

Jagger blows up! Page 7/8

INME
CONSUMERS'
GUIDE TO THE '70s

MUSICAL EXPRESS

Ian
Dury
and
his
personal
roadie
Fred
prepare
for an
evening
of
**SEX
DRUGS**
and rock
and roll

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This Last		Week ending October 15, 1977
Week		
1	(1)	RUMOURS Fleetwood Mac
2	(2)	STAR WARS Original Soundtrack
3	(5)	SIMPLE DREAMS Linda Ronstadt
4	(4)	FOREIGNER Foreigner
5	(3)	SHAUN CASSIDY Shaun Cassidy
6	(7)	I, ROBOT The Alan Parsons Project
7	(8)	MOODY BLUE Elvis Presley
8	(10)	LIVIN' ON THE FAULT LINE Doobie Brothers
9	(9)	JT James Taylor
10	(13)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER Ted Nugent
11	(11)	CSN Crosby, Stills & Nash
12	(12)	HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES . . . LIVE Bee Gees
13	(15)	COMMODORES Commodores
14	(28)	CHICAGO XI Chicago
15	(6)	ANYTIME . . . ANYWHERE Rita Coolidge
16	(18)	LITTLE QUEEN Heart
17	(19)	STAR WARS AND OTHER GALACTIC FUNK Meco
18	(—)	LOVE YOU LIVE The Rolling Stones
19	(22)	BOOK OF DREAMS Steve Miller Band
20	(21)	FLOWING RIVERS Andy Gibb
21	(23)	FOGHAT LIVE
22	(14)	REJOICE Emotions
23	(24)	LUNA SEA Firefall
24	(27)	TOO HOT TO HANDLE Heatwave
25	(17)	I'M IN YOU Peter Frampton
26	(29)	BEAUTY ON A BACK STREET Hall & Oates
27	(25)	A NEW WORLD RECORD Electric Light Orchestra
28	(—)	BARRY WHITE SINGS FOR SOMEONE YOU LOVE Barry White
29	(—)	IN FULL BLOOM Rose Royce
30	(30)	CARELESS Stephen Bishop
Courtesy "CASH BOX"		

NOLAN GETS HIS JOB BACK

JOHNNY THUNDERS and the Heartbreakers have temporarily solved the problem of their vacant drum stool, created when regular member Jerry Nolan walked out of the band on the eve of their British tour. They have engaged a guest drummer strictly for the duration of the tour — and he is none other than Jerry Nolan!

The trouble began when Nolan quit the band following an internal dispute, just two days before they were due to play their first tour gig in Bristol on October 1. Paul Cook of the Sex Pistols sat in at short notice and, as reported last week, Thunders was considering engaging ex-Damned drummer Rat Scabies in time for their second date at Cleethorpes on October 6.

But it seems that Nolan offered to come back on a guest basis, and this ruled out any question of Scabies taking over. A statement issued by Track Records this week says: "Jerry Nolan is no longer a member of the Heartbreakers, but a hired musician. He will be performing with the band for all the British dates through to Croydon Greyhound on November 6." The prospects of Scabies then joining the outfit is now ruled out by Thunders, who says he wants the permanent replacement to be an American musician.

Meanwhile, Scabies is now considering his future in London, while The Damned continue their European tour with Johnny Moped's drummer — Dave Burke — guesting. It's not yet clear if Burke will still be playing with the band when they set out on their British tour later this month, as support to The Clash.

The Damned's new album is issued on November 4 by Stiff Records, who also release a new Larry Wallis single called "Police Car" on October 21.

Clash subdue Regeri louts

THE CLASH — who, as reported last week, were expecting trouble at their dates in Sweden at the weekend — got through their gigs without any violence erupting, but not before they'd had a few scares!

It was thought there might be some disruption during Saturday's show in Ronneby, at the venue where the Sex Pistols, the Stranglers and The Jam had previously been attacked by the Regeri group — but this concert passed off without incident.

However, on Sunday the band were due to appear at Club 700 in Orebro, but a bomb threat delayed the gig for an hour while police and the army searched the venue. Eventually The Clash were given the go-ahead, but at the same time were warned of reports that the Regeri were likely to turn up in force.

In fact, the Regeri did arrive and immediately started yelling, scuffling and throwing objects on stage. The band's reply was to return the taunts, and to throw back the objects — a response which caught Regeri totally off guard.

Clash manager Bernard Rhodes takes up the story. He told NME: "They were so surprised by the band standing up to them, that they quietened down and the rest of the evening went off without hitch. It was as if a weird mutual respect had developed. After the gig, The Clash met some of the Regeri, and they weren't such a bad bunch — just a mob of rich kids with nothing better to do."

NEWS

Edited:
Derek
Johnson

DESK

Parker, Rods on tour



BARRIE MASTERS of The Rods

GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR, who last appeared in Britain at the Reading Festival in late August, return from their current American tour on November 5 — and three days later they open a major 16-venue tour of this country. It ties in with the October 21 release of their new Vertigo album "Stick To Me", which had to be completely re-recorded after sound distortions were discovered on the original tapes — produced by Nick Lowe, the ten-track LP includes nine Parker originals.

Tour dates are Aberdeen Capitol (November 8), Edinburgh Usher Hall (9), Glasgow Apollo (10), Lancaster University (11), Liverpool Empire (13), Manchester Palace (14), Bradford St. George's Hall (15), Newcastle City Hall (17), Birmingham Odeon (19), Croydon Fairfield Hall (20), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (21), Exeter University (22), Oxford New Theatre (25), London Rainbow (26), Bristol Colston Hall (28) and Brighton Dome (29).

Tickets are on sale now at all venues priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50, with additional £1 seats at the Scottish venues. The exception is the Rainbow where admission is £3, £2.50 and £2.

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS play a short series of British dates this month, to prepare for their first visit to North America, beginning at the end of October. They are confirmed for Hull University (tonight, Thursday), Newcastle Polytechnic (Friday), Lancaster University (Saturday), Uxbridge Brunel University (October 19), Cardiff University (20), Hatfield Polytechnic (21), Leeds University (22), Manchester Elizabethan Hall (23) and Malvern Winter Gardens (25). One or two more gigs will be slotted in at short notice, but they won't be playing any London dates because it's too soon after their five-night Marquee residency.

The band have now decided to drop their abbreviated name The Rods, because they say it caused too much confusion, and they have reverted to their original name. They open in Canada on October 30, arriving in New York in mid-November. The follow-up to their hit single "Do Anything You Wanna Do" will be issued by Island later this month, though titles haven't yet been decided, with their latest album due in early November. And the one-off single they recorded with former MC5 member Rob Tyner "Till The Night Is Gone" labelled as being by Robin Tyner & The Hot Rods, is also due out early next month.



GRAHAM PARKER

ARETHA, SMOKEY FOR U.K.

ARETHA FRANKLIN, the undisputed queen of soul, makes her first British appearances for nine years next month when she headlines three London concerts. All are at the Palladium — with one show on Monday, November 14, and two performances the following night (15). She is bringing over her own musicians and backing singers, billed as the Kingpins and the Prima Donnas, and these will be augmented by eight British horn players.

Promoter Jeff Kruger of the Ember Concert Division has been negotiating with Aretha for over 12 months, involving three trips to the States, to tie up the deal. She last toured Europe in 1968 and has not returned since, though there have been many attempts to



SMOKEY ROBINSON

bring her over, all of which have failed to materialise — mainly because of the huge fees involved.

Because Aretha is one of the world's highest-paid artists, coupled with the fact that she is bringing along a large entourage, Palladium ticket prices are unavoidably high — they are on sale now at £7.50, £6, £5, £4, £3 and £2. She is also headlining a UNICEF charity concert in Geneva and filming a TV special in France, but it's not yet known if she will be seen on television in Britain.

SMOKEY ROBINSON, the near-legendary Motown pioneer and one of the most

outstanding personalities in contemporary black music, flies in at the end of this month for his first British visit in more than ten years. He headlines four major concerts — at London Hammersmith Odeon (October 29), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (31), Liverpool Empire (November 1) and a second show at Hammersmith Odeon (2).

He will be backed by his Quiet Storm Orchestra, comprising his regular U.S. group augmented by British musicians, and the support act is soul singer Shirley Brown. Tickets are on sale now priced £3.75, £3.50, £3 and £2.50 in London; £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £1.50 in Manchester; and £3.50, £2.50 and £1.50 in Liverpool. Promoter is John Martin for the Derek Block Agency.

One-time leader of the Miracles, Robinson has now gained an international reputation as a soloist. But his live appearances are few and far between these days, as his studio work — as producer and writer for other artists — occupies much of his time.

Cher with Gregg

BRITAIN plays host next month to the first-ever tour together by the husband-and-wife team of Cher and Gregg Allman. They co-headline five major concerts in this country, even before they make their debut tour of America. Backed by their newly-formed band, they appear at Liverpool Empire (November 14), Birmingham Hippodrome (19), Glasgow Apollo (20), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (22) and London Rainbow (24). Tickets are on sale now priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50, and the promoter is Barry Dickins of MAM. To coincide with the gigs, Warner Brothers are releasing the duo's album "Two The Hard Way", labelled as being by Allman & Woman.

MUSIC BY POST

Rod Stewart/Atlantic Crossing.....	£2.50	Janis Ian/Akron.....	£3.95
Beatles/Rock 'n' Roll.....	£2.50	Marc Bolan Lyric Book.....	95p
Beatles/Beatles.....	£2.50	T. Rex Song Book.....	£1.50
Beatles/Humour.....	£2.50	Elvis Presley/40 Greatest Hits.....	£1.95
Beatles/Fantasy.....	£2.50	Rory Gallagher/15 Best Songs.....	£3.50
Beatles/Mac/Rumour.....	£4.25	Pub Melodies for Organ.....	£1.95
Neil Diamond/Love At The Greek.....	£5.50	Songs of Paul Simon.....	£4.95
Genesis Song Book.....	£2.95	Queen/Day At The Races.....	£2.75
Pink Floyd/Wish You Were Here.....	£2.95	Queen/19 Songs.....	£2.25
Illus NME Encyclopedia of Rock.....	£4.95	Queen/Sheer Heart Attack.....	£1.50
History of the Gibson Guitar from 1953.....	£2.95	Queen/A Night At The Opera.....	£3.50
NME Book of Rock.....	95p	Songs Of David Bowie.....	£3.50
Jackson Browne/21 Songs.....	£3.95	Bowie/Diamond Dogs.....	£3.95
Nile Rodgers/Cry Tough.....	£3.95	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos.....	30p
Illust Rock Almanac.....	£2.95	Shadows/Best Of Shadows.....	£1.95
Fred/12 Big Hits.....	£2.50	Fender Guitar/Ken Ashard.....	£2.95
Stones Black & Blue.....	£2.50	Lead Guitar Tutor with Record.....	£3.50
Sad Co. Straight Shooter.....	£2.95	Rhythm Guitar/Self Tutor.....	£3.50
Bob Dylan/Desire.....	£3.95	Rock Bass Tutor with record.....	£3.50
Frankston Comes Alive.....	£3.95	Lead Zepplin Complete (1-5).....	£4.95
Beech Boys/20 Golden Greats.....	£2.95	Plankty 26 Songs.....	£1.75
Pink Floyd/Dark Side Of The Moon.....	£2.50	Rock Guitar with Record.....	£1.50
Elvis Presley/NOI 57-63.....	£1.95	Bass Guitar with Record.....	£1.50
Pink Floyd/Animals.....	£3.50	Wishbone Ash/15 Songs.....	£1.50
Jimi Hendrix/10 Greatest Hits.....	£1.95	Neil Young Complete Vol 1.....	£9.95
It's Easy To Play Country & Western.....	£1.95	Neil Young Complete Vol 2.....	£9.95
It's Easy To Play Rock & Roll.....	£1.95	Please print name and address in BLOCK LETTERS	
It's Easy To Play Folk.....	£1.95	Orders £1 and under add 15p p&p. Between £1 & £2 add 25p. Between £2 & £3 add 35p. Over £3 add 50p. Catalogue free on receipt of 7p/9p stamp. Send Cheque, P.O. To:	
Beatles Complete/Guitar Or Piano each.....	£3.95		
Stones Quo 42 songs.....	£2.00		
Eagles & Desperado.....	£4.95		
Marc Boland/The Prophet.....	95p		

PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 Elgin Cres., London W.11

Lindisfarne unite again

LINDISFARNE, who re-formed at the end of last year specially to play a couple of Christmas concerts in their home town of Newcastle, are repeating the re-union this year. The original line-up headline at Newcastle City Hall on Thursday and Friday, December 22 and 23, and these will be their only performances.

For these two gigs, the band features Rod Clements (violin and fender bass), Alan Hull (lead vocals, guitars and piano), Ray Jackson (lead vocals, mandolin and harmonica), Ray Laidlaw (drums) and Simon

Cowe (guitar and vocals).

Tickets are priced £3.50, £3.25, £3, £2.75 and £2.50, and they are available by postal application only. Cheques and POs should be made payable to "M.B.M. Associates Ltd." and sent (with s.a.e.) to Lindisfarne '77, M.B.M. Associates Ltd., P.O. Box 117, Newcastle-upon-Tyne NE99 1LT.

The band revealed this week that they have received two substantial offers from major London agencies for them to headline British concert tours. But Lindisfarne are declining all work except the Newcastle gigs.



LINDISFARNE in their 1976 Christmas gig

COUNTRY EVENT AT WEMBLEY '78

THE TENTH Country Music Festival is already scheduled for Wembley Empire Pool next Easter — from March 25 to 27 inclusive — and tickets are now on sale at the box-office. The event is again being filmed by BBC-2 who will subsequently screen several specials, while BBC Radio will tape the festival for a series of "Country Club" broadcasts. Promoter Mervyn Conn announces the following provisional line-up which, with over five months to go, is subject to alteration:

SATURDAY, MARCH 25: Don Williams, Carl Smith, Jody Miller, Wilburn Brothers, Barbara Fairfield, Mel Tillis, George Hamilton IV, Larry Gatlin.

SUNDAY, MARCH 26: Carl Perkins, Marty Robbins, Dave & Sugar, Donna Fargo, Charlie McCoy, Lloyd Green, Don Everly, Hargus "Pig" Robbins, Ray Lynam & the Hillbillies.

MONDAY, MARCH 27: Merle Haggard, Merle Haggard, Kenny Rogers, Ronnie Milsap, Tompall Glaser & the Outlaws, Moe Bandy, Joe Ely, Gloria Sherry & the Mississippi, Lynch & Lawson, Raymond Froggatt.

Rollers walking over water?

BAY CITY ROLLERS have now decided, once and for all, to quit Britain and join the growing number of U.K. exiles in California — though in their case, they insist it's not for tax reasons, but because they're appreciated more in the States. They claim they have matured as performers, and that their music has become more valid — but in Britain they've been unable to shake off their teenybop image, and for this they place the blame largely on the shoulder of the music Press. They say they hope to return here at some stage, but meanwhile they want to concentrate on enhancing their reputation abroad. Commented manager Tom Paton: "After all, even Jesus had to travel to spread the message!"

Lizzy extra

AMID REPORTS of huge queues at box-offices and venues selling out within hours of tickets going on sale, Thin Lizzy have added four more dates to their upcoming British concert tour. They are now playing another gig at Liverpool Empire on November 17, besides their show there the previous night, and a second concert at Bristol Colston Hall on November 22. And with their two nights at London Hammersmith Odeon on December 10 and 11 now sold out, they have slotted in two extra concerts in South London — at Lewisham Odeon on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 13 and 14.

Split Enz back

NEW ZEALAND band Split Enz have returned to Britain after a two-month Australian tour, and early next month launch into their third tour of this country, including a major London concert at the Roundhouse. They will be featuring material from their current Chrysalis album "Dizrythmia", as well as their recently-released single "My Mistake". With more gigs still being finalised, their

confirmed dates so far are:

Birmingham Barbarella's (November 4 and 5), Plymouth Castaways (7), Liverpool Eric's (11 and 12), London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (13), Doncaster Outlook (14), Manchester Polytechnic (15), Keele University (16), St. Albans City Hall (19), Coventry Warwick University (24), Harrogate P.G.'s Club (25) and Retford Porterhouse (26).



RECORD NEWS

Presley live double LP

ELVIS PRESLEY's live double album "Elvis In Concert" is being rushed out as soon as possible, to meet the current huge demand for his product. It was originally planned for November release, but it's now hoped to have it in the shops within the next few days. It features tracks recorded on tour, as well as excerpts from an American CBS-TV special, which may ultimately be screened in this country. The set features chat from Elvis, his father and Presley fans — and the following songs:

See See Rider, That's All Right, Are You Lonesome Tonight, Teddy Bear, Don't Be Cruel, You Gave Me A Mountain, Jailhouse Rock, How Great Thou Art, I Really Don't Want To Know, Hurt, Hound Dog, My Way, Can't Help Falling In Love, I Got A Woman, Amen, Love Me, If You Love Me, It's Now Or Never, Trying To Get To You, Hawaiian Wedding Song, Fairytale, Little Sister, Early Morning Rain, What'd I Say, Johnny B Goode, And I Love You So.

Live albums by Alice Cooper, Little Feat and Jackson Browne are scheduled for mid-November release. Alice's is called "Live At The Aladdin Theatre, Las Vegas" and includes most of his hits plus several new songs, while the double-LP "Little Feat Live" was recorded at the band's three recent London Rainbow gigs, and both are on Warner Brothers. The Browne set on the Asylum label is still untitled, but it will be a double.

Leonard Cohen's album "Death Of A Ladies Man" comes out on November 4, as a one-off release from Warners. Phil Spector produced, and there are contributions from Joni Mitchell and Bob Dylan.

The long-awaited triple album from Neil Young, titled "Decade", is finally set for November 4 release by Reprise. Out the same day on DiscReet is a Frank Zappa double album called "Zappa In New York".

Recorded at London Royal Festival Hall in July, Osibisa's live double album "Black Magic Night" is issued by Bronze on November 4, and the band are being lined up for a British tour in late November to promote it.

Current Eagles member Joe Walsh is putting the final touches to his solo album, for Atlantic release in late November. And former Eagles member Randy Meisner has just started work on a solo set for the same label.

The Temptations' debut album for Atlantic "Hear To Tempt You" is set for November 11 release.

After negotiating with several major labels, it's understood that Blondie have signed with Chrysalis, although an official announcement is still awaited.

Pye are launching a series of double compilation albums, under the banner of "Pye Files" and retailing at £4.25. First releases this weekend feature the Kinks, the Searchers, Mungo Jerry, Donovan and Status Quo.

October 21 singles releases include "Free Me" by Uriah Heep (Bronze), "The Happy Girls" by Helen Reddy (Capitol) and "Good-bye Baby Hello Friend" by Wishbone Ash (MCA). The same day, the EMI Group issues a string of four-track EPs featuring former hits by Adam Faith, Paul Jones, Swinging Blue Jeans, Freddie and The Dreamers, Fourmost, Scaffold, Shane Fenton and The Fontones and John Leyton.

Brotherhood Of Man's new single "Highwayman" and album "Images" are both issued by Pye tomorrow (Friday). Out on the same day and label is "Lightning Strikes Again" by The Real Thing.

Roger Daltrey's new single is the Murray Head classic "Say It Ain't So Joe", for Polydor release on October 21.

Upcoming albums from Harvest later in the year include a live Soft Machine set, recorded in Paris; and "Kickin' Up The Sawdust", the first solo LP from former leader and founder member of the Albion Dance Band, Ashley Hutchings. This month the label issues "Best Of" collections by Babe Ruth and the Pretty Things, with similar compilation albums by Deep Purple and Wizzard to follow shortly.

Krazy Kat, currently on tour as support to the Chris Spedding Band, have their new self-penned album "Troubled Air" released by Mountain this weekend.

WEA Records have clinched a licensing pact with Contempo Records for the distribution of their product. First albums, out later this month, include "Meat Heat" by Ultrafunk, "Cloudy" by Tamiko Jones, "Sara Smile" by J.J. Barnes and "Rice and Beans Orchestra".

"Burlesque", which is the title of the band's second Arista album, comes out on October 28. It was recorded recently in Finland.

X

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3D EP

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VIRGIN RECORDS

12 INCH EP IN PICTURE BAG

Essex plays London week

DAVID ESSEX is being lined up for a nationwide concert tour in late autumn and, once again, his itinerary climaxes in a week-long Christmas season in London. Details of his provincial gigs are still being finalised by promoter Mel Bush, and will be announced in a week or two — but meanwhile it's been confirmed that Essex headlines at London's Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, from Monday, December 19 until Christmas Eve.

The Dominion now operates as a cinema, and it's 20 years since a major artist last appeared there on stage — the last being Judy Garland. The venue also has the largest advertising board outside any theatre in Europe. In previous years, Essex has played sell-out pre-Christmas seasons at the Palladium, New Victoria and Hammersmith Odeon.



Tickets for the shows — which start at 8.30 pm — are priced £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50. The box-office opens to personal callers at noon on Sunday, October 23, but postal applications are being accepted immediately — cheques and POs should be made payable to "Rank Leisure Services" and sent (with s.a.e.) to the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, London W.1. A support act has still to be named.

NEW TOURS BY ELKIE, CARAVAN

ELKIE BROOKS has been booked for her second concert tour this autumn. She headlines a short eight-venue itinerary, which has been lined up at short notice, following the sell-out success of her recently-completed nationwide trek.

This time she visits towns not included in her first schedule, and her dates are Preston Guildhall (November 10), Coventry Theatre (11), Southampton Gaumont (12), Ipswich Gaumont (14), Liverpool Empire (15), Dundee Caird Hall (17), Aberdeen Capitol (18) and Edinburgh Usher Hall (19). She is again backed by her regular band, comprising husband Pete Gage (guitar), Steve York (bass), Trevor Morais (drums) and Tim Hinkley (keyboards).

CARAVAN are also going out on a second autumn tour, not long after completing their first itinerary — and again, the success of their initial dates is the reason for extra gigs being booked at the last minute.

Confined mainly to the college circuit, this new schedule takes in Loughborough University (this Saturday), Plymouth Fiesta (October 19), York University (21), Hull University (22), Blackpool Imperial Hotel (23), Southampton University (26), Canterbury Odeon (27), Salford University (28), Durham University (29), Cambridge University (November 1), Coventry Warwick University (3), Bath University (4) and Bradford University (5).

Burning Spear in six concerts



WINSTON RODNEY

TOP JAMAICAN attraction Burning Spear are at last set for their British debut. They were originally due over here in late June to play a couple of London concerts with Max Romeo, but the dates were subsequently

postponed. Now they are officially confirmed for appearances at London Rainbow (October 25 and 26), Bristol Colston Hall (27), Manchester New Century Hall (November 4), Birmingham Hippodrome (5) and Nottingham Palais (6). Support act is British reggae band Steel Pulse.

Rainbow tickets cost £3, £2.75, £2.50 and £2.25; at Bristol they are £3, £2.50 and £2; and at Manchester they are all at the one price of £3. At press-time, Birmingham and Nottingham were not fixed but all box-offices are expected to be open by today (Thursday).

Burning Spear are built around the central personality of Winston Rodney, and the rest of the personnel has changed considerably in recent months, so it's not clear exactly who will be with Rodney in the touring band. Spear's latest album "Dry And Heavy" has just been released by Island.

BARBARA DICKSON PLAYS 13 DATES

BARBARA DICKSON headlines a 13 venue concert tour next month, opening with two performances at London Queen Elizabeth Hall on November 3. Other dates are St. Helens Theatre Royal (November 4), Leicester University (5), Southampton Guildhall (6), Bristol Colston Hall (7), Birmingham Town Hall (8), Belfast Whitta Hall (17), Glasgow University (18), Croydon Fairfield Hall (21), Hatfield Forum (25), Middlesbrough Town Hall (26), Southport New Theatre (27) and Sheffield Crucible Theatre (30).



NEWSREEL

BIG PACKAGE IN NEW YEAR

A MAJOR package tour — featuring Parliament, Funkadelic and Bootsy's Rubber Band — is expected to tour early next year, playing leading venues in both Britain and Europe. Warner Brothers executives arrived in London this week from the States to finalise arrangements for the tour, which looks set to go out in January or February. Meanwhile a new album by Bootsy's Rubber Band titled "Player Of The Year" is issued by Warners on November 4.

DIRTY TRICKS GO ON ROAD

DIRTY TRICKS begin a British tour of college and club venues in mid-November. Their itinerary is at present being finalised and will be announced shortly, probably next week. The tour aids promotion of their third Polydor album "Hit And Run", out this week. And is followed by an 18-day European tour starting in early December, and taking in Germany, France, Belgium and Holland. Their debut visit to America is being lined up to open in February.

NEW-WAVERS MOVIE OPENS

"THE BLANK GENERATION" — the film featuring Patti Smith, Television, The Ramones, Talking Heads, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, Blondie, Wayne County and many others — is being screened every evening at London's Other Cinema from tomorrow (Friday) to October 27. Alternative TV play a live set on the opening night, and for the rest of the run the Dr Feelgood film "Going Back Home" is screened. The venue is at 25, Tottenham Street (off Tottenham Court Road).

STRAKER: LP MINI-TOUR

PETER STRAKER headlines a short concert tour at the end of next month to promote his new EMI album "This One's On Me" — produced by Freddy Mercury and Roy Thomas Baker, it's released on October 21. Straker visits Edinburgh Odeon (November 25), Newcastle New Tyne Theatre (26), Leeds Polytechnic (27), Birmingham Hippodrome (28) and London Drury Lane New London Theatre (29 — tickets priced £2, £1.75 and £1.50). Promoter is Harvey Goldsmith.

MacCALLUM'S TELEMATQUE

TELEMATQUE is a new band formed by Paul MacCallum, one-time guitarist with the Wombles. But the line-up is totally removed from the Wombles image, comprising former Ashton Gardner and Dyke drummer Roy Dyke; session men Trevor Baker and Noel Norris on brass; ex-Illusion guitarist John Knightsbridge; and keyboards man Dave Rowberry, who replaced Alan Price in the Animals. The band are currently playing a series of Monday night gigs at London Covent Rock Garden.

PUNK DELAY AT SUNDOWN

THE RE-OPENING of the Sundown in London's Charing Cross Road, as a regular Sunday punk venue, has been postponed. It was announced last weekend that the Sundown would resume gigs this coming Sunday (16), with Generation X topping the bill. This followed three months of structural alterations and improvements costing £100,000, but now it seems renovations won't be complete in time to open this weekend. The venue now hopes to start functioning in a week or two, but Generation X say they can't re-schedule their Sundown gig owing to recording commitments.



CONCERTS BY ALAN STIVELL

ALAN STIVELL, the leading exponent of Celtic music, headlines a four-venue British mini-tour at the end of this month. He plays London Hammersmith Odeon (October 27), Southport New Theatre (28), Edinburgh Usher Hall (30), and Carlisle Market Hall (31). It's expected that Irish dates in early November will be added to his schedule.

JOHN MARTYN GIGGING SOON

JOHN MARTYN is being lined up for an extensive British tour next month, with full details expected in a week or two. Meanwhile he plays two warm-up gigs at Liverpool Eric's next Tuesday and Wednesday (18-19). Object of the exercise is to promote his new Island elpee "One World", released by Island on November 4 and his first studio album for almost three years.

VIBRATORS AT ROUNDHOUSE

THE VIBRATORS headline at Chalk Farm Roundhouse this Sunday (16), their first London gig for several months, supported by 999 and Radiators From Space. They replace previously-announced bill-toppers Motorhead, whose manager Tony Secunda said: "There was never an agreement for them to appear, just a vague idea." Promoters Straight Music commented: "We were pressured by Motorhead's agent to put them on, but their manager changed his mind at the last moment."

JANIS JOPLIN FILM IS SET

THE FILM biography of the late Janis Joplin goes into production early next year. It's based upon Myra Friedman's best-selling book "Buried Alive", the film rights having been secured by producers David Permut and Mark Travis. The agreement includes full rights to all Joplin recordings and compositions, though it's expected that another singer-actress will be engaged to star in the movie and perform the songs.

DAEVID ALLEN TOUR VENUES

FIRST DATES have now been set for the previously-reported British tour by former Gong leader Daevid Allen and his new outfit, Planet Gong, described as "the first space-punk band". They play Chelmsford City Tavern (November 3), Liverpool University (4), London School of Economics (5), Dundee University (9), Edinburgh George Square Theatre (10), Stirling University (11), Leeds Ffiorde Green Hotel (13), Manchester UMIST (15), London Camden Music Machine (16) and Brighton Sussex University (17).

HAMILL BAND SETTING OUT

CLAIRE HAMILL — who split from Riek Grech's band a year ago and has spent the interim writing — is now all set to launch her new band Transporter. It comprises Paul Griffiths (guitar), Eddie Chin (bass), Michael Wilding (flute and sax) and Fish (drums). The band, which Claire considers marks a progression from her last album "Abracadabra", make their first official London appearance at Covent Garden Rock Garden on October 21.

WATCH IT, KIDS!

You are now even nearer to 1984 than you are to 1970. Find out where we're going by checking out where we've been. The NME Consumers' Guide To the '70s continues in the NME this week.

Techno-flash..... P.26

Easy Listening..... P.44

Wall-chart..... P.32/33

NEXT WEEK: Country, reggae, soul.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

DR. FEELGOOD

WITH GUESTS

MINK DeVILLE

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W6

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TICKETS £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE TEL: 748 4081 LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.1. TEL: 439 3371, USUAL AGENTS' OR ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

STIFF'S GREATEST STIFFS...LIVE....

ELVIS COSTELLO

NICK LOWE

WRECKLESS ERIC

IAN DURY

LARRY WALLIS

FAIRFIELD HALLS

PARK LANE, CROYDON (GEN. MANAGER MICHAEL TEARLEY)

SUNDAY 16th OCTOBER at 7-30

TICKETS £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 (INC. VAT) AVAILABLE THEATRE BOX OFFICE TEL: 688 9291, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.1. TEL: 439 3371, USUAL AGENTS' OR ON NIGHT

TOP RANK SUITE / BRIGHTON

WEST ST. BRIGHTON

WEDNESDAY 19th OCTOBER at 8-00 (LATE BARI)

TICKETS £1-70 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE TOP RANK SUITE BOX OFFICE TEL: BRIGHTON 25895 OR VIRGIN RECORDS, SOUND CONNECTION, FINE RECORDS, MEGA WATZ OR £1-90 (INC. VAT) ON NIGHT

BIRMINGHAM TOWN HALL

BIRMINGHAM B3 3DQ

TUESDAY 25th OCTOBER at 7-30

TICKETS £2-00, £1-50, £1-00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE TOWN HALL BOX OFFICE TEL: 10-00 A.M. - 6-00 P.M. MON-SAT. TEL: 021 236392, OR ON NIGHT

TOP RANK SUITE CARDIFF

QUEEN ST. CARDIFF

WEDNESDAY 26th OCTOBER at 8-00 (LATE BARI)

TICKETS £1-70 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE TOP RANK SUITE BOX OFFICE TEL: CARDIFF 26534, SPILLERS, SOUND ADVICE, CARDIFF & NEWPORT, NOT ROCKS, NEWPORT, OR £1-90 (INC. VAT) ON NIGHT

LYCEUM

STRAND, W.C.2

FRIDAY 28th OCTOBER at 8-00

TICKETS £2-50, (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, EDWARDS & EDWARDS, TEL: 734 9761, OTHER AGENTS, OR £2-50 ON NIGHT

ENDALE CONCERTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH USB PRESENTS

HEARTBREAKERS

NEW ALBUM



L.A.M.F.

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Rainbow

ON OCTOBER 20TH
WITH

SHOXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
+ THE MODELS



MANAGED BY POLYGRAM LIMITED

**WORDS****NICK
KENT****SNAPS****PENNIE
SMITH**

JAGGER HITS OUT AT EVERYTHING IN SIGHT!

IF ONLY IT HADN'T all been so damnedly, unrelentingly... uh... amicable.

I thought I had it sussed, right. I was after yer grand confrontation — a bit of friction here, a bit of tension there, the subtle application of pressure by means of provocative loaded questions slowly but surely wearing down the facade, until — *eureka* — the interrogator achieves a reasonable, sustained glimpse of The Man Behind The Masks.

And how does it have to end up?

Me and old Rubber Lips closeted in this Japanese restaurant sharing the corner table with photographer Pennie Smith and WEA PR lady Moira Bellas, who very graciously *don't butt in* even though their very presence has put a strain on the Positive Intimacy Quotient I'm striving for, relegating the

occasion instead into a cosy minor-league social encounter where servile Orientals ceaselessly hover around, the food is inexcusably tasteless and I discover extreme personal shortcomings via my attempts to master the art of eating with chop-sticks.

"Get a fork instead, mate. You're too shaky anyway," mutters my interviewee curtly, no doubt darkly acknowledging behind that inscrutably unflusterable front that yet again his very presence has struck a chord of awkward uncertainty, however temporarily, in the outward demeanour of this latest inquisitor.

Ah yes, decisiveness dogged yet again by a superior instinct for psychological tactical warfare of the kind wielded only by the truly great.

If you're going to really get into these things, then take it from one who knows: interviewing Mick Jagger, with an eye for pinning down the human element effectively, remains arguably the most tantalizing coup known to the discerning, passably self-assured rock interviewer.

I mean, what higher symbolic accolade is there left to attain?

Dylan never gives interviews so his name's not even worth dragging in here. And, sure, I could think of certainly half-a-dozen more loquacious, *interesting* rock figures than Jagger to fruitfully engage in a dialogue right now.

Somehow that's not the point though.

It's the very fact that Jagger still allows himself, however fleetingly, to be pumped with questions while resolutely maintaining a facade that gives nothing but nothing away, that makes him such an intriguing... uh... verbat *opponent* is the only tangible term-of-definition, I guess.

HE'S STILL an infuriatingly powerful bastard, though, is *Mist-ah* Jagger. I mean, it's quite ridiculous on one level. Only last month I was leafing through a recent issue of *Creem* magazine when I came upon a page given over purely to dippy snaps of wonderful rock stars

**Cont'n'd
over page**



socializing together in which virtually all eight or nine shots featured Jagger flanked by the most absurdly diverse bunch of has-beens and minor-league turkeys imaginable.

One shot had him sitting next to John Sebastian and Phoebe Snow, the next coyly with Roberta Flack, the next gying it up with the wretched Andy Warhol — and in every hideous shot he wore the same hideously smug grin right alongside the smug St. Laurent suits and drippy casual shirts and slacks and — over and above it all — here somehow was proof positive of the guy's full descent into terminal redundancy.

The full force of this page layout even dwarfed the horrendous symbolism inherent in those turtle-dovey poses backstage with Princess Margaret snapped last year at Earls Court. The page screamed out the statement: *Yes, this man is a prat!*

I mean, all this jet-set socializing nonsense is only the tip of the iceberg where the current crop of grisly problems facing the Rolling Stones' state of grace is concerned. A most decisive man-to-man confrontation with Mr Jagger was the only truly feasible way to handle this assignment. Now was no time to be hi-jacked away from "pertinent issues" by well-seasoned light-hearted banter and extremely sly detours.

Thus it is in the course of an approximate one and a half hours spent either silently wondering what on earth it is in the name of all culinary Oriental arts I'm shovelling down into my intestines, or mustering enough requisite self-assertiveness to actually "grill" Jagger betwixt the pleasantly bitchy inconsequential chit-chat, that those subjects close to the heart of all fervent Stones-watchers get somehow dusted off with all the slick "nothing delivered" attitude-conjuring tricks known only to a true pro.

Mick Jagger's nothing if not a king-pin media pro — plus he can be quite disarmingly witty and charming too. And if none of the aforementioned happen to abate testy questions, then he's a dab-hand at foxing his way out of a tricky corner.

Ultimately you have to respect the sheer style and tenacity of the man, however infuriating it may be. Even if you come to the inevitable conclusion — which is why the hell does Mick Jagger feel the desire to involve himself in these absolutely redundant exercises in media bedazzlement? A man of his stature shouldn't feel the need to face the press *ever* — so why even bother to tangle with these ridiculous charades?

Having already resigned myself to an atypical "slick" reply, I happen to ask him just that towards the end of the interview.

Immediately Jagger re-adopts his usual superciliously "cute" pose, all pouting lips and twisted syllables, stretching his words out like a spoiled child playing the centre of attention in a room full of doting maiden-aunts.

"She makes me," he pouts, pointing to Miss Bellas, before going for a more "reasonable" tack — "Well anyway I don't do 'em very often. It's just that... honestly and truly, I do like to keep in touch with some of the press. I actually enjoy

From over page

I told EMI, if I go on the telly and do worse things and say worse swear words than The Sex Pistols — will you sack us? 'Cos there's no way you're going to get your money back. They just said, "No way, Mr. Jagger."

their company, like to see how they're doing and that."

JAGGER HAD spent the previous day talking to *Melody Maker*, *Sounds*, *The Guardian* and *Zigzag*. After yours truly, the whole assignment would be neatly tied up with a last interview performed with *The Observer*.

Prior to this bunch, Jagger had contributed his thoughts on the current home front and beyond to the pages of the *Daily Express* and the *Evening News* where, in both cases, topics under conversation could be neatly fitted under four tidy categories.

First was our Mick putting us all straight on all the latest scandal-mongery concerning a) that thoroughly tedious Trudeau woman earlier this year; b) his supposed spates of incompatibility with the equally tedious Mrs Nicaragua, reported in fancifully lurid depth by the delightful A. Seaduto; and c) the Stones' current dilemmas centred around Keith Richard's legal misery. To round things off nicely, rock 'n' roll's very own Peter Pan got his chance to toss personal opinions to the hungry masses concerning his views on all things "punk".

Brusquely ignoring the first ridiculous category altogether, yours truly still wished to hone in on sections b), c) and d) for a shot at the goods.

TAKE THE RICHARD situation for example. At the very least, the adamantly grim nature of his cohort's predicament should have sliced away the particular brand of irreverent mirth that typified virtually everything trotting out from Jagger's lips since we'd first shook hands that afternoon.

After all this is arguably the big one. And it wasn't just a curt appraisal of the odds for and against the guitarist still playing along with his colleagues that I was after. The very fact that Richard's future is in jeopardy as a direct consequence of something that the Stones and Richard himself principally, of course, had speciously usurped into their grand image-formation for these jet-set '70s is not merely ironic but very, very pertinent right now.

Just as Jagger's playful image-flirtations with all things malevolent and romantically violent had symbolically ended in the carnage of Altamont and their instigator brought to tears in the very

face of his own impotence almost a decade ago, now the Stones' subsequent flirtation with hard-drug 'chic' was finally culminating into another, arguably more traumatic Waterloo as the sacrificial-victim is priced that much higher this time.

Maybe it's facile to read such grand symbolism into a culmination of drug busts but the Stones' grand obsession with hard-drug cool which received a most tangible launching in the quite obsessive gamut of self-consciously hip references noted throughout "Sticky Fingers" and which Richard's wasted elegance has since backed up to the hilt in a particularly amoral, almost boastful fashion, is suddenly reaping a particularly grim harvest.

Richard himself, after months of being closeted in a New York clinic, has since reappeared and stated his own, surprisingly unconcerned views on the dilemma. But Jagger's future, though obviously less crucially weighed in the balance, is still very much at stake particularly in terms of his career and a requisite credibility which seems doomed to receive some fairly brutal knocks, whatever the verdict.

The subject, when broached, doesn't phase him particularly mind you. He's obviously worked out his replies down to a well-honed tee. Up to a point.

The first question asked is the obvious one, of course, which is: what exactly has Jagger got planned for his and the Stones' future in the event of a verdict reached pertaining to Keith's future activities or lack of same? The well-oiled PR machine starts operating with, if not any particular frankness, at least a personable twist to the rhetoric.

"The answer to the question is the same one I've given to everybody else. That however is because it's the truth, and thus the only honest reply I can possibly produce. Which is — simply I cannot hypothesize about the eventuality because so many variables could happen to Keith. If you give me a 'What would happen to Keith if...' line then... but otherwise, I mean, it could be anything from him being landed with a life sentence, to him having to report to the Canadian authorities every week. I dunno, y'know. They could do just anything. They could put him in a hospital for months, they could... oh, anything.

And I seriously haven't made any plans for any of these eventualities. (Pause). I'm going to have to cross that bridge when I come to it."

O.K. then but let's go back to the incident itself. Surely Jagger, who is certainly no fool and the last to function under slipshod precautions, would have made sure that his second-in-command was afforded full impregnable protection at all times, if only for the selfish purpose of protecting his own interests. "You mean, did I know it was going to happen... uh, sooner or later? Well yeah, of course. Christ, Keith fuckin' gets busted every year."

Yeah, but it's getting more and more serious now, obviously, until...

"It reaches a head. That's what you're saying. Yeah, sure. And then you've got to do something about it. But I'm not judge and jury. I can't morally... I can't go into those sort of details. Christ, I can tell you what I *think* of the case but I can't... I mean, it's not even my case. I don't know how many needles they found layin' around. I didn't have anything to do with it all. I never even went to see the cops."

"Listen we shouldn't be talking about this. Really I mean, he's in too much trouble as it is. Afterwards sure... but... right now anything we say could somehow go against him. I could say right now — yeah, it was irresponsible, and what happened was totally inevitable — but what good would that do? It's not worth it at all and anyway the fact is that I simply can't and don't blame anyone for the bust."

THE ONE ARGUABLY propitious facet to "Keith's bust", though, is that Jagger can use it as a perfect safety clause to stall off the latest accusations of creative laziness being aimed at the Stones from certain quarters.

"As a result of the bust, 'live' work has been right out of the question. When someone's on bail — as far as I remember when I was on bail — it's just a fuckin' nightmare going out on a tour. The police in every country are just so ready to pounce, y'know — they've obviously been alerted, received special instructions to pay particular attention, to keep an eye out constantly for you, particularly when you're on the charge Keith's on."

"I mean, Christ, I'd never go out on the road with a geezer on a heroin pushin' charge! No way. Very problematic, that is."

Jagger is also adamant in citing the bust as the reason for the Stones' lack of activity in the studio thus far this year. Coincidentally, the day after this interview, Jagger was all set to fly out to Paris where studio time has been booked for the next album. Richard and Ron Wood were flying in from New York that very day — "even as we speak".

Five days of rehearsals were set as a preface to the activity and then it was straight into the studio to complete an album that, according to Jagger, *has to be out by March 1978* at the very latest if only to curb executive ulcers up on the top floor of EMI House.

Jagger refuses to give out even the most trivial details about this latest project, joking around about possible influences or whether the current "New Wave" styles might insinuate themselves, into the patented Stones' sound.

He does, however, concede that "Black & Blue" "wasn't very good — certainly nowhere as good as 'Let It Bleed' ", which was after all created under similar second guitar-less conditions.

About EMI, the Stones' current European label, he has this to say.

"They're actually not as 'square' as I thought they'd be. I reckoned it'd be just like Decca, y'know."

Then why on earth did you even approach them?

"The money, dear, the money. If you don't go for as much money as you can possibly get, then I reckon you're just fuckin' stupid!"

Of course there is such a thing as artistic control?

"Aw-w come on! We've got that side well sown up, mate—I mean (he affects a particularly moronic accent for this bit) I told 'em all right there and then, if I go on the telly, like, and do worse things and say worse swear words than what The Sex Pistols ever did — will you sack us? 'Cos there's just *no way* you're going to get back any of the money, right. They just said 'No way, Mr Jagger'."

Ah yes, The Sex Pistols! Very mention of the name heralds the time be right for Mick Jagger Talks About The New Wave Chapter 34.

First off, though, one might as well broach the claim made by one J. Rotten that he actually once slammed the door on Jagger's face, leaving him shaking with fear, outside Malcolm McLaren's "Sex" shop, since re-named "Seditionaries". To

Cont'n'd page 61

The Dictators are coming

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3 DOUBLE
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4 TOUR DATES

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Friday 14th Oct CARDIFF Top Rank Suite
Saturday 15th Oct LEEDS Queen's Hall
Tuesday 18th Oct PLYMOUTH Woods
Thursday 20th Oct COVENTRY Mr George's
Friday 21st Oct REDDITCH Tracy's
Saturday 22nd Oct HAUFAX The Good Mood
Monday 24th Oct MIDDLESBOROUGH Rock Garden
Wednesday 26th Oct IPSWICH Tracy's
Thursday 27th Oct MANCHESTER Parter's
Friday 28th Oct EDINBURGH Clouds
Saturday 29th Oct ABERDEEN Aberdeen University
Monday 31st Oct LONDON Marquee
Tuesday 1st Nov LONDON Marquee

THE SAINTS



2 HAR 5137

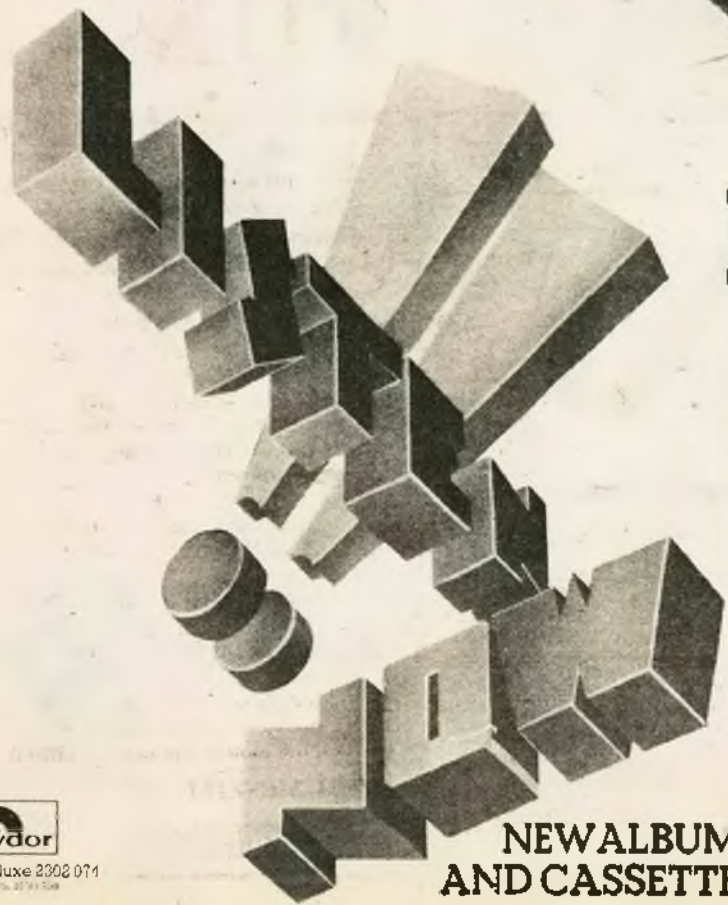
PHIL MANZANERA/801



NOW SHOWING AT YOUR LOCAL RECORD STORE

AUTUMN TOUR

Oct. 11th	CAMBRIDGE	University (Lady Mitchell Hall)	Oct. 22nd	NOTTINGHAM	University (Portland Building)
Oct. 12th	SOUTHAMPTON	University (Old Refectory)	Oct. 23rd	LONDON	Victoria Palace
Oct. 13th	GUILDFORD	University (Surrey)	Oct. 25th	SOUTHPORT	Floral Hall
Oct. 14th	NORWICH	University of East Anglia	Oct. 26th	LIVERPOOL	University (Mountford Hall)
Oct. 15th	LEICESTER	University	Oct. 27th	HUDDERSFIELD	Polytechnic
Oct. 16th	BIRMINGHAM	Town Hall	Oct. 28th	NEWCASTLE	Mayfair Ballroom
Oct. 18th	PLYMOUTH	Castaways' Leisure Centre	Oct. 29th	HULL	University
Oct. 20th	OXFORD	Polytechnic	Nov. 1st	SWANSEA	Brangwyn Hall
Oct. 21st	COLCHESTER	University of Essex	Nov. 2nd	MANCHESTER	University
			Nov. 3rd	FALKIRK	Maniqui Ballroom
			Nov. 4th	DUNDEE	Student Association
			Nov. 5th	GLASGOW	Strathclyde University
			Nov. 6th	REDCAR	Coatham Bowl



**NEW ALBUM
AND CASSETTE**



Polydor Deluxe 2302 071



ELP & THE GAY ADVERT!

FIRST MARY Whitehouse and now, Emerson Lake & Puma. For where the Horn Rimmed One led, our heroes are close on her heels. They're "upset" with *Gay News*.

Their grievance? They don't want to be laughed at.

Ladies and gentlemen, an edifying tale. Two weeks ago, a sharp-eyed reader of *Gay News* No. 127 spotted an interesting illustration in the "Gayway" Dating Service advertisement ("the largest and most exclusive personal dating service for international people attracted to members of their own sex").

What the sharp-eyed one showed *Thrills* was a bleached-out picture of two fresh-faced young men, attire circa 1972, crouching amicably side by side and apparently contemplating a (symbolic?) twig held by young man A.

Remind you of anything?

No?

Well, if you could see the ad in question, you might find yourself puzzled by an elusive likeness to Famous Rockstars Of Our Time. The two young friends, you see, are facially not a million miles from resembling, on my right, Mr. Keith Emerson, on my left, Mr. Carl Palmer. Likewise their pose seems identical to that adopted by the same pair on the inside gatefold of their 1972 album "Trilogy", a portion of which is reproduced right.

Mr. Lake's doppelganger, incidentally, does not appear in the advertisement, less possibly because his charms are too obviously butch than because, well, three's a crowd.



Anyway, ELP have seen the ad. And ELP didn't like what they saw.

Now it seems obvious to me that no disrespect can have been intended to Emerson and Palmer by the use of what they claim are their mugs in this advert. The unknown illustrator would have had to be pretty dumb to deliberately use recognisable portraits in his ad without the consent of the folks in question. What seems much more likely is that what we have here is the product of an artist short on inspiration and casting desperately through his collection of contemporary artefacts for some inspiration.

This suspicion was rather confirmed by a conversation I had with the lady who commissioned the ad for Gayway.

"The illustration is not a portrait of anyone as far as I'm concerned. I'm not into ELP. I suppose it could be a coincidence?"

Um.

"The person who drew it is away in Ireland. Maybe he just looked at something he had lying around?"

"Well, all I know is, I asked for two young trendy guys and that's what I got — two young trendy guys picked out in dots."

Of course, if the aforesaid artist did pinch the illustration then it was very wrong of him. Very annoying to have your face stolen that way, and probably an infringement of copyright.

But it's not copyright, I would hazard, that has upset E and P so badly. To quote their London pressman last week:

"The decision to take legal action was made by Carl, who's the only member of the band in London at the moment, and by our financial director. Carl was shocked. He said

— well, he said he's not a poofter."

On Monday this week, however, a call on ELP's office elicited the news that the band had decided on a more sensible approach — they will ask *Gay News* for a retraction.

You may be wondering how ELP would be able to sue *Gay News* as well as the dating service. It appears that under the libel laws that we at *NME* know and love so well, you can be sued merely for reproducing something adjudged libellous, whether or not you realised it was.

Thoughtfully, ELP's office have reminded us of this, which is why we are unable to show you the ad in question. We are grateful for their kind advice in this matter.

Thrills rang Mr. Denis Lemon, famous martyr and *Gay News* editor-person, to ask if he was worried. Not very, he said. Surely no judge, he said, would hold a magazine responsible for an ad with a stolen illustration. Personally, he said, he had some sympathy with ELP's distress.

Mr. Emerson and Mr. Palmer are heterosexual.

AMY PROSSER

THRILLS

NO FUN

THE SEX PISTOLS' album will probably not be due out now until the beginning of November. Virgin Records confess themselves as much in the dark about it as they were about the mystery tour: no date, no track listing, no fewer.

Sophie at McLaren's office, always delighted to hear from *Thrills*, mentioned a strike at the CBS pressing factory — though the band have not yet delivered the set for pressing anyway.

Questioned about the rumours that the record would feature a Sid Vicious song called "Belsen Was A Gas", Sophie gave your *Thrills*man a curt no. (Honest, Sophie, I like 'em, I like 'em — just someone's gotta do the dirty work around here...)

The band do, however, have a number called "Belsen Was A Gas" in the current repertoire, even if it's not on the album. Sid says so himself.

PHIL MCNEILL

THRILLS

The Lone Groover



BENYON

THE DOORS of the Roxy Theatre in Harlesden remain closed this week because, you might say, its owners have been hog-tied in GLC red tape.

The day before the venue was due to open (on September 23rd), A. J. Collins Music Ltd, the lease holders, were refused a music and dance licence at a public hearing held at County Hall. The decision was an unexpected blow to the main financial backer, Terry Collins, who had already announced a series of Friday and Saturday night '60s nostalgia concerts to take place between now and the end of the year.

Collins claims that since buying the theatre lease from Rank in June, 1976, he has spent over £80,000 renovating the building. £60,000 of this was to ensure that the safety and

structural requirements of the GLC were met. He intends to appeal against the GLC's decision.

"I hope there has been some misjudgement by them," he says, "and that this will come to light during the appeal."

"I was choked about the decision," he adds. "I still can't believe it. I have to pinch myself to find out that it's all gone."

"A man in his right mind wouldn't spend £80,000 and at the end of it not get what he's spent the money on. It's so ridiculous, like building a house and not putting the foundation down. "Crazy, it's absolutely crazy!"

If Collins strikes you as some what bemused then that is only to be expected.

His licence application was turned down after the chairman had heard evidence from 26 objectors and the local authority, Brent Council. Their main beef was that there'd be noise and car parking problems if the venue

opened. But Collins alleges that GLC officers had assured him the hearing would be merely "a formality".

This farrago began when Collins found the Roxy, formerly an Asian cinema club. It had taken him four years to find a venue this size, a 1500 seater, where he could present up-and-coming bands as well as nostalgic nights.

Strictly speaking, he can operate the place as a members only club, which he has already done with several Saturday morning punk matinees. But he decided "not to go over to the other side of the law" and so investigated getting a GLC music licence to present shows for the general public.

He spent around £15,000 cleaning the theatre because it was, he says, "infested with mice and rats". Then he contacted the GLC. Their architect's department, he claims, gave him a list of at least 64 repairs, including a new roof, which it was essential to undertake. With frequent visits from the council's officers this list expanded to "164 items" and the

GLC GOBS ON A NEW ROXY



TERRY COLLINS: "I was choked..."

outlay of another sixty grand.

Before the GLC hearing Collins also met a gathering of the local objectors, most of whom live in a block of private flats behind the Roxy. He attempted to assure them the theatre would be run properly, shows would finish at 10.30pm, there would be little noise and he would provide some car-parking facilities.

"One of them said, 'We're going to have long haired yobs smashing our windows and pissing up against our walls when they leave the theatre'." With a wave of his hand Collins pointed to the drab, less than salubrious area outside the Roxy. "I'm going to bring this area down?" he asked, incredulously.

He is suspicious of the real motives behind most of the local residents' objections. Some people in Langdon Court, the private flats, are not concerned with the noise nuisance, he alleges: "They're frightened the price of their flats will go down."

"You can't say the flats were here before the theatre," he observes. "It's like buying a house near London Airport and then complaining about the planes flying over."

Collins isn't complaining about the money he is laying down to ensure the Roxy meets all GLC requirements. Instead he claims he has been misled by the authority's officers (i.e. employees of the GLC, not elected members) and is now lumbered with an entertainment centre with no music, which is like having a pub with no beer.

Responding to this accusation, Mr. Bernard Brook-Partridge, deputy leader of the Recreation And Community Services Policy Committee — the GLC body which grants music licences — says that it is the responsibility of elected members and not its officers to decide who does or doesn't get a licence.

Officers, he adds, have no right to express a view and he will give any one who does "a thick ear... we will not tolerate that."

Brook-Partridge also insists that Collins now has premises which he can use as a club, with the reassuring knowledge that they meet public safety standards.

Says Collins: "It's a person's right to go into any entertainment place without signing forms and walking around with membership cards."

"If all theatres had to be run like clubs can you imagine what it would be like? You'd need something like 20 administrative staff to deal with all the application forms."

Collins has lost the first battle, but he is optimistic about winning the war against the GLC. He has even declined to put cancellation notices on the billings outside the theatre.

"I am," he emphasises, "a fighter."

TONY STEWART

THRILLS

Pic: DENIS O'REGAN



Rock turns a new corner...

Daryl Hall and John Oates

Beauty on a Back Street

Their new album.

Including the new single
'Why do lovers?' PB1132



Management and direction:
Tommy Mottola

VAN DER GRAAF

THE QUIET ZONE/THE PLEASURE DOME



Album CAS 1131

Creative longevity is rare enough in any human activity—in rock music it is a quality that deserves to be carved in stone.

Melody Maker.

So Van der Graaf still look good, still as off beat as ever, breaking new ground once more. If I hadn't been sent this album, I'd have bought it. What more can I say?

Angus MacKinnon, NME.

This is music worth getting to know, I've no time for the "Can't get into them" tribe. It's the sort of song that primarily has you searching for clues as to its identity, then demands repeated involvement.

David Brown, Sounds.

UK TOUR:

OCTOBER

16th LONDON (Victoria Palace)
17th OXFORD (New Theatre)
19th LEEDS (University)
20th MUMBLES NR. SWANSEA (The Nutz Club)
21st BATH (University)
22nd BRISTOL (University)
23rd NORWICH (Theatre Royal)
27th DERBY (Kings Hall)
28th GLASGOW (Queen Margaret's Union)
29th NOTTINGHAM (University)
30th REDCAR (Coatham Bowl)

NOVEMBER

3rd HULL (University)
4th PRESTON (Guildhall)
5th MANCHESTER (University)
6th SHEFFIELD (Top Rank)
7th BIRMINGHAM (Town Hall)
8th EXETER (University)
9th PLYMOUTH (The Castaways)
10th PENZANCE (Winter Gardens)
11th CARDIFF (University)
12th HASTINGS (Pavilion)
13th DUNSTABLE (Civic Centre)



Marketed by Charisma Records Ltd

LOWRY

OPPOR
TUNITY
ROCKS

THURSDAY OCTOBER 20 sees the debut of a new kind of punk rock promotion, brought to you by those wonderful people at Stiff and Chiswick.

The return of the talent contest: Stiff and Chiswick are each selecting three bands from the hundreds of hopefuls who send them tapes each week, and are putting on all six at the Acklam Hall, Notting Hill — for free! Free, that is, to all except record company A&R men, who are the equivalent of soccer's talent scouts. They have to fork out 20 guineas each to get a look at these up-and-coming bands, and their admission fees will pay the entrants' expenses. Just so's they don't sneak in, there will be A&R-men spotters on the door.

But for the rest of yez, it's totally free. Six bands — and you could be first on your block to witness next year's superstars!

Stiff Test Chiswick Challenge is the name to remember. If successful it will become a monthly event. They're hoping John Peel will comper the first gig, so what are you waiting for? Get down there and get that Clapometer swinging!

PHIL McNEILL

THRILLS

BEAT GROUP
FINDS WORK

News on youth unemployment 'encouraging', says Callaghan



Government training scheme gives new hope to our school-leavers.

IT'S MY birthday today," announces Kevin Allen for the fifth time in five minutes.

I'm sitting in the bar of the Hope & Anchor with four Stukas. No, I don't mean model aeroplanes. The Stukas are the hottest beat group gigging in the capital: face it, they're almost the only beat group gigging anywhere.

Their first single, "Klean Living Kids", is due out on Chiswick soon. The Stukas are moving out to strafe the provinces, and if you thought true pop music died when Gerry Marsden joined *The Sooty Show* you better be ready to think again.

If, on the other hand, you've already come across these lads bombarding the so-cool London clubs and pubs with the sharpest R&B since Dr. Feelgood then you don't need me to introduce:

On my left: Mr. Raggy Lewis, the gent with the squarest specs in town and the fab stage act, like *Thunderbirds' Brains* has just heard of Chuck Berry and is itching to dance.

On my right: Mr. Paul Brown, sucking a Pepsi bottle behind the lapels of an enormous, anonymous, ankle-length white coat. He's the only front man people go to see because he does nothing at all. How can anyone sing "Thirty Days" without moving an eyelash?

"Paul was with a group called the Bath. He was discovered singing in the Bath." Er, no offence Paul, but how

come the shoulder-length hair and on-stage leathers when the rest of the combo are neat in uniform waistcoats, ties and shorter crops?

"I started off dressing like the rest of them, but it wasn't natural.

"Now, it's something people remember and talk about," chips in Raggy. "People are coming to see the band with the lunatic rhythm guitarist and the singer who doesn't move."

Right. The Raggy Lewis/Paul Brown connection works on stage. Remember the way Lee Brilleaux used to stand trembling while Wilko weaved circles around him in "Cell Block No. 9"? Not that Raggy's copied Mr. Johnson: he loved the old Feelgoods and hasn't seen them since Wilko split, he loves The Pirates now in the name of Mick Green, but although The Stukas, by nature, are a highly derivative band, they aren't just copying or even reviving...

Okay, hold everything! There's something missing here. What's happening onstage opposite Paul and Raggy? "When we started," explains Mr. Lewis, day-time computer operator (hip, eh? (Yeah, but not so hip as bank-clerking, Kim — Ed.) "the attention was all on my side of the stage, so we got the other two to start moving."

The other two? Kevin Princeton Allen on bass and Mick Smithers on lead guitar. The former with spiky brown hair and evil grin, the latter the oldest member of the group and the only one to have missed the Beat Boom influence-wise. They've

developed their own back and forth board-prowling style, unseen since the days of Freddie And The Dreamers.

"I don't think I could play 'Nadine' without running up and down," says Kevin as Raggy examines his latest purchase, a £48 skateboard. "I'm not an expert," he claims.

Maybe not, but he's an expert spokesman: he knows just where this band's going. To the top! They're all still working part-time. "We are giving up our jobs on January 1st. That's the target date," and they're taking things carefully. No mistakes with The Stukas. They start looking for a permanent record deal (Chiswick is a one-off) in November. Any particular place?

"I want to go where the money is," leers Raggy. Fair enough.

I wanna be a big boy...

Let's kill the 'revivalist' tag before anyone sticks it on them. They do a few oldies in their full-length set but they've got enough first-class material of their own to make up a debut album immediately. The style may be in the '60s idiom but the words are for today.

"Dead Lazy" is one obvious example, the full-time lethargic's perfect answer to "Career Opportunities". "I Got A New Refrigerator" is another one. "We're trying to write songs about ordinary everyday things. I don't think any of us could write a song about emotions. If he showed it to the others they'd all crack up laughing."

By this time we're in another pub up the road after Paul Brown had dodged taxis like El Cordobes in a lab-coat. Enter John Mackie, virtuoso drummer. "He sings... backing vocals... near-harmony vocals." We're talking about the musical future of The Stukas. John helps out by telling me they're planning a reggae-rockabilly mixture for their first LP: "Rock-a-dub In A Babylon".

Raggy, on the other hand, is planning "Twenty Four Hours From Tulsa" as their new stage show-stopper. Later that night Yachts steal the song from under the Stukas' noses. Mr. Lewis bounds towards the stage yelling "Take A Letter Maria!" No dignity, these guys.

"We're a band with no stance," Raggy confirms. "Just having fun," grin the others on cue.

Mick ("I Hated the Dave Clark Five") Smithers has got more solid plans. "I want to make hit records. You know a group like The Who can come out on stage and run through a string of hits... I want to be able to do that."

We're just klean living kids. Trying to get a fix on you...

KIM DAVIS

BLACKMAIL
CORNER

Since our lawyers have forbidden us to publish the story of the Punk and the Scoutmaster we are forced to fall back on this revealing portrait of Joe Strummer as a 101'er Before He Saw The Light (And The Sex Pistols). Publication of the companion photograph can be prevented by sending £50 to reach the Thrills desk not later than Monday October 17th.

THRILLS



RAMONES SCHEMEXCLUSIVE!

PICS: JOE STEVENS **THRILLS**

4) Small Thrills: Advance review of the new Ramones album.

"Rocket To Russia" - the Ramones. Sire Records.

The record opens with "Cretin Hop", a real simplistic Ramones archetype: "1-2-3-4, all good cretins want some more."

4-5-6-7, all good cretins go to heaven." Continuity is maintained, as usual, by another "1-2-3-4" number, this time named after a remote part of Queens (the NY borough of): "Rockaway Beach". It sounds even more like the Beach Boys than the Ramones usually do.

"Here Today, Gone Tomorrow" represents the first real break with the first two albums. It is a slow love ballad sung with a certain degree of tenderness. This passing aberration is quickly covered up by two fast three-chord rockers, "Locket Love" and "I Don't Care". Then comes the single "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker" and the side ends with "We're A Happy Family", a hilarious story of everyday folk in New York City - dealing dope and getting laid, ending in "Sgt Pepper" style crowd-scenes overdubs.

Side Two opens with a chanted teen refrain, "Teenage Lobotomy", real pinhead stuff of the classic type. "Do You Wanna Dance" is the oldie, revamped into a rather bland Ramones rocker.

"I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend" except that their pronunciation of the word "well" comes out like "whipped" - you'd never think that they were nice middle class boys from Forest Hills with accents like that.

"I Can't Give You Anything" is a cute little 1970's Beatle pop thing. "Ramona" which follows is another of their girl songs, a standard bussesaw rock number. Then they do "Surfin' Bird", the best thing on the album, complete with the "Papa Um Maw Maw" chorus. Normally the Ramones get a track down in one or two takes but this one really took them a long time to get right, particularly the chorus.

To me the album should have ended right there but there's a final track, "Why Is It Always This Way" which is a perfectly adequate number but adds nothing to the excitement of "Surfin' Bird".

LETTERING: MILES **THRILLS**

GROUND CONTROL TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

ONE OF THE MOST unusual records ever made is currently powering its way through space and time on board the two Voyager spacecraft despatched in search of alien civilisations.

The 12-inch copper platter is meant to provide a comprehensive view of Planet Earth to anyone or anything it might encounter on its journey.

A record was chosen because it is capable of carrying a great deal of information, and because 1977 is the centenary of the invention of the phonograph record by Edison.

Packaged in an aluminium jacket, the copper disc also has complete playing instructions should the aliens be unfamiliar with our technology. The record begins with 115 photographs and diagrams in analog form, giving a picture of the earth and its inhabitants. Satellite pictures of the planet nudge next to images of elephants, supermarkets, snowflakes, an x-ray of a hand and a sunset.

These are followed by spoken greetings in 60 human languages, and "Sounds of The Earth" including whales, volcanoes, laughter, kisses, a baby and much more.

The musical selection on the disc displays a catholic taste.

There's "Johnny B. Goode" by Chuck Berry next to a Pygmy girls' initiation song recorded in Zaire.

"Dark Was The Night" by Blind Willie Johnson mingles with a Beethoven String Quartet and a Navajo Indian Night Chant. Something for every alien taste.

Finally there's a message from President Carter which reads: "This is a present from a small distant world, a token of our sounds, our science, our images, our music, our thoughts and our feelings. We are attempting to survive our time so we may live into yours."

The man behind the project, astronomer Carl Sagan, is cautious about whether this priceless disc will ever reach alien ears. He says: "The spacecraft will be encountered and the record played only if they are advanced spacelarking civilisations in outer space."

Meantime Columbia Records (CBS), who are responsible for producing the disc, could probably enjoy quite a large home sale if they put this planetary album on the market.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS



DANGEROUS VISIONS

BRIAN CASE WATCHES TV

EVERY AGE, say the cultural anthropologists, gets the heroes it deserves.

Well, frankly, I don't know if I deserve her - passed knots, blew woodcraft merit patch - but before the seasonal rush to the chimney, I'm placing my order for Lindsay Wagner, The Bionic Woman.

I've already faced up to the fact that there'll be times when she just has to go into slow motion, or change a knee-fuse - hell, all women have those private moments - but two people oughta be able to sit down like adults and talk this over.

And if you want the groom's suggestions for the wedding present list, rush me *Robot Weekly*, rubber-soled plimsoles and a set of screwdrivers.

Bionic Woman is one of those fresh-faced Berkeley girls, flat of foot, wide of stride. Without colour television, I couldn't follow her wiring on my coding card, but I'll fight anyone who says it isn't the regular brown, blue and stripey.

Bionic Woman's showier stunts come courtesy of camera and score. Actresses auditioning for that kinda role don't need special qualifications beyond a long cascade of hair that will move nicely in slow motion.

Though there's always the Police Academy obstacle course.

"Ten bucks says the skinny blonde won't complete the circuit," says the macho examiner, George Maharis, to a colleague.

The camera zooms into Bionic's earhole like a hornet, and stung to the quick - or transistor - by his contempt, she buzzes up fences, over tyres and along climbing frames, leaving sagging jaws in her wake.

I don't mind admitting it crossed my mind that if the chemistry wasn't there between us, I could elbow any idea of forcing my attentions on her. I never amounted to a hill of beans at the water-jump. No eyes for tyres, neither.

The story has Richard Anderson - police supremo yet again, poor bugger, water-boatman next time, Richard, that's a promise - up against an unknown enemy agent in the Police Academy. There's only one solution. Send for the Bionic Woman! "I wouldn't call you if I didn't need you - besides, you look great in uniform."

Enrolled as a cadet, she runs through the possibles, starting with her rummy roomie. "You, know, you looked pretty impressive in that classroom, kid," she says, eyes narrowing down to F6. Soon enough, the suspect starts leaving pillows in the bed - 'Naughtiest Girl In The Remove', anybody? - and padding about at night. A computer check draws a blank: Cadet Smith is using an alias, and clearly conserving the old grey matter when it comes to a nom de truncheon.

Roomie is rumbled in the canteen, nothing more sinister than a secret eater. "Criminey! What's all the fuss about? I'm just a compulsive munchie." And, cheeks sticky with jam, she makes a clean breast of things. Her father the Police Commissioner opposed her following in his patio-sized footsteps, but the song of the statement and the caution surge

irrepressible in her blood. "Dad raised me as a tomboy."

The real spy starts to surface around here, the class jackoff. Plots to drop masonry on our undercover fusebox come to nothing thanks to lightning footwork and frantic editing, and a kinda stalemate held the field at the end of the episode.

In a graduation scene that rivalled acorn-whittling for edge-of-the-seat suspense, Bionic Woman receives her honorary bicycle chips, and reports back to Anderson. Next move - Bionic on the Beat. Can she cut it on the street? Can she ever? How will I ever get through the week without shorting out or taking up with Policewoman again?

THE NEW AVENGERS has a different miracle ingredient. Snobbery. Patrick Macnee as Steed, bowler hat, broily, tailored like Prinnie, has either slowed down over the years or invested in stays.

As a freelance counter-espionage agent, he was never too much for rumbles - I vaguely recall a balletic bit of le savate a few years back - but these days he mainly presides. Steed, sucking reflectively on his broily handle and emitting tasteful "hmmms", sets his seal on the proceedings like a By Appointment label on a newspaper of fish and chips.

Riding shotgun for this stout crusader - lineage: Lord Peter Wimsey, The Saint, James Bond - are two nipper assistants.

Gambit hardly registers at all except as a

haircut, but Purdey, played - Play Up School! - by Joanna Lumley, will be the first establishment I loot when the revolution arrives.

Her clipped county accent comes on like The Terror Of The Tied Cottage, and fits perfectly into the crisp musculature of her jawline. Purdey could turn off bath taps with that laughing gear. Except when she's duffing up villains, she poses with a hand on her hip like a Spode teapot. Where Steed is insouciant - "I'm afraid he's just a teeny bit dead" - Purdey is all incisiveness - "Sounds pretty thin, Steed". Everybody's ass is in the mangle when Purdey's on the case.

Baddies in buttonholes say things like "I despise the second-rate", and like Steed, spend their ill-gotten at Harrods and Fortnum and Mason. Showdowns occur over champagne with the opponents saying "mmm" into goblets of the vintage jollop. Handcuffed to a fairground horse, the world's greatest assassin sikkily purrs, "Enjoy your little triumph while you can, Steed."

The general tongue-in-cheek is conveyed in bizarre situations - the bishop's bullet-proof waistcoat, the flock of nuns hiding the fleeing killer. If there's a peacock chair around to cross the legs in, they'll cross the legs in it. The French call all this *le style Anglais*. I wouldn't go that far.

THRILLS



"It was a magnificent evening, and if/when they return do not hesitate to go every night they're playing."

Ian Birch/M.M.



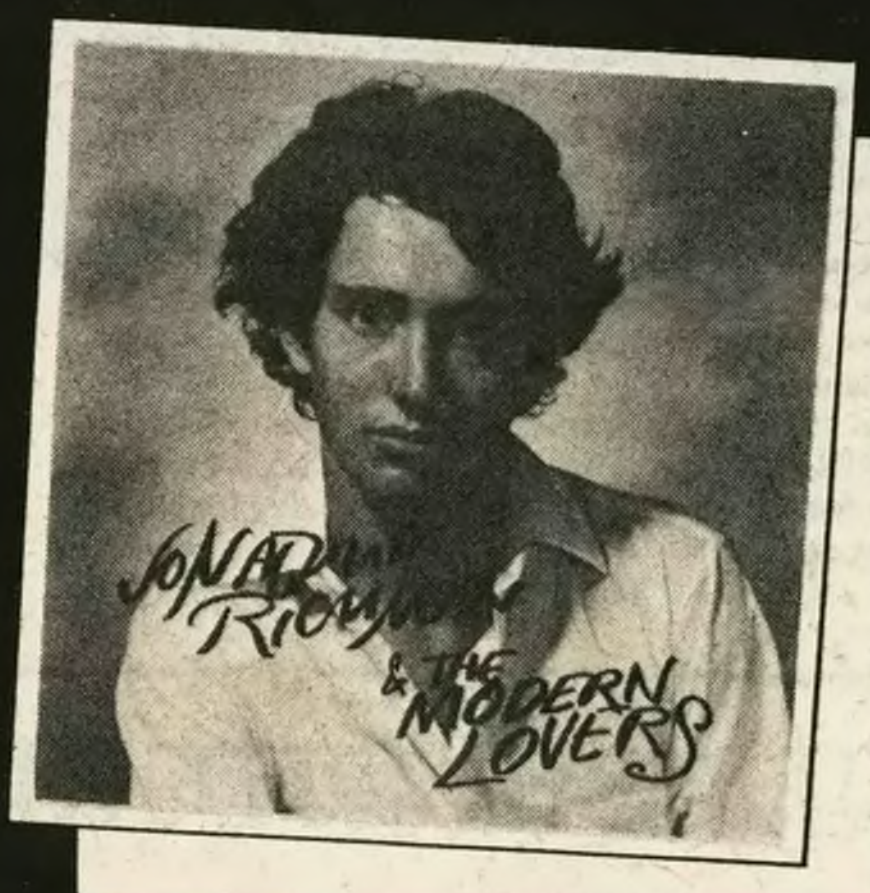
... in the meantime



THE MODERN LOVERS
(BSERK 1 / Cassette BSERC 1)

The Modern Lovers become a way of life.

Mainly comprised of demos done for Warner Bros under the direction of John Cale, this hot biscuit contains the original "Roadrunner" (if there ever was such a thing), "Modern World", "Pablo Picasso" (who never got called an asshole), "Someone I care about" and the mighty "Hospital" and a brace of others unconditionally guaranteed to reduce hardened cynics to jelly. The Modern Lovers become a way of life.



JONATHAN RICHMAN AND THE MODERN LOVERS
(BSERK 2 / Cassette BSERC 2)

I have seen the future of rock and roll and he couldn't keep his face straight.

Studiously ignoring all the vultures who would make him into this week's future of rock and roll, our very own boy from Boston gets a clean shirt out of the wardrobe and put together the most achingly clean and bright eyed circle of wax since doo wop hung up its sneakers. Here we get our first glimpse of "The Abominable Snowman in the Supermarket" and Jonathan's friends in the insect kingdom, the invasion of the Martian Martians and the beauties of New England. I have seen the future of rock and roll and he couldn't keep his face straight.



ROCK 'N' ROLL WITH THE MODERN LOVERS
(BSERK 9 / Cassette BSERC 9)

Be warned; if you're no fun you'll have no fun with this record. There's records a plenty for you to buy if you're no fun.

Further on farther out they go. Out to where the rockin' rockin' leprechauns jump into the Dodge Vegematic and hit the Roller Coaster by the Sea. Where the monster on the bus and the Ice Cream Man fly into the mystery to the strains of Egyptian Reggae. Be warned; if you're no fun you'll have no fun with this record. There's records a plenty for you to buy if you're no fun.



BESERKLEY CHARTBUSTERS VOLUME ONE
(BSERK 6 / Cassette BSERC 6)

"If you're not a child at heart, you're fullshit, kid."
— Freddie Nietzsche.

If you've got the good sense to love Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers there's a good chance you'll be mature and perceptive enough to wet yourself over this one, containing as it does tracks by the first four acts on the Beserkley label, Earth Quake, the Rubinoos and boy wonder Greg Kihn as well as "Roadrunner" and three others from the lad himself. A concept album. The central idea being that you should do all the dumb, retrogressive, artless and childish things you feel like. Or as Nietzsche was fond of remarking, "if you're not a child at heart, you're fullshit, kid."

Beserkley
"Home of the Hits"

Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers...
...the most fun you can have with your clothes on



Dear Sir,

Please excuse me for bothering you
I'm only trying to find someone who will
listen to my music.

I understand you don't need one more face from the crowd,
Another young head high in the clouds
But listen to my music.

Can't compete with your charm I can't match your wit,
But before you say my face don't fit
Please listen to my music.

My friend take a little piece of good advice.
You got to be prepared to rock and roll,
You got to hit 'em with the dry ice.
You got to be prepared to rock and roll,
You got to play it loud.

I can't dance if it's showbusiness I can't compete.
You can't teach someone with two left feet
Whose only love is music.

I'm not possessed with the need to find something new.
I'm only trying to find someone who will
listen to my music.

Dear sir please excuse me for bothering you,
I'm only trying to find someone who will
listen to my music.

Trickster

New Single
LISTEN TO MY MUSIC
UP 36323



Manufactured by UFA Records Ltd



Pic: VALERIE WILMER

WE AT NME SAY THIS IS NOT LEE BRILLEAUX

"YEAH, I know all about those British boys", said Piano Red, otherwise Willie Perryman, otherwise Dr. Feelgood, when I cornered him in the 100 club before his show. "See, I got lots of friends come to see me in Atlanta and some of 'em told me about this group who call themselves Dr. Feelgood about a year ago. The law officers know all about it too."

He leans back, chuckles and sucks on an empty pipe. The bit about the law officers was clearly thrown in for his own amusement. Piano Red, as he's most commonly known, is not the kind of man to fret about such trifles.

A bulky figure of some 60 to 70 summers; light of skin, short of sight, but still sporting some evidence of the cause of his nickname, a sparse thatch of ginger hair, Red seems fairly content in the autumn of his career.

Without awarding him fame or fortune, life hasn't treated this jovial bluesman too harshly. Between occasional tours, like his present jaunt to Europe, he still works regularly in his home city, Atlanta, Georgia, where he's resident performer at a saloon that's just 10 minutes away from his house. It's just the way Red likes it, and more or less the way it's been for the past 30 years, even when he was recording regularly and selling like a pop star.

"When I was with RCA Victor in the early '50s they gave me two gold records, that was for 'Rockin With Red' and 'Right String Baby But The Wrong Yo Yo!' Later on, when I recorded 'Dr. Feelgood' for Columbia (released on Okeh in 1962) I should have got a gold for that too but I never did get it. Matter of fact, I don't think they wanted me to know they'd sold a million."

Red's three most famous records, and many more releases, were all sprightly boogies with whimsical lyrics that he shouted rather than sang over some of the most eccentric piano playing ever laid down in the name of R&B.

"In 1953 Zenas Sears got me on radio, on station WAOK in Atlanta, not playing, just talking and introducing records. After 6 or 8 months, I was always telling the older people that listened that I was gonna make 'em feel young and good, so I just

started using the name Dr. Feelgood. Then I went out on the college circuit, this was before integration in the south. I played all white colleges all over the United States — Princetown, Harvard, Yale and throughout the south. And you know, rock 'n' roll was out then but when I would go to those colleges those kids would be spellbound. They'd been getting those high-school bands with the loud noise but when they got a chance to see me they'd always want me back.

"Around about 1957 Zenas got me with Columbia.

"Course, by then, people all over knew me as Dr. Feelgood so that's what we recorded."

Okeh were still releasing Dr. Feelgood & The Interns' singles as late as 1966, by which time Red had settled back down to his modest life in Atlanta, where he's been appearing at the same saloon for the last eight years.

"I got my own stage built right by the window as you walk down the street, it's kinda like on the Strip y'know, there's about 35 clubs in that line, and as the people walk by the window they can see me playing. I'm the one who grabs people's attention and brings 'em in off the street.

"I'll do anybody's song 'cause I play it my way anyway. I got a different beat that they likes. I got a strong left hand because back in '29 and the '30s I used to play house dances, where they take all the furniture out of the house, and my left hand was my drum. I just now did an album called 'Lef Me Play With Your Poodle' and some people were listening at it and said, 'Well, you don't have nothing but the drum on that.' I told 'em I didn't have any drum. They might've just heard my foot every once in a while but it was my left hand they was talking about.

"I made the album for a collector's item; I did it myself. But it's turned out so big I got two or three different companies want it." Red chuckles again and stabs the air with the stem of his unsmoked pipe. "So the highest bidder gets it", he explains dramatically, then collapses with laughter at the thought of his devilish cunning.

CLIFF WHITE

THRILLS

CLASH: THERE'S NO PLACE TO PLAY (EXCEPT TOTP, HAMMERSMITH ODEON . . .)

IT REMAINS extremely unlikely that there will be any Clash gigs in London for the time being.

Clash manager Bernard "We're all creative people" Rhodes, already harrassed by recent run-ins with Scandinavians who go to bed at 11.30 pm ("That's what the 400% boredom was about," he says, referring to last week's T-Zers, "Not any reaction to The Clash") isn't optimistic about finding a London venue for their current UK/Europe tour.

"It's very difficult to do anything," Rhodes told Thrills on Monday. "We haven't been allowed to work."

"It's very easy to get gigs if you toe the line. We've been asked to do Top Of The Pops and we've been offered three nights at Hammersmith Odeon (You call that not being allowed to work? — Ed.) but what do you want us to do? We certainly don't want to do the Hammersmith stint."

"But you phone up Rank or Mecca and say you want Clash for the Hammersmith Palais and — time it on your watch — see how quick the phone goes down."

"If there was a united effort by everyone who felt things weren't too good, then maybe we could get something done," concludes Rhodes, adding darkly, "Gain some control."

WINSTON SMITH

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YOU'RE NO DUMBO, ——— RIGHT?

You're hip, you're struttin' your stuff on the block. **OK**, this should be an easy one: simply fit the right music to the right band. Four pieces of music and three bands—Ultravox! MX-80 Sound and the Dwight Twilley Band—to choose from. Be warned, we've added a special mystery guest.



Your cut-out-and-keep
bouncing ball—simply
bounce it over the music
as you sing along.



First 10,000 copies of "ha!-ba!-ba!" include a free single—an amazing live version of "Modern Love" and a new track "Quicks"!



WERE YOU RIGHT?

1. "The Man Who Dies Every Day" by ULTRAVOX, taken from "ba!-ba!-ba!"
2. "Invasion" by the DWIGHT TWILLEY BAND, taken from "Twilley Don't Mind" (Shelby ISA 5015).
3. "My Tiny Butterfly" by MOONDOG, which isn't on Island although it can be found on "Moon Dog 2" (CBS AL 30897).
4. "Fascinations" by MX-80 SOUND, taken from "Hard Attack" (Island HPS 9502).

MORE NOTES TO THE POUND

No increase in ISLAND prices in 1977

What's the prize? An introduction to three new & original albums that you'd be a Dumbo to miss out on!

NOOSHA
FOX



SINGLES

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

COUNTRY JOE McDONALD: La Di Da (Fantasy). Used to be the time when Americans made records about England they used to show a little bit of respect for the Old Country.

"England swings like a pendulum do," they'd croon or even "Grey, grey town famed for its sound". Occasionally there'd be the odd off-the-wall tribute like "Tain't nuthin' ... it's just something I learned over in England." Meanwhile all kinds of Britrockers would cruelly assail America for every single petty little peccadillo: castigating America for its culture, food, philosophy, political acts, manner of dealings with minorities, imperialistic exploits and likewise.

Inevitably, some American songwriter or other would take it upon himself to return some of this bile and venom in the form of a devastating critique of the U.K. '77. The American songwriter (or other) in question turned out to be Country Joe MacDonald, over here earlier this year to hang out, gig, save the whale, etc.

And was he ever pissed off with Britain! Listen: "You're so la-di-da groovy hey! You make me sick with your la-di-da right-on politics." In the first verse Joe gets uptight about the Jubilee and the Prince Of Wales' little fund, and then moves into a heavy-duty assault on Dinosaur Rock: "Superstar moron with rock and roll dreams / talking to reporters about roots on the street / Slagging New Wave 'cuz it's not your scene / Slipping champagne in your private limousine / Oh you're so ... etc." Set to a simple acoustic guitar riff, Joe comes on like James Taylor possessed by the spirit of Johnny Rotten on a song like a napalm raid. Drop one song — England goes up in flames — back to Mission Control to accept medal.

You won't hear this on the radio, since Country Joe is no fonder of making compromises now than he was ten years ago, but check it out if only to prove to yourself that some people don't get any mellower as they get older. Plus it's got an even better chorus / hook than the new Abba single. More you want?

LOSE SIX POINTS ON THE POP-O-METER, BOYS

SEX PISTOLS: Holiday In The Sun (Virgin). And the triumphant path blazed by "Anarchy In The U.K.", "God Save The Queen" and "Pretty Vacant" begins to falter. "Holiday In The Sun" — the first Pistols' A-side composed by Jones / Cook /

NO CHEWN MAH BABE NO CHEWN

(Pistols/Damned in mediocre single shock)

Rotten / Vicious as opposed to Jones / Cook / Rotten / Matlock — has two out of the three elements that have graced the classic triad of hits: it has great lyrics and a wild-eyed mean-machine of a riff, but it lacks the structure and immediacy that was, presumably, the contribution of the more pop-orientated Glen Matlock.

The result is a shapeless rant rather than a song, which is a pity, since Rotten's lyric — basically a critique of the parasitic element of tourism ("a cheap holiday in other people's misery") deserves better. It's even got the now-obligatory references to the Berlin Wall. The other singles were great POP as well as great rock and roll — plus I thought formless self-indulgence was a BOF failing. Tighten up, star.

DAMNED: Problem Child (Stiff). Unlike "Neat Neat" and "New Rose", this suffers from the same vexation as "Holidays In The Sun" i.e. No Chewn (ma babe) No Chewn. It's loud and noisy and violent and aggressive and powerful and energetic and many other last names, but there's No Chewn. And Chewns matter. Just ask Abba.

A TERNATE CHOICE SINGLE OF THE WEEK

TOM ROBINSON BAND: 2-4-6-8 Motorway (EMI). It's fairly obvious from this that Tom Robinson really likes The Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan and



The Clash. The lead guitarist plays Keefchords, the organist does a nice line in Koopercops and the song is a rowdy little stomper about the joys of late-night cross-country driving with — naturally — the radio on. It's got a radio chorus, a nice tune and you best believe you can dance to it, so if the ramifications of Tom's — uh —

SO THIS MAN GETS SINGLE OF THE WEEK

(And you thought all ol' hippies were wimps)

image and exotic lifestyle don't scare off the electronic media then I think EMI have finally got themselves a New Wave (ish) hit single. The only complaint I'd make is that the drumming is a tetch on the arthritic side — and when it comes to drumming, if it's stiff it ain't worth a ...

REMADE / REMODELED

SKREWDRIVER: Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown (Chiswick). Ere, you lot: no Elvis, Beatles and Rolling Stones in 1977! (Or so they tell me, anyway). If you're going to take the Eternals on at one of their own songs, you better be prepared to have more on the ball than this if you expect to get away with it. Nice try, but ...

THE SECRET: The Young Ones (Arista). If your cognitive factors registered "The Young Ones" as the title song from the 1961 Cliff Richard movie of the same name with a howl of unrestrained anguish, congratulate yourself on your erudition and prepare to laugh yourself silly. The Secret are gift-wrapped Top Of The Pops teeny punk, and this particular record is Cliff's old paean to innocence and youth redone with a treatment that could only be described as "An A&R man's idea of punk." That means you get an absurdly exaggerated vocal and an earnest approximation of buzz-saw guitars and road-drill drums. Should sell well to slow learners who haven't quite



COUNTRY JOE McDONALD: musical napalm raid

learned to tell the difference between The Pistols and The Stranglers.

SMOKIE: Needles And Pins (RAK). Retreaded (retrod?) Merseybeat via Jackie DeShannon, Sonny Bono and

Reviewed by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Jack Nietzsche from the Chinichap golden boys. It sounds almost as good as one's memory of how The Searchers' version used to sound. Almost, but not quite. Still, it seems that if this goes on Hofner will bring back the Paul McCartney violin bass.

STEVE GIBBONS BAND: Tupelo Mississippi Flash (Polydor). One of the great undiscovered prophets is Nashville oddball guitarist Jerry Reed, who plays absurdly audacious guitar and

writes excruciatingly funny songs like "Amos Moses" (recently picked up on by Alex Harvey), "U.S. Male" and "Guitar Man" (Elvis Presley had hits with them both a few years ago) and this one, a rock and roll fairytale success story de luxe all about this agent, see, who's sitting in his office when this funny looking hick guitar player comes in for work. "I write songs'n ah sing like a bird, play licks on muh geetaw y'ain't never heard ... I got talent, boy, and back home they call me the Tupelo Mississippi Flash." It's a dialect piece, which requires Gibbons to work pretty hard keeping the Georgia accent up all the way through, plus the guitar player has to struggle through some of the licks, but definitely A for taste and A for effort.

SLADE: My Baby Left Me / That's Alright Mama (Barn). A determinedly hardassed medley of Arthur Crudup's Greatest Hits (both of them) as recorded by Elvin Preston — well, that's what Arthur usedta call him anyway. Judging by the pic sleeve their New Image

● Continues page 22

ROCKERS TIME

"Playboy" (Trojan). Danny's version of "Choking Kind" was issued about eight months



U Roy: likeable ramble

ago, and got nowhere. Then, a few weeks ago, sound systems suddenly discovered

"Playboy" on the flip, and the record has sold enormously ever since. But it's not only 8 months old; it first came out over 3 years ago on Ray's "The Same One" album. Even then, it sounded dated, so how does it fit in today? It doesn't, but its prettiness is far less offensive than "A So We Stay" by Jah Woosh (Creation Rebel): tired toasting over lifeless singing. Boring, slow and dull are just a few of the words which come to mind.

You could be equally rude about Trinity, top-ranking toaster of the year. Admittedly original, he's nevertheless largely responsible for the trivialization of the DJ idiom. His sing-song, nursery rhyme style of gabble is guaranteed to irritate. "Up Town Girl" (Conflict) is typical, despite

the strong rhythm track.

On the same label, **Wailing Soul's "Back Out"** is a faultless recut of their old tune, just to show there are some records I like.

The dominant phenomenon

Reggae Singles reviewed by NICK KIMBERLEY

in reggae at the moment is the 12" discomix, which has been a bit of a mixed blessing. Dillinger's "Cokane" has already been dismissed, and I didn't have much hope for Delroy Washington's "Give All Praise To Jah" (Virgin). Delroy's sincerity has never

Nick Kimberley is co-editor of reggae fanzine 'Pressure Drop'.

been in doubt, but his music has so far lacked any spark. "Praise", though, is a minor classic of UK reggae, and cheap enough, as discomixes go, to be in any collection.

On the other hand, how many people will fork out £4 + for Little Roy's recording of "Bongo Nyah" (Tafari)? Roy enjoys a cult following in Clapham and Putney, but his roots talent is destined for obscurity, I'd say. His "Touch Not My Locks" (Revolutions) is also a cut above most discomixes, but sales have been pretty minimal.

Best-sellers in this line so far have been Phil Pratt's Terminal discomixes on the Chanan-Jah label: Pat Kelly's "Talk 'About Love" is good enough, but Dillinger's presence doesn't help. Similarly, "Passing Through" by Lord Creator (aka Kendrick Patrick, one of ska's heroes) is a nice record but following it with King Sights' deejaying is enough to put anybody off. Or so I would have thought.

Al Campbell's Terminal stab

is "Soul Sister", a sweet tune which gains extra points for not having a toasting cut tacked on the end; instead there's a simple, old-fashioned dub, which is a breath of fresh air after Sights and Prince Pompadour, who deejays on the Grove issue of Wayne Wade's "Happy -Go-Lucky-Girl". Why is this song suddenly so popular? Wayne doesn't do any better with it than Johnnie Clarke, they'd have both done better to leave well alone.

In theory, U. Roy shouldn't have gone near "Small Axe" (Virgin) either, but, for some reason I find myself liking his ramble over the Gladiators unissued remake of the Marley song.

Perhaps prolonged exposure to all this 1977 music actually lowers your resistance to the stuff. Thank God, then, that re-issues like Ken Boothe's "Train Is Coming" (Studio One, 7" only) still turn up now and again; the precision of this rock steady classic makes a mockery of almost every single reviewed here.

WHETHER YOU buy your reggae in the black shops or the white shops, you'll find that most of the best sellers aren't all that new, and those that are still carry echoes of a different era.

Take Johnnie Clarke's "Happy-Go-Lucky-Girl" (Paradise); John Holt's rock steady original still sounds fresh, but 1977 style, the song is trite. That must prove something about today's music, but I'm not sure what. Probably that happy-go-lucky girls no longer constitute a proper subject for a song.

By contrast, Dillinger's "Cokane In My Brain" (Black Swan 12"), initially a hit last year and now popular all over again, typifies today's sound: glibberish put to music. If this is cocaine, I'll stick to Sanilav. It's records like this which are giving reggae a bad name, and the b-side, "Ragnam Piza", is kindergarten stuff.

The strangest hit of the moment is Danny Ray's



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featuring 'Black Betty'
the single that's taking
the charts apart.



Ram JAM. Ram's new album. Produced by Kasenetz-Katz.

SINGLES

● From page 21

(short hair, lever jackets, Dave 'Ill with a shaven dome etc) is great above the knees, but the silly boots and Don Powell's ultraflare jeans rather spoil the effect. Liable to offend Teds, punx, oldtime Slade fans and members of the general public in roughly equal proportions. A for taste, A for effort.

DARTS: Daddy Cool / The Girl Can't Help It (Magnet). Another medley: this makes it because of its humour, authenticity, energy and panache. I've yet to see Darts live (*more fool you — Ed*), but I seen 'em on telly and if they make it onto *Top Of The Pops* then Showwaddywaddy will never dare show their miserable pans on television again. Support Darts: you know it makes sense!

REVIVED / REISSUED

ROXY MUSIC: Virginia Plain / Pyjamarama (Polydor). An ordinary tale of average everyday glitterfolk ... two triumphs from *The Second Age Of Innocence* (1972/3) before Bryan Ferry's descreet charm wore off. In those tender days, "Virginia Plane" sounded impossibly streamlined and moon-age, whereas now it sounds irresistibly and appealingly rough and naive. Anything which sounds sophisticated at the time and then sounds dewy-eyed and youthful five years later has to be a classic. I mean *has to*, no bleedin' two ways about it.

THE SWINGING BLUE JEANS: Hippy Hippy Shake / Good Golly Miss Molly / You're No Good / Don't Make Me Over (EMI). Real live actual Merseybeat played about as hard as anybody in this country was playing anything (on the A-side) and a positively brilliant brooding version of Betty Everett's "You're No Good" — wipes the floor with La Ronstadt — setting you up for a fall with the limp "Don't Make Me Over" that closes things out in rather disappointing style. The lead singer had a nice Lennonesque edge to his voice, and "You're No Good" was one of the finest achievements of the Second Div Mersey bands (that takes in everybody below the Beatles). Also available in the same EP series are a quartet from *Freddie and the Dreamers (D-E-S-T-R-O-Y)*, *The Scaffold (ditto)* and *John Leyton*. The latter package is highlighted by "Johnny Remember Me", an unusually macabre piece about a geezer who's haunted by his (presumably) dead girlfriend. Obviously an obscure forerunner of the Blue Oyster Cult's "(Don't Fear) The Reaper".

AND THE UGLY MAJORITY

ABBA: The Name Of The Game (Epic). Scandadrama and icy angst over sort-of-reggae accompaniment. By the time you get to read this you'll know what it sounds like and you'll have no way of avoiding it for the next three months.

EATER: Lock It Up / Jeepster (The Label). Would you believe an EP with only two tracks? How about a twelve-inch single with the A-side first and the B-side second on one side and the B-side first and the A-side second on the other? No? How about if I told you that one of the tracks is a revive of Bolan's "Jeepster" done enthusiastically if not well? No? How about ...

THE SAINTS: One-Two-Three-Four! (Harvest). Would you believe an EP that's actually a double single i.e. two singles in a gatefold sleeve? No? How about if I told you that one of the tracks is "River Deep Mountain High"? How about if the best track "One Way Street" is the best because it sounds the most like the Ramones? Would you believe that they're Australian? Would you believe that there's nothing much to say about it?

ARETHA FRANKLIN: Tough Me Up (Atlantic). Basic disco dress dignified by the presence of the world's greatest living female singer. Aretha has proved over and over that she could sing the goddam phone book and make it soulful, so maybe it's time she *stopped* singing the phone book and started doing songs again.

RANDY EDELMAN: Take My Hand (20th Century). Only if it ain't attached to the rest of your body, Randy.

BEE GEES: How Deep Is Your Love (RSO). Archetype smoothie disco muzak for deejays everywhere. You can practically hear your favourite radio bore talking over it as soon as the intro comes on. Instant smash. 'Oc you calling a cynic, John?

DEEP PURPLE: New Live And Rare (Purple). Would you believe an EP of D. Purple tracks that had been lying around unheard for several years? Would you believe that we're not getting off as lightly as we'd originally hoped 'cuz they *are* getting released? Would you believe that the whole schmear is pressed on sickly mauve (would've been a better name for the band, in retrospect) vinyl? Would you believe it's dreadful? No? How about ...?

A SOOTHING CARIBBEAN INTERLUDE

SUSAN CADOGAN: Nice And Easy (Trojan). An antique Lee Perry production job with a few sparse dub touches. Radio!

STEEL PULSE: Nyah Love (Anchor). Hear this just often enough to learn the tune and then get stuck into the dub side. Grite.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK (FINAL ALTERNATE CHOICE)

PHIL-MANZANERA / 801: Flight 19 (Polydor). Smooth and sinister and halfway between the Byrds and Steely Dan, this is undoubtedly the most elliptical record of the week. May the force be with you?



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SEX+DRUGS+ROCK 'N' ROLL =THE IAN DURY EQUATION

By ROY CARR

ONE OF THE adverts for Ian Dury's provocative first solo album, "New Boots And Panties!!" ominously proclaims: "This Man Is Ready For The Mincer".

Dunno 'bout that! Seems to me that Dury has *already* spent most of his 35 years being stuffed through the proverbial meat grinder.

Dury's youth was spent in a school for the disabled (an establishment he has likened to a Victorian workhouse), while during the last five years he has been desperately attempting to carve out a career in music.

Yet, despite his frail physical appearance, Ian Dury has emerged remarkably unscathed from such harrowing ordeals.

"Yeah... the mincer", he ponders. "Some people can get to like the mincer. I'm *not* like that."

"But I know plenty of people who do."

"Everybody's got somethin' hangin' 'em up. I know quite a few rock stars who always moan, 'Oh mannn, I wish I could play in a pub again', and I know other musicians who desperately wanna be rock stars just so they *never ever* have to play in a pub again!"

DOWNTOWN FULHAM. Saturday afternoon: Just 48 hours before Stiff's Greatest Stiffs roadshow hits the endless highway.

Ian Dury is taking a much-needed respite between pounding knock-about drums behind Stiff co-star Wreckless Eric and rehearsing his very own killer back-up band in the shell of an old cinema rented out for such purposes.

Due to the speed with which rock changes masks, the name Ian Dury might mean little to some readers; Kilburn and The High Roads (later modified to Ian Dury and The Kilburns) even less.

In 1973 the unsavoury-looking Kilburns were the darlings of the British rock press, precursors of Pub-Rock, and touted as The Next Big Thing.

It was not to be.

After something close to 40 personnel changes, The Kilburns threw in the towel well over a year ago.

A nation didn't mourn.

Apart from a few old snaps (some collaged on the inner-sleeve of Dury's new album) and a handful of press clippings, the only other evidence of their existence is an album, "Handsome", which offers little indication of what all the fuss had been about in the first place.

I recollect vividly a Kilburns' gig at The 100 Club in Oxford Street. The tables had been cleared for action. The joint (as they say) was jumping.

The British division of Warner Brothers Records was enthusiastically parading its prospective new signing for the benefit of their visiting American powers-that-be.

It was to no avail.

The music of what the Americans assumed to be a bunch of disorganised social rejects, who were vigorously ploughing their way through a stream of Cockney rock numbers like "Billy Bentley" and "Rough Kids", fell on deaf ears.

"Too ethnic", affirmed the U.S. corporation bosses.

Suggestions that any album should, for the benefit of Americans, be accompanied by a Cockney rhyming-slang phrasebook were instantly vetoed, together with the signing.

"Except for America's Mr Warner Brothers," insists Dury, "I've yet to meet an American who couldn't see straightaway what we was all about."

An album ironically financed by an ill-fated Warner's off-shoot, Raft Records, was produced by Tony Ashton, but shelved. Further, every effort made by the Kilburns' original

manager, writer/broadcaster Charlie Gillett, to place the master-tape was rejected by almost every other label in town.

A second manager, glam-rock courier Tommy "Mr Freedom" Roberts, entered stage right grinning, but made an even quicker exit stage left.

In between, the Kilburns somehow managed to secure a deal with Pye Records' token progressive label, Dawn. They released "Handsome".

In Dury's opinion, the reason why "Handsome" failed to capture the magic of a live Kilburns' performance wasn't because of artistic pressures, but financial ones.

The spirit was drained out of the sessions when Pye foreclosed suddenly on the amount of studio time allocated for the project.

"We needed at least three times

that amount of time to complete the album to our satisfaction."

The word "spirit" constantly manifests itself throughout Dury's conversation. The Kilburns may have been a Pub Band by definition, but Dury attests to loathing both the typecasting and the circuit.

"Didn't mind the spirit, but hated the bleedin' conditions."

"We always wanted to put on a good show, but were unable to do so. It wasn't that pub stages were confining, just that I didn't like to see people fighting and being sick whilst I was singing."

THE ACCEPTED story — that ill-health prompted the Kilburns to disband and Dury into forced-retirement — was, it now transpires, inaccurate.

Again, the reason was financial.

"The band could have carried on and starved. If it hadn't been for the lack of money, nothing could have stopped us."

When it was all over, it was Dury, not the band, who was left in debt to the company store.

"I'd been wedgin' 'em up for a long time," admits the benefactor, "fair enough... I ain't complaining."

"The first band was all for one and one for all, which didn't work. Nobody's in control. There's no direction, only arguments."

"The second band was my responsibility and when that fell apart, I went home, had a little cry and got on with my life."

During the interim, Dury existed on a retainer from his management, whilst Fred, his ever-attentive aide-de-camp, worked as a

window-glazer, until Dury's re-emergence earlier this year as part of the Stiff gallery of losers-made-good.

In retrospect, Dury likens the Kilburns episode to a field-study. An Open University course in the mechanics of rock and roll. He has, by his own admission, yet to graduate.

THE PERSISTENT RUMOURS concerning the man's health, each more foreboding than the last inhibited me every time I encountered Dury. Me bearing a passable resemblance to Arnold Schwarzenegger, I was always reluctant to shake hands with him. His appearance of being held together by Scotch tape, chicken wire and willpower made me worried that if I shook his hand too vigorously, Dury might fall to pieces before my very eyes.

"Yeah", chortles Dury, biting down hard on the butt of a cigarette, and jerking his cap down even further, "all those rumours got well outta control."

To set the record straight, Dury actually stated in an interview that his heart was in normal working order, but nobody appeared to take much notice.

Over the years, Dury's ramshackled appearance has undergone various changes: from the cuddly curly-haired lavatory attendant, to a seedy tuxedoed and mascaraed waiter (cop the thumb in the soup!), to a washed-up East End pugilist with only a satin dressing gown for comfort and protection.

Today, he's emaciated, his hair cropped close to his skull. With one new black boot on his left foot and a battered old white one on t'other (not too sure about the panties!), he looks like he's just been to a Jumble Sale with 50p, got himself kitted out, and still had sufficient change to buy the list of runners and a packet of Rizlas.

Dury indeed possesses a *savoir-faire* of his very own. You can't compare him to anyone else, 'cause there just ain't anyone else around quite like him.

Writing, Dury claims, is his one true passion. And, only since forming a working relationship with guitarist Chaz Jankel, have both his motives and direction become more defined (though far from crystallized).

"Chaz", Dury says of his collaborator, "just makes it easier to work hard".

There might be an obvious vaudevillian trait evident in Dury's work ("probably because my singing is monologuic — think that's the word!"), but, as his album affirms, he isn't confined to either this one aspect or failsafe rock stereotypes.

Having absorbed an assortment of influences, he has the facility to recycle each one to meet his own highly-personalised requirements.

If you do cop a familiar quote, it's deliberate he says. He cites "Sweet Gene Vincent" from his album to illustrate this.

Gene Vincent's Blue Caps was the first rock band to stop him in his tracks. Further, he says that they were the first rock *band* to possess the true spirit of the genre.

"I read two books on Vincent before attempting that song. I had to be certain that I got it right."

Apart from a Charlie Haden bass riff that acted as the foundation for Dury's instant classic, "Sex and Drugs and Rock and Roll", he claims to absorb his influences from unusual sources.

"I much prefer to listen to musicians talking about music than actually listening to the music they're talking about."

"It might sound a bit queenie" — he tries to disguise his temporary embarrassment with a forced laugh — "but just listening to Chaz talk and play guitar at the same time really does me in... phew!"

Ian Dury doesn't regard himself as a musician.

"I'm a writer and a poseur... a sorta singer", he tosses in as an aside.

Cont'n'd page 61



Pic: ADRIAN BOUI

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The NME Consumers' Guide To The '70s

TECHNO FLASH

WHEN MACHINES PLAYED THE MUSICIANS . . .

By TONY TYLER

IT WOULD hardly be fair to hold Mr. Keith Emerson solely responsible for the grisly musical style known as Technoflash. Certainly he did as much as anyone to launch it upon an unsuspecting world, but right from the start there were aiders and abettors by the score.

Who were they? This writer was one, for a start.

Looking back, I find it difficult to reconcile the fresh-faced, eager advocate of what was then being referred to as "Orchestral Rock" with the ageing, whey-faced, unshaven, pot-bellied misanthrope who pens these lines.

Nowadays, of all forms of rock, Technoflash seems to me to be easily the most horrid and contemptible. And of course there is a great deal of downright reaction in this attitude of mine: for there was a time, colleagues and punters, when I fervently believed that a New Direction was being opened up by the electronic and

written by someone who has never liked it would seem as useless as a piece written by a person who has never found any fault with it. One aims for the balanced view, even at the cost of public exposure and humiliation.)

ELP got off the ground, though without attracting a sardonic (and as it turned out, bitterly accurate) comment from Mr. John Peel. "A waste of electricity", he sniffed, after watching the mighty trio's debut gig, and I — along with Messrs Emerson, Lake and Palmer — was exceedingly disgruntled.

Could not the balding DJ perceive that here was a long dreamed-of synthesis between rock and classical music? Was the stunted football-fancier deaf as well as ugly? Was he an enemy of progress? By way of answer, I used the front cover and the centre four pages of *Beat* to deliver a stinging reply combined with a euphoric piece on the new direction in orchestral rock, and in particular ELP's role in this.

Whereupon ELP, grateful at that time for any good press, hired me to be their publicity man. And as such I served for nine months. Some gestation period. At the end, thoroughly pissed off — both with ELP and "orchestral rock" — I "split" and fled for the shelter of *NME*. Since that time *NME* has changed greatly, and so have I; but ELP and their successors have not, and this, in a nutshell, is the phenomenon I wish to discuss.

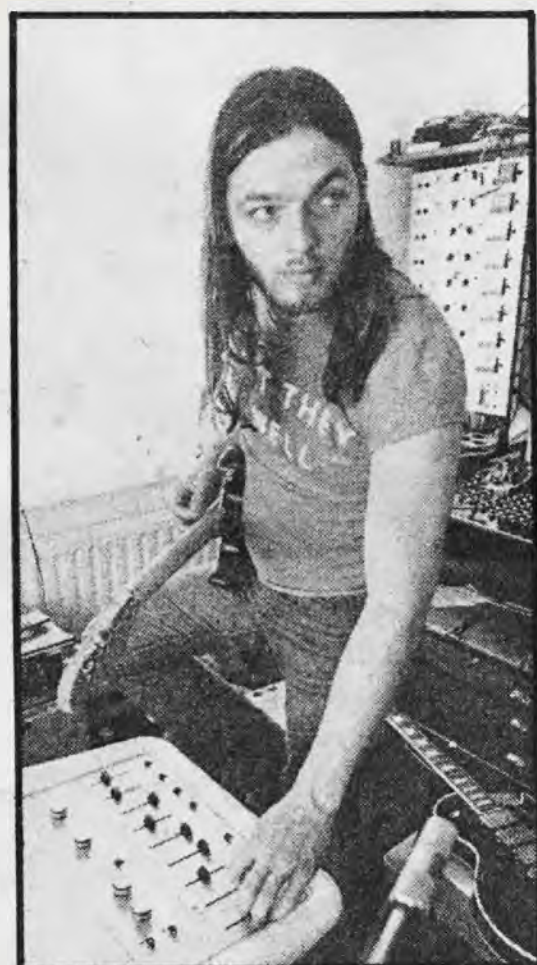
WHAT IS Technoflash? Like all definitions of this type it embraces a multitude of bands and styles. The word defines not a sound but an approach.

A Technoflash artist plays rock because (a) it affords him more exotic equipment and instrumentage than the Royal College of Music, and (b) he has a strong sense of the theatrical. The three elements, then, are Technology ('Techno'), Theatre ('Flash') and Music. Combine them, add a dollop of naivete and perhaps a *soupcou* of pretentiousness, and there you have it.

Let us at this point agree on one thing. The standard of musical fluency normally displayed by the better-class Technoflashers is extremely high. One may quarrel with (for example) Mr. Emerson's taste, or with his style, or with his fundamental unfunkiness, but one cannot deny that his facility with keyboards — any keyboards — is of the first order. The errors he commits must all be considered aesthetic ones. Likewise Mr. Palmer is no ignoramus on the skins — like or dislike his stuff, he is a *batterista veramente*, and a good drummer too.

Another tribute which must be paid is as follows. Technoflashers put on a show. Not a sensual show, and

● Continues page 28



theatrical ideas of Mr. Emerson and his many imitators.

Nothing would be easier than to take the subject of Technoflash and joyfully kick it about a bit, but honesty demands that I Reveal All.

At the time I speak of, I was editor of *Beat Instrumental*, and so my thoughts, already deeply involved with aspects of musicianship and musical technology, were easily directed along these lines by the peculiar focus of that excellent and deserving periodical. I was not so much interested in lyrics, or lifestyle, or rebellion, as I was interested in playing instruments. We all have our specialities, and this was mine.

And it seemed to me that Mr. Emerson and his band The Nice were slightly good at playing instruments. So when Mr. Emerson left the other three behind, teaming up with Mr. Lake and that nice Mr. Palmer, I watched their progress with considerable interest.

(I mention all this because, to understand what got any particular style off the ground in the first place, one must put oneself in the place of one of those ground-floor aficionados. An appreciation of Technoflash

Main pic: KEITH EMERSON being programmed. Left: Floyd's DAVE GILMOUR switching himself on. Bottom: The handbook of the genre.



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● From page 26

certainly not a subtle show, but a Barnum & Bailey-type show, a Grand Spectacle. This is the norm. If Pink Floyd were to bring onstage a Siberian mammoth, still encased in its icy tomb, thaw it out with lasers and let it loose on the audience, it would be less out of character than if the Pistols tuned up before a gig.

Certainly such Technospectacles are crass — but for the average punter, there is a definite sense of having got something in return for his ticket money. And here is one reason for the appeal of the Technoflash bands.

Closer to the point, who are the Technoflashers? Well, we may quarrel here, but my own list includes: ELP, Yes/Wakeman, Pink Floyd, Genesis, Kraftwerk, Barclay James Harvest, Deep Purple (I know they're defunct but so what?), King Crimson (ditto) and Tangerine Dream (dot-dot).

What instantly strikes one about this list? Why, the money, man, the money! With the possible exception of Barclay James Harvest, all the above-named have done exceedingly well out of their careers. ELP are not poor. Genesis no longer scrounge crusts outside Soho kitchens. The Fluid need no pools wins to keep them solvent.

Dinosaurs these acts may be; but they've yet to follow the public-spirited example of their scaly forbears and vanish from the planet. Perhaps they no longer rule OK — but in the face of the New Wave who does rule (apart from the N.Wave themselves)? No, mate. Technoflash is still around and epitaphs are premature.

ELP GOT cracking in 1971 and immediately a wave of enthusiasm swept the nation. For then, as now, this style was extremely English in its approach. No sex please, we're British? Something like that. For there is undoubtedly a non-sensual streak in the British make-up which manifested itself in this style.

With Technoflash you didn't have to relax and "lay back", like Americans. Instead, you speeded up and played as if God was upstairs on the tape deck — and as if the Archangel Gabriel was standing by with a bucket of water, ready to drench you if you got a stalk on. Here, as I said before, was the long sought-after (by some) synthesis between rock and classical music.

ELP made their name with a revamp of Mussorgsky's "Pictures At An Exhibition", while, with Deep Purple, Mr. Jon Lord, another keyboards specialist, had a stab at composing for Group and Orchestra — he at least let his shirt-tails hang out from the word *avanti*. Yes appeared. King Crimson, perhaps the first, in a sense, of all the T. Flash bands, re-formed (minus Mr. Lake) and also got cracking. Pink Floyd, safely through Psychedelia and short

on ideas, invested huge sums and efforts in their new show. Barclay James Harvest jazzed up their act with a synthesizer and a lightshow, and...

There were spin-offs. Mr. Pete Banks, the guitarist, ousted from Yes in favour of Mr. Steve Howe, formed his own band (called, significantly, Flash). That was about four years ago. Similarly, and closer to living memory, Mr. Peter Gabriel left Genesis and has re-emerged with a stage show very close in its approach to the original band's operation (making allowances for the solo aspect). Plainly there is still money to be made.

The technology of the shows became more and more esoteric. Nowadays, the Moog/Hammond/Piano setup of early ELP would seem redundant alongside Pink Floyd's dive-bombers, ELP's transportable podium, Genesis' *son et lumiere*, Mr. Wakeman's keyboard stack, Yes' giant piscine sculpture, T. Dream's self-playing synthesisers, lasers, dry ice, and so forth.

Musically, there was (and is) more diversity. Deep Purple managed to straddle the gap between Heavy Metal and Technoflash. ELP were always more inclined to pillage classical themes. Mr. Rick Wakeman went in for pantomime. The Fluid managed to keep more than a hint of good, old-fashioned psychedelia as the basepin of their — let's face it, "stunning" is the word — visual shows.

And if Genesis and Yes formed the core of the genre, T. Dream, following the obscure precedent of Beaver and Krause (bet you've never heard of them), dispensed altogether with the Flash and upped the Techno, so that nowadays they walk offstage, leaving their damned machines playing on their own — the exact modern equivalent, musically, of Mr. Carl Palmer taking his shirt off at the beginning of a drum-solo.

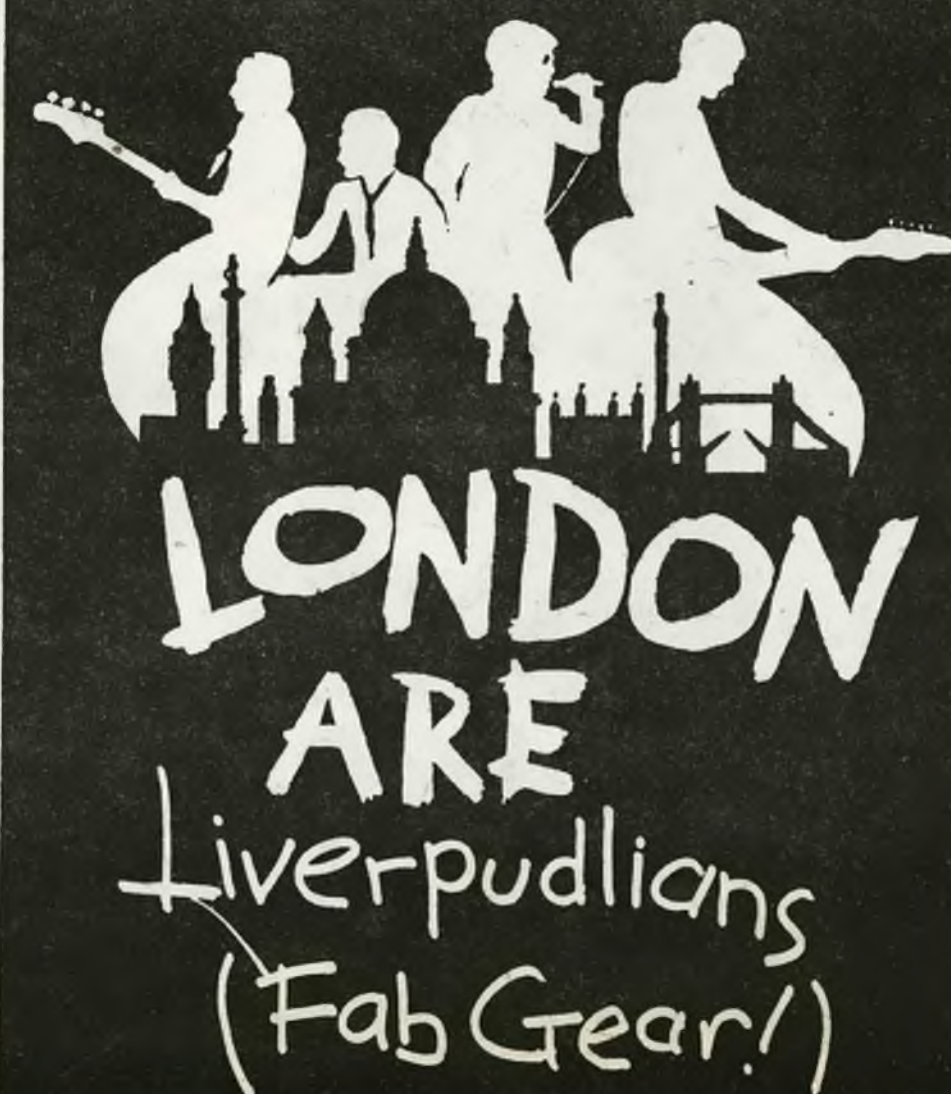
WHAT DID it all prove? Not a damned thing. That there were musicians around capable of playing highly-complicated, thoroughly-rehearsed, intricately-structured, showily-presented music everyone knew already — except, it seems, the musicians concerned. And no doubt the success these bands enjoyed (and still enjoy, in a more muted fashion) had a great deal to do with a reaction against the blues-boom based idea of musicians who just stood there and played, making no concessions at all to the audience's visual sense or thirst for drama.

The Technoflashers worked onstage — at least, if they didn't move around too much (like the Floyd, or Genesis), then there was always a sufficiency of remotely-operated visuals to keep the audience dazzled.

It wasn't rock'n'roll, of course, not in the sense of the old three-chord trick accompanied by a Presence and a huge amount of... Christ, what's the word these days? Raunch? Funk? But to understand how it came about, and why it's still with us, you can imagine the frustration of musicians who can play at least 398,053 chords and inversions being asked to come up with yet another version of the three-chord trick.

Perhaps they should have stayed in their Music Colleges, where music requiring 398,053 chords — and more — is played every day, affording a proper challenge to these junior virtuosi. Yes, perhaps they should indeed have done that. But they wanted to try another angle. Despite their lack of funk, despite their speed, despite their pretentiousness and their laughable naivete, they wanted to get into rock *because there was something about the rock world* — note, not rock music — which excited them, as it has excited all of us, in some way, and at some time.

And it was another angle. Wasn't it?





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Junk, junk food, junk prose

(pulpitations for all)

ELVIS — WHAT HAPPENED?

Red West, Sonny West, Dave Hebler, as told to Steve Dunleavy (Futura, 90p)

THERE'S SOMETHING morbidly fascinating about reading the intimate details of how the unique freak out in the face of their uniqueness.

Whether it's Hitler throwing fits in the bunker, or Caligula's idea of a good time, we just have to know what it's like.

There's not much social merit in this kind of literature. I suppose you could say it reveals that the adored and powerful are as fallible as the rest of us, but mostly it's just voyeurism at a distance.

This particular epic concerns the decline and fall of Elvis Presley.

It was written and even published in the USA before his death. The Presley demise must have provided a heaven-sent windfall for everyone fiscally concerned with the book.

It also throws a cold light on the man's bizarre and destructive lifestyle. This is a gift for the ghoul inside all of us.

Hebler and the two West cousins were in an ideal position to observe Presley's descent into downers and egomania.

Between them, they guarded Presley, from the very earliest days on the Southern back road circuits to just about a year before his death.

Amid constant reiteration of how much the three bodyguards love and admire Elvis, they recite a detailed catalogue of his aberrant behaviour.

They tell of his introduction to amphetamines, graduation to downers, the constant flow of women, his obsession with guns, his spoilt brat certainty in his infallibility, the break-up of his marriage and his belief that he possessed supernatural power.

Earlier this year, the book was serialised in the Sun.

Whoever adapted it for Rupert Murdoch couldn't have had too much work to do. The entire 332 pages are written in high speed, Sun speak, idiot-read.

It's unashamed scandal, and makes no real pretensions to being anything else. It's probably as well. If there was any claim to literary merit it would be doubly tacky.

As it is, the reader's left in no doubt that he or she is simply revelling in first-hand gossip.

Mick Farren

JUNKY

William Burroughs (Penguin, 60p)

JUNKY IS THE first step on the path that was to lead Burroughs to revolutionise our basic concepts of not only what could be written about but also how it could be written.

It has a fascinating publishing history, as explained by Allen Ginsburg in his introduction.

It began as a correspondence between the two men, Burroughs mailing fragments of it to wherever Ginsburg was hanging out, a technique they also used on *Yage Letters*, the unpublished *Queer* and much of *Naked Lunch*.

Once he had the complete manuscript in his hands, Ginsburg set out round the New York publishing circuit with that and Kerouac's *Visions of Cody* (the prototype for *On The Road*) in order to get some action.

He was not exactly greeted with open arms. Burroughs' prose was described as "undistinguished" but the real stumbling block was the subject matter.

Talking about dope was virtually taboo in the early '50s, leave alone dedicating a whole book to the subject. Laws were tough and public paranoia at a peak.

Chance intervened. Ginsburg discovered that a colleague of his from the N.Y. State Psychiatric Institute was an editor for Ace Books, purveyors of pulp paperbacks to the masses. Finally, after many months of indecision, the book appeared, laden with disclaimers and printed back-to-back with another book on drugs — by a Narcotics Agent! Talk about a genuine collector's item.

This new edition is the first completely unexpurgated version to appear in the U.K. though no indication is given as to what parts have been restored.

The book takes the form of a narrative tale describing Burroughs' introduction to the junk underworld, his virgin fix and his progression to a full-blown mainlining habit, and beyond.

Set against the urban landscapes of New York, New Orleans and Mexico City, Burroughs records everything he sees and feels in a clean, precise fashion.

Through his eyes we experience the cellblock cold turkeys, the hospital cures, the struggle to find a croaker who'll sign scripts.

The book is certainly the best factual study of what being a smack addict is all about. His perceptive observations are the essential antidote to the "official" view we are force-fed so often.

Although it was written a quarter of a century ago, *Junk* is still a dangerous book because it dares to tell the truth about a world which society would prefer to declare off-limits.

By refusing to romanticise his experiences or to pull the discretion curtain over his blackest moments, Burroughs has confirmed his greatness.

Dick Tracy

THE NATIONAL FRONT

Martin Walker (Fontana £1.00)

VISIONS OF swastikas in my head... there's a certain something in the air now which Wilhelm Reich foresaw, something languid and nasty in public places — the harnessing



ALBUM COVER ALBUM

Hipgnosis/Roger Dean/Dominy Hamilton (Dragon's World £4.95)



IT'S OWN-UP time, gentlemen. If you've ever kept an album just because you liked the cover (or you kept an album and were ashamed to admit that it was because you liked the music) then check out *Album Cover Album*, a hip artefact that may soon make it unnecessary to own any records at all.

As the name might suggest to more alert readers, *A.C.A.* (for short) is a mind-numbing collection of reprints of album sleeves. Album sleeves that look like parcels and postcards (Dave Dudley, Captain Beefheart, Bruce Springsteen, Free, Tim Buckley etc), sleeves with designs by The Performer (Bob Dylan, Cat Stevens, Joni Mitchell, John Lennon, Syd Barrett, Pink Floyd, Oo, Wings), albums involving Nudity, Odd Parts Of The Body, Cars, Comic Books, trains, silly underwear... themes of all description, discreetly grouped and supplying plenty of evidence and ammunition for the reader to invent his own accusations of plagiarism.

There are portfolios (it says here) of the work of several different artists/art directors etc; various uniform editions (you get eight of Mike Royer's excellent sleeves for the "Cruisin'" series) and nifty little essays (plus an introduction by someone called Dominy Hamilton — lacking street credibility? You too can have a name like mine!).

Not exactly the world's most essential purchase, this'll come in handy as a Christmas present for your hippie maiden aunt (for free hippie maiden aunt, write to: Snouds free hippie maiden aunt offer...)

Charles Shaar Murray

of the superstition/Mysticism/personal problems of the nation's unguarded psyches, the warped sensibilities that are sitting ducks for "a flag... a marching column... the sound of a drum... a banner... the impression of a crowd... none of these contain a single piece of logic... they are among the things that appeal to the hidden sources of the human soul."

So spake National Front ringleader John Tyndall, at present commanding more battalions than is well-bred *Guardian* and *Private Eye* journalist Martin Walker.

While serving as an admirable source of data (English Fascism from Cable Street to Red Lion Square, with blood; all the intricate in-bitching of the assorted, preening factions; NF plans to soothe the nation's ills with remedies as diverse as licensed brothels and the nuclear bomb) as a piece of writing its own boast to be a "dispassionate account" kicks the ball into the wrong net.

As Hegel said, "Nothing great has ever been accomplished without passion."

In the context of such cool, calm and collected prose, Walker's meticulously researched details on the lives of Fascist leaders often come across as hilarious: the one who wanted zebra crossing stripes painted on sideways; the one who taught her cat to give the Fascist salute; the one who kept his bath full of walnuts in readiness for the food shortage; the one who kept bottles of weedkiller marked "Jewkiller" in his basement; the one who boasted "I'm a bigger Nazi than Tyndall ever was"; the British National Party Annual Report which read "none will forget the comradeship around the campfire..."; the one who said: "I doubt whether Hitler knew all about those people... who were cremated..."

In contrast, Walker's writing seems specially crafted for reading in mixed company; especially in the lack of emphasis he places on The Original Sin as Prominent NF recruiter.



The sleeves of Freddie Hubbard's "Liquid Love" (designed by Joe Brogna) and Beaver & Krause's "All Good Men" (designed by Ed Thrasher) reproduced from *Album Cover Album*.

Reich said that Fascism was not a political doctrine but the result of hothouse sexual repression in a society; Walker barely sketches the emphasis placed on the "manly virtues" such as physical "purity" (i.e. celibacy) misogyny and frustration — all sublimated into savagery on an organised basis.

Reich knew that it was useless to use mere logic against Fascism's brand of brainwashing — "Those who do not learn from history are condemned to repeat it."

The faith which those educated beyond all instinct place in the power of civilised argument would be heart-warming were it not so dangerous.

Walker bends over backwards to be fair to the Fascists while failing to realise that in a confrontation a middle-man will only get marched over.

If you want to dissect actual Fascism thought, *Mein Kampf* and numerous NF pamphlets are all too easy to obtain. Further respectability for such a barbaric gaggle is one thing this country can do without. Martin Walker sums up on his own train of thought very nicely in a line from the introduction.

"If they win a British general election, then they are entitled to my respect."

Get the picture?

Yes, we see

Julie Burchill

PAPERBACK WRITER

Mark Shipper

YES, PAPERBACK WRITER is a book about The Beatles, but thankfully not another factual tome. Rather it's an affectionate satire of the Mop Tops' history where Shipper tells us just what does happen when The Beatles reform.

In the book, Shipper, a Los Angeles rock writer, juggles, distorts and plays havoc with sacred pop fact.

For sure, The Beatles are discovered by a Jewish gent, name of Brian Epstein, but rather than being part of a solid middle-class provincial record biz, Epstein earns his living, prior to the managing The Beatles, as a plumber.

Such fiction makes for many

a good gag. When Epstein finally secures a contract courtesy of EMI from George Martin the deal is all but signed when Martin requests one small favour. Can Epstein unclog his bathtub?

And so it goes, Shipper squeezing too many lines out of his gags, a forgivable fault since his enthusiasm and evident love for the group and their music oozes from every page.

Other such re-writing of fact means that Yoko is originally Jagger's bird in the early Richmond days and to make her his own Lennon composes "I Wanna Be Your Man" for the Rolling Stones; Hari is into Big G from page one, McCartney is already established as a fave Liverpool teen idol before becoming involved with The Beatles, and is only reluctantly asked to join the band. ("What'll we do with that wimp?", Lennon wants to know.)

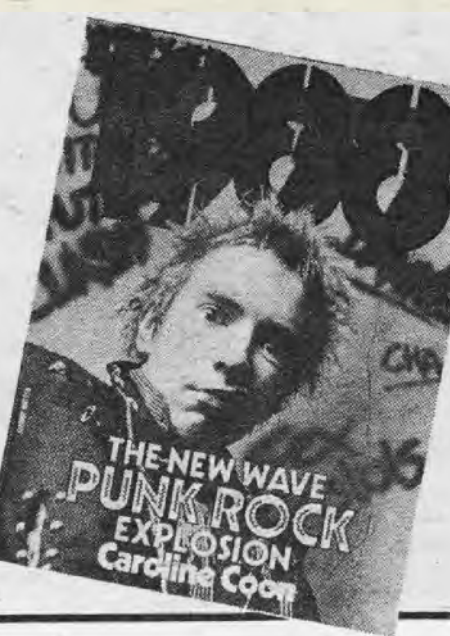
Later on Linda McCartney quits Wings to join Steely Dan. Good one, Mark.

Shipper is no master storyteller, but he has imagination, even if things do more than verge on the peurile side now and then.

His sense of dialogue is good, though, especially when The Beatles re-form.

The imaginary reunion is a total stiff, the four of them completely shot of inspiration, and George reduced to penning paucos to the Lord like "Disco Jesus".

Shipper has a knowledge of the record business and perfectly numbers one international record company, to



BOOKS

Elvis, punks and the NF

which the reformed Beatles sign, not to mention the pomposity of *Rolling Stone* in a splendid parody of their reviewing style.

Good rock fiction is virtually unheard of. Shipper is no great writer, but he has a great sense of fun which transcends the book's shortcomings, and the ingenuity to come up with an idea like this.

He also has the initiative to publish *Paperback Writer* himself (Lord knows why a commercial publisher isn't involved) and for those wishing to read this "history of the Beatles" you'll have to write to the author at Marship Publications, Box 3555, Los Angeles, Calif 90028.

It'll cost you £4.19p airmail and will probably make you chuckle.

Steve Clarke

1988

Caroline Coon (Orbach & Chambers) pp 130 £1.95

JUST WHAT the world needs — a hastily assembled, coffee-table book on Punk Rock, or rather "The New Wave Punk Rock Explosion" as the unashamed catch-all subtitle of 1988 has it.

I'm not just being sarcy, either. Now that Punk's run out of breath and is standing in the wings panting, and flushed from its first intoxicating 18 month rush, re-reading the small print on the recording contract and removing the odd stray safety pin in its neck-snappy, accurate retrospective on the origins of the species would not be a disservice to rock culture.

We're still waiting, 1988, far from being an historical overview of the still slightly mysterious evolution of Punk is merely a grab-bag of recycled *Melody Maker* articles by Caroline Coon (with all that implies) with a few timely additions and a profusion of pix to flesh things out. Basically you get a chapter each on the big four — Pistols, Clash, Stranglers, Damned (remember them?) — plus one on the abysmal Slits (forget them) and accounts of "The First European Punk Rock Festival" (August '76) and The First 100 Club Punk Rock Festival (September '76). The last is the most disappointing — a seminal event in the growth of the punk movement in this country, nothing of its rather grisly atmosphere and significance comes across from the flaccid prose.

Of the rest, Ms Coon's attempts at social analysis ("Everything — food, clothing, entertainment — doubled in price. More and more people were made redundant. Thousands of young people began hurling bottles and beer cans at the stage") and musical criticism ("... once their partnership — Glen's driving fluid bass lines and Paul's billowing drum storm — is recognised as the superb bed-rock of taut rhythmic structure it is...") are as hopelessly off the mark as they are cliché-ridden.

The interview material, where CC Rider shows her forte for getting in close to her subjects, is far more interesting, especially the Clash talk-in.

The book's other strong point is the huge number of photographs, which go far nearer to capturing the mood of the times than the words. There's fewer greater photographs than great snapshots — many of them La Coon originals previously unpublished — but I suspect the overall effect will still be powerful enough to persuade the punters to part with the loot.

Rather than *The Sex Pistols Story* by George Tremlett — it can't be far away.

Neil Spencer

The NME Consumers' Guide To The '70s

Compiled by
ROY CARR
TONY STEWART
MILES
DICK TRACY



- Jan 5** New Suckers turn Coca-Cola commercial into chart-topping single—'I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing'.
- Jan 8** Pete Sinfield quits King Crimson.
- Jan 11** The Day The Music Died: Don McLean's 'American Pie' tops US singles chart.
- Jan 21** Marc Bolan inaugurates his T-Rex label with 'Telegram Sam', which takes three weeks to reach top slot.
- Jan 23** *Kluge* starring Donald Sutherland and Jane Fonda released in the UK. Big Maybelle, blues singer, dies in Cleveland, Ohio.
- Jan 25** Mahalia Jackson, gospel singer, dies in Chicago, aged 60.
- Jan 28** London's Rock & Roll All-Stars the first rock band to play Red China.
- Jan 29** Ex-Graveyard guitarist Henry McCullough joins Wings.
- Jan 30** *Straw Dogs*, Peckinpah psychoclassic, released in UK.
- Feb 1** *Bloody Sunday*, British troops shoot dead 13 people in Londonderry during a civil rights march.
- Feb 11** Rock guerrillas The MCS back in Blighty and gigging at Friars Club, Aylesbury.
- Feb 12** Paul Simon's first solo album released.
- Feb 18** Jethro Tull's 'Thick As A Brick' concept album released to unanimous critical thumbs-down.
- Feb 19** Wings release 'Give Ireland Back To The Irish' single and promptly have a banner, Unperformed, the group embark on unpublished hit-and-run UK university tour.
- Feb 22** IRA bombings at Aldershot army base. Seven killed.
- Feb 27** Warrant issued for the arrest of Abdul Malik (Michael X) in connection with the murder of Gail Benson in Trinidad.
- Feb 29** John Lennon's U.S. immigration visa expires. It took him more than four years to get a green residents card during which time he could not leave U.S.
- Mar 1** Timothy Davey, 14-year-old Kent schoolboy, jailed for 6 years by Turkish court after being found guilty of selling \$60 of hashish in Istanbul.
- Mar 2** Tony Blackburn marries Tesla Wyatt.
- Mar 11** 'Harvest' by Neil Young No. 1 album in the UK.
- Mar 12** London's Rainbow Theatre closes doors after only four months. Financial difficulties and bands' extortionate fees blamed.
- Mar 18** Ringo Starr films T-Rex Wembley concert for his neo-fantasy Bolan movie, *Born To Boogie*.
- Mar 22** In the US The National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse recommends abolition of all criminal penalties for private use and possession of the weed.
- Mar 27** Angela Davis goes on trial in Berkeley, California, accused of helping Jonathan Jackson attempt to escape from his trial courtroom.
- April 3** Charlie Chaplin returns to the US after 20 years of self-imposed exile. Dylan writes 'Joey' about Gallo.
- April 7** Joey Gallo shot outside Umberto's Clam Bar in New York. Later, Dylan writes 'Joey' about Gallo.
- April 7 and 8** Grateful Dead at London's Empire Pool, Wembley.
- April 9** *The French Connection* released in the UK.
- April 16** *The Music Lovers*, Ken Russell's film portrait of Tchaikovsky, released in UK.
- April 17** Born unto Anita Pallenberg and Keith Richard a daughter, Dandelion.
- April 27** Phil King, front man for Blue Oyster Cult, dies during a gambling fight in NY State when he is shot three times in the head.
- April 30** *Daddy* Harry, starring Clint Eastwood, released in the UK.
- May 1** J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI for 48 years, dies aged 77.
- May 3** Les Harvey of Stone The Crows, and younger brother of Alex, is electrocuted and killed in front of an audience of 1,200 students at the Top Rank Ballroom, Swansea.
- May 5** The Rev Gary Davies dies of heart attack in New Jersey. The Night Assemblies Bill, aimed at restricting pop festivals, defeated in the House of Commons vote.
- May 5-7** Grateful Dead, Beefheart, Kinks. Country Joe appeared at Bickershaw mud bath.
- May 6** 'Tyrannosaurus Rex', doubleback package. No 1 album in UK. Wings release 'Mary Had A Little Lamb' to mass scoffs of scorn.
- May 7** Reg Dwight changes name by deed poll to Elton Hercules John.
- May 10** After protracted dispute, Rolling Stones and Allen Klein announce legal settlement of outstanding differences to mutual satisfaction.
- May 15** Governor George Wallace shot and critically wounded by Arthur Bremer.
- May 20** 'Bolan Boogie' by T. Rex No. 1 in the UK.
- May 21** Laszlo Toth attacks Michaelangelo's La Pieta statue with a hammer, shouting 'I am Jesus Christ'. The statue is seriously damaged.
- May 24** Spaghetti Junction opens.
- May 26-29** Beach Boys, Faces and Monty Python amongst cast of thousands on display at Great Western Express Festival, Lincoln.
- May 30** Japanese Red Army massacre 25 and wound 76 at Lod Airport.
- June 1** Andreas Baader of the Baader-Meinhof gang is captured following gun battle with Frankfurt police.
- June 3** Rolling Stones opened their fourth North American tour in Vancouver. Beach Boys and Joe Cocker headline Crystal Palace Bowl Garden Party.
- June 4** Angela Davis acquitted on all charges.
- June 8** Jimmy Rushing, vocalist with Count Basie, dies at 68.
- June 9** Release of Bowie's 'The Rise & Fall Of Ziggy Stardust and The Spiders From Mars'.
- June 11** Elvis Presley plays his first ever New York concert: interviews were offered at \$120,000 but there are no takers.
- June 13** Noted R & B vocalist Clyde McPhatter dies of heart attack in Teaneck, New Jersey.
- June 15** Ulrike Meinhof arrested near Hanover.
- June 17** Five intruders are discovered burgling the Democratic National Committee HQ at the Watergate Hotel.
- June 27** Frank Sinatra summons to give evidence on alleged underworld connections.
- June 30** Deep Purple re-open London's Rainbow Theatre.
- July 1** The little Red Schoolbook trial commences.
- July 2** Britain introduces local commercial radio.
- July 3** Mississippi Fred McDowell dies of cancer in Memphis.
- July 8** 'Puppy Love' by Donny Osmond No. 1 in UK.
- July 15** Roy Wood leaves the Electric Light Orchestra.
- July 18** Reginald Maudling resigns as Home Secretary after the Poulson affair.
- July 19** Mick Jagger and Keith Richard arrested and charged after brawl with photographer while on US tour. They are released after Kevin White, Mayor of Boston, stood bail for them.
- July 29** Mott The Hoople release Bowie written/produced Glam-Rock anthem 'All The Young Dudes' (CBS).
- Aug 4** Arthur Bremer found guilty of shooting George Wallace and sentenced to 63 years prison.
- Aug 5** Bill Haley, Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Bo Diddley headline first-ever UK Rock & Roll Revival Show at Wembley Stadium. Richard is booted off.
- Aug 7** The death toll in Northern Ireland reaches 500.
- Aug 11** Paul and Linda McCartney fined £120 for possession of hashish during Wings' Swedish tour.
- Aug 12** 'School's Out' by Alice Cooper No. 1 in UK.
- Aug 13** John & Yoko Ono Lennon perform two Madison Square concerts to raise \$250,000 for retarded children.
- Aug 19-20** Bowie presents Ziggy Stardust spectacular at London's Rainbow Theatre, followed by U.S. debut at New York's Carnegie Hall.
- Sept 1** Bobby Fischer beats Boris Spassky to become the first US world chess champion.
- Sept 2** 'You Wear It Well' by Rod Stewart was No. 1 in UK.
- Sept 4** Mark Spitz becomes the first person to win 7 Olympic gold medals.
- Sept 5** Black September guerrillas disrupt the Munich Olympics, killing Israeli athletes.
- Sept 27** Liverpool beat pioneer Rory Storm dies after an overdose of sleeping pills. His mother kills herself the same day.
- Oct 10** Sir John Betjeman becomes Poet Laureate.
- Oct 20** Joe Cocker leaves Australia with six members of his band to avoid 18 charges including assault. Cocker and the group previously fined £1200 on drug charges.
- Oct 23** Rock-nostalgia movie *That'll Be The Day* starring David Essex, Ringo Starr, Keith Moon and Billy Fury goes into production.
- Oct 30** *The Godfather* released in the UK.
- Nov 1** Ezra Pound, famed poet, dies in hospital in Venice aged 87.
- Nov 3** Carly Simon and James Taylor are married in Simon's New York apartment.
- Nov 4** After three years lay-off, Spooky Tooth reform.
- Nov 5** Miss Christine of The GTO's—also model on cover of Zappa's 'Hot Rats'—dies of a drug overdose.
- Nov 6** Billy Murcia, drummer with The New York Dolls, dies from asphyxiation after a girl pours black coffee down his throat in an attempt to revive him after he falls asleep at her flat.
- Nov 11** Berry Oakley of the Allman Brothers dies when his motorcycle collides with a bus three blocks from the spot where Duane Allman died.
- Nov 18** Danny Whitten, vocalist with Crazy Horse, dies of heroin overdose. Neil Young later writes 'Tonight's The Night' in his memory.
- Dec 2** BBC Radio ban Wings 'Hi Hi Hi' due to supposed drug inferences, but despite pressure from Mary Whitehouse, the Beeb continue to spin Chuck Berry's chart topper, 'My Ding-A-Ling'.
- Dec 6** Public Prosecutor's office in Nice, France confirm that arrest warrants have been issued for Keith Richard and Anita Pallenberg with regard to violating French drug laws. Said Richard: 'The first that I heard of the warrant for my arrest was when I read it in the newspaper here this morning'.
- Dec 9** Producer Lou Reizner stages all-star production of Pete Townshend's 'Tommy' featuring The London Symphony Orchestra and guest soloists for charity gala at London's Rainbow Theatre.
- Dec 19** George Best sacked from Manchester United.
- Dec 23** Earthquake destroys more than half of Managua, capital of Nicaragua, killing 10-12,000 people. Bianca Jagger later persuades Stones to do benefit concert.
- Dec 27** Body builder Charles Atlas is reported dead aged 80.

- Jan 8** The trial of the Watergate plumbers begins.
- Jan 9** Lou Reed marries Betty, a New York cocktail waitress.
- Jan 16** David Bailey's TV documentary on Andy Warhol banned from screens following strenuous efforts by Guinness Records' evangelist Ross McWhirter.
- Jan 16** David Bowie's 'The Jean Genie' topples Jimmy Osmond from UK singles No. 1.
- Jan 18** Prisoner captured by U.S. agents at Kabul airport and flown back to the USA where he had escaped from jail two years earlier.
- Jan 18** Thin Lizzy enter singles chart at No. 20 with 'Whiskey In The Jar'. Gospel singer Clara Ward dies of stroke in L.A.
- Jan 18** Stones' benefit concert at L.A. Forum in aid of Nicaragua earthquake victims. Bianca's mother was in earthquake, but escaped unhurt. Concert raised \$200,000. Stones contributed another \$150,000.
- Jan 21** A *Clockwork Orange* released in UK.
- Jan 22** Lyndon Johnson dies aged 64.
- Jan 23** George Foreman wins world heavyweight titles, knocking down Joe Frazier six times.
- Jan 23** Edward 'Kid' Orly dies in Honolulu of pneumonia and heart failure. Louis Armstrong joined his band in 1916.
- Jan 27** Bowie says in *NME* interview that he's discarding Ziggy Stardust image and is working on 'Aladdin Sane'.
- Jan 27** In *NME* Readers' Poll Shute voted No. 1 British band. Rosy Music are 'most promising new group'.
- Jan 28** Edward G. Robinson dies of cancer aged 79.
- Feb 2** Speckled Red dies.
- Feb 4** Genesis open first British headlining tour at Bristol Hippodrome.
- Feb 8** Max Yasgur, owner of the farm where Woodstock Festival was held, dies of heart failure in Florida.
- Feb 10** Skeleton found in Berlin positively identified as that of Martin Bormann, Hitler's deputy.
- Feb 10** *Approx.* Chris Stainton quits Joe Cocker band.
- Feb 10** Dr. Hawk's 'The Cover Of Rolling Stone' first single to be banned by BBC this year.
- Feb 17** Elton John reveals plans to launch Rocket Records.
- Feb 18** *Approx.* Sutherland Brothers merge with Quiver.
- Feb 28** Siege at Wounded Knee ends when Sioux Indians strike a truce with U.S. marshals.
- Mar 1** *Deep Throat* turned obscene by New York judge and banned.
- Mar 4** Alice Cooper introduces guillotine into stage act.
- Mar 5** Former Hendrix manager, Mike Jeffrey, killed in plane crash over France.
- Mar 6** Paul McCartney fined £100 for growing cannabis on his farm in Cumbria, Scotland.
- Mar 6** Pigen (Rad McKernan), organist and a founder of Grateful Dead, found dead of alcohol poisoning in his flat in Corte Madera, California.
- Mar 6** Ike & Tina Turner, Bombings kill one, injure 243. Explosions in Whitehall and outside Old Bank.
- Mar 17** *Approx.* Original Byrds to reform. Says Roger McGuinn: 'It's a forward step backwards'.
- Mar 21** *Approx.* BBC ban 'liberty bopper' acts appearing live on *Top Of The Pops* following riot during David Cassidy performance.
- Mar 24** *Approx.* Ex-Beatles deny they're recording together.
- Mar 24** Lou Reed bitten on the ass during a concert at Buffalo, New York. An excited fan leaps past stage security, yells 'Leather' and sank his teeth into Reed's buttock.
- Mar 26** Noel Coward dies aged 73.
- Mar 27** Marlon Brando wins Oscar and then rejects it. Sends Indian girl to explain that his action is a protest against Hollywood's exploitation of the American Indian.
- Mar 27** Jerry Garcia busted for drugs on Interstate 295 near Philadelphia.
- Mar 31** ELP open lavish world-tour in Düsseldorf.
- Apr 1** *Approx.* Lindisfarne diskband.
- Apr 1** *Approx.* Cockney Rebel make London debut at Speakeasy rock club.
- Apr 6** Wounded Knee siege ends.
- Apr 8** Picasso dies aged 90. McCartney writes a song about it.
- Apr 8** *Approx.* *That'll Be The Day* movie, starring David Essex, goes on UK general release.
- Apr 20** West, Bruce & Laing play British debut at London Rainbow.
- Apr 24** 'Och La La' by Faces No. 1 album in UK.
- Apr 26** *Approx.* Dylan resigns with CBS and starts work on first album since 'New Morning'.
- Apr 27** Watergate: Patrick Grey, acting director of the FBI, resigns. Stuart Magruder resigns.
- Apr 28** Maggie Bell plays last gig with Stone The Crows in Montreux, Switzerland, quits the band a week later.
- Apr 30** In a TV speech, Nixon accepts responsibility for Watergate but denies guilt.
- May 8** Professor Eysenck, behavioural psychologist, attacked for his extreme right views by militant students at the LSE.
- May 12** David Bowie gig at Earl's Court — he was first rock act to appear there — described as 'a fiasco'.
- May 19** Pink Floyd play Earl's Court and receive good reviews.
- May 22** Lord Lambton scandal erupts.
- May 23** George Ince alleged in the Barn Murder case.
- May 23** Journalist broadcaster Kenneth Allsob dies from barbiturate poisoning. Clyde Davis fired by Columbia (CBS) Records. He started his own company, Arista.
- May 26** *Approx.* Ronnie Lane quits The Faces. He's replaced by Japanese bassist Tetsu Yamauchi formerly of Free.
- June 1** Former Soft Machine drummer Robert Wyatt breaks spine in fall from a window during a party. Confined to a wheelchair, he switched from drumming to singing to overcome his handicap.
- June 2** *Approx.* Jimmy McCulloch quits Stone The Crows and joins Blue.
- June 4** Murray Wilson, father of three of the Beach Boys, dies of heart attack.
- June 5** 'Can The Can' by Suzi Quatro No. 1 in UK.
- June 8** Tubby Hayes, saxophonist, dies aged 58.
- June 9** *Approx.* The Strawbs split.
- June 19** Marsha Hunt names Mick Jagger as father of her two-year-old daughter, Karin.
- June 21** Gary Glitter's first appearance on *Top Of The Pops*.
- June 25** John Dean accuses Nixon of involvement in Watergate cover-up.
- June 26** 10cc's 'Rubber Bullets' tops UK singles chart for a week.
- June 27** Keith Richard charged with possession of drugs and unlicensed revolver.
- July 3** David Bowie announces from stage of Hammersmith Odeon that he is retiring from live performances. He leaves UK by boat later in summer to take up residence in USA.
- July 10** Attorney General John Mitchell admits his part in Watergate but claims Nixon is innocent.
- July 13** Queen's eponymous first album released.
- July 14** Every Brothers break up.
- July 14** *Approx.* Roger Glover leaves Deep Purple.
- July 15** An 'emotional' Ray Davies announces from stage of White City 'I want to be a sporting rock business. He doesn't'.
- July 16** Diana Ross plays Billie Holiday in the movie *Lady Sings The Blues*.
- July 16** Alexander Butterfield accidentally reveals the existence of the 'Watergate Tapes' while giving testimony.
- July 18** Actor Jack Hawkins dies aged 62.
- July 19** Byrds guitarist Clarence White dies after being hit by a car in Lancaster, California.
- July 20** Bruce Lee dies aged 32 in his Hong Kong apartment.
- July 21** *Approx.* Spitsville as it's announced that Eno is to quit Roxy Music. Mick Ralphs to leave Mott The Hoople. Curved Air and Family to disband.
- July 27** 10cc release debut album on UK Records.
- July 28** World's largest rock festival—at Watkins Glen in States—draws over 600,000 people.
- Aug 6** Memphis Minnie dies in Memphis, Tennessee.
- Aug 6** Steve Wonder seriously injured in car crash in North California.
- Aug 9** Lillian Roxon, Australian rock journalist, dies of severe asthma attack in New York City.
- Aug 17** Paul Williams of the original Temptations found dead in his car in Detroit. There was a bullet in his head and a gun in his hand.
- Aug 18** *Approx.* Jethro Tull announce they're retiring from live performances because of 'critical abuse'. Ian Anderson later admits this was a silly mistake.
- Aug 29** Nixon ordered to surrender his tapes.
- Sept 2** J. R. Tolkien, creator of *Lord of the Rings*, dies aged 81.
- Sept 4** John Elrichman indicted for his part in the Elberg burglary.
- Sept 7** Decca embargoes David Bowie by re-releasing 1967 single, 'The Laughing Gnome'.
- Sept 11** President Allende dies in Chile. Colonels take control.
- Sept 19** Gram Parsons dies of 'multiple drug use' at the Joshua Tree Motel. 'If I live, I want to be in Joshua Tree and my ashes scattered there.' In accordance with his wishes, two of his friends steal his coffin and cremate him in the Joshua Tree Desert Park.
- Sept 20** Jim Croce dies with five others when their plane hits a tree on take-off from Natchitoches, Louisiana.
- Sept 22** *Approx.* David Coverdale and Glen Hughes join Deep Purple.
- Sept 25** 'Goat's Head Soup' by Rolling Stones No. 1 album in UK.
- Oct 6** Arab-Israeli war begins.
- Oct 9** Nick Logan succeeds Alan Smith as Editor of *NME*.
- Oct 9** Elvis and Priscilla divorced in Santa Monica.
- Oct 10** Spiro Agnew resigns as Vice President over corruption scandal.
- Oct 13** Family play final concert at Leicester Poly and then disband.
- Oct 14** *Poi Garrett and Billy the Kid*, Bob Dylan's first film appearance, released in UK.
- Oct 15** Brian Clough resigns as manager of Derby.
- Oct 18** Al Green scalded on his bare back when his girlfriend, Mary Woodson, threw boiling grits at him before shooting herself.
- Oct 21** Movie of *Jesus Christ, Superstar*, released in UK.
- Oct 24** Keith Richard fined £205 at Marlborough Street court on charges of drug and firearm possession.
- Oct 30** Bowie's 'Pin-Ups' tops album charts for five weeks.
- Nov 2** Oil crisis begins to hit the headlines. Petrol rationing coupons distributed to Post Offices in UK.
- Nov 25** Actor Laurence Harvey dies of cancer aged 45.
- Nov 25** The Papadopoulos regime in Greece overthrown.
- Nov 26** Mrs Getty receives Paul's car.
- Nov 26** John Rostill of The Shadows electrocuted.
- Nov 27** Rose Mary Woods, Nixon's secretary, admits accidental deletion on tape.
- Dec 6** Gerald Ford appointed Vice President.
- Dec 13** Edward Heath announces a three-day working week due to oil crisis and miners' strike. Candle sales boom.
- Dec 15** Paul Getty released after five months captivity. £1 million ransom paid.
- Dec 20** Bobby Dorn dies during an operation to repair a malfunctioning artificial heart valve.

NME WALL
CHART TO THE
'70s — Week 2



BIRTHS, DEATHS & MARRIAGES



MAHALIA JACKSON
LARRY HARVEY
RORY STORME
MISS CHRISTINE
BILLY MURCIA
BERRY OAKLEY
DANNY WHITTEN
CHARLES ATLAS
MAX YASGAR

PIGEN
TUBBY HAYES
CLARENCE WHITE
BRUCE LEE
FAMILY
J.R. TOLKIN
BOBBY DARIN
JIM CROCE
GRAM PARSONS



Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Jenny Haan antecedents revealed

I'D LIKE some information on Jenny Haan's Lion, a band that's played some excellent gigs in the London area this year. Could you supply me with some personnel background, tell me when an album can be expected and provide a management or record company address that I can write to. — KEN UDALL, Hampton Wick, Middlesex.

● The current line-up of Lion is Jenny Haan (vocals), Gren Fraser (guitar, piano), Dave Hewitt (bass) and Geoff Leyton-Bennett (drums). Jenny, or Janita as the vicar originally christened her, was vocalist with Babe Ruth for a lengthy period, during this time becoming very attached to Dave Hewitt, a Babe Ruth founder-member who was formerly a refugee from Dr K's

Blues Band. After four albums with Babe Ruth, the duo opted to go their own way and headed directly for deepest Huddersfield, the Las Vegas of the Pennines (also Hewitt's home-town) where they met up with Fraser and Leyton-Bennett, ex-Bill Nelson sidekicks who'd played alongside Hewitt in his blues-band days and had since formed a unit known as Rudy and The Zips.

Jenny had received numerous offers as a solo artist but preferred to take a hand out on the road, work as many gigs as possible and then try for a label deal once more. This she's done with Lion, going down a storm, particularly at Northern gigs, the result being that an album should be on the cards very early in '78. In the meantime, EMI-Harvest are releasing a "Best Of Babe Ruth" compilation this month and we hear that the four-and-a-half

octave vocalist — who has her pic on the album sleeve — will be helping Harvest to promote the disc. For any further info, pics and suchlike, I suggest you contact Lion's manager, John Arnison, of Cory Productions, 56 Old Compton Street, London W.1.

SOMETIME AGO, I saw a tremendous modern opera called *Einstein On The Beach*. Penned by Robert Wilson and Philip Glass, it proved to be a combination of minimalist theatre and unminimalistic music and lasted for five hours. It was a stunning experience — the type of concert one always remembers. It wasn't the first time I'd heard of Glass's work — two years ago he was on Dutch television. Since then, I've searched everywhere for his records and have only found two albums on Chatham and one on Caroline. Do you know of any other releases and if Virgin/Caroline intend to issue another of his albums in the near future? — MARTIN VAN INEVELKD, Breila, Netherlands.

WHAT HAS happened to the Beefheart album "Bat Chain Puller" that was supposed to come out last spring? — BENJAMIN HORREND- OUS, Cross-In-Hand, Sussex. ● According to reports emanating from Virgin's Portobello Road Dept., Philip Glass has recorded "Music With Changing Parts" and "Music In Fifths"/"Music In Similar Motion" for Chatham Square; has donated "Solo Music" to the Shandar catalogue" and bestowed "Music In 12 Parts, Parts 1 and 2" and "North Star" upon Virgin itself. The composer is currently in the States working on yet another of his ambitious projects but there's no news of any forthcoming elpee.

Meanwhile, back in Vernon Yard, Virgin are still engaged in a legal tussle with the good doctor, and until something

gives Beefheart's album will continue not to see the light of day.

COULD YOU tell me if anyone other than Elvis made a recording of "Suspicion"? If so, could you tell me who and when? — DOROTHY CLARK, Eaton, Middlesbrough, Teesside.

● "Suspicion", which appeared on Elvis' "Pot Luck" album in 1962, was covered by Terry Stafford in 1964, providing him with a million-seller that charted on both sides of the Atlantic. Stafford's version, which appeared on the Crusader label in the States and on London here, was one of the singer's only two major hits, the other being "I'll Touch A Star", another 1964 success but in the USA only.

Stafford was still around just a short while back, having a moderate country hit with his version of "Has Anybody Seen My Sweet Gypsy Rose",

Atlantic Records also releasing an album of that title in late '73. However, it seems that more recently the Stafford record career has taken a nose-dive, for the latest Schwann catalogue lists no albums by him.

I HAVE UFO's four Chrysalis albums — "Phenomenon", "Force It", "No Heavy Petting" and "Lights Out", but are there any others available? — VIC PERRY, Buxton, Derbyshire.

● Apart from the four Chrysalis albums already mentioned, UFO sightings have been reported at various points in the universe. Their first album, "UFO 1", originally showed here on Beacon but soon became deleted while "Flying", a second elpee, came out on German Telefunken AS-621438. "UFO 1" has also since appeared on Motown in the States and currently forms part of a German Double

album ("Heavy Metal" — Telefunken DX-628104). And in the meantime an elpee titled "UFO Land In Tokyo" (Toshiba) has sold heavily in the wonderful land that gave you Pearl Harbour. Phil Moss has described this one as a near-bootleg, recorded on a four-track machine during the band's debut concert in Tokyo, without the aid of any sound-checks or test-runs. Incidentally, both the German albums can be obtained from any local record shop if you just quote the catalogue numbers provided and ask your dealer to order through Selecta.

IS THERE any chance of finding out if there is, or will be, a songbook devoted to Joni Mitchell's "Hissing Of Summer Lawns"? If so, where can I obtain it from? — DEREK JAMES, Canton, Cardiff.

I RECENTLY saw an ad for a book called *Joni Mitchell — Her Lives, Her Loves, Her Music*, published by Quick Fox of New York. Can you tell me if it's available in the U.K.? — CAROL BROWN, Falkirk, Scotland.

● I haven't traced a songbook version of "Lawns" yet, but I've no doubt that one will be winging our way before long. In the meantime, there are two volumes of *Joni Mitchell — Complete* available, Vol. 1 containing all the songs from "Songs To A Seagull", "Clouds" and "Ladies Of The Canyon"; Vol. 2 featuring "Blue", "For The Roses" and "Court And Spark". Both are available, price £3.75 and £4.50 respectively (plus 30p each postage and packing) from Musique Boutique, at 70 Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London W1A 4PJ. *Her Lives, Her Loves, Her Music* is available from the same address, price £1.95 plus 30p postage and packing.



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October 16th, 1977

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Page 35



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With a little help from my friends	CHICAGO	99p
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JAMES BROWN	Black Caesar	75p
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ALBUMS



Watch it — I may look like a hippy ...



But these deadly hands ...



Can kill!



GENESIS Seconds Out (Charisma)

SOME TIME ago I overheard two young men discussing rock groups on a 73 bus bound for Olympia. Genesis, they agreed, had earned their popularity without hype. The rock press, they stated, gave Genesis far less coverage than other major bands, such as Led Zeppelin.

Maybe you are of the same opinion. Yet the surprising fact is that Genesis and their ex-leader, Peter Gabriel, are almost the only old wave superstars who appear in these hallowed pages as regularly as their newer rivals — largely because they are not as reclusive as most established rock giants.

Despite this regular press, however, Genesis remain anonymous. For all I know, those two men on the 73 bus could have been members of Genesis themselves.

Even if they'd been singing one of their best known songs, I wouldn't have recognised them. I have to confess it: I am a Genesis virgin. This double live album set is my initiation into their world.

Apparently I'm only just in the nick of time. The group's guitarist, a chap called Steve Hackett, left last week — and what with Peter Gabriel leaving whenever it was he did, us privileged fronds on the music business grapevine are wondering whether the band can overcome the loss.

I don't see why not. They eventually replaced Gabriel, who was the singer, with a drummer — not just any old drummer, but an actual black American jazz drummer! — and did it after the band a single iota? Well, did it? You tell me.

What it *didn't* do — despite the fact that the drums are the dominant instrument in the mix on this album — was to moderate the band's Englishness.

The NME Love You Loathe You Live



Boing!

The new singer, Phil Collins, reminds me of numerous English singers — Steve Winwood, Cat Stevens (OK, so he's Greek), Supertramp (OK, so they're Welsh), Jon Anderson, Bill Oddie ...

It's hardly the world's most likeable voice, but for a drummer he can certainly handle some tricky chord changes. Unfortunately — and oddly, considering the group's compositional virtuosity — there isn't a welter of magic melodies for him to perform.

If this were Yes, that would be disastrous. Their highest points are those where they ally their technical skill and penchant for incomprehensible time signatures to one of Anderson's celestial melodies, a meeting of dazzlingly frantic playing and propulsively 'high' vocals.

Genesis, it seems, use neither of these gambits. Not only is Collins a far more limited singer, but the group are considerably more measured than Yes. Though they do not soar so high, neither do they sink to a mire of ponderous orchestration and lyrical gobbledygook whenever their inspiration flags.

Genesis' discipline is quite astounding. "Seconds Out" has to be in the running for the best played and recorded live album ever. Despite a distinct



Boing (there go my shades)!

lack of orgasmic moments, there is never an instant where the sheer perfection and loving application of the performance is not at a peak undreamt-of by most rock bands (though whether they're a 'rock' band is disputable).

And there's only five of them! This, I take it, must be a major part of their enormous appeal: the Gosh-how-do-they-do-it syndrome. If you remove the undoubted cleverness of it, — and I can dig that as much as the next person (or rather next man, cleverness is male territory) — the essence of Genesis' music is almost easy listening. Pleasant motifs repeat and interchange without any great emotive communication — or even, from the viewpoint of one without a wordsheet, an abundance of discernible purpose.

Still, until computerisation is complete, technical ability may still be enough. You've been sadly duped by the current primitivist chic if you think you can't get off on sheer skill every now and then. And if the meaning of an artist's repertoire is already set out on studio albums, then this sort of live set — retreads and variations upon (I assume) previously known artefacts — must function primarily as a display of skill. Or, as here, understated brilliance.



Thud (got 'em again)!

NILS LOFGREN Night After Night (A&M)

IT USED TO be books; now it's live double albums. Everyone thinks they've got one inside 'em, be they workmanlike, worthies like Elvin Bishop or pretentious prima donnas like Steve Harley.

It's all Peter Frampton's fault, of course, but Frampton's A&M stablemate — Nils Lofgren — is probably one of the few guys you'd reasonably expect to justify using double the dose of vinyl.

Ah, mistake number one. Mistake number two was reacquainting myself with the tight delights of Lofgren's excellent "Back It Up!" "authorised" bootleg.

Several of the numbers on "Night After Night" (recorded at London's Hammersmith Odeon, Glasgow's Apollo and LA's Roxy) are performed so much better on "BIU!", where the entire band's playing is infinitely sharper, more compact, eschewing the second-string showbiz shabazz which runs right through the new set.

Lofgren's incisive stylings (as evidenced on the original "Keith Don't Go") have given way to an unappetising,



chintzy, razzle-dazzle, feel-the-wide-screen-width, turn-on-the-flash, rub-up-the-rubes Guitar Hero In The Dark Shades posturing which is about as pyrotechnic as a string of damp squids.

Keef's "Don't Go (To Toronto)" ode was once an affectionate tribute; as performed here, it now sounds like a cheeky conceit. One by one, the other great songs tumble: "Back It Up", with Nils shining centre-stage, staccato riffs'n'frills rolling away amidst redundant, fancy bits of schtick; "Like Rain", gaining nothing from the phoney dramatics; "Beggars' Day", thrown together, sloppy, lackadaisical, thrown away, a pale shadow of the biting original; "Incidentally, It's Over", with Patrick Henderson's boogie woogie piano barely saving an inessential piece; and the utterly perfunctory rendition of "It's Not A Crime".

Desperately disappointing stuff and it's all ironically summed up by "I Came To Dance": "I've gotta do my dirty stuff. I won't play no jive." That's just the trouble — too much jive, too little dirty. Sure, he don't miss a beat but any self-respecting masochist can say the same.

The bits that work? "Moon Tears", certainly — syncopated, breakneck, and bro' Tom provides fiery rhythm counterpoint to Nils' torrential outpourings. "Goin' Back", too, with Nils himself tickling the ivories on an amusingly 'Look Ma, both hands' manner. And "Code Of The Road" develops into a crunchier rocker than on the "Dance" album. Nils being exhorted to ever greater heights of stabbing improvisation by Wornell Jones' mocking timetables.

But like every double live album you ever heard, "Night After Night" would benefit immeasurably from judicious editing. Nils Lofgren came to dance — but he posed and pranced.

Monty Smith

Phil McNeill



Vox's Fox: "I'll give them the mean moody misunderstood pose."

Washed Up On Terminal Beach By A Wind From Nowhere

(Just Who let J. G. Ballard in here?)

ULTRAVOX
Ha! Ha! Ha! (Island)

**HERECOMESTHE
APOCALYPSE!**

I've been waiting here for five years and my heels are killing me. Actually, the idea is peachy keen; glitter — from whence the new wave godheads gained their formative inspiration — incorporated into punk. At least, it might be peachy performed by the kids themselves as opposed to their uncles.

Get a load of Ultravox's titles — they read like a catalogue from our past: "Frozen Ones", "Fear In The Western World", "The Man Who Dies Every Day", "Artificial Life", "While I'm

Still Alive" — ring a bell, what?

But the chilling stupidity is never backed by action. No seedling careers of evil here. All songs share tinpot instrumentation, an edgy reggae beat and an OD of J.G. Ballard bobbing along behind a lyrical enunciation that's an imperfect hybrid of Sweet and Roxy Music — though the over-riding iron-rule is Mrs. Iggy Pop's, from "The Man Who Sold The World" through to "Diamond Dogs".

It's a cliché, but the reason why Ultravox tumble arse over heels is they're too oooooold... didn't cut their fangs on "For Your Pleasure." They got hip to the automaton trip too little, too late. And anyhow the perfect pastiche of the glitz blitz was done in 1975 with A.

Raincoat's rendition of "I Love You For Your Mind Not Your Body."

Just take "Frozen Ones." I've met more menacing fishballs than this, even if it does contain the album's Profound Thought in "No one will care when we're gone!" They sound quite ill from the chill, and, tend towards hysteria — especially at the end of "Artificial Life."

There's a contemplative tinkle of piano in the next apartment for "Distant Smile" while the saxophones of "Hiroshima Mon Amour" flounder hopelessly into what they hope is a "Diamond Dogs" work-out (Bowie used a breath, dear — not a full blown belch).

And get "Fifty million people in a state of decay? I can feel

the fear in the western world!" If you could sonny, you wouldn't issue this drive!

There's also weary hints at masturbation and eyeliner (sigh) — you're still doing things I gave up admitting to years ago. I'm an ice machine but you're not because you brag about it too much. The real machine always does the best impersonation of a human being.

One more time. Their titles hint at something nasty; whether they know or not at what they hint I wouldn't venture to guess. I have an idea at the implications of their songs and it's not pretty.

I may be cold but thank god I ain't old.

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Julie Burchill



VARIOUS
Max's Kansas City (Ram Records Import)

IN THE American ads for this, the second Max's collection, they inform that had you been hip to the trip you could have discovered Bachman-Turner Overdrive and Hall & Oates in '73 and Wayne County and

The Fast in '76. Is this some sort of track record?

The only reason I could find for buying the first Max's volume was to hear Pere Ubu ride the Cleveland airwaves with the devastating sonic turbulence of "Final Solution". The Fast were also good for a laugh. "Discover the acts of '77", they implore — but if this is the pulse of America underground then it would appear to be asleep.

More exactly, it's in a coma. Apart from three tracks, the striking feature of this record is how dated and ordinary it sounds. Most of the vinyl time is given to three bands landlocked in a '72 time-war — overworked metal riff rock that should have had the plugs pulled on it years ago.

The worst contender is

Andrew Pearson, who on "Palace Of The King" manages to sound like Cream on "Born Under a Bad Sign", although not as good and certainly a little late. He also steals Dobie Gray's "Drift Away" for the chorus of "Don't Look Back", a highway opus that rides comfortably on the Steve Miller, Allman Brothers ticket.

Grand Slam on their "Stitch In Time" could be a doom-laden Jethro Tull — or worse still Uriah Heep.

Lance play the kind of music that requires the singer to stand with his legs astride and chest bared. The presence of Aerosmith producer Jack Douglas on their three tracks (the lion's share) suggests certain behind-the-scenes goings on for Lance.

The one good point so far is that, unlike most collections, there is at least a homogenous quality to it all, even if it's only a uniform grinding dullness.

On the positive side we find Just Water, who defy easy definition with "What We Need Is Some Rock", a song almost as good as its title, and Philip Rambow. After seeing Rambow recently I came to the conclusion that this man has it in spades. "Night Out" supports the theory. A fine piece of sultry New York skyline romance.

Finally, providing welcome relief with some sound teenage simplicity, come The Brats. "Ma, I'm leaving soon / To be the first rock star on the moon," they bleat.

The score is two-and-a-half out of nine. **Paul Rambali**



IAN GILLAN BAND
Scarabus (Island)

IT'S STILL physically painful listening to Ian Gillan's stylised screech. You can almost feel rusty razor blades caressing the inside of your throat. Still, it's undoubtedly a potent rock voice, one that I've not heard much since Gillan quit Purple four years ago.

This is his second album

fronting this quartet of accomplished rockers: it has its moments, but probably only Gillan-freaks will surrender wholeheartedly to "Scarabus".

The opening title track is musically intriguing, lyrically banal (all fourth form poetic wizards, lizards and sorcery). Mark Nausseef's reverberating drums contribute thundering dynamism throughout and are here excitedly joined by a late solar burst from Ray Fenwick's guitar (laid over his Mahavishnu rhythm janglings).

Most of the other pieces are more straightforward, though possessing flourishes here and there to lift them out of the rut; the arresting, frenetic percussive break and Colin Towns' amusingly *rapide-rocking* piano on "Twin Exhausted".

RAY COONEY

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Some reflections on contemporary English society from an American visitor.



LA DI DA

THE NEW SINGLE FROM

**Country
Joe
McDonald**

ON FANTASY FTC 143



Gillan's patented "castrato shrieking" on "Poor Boy Hero"; the actual semblance of melody on "Mercury High" (which, like "Poor Boy", is short enough to be a single).

The IGB's only concessions to contemporary mores are contained in "Slags To Bitches" and "Apathy". A standard stop-start love-hate rock song, the wittily titled "Slags" boasts a couple of brief revivalist piano interjections by Towns. It also mentions spitting. As does "Apathy," an anachronistic call to lay down arms, feet and legs; "Slow down, no work, take it easy."

The last track sums up this type of diligent confusion: "Fool's Mate" is a cluttered premature ejaculation of a climax, with the band cleverly, irritatingly playing 17 different riffs as Gillan serenely screams an eighteenth.

Monty Smith

ELTON JOHN:

Greatest Hits Volume 2 (DJM)

WITH THIS welcome second set of Elton's finest, you get a jokey reminder that he's still in control of his own destiny. The sleeve depicts our hero as a cricketer who's been clean-bowled, but on the lyric sheet there's a further pic which shows him as the bowler.

The message is clear. Elton may no longer be rock's kingpin, but the decision to abdicate was his. There's still no clue as to why he did it, but the maudlin tone of some of his later songs suggest a general mood of self-pity.

The offenders here are "Sorry Seems to be the Hardest Word" and "Someone Saved My Life Tonight", both sad examples of wallowing in melancholy.

Happily, the atmosphere of the rest of the songs is positive, and this collection is one that matches the original "Greatest Hits" set in every way.

Bob Edmonds

Of course, Elton is free to take his own emotions seriously, but when he's capable of producing such pop masterpieces as "Don't Go Breaking My Heart", he's better off leaving the solemn stuff to Dory Previn.

Perversely, Elton apparently thought that song was so lightweight, he and Bernie disguised themselves as "Ann Orson and Carte Blanche". His finest hour, and he chose to shrug off the credit. Ah well.

The most potent song, for me at least, is "Grow Some Funk of Your Own", which lives up well to its title. It's impossible to hear it, without recalling the charisma with which Reggae used to waddle in front of that final ace line-up. Always a magic moment.

When Elton rocks out, he does it with irresistible good humour. Witness "The Bitch is Back", a further Stones pastiche in the wake of "Saturday Night". Not a note out of place. If it's true that Elton put himself in the Beatles' league, then his versatility is surely what got him there.

"Philadelphia Freedom" was one of the songs that started the white disco movement, and very tasteful it is too. While "Bernie and the Jets", an unsolicited smash in the soul charts, remains a major gem.

To point up his place in the Rock Hall of Fame, Elton's cover jobs were very much in his own style, but never less than reverent towards the people he respects. "Lucy in the Sky" catches the mood of the original, without resorting to the elaborate arrangements of "Sergeant Pepper". And while "Pinball Wizard" lacks the Who's level of energy, it comes pretty close.

Even at his most banal, Elton John rarely lacks dignity. "Island Girl" was accused of being both racist and sexist (wow!), but the main thing you can hear is joyous music.

Which Way Out Of JA?

THIRD WORLD
96 Degrees In The Shade (Island)

THIRD WORLD are in something of a predicament. Six young, well to do Jamaicans, they acquitted themselves well supporting Marley and The Wailers on their '76 UK tour, then released a first album that elicited sharply polarised reactions.

Some took "Third World" to task for its lack of roots, reggae, roughness and commitment, others (our own CSM among them) praised its eclecticism and knowing sophistication.

The band's approach was certainly lateral. The album featured little original material but instead balanced renditions of JA torch songs (by The Abyssinians and Burning Spear) against others of American soul classics.

Third World themselves landed somewhere between these two tangents — extremes that were, after all, more closely related in earlier days when Jamaica's musicians looked to the American mainland for a large part of their inspiration. Third World's hybrid was soft-focussed, making much (and good) use of studio and instrumental technology.

For their troubles, Third World were awarded honours and accolades in Jamaica. 1977 has seen them touring the US

East and West coast college circuit and thinking very hard about a second album. "96 Degrees" is the result of months spent recording, scrapping, mixing, remixing.

Bunny Wailer's tender "Dreamland" is the only non-original here. The other seven songs are — well, just check the titles: "Jah Glory"; "Tribal War"; "Human Market Place"; "Third World Man" and so forth. At least the apparent stylistic conflict of the first album has been resolved.

From here on in it's a matter of personal preference. If you're already conversant with current JA sounds, then Third World aren't likely to impress. Bassist Richard Daley and drummer William Stewart cut neat but lightweight rhythms. The lead vocals by Bunny (not the ex-Wailer) are uncharismatic, by no means strong; the band's lyrics are almost uncomfortably earnest, never entirely convincing.

As it is, most other JA singers succeed in lending their chosen articles of faith far greater poignancy. Third World's "Jah Glory", for example, may be one of several undeniably pleasant melodies but it's hardly the ecstatic hymn of praise you might anticipate. Even the title song (also the single) fails to strike fire, despite its dealing with some callous execution ritual committed by the British Imperial Army last century. The power simply isn't there, boys.

If on the other hand you're

Third World: uncomfortably earnest



wary of JA and can't seem to find a suitable entry point into a proud, self-supportive music (but want to), then Third World could conceivably provide that access.

The band describe themselves as second generation JA musicians searching to expand the horizons of their inheritance. The songs are very well arranged. Both sides open with Michael Cooper's layered synthesizers evoking uncharted tropical latitudes of mysterious grandeur. Stephen Moore's lead guitar is uniformly excellent, whether electric (with devices) or acoustic (without); he admired Hendrix and it shows.

The African, American and all compass points influences on Third World are obvious, but they assimilate them carefully. Weak though the rhythms may be on the JA scale, they're firm enough.

Myself I don't care that much for "96 Degrees", though the group are thoughtful, sincere individuals and their work deserves to be heard, postulating as it does one of many possible ways in which JA music might take some Great Leap Outward from its embattled citadel. Whether or not that Leap is desirable (or even necessary) is something else.

Angus MacKinnon

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THE RADIATORS FROM SPACE

TV Tube Heart
(Chiswick)

THE RADIATORS From Space are obsessed by 'the media' — the press and television, to be precise.

Either that, or having once written one decent song about TV or the press, they've decided to mine this rich vein further by assembling what almost amounts to a concept album, repeating the same somewhat hackneyed theme throughout most of its 13 tracks.

There's even a track that some people reckon is about NME!

So what? you may ask. It's nothing unusual to hear the paper or its writers — or even other rock press — mentioned in songs, particularly nowadays. The difference, however, is that whereas other punk groups' attention to the rock press merely reflects the entire punk scene's self-obsession, the Radiators supposedly have a grudge against the NME.

The Radiators, see, were the poor sods whose headlining gig at a Dublin punk festival at the end of June was blighted by a stabbing earlier in the evening... a stabbing which subsequently became a murder when Patrick Coultry died in hospital.

NME covered the story, attributing to the Radiators a key role in keeping the gig

running after the dance floor debacle, and using pictures of the band shot at the gig on the front cover.

The Radiators broke up and re-formed overnight, and we heard rumours that they resented the publicity we gave the murder as it might harm their career. While sympathising with this, all you can say is that it was just their very hard luck to be present at the incident.

To what extent a newspaper should allow possible consequences of its reportage to influence it is a matter that could keep us here forever; suffice to say that in the case of Patrick Coultry, his death seemed more important than a rock group risking getting a few gigs blown out.

Of more concern, however, than any response the Radiators may have been moved to make — and we'll come to that later — is the reaction of the rest of the music press. This is not a subject I really wanted to drag into this review, but both *Sounds* and *Melody Maker*, in reviewing this album and the band's "Enemies" single, have thrown down the gauntlet — something you'd think people who live in glass houses would know better than to try.

As *Sounds* and *MM* are, respectively, 4th and 2nd largest circulation music papers in the country (the two combined actually have a fractionally larger readership than NME), it is apposite to look at their treatment of the death of Patrick Coultry and similar subjects.

They ignored Coultry. A couple of lines ten days after it occurred, then back onto the punk martyrs handwagon.

While NME readers were being told about a stabbing at a punk gig, *Sounds* readers were served a picture spread glorifying self-mutilation.

Consistently, NME has been alone in reporting the



RADIATORS FROM SPACE: Watch this Radiator

detrimental as well as the good side of punk.

The Clash, The Stranglers, the Pistols, The Jam — all have been subjected to minute scrutiny in the NME: their business operations, their lyrical postures, their audience relationships, their selling points, their politics. Yet scarcely a single word has been raised against them in the rest of the press.

Other publications would have their readers believe that rock is not a business, nor a part of the real world. Their isolation of music from the rest of life, their neglect of the business operations/lyrical stance/etc listed above — nothing could better serve the rock business.

It is now a cliché that The Rolling Stones' self-mythologised Satanic

image reaped its harvest at Altamont. Yet when this paper wondered, way back in the Summer of Hate, whether the outbreaks of violence around punk rock might have anything to do with the deliberate propagation by punk rock groups of a violence fetish, certain sectors of the rock business tried to intimate that that attitude was "sensationalistic".

People getting beaten up in the streets, rock stars being physically attacked, even a murder... Sweep them under the carpet and let us all bow down before our crypto-fascist idols.

The day that I see a single word of objective criticism of the punk hand-that-feeds-them in *Sounds* is the day that I'll begin to take the charge of sensationalism seriously, and

not dismiss it as the cry of people more concerned with maintaining the stability than the morality of the rock establishment.

As for the Radiators' "criticisms": although "Enemies" was written before the Belfield murder, they've adapted the final chorus on the record to "N-M-E" rather than "Enemies". Live, they're coy about it: "That's not about the NME... (pause)... but it could be!"

If they wanted to try to number us, they could surely do better than this. The main theme is: "You gotta understand / We're on the same side / You just don't know / Who you're enemies are." That's quite an assumption to make these days — on the same side!

Too many of the Radiators' lyrics consist of this sort of idealistic cliché. "Great Expectations", for instance, is a poor-misunderstood-me teen message to the singer's parents (wake up!)... "Try and listen to me sometime / Or do you really care?"

Elsewhere their media shots seem to suffer from too much Clash. The one-syllable-worded nursery graffiti that worked so well for the originals is now sounding pretty tired.

And as for "Roxy Girl" (as in The Stranglers' "London Lady" and The Vibrators' "London Girls"), you know the words to that already without being told. "Here comes Susie / Star of the show / Caved in nostrils / And a sulphate glow."

Still, they've definitely got something. The one-track lyrics build an impressive cohesion, and if they applied themselves to cutting out the bad lines and stamped slightly more unusual style on their words they could be pretty

good. Some fine songs are spoilt by immature lyrics.

In keeping with their media obsession, they're also the first band I've ever noticed using that horrible adjective "terminal" in song. "Terminal situation," no less.

Musically they're odd. Mostly recorded just after singer Steve Rapid left and guitarist Phil Chevron took over the mike, the set boasts a neat line in unison non-singing throughout, though you do find yourself longing for just one song that's got a decent singer on it.

The Radiators play an inventive brand of scratchy robotic punk, marred somewhat by Roger Armstrong's muffled production, and constantly adorned with unexpected chords and textures — most successful being the tumbling chorus on "Prison Bars": "I see the world through my TV eye / And everybody looks 7' high," with what would be called a lush melody if The Beatles had played it.

Mark Megaray, their comparatively accomplished bassist, plays refreshingly to the best and most melodic of his ability — and the whole band give the impression they're not going to be straitjacketed. On this album they sound as if they are moving tentatively away from the claustrophobically frantic base which still underpins every track.

It might suffer next to "Please Please Me" or "The Rolling Stones" — a curious comment on the times and on assumptions about progression through time — but "TV Tube Heart" is an attractive, if adolescent, album that, with a little more work, could have been really good. It augurs an interesting future for The Radiators From Space, and could be a big seller itself.

Phil McNeill



RINGO STARR

Ringo The 4th (Polydor)

RINGO'S ARITHMETIC isn't necessarily as fallible as the album's title suggests; it's just that he prefers to regard "Ringo" as his debut solo album proper.

This is indeed his fourth — but the first not to feature a composition by any of his erstwhile colleagues. It's a crucial omission. The album has been put together entirely with help from American friends (i.e. celebrities) — who all render him exemplary assistance, but deny him the particular magic that Lennon et al formerly provided.

"The 4th" breaks down like this: six Ringo-Vini Ponce compositions, and four from outside sources, of which the best-known are "Drowning In The Sea Of Love" and "Sneakin' Sally Through The Alley". Despite some crackling guitar from David Spinozza on the former, neither could claim to be a definitive, or even an interesting, version. The other two, "Tango All Night" and "Can She Do It Like She Dances", both by unfamiliar songwriting teams, seem tailor-made for Ringo (perhaps they were) and are among the album's more successful cuts.

The original compositions are hardly good enough; only "It's A Secret" has an occasional mellow charm. The others are generally colourless. Ringo sounds best either (as on "Ringo") when he is having a ball, or (as on "Beaucoups Of Blues") when he is suicidal. The narrow range of his voice seems to preclude the expression of emotions in between, and here the dull material prevents his ebullient

and charismatic personality from compensating for his vocal shortcomings.

Which is a shame, because everything else is in Ringo's favour, including Arif Mardin's excellent production (the backing vocals are sensibly, if paradoxically, mixed right up) and some committed, and at times inspired, session work from the likes of Cornell Dupree and Michael Brecker.

Side one, by the way, concludes with what is apparently a cryptic message, and a bell ringing urgently (no doubt to tell you to turn over the record).

It's just about the only thing here that might have merited inclusion on a Beatles album.

Bob Woffinden



WISHBONE ASH

Front Page News
(MCA)

ONLY ON two pieces here do Wishbone play to their strengths: a sense of unity and clarity of intent. They're the opening and closing tracks of this woefully ordinary album.

As luck would have it, they also happen to be the two numbers chosen by MCA as the token single release. Both songs — "Front Page News" and "Diamond Jack" — are cautionary tales. Martin Turner's well-modulated vocals lend conviction to his being unhappy in Lotus Land on the title cut as the twin guitars of Andy Powell and Laurie Wisefield glide sinisterly over the sensual rhythm.

The hint of a "Heard It Through The Grapevine" riff lifts "Diamond Jack" beyond the realm of soft-rock (which fatally permeates most of the

album), and although there's more tasty guitar it encapsulates the faults of the bulk of the record: for a band hardly renowned for their lyrical profundities, there are far too many words, far too little music.

The one time they really cut loose is on "Right Or Wrong" — which proves I was lying, since it's the third cut to work — possessed of one of those lurching riffs you're sure to have heard 303 times before but which still, gloriously, connect. It's back to basics time and those dual guitars really do offer double the revelry.

Otherwise, Wishbone have let that West Coast sunshine do its worst. "Midnight Dancer" wouldn't sound out of place on an Eagles album (you can do better than that, lads), "The Day I Found Your Love" goes so far as to introduce Hollywood strings and sax, and "Goodbye Baby, Hello Friend" — which composer Wisefield sings in Garfunkel-ese — exemplifies the New Soft Unimproved Ash.

Hardly front page news. For the real, undiluted Ash, consult their back pages.

Monty Smith

PHILIP GOODHAND-TAIT

Teaching an Old Dog
New Tricks (Chrysalis)

"I WAS thinking about in films how in no time so it seemed the hero met his princess the king found his queen But in real life there's only inbetween..."

LYRICS that silly, sung in a near monotone by a bearded, sincere, tedious man, prodding tunelessly at the piano. Cosy, private little songs with the minimum of melody; stories about lonely, disillusioned, essentially dull people.

"I want to winter with you 'cause we'll never be cold again..." I'm glad I don't have to live in Philip's warm, honest, sleepy world of personal columns, private lives and washbasins.

Boring. I'm wet and cold but thank God I ain't old. Or did someone else say that? Kim Davis

Skrewdriver
 Antisocial & 19th (Nervous) Breakdown
 * CHISWICK NS18 *

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PATTI LABELLE
Patti Labelle (Epic)
NONA HENDRYX
Nona (Epic)

IN WHICH two thirds of the sundered Labelle make their solo statements and demonstrate that the whole was definitely greater than the sum of the parts.

Though they only ever had but one real big hit single (over here at least), Labelle were really something special: a blazing, amped-up vocal trio dealing '70s soul that didn't cop out.

They'd started out in the Pre-Cataclysmic Age as Patti Labelle and the BlueBelles, originally a quartet until Cindy Birdsong joined the Supremes in '67, and had been on a downward spiral ever since their big hit "I Sold My Heart To The Junkman". In the '70s they reincarnated as Labelle and made at least three excellent albums: "Pressure Cookin'" on RCA and "Nightbirds" and "Phoenix", both on Epic.

Patti Labelle was the name and the lead voice; Nona Hendryx wrote the original material and was at least half of the image. The third 'Belle, Sarah Dash, has yet to be heard from, but if Nona and Patti's albums are anything to go by then it ain't surprising that the group broke up.

The elements which combined so well in the band have by now pulled into such opposite and extreme directions that it's unlikely that they could have coexisted for much longer.

Patti's album is a modern soul cross-section produced by David Robinson, whose slick, shallow disco approach capsize the final Labelle group album "Chameleon", but which made for some (here comes that word again) slick Pointer Sisters singles.

The material ranges from dumbo dance numbers to songs like Dylan's "Most Likely You Go Your Way And I'll Go Mine" (an outrageous risk which just about works) and Bo Diddley's "Can't Judge A Book By The Cover", with some excellent down-home mouth harp. There are a couple of production ballads like "You Are My Friend" and "Since I Don't Have You", which work because Patti is such an excellent singer — right up there with Aretha and Mavis Staples and Millie Jackson.

Norman Whitfield's "Funky Music" happens because the band — special honours to bassist David Shields — get

Solo Labelles don't make it



PATTI LABELLE: sinking slowly in the west.

into such a damifitaintfunky groove that it inveigles its way past even determined resistance to funk clichés, but the remainder of "Patti Labelle" is a drag because the material is even beyond the powers of Patti Labelle to rescue. Patti is a treasure because she's a singer of such extraordinary gifts, but taken as a whole this album simply isn't worthy of her.

As a composer and songwriter of limited but interesting talents, Nona Hendryx provided the bulk of Labelle's material. Coming out from behind the harmonies as a lead singer, she's aimed for a hard rock rather than soul approach which on "Nona" doesn't really deliver.

Where Patti has worked in tight with her backing vocalists to produce an approximation of the old Labelle sound here and there, Nona sings resolutely

solo, but — as yet — her lone voice lacks the expressiveness and power that would bring her songs to life. The stylishly callous "Problem" (you guessed: the problem is yew — or y'all, whatever) and the tough, riffy "Take A Chance" probably work best.

Also, since the direction is avowedly rock, it's a pity that the band, despite their instrumental excellence, work a shaky limbo between soul and rock — as if they can't shake the soul hard enough to get right into rock and roll, but have headed too far into rock to play the soul straight.

So there it is. Patti and Nona have grown too far apart musically to work together any more, but the deficiencies of their solo efforts would indicate that they still need each other to a certain extent.

Such is life.

Charles Shaar Murray

REVEALING the delights of their denuded pedal-pushing extremities on an album that's predictably called "Barefootin'"

(Monument) are **Barefoot Jerry**, Wayne Moss' healthy contribution to the acceptable face of Nashville.

Though fundamentally a happy hoo-down of an album, with joyous Hicks-licks, down-homey McCoy harp and a band that generally heads along the rails like some happy-go-local, "Barefootin'" also contains its share of social comment.

Billy Joel's "The Stranger" (Columbia) contains another fair sample of that capable writer's art, including a lengthy scenario titled "Scenes From An Italian Restaurant", while **Esther Phillips'** "You've Come A Long Way, Baby" (Kudu) has Esther Mae reaching once more into her Dinah Washington scrapbook to resurrect Dina's "Somewhere Along The Line" plus other numbers penned by such as Denise La Salle ("Love Addict") and Van Morrison ("Into The Mystic").

Vibesman **Bobby Hutcherson** has a Blue Note newie in "Knucklebean", which features **Freddie Hubbard** in the lead trumpet album that's hardly as bland as

IMPORTS

Jean Michel Jarre's recent Top spot, Hubbard also having his own solo job out on Columbia. Called "Bundle Of Joy", this one's produced by long-time soul survivor Bert De Coteaux.

From Canada come two electronic offerings in **David Pritchard's** "Nocturnal Earthworm Stew" (Island) and **John Mills-Cockell's** "Gateway" (Anubus), both of which will probably find a reasonable number of admirers.

Mills-Cockell, who's previously provided synthesised stylings to various soundtracks, has fashioned his album around the exploits of an never-aging, lone space traveller and the whole deal is packaged in a manner that's likely to appeal to any Arthur C. Clarke nuts who happen to be hung up on Arp and Moog assisted space shots.

But far better musically is "Earthworm Stew", which benefits the English-born Pritchard's inventive powers and obvious sense of humour. The most impressive item is "Admission Of Guilt" which is said to have been influenced by such as Chuck Berry, Stravinsky, Zappa, Ornette Coleman and Schoenberg — though the title comes courtesy of Richard M. Nixon and the

fine drumming from one Martin Deller. A well above-average use of the power supply then and an Of The Pops fame-claimer. British Island could do far worse than to provide Pritchard with at least a limited home release.

And in this week's "Also Around" spot we offer **Don Harrison's** "Not Far From Free" — Mercury), a Ken Scott production that has arrangements by David Axelrod; **"Paula Lockheart With Peter Ecklund"** (Flying Fish) on which vocalist meets trumpet-player and invites such friends as Phoebe Snow and Dr. John to join in on a set that includes material ranging from Brook Benton's "Kiddio" through to Johnny Hodges' "Squatty Roo" jazz classic; "Sierra" (Mercury) by a band that's virtually a Burrito offshoot — Bobby Cochran (vocal, lead guitar), Gib Guilbeau (rhy, guitar), Sneaky Pete (pedal steel), Thad Maxwell (bass) and Mickey McGee (drums) — with Felix Pappalardi and the Tower Of Power Horns hanging around; and finally, **Reverberi's** "Stairway To Heaven" (UA), an unbelievable sounding effort that employs the Milan Symphony Orchestra and Choir plus children's chorus on material that includes not only the Led Zep title track but also Beethoven's 7th Symphony.

Fred Dellar

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RECORDS & TAPES



'SCHOOL DAYS'

features
four of the best

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JOAN JETT

SANDY WEST

VICKI BLUE



'On or off plastic, the Runaways are one of the best rock 'n roll groups EVER! Their live show was better than the concerts I've seen by the Doors, Flamin Groovies and Sex Pistols. When they come to Britain again they will TRASH the country, for they are indeed the product of 200 years of America Electric Culture...'

Sandy Robertson (Sounds)

'The Runaways have lost their two snot-nosed milk teeth and evolved into the Fowley vision of the first four-car garage band who don't deserve to be choked in carbon monoxide. Evidence of their greatness is the fact that most music journalists feel threatened enough by them to hate their guts - but they saved my soul!'

Tony Parsons (New Musical Express)

'Make a strawberry soda with a death-ray riff; dress it up in a teen dream pout and what have you got but the Runaways!'

Ian Birch (Melody Maker)

'The Runaways are a female Led Zeppelin... just as much punch, but ten times better looking!'

Robin Smith (Record Mirror)

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THE RUNAWAYS

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HIP EASY LISTENING

A USEFUL definition of hip easy listening is most of the things that get into the American album chart. Or most of the things that get written about in depth in *Rolling Stone* magazine.

Once upon a time, easy listening meant Johnny Mathis, Andy Williams, Nat "King" Cole, Mantovani, Andre Kostelanetz, The Black And White Minstrels, Manuel and His Music of the Mountains, Russ Conway, Mrs Mills, and Barbra Streisand.

These days, it means The Eagles, Wings, Boz Scaggs, Fleetwood Mac, Linda Ronstadt, George Benson, Peter Frampton, Abba, Hall and Oates, Jean-Michel Jarre, Heart, Bryan Ferry, Leo Sayer, the Bee Gees, and Barbra Streisand.

That's quite apart from Pink Floyd, Yes, and Genesis.

Easy listening has got more sophisticated, but hardly less bland. Indeed, sophisticated blandness has become the dominant force in '70s

pop music.

It's ironic, really, that after 20 years, rock 'n' roll has taken aboard jazz, electronics, country, psychedelics, the classics, and reggae, and evolved into rows of tasteful hybrids with few distinguishing marks.

Everyone knows that rock's premier function is to be an offensive, ugly mutant, and that's why the punks are so right in their attempt to blow all that kind of stuff off the planet.

It's worth considering how slick schmaltz gained such ascendancy. Because Russ Conway and Mantovani were never the big deal with young audiences that The Eagles and Genesis are.

Basically, the transformation came about through two related marketing coups.

The first occurred towards the end of the '60s, when the biz twigged that you could sell pop music to people over the age of 20 without embarrassing them.

The way to do it was to call it "rock", put it only on albums, endow it with assorted political, intellectual, cultural, and artistic pretensions — and you'd quadruple your market in a few years.



FERRY nice for the Music Centre?



FM

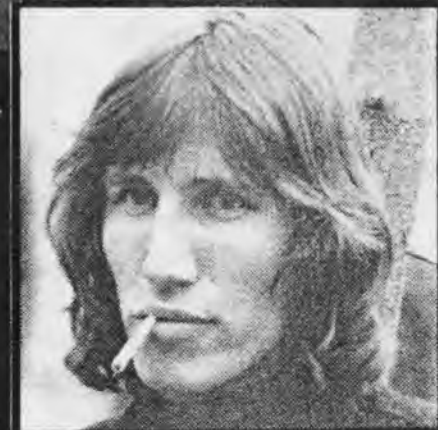


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HOW SUBURBIA GAINED ASCENDANCY

By BOB EDMANDS

Singles were for kids. Albums for discerning, chic, switched-on, educated adults. And just by great, good coincidence, the profits on albums were that much more impressive, too.

Rock music became a fashion accessory for the bright young executive to wear around the office. You're into rock, man, you're automatically youthful and potent and aware.

The snag was that some of the music was a little too heavy. You couldn't invite the boss round for dinner, have him admire your L. S. Lowry prints from Athena, your fine claret, your Cuban cigars, and then have him spilling his cognac when the first bars of a Black Sabbath album plastered him all over the Habitat furniture.

That's taking youthful, aware potency a little too far, baby.

Happily, for 'he ageing raver, help was at hand, in the shape of the second great marketing coup, which happened over the last few years.

This one helped to boost the market in a big way, and it stemmed from the realisation that, once you'd established patterns of consumption, you could have an altogether easier time of it.

ONCE THE Marks and Spencers set were hooked on vinyl, once it was fashionable to flash those "Dark Side Of The Moon" sleeves around, you were in. You could dump all that political, artistic, cultural crap, and get down to churning out the same old romantic gush that your Mum and Dad once waltzed to. You couldn't be *that* obvious about it, of course.

They'd never go for Harry Secombe in safety pins, doing a punk version of "If I Ruled The World". Cilla Black would never cut it with a reggae single. No one would believe Val Doonican came from L.A.

Your modern schmaltzer had to look the part. The right threads, and if absolutely necessary, the right age, too. Though age didn't matter too much, because the punters were getting on a bit as well, and you didn't want to upstage them.

Naturally, the Americans handle this kind of manipulation the best, and they'd got the right sort of music and the right sort of experience to merchandise it.

They've always had hip easy listening in California, because the music is essentially no more than a soundtrack for an affluent style of life.

In the '60s, you needed to look no further than The Byrds, The Beach Boys, The Mamas And The Papas, and Crosby, Stills, and Nash to establish this obvious truth.

Being a hippie in Blackburn, Lancs (for example) requires some bottle. In San Francisco, it required no more than the knack of throwing off the bodyguards provided by your parents and a quick scramble over the mansion wall. With the option of a happy reunion when you saw the folly of your ways and recalled the size of Poppa's bank balance.

There was rarely anything offensive about the big wheels of California pop, and that's still true, at least in the sense that the average 2.4

suburban family would understand the word.

No wonder The Byrds pulled back from the abyss after they recorded "Eight Miles High". No surprise that the Dead and the Starship latched on to merry melodies about the time of "Workingman's Dead" and "Volunteers".

On "Wooden Ships", you could have confused old Gracie with that woman from The Seekers. The *Old Seekers*, that is.

California was big on singer-songwriters, too. They were just the job for the sort of voyeurs who likes to mix a spot of melancholy, self-pity, and meaningful insights in with his schmaltz.

Enter James Taylor, with assorted lyrics about loony-bins and drug-taking, and just the cutest set of sweet, sweet melodies you ever did hear. Crazy, but cosy.

Not far behind in the schmanguish stakes were Joni and Neil, and they neatly illustrate one of the problems inherent in the music.

There's a tendency to run out of tunes. In my opinion, Joni hasn't written a melody you could sing in the bath for perhaps 10 years. Neil has, but it sounds like the same one every time.

James Taylor found the answer, or rather it was forced upon him. If you can't write them yourself, you'll just have to refurbish an oldie.

In fact, JT stumbled across yet another marketing ploy that's proving to be almost as important as the other consumer revolutions in pop.

If you slow down an oldie that got your audience creaming their jeans when they were young, you're in line for a big return on your investment.

The trick is to make nostalgia easier than nostalgia. "Purple Haze" wasn't quite so laidback when Jimi Hendrix cut it, but Rita's version sure comes close. And Linda sure does a great interpretation of "Dazed And Confused".

WHICH BRINGS us, not quite coincidentally, to the Brits. Ever noticed that Zeppelin's biggest song in the States was the nearest one to MOR, "Stairway To Heaven"? Or that the single that got the Stones back in the charts was the wimpish "Fool To Cry"? Jagger even sat down at a keyboard for the promo clips, for chrissakes.

But let's keep this historical.

The key British album in the rise of hip easy-listening was "Sergeant Pepper" by The Beatles. No doubt it was a masterpiece. No doubt, at all. But it did lead the invasion of suburbia. Got rid of all those nasty jangling guitars. Replaced them with nice strings and woodwind. For a couple of years, at least, anyone who wanted to be anyone came on with Mantovani backings to tart up their output. Even the Stones, daft sods.

With the music rendered respectable, there were no barriers to even the most conservative young couple indulging in a bit of rock'n'roll posing.

After all, darling, some of these groups can read music. Some even have 'O' levels. And,

anyway, the music centre looks so cute on the pine table.

Needless to say, this is where the likes of the Floyd and Supertramp and Genesis score so heavily. When it comes to easy listening, they're hipper than hip. Nothing rude or raucous about these chaps. Very thoughtful types. Lovely melodies. And those synthesisers sound just like a proper orchestra. Just the right restrained background for your next bridge evening.

Of course, hip easy listening has spawned many magnificent albums. Here's a list of fave raves that's entirely arbitrary and subjective:

The Beatles "Abbey Road"; David Bowie "Hunky Dory"; Rod Stewart "Atlantic Crossing"; Thin Lizzy "Remembering Part I"; Bee Gees "Children Of The World"; The Eagles "Hotel California"; Boz Scaggs "Silk Degrees"; ELO "A New World Record"; The Who "By Numbers"; Pink Floyd "Wish You Were Here".

What these records have in common is that they convey the slightly risqué aura of rock

music, without actually offending against social niceties. This is not to dismiss them, just to put them in context.

ONE REASON punk rock isn't selling on the same scale is that there's a smaller, less affluent target audience. What's needed is for someone to invent a new wave band that sustains the image, but offers music that's somewhat less harsh.

If you could just tone down all those spikey guitars with a few mellow keyboard sounds, and then write a few jokey lyrics that people can actually hear, you'd clean up.

You'd need a nice, educated front-man. According to the computer print-out, he'd have to be a 28-year-old Trotskyist with a university degree, to combine the right kinds of radical and intellectual chic.

The problem is finding someone like that. Oh hello J.J.

The NME Consumers' Guide To The '70s



JONI MITCHELL, hip 'n' rejuvenating

Thursday

BARNSTAPLE Checkers: THE CRABS
BARRY Bindles Sallroom: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
BASILDON Towngate Theatre: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
BATH Newton Park College: FRED WEDLOCK
BATH Viaduct Hotel: AMERICAN TRAIN
BIRKENHEAD Mr Digby's: RADIO STARS
DAGABAND / THE MUTANTS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: WEATHER REPORT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: THE MOTORS
BLACKBURN Lodestar: SPITFIRE BOYS
BRIGHTON Alhambra: FRUIT EATING BEARS
BRISTOL Bathurst Arms: JOHNNY COPPIN
BRISTOL Crookers: RIFF CLICHE
BRISTOL Granary: BULLET
BRISTOL Hippodrome: FOUR TOPS
BRISTOL Polytechnic: THE PIRATES
CANTERBURY Sports Centre: DR. FEELGOOD / MINK DE VILLE
CARLISLE Market Hall: HAWKWIND / BETHNAL
COVENTRY Locarno: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
COVENTRY Mr George's: THE DARTS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: SLIM WHITMAN
EXETER Groucho's: SALONICA
EXETER Zivago's: ANGEL
FALKIRK Manique: CADO BELLE
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: ELVIS COSTELLO / NICK LOWE / IAN DURY / WRECKLESS ERIC LARRY WALLIS
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: TYLA GANG
GUILDFORD Surrey University: PHIL MANZANERA & 801
HARROW Tithe Farm House: THIEF
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: XTC
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: DOWNLINERS SECT
HULL University: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
LANCASTER No 12 Club: WINDOW / FAST DRIVER
LANCASTER Nuffield Theatre: NEIL ARDLEY
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEEDS Polytechnic: LONDON / FAST BREEDER
LEICESTER Blooblo's: SHAM 69
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BONE IDOL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CAROL GRIMES / SWEET F.A.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STRIFE / RAY ROYA BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: COCK SPARRER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawford's: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SAM APPLE PIE
LONDON EUSTON Green Man: THE ACTORS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SPITERI
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: THE SNEAKERS
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STILETTO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LANDSCAPE
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON HOLBORN The Blitz: PROPAGANDA
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: PHILIP RAMBOW / ZOOKY
LONDON MARQUEE Club: ILLUSION
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: DELROY WASHINGTON / STEEL PULSE
LONDON RAINBOW Theatre: IAN GILLIAN BAND
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: DYNAMITE
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE PLEASERS
LONDON STRAND Kings College: SPLINTER
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON WIMBLEDON Dog & Fox: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON W.I. Speakeasy: JOHN OTWAY
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: THE STRANGERS / THE DRONES
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: RENAISSANCE
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES



VAN DER GRAAF

go on the road this weekend, opening with a major London concert on Sunday, followed by dates in Oxford (Monday) and Leeds (Wednesday). The tour takes in 22 gigs through until mid-November. Pictured is Peter Hammill.

MANCHESTER Rafter's Club: YACHTS
MARCH Cronwell's: NASHVILLE TEENS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: JOHNNY THUNDERS & THE HEARTBREAKERS
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
MORECAMBE Inn On The Bay: SHABBY TIGER / CLEAN SLATE
NOTTINGHAM Beeston Katie's: TOM ROBINSON BAND
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PENZANCE The Garden: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
PORTSMOUTH H.M.S. Excellent: SOUL DIRECTION
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: THE STUKAS
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: BURLESQUE
POYNTON Folk Centre: BREAKDOWN
ROMFORD White Hart: CADILLAC

ROTHERHAM Windmill: THE SAINTS
ROYSTON Olde Bull: HOT VULTURES
SCARBOROUGH Ocean Room: FOGGY
SCARBOROUGH Ollie's Club: FABULOUS POODLES
SHEFFIELD City Hall: BOB SEGER & SILVER BULLET BAND
SHEFFIELD College of Art: RADIO EARTH
SOUTHPORT Dixieland Showbar: SON OF A BITCH
STOKE Trianham Gardens: CLIFF RICHARD GOSPEL TOUR
SWANSEA Circles Club: JENNY DARREN
SWANSEA University: LITTLE RIVER BAND



RENAISSANCE

are playing just three concerts this autumn, but they're major events — with the full Royal Philharmonic Orchestra supporting. Last two gigs are at Manchester (Thursday) and London (Friday). Pictured: Annie Haslam.

WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: FLYING SAUCERS
WIGAN Casino: EATER
WOLVERHAMPTON Cavalier Club: GRAND HOTEL
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: LEO SAYER

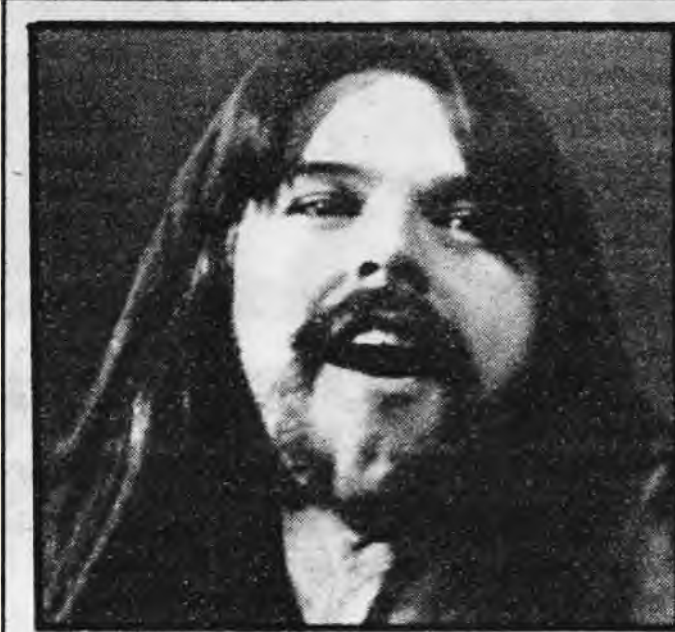
Friday

ABERDEEN College of Art: CADO BELLE
ABERDEEN University: TYLA GANG
ABERYSTWYTH University: KURSAAL FLYERS
AXMINSTER Town Hall: THE CRABS
BATH Brilling Arts Centre: REDBRASS
BATH Viaduct Hotel: JENNY DARREN
BATH University: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
BEDFORD Nite Spot: SIDEKICK
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: LONDON
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: LEO SAYER
BIRMINGHAM International Club: DELROY WASHINGTON
BIRMINGHAM Polytechnic: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: ALTON ELLIS
BIRMINGHAM University: GARBO
BOGNOR REGIS Sussex Hotel: AMAZORBLADES
BRADFORD St George's Hall: BROTHERHOOD OF MAN
BRADFORD Star Hotel: ALISON McMORLAND
BRAINTREE 2's Club: CADILLAC
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: JERRY THE FERRET
BRIDGEND South Wales Police Club: FOGGY
BRIGHTON Top Rank: DR FEELGOOD/MINK DE VILLE
BRISTOL Bamboo Club: HARD UP
BRISTOL County of Avon Club: FRED WEDLOCK
BROMLEY Stockwell College: THE PLEASERS
BURTON Allied Breweries Club: ACKER BILK BAND
CALNE The Centre: JOHNNY COPPIN
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
CANTERBURY Kent University: MECHANICAL HORSETOUGH
CANTERBURY Simon Langton: IGNERENTS/SLOBS/NAMES
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE SAINTS
CARDIFF University: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS AND QUIVER/CITY BOY
CHELTENHAM Pavilion: SEQUOIAH
CHELTENHAM Plough Hotel: ANGEL/THE INDEX / STEVE KNIGHTLEY BAND
CROMER West Runtun Pavilion: STRAY/SIDE-WINDER
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: DEPRESSIONS
DUNDEE Technical College: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
EASTBOURNE East Sussex Polytechnic: ALICE AND THE JAGUARS
EDINBURGH Clouds: JOHNNY THUNDERS AND THE HEARTBREAKERS
EDINBURGH University: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
EGHAM Royal Holloway College: THE MOVIES
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: BOB SEGER AND SILVER BULLET BAND
GLASGOW Jordan Hill College: REZILLOS
HANLEY Odeon: SLIM WHITMAN
HATFIELD Polytechnic: THE MOTORS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE YACHTS
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: JOAN ARMATRADING
KEELE University: LITTLE RIVER BAND
KIDDERMINSTER Bulls Head: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
LANCASTER Lonsdale College: CHINA STREET
LANCASTER University: HAWKWIND/BETHNAL
LEEDS Grob's Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEEDS University: RACING CARS
LEICESTER Digby Hall: FABULOUS POODLES
LEICESTER Jazz Centre: NEIL ARDLEY
LIVERPOOL University: THE STRANGLERS/THE DRONES
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: PRAIRIE OYSTER
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BABYLON/THE WASPS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: S.A.L.T./THE JANETS
LONDON Central Polytechnic: 999
LONDON City University: STRIDER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: FUMBLE
LONDON DOWNHAM The Northover: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: FLYING ACES/PICKPOCKET

NATIONWIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON ISLEWORTH Hamilton Hall: MULLEN-GREENWAY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: SAM APPLE PIE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: NUTZ
LONDON Marquee Club: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON North Polytechnic: MOON
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: GEORGE MELLY AND THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: DR HOOK AND THE MEDICINE SHOW
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: RENAISSANCE
LONDON S.E.12 Dutch House: CYAN
LONDON Southbank Polytechnic: ADVERTISING
LONDON SOUTHALL Hamborough Tavern: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: REALISTICS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: SUCKER
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: NEW CELESTE
LONDON TOTTENHAM White Hart: WHIRLWIND
LONDON TOTTENHAM COURT RD. The Other Cinema: ALTERNATIVE TV (plus film "The Blank Generation")
LONDON TWICKENHAM Queen Mary College: WARREN HARRY
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: RAW FUNK
LONDON W.I. Speakeasy: NEO
LONDON W.C.1 School of Oriental and African Studies: COUNT BISHOPS/BLAST FURNACE AND THE HEATWAVES
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: FLYING SAUCERS
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: FOUR TOPS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: CLIFF RICHARD GOSPEL SHOW
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: WEATHER REPORT
MANCHESTER Rafter's Club: TOM ROBINSON BAND
MATLOCK College of Education: BULLY WEE
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: KAYAK
MIDDLESBROUGH Teesside Polytechnic: CLAYSON AND THE ARGONAUTS
NEW BRIGHTON The Empress: QUAD
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST/PAUL BRETT
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: AC/DC
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
NORWICH East Anglia University: PHIL MANZANERA AND 801
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: FIRST REFUSAL
OXFORD Westminster College: THE DARTS
PETERLEE Senate Club: OZO
SALFORD University: JIM CAPALDI
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: JENNY HAAN'S LION
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: ELVIS COSTELLO/NICK LOWE/IAN DURY/WRECKLESS ERIC/LARRY WALLIS
SOUTHELD Bread and Cheese: HYMIE BLOWS IT
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: BOB STEWART
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: THE PIRATES
STIRLING University: SWINGLE II
STOKE Alsager College of Education: FLASH CATS
SUNDERLAND Mecca: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
SWINDON Oasis Leisure Centre: SPINNERS
ULVERSTON Penny Farthing: STRIFE
WARRINGTON Padgate College: WINDOW
WEAVERHAM The Saffer: 29th AND DEARBORN
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: TOM McCONVILLE AND LES BARKER



BOB SEGER

and the Silver Bullet Band begin their much-delayed and long-awaited British tour this week with gigs at Sheffield (Thursday), Glasgow (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Newcastle (Monday) and Birmingham (Tuesday).



STEVE HILLAGE

and his new band hit the concert trail this week. After a warm-up gig at Aylesbury on Saturday, their 14-venue tour proper begins at Preston (Monday), Liverpool (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday).

WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: FOSTER BROTHERS

Saturday

ARYL The Club: JENNY DARREN
AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
BASINGSTOKE Leisure Centre: SPINNERS
BATH Brilling Centre: AMAZORBLADES
BEXLEY Black Prince: FABULOUS POODLES
BIGGLESWADE Shuttleworth College: WARREN HARRY
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: LONDON
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Waterside Rock Club: DUST
BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare & Hounds: PEABODY & McNULTY/BOB HALL & DAVE GRIFFITHS/NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: SUPERTRAMP
BIRMINGHAM University: KURSAAL FLYERS
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: THE YETTIES
BLACKPOOL Poulton College: OSCAR
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Arts Centre: STRIDER
BRISTOL Barton Hill Youth Club: THE SLITS / VERMINX

LANCASTER University: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: SCENE STEALER
LEEDS Queen's Hall: THE STRANGLERS/THE DRONES/THE SAINTS
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: THE LURKERS
LEICESTER University: PHIL MANZANERA & 801
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: STUDS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SAM APPLE PIE/DIRE STRAITS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GONZALEZ/FURY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BRIAN KNIGHT BAND/LOOSE CHANGE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE TICKETS
LONDON DEPTFORD Broadway Queen: SQUEEZE/MENACE
LONDON HACKNEY All Nations Club: DELROY WASHINGTON
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: DR. FEELGOOD/MINK DE VILLE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WIRE
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON HOUNSLOW Beacon Leisure Centre: ACKER BILK BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: FLYING ACES/PICKPOCKET
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: STEEL PULSE/THE SWORDS
LONDON KING'S X The Bell: ALTERNATIVE TV
LONDON LEWISHAM Black Bull: RED/HOT MATCHBOX
LONDON Marquee Club: RADIATORS FROM SPACE/THE SNEAKERS
LONDON N.11 Orange Tree: CADILLAC
LONDON NORBITON The Grove: CLUTCH
LONDON PENGE Freemasons Tavern: SUCKER
LONDON RAINBOW Theatre: DR. HOOK & THE MEDICINE SHOW
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON University Union: THE PIRATES/999/DEAD FINGERS TALK/TRUSS & BUCKET
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: RAW FUNK
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North-East Polytechnic: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW Queen's Arms: JOHN SHANE
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: THE DARTS
LOUGHBOROUGH University: CARAVAN
MALVERN Winter Gardens: AC/DC
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: LEO SAYER
MANCHESTER Belle Vue Elizabethan Room: RACING CARS
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: OZO
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: BOB SEGER & SILVER BULLET BAND
MANCHESTER U.M.I.S.T.: JOHNNY THUNDERS & THE HEARTBREAKERS
MANSFIELD Civic Theatre: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: PACIFIC EARDRUM
MORECAMBE Inn On The Bay: DIXIE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: WEATHER REPORT
NEWCASTLE University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
NOTTINGHAM University: DEAF SCHOOL
NOTTINGHAM Victory Club: STAGE FRIGHT
OXFORD New Theatre: BROTHERHOOD OF MAN
PADIHAM Town Hall: FLYING SAUCERS
PETERBOROUGH R.A.F. Wittering: GOBBLINZ
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: THE MOTORS
ROSS-ON-WYE Harvey's: SOUL DIRECTION
SHEFFIELD University: JIM CAPALDI

GIG GUIDE

SNODLAND The Bull: PEKOE ORANGE
SOUTHAMPTON Guildhall: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER/CITY BOY
SOUTHAMPTON University: FRUIT EATING BEARS
SOUTHEND Kursaal Ballroom: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
ST. ALBANS City Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
STIRLING University: IGNATZ
SWANSEA University: FRED WEDLOCK
SWANSEA White Swan: THE SLEEVE
THATCHAM Hamilton's Club: THE STICKERS
TREFOREST The Treforest Club: ANGEL
UCKFIELD Town Hall: AMAZORBLADES
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: DAGABAND
WEYBRIDGE National College of Food: THE PLEASERS
WIGAN Casino: BETHNAL
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: JOAN ARMATRADING
YORK University: CLIFF RICHARD GOSPEL TOUR

Sunday

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: ALKATRAZ
AYLESBURY Kings Head: ORTHI
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: FIVE KNUCKLE SHUFFLE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Grand Hotel: STAN TRACEY OCTET
BIRMINGHAM Longbridge King George V: CADILLAC
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: SUPERTRAMP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: PHIL MANZANERA & 801
BLACKPOOL Imperial Hotel: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
BLACKPOOL Opera House: LEO SAYER
BRACKNELL Cellar Bar: THE CRABS
BRISTOL Hippodrome: GARY GLITTER
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
BURNLEY Bank Hall: DAGABAND
CARDIFF Top Rank: RACING CARS
CATLE DONNINGTON Priest House: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
CHARNOCK RICHARD Park Hall: FRANK SINATRA JNR.
CHEAM The Woodstock: JOHN SHANE
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: THE PIRATES
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: FLYING ACES
CHELTONHAM The Plough: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
CHESTERFIELD Grassmoor Club: FLASH CATS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: ELVIS COSTELLO/NICK LOWE / IAN DURY / WRECKLESS ERIC LARRY WALLIS
CROYDON Greyhound: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall: AC/DC
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: WEATHER REPORT
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THE STRANGLERS/THE REZILLOS
GRANTHAM Angel & Royal Hotel: HOT VULTURES
HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall: SPINNERS
KENVER Edward Marsh Centre: JOHNNY SILVO
LEATHERHEAD Thorndike Theatre: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
LINCOLN Lion & Snake Inn: STEVE MORRIS
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: FABULOUS POODLES
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: AMERICAN TRAIN
LIVERPOOL United Biscuits Club: THE DOOLEYS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MOTHER SUPERIOR
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Roundhouse: QUINTESSENCE II
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE VIBRATORS / 999
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: TOMMY MAKEM & LIAM CLANCY
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: COCK SPARRER
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: MATCHBOX
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: DR. FEEL-GOOD/MINK DE VILLE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: FRACTURE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: X-RAY SPEX
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: DYNAMITE
LONDON Marquee Club: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON Palladium: BROTHERHOOD OF MAN
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: DR. HOOK & THE MEDICINE SHOW



WISHBONE ASH

are back from America for one of their rare outings in their home country, an 11-date schedule climaxing at Wembley. They start at Newcastle (Sunday), Glasgow (Monday) and Sheffield (Tuesday). Pictured is Andy Powell.

LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON The Pegasus: LANDSCAPE
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BRETT MARVIN & THE BLIMPS
LONDON Victoria Palace: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
LONDON W.C.I Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: IAN CAMPBELL/MALCOLM PRICE/PETE STANLEY
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: LITTLE RIVER BAND
NEWBRIDGE Memorial Hall: JENNY DARREN
NEWCASTLE City Hall: WISHBONE ASH/THE MOTORS
NORWICH Theatre Royal: SLIM WHITMAN
NOTTINGHAM Beeston Katie's: THE DRONES
OXFORD New Theatre: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST/PAUL BRETT
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER/CITY BOY
POYNTON Folk Centre: SILLY WIZARD/MARTIN & GRAHAM
READING Byron's Club: THE LURKERS
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SCUNTHORPE Berkeley Hotel: BULLY WEE
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
ST. ALBANS Goat Inn: BOB STEWART
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
STROUD (Glos.) Festival: MECHANICAL HORSE-ROUGH
WALSALL Bilston Old Bush: O.D. SLOPE



SUPERTRAMP

are back from Stateside exile to headline their first British tour for many moons. The band kick off on Birmingham on Saturday and Sunday, then play Liverpool (Monday) and Manchester (Wednesday). Pictured: John Helliwell.

Monday

ABERDEEN University: SWINGLE II
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOPPER
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: THE VERDICTS
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's: RADIO STARS
BOSTON Folk Club: CYRIL TAWNEY
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: JOAN ARMATRADING
CARLISLE Market Hall: THE STRANGLERS/THE REZILLOS
CHELTONHAM The Plough: THE INDEX
COLCHESTER Mercury Theatre: THE YETTIES
COVENTRY Mr George's: FLASH CATS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: TOM ROBINSON BAND
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
EXETER University: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER/CITY BOY
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: WISHBONE ASH/THE MOTORS
GRANGEMOUTH Hotel International: THE EXILE
HANLEY Cauldron College: STEVE GIBBONS BAND/STEEL PULSE
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Polytechnic: BOOMTOWN RATS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: SUPERTRAMP
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: 29th & DEARBORN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MISTER SISTER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BUSTER CRAB-BE/SHABBY TIGER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TELEMACQUE/THE UNWANTED
LONDON DOWNHAM Downham Tavern: JOHN SHANE
LONDON EUSTON Green Man: FLYING ACES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SLIP-STREAM
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: NIGEL MAZLYN-JONES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SAM APPLE PIE
LONDON Marquee Club: NEW HEARTS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: ERIC SUTTON
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: JAMES BOOKER/THE BLIMPS/BRETT MARVIN & THE THUNDERBOLTS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: JEREMY TAYLOR
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SPITFIRE BOYS
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Vortex Club: JOHNNY MOPED / THE UNWANTED / AUTOMATICS / BLOOD DONOR
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: LANDSCAPE
LUTON Sands Club: CRUISERS/CADILLAC
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BOB SEGER & SILVER BULLET BAND
OXFORD New Theatre: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: TRAPEZE
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST/PAUL BRETT
PRESTON Guildhall: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
STAFFORD Top of the World: JOHNNY THUNDERS & THE HEARTBREAKERS

Tuesday

ABERDEEN Fusion Ballroom: CADO BELLE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE PIRATES
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: BOB SEGER & SILVER BULLET BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: GARY GLITTER
BIRMINGHAM University: SAD CAFE
BLACKPOOL Mardi Gas: THE MUTANTS
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: LEO SAYER
BRIGHTON Dome: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST/PAUL BRETT
CAMBRIDGE Blimps: WIRE
CAMBRIDGE Lady Mitchell Hall: JUNE TABOR
CARDIFF Top Rank: JOHNNY THUNDERS & THE HEARTBREAKERS
CHELTONHAM The Plough: ANGEL
CHELTONHAM Tramps: SOUL DIRECTION
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: AC/DC
COVENTRY Locarno: BOOMTOWN RATS
COVENTRY Theatre: JOAN ARMATRADING
DUFFIELD Patternmakers Arms: HOT VULTURES
DURHAM Marquis of Granby: MARTIN SIMPSON
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: ANAL SURGEONS
HIGH WYCOMBE Newland Club: VARICOSE VEINS
LEEDS Polytechnic: REZILLOS
LIVERPOOL Crosby Arts Festival: NEIL ARDLEY
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: JOHN MARTYN
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BABYLON
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ADVERTISING / WARSAW PAKT
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS/THE CRABS/PSYCHOS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE ONLY ONES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: GOBLINZ
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: FLYING ACES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: ASTRA
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE MANIACS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ALKATRAZ/PICKPOCKET
LONDON Marquee Club: S.A.L.T.
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON North Polytechnic: THE STUKAS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: X-RAY SPEX
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: MIKE KHAN BAND
LONDON WANDSWORTH The Ship: NEMA
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Vortex Club: SKREW-DRIVER/THE TICKETS/MENACE/THE MUTATIONS
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: WHIRLWIND
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: STAG/SAMSON
MALVERN Festival Theatre: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
MALVERN The Phoenix: JOHNNY COPPIN BAND
NORWICH East Anglia University: ELVIS COSTELLO / NICK LOWE/IAN DURY/WRECKLESS ERIC/LARRY WALLIS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: FLASH CATS
OXFORD New Theatre: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER/CITY BOY
PENZANCE The Garden: DAGABAND
PLYMOUTH Castaway Club: PHIL MANZANERA & 801
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: THE SAINTS
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: DR. FEELGOOD/MINK DE VILLE
READING The Metro: JOHN SHANE
SHEFFIELD City Hall: WISHBONE ASH/THE MOTORS
SWANSEA White Swan: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES

EDINBURGH Usher Hall: SLIM WHITMAN
FROME Hexagon Suite: THE UNWANTED
HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: TRADER
ILFORD Kings Club: MUNGO JERRY
KEELE University: KURSAAL FLYERS
LEEDS University: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR



JOAN ARMATRADING

plays Ipswich (Friday), Wolverhampton (Saturday), Bournemouth (Monday) and Coventry (Tuesday), as the first leg of her autumn concert tour. Ticket demand is heavy, so hurry along if you want to see her on action.

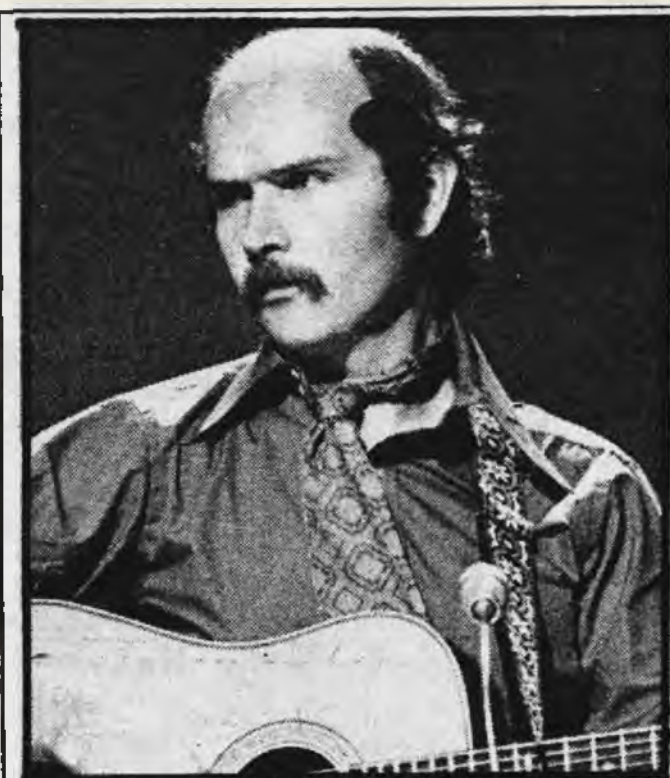
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: AC/DC
LIVERPOOL Havana Club: THE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL The Masonic: THE MUTANTS
LONDON BROCKLEY St. Germain's Hotel: THIEF
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: DELROY WASHINGTON
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: NO DICE/TEQUILA
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE ONLY ONES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE SWORDS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE STUKAS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: TOM PAXTON
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: CLUTCH
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: DEPRESSIONS
LYNEHAM R.A.F. Station: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
MANCHESTER Belle Vue: SUPERTRAMP
MANCHESTER University: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
NOTTINGHAM Albert Hall: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER/CITY BOY
OLDHAM Tower Club: SAD CAFE
PAISLEY Silver Thread Hotel: SPITFIRE BOYS
PORTSMOUTH Milton Arms: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE STRANGLERS/DRONES
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHAMPTON University: RACING CARS
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: TOM ROBINSON BAND
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: MUD
THURSO High School: SWINGLE II
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: THE RODS

Residencies

BATLEY Variety Club: ROCKIN' BERRIES
 Week from Sunday
BIRMINGHAM Nite Out: THE DRIFTERS
 Week from Monday
BRISTOL Crookers: SKYE
 Monday for three days
CROYDON Ashcroft Theatre: "GODSPELL"
 Currently until October 22
DERBY Bailey's: JIGSAW
 Thursday for three days
DUBLIN Chariot Inn: FRANK SINATRA JNR.
 Week from Monday
LEICESTER Bailey's: FOUR TOPS
 Week from Monday
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: "SLEAK!" with ALBERTO Y LOS TRIOS PARANOIAS
 Currently until October 29 (except Sundays)
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: DR. HOOK
 Friday for three days
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: STONE ALLIANCE
 Monday for two weeks
LUTON Cesar's Palace: THE WURZELS
 Week from Sunday
QUEENSFERRY Deeside Leisure Centre: THE DOOLEYS
 Thursday for three days
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS
 Week from Monday
STOKE Bailey's: MUD
 Thursday for three days
TODMORDEN Bayhorse Inn: WHITE PLAINS
 Week from Sunday
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: VINCE HILL
 Week from Sunday

RECOMMENDED TV

FRIDAY: Glen Campbell in concert with Jimmy Webb and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (BBC-2); "Billy Liar" film with Tom Courtenay (BBC-1).
SATURDAY: Racing Cars and John Martyn in "Sight And Sound in Concert" (BBC-2 and Radio 1 stereo link); Neil Sedaka in concert (most ITV regions).
SUNDAY: "So It Goes" with Elvis Costello filmed at Liverpool Eric's and Penetration at Manchester Electric Circus (ITV, but screened in London on Saturday).
TUESDAY: Dr. Hook and Otway & Barrett in "The Old Grey Whistle Test" (BBC-2); repeat of "Leo Sayer Sings" (BBC-1).



TOM PAXTON

is as regular as clockwork every year with his autumn tour, and can always be relied upon to attract capacity houses. This time he opens his nationwide trek in style with a concert at London Albert Hall on Wednesday.

Wednesday

BARKINGSIDE Oscar's: EATER
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ZETH
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: NEEDLESS TO SAY
BLACKBURN Lodestar: REZILLOS
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: DR. FEEL-GOOD/MINK DE VILLE
BRADFORD University: WARREN HARRY
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE ACTORS
BRIGHTON Dome: CLIFF RICHARD GOSPEL TOUR
BRIGHTON New Conference Centre: DR. HOOK & THE MEDICINE SHOW
BRIGHTON Top Rank: ELVIS COSTELLO/NICK LOWE/IAN DURY/WRECKLESS ERIC/LARRY WALLIS
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
BRISTOL Frenchay Snuff Mill: JOHN SHANE
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
CHELTONHAM The Plough: HOT VULTURES
CLITHEROE Swan & Royal Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
CORBY Nags Head: THE CRABS
COVENTRY College of Education: FLAVIUM
COVENTRY Warwick University: REDBRASS
DUNDEE College of Technology: CADO BELLE

ONCE upon a time there was a nice boy named Brian B who didn't offend anyone, well he smelt a bit funny and had a face that frightened kids. He also had two pages to fill every week called the Live Page . . .

MARQUEE

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS & MEMBERS

Thurs 13th Oct (Adm 75p) ILLUSION Plus guests and Ian Fleming	Mon 17th Oct (Adm 65p) NEW HEARTS Victim and Jerry Floyd
Fri 14th Oct (Adm 75p) GLORIA MUNDI Tools and Ian Fleming	Tues 18th Oct (Adm 75p) SALT Plus friends and Ian Fleming
Sat 15th Oct (Adm 75p) RADIATORS FROM SPACE Plus support and Ian Fleming	Wed 19th & Thurs 20th Oct Folk Evening with MICHAEL CHAPMAN & BAND Featuring Keef Hartley & Ray Clemens plus friends D.J. Ian Fleming (Adm. £1)
Sun 16th Oct (Adm 65p) GRAND HOTEL Prairie Dog & Nick Leigh	

Hamburgers & other hot & Cold snacks are available

VORTEX

AT CRACKERS 203 WARDOUR ST., LONDON W.1
Every Mon & Tues 8.30pm till 2am

Monday October 17th

JOHNNY MOPED

THE UNWANTED

The Automatics D.J. Jerry Floyd Blood Donor

Tuesday October 18th

SKREWDRIVER

The Tickets The Mutations The Menace

D.J. Nic Lee

Endale Concerts Presents

THE HEARTBREAKERS

with Guests

SHOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

+ THE MODELS

RAINBOW THEATRE

232 Seven Sisters Road, N7

Thursday 20th October at 7.30

Tickets £2.50, £2.25, £1.75, £1.50 (Inc VAT)

From Theatre Box Office 01-263 3148/9
London Theatre Bookings.
Shaftesbury Ave., 01-439 3371. Usual agents or on night

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY S.U.
Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex.
Telephone Uxbridge 39125

Wednesday October 19th

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS

in the Kingdom Room

Tickets £1.30 in advance, £1.50 on door

Friday October 21st

RICHARD STILGOE

in concert

(BBC TV's Nationwide very own comedian)

Tickets £1.00 in advance, £1.20 on door

2 miles from M4. Nearest tube Uxbridge

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

THE VIBRATORS

999

RADIATORS FROM SPACE

MARK POPPINS-RECORDS

ROUNDHOUSE

CHALK FARM, N.W.1

SUNDAY 16th OCTOBER at 5.30

ADMISSION £1.80 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE ROUNDHOUSE BOX OFFICE TEL 267 2564, OR LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.1 TEL 439 3371, OR AT 0008

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

CAMDEN HIGH ST. OFF. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE - N.W.1

Wednesday Oct. 12th £1.00 NUTZ + Out Of The Blue Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 p.m.	Monday Oct. 17th £1.00 BUSTER CRABBE + Shabby Tiger Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 p.m.
Thursday Oct. 13th £1.50 STRIFE + The Ray Roy Band	Tuesday Oct. 18th £1.00 SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS + The Crabs + Psychos Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 p.m.
Friday Oct. 14th £1.50 S. A. L. T. + The Janets	Wednesday Oct. 19th £1.00 TYLA GANG + Tequila Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 p.m.
Saturday Oct. 15th £2.00 GONZALEZ + Fury	

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

SHEER UNLIMITED ENTERTAINMENTS

40 CHAPEL ST., ELY, CAMBS
TELEPHONE: ELY (STD 0353) 4721

CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange
Saturday October 15th at 8 pm
Rock'n'Roll Extravaganza
SHAKING STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
ROCK ISLAND LINE
NIFTY'S FIFTIES
Tickets on door
NEW WAVE at "BLIMPS"
Dog and Pheasant Newmarket Road
CAMBRIDGE

Tues Nov 8th - THE TOOLS

SECOND GREAT WEEK!

Tues. Oct 11th - SPITFIRE BOYS
Tues. Oct 18th - WIRE
Tues. Oct 25th - THE UNWANTED
Tues. Nov 1st - NEW HEARTS
Doors open 8pm - Bar closes 2am
FIRST TEN IN FREE!

MANAGEMENT OF THE LOOK

AT LAST
An exciting, energetic new wave band with musical expertise! They knocked them out at the Rock Garden. Hope & Anchor, the Nashville, Dingwalls, etc. - Let them knock your audience out too!
"One of the very best new wave bands around I found myself humming the songs the next day." - SOUNDS
"I saw a new band called The Look. Watch out for them, they'll go far!" - RADIO CAROLINE
AT LAST THE LOOK ARE AVAILABLE FOR BOOKINGS
TELEPHONE JIM - ELY (0353) 4721

West Runton Pavilion

Near Cromer, Norfolk
Tel: West Runton 203

Friday, October 14th

STRAY

+ SIDEWINDER

Saturday, October 15th

THE FOUR TOPS

+ SOULED OUT

Friday, October 21st

MOTORHEAD

+ Support

Saturday, October 22nd

STARDUST

+ FOSTER BROTHERS

SPEAKEASY

01-580 7930

SPEAK-EARLY

Wednesday, Oct. 12th
DEPRESSIONS

Thursday, Oct. 13th
JOHN OTWAY

Friday, Oct. 14th
NEO

Saturday, Oct. 15th
Ring for details

Monday, Oct. 17th
LIGHTNING RAIDERS

Tuesday, Oct. 18th
WHIRLWIND

Wednesday, Oct. 19th
DEPRESSIONS

Speakeasy
50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 8810

THE 100 CLUB
100 Oxford St., W.1
Thursday, October 13th

DELROY WASHINGTON

Plus Full Supporting Show
Doors open 8pm till 1am
Licensed Bars & Food
All enq: Tel. 01-348 2923

THE BELL

KINGS CROSS
257 PENTONVILLE RD. N1 01-837 5617

SAT 15 OCT OPENING NIGHT

ALTERNATIVE TV

NEO

SPITFIRE BOYS

Admission 80p Live Music 11-2

MAXWELL (VALE) HALL
AYLESBURY

SATURDAY OCTOBER 15th at 7.30 pm
From The Spiritual Heart Of The Electric Temple
Friars Aylesbury's Most In Demand Band

STEVE HILLAGE

(Steve Hillage, Miquette Giraudy, Joe Blocker, Curtis Robinson Jr., Chuck "Burn It Down" Bynum)

+ GLENN PHILLIPS
AC Sounds & Vision

At the time of going to Press, tickets (199p) were still available from Earth Records Aylesbury. There will however definitely be no tickets available at door on night.

MOTIVATION BY THE OCTAVE DOCTORS

Friday October 14th 60p
THE FLYING ACES

Saturday October 15th 75p
WIRE

Sunday October 16th 60p
BEES MAKE HONEY

Wednesday October 19th 60p
THE SWORDS

HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Thursday October 13th 60p
JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday October 13th Free
PHILIP RAMBOW

Friday October 14th £1.00
NUTZ

Saturday October 15th £1.00
STEEL PULSE
+ THE SWORDS

Monday October 16th 75p
X-RAY SPEX

Tuesday October 17th Free
SAM APPLE PIE

Wednesday October 18th 50p
ALCATRAZ

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel 01 603 6071)

FREEMASONS TAVERN SE-25
81 PENGE ROAD, SE25 778 6831
Friday October 14th (Free) Saturday October 15th (Free)

STEALER

SUCKER

Disco every Sunday

THURSDAY OCTOBER 13th

MEAL TICKET

+ THE WINDERS

FRIDAY OCTOBER 14th

HEAVY METAL KIDS

+ support

ADVANCE BOOKING OFFICE OPEN DAILY FROM 9.30 a.m. (except Sunday)
Enquiries and reservations Tel: 0604 212555

Doors open 7.30pm No person under 18yrs admitted No membership required

DISCO Plus Your Favorite D.J.

BRIAN used to get all these wonderful people who wanted to advertise their gigs and Brian was very happy until one day something strange happened. Someone had called him on **01-261 6153** to advertise a gig when a tall blonde woman wearing a mink coat, with black stockings and

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS

Oct. 13th: IAN GILLAN BAND	Nov. 3: STEVE HILLAGE
Oct. 14th: RENAISSANCE & R.P.O.	Nov. 3/4: JOAN ARMAT-RADING
Oct. 14/16: DR. HOOK	Nov. 3/6: THE STRANGERS
Oct. 15/16: DR. FEEL-GOOD & MINK DEVILLE	Nov. 4: CHRIS SPEDDING
Oct. 16: VAN DER GRAAF	Nov. 5: KENNY ROGERS & CRYSTAL GAYLE
Oct. 16: VIBRATORS/999	Nov. 6: TONY BENNETT
Oct. 16: ELVIS COSTELLO	Nov. 8/12: DEMIS ROUSSOS
Oct. 19: TOM PAXTON	Nov. 9: SHOWAD-DYWADDY
Oct. 20: RACING CARS	Nov. 11/12: THE TUBES
Oct. 20: HEARTBREAKERS	Nov. 11/14: RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW
Oct. 20: ROD McKUEN	Nov. 13: RUNAWAYS/999
Oct. 21/22: BOB SEGER / SILVER BULLET	Nov. 13: SPLITZ ENZ
Oct. 23: STEVE GIBBONS	Nov. 13: PAT TRAVERS / CHERRY VANILLA
Oct. 23: PHIL MANZANERA / 801	Nov. 17/18: CHIEFTAINS
Oct. 23: KEITH JARRETT	Nov. 22/26: HARRY BELEFONTE
Oct. 23/24: DONNA SUMMER	Nov. 24: CHER with GREG ALLMAN
Oct. 24/26: YES / DONOVAN	Nov. 26: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
Oct. 25/26: BURNING SPEAR	Nov. 27: COLOSSEUM
Oct. 28: SMOKIE	Nov. 28: ALPHONSE MOUZON
Oct. 28: ELVIS COSTELLO	Nov. 29: HORSLIPS
Oct. 29: BOYS & LURKERS	Dec. 1: FRANKIE MILLER
Oct. 29: SMOKEY ROBINSON	Dec. 2: ALAN PRICE
Oct. 30: ROY HARPER	Dec. 3: MOGAHANY RUSH
Oct. 30: DAVE EDMUNDS	Dec. 3: GARY GLITTER
Oct. 30: ROCK PILE / THE MOTORS	Dec. 4: NAZARETH
Oct. 31: WISHBONE ASH	Dec. 10/11: THIN LIZZY
Oct. 31/Nov. 5: CLEO LAINE & JOHNNY DANKWORTH	Dec. 13/16: STATUS QUO
Nov. 1: GEORGE DUKE	
Nov. 1/2: SUPERTRAMP	

For more information send s.a.e. to:
96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W1
Tel: 01-439 3371

Friday Nite is Music Nite

BLAST

FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES

Supporting

THE COUNT BISHOPS

Fri, Oct 14th at the School of African & Oriental Studies

Malet St., London W.C.1

Public 50p S.O.A.S. Students 40p Dead Cheap!

B. THERE!

SOUTH BANK POLYTECHNIC S.U.

ROTARY ST., S.E.1. Tel: 01-261 1525

Friday October 14th at 8 p.m.

ADVERTISING

+ the Soft Boys

Cheap Drinks

Nearest tube: Elephant & Castle

Tickets 80p N.U.S. £1.00 others

Next week: Amazorblades

KINGSTON POLY
S.U. ENTS
PRESENTS

Saturday
October 15th

in the main hall, Penryn Road,

BURLESQUE

Doors open 8 pm

Tickets £1.00 in advance from
students union.
£1.20 on door.

DUKE OF
LANCASTER

Beside British Rail: New Barnet

Tel: 01-499 0465

Thursday Oct. 13th

FIRST THINGS FIRST

Friday Oct. 14th

DEAD FINGERS TALK

Saturday Oct. 15th

SAROS

Sunday Oct. 16th

ASTRA

Tuesday Oct. 18th

PUNCHLINES

Ministry of Pleasure, City Poly S.U.,
Fairhall House, 102-105 Whitechapel High St., E.1

Friday, October 21st

ROGER SCOTT AND GRAND HOTEL

Disco - Food - Bar - Admission £1.00

SNEAKIES ROCK CLUB

White Bear, Kingsley Road, Hounslow

Sat Oct. 15th

JAB

Sun Oct. 16th

NO SWEAT

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 Canalgate, Redditch, Notts

Friday, October 14th

DEAF SCHOOL

Saturday October 15th

DELEGATION

Admission from 50p. Licensed Bar 8 pm - 2 am

ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS

SLEAK!

THE SNUFF ROCK MUSICAL
now at the ROUND HOUSE, CHALK FARM

until OCTOBER 29th only at 8.30 pm

Box Office: 01-267 2564

THAMES POLYTECHNIC
Calderwood Street, Woolwich, S.E.18

Saturday October 15th
8pm-11.30 pm

THE DARTS

+ THE GERMS

N.U.S £1.00, Guests £1.25

MY
FATHER
KNEW
BRIAN B

Harvey Goldsmith presents
an evening with



Renaissance

in concert with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra
conducted by Harry Rabinowitz

BIRMINGHAM HIPPODROME

Wednesday 12th October 7.30 pm

Tickets £2.25, £1.75, £1.25 inc VAT

MANCHESTER PALACE

Thursday 13th October 7.30 pm

Tickets £2.25, £1.75, £1.25 inc VAT

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

Friday 14th October 8.00 pm

Tickets £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50, £1.00 inc VAT

Tickets available from Box Offices
and all usual agents.

SUNDOWN

DISCOTHEQUE

157 Charing Cross Road, London WC2

Now Open after extensive modernisation

THE 'PLUSH' DISCO FOR
THE OVER TWENTIES

OPEN EVERY FRIDAY & SATURDAY
FROM 8.30 pm

WITH CAPITAL RADIO'S
GRAHAM DEAN on Friday 14th October
and NORMAN SCOTT on Saturday October 15th
and Friday October 21st

Plus Resident DJ ANDY CASSIDY

Dress Smart but Casual



The Management reserve the right to refuse admission

Harrow Rocks On Sunday Nights
at
LANTERNS
Eastcote Lane, South Harrow
(Old Tithe Farm) presents
Sunday October 16th
THE ACTORS
A LIVE ROCK BAND EVERY SUNDAY
For more info tel: 01-870 1604

WORDS (Barry Clarke) QUEENSWAY (Civic)
HALL, DUNSTABLE
Sunday October 16th
Let There Be Rock
AC/DC
+ Guests
Licensed Bar and Food
Tickets from Box Office, telephone 603326, F. L. Moore Records, Old Town
Records Hemel Hempstead, Record Room St. Albans, or on door
Sunday November 13th VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR

SPOOKY LADY
Temple Mills Lane, Hackney, E.15
**EAST LONDON'S
LATEST HAUNT**
The best in live groups and support acts
**OPEN WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY
FRIDAY, SATURDAY**
Licensed Bar 8.30 p.m. — 2 a.m.
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ON THE ROAD

This week's tours round-up

GORDON GILTRAP and his new band begin their British tour this weekend, to promote his new Electric Records album "Perilous Journey". They play Dundee Technical College (tomorrow, Friday), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (Saturday), Hitchin College (October 22), Birmingham Town Hall (26), Brighton Polytechnic (29), Farnham The Maltings (31), Penzance The Garden (November 1), Plymouth Woods Centre (2), Torquay 400 Club (3), Bath University (4), Edingburgh University (10), Middlesbrough Town Hall (11), Bradford University (9), Edingburgh University (10), Middlesbrough Town Hall (11), Sheffield University (12), Nottingham Playhouse (13), Wolverhampton Lafayette (16), Leeds Polytechnic (17), Manchester Belle Vue (19), and Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (26).

IGNATZ return to their native Scotland for date at Stirling University (this Saturday), Falkirk Maniqui (October 20), Edingburgh Art College (21), Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom (25), Dundee Tiffany's (26), Dunfermline Kinema (28) and Bannockburn Tartan Arnis (31). They also support Cado Belle on some of their dates listed last week.

SAD CAFE have dates between recording sessions at Oldham Tower Club (October 19), Manchester Polytechnic (22), Blackpool Jenkinson's (24), Newcastle Polytechnic (28), Scarborough Penthouse (November 4), Liverpool Polytechnic (11), and Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre (20).

MOON are back on the road after a summer break, which they spent writing and rehearsing. First confirmed dates are at London North Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday) and London Covent Garden Rock Garden (October 28 and 29). A full date sheet is at present being finalised.

LINDA LEWIS returns to London Ronnie Scott's Club for a two-week engagement from Monday, November 28. She is followed at this venue by George Melly with John Chilton's Feetwarmers who appear over the Christmas — New Year period, for three weeks from December 12.

HARRY BELAFONTE, already set for a five-day London Palladium season from November 22, is also

playing three provincial concerts at Liverpool Empire (November 18), Manchester Palace (19) and Bristol Hippodrome (20).

JIM CAPALDI and the Contenders have added London School of Economics (November 2) to their tour schedule, reported last week. Their gig at Leicester University is changed from October 25 to 27, and their November 5 date is moved from Dunstable Civic to Bath University.

THE CRUSADERS, who were to have toured Britain next month, have now cancelled their visit. No reason has yet been given.

RICHARD DIGANCE is special guest on the Joan Armatrading tour, opening in Ipswich tomorrow (Friday). The only exception is this Saturday when, by previous arrangement, he supports Supertramp at Birmingham Odeon.

SHAM 69, just signed by the Polydor label, appear this month at Leicester Coalville Blooblo's (tonight, Thursday), Cardiff Top Rank (Friday), Swansea Circles (Saturday), London Marquee (21), London North Polytechnic (22), London Oxford St. 100 Club (25), Blackburn Lodestar (26), Wigan Casino (27) and London Wardour St. Vortex (31).

SQUEEZE play London Regents Park Bedford College (tonight, Thursday), Reading St. George's Hall (Friday), London Deptford Broadway Queen (Saturday), Burton 76 Club (October 19), London Islington Hope & Anchor (20), Dudley J.B.'s (21), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (22) and Southampton Top Rank with The Wasps (23).

STRIFE are on the road until the end of the year, and gigs confirmed so far are London Camden Music Machine (tonight, Thursday), Bristol Granary (Saturday), Derby Kings Hall (October 20), Ulverston Penny Farthing (21), Southport Dixieland Showbar (22), Nottingham Boat Club (November 5), Dudley J.B.'s (12), Bradford Princeville Club (17), Burnley Bank Hall (18), Portsmouth Polytechnic (19), Birkenhead Hamilton Club (December 5), Chorley Town Hall (30) and Accrington Lakeland Lounge (31).



BURLESQUE extend their current tour with dates at Portsmouth Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Kingston Polytechnic (Saturday), London Camden Music Machine (October 20), Bedford Nite Spot (21), Oxford Polytechnic (22), Sheffield Top Rank (24), Penzance The Garden (27), Plymouth Castaways (28) and Bristol Polytechnic (29).

AC/DC have added another date their British tour, which opened this week — it's at Cleethorpes Winter Gardens next Tuesday, October 18.

Radiator hotting up

ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR have been signed by Rocket Records, who release their single "Isn't It Strange" on October 21 — it's the title track from their debut album, due out on November 11. The band comprises Hull, Kenny Craddock and Ray Laidlaw (all ex-Lindisfarne), Terry Pople and Colin Gibson (both ex-Snafu) and Pete Kirtley (ex-Alan Price). The band — not to be confused with Radiators From Space, who are also gigging here at present — have just begun an extensive tour, taking in over 50 gigs and running until Christmas. Their dates for the next month are: Sunderland Mecca (tomorrow,

999 have been booked as support act on the Runaways tour, which — as previously reported — opens in Sheffield on November 7.

FOSTER BROTHERS are being lined up for an extensive tour in November, to coincide with the release of their debut Rocket Records album. But meanwhile they have three October dates at Wolverhampton Lafayette (tomorrow, Friday), Retford Porterhouse (21) and Cromer West Runton Pavilion (22).

FABULOUS POODLES' gigs for rest of this month are Leicester Digby Hall (tomorrow, Friday), Bexley Black Prince (Saturday), Liverpool Eric's (Sunday), London Twickenham St Mary's College (20), London New Cross Goldsmiths College (21), Plymouth Castaways (24), Cardiff Top Rank (25), Bristol Polytechnic (27), London Cockfosters Trent Park College (28), Sunderland Polytechnic (29), Middlesbrough Town Hall (30), and Leeds Polytechnic (31).

AFTER THE FIRE interrupt sessions for their debut album, for mid-December release by the independent Rapid label, to play Lincoln Drill Hall (November 3), Norwich City College (4) and Manchester Wythenshawe Forum (12). They undertake a four-day Irish tour from November 15, including Belfast Queen's University (18).

THE REZILLOS, back in the North following their debut London tour, have gigs at Glasgow Jordan Hill College (tomorrow, Friday), Edingburgh Heriot Watt University (Saturday), Leeds Polytechnic (October 18), Blackburn Lodestar (19), Manchester Rafter's (21) and Middlesbrough Rock Garden (22). They also support the Strangers at Glasgow Apollo (this Sunday) and Carlisle Market Hall (Monday).

Friday), Darlington Technical College (Saturday), Egremont Town Bar Inn (Sunday), Manchester University (October 19), Rotherham Town Hall (20), Scarborough Penthouse (21), Hull Centre Hotel (23), Middlesbrough Town Hall (24), York Cats Whiskers (25), Sheffield Polytechnic (26), Uxbridge Brunel University (28), Cardiff College of Education (29), Plymouth Top Rank (31), Paignton Festival Theatre (November 1), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (2), Loughborough Town Hall (3), Dundee Technical College (4), Newcastle University (5), Nottingham Katie's (6), Norwich East Anglia University (8), Harrogate P.G.'s Club (9), Birkenhead Mr. Digby's (10), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (11), Manchester UMIST (12), Liverpool Centre Hotel (13) and Doncaster Outlook (14).

Buzzcocks long tour

THE BUZZCOCKS, whose controversial single "Orgasm Addict" (described as "an anti-sex song emphasising the dehumanising of personal relationships") is released by United Artists on October 21, are going out on their first major tour. London dates are still being finalised, but confirmed provincial gigs are:

Swindon Affair (October 24), Burton 76 Club (26), Dundee Manion Hall (November 1), Paisley Disco Harry (2), Falkirk

The Prefects support on the four Scottish dates. Elsewhere, the support acts vary — but they will include The Worst, The Fall and The Flys.

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"More punk visuals!" Logan cried. "More pun visuals?" the layout man retorted. "You asked for 'em, you got 'em." And they all wound up in...

B.B. King Son Seals

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

BLUES POURING down like hail...

Son Seals gives no quarter and takes no prisoners. He's the toughest guitar player still working the bars in Chicago, one of the most prominent of the "younger bluesmen" (that means he's under forty), a big bearded barrel of muscle tormenting a Guild guitar, spilling red-hot torrents of guitar lava out into a polite-but-warming-up Hammersmith Odeon.

It's a great solo, but after well over an hour onstage it seems as though he's played it ninety-six times. You wouldn't notice (or care if you *did* notice) in a club, half smashed and raving (the appropriate locale/state of mind for letting Son Seals help you have the night of your life) — but watching a blues master work out in a theatre with neat rows of seats and roaming ushers gives you an altogether too clinical perspective.

Son Seals used to play drums for Albert King. Albert King used to play drums for Jimmy Reed. Jimmy Reed's brother (or maybe his cousin) A.C. Reed plays tenor sax for Son Seals (there's some significance in there somewhere) and he comes as near to being a one-man horn section as anyone you care to name. He also took a couple of lead vocals (on Jimmy Reed's "Goin' To New York" and Junior Parker's "Black Night") in a cool, mellifluous, underplayed style that contrasted admirably with Son's hefty steamshovel shift-dem-grits-and-tote-dat-bale approach.

For a four-piece (guitar, bass, drums, horn), the Son Seals Band certainly generated. Between them, Son and bassist Stamper Mitchell virtually obviated the need for rhythm guitar or keyboards, and with Reed using a varitone to sketch in baritone horn lines an octave below what he was playing, there was no shortage of power.

Just a shortage of variation; a deficiency which only shows up when you take blues out of its natural habitat.

In the bar during the intermission, the general opinion seemed to be that

A.C. Reed had been the star of the set.

"Gawd, I hope B.B. King don't do that string-breaking routine so he can tell us why his guitar's called Lucille," muttered one veteran blues-watcher.

Well, he *did* bust a string, but he just changed it while his rhythm guitarist filled in and carried right on. B.B. King's set occasionally veered off into Vegas with a bit of singalonga B.B., and sometimes the solos got so long that it seemed more like a guitar clinic than a show, but most of the time the Man was right in there laying it down like a master.

What I am saying: "like a master"???? He is a master. The master. Despite the softening-up of his music on most of his '70s albums (unlike

his namesake Albert, who still sounds just as ba-a-a-a-a-a-d as he ever did); when B.B. picks a note, holds it, smears it and bends it up into flight he can still make thousands of people gasp in awe and appreciation.

Nobody does it like B.B. King: he plays far fewer notes than Son Seals, but unlike Son he's invariably mean, melodic and coherent all at the same time. His singing can be sentimental on occasion and songs like "I Like To Live The Love" veer dangerously towards the twee, but his guitar never falters, simultaneously sweet and astringent.

Bigger and bulkier than he was last time he was over here, B.B. bestrides the stage like a benign colossus, a cross between Alex Haley and a friendly bank manager, backed

up by a seven-piece band in nice matching suits (except for the drummer, who — as a concession — played without a jacket). B.B. seemed to be in high good humour, and — reportedly due to a slight throat infection — laid back on his singing and just bore down on his guitar.

The most memorable moments included the stunning gospel intro to "When I'm Wrong I'm Wrong And When I'm Right I'm Wrong", a beautifully aching, haunting "Thrill Is Gone" and real vintage downhome stuff like "Sweet Sixteen", "How Blue Can You Get", "No-one Loves Me But My Mother" and "Caledonia". Unhappily, the magnificent "Why I Sing The Blues" was virtually thrown away in a welter of cameo solos for the boys in the band.

More used to concerts and auditoria than Son Seals, B.B. met the problems of the Hammersmith Odeon halfway... and conquered. Some of the rap was schmaltzy and the guitar playing overwhelmed the song content now and then, but... what the hell, it was B.B. King, wasn't it?

Hey, there's Wilko over behind you. Watcha think, Wilk?

"Son Seals was quite good... but B.B. King makes just about everything else seem irrelevant."

Take it from the man who knows... come back soon, B.B.

And next time Son Seals comes to the UK, put him on at the Roundhouse and you'll really have yourselves a time.

Charles Shaar Murray
(ah said)

Matumbi

100 CLUB

WHILST BIG YOUTH and Dennis Brown were playing to a semi-deserted Rainbow, local roots heroes Matumbi packed out the 100 Club in the West End.

The band's line-up consists of Dennis "Black Beard" Bovelie (lead guitar / vocals); Glen "Bagga" Fagan (vocals); Glaister Venn (vocals); Webster "Scratch" Johnson (keyboards); Euton "Fergus" Jones (congas); Eaton Blake (bass) and former Undivided drummer Jah Bunny Donaldson.

Together, the seven-piece are the most consistent — and best! — roots-rock outfit in the UK.

They've built a repertoire of strong material in their five years' incarnation; plus a tight, proficient act, that had the crowd — including various enthusiastic Clash, Pistols and Otis Waygoods — at the first of these 100 Club reggae Thursdays, clamouring for more.

In grand tradition, Matumbi opened their set with "Satta Massa Gana", prompting applause from the first few bars, and settling into a controlled rendition of the Abyssinians' repatriation classic.

Next up was Bagga's solo highspot, the hit version of Bob Dylan's "The Man In Me".

"The man in who?" queried Glaister Venn, at the song's introduction.

"The man in I," corrected Bagga.

They followed this with two new songs, "Chatty Chatty" and "Guide Us Jah"; before a steppin' into the "Ah who seh? Go deh!" routine that launched a London blues fashion.

Encouraging participation from fist-waving patrons, in the celebrated manner of U.S. Bonds, with this gambit.

The group established even further rapport with the rockers favourite "After Tonight", before tackling "Don't You Fall On I" and another Matumbi classic, "Run Rasta Run".

The last part of their set introduced four unfamiliar songs — "Blacker Than Coal" (?), "Hook Deh", "Music In The Air" and "Above I Head" — apparently, titles from the group's forthcoming album.

I'd rate Matumbi as the best reggae band I've seen all year; and the 100 Club gig one of '77's finest.

Penny Reel

A REGAL NIGHT

B. B. KING

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

Weather Report

RAINBOW

JOE ZAWINUL's mob are the one band I would never expect to let me down — and although Weather Report didn't quite do that, they failed by a wide margin to fully convince.

Twice before I've seen this band, once at the New Victoria and again last year at Hammersmith Odeon — and I suspect much of the Rainbow audience had too because, if anything, Weather Report inspire and reward dedication. They are never static. As the Lynchpins, Zawinul and Wayne Shorter always push their music on, ever resourceful, inventive and challenging.

At the New Vic they staged a three-hour tour-de-force of cool, consummate artistry. At Hammersmith, limited to a one-hour set, they just came on and hit hard and tense, operating at open throttle velocity.

At the Rainbow they slowed

...but the Weather Report is ominous, as stormy skies gather over the Rainbow

down the pace of basically the same set and let some space in — only it wasn't space, it was more like gaping holes where they seemed to lose grip of their corporate intentions and started thrashing around instead.

I should have been reduced to babbling unreserved tribute; instead, I left the Rainbow feeling troubled.

They opened with the title track from "Black Market", which with the song that followed served mainly as introduction. The Rainbow settled down and the band settled in, taking the songs

more or less verbatim, not working it too hard, merely flexing their considerable muscle.

Then they took off with "Teentown". They gelled and started making the familiar "sound like broken glass" — intense and abrasive, like being in front of an express train.

The inspiration seemed to come from percussionist Badrena, whose physical approach to his instrument is a lesson in wild enthusiasm, a bedevilled gleam in his face as he jumps around looking for something to make a bigger

noise with. The Japanese drummer, Acuna, is stone-faced throughout, inscrutable even. Together they fire ferocious rhythm.

Jaco Pastorius seems to strain to keep up. His bass bubbles under and when he's got it he flashes a grin at Zawinul, who bobs around behind his keyboards, occasionally glancing up in amazement at the two percussionists. Shorter, usually cool personified, grinned a lot and fooled around, hunched over his sax and toying with the microphone as a cat would with an unknown quantity.

Me, I just smiled. The best jazz group in the world showing all-comers where to get off, playing with relentless passion — a sight to see.

However, they only kept it up for two songs.

There followed an interminable bass solo from Pastorius, where we were privileged to watch him practise for fifteen minutes, and which ended abruptly when the audience as good as shouted him off stage.

Maybe they're not used to anything less than adulation, because in the cameos (apart from Badrena's, all no more than perfunctory) and songs that came after there was a strange and saddening lack of intent. The direction and the energy were gone.

They finished with "Birdland". A kind of non-rendition; none of them seemed to know what they were going to do with the song though each took a stab at marshalling it. Their usual striking empathy was nowhere in sight and it dragged on and on until you wondered when

they were going to throw in the towel and end the damn thing.

During the encore they went back pre-"Black Market" for the first time with "Badia", and for some fleeting moments regained their glory. But there was no killer punch, and when they finished to a suddenly darkened stage and bright house lights it was like one long tease that never delivered. Someone succinctly shouted: "Is that all we get?"

Perhaps it was down to these gigs being the tail end of long European trek. Indeed, they often seemed drained to the point of merely toying with their capabilities, as evinced by Shorter and Zawinul's duet. No lyrical, moving brilliance this time, only tomfoolery around "The Banks Of Loch Lomond", of all things.

I hope this is the case, that they were tired and therefore goofing off a little, that it was just a bad night. Because after seeing Little Feat go soft and stale, losing Weather Report would be hard to take.

Paul Rambali

KEEPING YOUNG PEOPLE UP PAST THEIR BEDTIME

Dead Fingers Talk

FULHAM
GREYHOUND

THIS BAND COME ON like they're duty-bound to hold you and shake you, like they have a message to impress.

From the moment they hit the stage everything about them is tight, unified and confident. The opening song, called "We Got The Muscle", stresses the point.

Like Cheap Trick's "Hello There", it seems to say: we're here, we've got all this electricity, so let's GO.

Which is precisely what it does — brash and exuberant, and with a hook honed to a sharp edge.

They back up the tactic with a visual impression to match. Vaguely new vogue but with enough unique stylistic minutiae to avoid easy bracketing — and above all unified. As solid and brimming with certainty as the music.

I am impressed. They follow through the opening dynamic with relentlessly assured pace, remaining pitched and tense for the next three or four songs and causing patrons to cease their activities and more to better vantage points.

For three or four songs Dead Fingers Talk sustain the excitement. They galvanise with a coherent blend of toughness and melodic sensibility. Maximum R&B like The Jam might play shot through with the stylised riffing of the early '70s — Bowie, The New York Dolls, Gary Glitter.

The singer has the moves. New, odd but compelling, and possessed of an awkward insistence, while the rest of the band (guitar, drums and bass)



Right: BOBO PHOENIX of Dead Fingers Talk. That's right, Bobo. Bobo Phoenix.

form a hard and fast visual entity, like a phalanx around his behaviour pattern.

Then they change tack. The singer dons an overcoat and begins a strange monologue. "Have you seen that new boy, Harry, at the office," he says, "I was bending down to pick up my pencil (he demonstrates) and I happened to look up and notice this bulge..."

He acts out his story perfectly, commanding the crowd's attention as he plays the part of a home grown redneck. "There's nothing worse than a queer nigger," he sniggers, slipping a pair of garden shears up his sleeve, "They won't want to touch Harry any more because when I'm through there won't be anything left to touch."

I am still impressed, more because they perform this little psychodrama so well than with

the theme. After all, it's easy for us enlightened liberals to laugh at people who hate homosexuals. But... do they want to be a rock band or what?

It's a rock band. The next song seemed like another "Sweet Jane" until I realised it was "Sweet Jane". They do it commendably, however, with plenty of lascivious animal menace.

But from here on things began to get confused. They followed "Sweet Jane" with a distant cousin of The Tubes' "Don't Touch Me There". Girlie group lyrics parodied in a song about, I conclude, necrophilia ("Gonna love you till your face turns blue").

They followed this with a spate of originals of lesser force than their opening tirade. Many of the Dolls' lewd pop fixations (especially "Stuck On

Him," which sounded like the Dolls' "Pills"), something of Bowie, and a little of the Velvets. The sound, though, was less patently their own; their earlier coherence was now splintered.

They finished with "Purple Haze", a good choice, spoilt when they returned to encore with "Waiting For My Man". Both songs were rendered spurious by the guitarist's predilection for making a noise like Jimi Hendrix.

I am now only marginally impressed. Dead Fingers Talk have promise, they also have an identity crisis — or at least an unresolved question of intention. The humour, warmth and originality they possess need further welding. The Lou Reed retreats we don't need.

Paul Rambali

Racing Cars Rumblestrips

SHEFFIELD

THIS WAS THE second time I've seen the Cars, and like the first, they failed to impress me as anything but a competent, rigorously rehearsed British rock band, with few individual characteristics besides the visually magnetic Morty.

Support band Rumblestrips, however, were something else altogether. Unearthed by the Cars in beautiful downtown Norwich, and altruistically nurtured on this tour, the four-piece (Philip Bird, vocals/guitar/el.piano; Hal Chenhall, lead guitar; Lyndall Leuw, bass; Paul Wooldridge, drums) came across as a tight, spunky little bar-room outfit with the energy of punks and the thoughtful musicality of what have been dubbed, of late, "old wavers".

Hedging their bets, maybe, although Bird claims they "just do both fast and slow numbers" and don't deliberately adopt any style, punk or otherwise. He does, however, acknowledge a debt to The Clash for demonstrating the possibilities of non-love songs.

They open their set with "Two Arms", a high-energy work-out, and diversify with the more stilled, sit-up-and-beg rhythms of "Loser". Jazz tinges show through on the piano-based porn-funk of "Eat Me" (which I presume has little to do with fruit), but the 'Strips are at their best when they're really motoring.

Anyway, suffice to say they'll be playing the Red Cow every Wednesday next month, so all you London liggers'll be able to check 'em out yourselves. Despite their almost complete lack of stage affectation (or perhaps that's a contributory factor?), they're fun.

The polite unease of a thousand trauma-troubled first-year students, which had greeted Rumblestrips, evaporated completely the

moment Racing Cars took the stage.

Opening powerfully but predictably with "Moonshine Fandango" and "Down By The River", they immediately establish a rapport with the audience which endures for the whole set. I say "they", although there's little visual push besides the indefatigable Morty, as is to be expected. It's curious, though, that he often finds it necessary to hide behind an inaudible acoustic guitar.

"Downtown Tonight" — a rather maudlin song which I'll admit I've no great affection for — is the first really slow number, and is received with almost unanimous hysteria by an audience obviously well-acquainted with the first album. To be fair, even I could appreciate the immaculate harmonies and guitar interplay. Graham Williams pasting choppy, staccato runs over Ray Ennis' delicately-picked harmonies.

The Famous Hit Single gets the best reception of the night, but is notable only for Ennis' interjection of the odd humorous phrase; maybe the Cars are beginning to view it as the millstone it's in danger of becoming, their very own "Whiter Shade Of Pale". They may shoot horses when they're knackered, but I guess the audience wants that hit to dance till it drops.

The set continues — well performed, but each song lacking that vital something. It's as if they're running through them like clockwork, even Morty's abundant vitality seeming forced at times.

For the closing "Johnny B. Goode", Morty's brother Mel comes out and does his party-piece, balancing bottles and a chequered flag on his nose.

Again, it's a routine that's becoming a bit stale, although it's a good way to signal the end of a performance.

And, of course, the audience loves it.

Every time.

Andy Gill

(I'm TYRED of MOTORS puns — BLOW OUT this headline or I'll PUNCTURE face in — Ed.)

MOTORS — WHAT A GAS!!

The Motors MANCHESTER

A MIXED AUDIENCE: all young people, but from differing minute cultures. In these silly days when bands and their owners who find themselves outside the punk/etc hoorah struggle gamely but almost resignedly to open new doors and keep existing ones ajar, The Motors' manufactured

concept is exceedingly apt.

Manufactured in the nicest possible way. Apt as in barrier-breaking and far-reaching. A lot of thought has gone into marketing this band.

The music hasn't actually been ignored either. The eventual consequences of their musically packed and mildly innovate endeavours will make an exciting spectacle, once the froth that's burst around the band has settled down.

Anyway, a lovely advertising campaign, too cheeky to be dismissed as shrill hype. A

name not obviously punk/etc nor mainstream, but merely descriptive — if nothing else The Motors' music drives.

Their songs are basic at first glance, with few if any outlets for egotism; thickly rhythmic boogie with plenty of charged climaxes; yet constant subtleties destroy any hints of superficiality and repetition.

All round entertainment, huh? The perfect band for '77?

Not quite. Sure they'll appeal to Clash fans, Ash fans, Quo fans and Bowie fans. But only *appear*, not clutch to the chest and hold. There is no killer touch. That will no doubt form when an incisive direction and identity have been adopted.

They teeter, at the moment, between relying on basic thrash, and travelling on, extending adventure, exploiting their curious denseness. Reminds me of a Bowie period.

They could be the perfect rock band for 1978. "Dancing

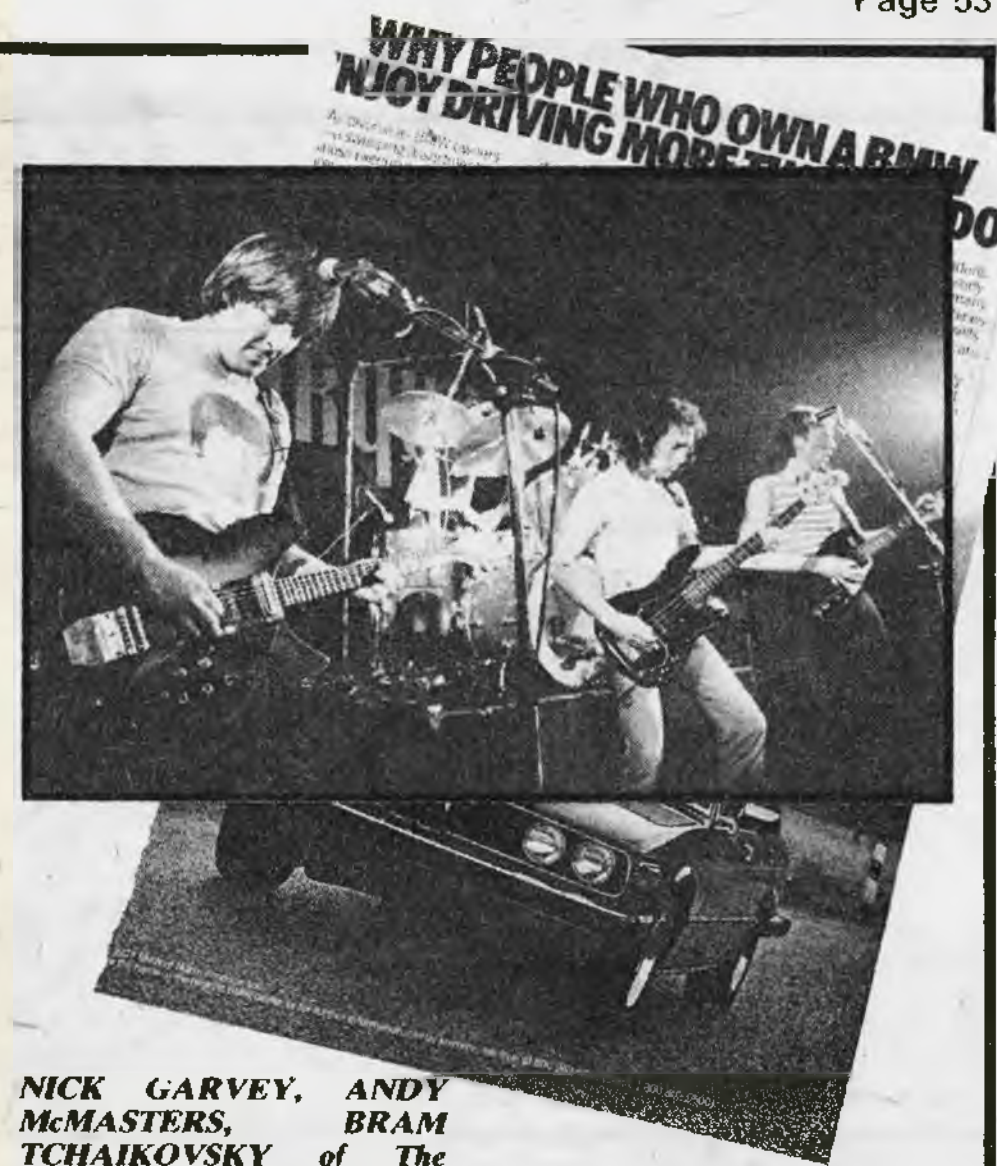
The Night Away" is it, a loud hint, a mini-epic. The pointer. All The Motors' songs have a white-finger, tightly-interlocked rhythmic stridency; a hesitant, symmetrical inversion of the orthodox roles of rock instruments.

Only "Dancing" really fires off — a classy blending of that denseness and adventure. Like The Byrds (c'mon lads, stop having us on — Status Quo?), the central form is executed via a lush, textured drone: the fundamental ground out of which all variations arise. Mechanical? No!

The next step is important for The Motors, more than most other new bands who exist purely 'cos fashion dictates. I for one can't wait to see what happens next.

This band have got something. I don't know what it is, but I know it's symmetrical.

Paul Morley



NICK GARVEY, ANDY McMASTERS, BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY of The Motors — and the drummer, whose silly name we can't remember. Can't see him anyway...



Paine in New Hearts — vocalist IAN PAINE, that is. Pix: WALT DAVIDSON

New Hearts

NASHVILLE

NEW HEARTS are a four-piece Essex outfit. They describe themselves as pop punk. They have just been signed by CBS Records for A Very Large Amount Of Money.

Guitarist Dave Cairns (18) was a sociology student for a year. This probably explains why he is so able to enumerate the themes present in the material he writes with bassist John Harty and vocalist Ian Paine (at least he doesn't wear an I.S. badge): (1) teenage sex hang-ups; (2) here come the ordinaries (aka tales of the

paranoia of everyday existence; (3) anti-media; (4) The Revolution.

It is also probably because he was a sociology student that he understands the strength that these themes acquire by being placed within an energising pop context rather than, as he himself sees it, the unattractive nihilism of so many punk outfits.

It was also evident from New Hearts' half-empty Nashville gig that the band are highly proficient musicians. Almost perversely, it seems, this musicianship is cloaked in thick wedges of major keys, and chords and melodies through which individual instrumental prowess is almost never heard.

It was also impossible to

hear the words of any of Dave's messages. He assumes that this situation will be rectified when the band start putting out records, which will then provide their audience with close reference points.

The immediate influences are well concealed: traces of The Who maybe (though the band deny it), Bowie certainly, The Jam probably. The Hollies and Led Zeppelin also seem present.

The sound was fairly diabolical for the first three numbers. By the time we got "My Old Teacher", the volume had been lowered and we heard the first signs of the shrill harmonies that are counterpointed against the instrumen-

tal tensions present in every song.

"Just Another Teenage Anthem", "The Revolution", and "City Life" compounded suspicion of open-ended talent, even though Paine (cropped mod barnet and scarlet three button job) appeared a little too devoid of any edge for his vocals to fully complement the songs.

The band seemed to be frustrated by the small size of the stage.

One did wish that the need punk bands feel to harangue their audiences could be recognised by them as being not only tedious but also as being last year's thing.

Chris Salewicz

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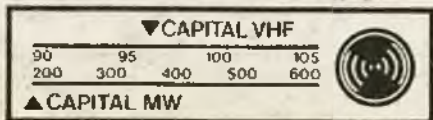
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Deniece Williams Lenny Williams

RAINBOW

REGULAR PATRONS of theatre gigs in Britain have become so wary, not to say weary, of suffering rent-a-stooge warm-up acts that many now don't bother to run up until half-time.

On this occasion the latecomers crapped out.

At short notice and therefore with no advance billing, ex-Tower Of Power lead vocalist Lenny Williams flew in to open for his namesake (no relation), strolling on to scattered applause and murmurs of "Who the hell's this?" — and walking off to much cheering, after a more enthusiastically demanded encore than the one accorded Deniece.

That's not to say that Lenny is necessarily better than Deniece. But he, with no special reputation, won over the indifferent audience purely on the strength of his vocal talent whereas Deniece, headlining on the strength of a couple of international hits, very nearly destroyed her advantage in the closing number.

Both singers are an exceptional cut above average, although both have an irritating habit of exaggerating their personal vocal traits beyond comfort.

In Lenny's case he overplayed his strange, hiccupping, crying style on a couple of songs — but that still didn't disguise the fact that he's a man worth hearing, occasionally reminding me of no less than Howard Tate, a formidable voice in the '60s. During one traumatic moment he even collapsed back on his haunches like Jackie Wilson, a rare experience in this day and age.

His repertoire seemed to be exclusively drawn from his new ABC album "Choosing You", including the single "Shoo Doo Fu Fu Ooh!" (stupid title but a good song), "Look Up With Your Mind" and "I've Been Away From Love Too Long". We could have done without his last-minute lapse of hurling roses to the audience *a la* Al Green, but overall he was a treat for sore ears.

Deniece's excesses were in the glass-shattering peaks of her vocal range, which she soared up to far too often, as if determined to trump Minnie Riperton's reputation (she even performed Riperton's "Loving You"), and in the carefully rehearsed soul-baring raps, too cutesy-pie by half.

However, her stage craft has improved considerably since I last saw her in April, and for most of her set she held the bulk of the audience entranced as she performed songs from her hit album "This Is Niecey" and her new release, "Songbird", plus her justifiably renowned version of "God Bless The Child".

Her major mistake was to



Above: meet the Williamses — DENIECE (left) and LENNY (right)
Below: meet the Johnsons — GEORGE (left) and LOUIS (right).



BLACK POWER '77 The bland revolution

(Or, give CLIFF WHITE a couple of soul acts to review and he'll still find a way to bring Johnny Rotten into it...)

try to get the audience to chant "I love you" at her and at one another during her pre-encore climax (if you'll pardon the vulgarity). Someone should have told her that most Britons are reluctant to whisper "I love you" to their lovers in the privacy of their own home, let alone sing it out loud to strangers in a public auditorium.

Consequently, after a fiasco of silent embarrassment, few were the voices that called her back to perform "Free".

Culture shock will get you every time.

Cliff White

Brothers Johnson

HAMMERSMITH

AS BONES OF contention go, there is currently none more fat and juicy than the one being wrestled between the main pack of legit music journalists and the so-called "specialist" scribes like me who are yapping on the sidelines.

Since we, the outsiders, are invariably trying to get a word in edgewise about artists who, we feel, have the potential to be infinitely more popular

throughout the land than the oiks who have seduced the established press, it is not surprising that there's a feeling abroad in the air that for the last 18 months the Big Four (NME, MM, Sounds and Record Mirror) have confused their own insecurity with what they believe to be a national, or even international, revolution.

Although it's indisputable that some important new British acts have swung a much needed kick up the backside of a previously smug industry, those that are doing the actual kicking are few and far

between among the 10th raters who have little more to offer than their eye for a quick buck.

Outside of the insular little society of journalistic fantasy there's a real world where three-quarters of the acts that dominate the rock press would be hard put to attract a big enough audience to fill a scout hut were it not for the publicity lavished upon them — and even with such publicity many of them are discovering that the people who have to pay to sample their wares are a good deal wiser than those who are paid to promote them.

Fortunately, in the real world, acts who have not been blessed with the divine sanction of the pundits may still reach out to the people. Such an act is Brothers Johnson.

While The Putrid Tampons or similar excite few people other than editors looking for "good copy", the Brothers' appearance at the Odcon — without benefit of any advance publicity in the rock press except their company's ads for the concert and for their latest single, and without much radio exposure of their music — was a standing-room-only sell-out and an unqualified success.

The Brothers, George (mainly lead guitar, occasionally bass) and Louis (contrariwise) are among the current leaders of a far more substantial wave than the British ripple: they are ambassadors of a genuine cultural revolution — the continuing emancipation of American blacks.

Having spewed all that off my chest I'll be the first to admit that the Brothers' two A&M albums have not dominated my record playing time since their release, mainly because, as a poor white Briton — albeit one who is generally more impressed by American black music than what is happening around him — I'm not totally in tune with the current emotional state of successful American blacks, who are a lot more mellow and positive than the negative aggro on this side of the Atlantic.

However, if the overall feeling of their records was a little too cool to command incessant attention, the musicianship therein was superb. So when the same skill was stripped of studio refinement and presented in the raw onstage the result was exhilarating.

Using their own little touring group in place of the array of famous accompanists on their records, they kicked shit out of any preconceptions that funk is just formulaised riffing or that modern black musicians have no soul. Apart from the further observation that Louis Johnson is the wickedest bass player I've ever seen in my life, that's all I'm going to say on the subject — 'cause no amount of praise or detailed description is gonna help you now.

Thanks to a prejudiced press you missed them, and that's that. (Just as well I didn't go, if it was sold out anyway — Ed.)

Cliff White

Marian Montgomery & Richard Rodney Bennett WINDSOR

MAYBE IT WOULD be fairest to plead not-my-bag and leave it at that. On the other hand, an evening of piano and song does raise a few questions, and the ceaseless tussle between prejudice and scruple should act as a moral exemplar to the reader.

First off, the combination of Richard Rodney Bennett on piano and pipes and Marian Montgomery on pipes neat was not made in heaven. She, if limited, is a pro — he is a hobbyist.

Her voice, a slurred, insinuating, Nellie Lutchish item, works very well on slow, uncluttered blues. Most things that suited Peggy Lee or Julie London suit Miss Montgomery. Brittle Fifth Avenue songs like "Here's To The Ladies Who Lunch", or comedy routines like "Don't Talk, Just Sing" rely on clear diction, and her stylised timbre steamrollers the sense of the lyric.

The golden age of songwriting produced great wit and poetry. "When love congeals it soon reveals the odour of performing seals", or "Some funny folk like to shoot off rockets, Others like to pick your pockets, Some people keel when they feel the earth, Others are into perjury".

It also spawned an entirely awful ambience of cocktail party bitchiness and knowing After Eight nastiness — the manner without the witty content. The audience at Windsor seemed unable to distinguish, and applauded anything that sounded smart. The urge to fart resoundingly rose in the faculties.

Richard Rodney Bennett, like Friedrich Gulda and Andre Previn, is a classical chap who likes to dabble in the alley. There's a go come from percussionist Badrena, whose physical approach to his instrument is a lesson in wild enthusiasm, a bedevilled gleam in his face as he jumps around looking for something to maul a soupçon of Peterson's boogie. Watch out, Darktown! Richard R. gwine eat yo' ass!

As a singer, he is extra nothing. Torme and Darin clearly loom large in his thoughts, dangerous models for a voice that is merely pleasant. Best to restrict himself to the uncomplaining Izal and Vose of an all-bathroom audience. Whimsical variations on Julie Andrews' "Wouldn't It Be Lovely" proved embarrassing, while his version of "It's Not That Easy Being Green" was, in the face of it, frankly confessional.

All this is being rammed home with a debut Decca album, "Surprise Surprise". Not me, shag. Not with the chair wedged under the doorknob.

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Jah Woosh Tequila Brown Blues Band

100 CLUB

TEQUILA BROWN is a seven-piece outfit comprising a couple of saxophones, trumpet, harmonica, lead, rhythm and bass guitars, plus drums; and their noisy brand of driving Chicago-style R&B delighted a responsive audience in the homely atmosphere of the 100 Club last Thursday, achieving a fat, enjoyable sound.

Woosh's backing band, Zabandis — proficient musicians in their own right — attended Tequila's set closely, obviously impressed with the witness of their eyes and ears.

Tequila played a long, loud set — "Greenback Dollar Bill", Chris Kenner's great "Something You Got", and "Got My Mojo Working" being among the numbers I recognised; proving Tequila's proficiency in a soul context,



too — before leaving the stage to wild applause and (futile) demands for an encore.

Jah Woosh is as inconsistent a performer as were the expositions of Kepler and Galileo to Sixteenth Century thought. Despite solid and sympathetic, nay empathetic, support from Zabandis, Woosh was plainly unrehearsed and nervous facing the 100 Club crowd, after a considerable lay-off.

It was not until the final few numbers of his set that the toaster managed to produce anything like his normal form.

Adopting toasters' licence, most of Woosh's material was performed *ad lib*, which was probably for the best in the circumstances; and even the more familiar songs like "A So We Stay" and "Love Jah and Live" displayed much extrane-

ous lyric.

Another pertinent feature of his act was execution of the songs' singing passages. As one of the few DJs who actually possesses a pleasant singing voice, this actually enhanced his show.

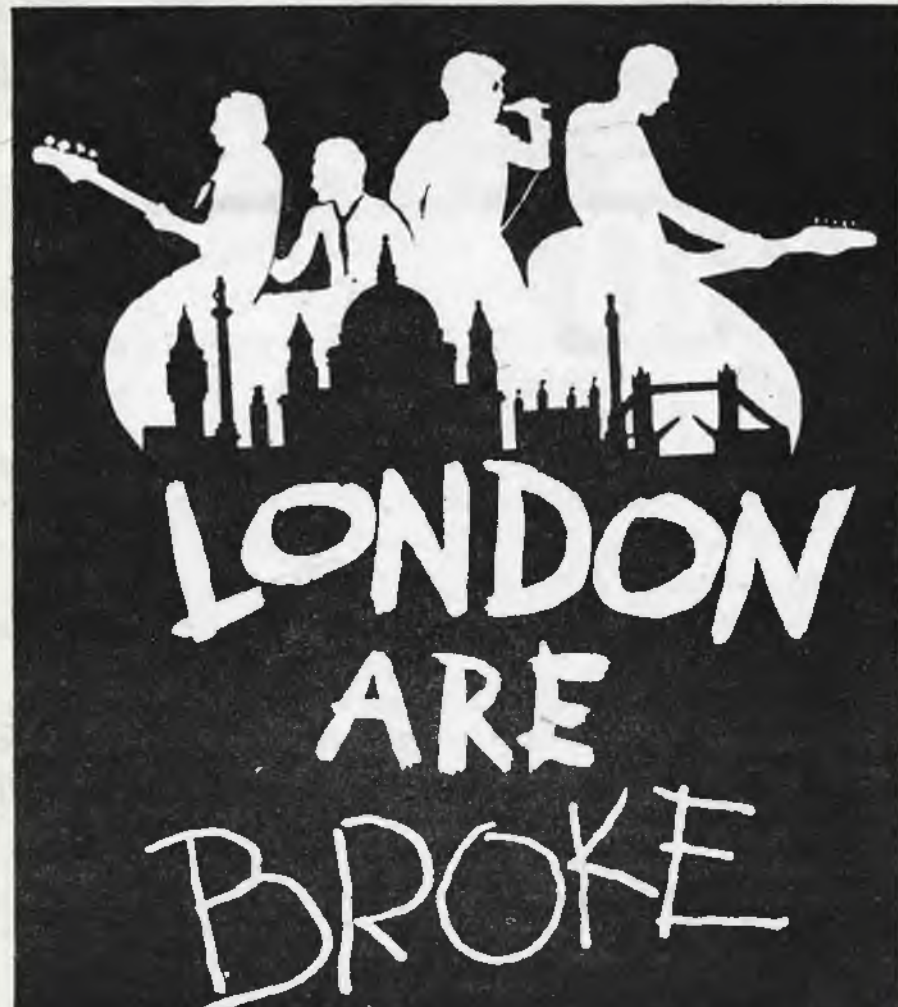
Hench, for the toast of Bob Marley's "Waiting In Vain" opus, Woosh sang a considerable section of the former Wailer's lyric, before switching to his own skank.

In addition to the titles mentioned, he performed the Isleys' "For The Love Of You", plus "Natty Dread A Heavy Ranking", "Give Me The Right (To Say I'm Black)", "We Love Reggae Music", "Marcus Garvey" and "National Arena".

He departed the scene to the most sustained applause of the evening.

Despite the relative ordinariness of the 100 Club gig, Woosh is worth checking out... and that goes for the Tequila Brown Blues Band too.

Penny Reel



One of the many galvanising action scenes from Pete Atkins "A&R".

Pic: DAVID LIDDLE



A&R

By Pete Atkin

EDINBURGH TRAVERSE THEATRE

IF THERE'S one phrase guaranteed to strike fear into the heart, even more than the dreaded 'concept album', it's that of 'rock theatre'. (Look at you — winning already!)

That's probably because no one knows what exactly it's supposed to be. Is it just a plain drama illustrated by rock music? A fantasy soap opera à la *Rock Follies*? It's this lack of general reference points that causes the headaches.

The latest gladiator to enter

the bloodied arena is Pete Atkin. He's opted to write about the rock business, or more accurately, about coming to terms with some of its hassles. And this effort differs from all the rest firstly because it's structured like a real play — you know, with a beginning, a middle and an end — and secondly because it happens to be rather good.

The action unfolds in a single day in a second rate recording studio belonging to a larger conglomerate, as a wooden one-hit wonder records some demos with the session men. Further participants are Amy, stranded vocaliste from a disintegrated band; a faithful but naive young manager; a cool engineer; a petulant ripped-off songwriter; and, of course, the

pretentious, opinionated journalist, who is artfully set up as intrusive and irrelevant.

There isn't really a plot as such. The action, helped by clever use of a split stage, revolves around Amy, brilliantly portrayed by Mandy More whose talent, full of neat touches even when not speaking, shines way above the rest of the cast. She's the cocky, chirpy wisecracker who gets most of the best lines — most of which are digs at the failings of the rock biz: the office hours, the misplaced priorities, the role of women, the royalties jungle, the hidebound music press that only provides what it thinks its readers will want to consume (hear bloody hear) . . . the list goes on.

The songs — slightly too

NME GOES TO THE THEATRE

CULTURE SHOCK!

Two reports from the world of drama by our men chucking empty popcorn packets over the circle balcony.

many at eight — plus a few bars of the older Atkin / James number "Session Man's Blues" — are pretty well integrated into the action. There are no "Argentinas" among them but two do rate special mentions. First is the very clever medley of hit songs all running over one chord sequence, and second is "Amy's Blues (Just For Me)", which is successfully constructed to sound like an old show tune, and superbly sung by Mandy More to provide the final irony: the tape isn't rolling.

There are realistic touches galore — the faulty coffee machine, the technical talk and playbacks, the silent, paper-reading musicians. These are also, ironically, the key to the play's flaws, as they lead the viewer to expect the real thing, thus leaving him vaguely unsatisfied when they are not followed up.

The sad truth is, of course, that everybody knows that 'the biz' has much dirty laundry to be publicly aired, and until this has been done in convincing fashion, optimistic little scenarios like Atkin's *A&R* will continue to look like missed opportunities.

So, the heavy thumbs down? Not at all. This play is very good, especially for a first effort. It succeeds because of its firm structure and witty covering of its chosen bases.

Certainly the best piece of rock theatre I've seen.

Ian Cranna

Bubbling Brown Sugar

Starring Billy Daniels
ROYALTY THEATRE

TRYING TO LIKE something can be hell on the dental crockery, teeth set somewhere between a grin and a grit, flexible as the plastic bow-tie on the Good Humor man.

The hit musical history of Harlem, *Bubbling Brown Sugar* is long on research, but in narrative drive it is positively invertebrate. Not that one demands to be half throttled by a boa-constrictor of a plot — after all, *No, No, Nanette* wouldn't rate show or place against Ibsen — but the inconsequential chat between numbers here comes close to the Cinderella-Dandini badinage.

Following our compere, Billy Daniels, down memory lane — or in this case, 125th and Seventh — has the grip of an airline snack. The conducted tour is laid on for a rich socialite spruce, and it takes in the historic night-spots of three decades — speakeasies, lap-joints, the Cotton Club, Small's Paradise, the jitterbug hutch of the Savoy.

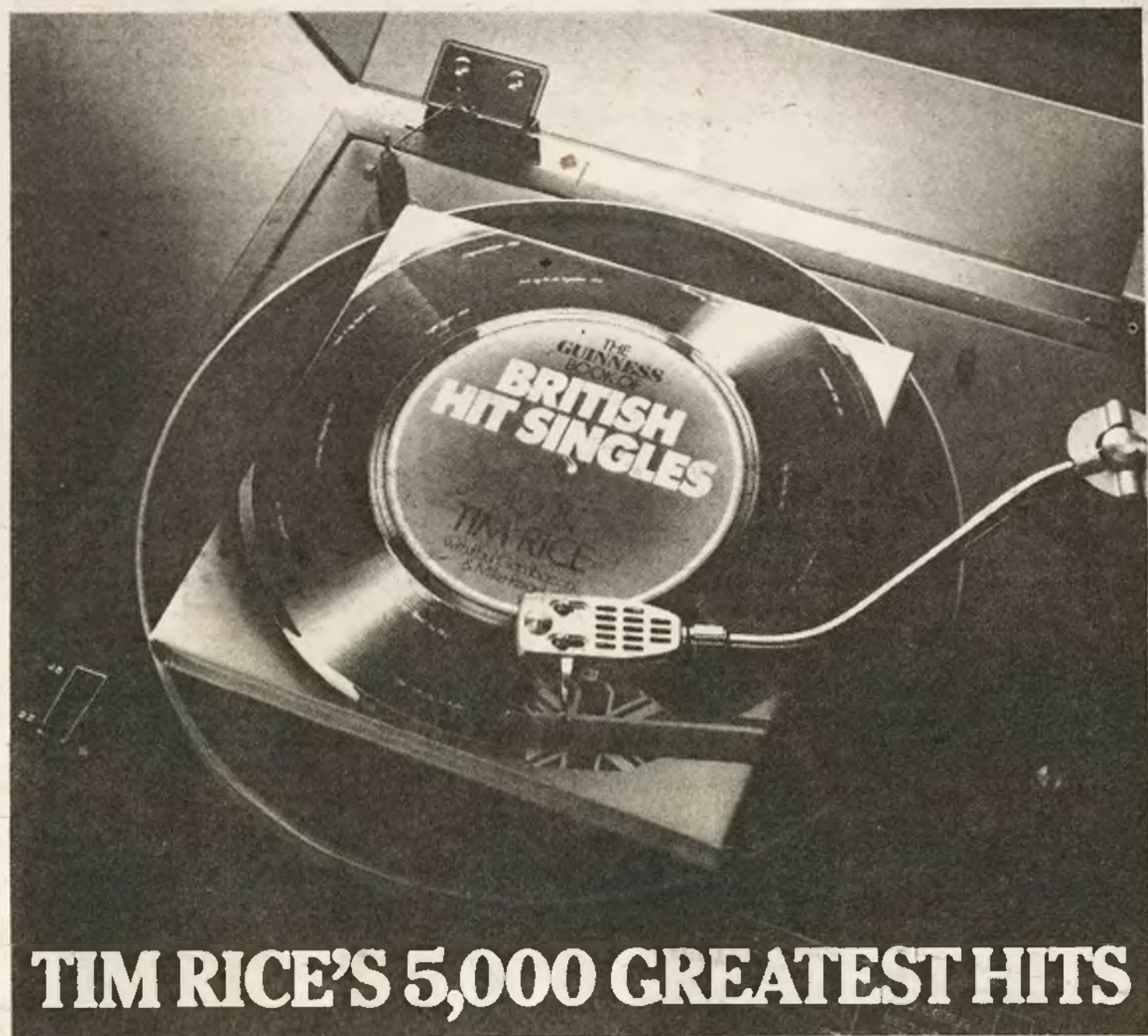
Here and there, hints are given of some of the underlying social conflicts: "Rent parties? I only know

people who collect rent," says the slumming scion brightly. Connie's and the Cotton Club — black entertainers, Vanderbilt audience — ran a sneaky race policy. *Daily News*, 1929: "coloured parties with the necessary doubloons are welcomed, of course, but they look a bit lonesome, usually." Betcha ass.

During the period covered, Harlem — Manhattan's first suburb — experienced bloody riots in 1900, 1935, 1943 and 1964. In 1927, the year that Duke booked into the Cotton Club, black leader Marcus Garvey was deported, the visionary who raised the red, black and green flag of secession over Harlem. In 1937, 100,000 blacks swarmed into the streets to celebrate Joe Louis' victory over the Irish Jim Braddock, and in 1944 Reverend Adam Clayton Powell, a Harlem minister, became America's first black congressman.

OK — so it's a musical, but Harlem's music and mores, its pimps and players, its entertainers, were not born in the trunk that Billy Daniels lugs on stage. Ethel Waters, Lady Day, Billy Eckstine, Fats Waller and Duke Ellington are invoked in the songs and dances, and wildly applauded by the audience. Drolly enough, Slim Gaillard's "Flat Foot Floogie With A Floy Floy" — translating as a raddled whore too reamed to conceive — drew a storm of discriminating applause from

●Continues opposite



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WHAT AN ANTI-CLIMAX!!

Climax Blues Band

DRURY LANE

APART FROM the odd and seemingly ignominious re-appearance by Chicken Shack — albeit a revamped Chicken Shack — Climax Blues Band are the only survivors of the late '60s Blues Boom, an age that seems as long ago as the days when you'd still get change out of three bob for a pint.

Never one of the more talented blues bands, Climax somehow held on, predictably turning their attention westwards where they can no doubt earn a decent living. Last year (talk about stamina) they even

managed to make it to the top five singles charts with a fine piece of funk which wasn't merely a retreat of the stuff The Average White Band had struck gold with.

Live, if Sunday's gig at Drury Lane is anything to go by, they're a different plate of meat — coming on sloppy and dated at times, and never more than competent.

They've still retained a fair dose of de blooze in their set — Willie Dixon's "Seventh Son" was featured — but they execute the music with no passion, instead employing cheap and tedious rock histrionics.

Otherwise they deal in the kind of low-key funk the late Kokomo wouldn't have been at all proud of.

Methinks the word is dull.

Steve Clarke

From opposite page

the opera boxes.

The pit band is adequate, the set with its Okch and Bluebird labels and back-projection photos is good, and the costumes — especially the recreation of Cab Calloway's zoot suit — are easy on the eye. Billy "Old Black Magic" Daniels still

retains his touch and timing, though the goatish vibrato has shrunk. The discovery of the show, Helen Gelzer, does a great "Sweet Georgia Brown" and generally belts about the stage with brio — could've done with more of her.

Richard Pryor should have written the book.

Brian Case

JAZZ DIARY

NANCY JAZZ Pulsations for 1977 features some adventurous stuff. On October 10th, **Ran Blake** and the **Pepper Adams Quartet**; 11th, **Quartet & Quintet Rivbea** — **Sam Rivers'** New York Studio musicians and the **Sam Rivers Orchestra** which is also playing on 12th, 13th and 15th with George Adams, George Lewis, Dave Holland, Barry Altschul among the 16-man band.

On the 14th there's the **Elvin Jones Quartet**, **Eastern Rebellion** which is the **Cedar Walton Quartet**, and the **Sonny Fortune Quintet**. On 15th the **Mike Westbrook Orchestra** with Paul Rutherford and Fred Frith in a four hour tribute to John Lewis, Lady Day, Trane, Monk and Kurt Weill. On 15th saxophonist **Joe McPhee** in solo concert, and on 16th the **Stan Getz Quintet**, the **Frank Lowe Quartet** and the **Archie Shepp Quartet**. *Alons y, Alonzo!*

The Newcastle Jazz Festival kicks off on October 21st with **George Melly** and **John Chiltons Feetwarmers**. On 22nd, **Ronnie Scott's Quintet**; 23rd the **Don Rendell Big Band**; 24th **Memphis Slim**; 25th **Kenny Ball & The Jazzmen**; 26th **Acker Bilk & his Paramount Jazz Band**; 27th **Stan Tracey Octet**; 28th a history of jazz piano with **Lennie Felix**, **Neville Dickie**, **Stan Tracey** and **Eddie Thompson**; 29th the **John Surman Trio** with **Albert Mangelsdorff**, and a Salute to **Benny Goodman** with **Teddy Wilson & the Dave Shepherd Quintet**.

The final night, 30th, features a Riverboat shuffle with the **Vieux Carre Jazzmen**, and an evening concert with **Barney Kessel** and **Dick Wellstood**. Tickets from Festival Office, 7 Saville Place, Newcastle NE1 8DQ.

Dean Street's **Pizza Express** has **Sammy Rimington & Quartet** on October 14th, and the **Vic Ash Quartet** on the 15th. A series of seven jazz concerts are on the bill at the **Albany Empire**. **Creek Road**, Greenwich, beginning with **Trevor Watts' Amalgam** on 12th and **Joy** on 25th. **South Hill Park**, Bracknell, has a regular Friday night gig with **The Entire Tequila Brown Rhythm & Blues Symphonic Orchestra** on 14th, the **San Jacinto Jazz Band** on 21st and the **Errol Dixon Combo** on 28th.

Singer **Ernestine Andersons'** engagement continues at **Ronnie Scott's** with the **Stan Saltzman Quintet**.

New release from **ECM** is **Gary Peacock's** "Tales Of Another" with **Keith Jarrett** and **Jack DeJohnette**. From **Vogue**, a fascinating double, "West Coast Scene" with the **Marty Paich Octet** and **Jimmy Giuffre**, and the **Jack Sheldon All Star Band**, aptly titled as **Chet Baker**, **Art Pepper** and **Harold Land** are on the strength.

Brian Case

AROUND THE CIRCUITS

THE MUSCLE odyssey **PUMPING IRON (A)** gets an airing in selected London ABCs, as does the hard talking **SLAP SHOT (X)** and **DEMON SEED (AA)**, the **Donald Cammell** — **Julie Christie** vehicle concerning the love between woman and computer. We'll give a readout soonest

Rank have a particularly intriguing double-header: **MARCH OR DIE (A)** with **Gene Hackman** and the under-rated **Kipling** saga, **THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING (A)**, starring **Sean Connery**

and **Michael Caine**. Foreign legion and British imperialism.

Cambridge and Southampton can look forward to the **De Niro** — **Scorsese** classic **MEAN STREETS (X)**, while **Oxford** can sample the delights of **CLOCKWORK NYPHO (X)**.

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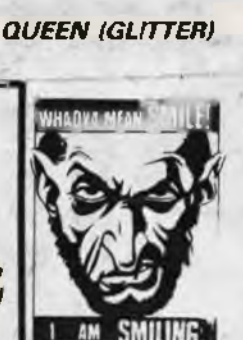


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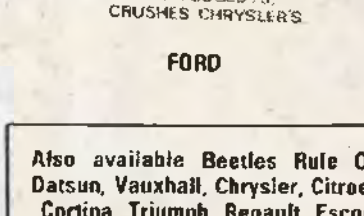
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CAREER OPPORTUNITIES

Want to form or join a band — meet the boy/girl in the next street who sings or plays guitar, drums or whatever and wants to meet you? Then place your ads **FREE** in NME. To take advantage of this limited period free offer all you gotta do is fill in the coupon below as indicated and send it too us NOW!

LONDON & SE MUSICIANS WANTED

NEW WAVE Screamer needs energetic New Wave Band. No mucking about! Now phone 0273 779873 Thurs. Fri 6 pm — 8 pm.

GUITARIST WANTED to get bang going, gigs waiting New Wave/Erit. Way. 38 3540 after 7. John.

MUSICIANS, VOCALISTS wanted to complete line-up of jazz funk (heavy metal) group playing original material. Phone Colin, Littlehampton 7272.

BASS/VOCALS needed for Rock R'n'B. Must have transport experience. Gigs soon. No punks. Musical versatility preferred. Phone John 01-727 7451.

AN ORIGINAL London based band require bassist/drummer lead vocalist prepared to rehearse. Phone Steve 96 23821 or Reg 01 647 5114.

DRUMMER WANTED. New R&B: own material. Not Hippy. Not Punk, just rubbish, could be good though. Harlesden Area. 01 961 2235 Now!

AMBITIOUS hard-working bass, lead, keyboards (W.H.V.) for R&B, R&B, Morrison, Parker, Costello. Rehearse now, fame later. John. 0634 (Medway) 252237.

FUNKY TENOR Sax wanted for semi-pro Funky Band. Must read, preferable sing also. Dominic 01 789 1089.

DRUMMER/BASS wanted for new wave band with idea to gigging in near future. Ring Martin on 01 736 0837.

DRUMMER, KEYBOARDS for band with original material. Will gig in London area. Are you willing to work? Phone (0323) 25626.

YOUNG DRUMMER wanted for new wave band. Energy more than ability. 607 7796.

FRANK DODSON requires a pianist familiar with musical show and ballad music. Must read well. Please phone 408 1611 office hours.

ACE BASSIST most urgently required by Panther. Good gear, talent, enthusiasm and reliability essential. Phone 01 989 6003 immediately.

DRUMMER. The one, young, passionate, political, tight and hard as Simon Kirke was. 100% original newer wave. Viv: 027582 3377.

NEW DIRECTION? Musicians wanted to join saxophone-guitarist in new wave. — Roxy line-up. Locals preferred. Phone after 5.30 Sevenoaks 50542.

SUMMER BUTTERFLY seeks pianist / organist / guitarist / drummer / backing singers for original songs rehearse / work. Write Summer Butterfly, 9-11 Kensington High Street, London W8.

DRUMMER WANTED 407 Latimer Road, London W10.

TECHNICAL COLLEGE based three piece band require keyboard and vocalist to expand their music. Phone Canterbury 710261, ask for Marcus.

BASSIST/DRUMMER needed for record company band. 17-21 image, ambition and equipment essential. No buffoons. Phone Noggin 12 — 5 p.m. at 439 7011.

LEAD GUITARIST, acoustic / electric, wishes to form / join versatile, progressive rock band with exp. musicians. Wayne 459 2549 eves. weekends.

DRUMMER WANTED urgently for high energy punk band — Eric 647 8564 after 6.00 p.m.

BASSIST AND DRUMMER wanted for high energy band in Medway area. Ask for Pete on Medway 571584.

ORGANIST WANTED, band seeking club work, etc. New/old pop, rock, standards. Enjoy yourself, earn money even? Brian 01-530-3464 (Woodford).

AMATEUR MUSICIANS all instruments, with a view to forming band please phone. Surgh Heath 50634 between 6 & 9 p.m.

BASSIST WANTED to join lead drums rhythm and synthesizer into original music. Also flute or sax players wanted. Phone Mike 68319 (Guildford).

PUNK — NEW WAVE bassist and drummer wanted. Phone 01-940-3838, ask to speak to Paul.

PHONE STEVE B. of Purley on 01-660-5034 in November evenings only if you sing or play guitar. New Rock Band forming.

JOHN BONHAM or any good drummer wanted by well rehearsed band. Ring Jim 01-272-5873, or John, Hornchurch 54515.

VOCALISTS WANTED

ROCK VOCALIST and bassist required for band based in university. Playing danceable rock. Contact: Andy Revell, Whiteknights Hall, Reading University.

VOCALIST WANTED, preferably male, for newly formed rock band. Phone Tony, evenings only, 959 4631. Under 20 only.

EXPERIENCED VOCALIST required for Country / Folk Band. Own gear preferable. Phone Mr. Barnes, Purfleet 7504.

LEAD VOCALIST required, semi-pro Rock Band. Own transport essential. Phone 529 8432.

EXP. VOCALIST seeks funky working band East London, Essex area. Have own P.A. 518 0292 after 5 p.m.

NEW WAVE WORK WANTED

GUITARIST SEEKS to join / form punk band, Camden Belsize area. Have job with days off. Jim, 67 Primrose Gardens, 722 2543.

CONGA PLAYER wishes to join band. Phone John 699 0681.

BASS GUITARIST seeks rock band. Preferably new wave. Own gear. Haywards Heath, Brighton area. Phone Burgess Hill 3519.

DRUMMER all styles young pro. Transport. Seeks gigs, depts. Mel: 370 1533.

PRIMITIVE GUITARIST wants to join band. Send phone no to John, 190 Whitehorse Lane, London, SE25.

TOP GUITARIST needs (punk) band. Has a good voice too. Contact Chris Turk, 46 Enmore Road, S. Norwood. 01-654-5336.

VIOLIN PLAYER — some band experience, wants more. Phone Sue during office hours 01-837-1234 Ext. 7251.

JAZZ / ROCK / Latin-Jazz, keyboards. Searching empathetic, serious, competent musician. Weather-Report / Santana influenced, to form / join band. Ring: 01-794 5552 anytime.

KEYBOARD PLAYER piano / organ, reads fluently, improvises, requires solo entertainment post or with vocalist — drummer. Prefers night spot. 01-937-8503 evenings.

GUITARIST WHO writes words wants to play. Electric, acoustic, blues, rock, folk, anything 'cept posing. Tony: 748-2539.

DRUMMER PRO back from three months U.S.A., seeks regular work or residency. All styles pop, jazz, Latin, cabaret. Reader: 01-693 4530.

VIOLINIST NEEDS band. New wave rock, punk, anything considered. Tel. 348 9602 after 7.30.

GIRL VIOLINIST / Lyricist seeks work with band into Iggy, Ramones, Doors, N.Y. Dolls. No previous experience / plenty of grit, determination, energy. Lynne 01-599 6083.

STOOGES TYPE band req. by Debauch vocalist. Own equip., material and raw power essential. Call Nik 01-300 3681 (Sidcup area).

LEAD GUITARIST 17, wishes to join any type of band. Can play anything from punk to Django. Tel. Luton 67314.

EW WAVE/R&B Outstanding vocalist/Harp with looks, gear. Write stating aims. Andy, 3 Fieldgate Mansions, Myrtle Street, London E1.

GUITARIST, SINGER, writer seeks modern band. Phone 01 727 4984. Steve Room 13, evenings.

VERY PRETTY, extremely competent vocalist. Luvs Ramones, Pistols. Prolific writer. Only lives to sing. Jan Peckinpah, 124 Blythe Road, Hammersmith W14.

AMAZING BASS player already working seeks supplementary work to make ends meet. Also double guitars, violin, vocals. 040 23 70031.

LUES GUITARIST and rocker wants good band, new or old. 01 368 4402. Mick.

GUITARIST IN Dartford, Gravesend area wants work. Please phone during evenings, ask for Glenn, Dartford 29540.

IANIST WITH own synthesizer and electric piano seeks other enthusiasts with view to form keyboard group. London, Essex. Ray, 01-530 4766.

SOUTH W. MUSICIANS WANTED

BASSIST WITH amazing original material wants guitarist and drummer to form band Portsmouth area. 83 Laburnum Road, Waterlooville, Hants.

UNDERGROWTH / MARIONETTE Disguise require raunchy rock keyboards. into good heavy sounds. Who. Led Zeppelin and Me. Michael Ellis. Ring 676505.

DRUMMER WANTED. Anyone who can get to Clevedon for practice and owns a drum kit. No B.O.F.s. 0272 872202.

EW WAVE fanatic. Plays keyboards wishes to meet guitarist/bassist/drummer. View forming band. Phone Toby Twyford (Hampshire) 712562.

TALENTED PUNK guitarist wanted must be able to write songs. Gear not essential at the present. Ring Salisbury. (0722) 20130.

STAR RATS needs Eno type synth player for tour in Ireland in December. Phone Zig Slough 20308. Thanx.

VOCALIST, BASSIST required to join Aldershot progressive rock group. Must have own gear and transport for rehearsals. Phone Aldershot 23418.

FEMALE LEAD guitarist wanted to join Kilt aged 15-18 more information Betty, 107 Devereaux Crescent, Ebley, Stroud, Glos.

AMATEUR BASSIST

would like to hear from a guitarist living in St. Ives Cornwall area to Jam with St. Ives 5821 evenings.

CHIPPENHAM BAND require vocalist and guitarist original rock and ballads. Must have own equipment. Tel. No. 50989 (Chippenhams). Ask for John. Evenings only.

WORK WANTED

GUITARIST WITH headache about not being in band wishes to meet similar sufferers. Geoff, 11 Crusader Rd., Hedge End, Southampton.

COMPETENT ACOUSTIC guitarist into contemporary folk acoustic soul seeks local working professional band. Mitch Norman, Star Cottage, Morcome Lake, Bridport, Dorset.

INTERESTING GUITARIST with plenty of own material seeks work with good, dedicated Plymouth area based band. Whether forming or gigging. Nik Bardon, Stable Flat, Roberough House, Roberough, Plymouth, Devon.

GOOD GUITARIST needs local work into modern music rehearsals any work within male or female band considered: Bournemouth 33435.

LEAD/RHYTHM guitarist wants work with band or group. Residency or gigs. Own gear and transport. Experienced. Ring Bideford 77425.

ATH VOCALIST/writer/rhythm guitarist seeks funky band/musicians in Avon area: Contact Pete, Wells 72243 or 72913. Leave message.

MIDLANDS MUSICIANS WANTED

KEYBOARDS PLAYER now! Rhodes Wurflitzer pref. Excellent rock band, into 10cc production. Harmonies, dedication, recording now, gigs soon. — GEE 0602 602251.

EW WAVE group, original material, want drummer. Must be good and have kit — Telephone Tony, Shirebrook 2169 after 5.30 pm.

IF YOU can play, contact me. If you need guitarist, singer, writer. No experience necessary. — 21 Terrace Road, Mansfield, Notts.

LUES FREAKS amateurs wanted for a laugh initially. Any gear fine to start. — Happy, 118 Wolverley Court, Woodside, Telford, Salop.

GUITAR, BASS drums wanted for punk band. — Leicester area, no trash. — Leicester 412138.

ROCK DRUMMER and bass guitarist wanted for promising band. Into Quo, Sabbath, Purple, Rainbow, Rush, etc. Good rehearsal facilities. — Andy and Len (0777) 702780.

FEMALE GUITARIST wanted, for all girl punk band. No experience necessary, only a strong personality. Worcester based, tutor is available. — Playtex, 11 Broadmeadow, Chawson Estate, Dronowich, Worcs.

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD punk vocalist wants young male or female musicians to form band. — 'Arfur Minnit', 34 Talby Avenue, Leicester.

YOUNG EX PRO vocalists seek new wave band or musicians to form band. — Terri, 021 236 3422 (days).

WANTED: RHYTHM/LEAD guitarists and drummer to form 60s type group. Must have transport and good gear. — Telephone Claverdon 2974.

ASS RHYTHM drums must have organist or lead player to augment line up, ability to sing necessary. — Telephone Macclesfield 28650.

EARNER MUSICIANS. Join guitarist. Practise / form band. Likes various old / new parts — J Ashmore, 75 Heather Road, Binley Woods, Coventry.

IANIST/GUITARIST for funky band. Good gear essential. Work waiting. — Telephone 021 256 1594 day, 472 8218 evenings.

COMPETENT ACOUSTIC guitarist would like to meet similar, into all kinds of composition. — Telephone Wolverhampton 57501.

DRUMMER WANTED to form strong commercial band in Birmingham area (Doobies, Eagles, funk style) — Dave, 021-748 4272.

VOCALIST LOOKING for band style of Free, Frankie Miller, Graham Parker. — 52 Ebers Road, Nottingham.

ROCK'N'ROLL drummer and sax wanted. No punks. No burks. Aged 18 to 23 Pro potential. Potteries area. — Cheshire, Staffs 2214.

IALE SINGER wishes to make a duo with female of same age group 16 to 20 for singing in clubs. — Mr P Merritt, 27 Green Meadows, Westthoughton, Lancs.

THREE PIECE rock outfit need lead vocalist. Own equipment essential. No shirkers, work waiting. — Telephone Maryn, Workop 4250 after 6.00 pm.

R/N/R/ROCKABILLY piano-sax-back up vocals (harmony) and all interested musicians for expanding group. — Nottingham 213663 after 7 pm.

PUNK GUITARIST/vocalist/drummer with own gear, wanted to form new band — contact Pete Lewis, V1 27, Lenton Hall, Nottingham University.

VOCALISTS WANTED

EXPERIENCED MIDLAND rock band require dynamic vocalist. Work waiting for successful applicant. Desirable but not essential — Burton-on-Trent 214723.

VOCALISTS PHONE Congleton 4196 after 6 pm for the chance to join a working band. Experience, transport help, though not essential.

ACCESFIELD BASED group require lead singer, work readily available, own transport fairly necessary. — Telephone Des after 6 pm, Macclesfield 21480.

VOCALIST LYRICIST wanted for Nottingham based rock band playing original material. — Telephone Rob, Radcliffe-on-Trent 3129.

VOCALIST WANTED for new heavy band, Nottingham area, must have own gear and transport. — Telephone Langley Mill 4182.

WORK WANTED

SINGER TEN year's experience wants working group. — Peter Molloy, 61 Stephens Road, Sutton Coldfield, W Midlands.

VOCALIST WANTS work with rock band. — Mr P Griffiths, 97 Burford, Brookside, Telford, Salop.

ASSIST SEEKS band, Yes and Zep influence. — Write Laurie, 10 Lime Tree Road, Yew Tree Estate, Walsall, Staffs.

FEMALE AMATEUR vocalist requires work, preferably country / rock. Derbys, Notts area — Telephone Pat, Ilkeston 328986.

LEAN SIMON requires punk group. Very aggressive and mean voice. Spits a lot, Ring Leicester 705210. Totally illiterate. Convicted twice.

E. ANGLIA MUSICIANS WANTED

CLASSICAL ROCK-Renaissance etc. (not copying), wanted. Keyboards, guitarist, drummer, female vocalist. Mike, 49 Peyton Avenue, March, Cambs. March 55465.

GREAT YARMOUTH. Killerhertz need ambitious bass player with equipment. Punks only. 125 North Denes Road, Gt. Yarmouth, Norfolk.

FEMALE BASSIST into punk rock. Seeks others to form new wave group. Contact Melanie Rawunson, 95 Walpole Road, Great Yarmouth.

EW BAND wants bass, drums, keyboards no geniuses. Tel: Norwich 23529 ask for Phil or Steve, if out, keep trying!

JUNK DRUMMER and bassist wanted. Own equipment. For gigging. Ring Luton 606618.

LEAD, RHYTHM, keyboard, vocals to join amateur bass, drums from December. Transport an asset, age about 18. Lone players welcome. 11a Barton Road, Ely, Cambs.

EW WAVE band need bass player must have own equipment. Tel: 57019 or 125 North Denes Road, Gt. Yarmouth 54102.

VOCALISTS WANTED

KILLERHURTZ need punk singer. Must have some amplification. 125 North Denes Road, Great Yarmouth.

CLASSICAL ROCK-Renaissance etc. (not copying). Female vocalist wanted start forming band. Mike, 49 Peyton Avenue, March, Cambs, March 55465.

HUSH! HUSH! vocalist desperately needed for rock-pop group, work available, own gear, keen, no time wasters. Phone Wisbech 3097.

WORK WANTED

BASS/ACOUSTIC some vocals seeks band Ipswich area. Prefer country, rock, but anything considered. Own gear, transport. Phone Coddensham 357.

NORTH MUSICIANS WANTED

EX NAME synthesizer guitarist seeks high levelled musicians in Hertfordshire Radlett (779) 4530.

GUITARIST AND drummer wish to join or form band in Leyland, Chorley and Preston area. Phone Andrew — Leyland 31044.

A1 YOUNG drummer required for young band in Wirral. Influences from progressive to punk. Phone Steve 051 648 2387 after 5pm.

LEAD AND bass wanted to form punk rock band. Experience not essential. Apply 72 Pallister Avenue, Brambles Farm, Middlesbrough, Cleveland.

EW WAVE lead guitarist needed for band forming in Merseyside area. 051 639 2624 or 051 638 8923.

SHEFFIELD PUNK

drummer and lead guitarist needed, no talent necessary to join pathetic bass player and vocalist. Phone Tony 667456.

LEAD GUITARIST (female) beginner seeks rhythm guitarist. Tel: 6-7 pm., Monday to Wednesday. Humberstone, Hull 888292 ask for Sue.

GUITARIST PROFICIENT all styles seeks band Manchester area would prefer summat really hip, reggae, no wave even headbanger blues. McGowan, 20 Carmel Close, Sunny Bank, Bury, Lancs. BL9 8JA.

VOCALIST/LYRICIST wants in with good new wave band with forthcoming gigs. John Stamp 17, Lark Lane, Ripon, N. Yorkshire.

ACOUSTIC GUITAR with vocals interested in forming duo. Dylan style, modern folk, etc. Tel: Peter after 6 pm. Newcastle / Tyne 38786.

ASSIST/DRUMMER wanted for rock band starting off. Writing our own material. Must have good gear, new ideas welcome. 051-546 1744.

ORTH EAST all girl rock band into Bowie / new wave (already gigging) seek, good, determined female lead / rhythm guitarist. Tel: Shiril 29502.

VOCALIST WITH PA if possible and bass player wanted for talented new wave RnB type band. Drummer, bass ream considered. 20 Gilbert Avenue, Walton, Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

UNK BAND, established locally, urgently seek new guitarist. Phone Nick (Razors) Stoyale at Birtley 402361, extension 104, weekdays before 5 pm.

MANCHESTER: DRUMMER and lead guitarist needed. For band with original material. Velvets type sound. For details phone Steve: 061-904-0224.

NORTH MANCHESTER based group forming soon require good, equipped bassist 15-17 new wave — heavy influences, good music. Ring Kev. 205-5179.

AMATEUR BAND forming need drummer, bass vocalist. Enthusiasm more important than ability. Into Stones, Faces etc. — Phone Brian Sheffield 662537.

NEW WAVE bass / vocals / great songs, is forming Flamin' Groovies / Jam influenced band. Experienced semi-pro. Kevin, Darwen 772029, evenings only.

BANK ROBBERS Rock Band want lead guitarist and keyboards. Some experience preferred, enthusiasm essential. Phone York 798005.

FEMALE VOCALIST seeks male bassist and guitarist. Ring Savage Sioux after 6 p.m. 061 790 6509. Willing to travel.

KEYBOARD PLAYER required for original rock band. Ring Mike for details between 5pm — 7pm 061 436 4365.

LEAD / BASS guitarists wanted, preferably local, to eventually turn professional. Mrs. Spence, 202 Wilson Terrace, Spittal, Berwick on Tweed.

SONGWRITER REQUIRES group for Demo Recording. Group will be paid on royalties percentage basis. Phone evenings 061 301 1795. Mike

VOCALISTS WANTED

ROCK VOCALIST required for band in Cleveland. Must have own gear. Telephone Redcar 76995. Previous applicants need not apply again.

YOUNG ROCK group seeks vocalist into heavy metal. Experience unnecessary. Must be prepared to buy gear. Phone Frodsham 33651 Dave

VOCALIST WANTED for rock band, club, experience, 18-20 to play within weeks must live local. Contact Stylus Castleford (W Yorks) 557241.

RECENTLY FORMED group require vocalist, aged 15-16, preferably also guitarist, but not essential. North Manchester area. Contact Alan, Phone 682 6636.

WORK WANTED

YOUNG (21) bass and lead guitarist keen to join or form good tight band. 24 Talbot Terrace, Headingley, Leeds 6.

DRUMMER WISHES to join local rock or soul band. Phone Wigan 45181 after 5 pm, ask for John.

EW WAVE/PUNK front man / vocalist available previous band experience. Leicester area. Contact Tony: Leicester (0533) 712034.

GUY WANTS to join band. As singer, punk, soul. Good looking actor. Will sing for experience. Living in the capital Liverpool P. Bannan, 051-207 2885 0638.

RHYTHM GUITARIST wants to join/form band. New wave rock. Equipment, no transport. Glyn, 536 Woodville Hall, Broomhall

JAGGER from page 8

The Stranglers! They're hideous, rubbishy... bloody stupid!

"Ugh, the New York Dolls! What a load of rubbish! Iggy's alright. I saw 'im with David Bowie on that last tour — the band was pretty rosey, I thought. 'Ere, but listen, I know who started all that! Lou Reed. Lou Reed started everything about that style of music, the whole sound and the way you play it. I mean, even we've been influenced by the Velvet Underground."

Aw, come on, Mick! This is starting to push the bounds of reasonable credibility now.

"No, really. I'll tell you exactly what we pinched from him too. Y'know 'Stray Cat Blues'? The whole sound and the way it's paced, we pinched from the very first Velvet Underground album. Y'know, the sound on 'Heroin'. Honest to God, we did!"

Alright, alright, I believe you (thousands wouldn't, mark you).

"Course" — he continues, unabated — "the whole thing doesn't really mean a light in the States, mind you. All these new bands think it's all going to drop into their laps and it isn't, certainly not as simple as they reckon anyway. None of 'em have even done any groundwork there yet, haven't even checked out even tentative strategic ways of gaining an audience there yet. By that, I'm not saying that they're not capable of playing big halls and stadiums. Fuck that! Virtually none of 'em have even got round to starting at The Bottom Line! They can't even get around to that. Maybe The Sex Pistols think they can ignore that route or something, I don't know. They gotta do that, though. No-one's going to bother with you otherwise."

By stating the aforementioned, Jagger somehow appears not to have fully sussed out how the punk thing happened to catch on in our native Isle — though he may still have a point. After all, I mutter, the States is still besotted with identikit bands like Aerosmith, who are just a poor copy of you.

"Oh Gawd, Aerosmith! They're just rubbish — absolute bullshit. The singer (Steve Tyler) is quite a nice guy, mind you. He's almost too bloody sweet. He's very kind to me, anyway (Smirk). Yeah, you know what I mean. He's such a little sweetheart, really — what can you do with him? Punch 'im in the mouth? 'Ere, what are you playin' at, fuckin' impersonatin' me?" — Slam! (Laughs).

Somehow, this comparatively ludicrous topic draws me to try for a shot at the human being behind the grand facade. I ask why on earth someone like Jagger feels inclined to actually socialize with someone who is nothing more than a pretty arch imitator? Surely it displays a pretty hefty narcissism quotient at work?

"Nah, not really. I just enjoy

changing personalities."

Really?

"Yeah, honestly! I feel I've got to be very... uh... chameleon-like just to preserve my own identity. You have to do it sometimes..."

But doesn't it reach a point where you lose contact with yourself?

"Hmm, maybe that's true, but I don't feel threatened by that possible eventuality. I don't want to have just one front. I feel like I need at least two just to carry on doing what I'm doing comfortably. It's acting, sure it is... that's what it obviously comes down to. It just gives me the facility to do practically anything I want, see, and even then the most drastic changes of personality don't really affect me 'cos I never feel the need to do 'em that often. It's all part of being a rock'n'roll star, after all."

Then who do you actually feel the most comfortable with?

"Uh... rock guitarists! (Laughs) No, it's true, though. Keith, Woody... Jimmy Page."

So it's still a strong camaraderie thing for you, having Keith in the band.

"God, for more than that as well. I couldn't make a total Rolling Stones album without him. I could make another kind of album, of course..."

So how necessary is Keith to you?

"Now that sounds like an awfully vicious question in the full context of this current predicament."

It's not meant to be. It's very interesting, after all.

A pause ensues.

"I've learned a lot from Keith, y'know," remarks Jagger, displaying something approximating real concern. "I mean, actually I could go into the studio and make a Rolling Stones-type album... not archetypal Stones music perhaps, but then who needs that all the time? But then again, I've always said that Keith could go in by himself and make a great studio album. I believe he could too. But that's not the point..."

Then what is the point?

"The point is that it's easier having someone else alongside you in the driver's seat taking care of his side of the scheme while you take care of your part. And of course there's that chemistry thing there too..."

say that Jagger disputes this statement is to somehow minimise the grievousness of the charge.

"Now this is all total fantasy. Just complete and utter fantasy. I never read it — but oh dear — no, it's not true at all. I don't even know where the 'Sex' shop is... hold on, I vaguely recall where 'Let It Rock' used to be. But there's a lot of clothes shops in the Kings Road, dear, and I've seen 'em all come and go. Nobody ever slams the door on

me in the Kings Road.

"They all know I'm the only one who's got any money to spend on their crappy clothes. (Pause and then in a venomous whisper.) Though even I would draw the line on spending money on torn t-shirts!"

Further thoughts on the "new wave" then, Mr J? Have you even seen many of the bands?

"Yeah, 'course I have

(Pause). Quite a lot of 'em anyway. I've forgotten their names. There's a lot I haven't seen either. I mean, you can't expect me to see them all now, can you?"

Ah, but you sound so blasé?

"Well to tell the truth... I mean, I've never really liked what goes for white rock 'n' roll, y'know. Never ever, come to that. Speaking as one white person to another (Smirk)... no, I just can't dance to it. I find it very, very difficult to dance to white people playing 'cos they get all the... uh, accents wrong. It's not even that it's too fast, it's just that all the 'accents' are in the wrong places, y'know. I mean, I've really always felt like that about white rock — from Elvis to The Sex Pistols — and I'm not going to stop thinking that way because of any new band, y'know (Pause). I do like that album very much by The Motors, though. So does Keith, even though he's stopped Anita (Pallenberg) going out to see punk bands (Laughs). I've got to talk to him about that. I mean, it's disgusting ordering your old lady around like that in this day and age."

"Nah, but this whole new wave thing, I remember when you used to be telling me about 'em, those new bands..."

Really? It seems to recall once referring to the merits of Iggy Pop and the New York Dolls — y'know, the originals.

OKAY, OKAY, so where exactly does Ronnie Wood fit into that scheme right now? I mean, he's in a pretty strange — though potentially very strong — position.

"Yeah, right... he's in an aeroplane right now."

That signals the end of that little dialogue. Perhaps it was getting distasteful or too close to some dangerous truth. Or it might just have lost all interest for Jagger. Instead — unaided and unprompted — he starts verbally accosting The Stranglers for some unknown reason.

"Don't you think The Stranglers are the worst thing you've ever fuckin' heard? Christ, I do. They're hideous, rubbishy... so bloody stupid fuckin' nauseatin', they are."

The next moment, he innocently asks:

"Is Roy Orbison dead? Hard to tell these days, isn't it? Pop stars — they're dropping like flies. Droppin' all over the place, mate! I was in Turkey when Elvis choked, by the way. They started playing all his records one after the other and eventually I sussed the logical thing — he's snuffed it."

IAN DURY from p 24

"an actor... a performer."

"If Jean-Luc Godard's reading this," he says suddenly, thinking out loud, "I'll rescue him — get him outta the throes of Vietnam or wherever it is he's still bogged down!"

He said that primarily he's a man of letters.

"Anything I write has got to be real. The second most important thing is the music and thirdly, what it all means!"

"I've already got some new songs prepared for the next album. This is my life's work so I'm always looking to the future."

As for his penchant for explicit sexuality on the carnal "Wake Up And Make Love With Me" and the slapstick

"Billerica Dickie", he explains. "I try to make such songs funny not chauvy... just sexy and it's difficult to be just that."

"Also, I never specify who is what... I wanna make it work both ways so that everyone can get a piece of the action!" He winks, "including the inbetweens", he winks again, "especially the inbetweens. We're all inbetweens in our own way!"

Though Dury feels the take-the-money-and-run attitude adopted by many new groups is preferable to not going for anything, he regards his own career as a long-term investment.

"As far as I'm concerned, getting-off and still being able to do whatever it is I'm doing when I'm 80, and without compromising myself, is what I've always strived for."

FRED GIVES him the nod; his band is tuned and ready to rehearse.

"For the time being," croaks Dury, as he lopes towards the stage, "I've gotta get on with the business of getting back out there on the road."

Snapping his leg-iron into gear, he says mid-stride, "Must keep in shape!"

I stand at the back of the hall with the rest of Stiff's roadsters and observe Dury lurch into "Sex and Drugs and Rock and Roll". Even in such a cold atmosphere, his dramatic flair, his sheer charisma, permeates the auditorium as people stop talking and setting up equipment to watch.

Loping across the stage between his two guitarists, his delicate frame hunched over, his appearance is a hybrid of Gene Vincent at his most tortured and a discarded rag doll being dangled from a string.

It's quite obvious from Dury's movements that all those evenings that Johnny Rotten spent propping up the bar at innumerable Kilburns' gigs weren't wasted on him.

Whether they admit it or not, a lot of people have learnt a lot from Ian Dury, and somehow I don't think that his only lasting claim to fame will be as the first person to wear a safety pin as an earring.

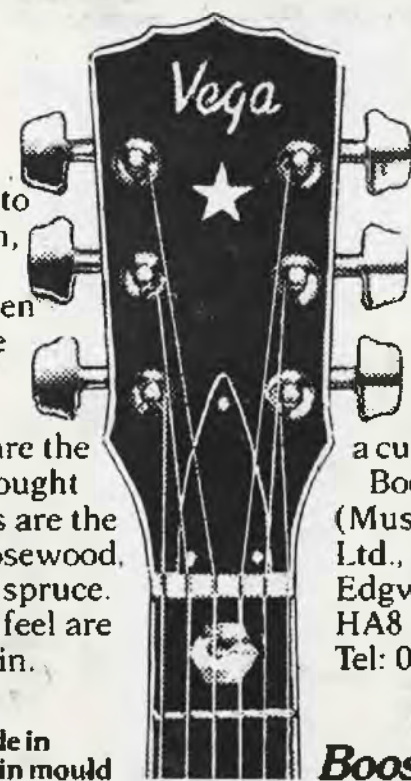
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FUNNY, I always thought rock 'n' roll was for people who like it — music for kids of all types to get together and cast away all their frustrations and inhibitions, united by a common love of hard, gutsy, earthy music. But after reading Julie Burchill's review of The Outsiders' album, I guess I've been wrong all down the line: it's only for her and a few of her elitist friends down the Roxy and the Vortex.

The impression I get is that Adrian and his group, and others like them, should not be allowed to play, record or otherwise project the music they love, because it doesn't belong to them; all this, in spite of the fact that Adrian has been playing this type of music for over three years, has been into Iggy and Lou for even longer, and absolutely loves the music (and don't argue, Julie, I know him better than you — check your facts next time).

But, of course, all that doesn't matter, because he happened to be born into the middle — rather than the working-classes, and had a grammar school education — so, as I said, he is not entitled to play the music he wants to.

For Christ's sake, Ms Burchill, grow up! It's not just your music. It's everyone's bloody music. Yeah, it even belongs to me, although I'm a middle-class student; it's my bloody life!

* The Outsiders play rock music — what do you do? Sit there at the typewriter thinking that you're the centre of the universe? But it's not just your childish "rich daddy" attitude that annoys me: it's the implications that worry me: the view that certain people shouldn't be allowed to play what they want to play because of their upbringing and background. And you hate The National Front because they're discriminating bigots!

The Outsiders are not "rich bitches hooking their claws into our cause" (what fucking cause?), nor do they "need to think about breathing"; they're just a perfectly normal bunch of guys who play music because they love it. All right, so maybe the album wasn't staggeringly good, and the lyrics were naive, but that's not important for the time being. What is important is that you realise that there are plenty of people in the world who have the right to play and enjoy rock 'n' roll apart from you and your little clique.

And while you're about it, why not take a long, hard look at yourself? What's your contribution to the New Wave scene?

RICK, Exeter.

SO J. BURCHILL's fed up with "well-bred little students toying with her music". Wot a laugh! When she's supporting the left wing bottle throwers, she doesn't mention how most of them are "well-bred little students" supporting the "working class".

ROB, Wolverhampton.

Yes, I've always been a little puzzled about the Kinderbunker's antipathy toward the students, who used to be such a lively lot, though now I believe the campuses (campi?) have quietened down some. As to your point about the outsiders, I comply, agree, capitulate, though JB "doesn't recognise the bag". It's nice when things are a private party — if you're let in — but let's not forget this business is about mass communication. Hopefully. — N.S.

I LOST IN my NME. I was shocked back to reality by the sound of Paul Burnett on Radio Bun. I would like to start a "Hate Paul Burnett Club" after hearing his ridiculous remarks, the worst of which came after playing "2-4-6-8 Motorway" by the Tom Robinson Band, when he said, "This is not exactly New Wave — more like Blow Wave, what you might call Pink Rock."

Is the man a fool? (I've always thought so — N.S.) Does he not realise the effect of remarks like this upon homosexuals and the consciousness of non-homosexuals?

**Letters Edited
by NEIL
SPENCER**



Illustration by the immortal LOWRY from his forthcoming Art Gallery Exhibition, 'Great Gasbag Graphics of The Modern Era.'

Such comments we might expect from the back seat of the late night bus — not from a national broadcaster. But what can be done about this idiot?

Any ideas?

BÖRI (Name and Address supplied).

We always knew Paul Burnett sucked — N.S.

McNEILL AND Bangs have written a magic article on HM in the '70's Consumer Guide. It not only points out to younger readers the true HM kings — Grand Funk Railroad and Sabbath — but also makes quite clear the fact that Kiss, Aerosmith, etc. are sheer crap. A good background and explanation for HM are also given. It was a fine piece of rock Journalism.

DAVE, Packington, Leics.

DUNNO ABOUT Elvis C being Day; but who'd have thought that our angry young four-eyes was an original Sex Pistol? (See September Zigzag's punk family tree).

But then, he is a Stiff Artist.

FERMIT THE KOG, Berkley Square (Home Of The Hots).

Yes, but Nick Kent — who knows about such things and is even in the Zigzag family tree himself — says that Elvis, who's called "Wally" in the chart was definitely not in the Pistols at any time. So there. And we at NME still say Elvis is Day. — N.S.

SMART-ASS one-liner of week (Reggae division) — Jah stitch in time saves Ninety.

NOTT A FABULOUS POODLE ESQ.

Obscure, but a thigh thumper for those in the know. It almost had me in — wait for it — stitches — N.S.

FOR ONCE, no Smart-Ass-One-Liner, no long critique of the music world as it is today, just a simple tribute from an old fart (22) to Marc Bolan who would have been 30 on September 30th. During my teens, songs like "Ride A White Swan", "Hot Love" and "Get It On" meant one hell of a lot.

Congratulations to Paul Morley for his superb fan's tribute, ending with the words "What a way to go! Heaven's hot at the moment!" Chicked maybe, but true — stars may die, but live on through our happy memories.

JOHN WHITLEY, Tooting.

AN OPEN letter to John Lennon and the Pirates!

Dear Gentlemen, why not form a

sort of Dylan/Band alliance? I am sure that this type of arrangement would prove to be advantageous to all concerned.

Thank you.

A FART IN A BOTTLE (pronounced Smythe), The Phantom Zone

You're welcome. — N.S.

IT'S TAKEN me a long time to pluck up courage to write this, but it must be said, I confess that to my everlasting shame I fell asleep during a Sex Pistols gig at the Lyceum.

I hope the statute of limitations on this crime has run out.

THE HUH OK?

Zzzzzz — Ed.

WHY WAS there no report about the goings-on at Manchester's Electric Circus last Saturday and Sunday in this week's NME?

Could this be because Paul Morley's report wasn't quite ready? Or because he didn't know what happened Saturday (when I was there). If we do get a report I'm sure he would have to ask someone what the second part of the show was like: the last I saw of him after he had been bugging about with a guitar on the stage was when he was leading a nice young lady (with just a shirt, stockings and shoes on) by the left buttock somewhere into the back.

I enjoyed myself thoroughly that Saturday night as probably Paul did (snigger) pogoing to The Drones, The Panik, The Slugs (which were quite good, barman!). The Negatives, and V2. The only thing that was shit was that crap reggae band, Steel Pulse.

I hope our hero gets a report to you somehow. Yours Gobblingly, I.M.A. PUNK (anonymous new waver), Manchester.

It's a mans life on the NME. Paul has filed his review, but space prevents its inclusion of his report this week. He does say that Steel Pulse were the best band of the night though. Gob elsewhere (a filthy habit). — N.S.

I KNEW Nick Headon, drummer of the Clash, at school, where he was a hippy and I was a skin — does that mean I'm now a ted?

IDEN T. T. CRISIS, Dover.

No, but I got a dark brown overcoat (obscure non sequitur of the week) — N.S.

IS R. G. Brickmaster, R. G. Brickmaster's real name? or (BOY) M. I. GULLIBLE, London.

No, it's a well known rock writer's tax dodge. Next. — N.S.

REMEMBER the Titanic — one smart-assed liner that did go down well.

ARTHUR, Norwich.

I thought that was Linda Lovelace. — N.S.

D'YOU selfish bastards ever realise that there's folk who'd like to see in print a few words about the greatest musical star ever to cast a shadow on the face of the earth, namely: BEETHOVEN.

DAVY (BEEB 2)

SMITHJONESBROWN, Dumbarton, Scotland

JUST TO round off Al Clark's admirable list of overworked rock journalists in Thrills "Cliche City", I think it's about time the blue pencil was used on any further repetition of the hideous "shot through" and the altogether meaningless all purpose "terminal".

It's frightening to note the proliferation of adjectives that are only ever used in rock reviews. BESERKLEY RECORDS, The Home Of The Hits, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.

Frightening? Not at all. In fact, a positive relief. We like adjectives. We're also fond of nouns, verbs, adverbs, and even the odd dangling participle. Actually we're in love with The Modern World. We agree about "terminal". In fact it's shot through with a total vibe of lacklustre city, what? And while we're on the subject of vocabulary... — N.S.

WHAT'S THE point in getting annoyed at journalists? They're either expressing their honest opinions on what will sell, right? Each to his own.

But moralising stuff calls out a moral reaction and I must say I find Tony Parsons more objectionable in his po-faced condescension every week. He seems to have discovered a fascination for definitions and class analysis lately and in particular flings around the word lumpenprole a lot. Now granted he and I might not be taking the word exactly the same, but it does seem to imply some sort of mass of ill-educated and culturally undernourished plebs who buy mass-product. Cutting. Scathing.

Unsympathetic, considering that the vast majority of these lumpenproles are the very people whose cause Mr Parsons appeared to be championing when he wrote emotionally of "the obscenity of having your entire life decided by something as random as birth". Okay, so if you're a student or a bank clerk or something you "stink of

middle-class blandness". If you're rich you're right out anyway. If you're working-class tower-block and wear your shirt outside your jacket collar, go to football and the disco, buy Floaters records and don't like The Clash you're one of the lumpenproletariat.

What does that leave if you want to ascribe to the new social hierarchy? Thinking, dressing and having the same tastes as Tony Parsons presumably.

Mr Parsons, you're an elitist snob and a self-righteous patronising hypocritical one to boot. Each to his own.

HUGH KEARNS, c/o Student's Union, Sheffield University.

We've already talked about elitism, but I am a trifle disturbed about the current Germanic craze. Not so long ago, it was *tres chic*, not to say *de rigueur*, to quote *en Francaise* (I mean, *Kent en Paris* with Roxy Music and what have you).

These days, it's strictly *lebensraum*, *Donner und Blitzen*, and so weiter. A nasty development, though undoubtedly in keeping with the times, sorry, I mean *zeitgeist*. Forget this crypto-*ubermensch* jive, and rear Gunter Grasse instead. — N.S.

Bloody good answer, Neil — GUNTER GRASSE.

THAT does it! I just had to write telling you that not all rock fans agree with Mick Farren's remarks concerning the "Elvis Presley — The Sun Years" album — far from it!

Okay — so the song excerpts are short but that doesn't make the album a piece of shit. I'm sure the copyright laws must have been a major problem to get around — particularly since Presley recorded for RCA. I would like to go on record as saying that "Elvis Presley — The Sun Years" may well be — must be — the answer to every Presley record collectors' prayer. I know it was the answer to mine. I love the album if for no other reason than the well balanced narration. The guy who does it sounds like a mixture of James Stewart and Orson Welles — a real slick country-cat. I'd write a longer letter but I'm heading down to the off-licence for some cans of beer.

Then I'm gonna get drunk and listen to the Louisiana Hayride part of the album. Would you care to join me? If you prefer The Boomtown Rats, I understand — goodnight. STEWART WESTER, Tulsa Hill, London.

Thanks for not writing a longer letter. You may care to know that you're far from being alone in your views on Mr Farren's remarks. — N.S.

GEORGE Davis is guilty, OK?

COSMO MacNULTY

Not yet, he's not. You must believe everything you read in the papers. — N.S.

THIS is it. Hambruger Hatty chewed no path. Elvis choked — oh, such a bloke. Now it's Marc — the 20th century boy. Hold onto your Fonzie — don't get too big. Never thought Bole would return back to the changing Cosmos, well not yet anyway. Please don't hurt him anymore. Keep T Rucking Gloria. PURPLE PIE PETE, Hartlepool. Wow...

FOR THE last two months I've seen posters round town for GLORIA MUNDI, but, for some reason, the name put me off, although I'd heard good things about them. But then THE FONZE came to the rescue! A couple of weeks ago on Happy Days he used the phrase SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI — meaning "all glory is fleeting". I then understood the name, and this put the band in a different perspective. I went to the gig last night and it was amazing. I've never seen a band with such intensity and commitment. Apparently Snouids have done a couple of reviews (but missed the point of the band) but I've never seen anything in the NME. SALLY, London SW5.

... ain't culture great! — N.S.

I THINK shouting is smashing. ANXIOUS STEPHEN, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire. Cut-glass goblet winner. — N.S.

MUCH LEGAL

rumour concerning the release of two new wave (Yawn!) — Ed.) singles this week, the first by — surprise, surprise — **The Sex Pistols**, the second by **The Tom Robinson Band**.

Virgin have withdrawn the picture sleeves from **El Pistoleros** "Holidays In The Sun" single following complaints that the eight framed drawing which make up the full cover are "in breach of copyright." Apparently an ad agency approached Virgin on behalf of a travel firm who claim that the drawings resemble their official brochure. When legal action was threatened, Virgin quickly stopped shipping the sleeve, although an estimated 5,000 made it to the shops. Virgin were swift to deny this was just another promotional wheeze: "An inconvenience rather than any great promotional asset," boomed jovial PR 'Big' Al Clark.

The back sleeve illustration, by the way (also scrapped, since "Holidays" is now going out in a plain white wrapper), depicting a 'nice middle class family at luncheon', was based on a late '60s pamphlet put out by the International Situationists — a bunch of French radical loonies (or not) whose credo was permanent revolution.

Uncle Tom Robinson's debut single "2-4-6-8 Motorway" could be faced with more serious problems. Seems that Robinson's former label boss King Kong **Ray Davies** may sue or even slap an injunction on EMI releasing the record. Davies still takes a percentage of Tom's songwriting royalties — the dispute is believed to centre on this.

And hands up which bozo thought that the Mechanical Copyright Protection Society initials (MCPS) against Robinson's songwriting credit on "Motorway" stood for Male Chauvinist Pig Songs...?

More initials: According to BMI (Broadcast Music Incorporated), **Paul McCartney** is the most played rock artist ever (Wow! — Ed.) and they've just given him an award (believed to be the state of Alaska) for clocking up 11 million plays on US TV and radio. **Mr Lennon** isn't too far behind in the royalty stakes with 10 million US plays.

Mug shots of **J Rotten** currently giving millions of New Yorkers the willies as they go about their business. Finsbury Park's favourite son has made the covers of *Rolling Stone*, *Rock Scene*, *High Times* and *Women's Wear Daily* (Did you check the last one out? — Ed.).

Ageing nutter launches campaign of terror against innocent punk club shock horror: During breaks in recording the new **SAHB** album "Rock Drill", **Alex Harvey**'s favourite form of recreational activity has been to gatecrash The Vortex Club and perform what he describes as "obscure Scottish folk songs" accompanied only by a piper. Last time, The Vortex had to pay him £15 to stop, next time it's gonna cost 'em £50. The punx reaction has been reported as "confused and hostile". Ye have been warned.

Hardly surprising, after his impromptu performance at EMI's sales conference dinner, that **Roger Streetwalker Chapman**'s solo contract with that company failed to materialise. Could it have had anything to do with the loud and rather rude comments he made about **Cliff Richard**'s self-imposed 12-year temperance in the sex stakes...?

It's official: **Linda Ronstadt** is sexy. (*Dopy one coming up — Ed.*) "I love sex as much as I love music," she recently told an interviewer. "I can't expect to fall in love with every guy I go to bed with." She doesn't consider herself promiscuous

teazers

MRS JAGGER (right) smirks at The Stranglers.

THE STRANGLERS (below) glare at Mrs Jagger.



JAGGER snaps back. "Stranglers — worst thing I've ever heard," blasts Mick, who also slams N.Y. Dolls, dismisses Aerosmith and hammers The Sex Pistols. "Rubbish!" storms Jagger at the much-circulated anecdote in which J. Rotten once claimed to have slammed the door in Mick's face when the Stone paid a visit to McLaren's Sex shop. More of this macho stuff on pages 7 and 8. Adverbs courtesy of Roget's Thesaurus.

but, it seems, she's still not getting enough: "I keep saying I wish I had as much in bed as I get in the newspapers. Then I'd be very busy."

B. B. King's opening night at Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday didn't finish until 12.15 am Sunday morning, after B.B.'s flight from Paris was delayed six hours by the air traffic control assistants' dispute. Support act **Son Seals** didn't start playing till King landed at Heathrow, and BB's band finally hit the stage — in their street casualwear (gasp!) — at 10.30. King joined them 15 minutes later in a pastel blue blazer and white pants, looking like a Butlins bluecoat. Despite the delays, they played a brilliant set. CSM reviews B. B. King's Sunday night attire on page 51.

Also in attendance: **Stan Webb**, **Long John Baldry**, **Wilko Johnson** and **Blast Furnace**. Old habits die hard. Blast, incidentally, recently mistaken for **Lew Lewis**. (*T-Zers* wonders just who should be flattered...)

On the menu at **The Rolling Stones**' reception in NY's Trax club (held the day after Yom Kippur): gefilte fish, Manischewitz wine, fish and chips, hamburgers and English beer. Burp! And **Michael Phillip** made one lady fan's day, allowing her to join the select liggers inside. "Oh, let her in," he directed the doorman. "She's probably been waiting ten years for this..."

Brian Robertson of **Thin Lizzy** and **Lita Ford** of **The Runaways**, uh, jamming in L.A. last week. No more letters, eh girls...?

Clash in 'Boots - on - in - hotel - bed' disaster: **Strummer**'s boys and manager **Bernard Rhodes** spent an afternoon in a German nick after failing to pay their hotel bill. They'd previously been ejected from said hotel for doing an **Errol Flynn** — sleeping with their boots on. The tab was supposed to have been picked up by the promoter...

More Big Yuks for Ze Klash in Deutschland when a film-maker tagging along with the band thought it would be fun to lace the group's washing

with purple dye. Their previously all-white stage attire came out a bit on the psychedelic side. A very creative situation...

The Jam went down well on their Los Angeles debut at the Whiskey-A-Go-Go.

Lone Star, meanwhile, may be travelling in a luxury coach (heading a convoy of lorries, trucks and £150-a-night mobile catering corps) but apparently they ain't pulling the punters in on their UK tour...

Ooooh! They're worse than **Gregg'n'Cher**: **Dave Edmunds** takes to the road at the end of the month and the bass slot repeatedly rumoured to be filled by ex-**Chilli Willi Paul Riley** (and originally somewhat acrimoniously vacated by **Nick Lowe**) will instead be taken by — **Nick Lowe**...

After years of broken promises, former **New York Dolls** front man **David Johansen**'s solo album scheduled for CBS...

And rumours persist that **Phil Spector** and **Bobby Zim** are working together in the studio...

"She kissed me on the lips — the whole thing." Thus spake swooning photographer **Denis O'Regan** on Monday morning, after **Deniece Williams** had dragged him blushing out of the Rainbow pit on Friday to smooch across stage with her. "The audience loved it," sighed Denis. "I'll never wash again." (*He already does? — Ed.*) In between dancing classes, Denis took the pic on page 55.

"Like the new wave, reggae is outrageous," reckons Island boss **Chris Blackwell**, showing uncommon perception for a po' white boy. "The artists do whatever they want, which becomes very close to the whole punk thing." (*Zzzzzzzzzzz — Ed.*)

According to a startled promotions man with one of the independent record companies, **TOTP** producer **Robin Nash** has found a novel way of complying with many viewers' complaints about there being "too many Negroes" on the show. He merely goes outside the Top 30 to find some nice young pink people to present on his programme. What would he

have done if producing **The Black and White Minstrels**...

Heeeeey **The Fonz** is getting married. **Henry Winkler** (and isn't he showing his age recently?) has confirmed his intention to marry 28 year old **Stacey Weitzman**. Winkler is now deciding whether to pursue his movie career more forcefully or make another series of *Happy Days*...

Bowie single oddity giggle: Manchester Record retailer **Arthur Robinson** soon withdrew from display a ten-year old single when bids for it reached £40. Why such fervour? Well, "Silver Treetops School For Boys" by **The Beat Stalkers** happens to be a D. Bowie composition. And **The Anaemic One**, it transpires, used to be a Beat Stalker himself. Now aware of its rarity value, Robinson is advertising the single nationally. No offers from **T-Zers**...

Iggy Schmiggy (Part 97): Displaying a fluency in Cockney rhyming slang matched only by his advanced German (both dialects learned from one teacher), the Ig happily anticipates a U.K. reunion with **Big Johany Thunders**. "I like him and he likes me," opines Schmig. "And there's nothing either of us can do about it..."

Gary Glitter's new stage wardrobe costs an alleged £40,000. How much Bacofol does the old turkey need...?

Blondie forced to delay a recent set at LA's Whiskey until Chrysalis grand frommage **Terry Ellis** showed up (he's just signed 'em). Both band and audience were mucho pissed off, and Blondie only played a 20 minute set which opened with, ha ha, **Iggy**'s "All Aboard For Fun Time".

Sunday People gave a spread to comedian **Jimmy Jewell**'s daughter **Piper** and her copious tattoos; she's having the name of her fave band, **The Darts**, tattooed on her backside. What *The People* neglected to mention was that 22-year-old Piper already has a 'W' on each 'cheek'. When she bends over, the end result is the word 'WOW'.

LITTLE RIVER BAND

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1 NOV	BRIGHTON	Dome
3 NOV	LONDON	Rainbow *

*Tickets on sale at The Rainbow and Virgin Records, Marble Arch.

FREE SINGLE

A free single in a picture bag featuring an otherwise unreleased track from the Motivation Radio sessions will be given to all ticket holders at the door on the night.



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