 2216" 2218" 2220" 2222" 2224" 2226" 2228" 2230" 2232" 2234" 2236" 2238" 2240" 2242" 2244" 2246" 2248" 2250" 2252" 2254" 2256" 2258" 2260" 2262" 2264" 2266" 2268" 2270" 2272" 2274" 2276" 2278" 2280" 2282" 2284" 2286" 2288" 2290" 2292" 2294" 2296" 2298" 2300" 2302" 2304" 2306" 2308" 2310" 2312" 2314" 2316" 2318" 2320" 2322" 2324" 2326" 2328" 2330" 2332" 2334" 2336" 2338" 2340" 2342" 2344" 2346" 2348" 2350" 2352" 2354" 2356" 2358" 2360" 2362" 2364" 2366" 2368" 2370" 2372" 2374" 2376" 2378" 2380" 2382" 2384" 2386" 2388" 2390" 2392" 2394" 2396" 2398" 2400" 2402" 2404" 2406" 2408" 2410" 2412" 2414" 2416" 2418" 2420" 2422" 2424" 2426" 2428" 2430" 2432" 2434" 2436" 2438" 2440" 2442" 2444" 2446" 2448" 2450" 2452" 2454" 2456" 2458" 2460" 2462" 2464" 2466" 2468" 2470" 2472" 2474" 2476" 2478" 2480" 2482" 2484" 2486" 2488" 2490" 2492" 2494" 2496" 2498" 2500" 2502" 2504" 2506" 2508" 2510" 2512" 2514" 2516" 2518" 2520" 2522" 2524" 2526" 2528" 2530" 2532" 2534" 2536" 2538" 2540" 2542" 2544" 2546" 2548" 2550" 2552" 2554" 2556" 2558" 2560" 2562" 2564" 2566" 2568" 2570" 2572" 2574" 2576" 2578" 2580" 2582" 2584" 2586" 2588" 2590" 2592" 2594" 2596" 2598" 2600" 2602" 2604" 2606" 2608" 2610" 2612" 2614" 2616" 2618" 2620" 2622" 2624" 2626" 2628" 2630" 2632" 2634" 2636" 2638" 2640" 2642" 2644" 2646" 2648" 2650" 2652" 2654" 2656" 2658" 2660" 2662" 2664" 2666" 2668" 2670" 2672" 2674" 2676" 2678" 2680" 2682" 2684" 2686" 2688" 2690" 2692" 2694" 2696" 2698" 2700" 2702" 2704" 2706" 2708" 2710" 2712" 2714" 2716" 2718" 2720" 2722" 2724" 2726" 2728" 2730" 2732" 2734" 2736" 2738" 2740" 2742" 2744" 2746" 2748" 2750" 2752" 2754" 2756" 2758" 2760" 2762" 2764" 2766" 2768" 2770" 2772" 2774" 2776" 2778" 2780" 2782" 2784" 2786" 2788" 2790" 2792" 2794" 2796" 2798" 2800" 2802" 2804" 2806" 2808" 2810" 2812" 2814" 2816" 2818" 2820" 2822" 2824" 2826" 2828" 2830" 2832" 2834" 2836" 2838" 2840" 2842" 2844" 2846" 2848" 2850" 2852" 2854" 2856" 2858" 2860" 2862" 2864" 2866" 2868" 2870" 2872" 2874" 2876" 2878" 2880" 2882" 2884" 2886" 2888" 2890" 2892" 2894" 2896" 2898" 2900" 2902" 2904" 2906" 2908" 2910" 2912" 2914" 2916" 2918" 2920" 2922" 2924" 2926" 2928" 2930" 2932" 2934" 2936" 2938" 2940" 2942" 2944" 2946" 2948" 2950" 2952" 2954" 2956" 2958" 2960" 2962" 2964

NEW Musical Classified Section

Charge for Box Numbers is 90p. All Classifieds must be pre-paid.

for further details ring

01-261 6122

or write

New Musical Express
Classified Advertisements,
Kings Reach Tower, Stamford
Street, London, S.E.1.

RECORDS FOR SALE

12p per word

A COLLECTORS Dream Shop. Punk/60s/70s. 50/60. Sunny. 191a Munster Road, Fulham, London SW6. 01-385 5025.

ALBUM HIRE. SAE details. Dianne. Taw. Records, Westover, Mybridge, Devon.

ANARCHY SEX Pistols. Offers. Bargain price. Punk 45s. LPs see list. 32 Whitland Cn, Wootton Bridge, I.O.W. PO33 4JF.

BEACH BOYS New record list. See Paul Eggert, Priority Rd, Malvern, Worce.

BEST SHOP in London for 80s singles. Also deleted LPs, Curious, 453 Edge-ware Road, Maida Vale, Near Little Venice, London, W1.

"CHARITYBUSTERS" 56-76 for collectors & D.J.s. S.A.E. Diskery, 86/87 Western Road, Hove, Brighton. Callers welcome.

CHAMP LP'S Singles for sale. S.A.E. 29 Excalibur Gardens, SE13 7PS.

COLLECTORS! DEE-JAYSH! Oldies Buft!! Does your oldies shop offer you everything you need? A massive range of unplayed US/European imports, plus all the UK re-issues and stacks of original label discs (in VU/Mint condition), + publisher's test, 45s, record sleeves (7in/10in) — free credits! Discounts on purchases over £57 — if it doesn't, you should come to us, and if it does, you must already be one of our valued customers — As London's FIRST true oldies shop (est. 1972) we exist to help you fill those gaps in your collection — no rip-off and NO BOOTLEG!! — Every record from us is a LEGITIMATE 95SE11 — Vintage Record Centre, 31 Roman Way, Holloway, London N7 6UN. Tel (01) 607 8866. Closed Mon/Tues.

DELETED LP'S Singles our specialty. S.A.E. for details. 41C, P.O. Box 4, Bokenham, Norfolk.

DYLAN, Purple. Sect. Hawkwind. Move, Beatles, Prettles, Kinks, Floyd, Who, Yardbirds, rarities auction. Send for list to Ian Gilman, 76 Pendle Road, Streatham, SW16.

FANTASTIC SELECTION old & R'n'R singles & EPs. All originals, all at sale, see "White Cottage", 397 Woodlands Rd, Woodlands, Southampton.

GENESIS FLOYD. Stones, Who, Roy, Beatles, Naz, Bowie, Loggins, Dylan, Petty etc rarities for sale. Box 3400.

GOLDEN OLDIES for our latest catalogue of singles 12" & 7" sent 20p to Penny Farthing Records, Dept. SN, 13 Cranbrook Rd, Ilford, Essex. Overseas customers send 3 International reply coupons.

GOLDEN OLDIES Gellows, Ex. Luke Box Records from 12/10p. Hundreds of old hits. Most major stars, see list. Dept. A1, 82 Vandysie St, Liverpool L8 0RT.

IMPORTS AND DELETIONS. Send for list for free lists to Sahar, 10 Colmer Road, London, SW16. State preference. Country & Western. Contemporary pop, jazz, soul or rock.

IMPORT MAGAZINES. SAE or IRC for list. Graffiti, 9 Shelbourne, Marlborough, Wiltshire.

IRVINE STEREO LIBRARY (postal). Don't buy — borrow. Top 50 and beyond. S.A.E. for details to: 7 Cambridge Road, Hastings, Sussex.

KENNY EVERETT ANTY (see the only one). Jimmy Cross I Want My Baby Back. Tote Records, T.9030. Offers with sack to Michael Roberts, 167 Spurrers, Haslemere, Surrey.

LARGE SELECTION EPs — 45s 1964-1977 sack 31 John Bright St, Blackburn.

MY GENERATION — Who — ring. Burnley 30070.

NEW 45's P.C. Singles — E.P.'s — 12's, imports & Oldies from 20p. Large SAE/IRC, "Grainhouse", 10 Broomeville, Kinsale, File, KY2 80G.

OLDIES 56-76 guaranteed condition. Large SAE, plus list for lists — 24 Upper Hall Park, Birkhamstead, Herts.

OLD ROCK records for sale. Send S.A.E. for lists — N. J. Bailey, 15 Chassey Ave, Cannock.

OVERSEAS READERS. Speedy delivery records and tapes. Tax free, large discounts. Free catalogue — Counterpoint, 12 Graham Road, Malvern, Worce.

PASTELASTERS! Thousands available. 56-76. SAE, 24 Southwell, Middleton, Sussex.

P.F.001 — PUNK SCI-FI. "Magnetic Boots" by "Grok". Send 5p. S.F. Records (N1) 98 Lodge Road, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire.

SQUARE RECORDS pop/soul, oldies, deletion. S.A.E. 9 Hart Road, Erdington, Birmingham, B24 9ER.

45 COLLECTORS send for our bumper 37-page catalogue packed with oldies and newies. Send 40p to Back-Tracks, 14 Railway Street, Hertford, Herts. SG14 1JH.

80,000 DISCS: Six for £120. S.A.E. for lists — 105 Canrobett Street, London, E.2.

PERSONAL

24p per word

ALONE? COUNTRYWIDE Friend, ship Agency for over 15's. Free details. Sue Carl, Somerset Villa, Harrogate. Tel 0423 63525 anytime.

ALONE! MEET new friends, inexpensive, confidential and efficient service. Write: — Countrywide Introductions, ME/Martin House, Brighouse, Yorks.

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS from Europe, Asia, Latin America with correspondence, friendship, marriage. Sample photos free. Hermes-Verlag, Box 1106607, D-1000 Berlin 11, Germany.

DOVING PARTNER CATALOGUE select your own partners and penfriends. For free sample photos see A17 P.O. Box 100, Sutton, Surrey.

HOW TO GET GIRLFRIENDS, what to say, how to overcome shyness, how to date any girls you fancy. S.A.E. for free details. Dept. NM, 58 Abberdale, Winterbourne, Bristol.

HUNDREDS of exciting new friends VCU or Leisure Times Magazine (RT 38), Chorley, Lancs. 80p fortnightly, pay after receiving (1).

I AM A 26 year old Turkish marine originally from Istanbul seeking like friendship with girls in Britain and Sweden. Write to Mr. Bahri Dogan, Kayastan Street 10, Degirmentari Kocaeli, Turkey.

INTERESTED ASTROLOGY. Magic, Witchcraft? Join Arcanum Occult Contact Circle. Write: Arcanum, 25 Heslin Close, Hoxby, York.

JANE SCOTT for genuine friends. Introduction opposite sex with sincerity and thoughtfulness. — Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 37NM, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex. BN1 3GL.

MY LOVELY NATIONWIDE CONTACTS in occult, witchcraft, secret temples, etc. SAE Baraka, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3H.

NEW EXCITING Friends, Worldwide selection, see details IPC, 39a Hatherleigh Rd, Ruislip Manor, Middlesex.

POEMS URGENTLY needed! Annually £1,700 and over in prize! Subscription £10. For free editorial opinion send your poetry immediately to: Regency Press Ltd., 42 New Oxford Street, London, WC1E 6DE.

POSTAL FRIENDSHIP CLUB Introductions arranged by post for all ages. Postage stamps for our FREE colour brochure to: Miss Christine, 124 Keys Avenue, Bristol BS7 0JH.

SEX WORLDWIDE PEN FRIENDS. Write for free details — Pen Friend Service, PL 27, SF-20801, Turku 66, Finland.

RECORDS WANTED

12p per word

ALL YOUR UNWANTED 45's and LP's bought or part exchanged for new records. Large collections, urgently needed. Record, record or lists with S.A.E. — P.L. Moore (Records) Ltd., 167a Dunstable Road, Luton, Beds.

A QUICK service and top prices guaranteed for your unwanted LPs and cassettes. Any quantity bought. Send details with cash for our cash offer by return of post — Gema, Dept NME, 1 P.O. Box 54, Crookhamwell Road, Woodley, Reading, Berks.

DONOVAN BROTHERS Sun, Sister Moon, soundtracks LP, Olive Siskier, 4 Durham Close, Midway, Burton on Trent, Staffs.

DYLAN BOOTLEGES, will buy or swap. 40p, 15 West Street, Cricknedge, Dewsbury, Yorkshire.

JOHN McLAUGHLIN: concert tapes, bootlegs, obscure LP's wanted. (Of Lifetime "Emergency"), Mahavishnu, Shakti or solo. Richard House, Suffolk Terrace, UEA, Norwich.

PAY ANY Price for Mott the Hoople bootlegs or Ian Hunter, plus posters, badges, etc. Hewitt, 16 Greenview Gardens, Portofino, Co. Antrim, Ireland.

STEF: LOWE (Buy 11, Tyla (Buy 4) also. Free live Freddie, will buy. Grant 01-449 7785.

ENGAGEMENTS WANTED

3p per word

A1 ACCORDIONIST. 01-678 4542.

A1 PIANIST. 01-678 4542.

LEAD/RHYTHM guitarist wants to meet wave/punk group for jam. Tim 24162 (H. Wycombe) latter 6 a.m.

THREE GIRL Singers seek work in band for bg sound. Ring 01-961 3157.

FOR SALE

12p per word

BADGE COLLECTORS read on. Pink Floyd, Sabbath, Zeppelin, Alex Harvey, E.P.C. Wings, Wings over Wembley, Status Quo, Queen, Roy, Yes, 100c. Fantasia, Feagood, Stones, Deep Purple, Bowie, Cockney Rebel, Bad Co., Rod Stewart, Genesis, Washbone Ash, Top Badges of: Santana, Dr. Hook, Be. Pop Deluxe, Streets. Send 15p for each plus s.a.e. Love and Peace — Julie Williams, 7 Candy Street, London, E3 2JH.

COLOUR CONCERT PHOTOS. 10 colour borders 3 1/2 x 5" prints only £3.25 inclusive. Bands available: New Floyd, Head, Ferry, Lizzy, Harley, Bonnett, Tull, Tubes, Also Beach Boys, Bowie 74 & 76, Air, Kiki, Purple, Blackmore, Dylan, ELO, ENO, Essex, Halliwell, Emory Lou, Harrold, SASH, Kiss, Zeppelin, Fast, Loggins, Nazareth, Queen, Stones, Roy, Todd, Sailer, Patti Smiths, Stewart, 100c, Who, 75 & 76, Wings, etc. Send sale enquiries, for proofs to Dick Wallis, 159 Hamerton Road, London, SE27.

JAMES DEAN. Beatles, Garland, Monroe, Detroit etc. Collection for sale. Send 50p plus fee for list and rare example postcard and photograph. Sennings, 25 Rutland Court, Hove, Sussex.

NEIL DIAMOND. Woburn Abbey July 2nd. Two best 18 tickets for sale, also 50p car parking ticket Marilyn, 166 Manor Cnrs, Aylesley, Nottingham.

PRITAN PEACE Stones send 50p £2.80 + 20p postage, information enclosed, with order. M. Lennard 138 Sherburn Drive, Rainhill, Merseyside.

SP, UFO, Fantasy, Horror, Quasar Offers the current Paperbacks through first mail order. Send 15p or large sack to Quasar Books, Flat 4, 81 Gloucester St, London, SW1.

TUITION

12p per word

POSTAL COURSES see to Don Roberts, 38 Marlborough Rd, Cardiff for lists. Guitar, guitar arranging, bass guitar, jazz guitar, Django Reinhardt technique, cassettes, books available.

THE IVOR MIRAIRTS POSTAL GUITAR COURSES helps you to become a perfect technician. A special cassette of the exercises in the 12 season spectrum guitar course recorded by Ivor Mirairts is now available. Cassettes for Spanish Guitar Course in preparation.

POSTAL COURSES for: NOIR MIRAIRTS MUSICIENNE 56 Rathbone Place, London W1P 1AB.

FREE RADIO

12p per word

AIR TRIPS, with features on Annan, Radio Dublin, Rubber Ducks... etc? Get a copy now, from PRC-Scotland, NB95, 52 Saint Enoch Square, Glasgow. 40p + large s.a.e.

RECORDING

12p per word

QUALITY MOBILE sound recording service — gigs, large or small taped live — superb results, reasonable rates — 01-451 1640.

MUSICAL SERVICES

12p per word

ARRANGING, TRANSCRIBING, see to Don Roberts, 38 Marlborough Rd, Cardiff for lists. Pop, Big Band, Themes, Medleys, Disraeli, Brass Band, Glenn Miller sound.

EARN MONEY songwriting. Amazing free book tells how. — C.S.: 101 (N) Dividen Chambers, 118 Oxford Street, London, W1. 7p stamp.

LYRICS WANTED. No publication fee. 11 St. Albans Avenue, London, W4.

MUSICAL BACKING wanted for lyrics. Apply tel. 0845 72855.

SONGWRITER MAGAZINE explains copyright protection, recording, publishing royalties, songwriting competitions and interviews. Famous songwriters. Free sample from International Songwriters Association (NME), New Street, Urmston, Ireland.

YOUR SOUND recorded professionally — Henshwood, 130 Franky, W. Kirby, Wirral.

FAN CLUBS

12p per word

AC/DC FAN CLUB. S.A.E. for details to: Sandra Munday, 6 Floyd Road, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

GILBERT O'SULLIVAN Official Fan Club. Send stamped addressed envelope to P.O. Box 51, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffs.

JOIN THE SHOWADDYADDY OFFICIAL FAN CLUB. Send big sack with 80p postal order for LIFE MEMBERSHIP. You will receive regular Newsletter, Showaddyaddy pen, membership card, personality profiles, super colour pic and order form for lots of special Showaddyaddy items. Send to Dept. 33NME, Showaddyaddy Fan Club, Cavendish House, Crossgate, South Shields, Tyne and Wear.

ROY DORSET & MUNGO JERRY Lovin in the Alley and Fightin in the Streets Fan Club. S.A.E. to 378 Hervey Close, Finchley, London N3.

TRAVEL

12p per word

GREECE £50, SPAIN £40, Italy £40 Travel only return Inclusive Holidays. Spain 9 days Hotel £56. Italy 14 Days camping £54. Depart London Saturdays in our own luxury coaches. Travel with the long established experts. Brochure Kingstons International Travel, 55 Raywell St, Hull HU2 8ER (0482) 24828.

WORLDWIDE TRAVEL at lowest rates. Contact us for fast, efficient service, late bookings, our speciality, student travel also available. Abbotsoe Travel, 8 Irving House, Irving Street, London WC2H 7AT. Tel. 01-838 7576/7576.

WANTED

12p per word

PHOTOGRAPHS/TAPES of the David McWilliams Band on tour! Good price paid. Oliver, 117 Forest Road, Stonehaven AB3 2GF.

SONG LYRICS wanted, exciting proposition. (Details listed) Robert Hughes, 30 Sneyd Hall Rd, Blaxwood, Staffordshire.

LEARNER GUITARISTS for practice sessions. Forming rock band later. Derby. Phone "BIB" 7227.

BANDS

12p per word

A1 BANDS — 01-876 4542

DISCOTHEQUE BANDS groups. Tel. 01-361 9385.

THE CROSSWORD REGRETS...

...slipping its mild and bitter over the Editor's chair, poring on Hideo Bill Gargene's Clash album, inviting Rat Scabies home to meet the folks, singing the Pistols' version of "God Save The Queen" to 27 drunken sailors in the public bar of The George on Saturday night, not making its bed, forgetting the skins, the incident with the Boy Scout, a thousand other indiscretions it doesn't bear thinking about, and its non-appearance in its usual spot this week due to ill-health. Aichoon!!!

THE EDITOR REGRETS...

...the tone of the previous announcement and guarantees to bring The Crossword — cold or no cold — back to its senses by next week's issue.



WITHOUT DOUBT THE BEST VEST FOR A LONESOME CHEST

At last the brand new Groover T shirt — yours for only £1.95

PLEASE ADD the following for Postage and Packing. One garment add 25p (50p for abroad) Two or three garments add 35p (70p for abroad). For four or more garments add 45p (90p for abroad)

Make P.O. or cheque out to 'Bona Torsos' 18 King Street, Ilkerton, Nr. Derby, Derbyshire.

PLUS The best read for those with a big need.

The sensational Lone Groover Express.

Only 39p plus 6p postage.

P.O.'s and cheques as above.



Swedish clogs
MADE IN SWEDEN

ORTHOPAEDIC

Our clogs are manufactured in Sweden under expert guidance of experienced craftsmen. The bottoms are manufactured in advanced a light and comfortable material with great absorption capacity. The clogs are equipped with a non-slip plastic sole. Can be worn at home and at work.

Eight Colours: Black, Brown, Navy, Dark Blue, Green, Red, Natural, White.

35-40 (34 English sizes) — £6.95
41-45 (36-38 English sizes) £7.40

Passes include 80p for postage and packing. Send cheque or postal order to:

BAUCHI SHOES
Chalton Group Store, 49 Kings Rd., Chalton, London, E.W.3

in every shop and shoe store. Please view colour and size clearly. Export enquiries welcome. Add 80p extra for export U.K.

THE INFAMOUS SEX PISTOLS T-SHIRTS, and GOD SAVE THE QUEEN T-SHIRTS

Now available — by MAIL ORDER ONLY. Please state size £3.50 plus 25p & P&P.

Change/P.O. to **GLITTERBEST**

40 DRYDEN CHAMBERS, 119 OXFORD ST., LONDON W1.

NEW TO UK

All-Nylon Instant Response Drumsticks

PLAYED BY TOP DRUMMERS IN THE US

* Fast nylon on-nylon response

* Long life break resistant

* Consistent quality, weight, balance

* Werp-free

* In range of models, colours

* PP nylon drumsticks outplay traditional bakery sticks on all counts because the material, as well as the manufacturers, is scientifically controlled.

£6.95 pair includes VAT, post and packing.

Name _____

Address _____

Rush me all-nylon drumsticks as under

Model _____ Colour _____ Quantity (pairs) _____

71 (15 1/2")

Jazz (16")

Rock (16")

2b (16")

3b (17")

Total remittance enclosed

£ _____

Colours: Horizon Blue, Neon

Red, Blue, Green, White,

Sage, Grey, Yellow.

PROFESSIONAL PERCUSSION

Drumsticks, Maracas, Roshams, Northants,

Telephone: 09334 55350

Agents enquiries welcomed

DISCO SCENE

All lineups in this section 12p per word

DISCO THEQUES

DAVE JANSEN 01-489 4010

DISCO THEQUES — A time

Anywhere — 01-955 2826/2591.

G + C MOBILE DISCO. 01-743 1093 and 01-969 0682

DISCOWORSHIPFOROURSEXIGHT ONETWO ADJCOFFOYOU.

MOBILE DISCO THEQUES — 01-897 1879.

STEVE DAY. Tel. 01-524 4978.

LIGHTING EQUIPMENT

DISCOTLIGHTS 3-chan. Sound-lights £17.50. Strobes £22. etc. etc. etc. Free catalogue. **AAIRVAK** 12a IC, Bruce Grove, London N17 01-808 8923.

ADVERTISE RING

01-261 6153

I'VE JUST READ the Consumer Guide to the *Nuclear Age*, the first report on this subject that even a thickhead could understand, and I don't know about you but it bloody terrifies me!

I intend to send a copy to the Prime Minister and the embassies of all countries with the capability of turning Planet Earth into a bloody big frying-pan. I hope all NME readers do the same. Make the bastards sit up and take notice—even to the extent of a general strike of the world's youth.

Britain's part in the nuclear chess-game is minimal in deterrent effect, but costs a fortune. Britain should therefore withdraw from the game, declare itself a neutral state, and become the international mediator in the nuclear disarmament of East and West.

I publicly state that I will no longer vote Labour until they do something regarding the complete nuclear disarmament of Britain—until they do, my vote goes to the first party to announce they'll disarm if they come into power.

OK so it's an emotional letter, but for Christ's sake if more people spoke out we wouldn't be in this situation. I am open to use my spare time to collect petitions, join or even form groups to get rid of the nuclear threat.

Get off your apathetic arse and follow NME's lead and bloody well DO something!

PAUL McPHERSON, Sheffield.

SHOCK! Horror! Probe! So the NME gives us the lowdown on nuclear weapons in the U.K. So we all raise our hands in shame and declare how frightening it all is.

What a load of hypocritical bullshit! Do you realise if it weren't for nuclear weapons, there'd be no rock records, no trendy clothes to wear—in fact, no scene at all (and, of course, no NME).

Every sane person abhors the devastation that nuclear warfare would bring, but what would happen if we abandoned all our nuclear defences? We'd be wide open for any passing predators like the good old USSR, for instance.

And don't give me all that crap about "being paranoid" and "seeing reds under the bed". The Russians are involved in a world-wide strategic struggle and want as much territory as they can gain. Go ask the people of Poland and Hungary if you don't believe me.

And please don't bore me with the other two prescribed approaches for fashionable chic radicals. Firstly, the "love and peace" approach—"If we abolish nuclear weapons we'll be setting a wonderful example that others will follow". You think the Yanks and Russkies will just meekly lay down their arms because Britain has? Go back to your commune, baby.

Or then again, there's the "Hampstead Heath Che Guevara" approach—"Better red than dead." You wanna live in a society where you can't listen to the music you want, wear the clothes you want or do anything at all, without looking over your shoulder for the men in grey? Personally, I'd rather be dead.

Alright, so there's a hell of a lot wrong with the society we live in. But just drop your "angry young anarchist" stance for a moment and take a good, hard look at other countries throughout the world. It's pretty obvious to anybody that this is one of the best countries anywhere in terms of personal freedom. And that's what our nuclear weapons are here to defend.

So why don't all you self-styled revolutionaries just own up to the fact that you wouldn't even be the bold, free-thinking radicals you pretend to be, if it wasn't for the nuclear weapons you profess to hate?

STEPHEN PILKINGTON, Accrington, Lancs.

We repeat: why keep a deterrent that Britain can't afford and that won't deter? The Warsaw Pact hasn't presumably amassed so many tanks, troops, etc. unless it reckons it could fight a conventional war. So why doesn't Britain service her own conventional forces more efficiently? As it is, badly needed spares for the unreliable engines in British Chieftain tanks and the new Chobham tank armour go to Iran first to help Britain's balance of payments. No nuclear weapons, no rock? Try no arms-sales, no rock—since most of the companies we know as record labels undertake lucrative contracts for military hardware. EMI Electronics, for instance, developed the guidance system for the new

NUKEBAG

All your questions answered, all your fears allayed.



WARNING: NUCLEAR RADIATION IS HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH.

Your government wants you to be aware of the dangers of smoking. So it requires that a warning come with the product.

Your government does not want you to be aware of the dangers of nuclear energy.

It's the government's product.

British Aerospace Skyflash missile, which has "excellent" export prospects.

WELL DONE, NME! A first-rate nuclear "doomsday" issue. And the message? They've got their shock-proof bunkers; they've got their RSG; they couldn't care a tinkers dam, for likes of you and me. So if we want to save our world from nuclear genocide, it's peoples will, not men of power. That now can turn the tide.

Go to it. ROY GIDDINGS, Benfleet, Essex.

THE BULK of your article on the *Nuclear Age* in NME, June 11, was fine, detailed relevant information.

Such a shame then, that the authors had to spoil it with a crude and misleading diatribe against CND at the conclusion of the article.

I want to make one point clear, CND and Friends of the Earth are both active organisations, and both campaign on specific issues. CND on nuclear weapons and associated problems, FOE on the whole sweep of environmental issues—with nuclear power as an important part of this.

Secondly, CND is not "committed to more established activities" nor is it "traditional Left" in its outlook. CND has, and will continue to have a wide range of activities designed to make people aware and concerned about the nuclear menace.

On September 10 this year for instance, we are holding a big demonstration at the Holy Loch in Scotland—with contingents travelling from all over the country—and including a "Peace Cruise" to the demonstration by steamer from Glasgow. Presumably this was not mentioned in the article, because it would not have fitted the impression that was being created that CND is not active.

CND, in fact, is active and is growing rapidly at the present time—with some of the most rapid growth being in Student groups and in the churches—not just the "traditional left", which you sneered at so well and yet failed to explain.

Thirdly, CND has a large amount of educational, campaigning and informational material available—including books, pamphlets, films and mobile display units. But again,

people may not have realised this from the way in which CND was treated in the article.

NME readers were given some off-putting ideas about CND in your article—in a short space—yet it would take me much longer to correct the false impressions that I think may have been created. So instead, could I urge all NME readers who are concerned about the threat of nuclear weapons to contact CND and find out what we are doing—and that we need more help—and that we feel our campaign is starting to really hot up.

Take no notice of whichever sourpuss wrote CND off in last week's article!

Yours for peace and disarmament, DUNCAN REES, Organising Secretary, Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament, Eastbourne House, Bullards Place, London E2 0PT.

We visited your office, spent virtually the whole day there talking to you and were told both that CND was committed to more traditional activities and was "traditional Left". We were disposed to give CND every break in the book as we're firm believers in its aims. However, after a long conversation, we came away disheartened. Good intentions are no substitute for direct action. The kind of polite, middle-aged protest you are conducting lacks energy and direction. The need for a radical dynamic CND movement is, if anything, even more vital in the '70s. We hope that in the coming months you can prove all our criticisms totally wrong. (We did write about your Holy Loch demonstration but it went out for lack of space.)

THE SOI-DISANT guide to nuclear warfare was pretty proppy. The only thing that was alarmist about your article was its crassness and blind acceptance of other rantings. It was often grossly inadequate, inaccurate and out of date.

There was no mention of biological warfare, nor of the recent (failed) attacks by lasers on US satellites, nor of the possibility of an American Proton Beam Weapon.

The Lance missile is not yet deployed. SALT only got a paragraph. Britain hasn't got a nuclear deterrent of her own.

Heard of NATO? Then you may be able to distinguish between Britain's force and France's independent force de frappe. And anyway, if our deterrent is so puny why the rantings

over the effect of one bomb? This smacks of ill-considered arguments.

Call it a guide? Who for? People with the brain capacity of a mentally-retarded hamster. Thank you and goodnight.

PIGLET (a Wandering Minstrel)

All omissions, under-emphases, etc., were the inevitable result of cramming as much (but not enough) as we could into a mere four pages. According to *Flight* magazine, Lance is deployed and has been operational with the British Army's No. 50 Missile Regiment in West Germany since last year. Why did we "rant" and describe the UK deterrent as puny? In our view the estimated effects of one bomb make that one too many. At the same time we doubt whether Britain's ageing Polaris missiles would penetrate Soviet defences. As for Britain not having her own deterrent—you're quibbling with semantics (and we did mention the US key lock on the Polaris system). Yes, we know about NATO, also about the French strike force and its Mirage IVB bombers; we doubt they'd reach Moscow either. An American PBW? The West's scientists aren't certain whether a PBW is feasible since, in theory, protons can't be projected through the atmosphere. The US seem more concerned with developing "orthodox" systems, like Trident and the mobile MX missile. Good morning.

EARLIER THIS YEAR I applied for a job with the U.K. Atomic Energy Authority in administration and was talked to / weighed up by the Authority's medium-to-big guns at Jesus College, Oxford (during which experience I got the distinct impression that the UKAEA would have loved that contract West Germany has with Brazil).

During a guided tour of Hanwell, I asked a bloke in a white coat about making nuclear waste safe to which he replied: "Yes, we do a bit of that here, but that's the boring side."

The selection tests included (1) interrogation concerning my moral, religious, and political beliefs (all on file now, no doubt), (2) being given ten numbers and having to pick out the fourth largest, and (3) explaining to the public in a press statement that there had been an "accident" at a nuclear power station.

I didn't get the job—but did you know that you can't cremate stiffs with atomic heart-pacemakers? Why? They explode, that's why.

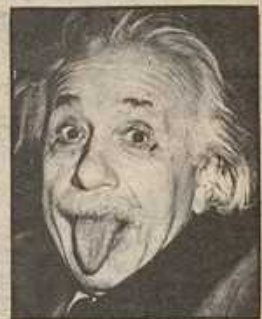
KEITH JONES, Warwick University, Coventry.

See Thrills for more exploding stiffs.

THANKS FOR the *Nuclear Age* article. I feel you could have gone a step further though and buttonholed the BBC and ITV to show Peter Watkins' film "The War Game" which they banned around ten years ago from nationwide broadcast on the grounds that it was too psychologically shocking.

The film was shown at college—on a course which has shown films on vivisection (none of which compared in shock terms)—and stunned me for several days after.

N.G. (STUDENT), Manchester. "The War Game" can be hired from CND for a small fee.



Edited by
**THE GHOST OF
ALBERT
EINSTEIN**

FOR THE INFORMATION of all those who don't want Nuclear Power, alternative sources will never produce enough energy for a growth economy (which needs more energy and more resources to make more consumer products and more profit for more people to invest in more industries using more energy etc etc ad infinitum).

Nuclear power is really the symbol of the Industrial Age. Without the power, our industrial economy will collapse. When you fight nuclear power, you are fighting the Industrial Society.

FOE and CND can never be really effective because they're charities and they aren't allowed to get political. Getting political is the only way of fighting the high priests of Growthmania, through their own corridors into the power centres.

What's the alternative to our nuclear growth society? One based on soft Technologies, de-industrialising, de-populating, and de-centralising, living with nature not against it. Beat the growth-maniacs and you sterilise fast-breeder.

DAVID TAYLOR, Ecology Party (Dorset Branch), Wincor Newburgh, Dorset.

YOURS IS NOT a scientific paper, nor should it be. Why then did you publish an article concerning nuclear power that was so biased it was unbelievable?

Like it or not, nuclear power is necessary. And don't spout that bullshit about wind, waves, or solar energy. If you'd find that almost all the scientific community engaged in research into alternative power sources agree that they could in no way supply all of Britain's power-demand. The coal and oil will not, despite Tony Benn's bullshitting, save Britain from the imminent energy crisis that, if not assuaged in some way, is going to cripple most of the world. Very soon mineral resources are going to vanish and, even though windmills and solar generators will help in some way, there will still be a large hole that can only be plugged by nuclear power.

With the stocks of uranium available and using Fast Breeders, the human race can survive for the next two hundred years or so. Hopefully, in that time nuclear fusion will be harnessed which, using helium and similar elements readily available in the sea, should last humanity for millennia.

Nuclear fission is not the great saviour, but neither is it the End. It's a step on the way, a necessary step at that.

GEORGE PUTTY, Gateshead.

No, we're not a scientific paper, nor did we claim to present a scientific (pseudo-objective?) summary. You assume the fast breeder is a foregone conclusion—is it? The process still requires massive financial investment and has to surmount numerous technical problems before it can be scaled-up for commercial use. The same goes for fusion; research at the Joint Euro Torus plant at Culham, Oxfordshire, for example, hasn't been as fruitful as its proponents would have liked. And are the alternative sources really as impractical as you suggest, even for the UK? What about Lockheed's feasibility studies for Ocean Thermal Exchange Conversion? Contrary to popular belief, alternative power isn't only for "alternative" people. Furthermore, it's also our opinion (sorry, bias) that a society fully dependent on nuclear power would become a "strong" state, highly centralised (totalitarian?)—whereas one using other sources would possibly not "enjoy" such restrictions.

AND STILL the madness goes on. While normal, law-abiding punks carry on their day to day business with quiet dignity, visiting their banks and recording their songs of social dissent, psychotic self-appointed vigilantes are roaming the streets with the intention of causing them serious physical harm.

The unwarranted attacks on members of **The Sex Pistols** are sickening enough; also distasteful is the way *The Mirror* chose to front page the fact that **J. Rotten** had received a beating from the hands of hoodlums, while last week, when it was the police who were handing out the aggro, the Thames boat trip incident was tucked away in a minor page paragraph.

Meantime, Fleet Street licks its greasy chops at the sight of even more instant sensationalist 'punk' copy. "The Punk Exploiters" shrieked the *Sunday People* as it revealed that **Mark P** sold — wait for it — fanzines! And that shops in the King's Road were selling — wait for it — clothes! Meantime *The Observer* was smugly reassuring its readers that **J. Rotten** was really a very nice, well behaved boy after all. "He has five O-Levels and says 'please' and 'thankyou'", warbled their correspondent, as if he was expecting some working class mongoloid who ate his food with his fingers.

Then there was *The Sun*, who managed to turn a thousand of 'hippies showing up on Salisbury Plain for the mid-summer sunrise at Stonehenge into an invasion of punk-rockers. "Punks v. Druids" claimed the headlines optimistically when the 'hippies revealed that they were planning to have a rock concert at the same time as Los Druids were getting their bit together.

Can't you just imagine punks erecting teepees, cooking grub, looking after the 'of' lady 'n' the kids 'n' the dog, tightening up their guy ropes with safety pins and what have you?

The best part of breaking up is when you're making up, part 107: **The Band** have just signed a five album contract with Warner Brothers Records. So much for all those tearful farewells, loving retrospectives and all that sentimental 'of' hogwash they had us drowning in. The live album of the 'farewell' concert will be appearing on W. Bros., but not before a new studio album apparently.

All is definitely not well at Island Records' tasteful Hammersmith offices, whence well known horrible and utterly obnoxious beat group **Eddie and the Hotrods** have been, up, banned. The 'Otrods, for their part, are miffed at lack of Island representation at their Canvey gig last week, let alone the ban, and now want to change companies soon as possible.

Van Morrison played a surprise gig last week when he jammed with **Mick Ronson**, **Eric Burdon** and **Dr. John** at London's Speakeasy club. Vans also told us that he's planning to release a real weird double A-side single in a few weeks time. "Joyous Song Sound" from "Period Of Transition" will comprise one side. The other will be "Mechanical Bliss", recorded in Amsterdam in '74, and a rare example of Van being funny. Funny humorous that is. The song is alleged to sound like a cross between **The Muppets** and **Flanders and Swann** (now there's old wave for ya).

Wait until you see the new bands, **Jim**, **Bad Company** went to the White House last week to meet President **Jimmy Carter**. The group had previously been made honorary Colonels of Louisiana by the State of Louisiana. Back home, honorary citizenship of the borough and its allotments



PHOTOGRAPH BY T. TYGIER

TEAZERS

A WEEKLY CONTRIVANCE

allegedly being prepared for **Hideous Bill** by Accrington Council.

Politician realises something is happening shock: Labour MP **Bruce George** last week told the House of Commons that Punk Rock was "something about which we should be concerned." Did he mean New Wave bands being banned from stages and their records from airplay? No, he meant that "quite respectable youngsters" were "responding" to the phenomenon and were, you know, well, like, being corrupted and that. Doesn't he know that was last year's thing?

Sniffing Glue magazine look like being cast out of their Oxford Street office on account of the paint spray graffiti with which the lads have been adorning the walls, not to mention the all-night **Mark P** guitar practices. P's partner in Step Forward Records **Miles Copeland** also less than overjoyed when *Glue's* Harry drove his van into the back of Copeland's car.

Stop the presses: **Mark P** just called to say his *Alternative* TV combo will not be supporting 999 at the Nashville this Friday, and claims it was never arranged.

Much backstage aggravation is reported on the **Tom Petty/Bloomtown Rats** tour, where the Petty camp were evidently a trifle ruffled by the Rats' habit of having a huge poster bearing their name draped along the stage front. Asked to desist in this punkish practice, the Irish rats draped a prominent poster outside the theatre declaiming "Rats eat Heartbreakers for breakfast". Petters' lot were apparently not amused.

Following last week's *Thrill* concerning the extremely nasty and dangerous substances like nerve gas that are being mixed with almost equally nasty and dangerous substances like heroin and cocaine in the good ol' US of A, come reports that police in this country have been warned that pushers may try to contaminate their

Left: Two members of *The Slits* get, er, cute.

samples to undercover narks with the same.

What's this? **Lee Brilleaux** judged a pogo-dancing competition in Nottingham last week? Are you listening *Come Dancing*?

And this week Pogo Records — the property of Brummagem's *Suburban Studs* — release the group's first single, "Questions No Faith".

Rumours that **El Pistoleros** "God Save The Queen" is banned in Eire are untrue; it isn't released there but import copies are available.

The world's most confusingly named drummer, **Woody Woodmansey**, plans to burst through the limits of human endurance next month when he will make an attempt on the record for the world's longest drum solo.

Woodmansey reckons he can top the current record of 320 hours non-stop playing, and if you think that's tough, imagine having to sit through it. Rumour threatening it will become a regular feature of his act.

And still the old wave rearward storms forward in the face of the punk peril; **The Third Ear Band** are to re-form.

Expected to emanate from El Lay shortly, an all girl ex-groupie/journalist band titled **Backstage Pass**...

More on World records; **Farrar Fawcett Majors** is now the mug on the world's largest selling poster. Five million FM's have now been shifted Stateside, two and a half million more than the previous holder, **Marilyn Monroe**...

Farewell to veteran bluesman **Sleepy John Estes**, who died on June 5, aged 77.

When the *Pistols* album finally appears, buyers will be given a choice of different coloured fluorescent sleeves ("Just like 'Spooky Two' writes an Old Farf). It is believed that this event will occur at roughly the same time that a *Clash* Springsteen-esque media blitz occurs, replete with colour supplement covers.

Incidentally, *T-zers* hears that one **Steve Harley** telephoned one **Caroline Coon** to gain reassurance from her that "It's true, isn't it? None of *The Clash* can play?"

From the sublime to the totally ridiculous: it is currently costing £££ £200,000 a week to tour the States with their absurd cast of thousands.

It's good to know some ageing '60s punks never lose their roots: onstage at a Washington DC Kinks gig, **Dave Davies** — who can't have been able to find Ray — and drummer **Mick Avery** took to spitting at each other onstage after each attempted to stare the other out. It ended with Avery stomping offstage and Dave playfully kicking his drumkit in.

Tightwad strikes again!!! The World's Meanest Rock Star, **Rod Stewart**, attempted to score discount (for being who he is) on a recent visit to the trendy Fiorucci boutique in Knightsbridge. His offer was declined.

Hmmmm... Is it true that the *Runaways* were recently ejected from Disneyland for "alleged homosexual behaviour"? It seems they were getting friendly with each other's cameras.

Steely Dan have a double album, "Aja", finished and ready for release. Playing on the album are stock West Coast sessioners including **Chuck Rainey**, **Steve Gadd**, **Jim Keltner** and **Jim Forcario** plus many, many more with **Tom Scott** handling the horn arrangements on six tracks. It is also believed that not only are **Becker** and **Fagen** gearing up to work on the road but that a change in US labels is imminent.

Jeff Beck's comment on **Cher's** visit to Mikel's, a New York jazz club where he was recently playing at three in the morning: "Maybe she likes

CHRISTOPHER RAINBOW

"Living In The World Today"
Polydor 2058 878

PAT MCGLYNN AND SCOTTY

"She'd Rather Be With Me"
Decca F13715

138-140 Charing Cross Road, London WC2H 0LD
01-836 6699

MUSICAL EXPRESS

Kings Reach Tower,
Stamford Street,
London SE1 9LS
01-261 6820
01-261 5000

EDITOR: NICK LOGAN

Assistant Editor: Neil Spencer

News Editor: Derek Johnson

Production Editor: Jack Scott

Special Projects Editor: Roy Carr

Associate Editors (Features/Reviews):

Bob Woffinden, Charles Shaar Murray

Contributing Editor: Mick Farren

Staff:

Tony Stewart
Steve Clarke
Phil McNeill
Tony Parsons
Julie Birchill

Contributors:

Tony Tyler
Ian MacDonald
Angus MacKinnon
Andrew Tyley
Nick Kent
Bob Edmunds
Tony Benyon
Max Bell
Fred Dellard
Chris Salewicz
Brian Case
Cliff White
Joe Stevens
Miles
Edward Barker
Angie Errigo
Kate Phillips
Lester Bangs
John May

Photography:

Pennie Smith
Chalkie Davies
New York:
Lisa Robinson
Research:
Fiona Foulger

Advertisement

Department

Ad Director:

PERCY DICKINS

(01) 261 6080

Ad Manager:

Peter Rhodes

(01) 261 6251

Classified Ads

Penny Morgan

(01) 261 6122

Ad Production:

Mike Proctor, Frank Lamb

(01) 261 6207

Publishing: Eric Jackson

Editorial Consultant: Andy Gray

IPC: Magazine Ltd. Production and all

material, artwork, printing in strict

accordance

ex-junkie guitar players...

Eric Clapton (whaddya mean, who?) travelling from date to date on his Euro tour by private train. This was enough, apparently, to earn him a *Daily Express* centre spread. Round here it earns him a desultory *T-zz*...

Sexy Sadie you broke the rules; **Maharishi Mahesh Yogi**, who was once spiritual guru to **The Beatles** (remember them) dropped up in the news again this week when one of his students claimed that the

Maharishi could teach people to fly, as in soar through the air with the greatest of ease. Yeah well you didn't fool our John mixer.

Next time **The Death Mammals and Solitary Brick** fail to show for gig, just do what the students at Shorditch Training College did last week — ring Elton. Elton stood in for an anonymous pop group who failed to show — for free. Course, he might charge you £65,000, which is apparently his going rate.

WANTED BEATLES LOOKALIKES SINGER-MUSICIANS



FOR HIT BROADWAY SHOW
IN NEW YORK
FOR AUDITIONS CALL
MRS PRICE AT 01-289-2053



Albert Y Los Wotsit Lot (you know, the funny ones from Manchester) trail their "Snuff Rock" X-rated comedy spectacular (see news for tour details) in a nifty graveyard scene.



Patty gets choked with Cliss Speck, she of 'Carrie' fame.

Sex PISTOLS



W.H. Smith's Top 20 Elephant and Castle, June 13th.

BBC
RADIO ONE

Banned. "It is in gross bad taste" Charles McLelland. The ban covers the whole of the BBC.

WH
SMITH

Banned at all branches.



Banned. The nations' Brewers have refused to allow Sex Pistols on any of the Juke Boxes.



Banned at all branches.

IBA

Banned. "Nothing should be broadcast which offends good taste or decency. And that includes all radio advertising."

TOP OF
THE POPS

Banned. "It is quite unsuitable for an entertainment show like Top of The Pops"

2008
LUX

Banned. And Luxembourg are independant of the BBC and the IBA. The ban by Luxembourg, the IBA and the BBC mean that the single is barred from every British radio station.

GLC & LOCAL
COUNCILS

Banned. Sex Pistols are not even allowed to play in London or in most other parts of the country. And when they try to.....



Banned. A Thames River boat party was broken up by police on Jubilee Day. Fifteen people were arrested.

WORTH  **WOOLWORTH**
WOOLWORTH  **WORTH**  **WOOLWORTH**

Banned at all branches.

LOCAL
RADIO

Banned. No local stations will play the single.



Banned from advertising. Not even 'God Save The Queen', but simply the new signing with Virgin. And all the ad said was: "You thought you had got rid of us, but you haven't"

MEMBERS OF
PARLIAMENT

"If pop music is going to be used to destroy our established institutions, then it ought to be destroyed first."

Lambeth M.P. Marcus Lipton



Banned. The Pistols were fired and "Anarchy in the UK" was withdrawn as it hit the charts.

AM
RECORDS

Banned. Just three days after signing.

ASSOCIATED
PRESS

Banned. One of Britains' impartial Press Agencies has refused to circulate news stories about Sex Pistols.

SOUNDS
PRINTERS

Banned. The printers, not the paper, deliberately omitted part of an ad for 'God Save The Queen' without informing Virgin or the Sex Pistols.

TONY
BLACKBURN

"It is disgraceful and makes me ashamed of the pop world, but it is a fad that won't last, we DJ's have ignored them and if everyone else did perhaps they would go away."

JOHN PEEL

"One of the greatest Rock records ever made" (Sounds June 13th But the BBC won't let him play it.

CAPITAL **104**
RADIO

Eventually, banned. But Capital were the only station in the country to question the IBA ban. And 'God Save The Queen' made their Number One slot.

MELODY MAKER, SOUNDS, N.M.E. & RECORD MIRROR

Sex Pistols 'God Save The Queen' is record of the week.

'God Save The Queen.' No.1 in NME thanks to you and England's independant record stores. Support real record shops.

