November 19, 1977 U.S. $1.10c/Canada 80c 10p

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

FOOTLOOSE IN THE USA: ROD STEWART ON ROAD, NEW RAMONES LP

WILKO JOHNSON

Nutter gets bottle back. Page 7

BE WARNED

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Chrysalis

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending November 14, 1972

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	CLAIRE	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
8	2	MY DING-A-LING	Chuck Berry (Chess)
2	3	MOULDY OLD DOUGH	Lieutenant Pigeon (Decca)
7	4	LEADER OF THE PACK	Shangri-Las (Kama Sutra)
18	5	WHY	Donny Osmond (MGM)
3	6	DONNA	10cc (UK)
28	8	CRAZY HORSES	Osmonds (MGM)
9	9	GOODBYE TO LOVE	Carpenters (A & M)
11	10	HELLELUJAH FREEDOM	Junior Campbell (Deram)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending November 15, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	BABY NOW THAT I'VE FOUND YOU	Foundations (Pye)
3	2	ZABADAK!	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich (Fontana)
2	3	MASSACHUSETTS	Bee Gees (Polydor)
4	4	THE LAST WALTZ	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
6	4	LOVE IS ALL AROUND	Troggs (Page One)
5	6	AUTUMN ALMANAC	Kinks (Pye)
15	7	LET THE HEARTACHES BEGIN	Long John Baldry (Pye)
9	8	THERE IS A MOUNTAIN	Donovan (Pye)
7	9	THERE MUST BE A WAY	Frankie Vaughan (Columbia)
19	10	EVERYBODY KNOWS	Dave Clark Five (Columbia)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 16, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	LOVESICK BLUES	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2	2	LET'S DANCE	Chris Montez (London)
2	3	TELSTAR	Tornados (Decca)
4	3	SWISS MAID	Del Shannon (London)
6	5	VENUS IN BLUE JEANS	Mark Wynter (Pye)
12	6	BOBBY'S GIRL	Susan Maughan (Philips)
7	7	SHERRY	Four Seasons (Stateside)
5	8	THE LOCOMOTION	Little Eva (London)
11	9	DEVIL WOMAN	Marty Robbins (CBS)
9	10	RAMBLIN' ROSE	Nat Cole (Capitol)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending November 19, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	NAME OF THE GAME	Abba (CBS)	5	1
2	(2)	YOU'RE IN MY HEART	Rod Stewart (Riva)	6	1
2	(4)	ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD	Status Quo (Vertigo)	6	2
4	(5)	2 4 6 8 MOTORWAY	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	5	4
5	(5)	WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS	Queen (EMI)	4	5
6	(3)	YES SIR I CAN BOOGIE	Baccara (RCA)	8	1
7	(14)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE	Bee Gees (RSO)	3	7
8	(15)	DANCIN' PARTY	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	2	8
9	(10)	NEEDLES & PINS	Smokie (Rak)	5	9
10	(8)	CALLING OCCUPANTS OF INTERPLANETARY CRAFT	Carpenters (A & M)	6	8
11	(7)	BLACK IS BLACK	La Belle Epoque (Harvest)	10	2
12	(15)	LIVE-IN TROUBLE	Barron Knights (Epic)	3	12
13	(12)	VIRGINIA PLAIN	Roxy Music (Polydor)	4	12
14	(—)	DADDY COOL	Darts (Magnet)	1	14
15	(11)	BLACK BETTY	Ram Jam (Epic)	10	9
16	(23)	EGYPTIAN REGGAE	Jonathan Richman (Beserkly)	3	16
17	(9)	HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	5	6
18	(26)	BELFAST	Boney M (Atlantic)	2	18
19	(20)	SHE'S NOT THERE	Santana (CBS)	3	18
20	(29)	I WILL	Ruby Winters (Creole)	2	20
21	(18)	TURN TO STONE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	3	18
22	(—)	DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE	Crystal Gayle (United Artists)	1	22
23	(21)	NO MORE HEROES	Stranglers (United Artists)	8	6
23	(22)	WATCHIN' THE DETECTIVES	Elvis Costello (Stiff)	2	22
25	(28)	GOIN' PLACES	Jacksons (Epic)	2	25
26	(12)	SILVER LADY	David Soul (Private Stock)	12	1
27	(—)	CAPTAIN KREMMEN	Kenny Everett/Mike Vickers (DJM)	1	27
28	(—)	FLORAL DANCE	Brighouse & Rastrick Band (Logo)	1	28
29	(—)	DON'T LET ME BE MISUNDERSTOOD	Santa Esmeralda (Philips)	1	29
30	(27)	LOVE HURTS	Nazareth (Mountain)	5	16

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
BABY, BABY, MY LOVE'S ALL FOR YOU — Deniece Williams (CBS); MULL OF KINTYRE — Wings (Parlophone); LOVE BUG — Tina Charles (CBS); LOVE OF MY LIFE — Dooleys (GTO).

ALBUMS

Week ending November 19, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	SOUND OF BREAD	Bread (WEA)	3	1
2	(4)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	3	2
3	(3)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)	11	1
4	(5)	NO MORE HEROES	Stranglers (United Artists)	8	2
5	(21)	FEELINGS	Various (K-Tel)	2	5
6	(2)	40 GOLDEN GREATS	Cliff Richard (EMI)	6	2
7	(18)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen (EMI)	3	7
8	(7)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart (Riva)	2	7
9	(16)	MOONFLOWER	Santana (CBS)	2	9
10	(6)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	39	3
11	(9)	SECONDS OUT	Genesis (Charisma)	5	8
11	(16)	GREATEST HITS VOL 2	Elton John (DJM)	5	11
13	(10)	HEROES	David Bowie (RCA)	4	5
14	(19)	OUT OF THE BLUE	ELectric Light Orchestra (Jet)	3	14
15	(8)	THUNDER IN MY HEART	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	6	8
15	(—)	ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD	Status Quo (Vertigo)	1	15
17	(12)	OXYGENE	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	14	1
18	(13)	PASSAGE	Carpenters (A&M)	7	6
19	(11)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes (Atlantic)	18	1
20	(22)	ELVIS IN CONCERT	Elvis Presley (RCA)	3	20
20	(28)	30 GREATEST HITS	Gladys Knight & The Pips (K-Tel)	2	20
22	(20)	SOUL CITY	Various (K-Tel)	4	20
23	(27)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS	Abba (Epic)	73	1
24	(15)	HOME ON THE RANGE	Slim Whitman (United Artists)	7	4
25	(—)	ECHOES OF THE 60s	Phil Spector (Phil Spector)	1	25
26	(—)	STREET SURVIVORS	Lynyrd Skynyrd (MCA)	1	26
27	(—)	30 GOLDEN GREATS	Black & White Minstrels (EMI)	1	27
28	(13)	A STAR IS BORN	Soundtrack (CBS)	32	1
29	(—)	GET STONED	Rolling Stones (Arcade)	1	29
30	(29)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley (RCA)	13	1

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
STICK TO ME — Graham Parker & The Rumour (Vertigo); NEW BOOTS AND PANTIES — Ian Dury (Stiff); FRONT PAGE NEWS — Wishbone Ash (MCA); LET THERE BE ROCK — AC/DC (Atlantic).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending November 19, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Debby Boone
2	(3)	BOOGIE NIGHTS	Heatwave
3	(5)	DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE	Crystal Gayle
4	(2)	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	Carly Simon
5	(6)	STAR WARS THEME	Meco
6	(14)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE	Bee Gees
7	(8)	IT'S ECSTASY WHEN YOU LAY DOWN NEXT TO ME	Barry White
8	(9)	HEAVEN ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR	Paul Nicholas
9	(11)	BABY, WHAT A BIG SURPRISE	Chicago
10	(10)	JUST REMEMBER I LOVE YOU	Firefall
11	(12)	WE'RE ALL ALONE	Rita Coolidge
12	(13)	BLUE BAYOU	Linda Ronstadt
13	(4)	I FEEL LOVE	Donna Summer
14	(15)	HELP IS ON THE WAY	Little River Band
15	(20)	ISN'T IT TIME	The Babys
16	(17)	WE JUST DISAGREE	Dave Mason
17	(19)	SEND IN THE CLOWNS	Julie Collins
18	(22)	IT'S SO EASY	Linda Ronstadt
19	(24)	YOU MAKE LOVING FUN	Fleetwood Mac
20	(23)	YOUR SMILING FACE	James Taylor
21	(21)	DAYBREAK	Barry Manilow
22	(25)	GOING TOO FAR	England Dan & John Ford Coley
23	(7)	BRICK HOUSE	Commodores
24	(29)	SWINGTOWN	Steve Miller Band
25	(26)	MY FAIR SHARE	Seals & Croft
26	(16)	THAT'S ROCK 'N' ROLL	Shaun Cassidy
27	(—)	BABY COME BACK	Player
28	(18)	KEEP IT COMIN' LOVE	K. C. & The Sunshine Band
29	(—)	SENTIMENTAL LADY	Bob Welsh
30	(—)	DUSIC	Brick

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending November 19, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(2)	SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Rondstadt
3	(3)	CHICAGO XI	Chicago
4	(5)	AJA	Steely Dan
5	(4)	SHAUN CASSIDY	Shaun Cassidy
6	(6)	FOREIGNER	Foreigner
7	(9)	ELVIS IN CONCERT	Elvis Presley
8	(7)	LOVE YOU LIVE	The Rolling Stones
9	(10)	STAR WARS	Original Soundtrack
10	(11)	BARRY WHITE SINGS FOR SOMEONE YOU LOVE	Barry White
11	(15)	ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS VOL II	Elton John
12	(13)	ANYTIME . . . ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge
13	(14)	TOO HOT TO HANDLE	Heatwave
14	(19)	POINT OF NO RETURN	Kansas
15	(16)	IN FULL BLOOM	Rose Royce
16	(18)	LET'S GET SMALL	Steve Martin
17	(17)	FOGHAT LIVE	Foghat
18	(25)	STREET SURVIVORS	Lynyrd Skynyrd
19	(12)	I, ROBOT	Alan Parsons Project
20	(20)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley
21	(21)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent
22	(23)	BABY IT'S ME	Diana Ross
23	(24)	BRICK	Brick
24	(—)	FRENCH KISS	Bob Welsh
25	(—)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Debbie Boone
26	(8)	LIVIN' ON THE FAULT LINE	Doobie Brothers
27	(—)	MOONFLOWER	Santana
28	(30)	CSN	Crosby, Stills & Nash
29	(—)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
30	(26)	STAR WARS AND OTHER GALACTIC FUNK	Meco

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

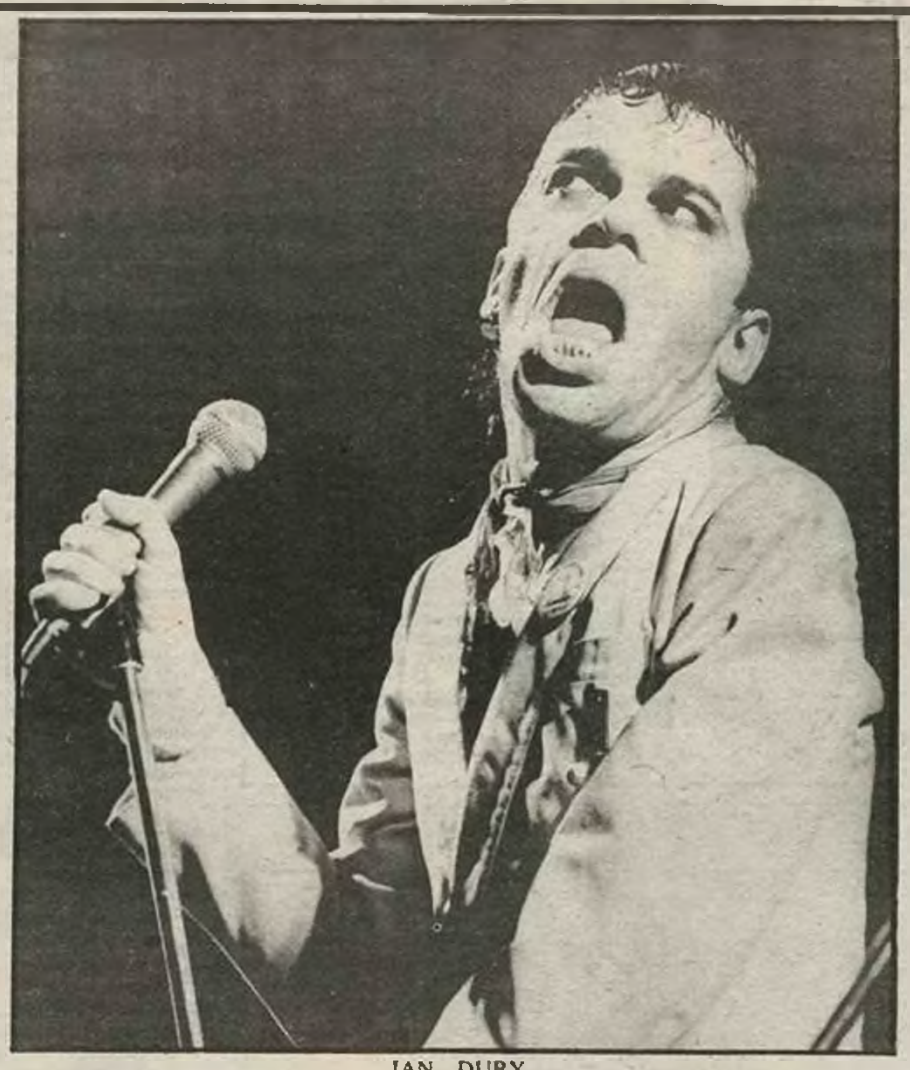
Edited: Derek Johnson

DURY'S DIRTY DOZEN

FRESH FROM his round Britain jaunt as part of the Stiffs Greatest Stiffs package, Ian Dury is set for his first-ever headlining tour next month. Together with his band The Blockheads, he plays 12 major venues, culminating in a London concert a week before Christmas. And the tour goes out under the banner of "Dury's Dirty Dozen".

Confirmed gigs are Cromer West Runton Pavilion (December 2), Croydon Greyhound (4), Sheffield Top Rank (6), Edinburgh University (8), Manchester Rafters Club (9), Loughborough University (10), Liverpool Eric's (11), Leeds Polytechnic (12), Birmingham Barbarella's (13), Dunstable Queensway Hall (15), Bath Pavilion (16) and London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (18).

Dury's new single "Sweet Gene Vincent" will be released by Stiff to coincide, probably on the opening day of the tour.



IAN DURY

Lurkers to top punk package

A PUNK PACKAGE tour, comprising several of the acts featured on the Beggars Banquet compilation album "Streets", goes on the road next week. The Lurkers headline all gigs, with varying support acts. The tour will continue until well into the New Year, and the first seven confirmed dates are at Dewsbury Pickwicks (November 21), Keighley Nikkers Club (22), London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (December 3), Luton Royal Hotel (7), Brighton New Regent (9), Blackburn Lodestar (14) and High Wycombe Nags Head (16). Doll and Art Attax support The Lurkers at Dewsbury, Keighley, Brighton and High Wycombe; Doll alone at Stoke Newington; and Doll and John Cooper Clarke at Blackburn. More dates will be announced shortly.

RATS SWITCH

BOOMTOWN RATS have switched three of the dates in their British concert tour schedule, reported two weeks ago. They now play Leeds University on December 11 (instead of 14), Hanley Victoria Hall (12 instead of 11) and Birmingham Top Rank (14 instead of 12). And they have cancelled their previously-announced gig at Swindon Oasis Centre on December 8. All other dates remain as originally listed by NME, including London Rainbow on December 17, and Yachts are the support act at all venues.

Clash London dates threatened by 'riot'

PLANS FOR The Clash to headline two major London concerts in mid-December are now in jeopardy, following near-hysterical Press reports of alleged damage caused by the audience at Bournemouth Winter Gardens, when the band played there last Wednesday (9).

The London gigs were scheduled for a major theatre on December 13 and 14, and details were due to be announced this week. But a Clash spokesman said the dates "are once again up in the air", as the venue is considering the implications of the Bournemouth reports.

According to the London Evening News, "punk fans went berserk leaving a trail of havoc behind them". It added that they caused hundreds of pounds worth of damage by ripping up seats, that several fights broke out in front of the stage, and that police ejected several fans. Significantly, though, no arrests were made!

Venue manager Ray Larcombe commented: "We haven't had trouble like this at the Winter Gardens for years, and we are still counting the cost of the damage." For good measure, he threw in the opinion that "the mentality, dress and behaviour of these herberts leave a lot to be desired."

The Press report also made great play of the fact that many of the audience wore "bizarre" clothing, including black dustbin liners worn by some girls. It isn't clear if the dress factor is also causing concern to The Clash's potential London venue!

Elly Smith, chief Press officer at CBS Records, was at the Bournemouth gig and she told NME: "All I can say is that this story is highly exaggerated. The audience was extremely mild, and most of them were long-haired kids in denims. One youngster up front started ripping out a few seats, but he was quickly ejected by security guards. I saw no police and very little damage. Perhaps I was at the wrong gig, or perhaps Bournemouth has never seen a punk band before. I tend to believe the latter."

Pistols movie is ON again

MARCH TOUR PLANNED

THE SEX PISTOLS' full length feature film is back on again, and is scheduled to go into production in a fortnight's time. The movie will keep the band fully occupied through December and January, and it's understood that plans are being laid for the Pistols to headline a concert tour in March.

The film was called off two weeks ago, when one of the financial backers withdrew and U.S. director Russ Meyer returned home. In any case, costs had escalated, and it was developing into a big-budget picture — which was not what the Pistols' manager Malcolm McLaren had originally envisaged.

Now Meyer has been replaced by a new director, another backer has been found instead of 20th Century Fox, and large parts of the script have hastily been re-written. As a result, shooting is now set to start at the beginning of December. Marianne Faithfull remains as leading lady, though it's not yet clear if the original title of "Who Killed Bambi?" will be retained.

Dates are now being pencilled in for the Pistols' concert tour in March, and several major venues have already agreed to book them. McLaren and the Cowbell Agency, who are lining up the tour, are citing the example of the recent Stranglers' tour which went off with only the barest minimum of trouble.

Commented a Pistols spokesman: "We're still having problems with some venues and councils, and the situation isn't helped by incidents like the one at The Clash's gig in Bournemouth (see story below). But some theatre managers are coming round to our way of thinking, and we expect to find enough of these to enable us to put a tour together."

Meanwhile, three record store managers have now been summonsed — under the Indecent Advertisements Act — for displaying the Pistols' current album cover in their shop windows.

Ramones, Heads due

THE RAMONES and the Talking Heads are both returning to Britain in the near future, though this time they will tour separately. They were last over here earlier this year, when they appeared on the same bill at venues throughout the country, and the tour was so successful that plans were laid immediately to bring them back this autumn.

Then a couple of months ago, it was announced that The Ramones' tour was off, because of various problems they were facing involving their management, promoter and recording company. But NME understands that all difficulties have now been resolved, and they will be in Britain next month after all. Their itinerary is expected to be announced shortly, and it's likely to include some special Christmas gigs in London.

An extensive Talking Heads tour is in the process of being lined up for January and February — and here again, full details are due in a week or two.

BUZZCOCKS NEWCOMER

THE BUZZCOCKS have now acquired a new bass player as replacement for Garth, whom they sacked last month. He is 19-year-old Mancunian Steve Garvey, and he comes into the line-up halfway through the band's British tour, which aids promotion of their new single "Orgasm Addict". So far in their itinerary, they have been using temporary bassists.

Thunders to quit U.K.?

JOHNNY THUNDERS and the Heartbreakers make two special London appearances next Monday and Tuesday (21 and 22) at the Vortex Club in Wardour Street. Support acts on the first night are The Depressions and Mean Street, and in the second show Penetration and Johnny Curious and the Strangers. Tickets cost £1.50 each, and are available on the doors. Describing the atmosphere at the band's recent Rainbow gig as "oppressive", Thunders said he hoped the Vortex dates would help remove some of the bad feeling caused by "over-zealous bouncers at the Rainbow".

The band are taking the opportunity of breaking in their new drummer, Terry Chimes who used to play with The Clash, at the Vortex gigs. He is the permanent replacement for Jerry Nolan, who left the outfit after a dispute at the beginning of October.

Thunders said this week that the Heartbreakers have now left Track Records. He claimed this presented no problem, as they had no contract with the label, though Track themselves declined to comment on the matter. Negotiations are now nearing completion for the band to sign a worldwide deal with CBS, Thunders told NME — and he added that, if the deal is clinched, the band may decide to leave Britain in order to base themselves in New York.

Tubes banned

THE TUBES' sell-out concert, scheduled for Portsmouth Guildhall last Sunday, was cancelled by order of the local council at short notice. It seems the council sent a delegation to see the band's show in Birmingham last Thursday, and held a special meeting the following morning to consider its report. This resulted in a decision to ban the show, as it "was not considered suitable for Portsmouth".

It's understood the council objected, in particular, to two aspects of The Tubes' act — the use of four-letter words and their infamous bondage sequence. An offer was made immediately to cut both offending items from the Portsmouth show, but the offer was rejected.

No other Tubes concerts have been banned. "In fact," said a spokesman, "no objections have been raised elsewhere and other councillors appear to have enjoyed the show enormously."

The Tubes have now arranged another Hammersmith gig for Tuesday, December 6, and Portsmouth ticket holders will be given priority booking facilities for this gig. They should contact the Guildhall for further information or, if they so wish, for cash refunds.

Wonder tour in New Year

AFTER TWO YEARS of indecision and uncertainty, Stevie Wonder is at last in line for a British concert tour in the near future.

He is expected here relatively early in the New Year for a string of major dates, including at least two in London. When Wonder was in Britain at the beginning of this month for a brief four-day holiday visit, he took the opportunity of having discussions with Jeffrey Kruger, who will be promoting the tour — and Kruger flies to the States soon to clinch the details.

● Captain Beefheart was in London on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, after playing a date in Paris on Saturday with the Magic Band. He flew in for talks with promoter Fred Bannister, who is setting up a full scale tour by Beefheart for the New Year.

● Tanya Tucker is being lined up for a British tour in April.

MUSIC BY POST

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ON THE ROAD

RACING CARS MINI-TOUR

RACING CARS begin a pre-Christmas mini-tour at the end of this month. The first three gigs to be confirmed are at **London** City University (November 25), **Northampton** County Ground (26) and **Oxford** Polytechnic (December 2). Remaining dates will be announced next week.

RUSH JOB FOR LONE STAR

LONE STAR have been drafted in as special guest attraction on the four British concert dates next month by Canadian heavy-metal band Mahogany Rush — they are at **Manchester** Free Trade Hall (December 2), **London Hammersmith** Odeon (3), **Birmingham** Town Hall (7), and **Newcastle** City Hall (8).

RADIATOR HOT ON THE TRAIL

ALAN HULL'S Radiator have extended their autumn tour into December, in order to promote their newly-released Rocket album "Isn't It Strange". Latest batch of dates, including some as support to Horslips, are **Leeds** University (tonight, Thursday), **Birmingham** Hippodrome (Friday), **Leicester** University (Saturday), **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (Sunday), **Keele** University (November 23), **Glasgow** Apollo (24), **Liverpool** Empire (25), **Manchester** Palace (27), **London** Rainbow (29), **Liverpool** University (30), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (December 1) and **Colchester** Essex University (3). Still more are being added through until the end of the year.

MOTORHEAD, at present playing a series of British dates, add gigs at **London Camden** Music Machine (December 1) and **Scarborough** Penthouse (23). . . and **MUD** have also been booked for an appearance at the Music Machine on December 15.

CHEAP FLIGHTS ROUND U.K.

JOHN GRIMALDI'S Cheap Flights have a series of gigs during the next few weeks. So far confirmed are **Nottingham** Trent Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), **Edinburgh** College of Art (November 24), **Edinburgh** Napier College (25), **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (December 2), **London Camden** Dingwalls (5), **Keighley** Nikkers (6), **Leeds** Polytechnic (7), **Glamorgan** University (8), **Nottingham** University (10), **London Kingsway** Sound Circus (11) and **London Covent Garden** Rock Circus (15).

DOCTORS' TOUR EXTENSION

THE DOCTORS (of Madness) have added another five dates to their British tour itinerary, reported last week, including a third **London** Gig at Kensington Nashville on December 13. The other extra shows are at **Abertillery** Metropole Theatre (December 2), **Nottingham** Katie's (4), **Birmingham** Rebecca's (15) and **Newbridge** Memorial Hall (January 2).

FIVE HAND REEL ADD FIVE

FIVE HAND REEL, currently on their longest-ever British tour, have been confirmed for another five dates — making a total of 32 gigs in their itinerary. Newly set are **Glasgow** Queen Margaret Union (November 24), **Newcastle** University (29), **London** Marquee (December 1), **Leicester** University (6) and **Wolverhampton** Polytechnic (10). A major **London** concert is planned for January, after which they go into studios to record a new album for spring release.

COUSIN JOE BIRTHDAY TOUR

COUSIN JOE From New Orleans headlines a five-week European tour to celebrate his 70th birthday. The veteran blues artist opens at **Manchester** Belle Vue tonight (Thursday) then after a visit to the Continent, he returns to play **Weymouth** College of Education (November 28), **Lancaster** Cartmel College (29), **Manchester** Polytechnic (30), **Leeds** University (December 1), **Rotherham** Arts Centre (2), **Leicester** Prohibition Club (5), **Redditch** Sticky Wicket (6), **Bromsgrove** College of Education (7), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (8), **London** School of Economics doubling **Guildford** Surrey University (9), **London** Guy's Hospital (10), **London Oxford St.**, 100 Club (12) and **Southampton** Mountbatten Theatre (14). More European gigs follow.

WAYNE COUNTY and the Electric Chairs have a string of dates during the coming week. They play **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse with The Adverts (tonight, Thursday), **London** Central Polytechnic (Friday), **High Wycombe** Town Hall (November 21), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (22), **Liverpool** Eric's (23), **Manchester** Polytechnic (24) and **Reading** University (25).

WILKO JOHNSON has added another two dates to his current British tour with his own band — at **Norwich** East Anglia Univeristy (November 25) and **Wellington** Town House (29).

RECORD NEWS

Yes rush out 12-inch single

ATLANTIC are rush releasing a new Yes single tomorrow (Friday) — it's an edited version of the title track from their hit album "Going For The One", coupled with another edited track from the same elpee "Awaken Part 1". The first 30,000 copies are issued in 12-inch form marketed in a full-colour bag, after which it reverts to conventional seven-inch.

● **Burlesque's** new Arista single, out on November 25, is "Space Age Blues" — an edited version of a track from their "Burlesque" album, issued this week. Flip side is an un-edited version of "Steel Appeal".

● **Roy Harper's** new Harvest album "Commercial Break", planned for release this month, has been delayed until early next year. Reason is that the set includes most of Harper's current stage act and, at a late stage, it was decided to record some of his recent concerts. And some live tracks are now replacing the original studio recordings.

● **Nutz** have their live album "Nutz Live Cutz" rushed out by A & M this week. It was recorded as recently as October 28 and 29 at Nottingham Boat Club. Starting later this month, the band are special guests on 11 dates in the Status quo tour.

● Bristol band **The Pop Group** had their gig on November 6 at London Roundhouse — where they supported The Stranglers — recorded for inclusion in their upcoming album. Live sequences will be interspersed with studio tracks.

● Amid continuing reports of disharmony with the **Beach Boys'** ranks, Capitol release a seasonal single by the group on November 25. Titles are "Little Saint Nick" and "Santa Claus Is Comin' To Town", both taken from "The Beach Boys' Christmas Album".

● The **Newport Male Voice Choir** (whose line-up includes **John Entwistle's** father) have recorded the Presley classic "Love Me Tender" in The Who's Battersea studios! Entwistle himself produced the track, which is released by Polydor on November 25. The label has also withdrawn the **Jean Michel Jarre** single "Oxygene Part 2", which had been scheduled for release the same day.

● **Neil Diamond's** new MCA single, issued on November 25, is "And The Grass Won't Pay No Mind" from his album "And The Singer Sings His Song". Out on the same day and label is "Animal Games" by **London**.

● Independent Croydon label Can't Eat Records have signed a licencing deal with EMI and their first single, "Little Girl" by **The Banned** is now available on the Harvest label. Their second single, "Doctors And Nurses" by **The Prisoners Of Destiny**, will be issued shortly via the same outlet.

● Private Stock release a 78rpm 12-inch single on December 2 — it's a revival of Marty Wilde's 1958 hit "Endless Sleep" by **Robert Gordon** with **Link Wray**. The nostalgia approach is maintained by the brown-paper bag packaging, showing the price as 15/-. Robert Gordon is playing a number of concert dates in January during a ten-day visit to Britain.

Farewell LP by The Band

A THREE-ALBUM set of **The Band's** farewell concert, recorded at San Francisco Winterland earlier this year, is released by Warner Brothers on January 6. Featured guests include **Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Van Morrison, Neil Diamond,** and **Ron Wood**. The movie of the concert is expected to have its British opening in February.

● **Joni Mitchell's** new double album "Don Juan's Wreckless Daughter" is scheduled for worldwide release in mid-December. Recorded in New York, Los Angeles and London, it includes a 17-minute piano work

Radio Stars shows on back of lorry!

RADIO STARS are making a free tour of London this Saturday (19) to promote their new Chiswick album "Songs For Swinging Lovers". They will be playing from the back of a lorry for 15 minutes at each of eight different ports of call. Their timetable is Ladbroke Grove (12 noon), Portobello Road (12.30 pm), Kensington High Street (1.00), Chelsea King's Road (1.30), Hyde Park Corner (2.00), Oxford Street (2.30), Soho Market (3.00) and Piccadilly (3.30). Posters, badges, stickers and records will be given away at each stop. A spokesman said that plans to include the London Symphony Orchestra had to be shelved, as there was no lorry large enough to accommodate them.

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KURSAALS SPLIT UP

KURSAAL FLYERS are the latest band to announce that they've broken up. The Southend outfit, who took their name from the local Kursaal amusement park, played their final gig last week. They have now gone their separate ways because, says an official statement, "various members of the band felt that their particular musical energies could no longer be contained within the framework of the group".

The five piece Flyers, fronted by vocalist Paul Shuttleworth, were formed early in 1974 after three of their members had previously been together in another Southend band. They built their reputation on the pub circuit in London and the South East, and more recently graduated to major concert venues. After cutting two albums for Jonathan King's U.K. label, they signed with CBS who still have some Kursaals material in the can. See also pages 11-13.

Kinky Kristmas

THE KINKS are planning a special one off Christmas concert at London Rainbow on Friday, December 23. Details of the show are still being finalised by Barry Dickins of MAM, and booking details will be announced shortly. It ties in with the November 25 release by Arista of the band's new single "Father Christmas", and they will also be featuring material from their latest album due out in the New Year. The Kinks leave this week for a short U.S. tour, including some concerts with Hall and Oates.

Aretha opts out

ARETHA FRANKLIN failed to turn up for her three sell out concerts at the London Palladium on Monday and Tuesday of this week, leaving nearly 7,000 ticket holders disappointed and frustrated. Promoter Jeff Kruger of Ember claims he had a "clear and binding contract which Aretha decided not to honour, for no logical reason".

Ember were given no official advice of the cancellation, and were only able to announce that the gigs were off after they phoned her home at 5.30 pm (British time) on Sunday, to find that she was asleep and not to be disturbed!

WEA Records say there was a contractual hitch which had not been resolved, but Ember deny this and are instituting legal proceedings for breach of contract and damages. Meanwhile thousands of people are now having to apply for cash refunds, as the British public suffers yet another let down.

QUO ADD GIG AT BRIGHTON

STATUS QUO have added yet another date to their current British tour. It's at the new 5,000 capacity Brighton Conference Centre on Monday, December 12, and British Lions are the support act. Meanwhile, British Lions have cancelled two of the gigs in their own headlining tour schedule — at Liverpool University (tomorrow, Friday) and London Middlesex Polytechnic (November 25).

JOHN MARTYN AND WINWOOD

STEVE WINWOOD makes a rare stage appearance — his first since Stomu Yamashta's "Go" concert at the Royal Albert Hall last year — when he guests in John Martyn's gig at London Rainbow next Monday (21). Other musicians joining Martyn are Hansford Rowe, Danny Thompson and Pierre Moerlen, Martyn, whose new Island album "One World" is issued on December 2, continues his current tour until November 30.

RICHARD GIGS OFF TILL '78

LITTLE RICHARD has called off his British visit planned for this month, though he says he's determined to come next summer. Far from being in semi-retirement, as is the popular belief, he's busy giving an extensive series of gospel concerts in America's Deep South.

BONNIE TYLER FORMS BAND

BONNIE TYLER, who scored a smash hit earlier this year with her single "Lost In France", has formed her own band from top Welsh musicians — Kevin Dunne (bass), Mickey Gibbs (drums), Pete King (steel guitar), Taff Williams (lead guitar) and Roger Bara (keyboards). Just back from a 20 date European tour with the band, Bonnie is currently promoting her new RCA single "Nothing But A Heartache", and she is being lined up for her first major British dates at selected venues in December.

Damned extra

THE DAMNED have added two more dates to the tail end of their British tour, which opens this week. They are at Guildford Surrey University (December 12) and Bournemouth The Village (13), and America's Dead Boys are again the support act. Their Brighton gig on November 30 is switched from the Polytechnic to the Top Rank.

Xmas nix by ELP

EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER have finally decided against playing a series of Christmas concerts at London Olympia. As revealed by NME in September, they were being lined up for four gigs there on December 23, 24, 26 and 27 — with the prospect of several provincial dates to follow — and promoter Harvey Goldsmith has been trying to clinch the project ever since.

Goldsmith told NME this week: "I've now been forced to scrap the shows, partly because ELP insisted on performing with a full symphony orchestra and — with that in view — They wouldn't have time to rehearse after finishing their American tour. What's more, the cost of staging such a show would be astronomical."

It now seems that ELP will delay British appearances until the summer, when they could play larger outdoor venues, and so recoup the enormous costs. Meanwhile, Goldsmith is now trying to fill his dates at London Hammersmith Odeon on December 22 and 23, which have fallen vacant following the cancellation of the Alex Harvey tour.

FIVE MILES

JOHN MILES headlines five selected concerts next month to preview material from his upcoming album — they are at Croydon Fairfield Hall (December 9), Leicester Polytechnic (10), Plymouth Castaways (11), Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (12) and Hatfield Forum Theatre (13). Support act is Trickster. Miles is currently recording the LP in New York with producer Rupert Holmes, and a major British tour is being lined up for the New Year to coincide with its release.

Soul back in March

DAVID SOUL returns to Britain in March for a series of major concert appearances, though dates and venues have not yet been finalised. His visit, part of a world tour, coincides with the British opening of his film "The Stick Up" (formerly called "Mud") which he shot on location in this country earlier in the year.

Meanwhile his next single, a Tony Macaulay composition titled "Let's Have A Quiet Night In", is scheduled for December 2 release by Private Stock — it will be marketed in special full colour bags. The advent of this single means that Soul is almost certain to win the 1977 NME Chart Points Championship, which he is already leading.

Motors: two Xmas parties

THE MOTORS — currently on a six week U.S. tour until December 20, to promote their debut album "The Motors 1" — return home to headline two shows at London Marquee on December 22 and 23. These will take the form of The Motors' Christmas Party, and are being recorded by London's Capital Radio for broadcast in January. The band's new single "Be What You Gotta Be" is released by Virgin on November 25. They record their new LP in January, play a short series of U.K. dates in February, and headline a major British tour in April to coincide with the album's release.

Wouldn't you like to rip her to shreds?

This young lady is Deborah Harry, lead singer in Blondie, one of America's premier new wave bands.

Their new single is out now, called 'Rip Her To Shreds'. Three tracks from the debut album 'Blondie': 'X Offender/In The Flesh/ Rip Her To Shreds'. First 10,000 in 12" form and special picture sleeve.

The best of the New Wave is on Sire

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RICHARD HELL AND THE VOIDOIDS
DEAD BOYS

TALKING HEADS
"TALKING HEADS: 77"
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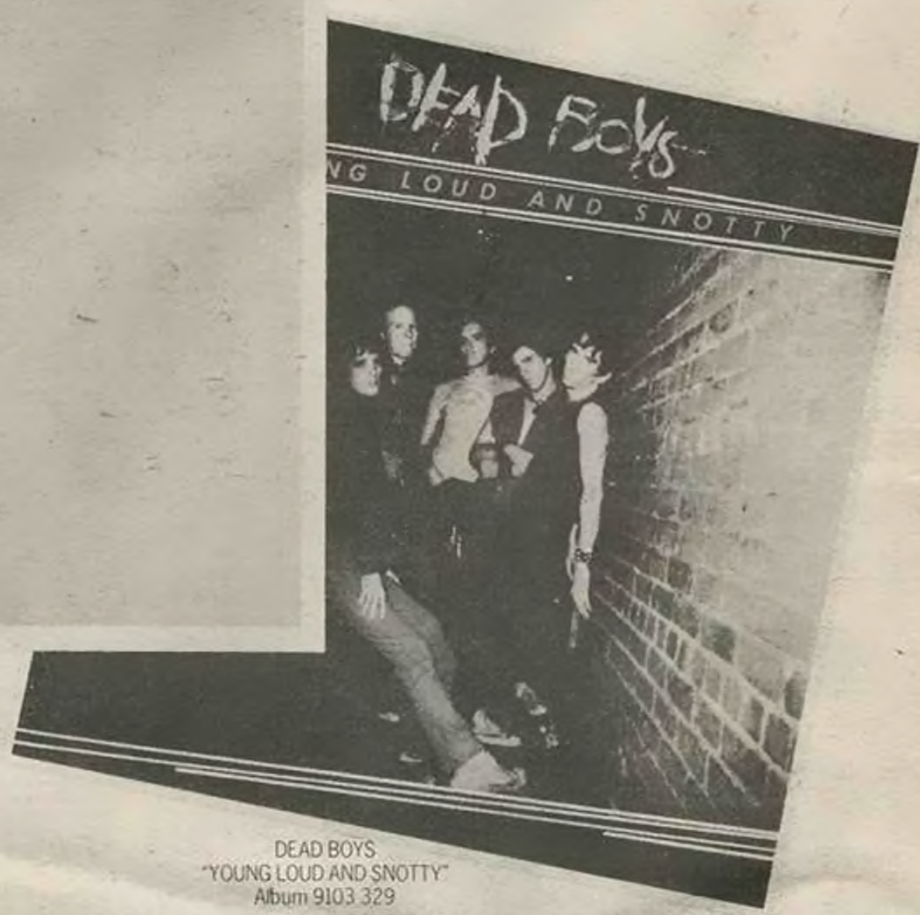
RICHARD HELL AND THE VOIDOIDS
"BLANK GENERATION"
Album 9103 327



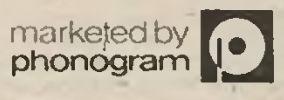
DEAD BOYS
"YOUNG LOUD AND SNOTTY"
Album 9103 329

The Sire Invasion is on its way

The Dead Boys on Tour

18 Nov	Cambridge, Corn Exchange	3 Dec	Hastings, Pier Pavillion
19 Nov	Hull University, Hull	5 Dec	Southampton, Top Rank
20 Nov	Manchester, Elizabethan	6 Dec	Cardiff, Top Rank
21 Nov	Birmingham, Top Rank	7 Dec	Liverpool University
22 Nov	Coventry, Locarno	8 Dec	Huddersfield Poly
23 Nov	Sheffield, Top Rank	9 Dec	Edinburgh, Cloud Ballroom
25-27 Nov	London, Roundhouse	10 Dec	Glasgow, Strathclyde
28 Nov	Leicester, De Montfort Hall	11 Dec	Newcastle City Hall
2 Dec	Derby, Kings Hall		

Exclusive representation Ed Bicknell for NEMS Agency.



Pix: PENNIE SMITH

If you're bored, try a nervous breakdown

Tongue sometimes in cheek, WILKO JOHNSON describes his early life and the Feelgoods split to ANGIE ERRIGO

"I AM THE Destroyer. I'm also the Relentless King of Terrors. I went in for the job of Dictator of the Universe, but I didn't have the right A levels that you need." So Wilko Johnson became a guitarist instead.

Believed by many to be your genuine creative madman, Wilko is back in action perpetrating himself on the public after months of depression and inactivity following the lamentably unpleasant Feelgoods split last February. And the only thing he wants to think about and do is play again, although it's taken him a long time to bounce back.

"I didn't know how to go about getting a group together, 'cause I'd never done it before. I spent six months being isolated and not knowing what to do. I had a few unfortunate experiences with people who I thought were my friends and it made me a bit wary of the music scene as a whole, so it was just a matter of sitting around waiting for people to come along who just wanted to play in a rhythm and blues group.

"It has been really boring. I had the occasional nervous breakdown just to break the monotony."

In mid-confusion old mate John Potter, who had played keyboards in the embryonic Dr Feelgood, turned up. One of the accomplished musicians working away in obscurity in the Southend flatlands, he showed up full of ideas and enthusiasm that sparked Wilko's desire to return.

"It shook me up pretty badly, parting company with the Feelgoods, and I couldn't have carried on unless it was with people who believed in me and who I believed in. If it hadn't been for Potter I would have packed it in."

Eventually, via the praises of the ubiquitous Lemmy, bassist Steve Lewins came to Wilco from The Count Bishops, in which there were "too many chiefs and not enough Indians' for Lewins's musical taste. And fromthe fine little blues band S.A.L.T. came drummer Alan Platt, a spirited Scot with a wry line in piss-taking.

Trying to talk to the four of them at once turned out to be chaotic, since they're four confident characters bent on running the band as a democracy. None of them seem to be suffering from any anxiety about living up to Wilko's awesome reputation.

"It ain't a backing band for me," he states. "Every individual in this band is strong. I don't feel that I have to live up to anything. It's a really good group, playing basically the same kind of music, but it's certainly not just like Dr Feelgood plus keyboards."

ON THE CURRENT, initial tour, the band are combining some new material with R and B goodies retrieved from obscurity and some of Wilko's numbers for the Feelgoods that they aren't doing any more. But all four write material and intend to consolidate their own approach after the tour. They're taking their time looking over record deals, but hope to put together an album in a few months.

For Wilko the others have provided a much needed kick in the ass.

"I was depressed and didn't feel like writing. It all started feeling a little unreal, and I don't go in for writing songs in the abstract without a band. I haven't felt this kind of excitement and enthusiasm since I was doing the pubs two or three years ago."

In the intervening years, Wilko's memories of good times have receded somewhat, but he says he doesn't spend much time dwelling on what's past.

Other people will tell you that Wilko hates the Feelgoods' guts, just as some say the Feelgoods hate him. But when I've spoken to Brilleaux and gang they have refused to say a word against him. Likewise, Wilko does not bad mouth them to me.

"It doesn't really matter that much. I don't want to talk about it that much because it makes me sound bitter and it makes it all seem much bigger than it was."

There are definitely two versions of what happened, however:

"They said, 'We don't want any slanging matches, let's not say anything about it'. Well, I haven't. But I was upset about them saying I left the band and that's not the way it was at all. What really bothered me was that Figure and Sparko never heard my side of it, Chris (Fenwick, the Feelgoods' manager) said, 'I've told them your side'."

The only time any of the principals have met since the split was an accidental encounter in the offices of United Artists. "We shook hands, but couldn't think of anything to say. It was embarrassing, so I got out as quickly as I could. I think we'll be friends again — when we're middle-aged. I hope so."

UNDENIABLY, WILKO can be a little hard to handle. Reputedly moody, he's been chatty and happy the two times I've spoken to him, but he admits he's a bundle of nerves who sometimes delights in being as perverse as possible. Wilko legends are legion — "They're all lies", he giggles — and among the stunts he was famous for on Feelgoods' tours was his penchant for hiding at airports moments before take-off while everyone went crazy thinking he'd done a bunk.

There was the additional, inevitably alienating factor of him being a teetotaller in a good time band of boozers. He ended up spending a lot of time on his own, which is not always a good thing for a shy, nervous worrier.

"I'm very aesthetic and studious really," he says self-mockingly. "I hear these stories about me that amaze me sometimes. People come up to me really expecting me to be a psychopath, and when people keep expecting something of you, you end up starting to act like it for them."

Part of the Wilko legend stems from the alternately zany and painful process of finding himself a niche as an obsessed rock and roller after attempts at writing and painting.

"I was just trying to escape from straightsville. What I'm trying to do is not have to get up in the morning. That's what it's all about."

HE WENT to London University to study economics. After six days he realised he was spending all his time reading William Blake instead of Keynes, so he left, later reading English.

"When I was 17 I was going around telling people that if I reached the age of 23 or so without becoming a great poet I was going to cut my throat. It was the only thing worth living for."

After writing at university and running a poetry magazine he took off for India "to avoid having to do anything sensible". While being a bit cosmic and pondering life there he went down with hepatitis and found himself in the isolation ward of a hospital in the middle of nowhere, where nobody spoke English.

"I was just lying there watching lizards on the wall. And I was going through this thing about would it be bad karma to kill these mosquitos that were flying around.?

"I wanted to keep this good karma so I'd let them land on me and drink my blood. In the end just one to many landed on my arm and I started to massacre them all."

Ah ha. A crucial incident, illustrating my thesis that Wilko is not a true victim type.

To pass the time he started writing what he thought was soul-stirring stuff. Just before he left hospital he was sufficiently recovered to recognise what he'd written was a bunch of shit. "I thought, 'You can't write, mate'. And then I looked out into the court-yard and I started seeing faces in the wall. And I

■ *Continues over*

■ *From previous page*

thought, 'That's it, I've got a visual imagination, not a verbal one, when I get home I'm going to be a painter'."

Broke, and flown home by a highly annoyed British Consulate, he became a recluse in a council flat and spent his time dropping acid and painting pictures of Babylon.

"I was very interested in Babylon and I worked out what it ought to look like. The real Babylon out there in Iraq wasn't quite up to what I thought it should have been and I started thinking of better ones that were more mobile. It was very frustrating really because they never looked as good as I thought. Eventually it strangled up me mind.

"Then I thought that I could become a millionaire and go out there and build it. But the Premium Bonds didn't come up. I cracked up very badly. I woke up in the middle of the night and a lot of funny things were happening in my room. I spent a whole autumn taking about six tranquilizers a day to stop from seeing dragons in the street. And one of the dragons I met in the street was Lee."

Did he look like a dragon? "No, but he looked pretty mean. He was a solicitor's clerk at the time."

So the painter and the dragon decided to form a group although Wilko, 23 by this time, hadn't played his guitar for five years. "One thing I found in it then — which isn't quite so obvious to me now — is that I'd spent a lot of time being cosmic and thinking about infinity and wondering what the truth was, and doing rock and roll is the exact opposite of that. You start playing and you've got about an hour and you think 'Screw the cosmos', banging your head against the wall and being really real. I used to like that. In fact, as I said, me head was in a bit of a mess when we started the group, and it soon cleared up. So it was quite therapeutic."

Suddenly motivated, Wilko wangled himself a gig as a teacher in a comprehensive school until he became completely taken over by the Feelgoods. "And the rest is history, folks."

His former dreams of glory as a writer after the style of his hero William Blake (whose collected works, by the way, he firmly denies have ripped off volume by volume, although it is a much-repeated Wilko tale) then took a different shape as he started writing songs.

"I'd never thought of writing songs, but as I gradually got more obsessed with the group it meant I was giving up doing anything but thinking about that. It just took me over. I always wanted to say something in one way or another, and as music was the only thing I was doing I started writing some songs.

"The people round here didn't used to reckon that much to us because we weren't wearing dresses and singing about spacemen. It really used to piss me off, but Lee used to be really cool about it and that impressed me. So I wrote this song called 'Keep Out Of Sight' which is about those people and the feeling that if you've got something worthwhile inside you you don't have to go around shouting about it, because if it's any good it'll dawn on people anyway."

Once it had dawned on people that the Feelgoods were good it started to be more fun. "I've stuck with this longer than I've ever stuck with anything else because rock and roll's always changing. I like the insecurity of not knowing what's going to happen in six months.

"I sometimes read interviews with people who want to write really significant songs that people are going to be thinking about in 50 years. Well, they're just idiots, 'cause rock and roll has nothing to do with 100 years' time or even six months' time. It's just immediate. It comes down to the world around you and the moment that you exist. You can't build a career in rock and roll and that's good, because once you've got something set up for life it's just a straight motorway to the cemetery.

"With the best will in the world you do get caught up in business considerations. You have to keep it in your mind that that doesn't matter. What matters is what you started doing it for in the first place. I'm in the position again now where it's started again, and I want to hang on to doing it just for the playin and be careful that I don't get too caught up in wanting to succeed.

"There are different ways of measuring success, and the way the world and the record business measure success isn't necessarily real success. It's better to be proud of everything you've done than sit and look at a load of bleeding stupid gold discs."

This is beginning to sound like he's found the Truth after all. "No, I forgot about all that. That's one good thing that's come out of rock and roll."

SO THE SLAYER OF mosquitoes is once again in control of the situation and fighting back. When it comes to what his ambitions are this time round he is reduced to biting his nails in agitated contemplation.

"Damn, I've bitten my finger off. I don't know. See, that's one of the things that's happened to me. I haven't got a clue. I am a man of ambition, but I can't think what my ambitions are. Just to survive. Yeah. Yeah."

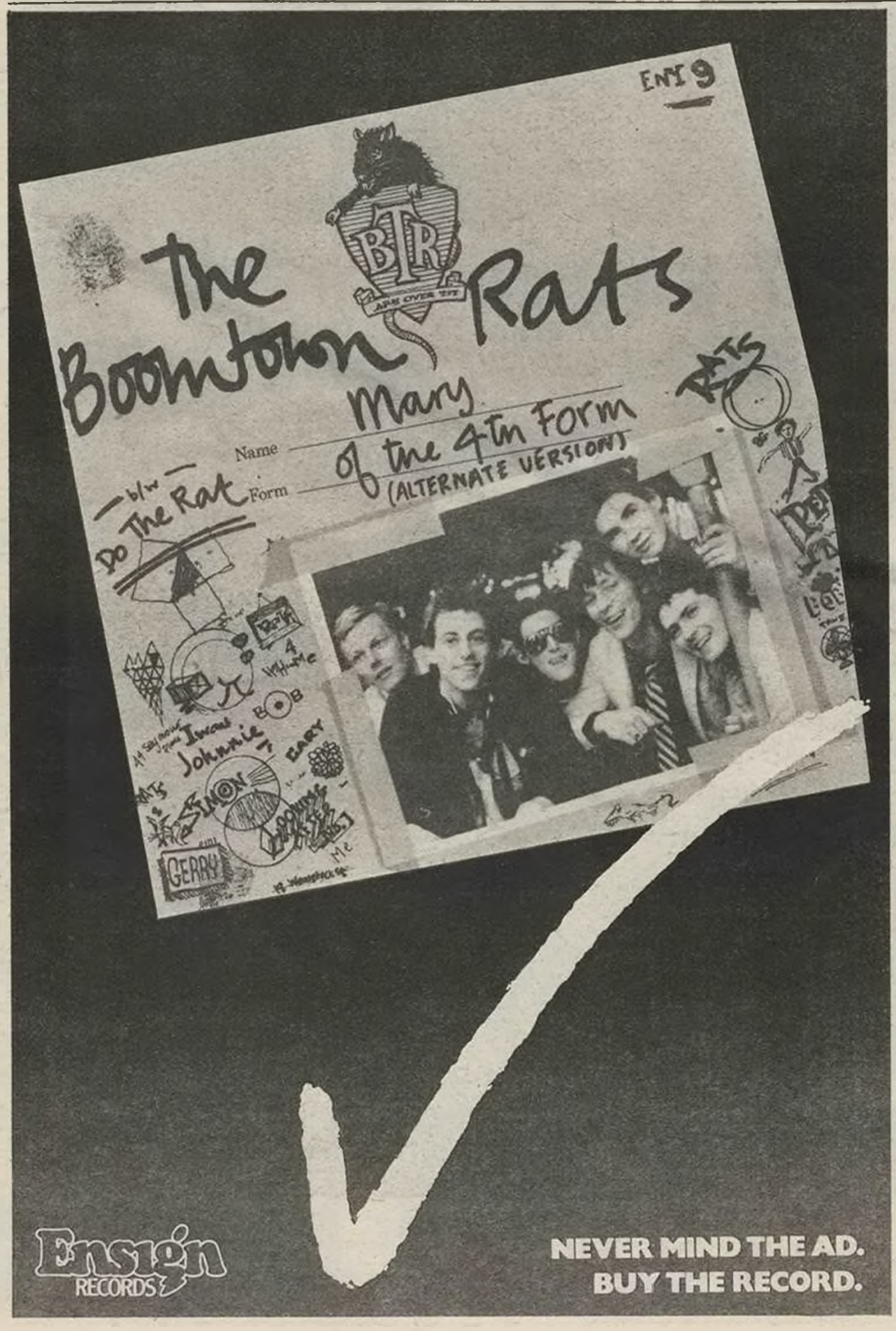
He still has his heroes, too. If he refutes ripping off the works of Blake he *will* admit, "I ripped off my guitar style from Mick Green." As a spotty adolescent he once leapt on a stage and told Green he was the greatest guitarist in the universe. Green is still the Jesus to his John the Baptist in Wilko's book, and he can't quite get over the fact that they're friends now.

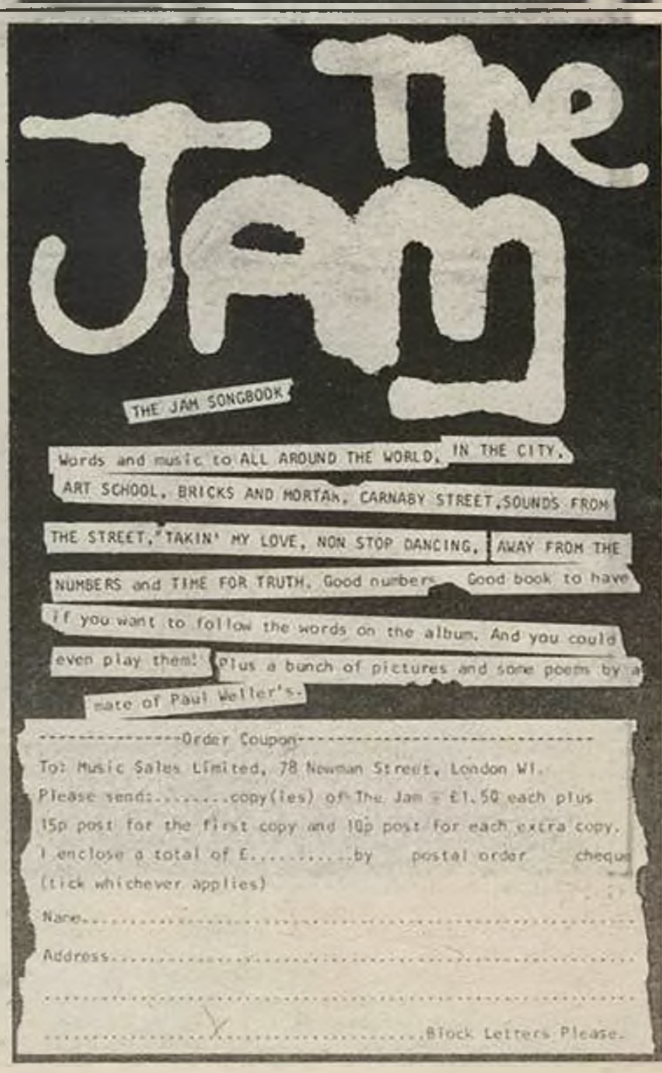
"He's the only person I've ever consciously copied. And he's helped me a lot over the last few months. He's a really down-to-earth bloke and he's been a real friend. I don't like to give myself away. But once I establish that I can trust people I do like to get close to them. I don't make friends easily, but I depend on close friends."

My favourite Wilko story is one of his telling, another good example of 'Wilko the Nutter' really having the upper hand all the time.

"Although I never nicked his books, I did have a thing about William Blake. In the National Portrait Gallery they have this bronze bust of him made from a mask of his actual face. I used to go in there and wait until there was no one else around and talk to him. "Hello William, how's it going?" "

Did he ever answer, Wilk? "Well yes, he did. (Long pause) But you could see my lips move."

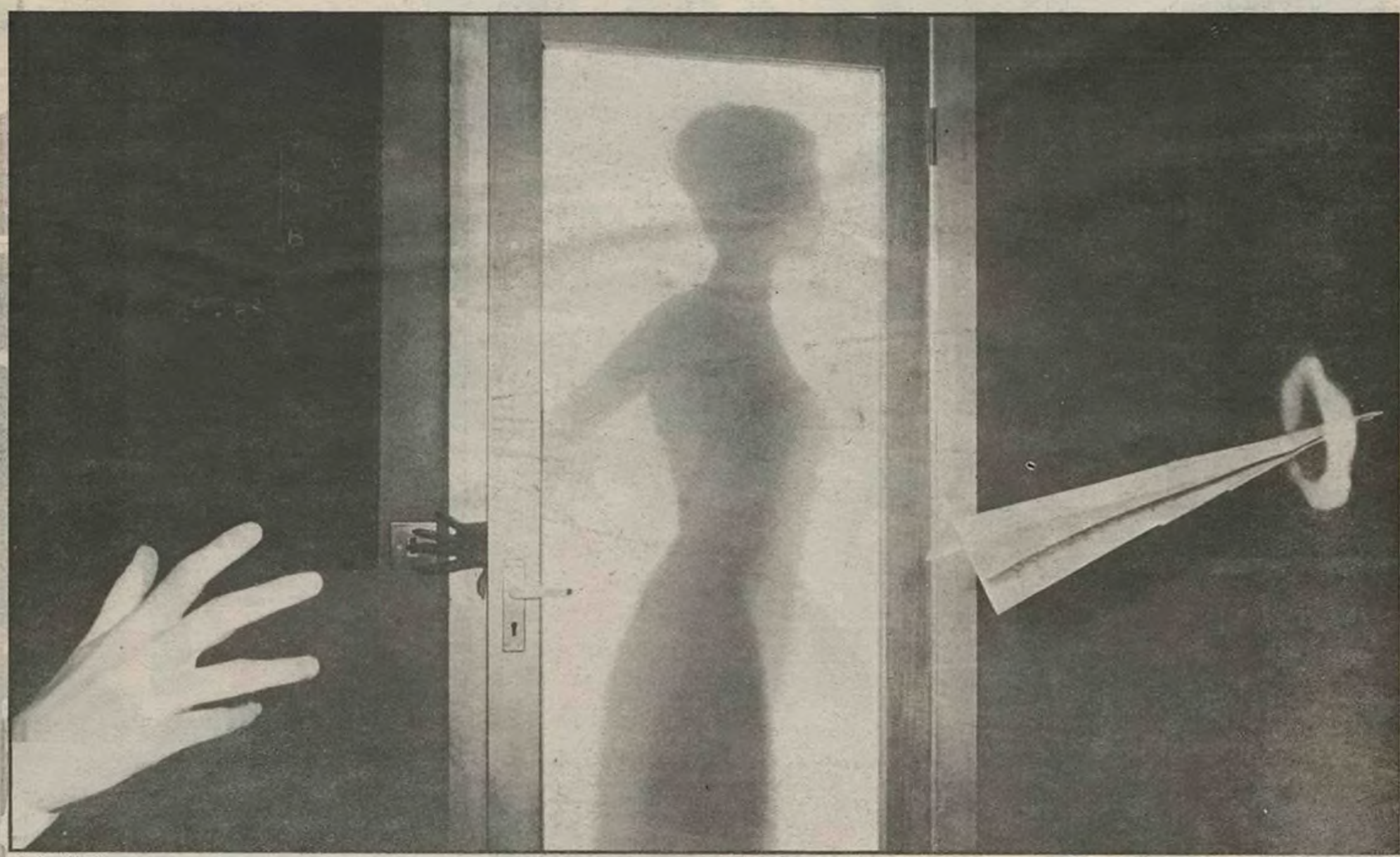




MULL OF KINTYRE

Graham Hughes

WINGS DOUBLE A



Graham Hughes

GIRLS SCHOOL

EMI mpl

THE ALBUM OF '77

the one they are afraid of!

How can you face '78 without it?

Side 1

JANIE JONES
REMOTE CONTROL
I'M SO BORED WITH THE U.S.A.
WHITE RIOT
HATE & WAR
WHAT'S MY NAME
DEEN
LONDON'S BURNING

Side 2

CAREER OPPORTUNITIES
CHEAT
PROTEX BLUE
POLICE & THIEVES
48 HOURS
GARAGELAND

THE CLASH
Mick Jones - guitar, vocals
Joe Strummer - guitar, vocals
Paul Simonon - bass guitar
Tory Crimes - drums

82000

CBS Records & Tapes

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

THRILLS

WE HERE AT NME SAY ELVIS IS NOT WALLY

(NEITHER'S MIDGE URE) (OR JOHN LYDON) (NOR NICK KENT NEITHER)

IT SHOULD have been nipped in the bud, of course.

It wasn't, however, and as a result one of this year's most brain-belled rock factoids has been hatched and granted unquestioning credence in the most unexpected media precincts.

Where it originated is easy to define. The perpetrator of the whole disgraceful sham is one Pete Frame, the benevolent "Godfather" of *Zigzag* and relentless scourer of rock allegiances, however fleeting, trivial or clandestine, for the construction of innumerable, awfully 'definitive' family trees — a *Zigzag* speciality, certainly, and usually highly worthy projects.

In the past, the roots of such bands as Buffalo Springfield, Man — certainly, all the West Coast bands of any repute — and all their near labyrinthine off-shoots have been thoroughly explored. And recently, probably to tie in with *Zigzag's* recently consummated 'new wave' bent, the magazine devoted its centre-spread of two months past to a Frame Roots-of-UK-Punk family tree. A mostly commendable and accurate piece of work it was too, leaving similar attempts by other periodicals in the dust.

However, Frame, who's been given to these bursts of sheer perversity before now, chose to blemish the intensely factual nature of his findings by tossing in a ripe old red herring of a tall tale when he claimed that "Wally" — the enigmatic original guitarist for the Phase One, pre-Rotten era Sex Pistols — was, in fact, none other than Elvis Costello, in one of his various pre-Stiff incarnations. Frame actually broached the revelation in a crafty, matter of fact-ish "now-it-can-be-told" manner that may have granted it more credibility than was intended — but, whatever, the damage was done.

A flurry of letters was promptly sent to yours truly — who, having first mentioned "Wally" in a piece on Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren almost exactly a year ago, and also having interviewed Elvis Costello, was presumed to be one of the few who knew the real truth.

Then, after a few ambiguous remarks in the gossip pages of the music rags, *Time Out* — in an article on the Stiff package — chose during a rather vitriolic attack on Costello to take Frame's Wally-Elvis silliness as gospel. That iced it, really.

Costello hasn't yet gone on record to deny the charge — leading some to believe that Frame and one J. Riviera may have been in cahoots in constructing this piece of instant mythology for the impressionable.

The facts, though, must speak for themselves.

Wally is not Elvis Costello. Never has been for that matter.

Indeed, it's hard to recall a more agreeably mundane personality than The Sex Pistols' original guitarist. I mean, I can't even recall the poor bugger's surname.

An old mate of the original Pistols Shepherds Bush teen Mafia, he was, way back when Steve Jones couldn't make up his mind whether he wanted to be a drummer, a singer or a cat-burglar, and Paul Cook was still taking an inordinately long time to learn the rudiments of keeping time and maintaining a back-beat (Jones was his tutor, by the way).

In those days, Wally was easily the most competent player — though Glen Matlock came a fairly close second — having based his style on Ronnie Wood's Faces period work.

Unfortunately his visual, despite being topped off by a good R. Wood imitation coiffure, was not the stuff from which charismatic young pop stars are shaped. His features were amiably insipid, lacking even the character of E. Costello's twisted toadishness. A pair of heavy Hank B. Marvin horn-rims also did nothing to enhance the blandness lurking behind.

Truth to tell, probably the principle reason for his being in the group in the first place was the fact that his father, being the caretaker for the enormous, long-vacated BBC TV studios in Hammersmith, had given his son's group the key to one of the many large halls therein as a rehearsal-room. In these comparatively luxurious confines, the band worked up a small repertoire of numbers — namely The Small Faces' "Understanding" and "All Or Nothing", The Who's "Substitute", The Love Affair's "Day Without Love".

They also worked out two originals: one entitled "Scarface" with lyrics by Steve Jones' father (!), and the other being "Did You No Wrong" — the arrangement and lyrics of which even then were almost an exact approximation of the number that since has appeared on the B-side of "God Save The Queen".

Indeed, it's quite possible that dear old Wally may well have actually contributed to the structure and composition of "Did You No Wrong", though I can't swear to that.

Wally's exit was actually very swiftly performed, motivated principally by Malcolm McLaren, who had taken over complete control of the group's 'creative direction' upon returning from New York.

McLaren was the absolute dictator at that point, choosing the name, stance, attitude, ideas — you name it. He resented what he considered to be Wally's insipid character and unappealing gawky visual, and at one rehearsal took total charge, informing the latter that his services were no longer needed in no uncertain terms.

Steve Jones had been bashing away for some three months on guitar, displaying sufficient proficiency in such a short time that he was told to keep working at it, while yours truly was given temporary custody of poor Wally's former post.

There was also a singer being auditioned that same night — a timid pretty-boy type called Dave for whom McLaren had high hopes, even though during the subsequent three-hour rehearsal it was adamantly proven that this fledgling had: (a) no voice/sense of pitch; (b) a total inability to project; and (c) the most weedy effeminate visual imaginable. He didn't last long, though — for that matter neither did I, but that (as they say) is another story.

As for Wally — well, there was one gig the original Swankers played — some years ago at some Chelsea niterie it was, the whole thing being engineered in McLaren's absence by one Bernard Rhodes. After three numbers, the whole affair proved so embarrassing that Rhodes signalled the four-piece off stage and left swiftly by the back-door.

In the last 12 months, Wally has apparently vanished from sight completely, not even bothering to attempt to capitalise on this whole ludicrous "enigma" his former presence in the Pistols has now created.

Some months ago, Paul Cook, Steve Jones and I had a good laugh reminiscing about the exploits of their old ally. The pair recall him with some affection, and Cook even claimed that it was Wally — no less — who first compelled the lads to have a bash at forming a group.

Also, about nine months back, Wally actually phoned me at the *NME* to enquire whether I knew of any groups looking for a spare rehearsal room. He gave me his number which I promptly lost, and since then — *nada*.

He's probably working in a bank now — who knows? And even if, in reality, he was the most ludicrously bland character ever to be granted the handle of 'minor league rock enigma', at least he's had the good taste to stay hid and not immortalise himself further as the "Pete Best of the Blank Generation".

NICK KENT

THE PHANTOM SEX PISTOL
An identikit portrait of Wally, the original Johnny Rotten.

THE UGLY GUY LOSES A CHAMPION

THE MOST likeable band in the country played its last gig the Sunday before last, down the Mile End Road, halfway home already. The Kursaal Flyers are no more.

Talking to *Thrills* last week in a pub in Carnaby Street, Will Birch ruefully reckoned that may have been The Kursaal Flyers' downfall: being *too* likeable. Next time out, he says, he's looking for a few "danger men".

The breaking up of the Kursaals started with the exit of Graeme Douglas early this year, was compounded by Vic Collins' departure a couple of months ago, and finalised by Paul Shuttleworth bowing out last week.

Throughout their career, they were a guaranteed good gig — right to the end. They hit the London pub circuit late 1974 with a brand of rock revivalism a tongue-in-cheek cut above their pub cohorts, and quickly signed to Jonathan King's UK Records — a calculated shot which predated the current pop chic by two long years too many.

Their debut album, "Chocs Away" (1975) was and is sporadically superb. Shadow Morton revamps rubbed shoulders with soul dance celebrations, R&B, Chinese reggae, banjo breakdowns and C&W.

Early in '76 they released "The Great Artiste". The comedy songs were now a little too stylised, as Paul Shuttleworth dug deeper into his spiv frontman role, but the rock was getting harder. The variety that was the first set's strong point, however, was now evidently a problem.

Onstage they'd line up in strange array. From left: Graeme Douglas, great fierce guitar and most tunes, his white suit and diffident posture singling him out as the one member who very obviously took himself seriously, straining toward the straighter rock he subsequently found in the Hot Rods.

Paul Shuttleworth, taking his pencil moustache and Cockney comaraderie to extremes, pulled off miracles to hide his vocal weakness but was slightly too prepared to take cover in parody; the good vibes man.

Will Birch, the world's only intelligent drummer, writer of finely honed pop songs in the tradition of his hero Ray Davies — though he too was occasionally too inclined to hit for parody rather than forge his own style; a very basic drummer in the sweat shorts vein.

Ritchie Bull, rotund bassist and

● *Continues over page*

WILL BIRCH

INSIDE INFORMATION

P.12: Johnny Thunder in yet more aggro.
P.13: Mike Munsfield shoots Rich Kids.
P.14: Weather Report's live licks.
P.16: Labelle shop around, Deviants drown their sorrows.
P.18: Superman in double trouble.
P.19: Donna Summer bites the hacks she feeds.
P.20: Blondie sticks her tongue out.
P.22: The Nuns and The Suburban Reptiles — postcards from the colonies.

RITCHIE BULL

● Step 1 . . . getting ready for launching ● Step 2 . . . pulling a face ● Step 3 . . . lift-off with arms close to side ● Step 4 . . . coming down

The up and down world of punk rock ...

AN INSTANT GUIDE TO DOING THE POGO

IT'S FUN, it's fast and anybody can do it. The pogo dance craze that is sweeping across the world of punk rock requires no skill of any kind.

□□

All you need is enough energy to jump up and down in time to the frantic fire of the music. That's the one and only 'step' to learn — the jumping up and down. After that, it's up to you what you do, and the more you add to the basic, the better.

When the pogo first began, reputedly after the example of the Sex Pistols' Sid Vicious, the dancers were usually seen to keep their bodies perfectly straight, arms by sides, while their heads rocketed up and down in the air like pistons.

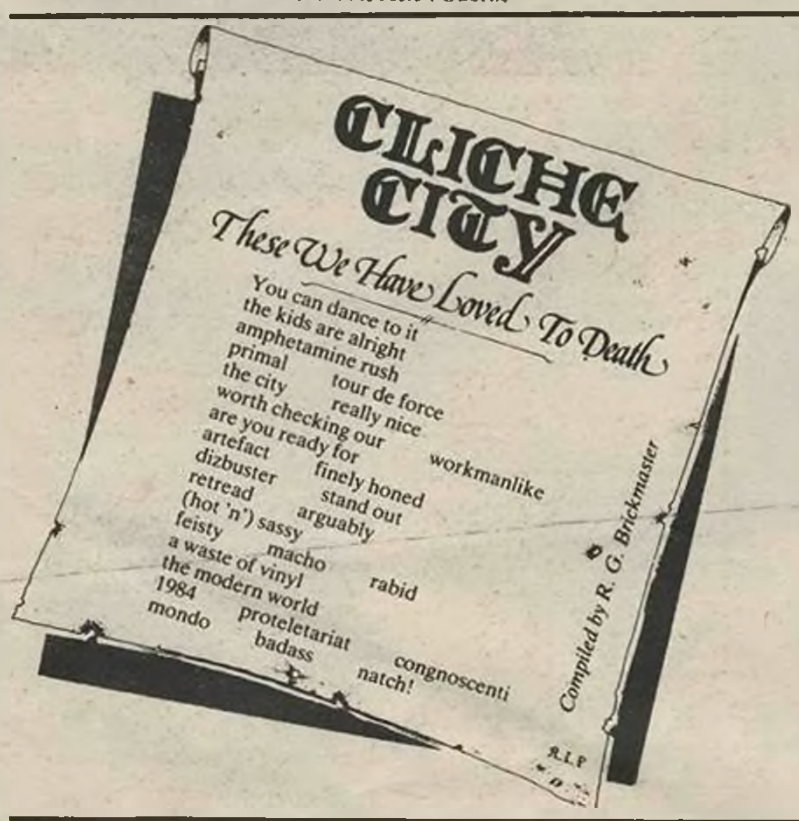
□□

Now, more variety is coming into the dance. The better exponents are flailing arms and legs wildly and pulling the most ridiculously moronic faces possible.

Acton Punk rocker Derek Gibbs says: "People got fed up with the old music — and they got fed up with the old dances. If you like this music, pogoing just comes naturally.

● Step 5 . . . ready for the next jump

From the Acton Gazette



SOME PEOPLE HERE AT THE *NME* reckon that New York exiles Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers have been pulling a few unethical headline grabbing 'strokes' on the dear old pop press over the past few months.

First, you may recall, came the traumatic news some four months back that the four-piece were suddenly being driven from the shores by some nit-picking Home Office official who stated that due to the band not having their permit papers in order for the Pistols' Anarchy tour last December, they were due for the big transatlantic heave-ho, pronto, Tonto. The period of exile was claimed to be something betwixt a year to maybe even 18 months, thus naturally nixing all the fertive groundwork they'd been putting in to establish their name in these isles.

Traumasville — but then suddenly the dreaded year of exile somehow metamorphosed into just three weeks or even less, which took the sting out of that miserable predicament most conveniently.

Then having returned from their merry sojourn in hometown N.Y., the next shocker was drummer / co-leader / ex-N.Y. Doll Jerry Nolan's sudden tantrum split. This bombshell again garnered a whole morass of headlines. Then, equally suddenly, Nolan decided to return to his old Heartbreakers drum-stool — at least for the duration of the expansive British tour which had been plotted out to give a publicity push to their simultaneously released "L.A.M.F." album.

All this headline fodder, though, has started at least certain factions of the media pegging these boys as the band who forever cry wolf.

So what happens when yet another spate of heavy rumour-mongery breaks out, this time around concerning The Heartbreakers' relationship with their record company, Track?

It all started a week last Monday when Siouxsie and the Banshees' manager Nils — a long-standing Heartbreaker ally — mentioned cryptic goings-on at the Track office. Two days later, *Thrills* encountered Johnny Thunders himself. His first remark was an adamant claim that the band had in fact given Track the elbow.

His main contention that one of Track's co-founders had, unexpectedly withdrawn all financial support halfway through the recently completed nationwide tour. This, Thunders claimed, was due to the character concerned taking grave

THUNDERS AND TRACK — CRYING WOLF AGAIN?

JOHNNY THUNDERS pix by EDDIE DUGGAN

KURSAAL FLYERS: THE PIER HEAD SPIVS

● *From previous page*

erstwhile folky banjoman, gradually shed his C&W duds for flashy harry suits, his banjo jollity for a clipped, flowing bass style; and finally there was Vic Collins, reluctantly playing more straight rhythm and less and less of his beloved and excellent pedal steel, dropping his French onion seller guise but never relinquishing his manic stare for an instant.

As strong as they were as individuals, so too were their songs. By the time the band had crossed over to CBS in '75 and put out the excellent, directional "Golden Mile", they'd stacked up a set that was like a greatest hits, every song a winner. Most bands would (or should) be prepared to swap most of their repertoire for three-minute marvels like "Pocket Money", "Hit Records", "Speedway", "Yellow Sox", "Cruisin' For Love", "Modern Lovers", "Street Of The Music", "Radio Romance" and "Little Does She Know".

PAUL SHUTTLEWORTH

Produced by Mike Batt, "Golden Mile" gave them the Big Hit — also, surprisingly, the only Kursaals song ever covered by anyone else. Richard Antony, of all people, swanned up the French charts with "Little Does She Know", apparently modified to touch less upon lauderettes and clean underwear than the Flyers' magnificent soap operetta.

"Golden Mile" was a fine album, but it was pretty much the Kursaals' last. Graeme Douglas hated Mike Batt. Increasingly unhappy with the band's mellow image in these frenetic times, he quit in February this year, and promptly began a flirtation/rescue operation with the Hot Rods which is still contractually unresolved. CBS hold all the Hot Rods which is still individually, and Douglas's, not surprisingly, is one they're not giving away.

VIC COLLINS

Another Southend guitarist, Barry Martin, was recruited. A former colleague of Graeme's in their old jamming conglomerate, Eddie and the Blizzards, he fitted in right off. Will Birch started writing with Ritchie Bull, and when I saw the band in Oxford a few months ago I came back foaming superlatives. In the unrestricted atmosphere of a college May Ball, they ripped the ancient portals to shreds.

Searching for a harder sound to

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offence to not being taken on as the band's co-manager alongside the 'Breakers main-man, Leee Black Childers. In his usual outspoken manner, Thunders referred to the person concerned as "a great big baby".

However, this rift with Track had not left the band in the proverbial "shits", he maintained. Indeed, he expected to be putting pen to a worldwide CBS contract in the near future.

Thunders seemed to reckon that if all goes as planned, and the deal is signed, the band may well return to New York.

As for Nolan, w-e-e-ell, after much humming and ha-ing and generally stalling he's definitely out of the picture and apparently intends to start a band with the brother of his current true love, Esther, on guitar.

The Heartbreakers meanwhile have pretty much settled on using fomer Clash drummer Terry Chimes, whom Walter Lure claims is even better in certain respects than Nolan.

Already one provincial gig has been performed as a try-out — a total success according to all sources — and two Vortex gigs planned for this week should mark Chimes' full initiation into the post. In fact, this change in personnel has seemingly caused a burst of inspiration for the band, who've already completed four new songs — one number entitled "Laughing At You"; another as yet untitled; the third yet another Heartbreakers smack anthem based on a Chuck Berry oldie, only retitled "Too Much Junkie Business".

The fourth number, though, sounds like the most intriguing — a grit-teethed reply to Johnny Rotten's slag-off of David Johanssen ("New York" from the Pistols' first album). This one is similarily vitriolic about us Limey boys and suitably entitled "London".

After talking to The Heartbreakers, *Thrills* approached Track for their side of the story — only to receive a cagey "No Comment" for a reply. Obviously there are business meetings still to be convened and all that, and there's still a chance that Track may yet possess a few aces-up-the-sleeve ready to nix all this current dissention.

One positive aspect is the claim by Daniel Secunda, co-producer of the horrendously mixed "L.A.M.F.", that the album is going to be re-cut, hopefully improving the cruddy production sound that has caused so much grief already amongst the group's fans.

NICK KENT

THRILLS

RICH KIDS bid the studio commissionaire a polite goodbye *Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY*

MIKE MANSFIELD'S PUNK TV SPECIAL — "SO IT GOBS"?!!

THE FIRST ALL PUNK TV special was cut last Friday by *Supersonic* director / producer Mike Mansfield, at a Wandsworth TV studio called Ewarts TV. Its working title is *The Best Of British*.

The show, which featured The Adverts, Glen Matlock's Rich Kids, Generation X and The Damned, will go out in January, assuming a British TV company picks it up. Considering the degree of slick professionalism of each piece of footage viewed, this seems highly likely. The show will then be used as the pilot for a projected series.

Certain sources, however, have suggested that Mike Mansfield is more interested in selling the show to a Stateside TV company.

At the filming, which had a token audience of token punks draped about the studio set, each band played three numbers. There were also vox pop (sic) interviews with members of the audience by a rather unconvincing linkman. All the footage of the bands was visually very strong indeed — though, as always seems to be the case with TV rock shows, there was a surfeit of close-ups.

Due to gig commitments on Friday evening, The Adverts had had their sequence filmed that morning. Of the other three bands, The Damned still had temporary drummer Dave Burke, on loan from Johnny Moped, providing a less arrogant version of the Scabies kitwork. Their sound was extremely good, otherwise no surprises.

Generation X and Rich Kids each turned in three strong, powerful numbers that fully justified those who're expecting them shortly to emulate the Pistols and The Clash in both commercial and artistic terms. Generation X provided "Your Generation", "From The Heart", and the excellent new single "Wild Youth".

Matlock's Rich Kids, with new guitarist Midge Ure stage centre on lead vocals, turned out a trio of fast songs, each bristling deliciously with the kind of emotionally pure hooks *(Whaat? — Ed.)* that the bassist gave the first three Pistols singles.

With, from left to right, Matlock in footpad chic, Ure's spetacle-less E. Costello-like appearance and guitarist Steve New's ultimate camp version of Peter Frampton, Rich Kids have a stunning front line.

The confidence behind the mike-stand moves suggest many hours in front of the bedroom mirror getting those poses down *right*. On "Rich Kids", Glen and Midge come together at the same mike stand to harmonise *"Talkin' bout rich kids"* on the chorus line. Their studied spontaneity turned those couple of seconds into a kind of vignette detailing every facet of The Rich Kids — from the impeccable Beatle-ish roots to their obvious love of flash rock'n'roll posing.

They followed their theme song with "Bulletproof Lover" and "Young Girls".

Although Martin Wyatt, a director of The Adverts' Anchor Records, personally provided a large slice of the programme's finance, the bands' record companies were not asked to fork out — though writers of the songs being shot *were* asked to waive the "synchronisation fee" which they would normally pick up for each screening.

The bands were not required to clean up the gob on the studio floor.

CHRIS SALEWICZ

WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH THE PROM

match their new mood onstage, they enlisted the production skills of Muff Winwood. Unfortunately, Winwood was too busy to spend an album's worth of time on the band — so they stuck out a couple of loose singles and a rather unnecessary live set, "Five Live Kursaals", when a new studio album should have been their first priority.

Meantime manager Paul Conroy departed at the end of July to become general manager at Stiff Records, and then in August Vic Collins quit. He's now gotten himself a Canvey Island C&W outfit together, known as Tomahawk.

Yet another Southend guitarist, one Johnny Wicks, stepped in to replace Vic on rhythm, but he hardly had time to get blooded before Paul Shuttleworth announced that he was going to cut a solo record with Mike Batt. So Paul quit the camp last week, telling the others he felt responsible for their inability to shed the unhip comedy/goodtime image that has weighed against them of late — especially in the press, where they'd only landed one decent size feature this year (in *NME*, natch).

The others promptly decided to knock it on the head.

So Graeme's a Rod, Vic's a Tomahawk, Paul's a solo singer — "an entertainer, the Max Bygraves of the Blank Generation," says Will affectionately. Ritchie is currently doing sessions, though he wants to get back into a rock band. Barry's looking around, as is Johnny — Will reckons he and Wicks may write some songs together.

As for Will Birch, he's writing some songs for Dave Edmunds, producing another Stiff single for The Yachts (he did their first), following up a few other songwriting and production possibilities. . . but mainly looking for his "danger men" for a new band.

Kursaal Flyers, 1974-1977. The underdog has lost a good friend.

PHIL McNEILL

THRILLS

GRAEME DOUGLAS

BARRY MARTIN

JOHNNY WICKS

GREG KIHN

alTalent

SINGLE 'FOR YOU'

GSTEEN SONG OUT NOW!

BOING!

JOE ZAWINUL Pic: PENNIE SMITH

DOWNSTAIRS AT Newcastle's City Hall, Josef Zawinul has just made a very astute point. "All the originators are always great," he repeats, looking inquisitively close to be sure I understand. "But when the imitators come in, the hangers-on, they just take the music to a place where it becomes indigestible after a while. Jazz became like that, and rock is becoming like that now."

Joe Zawinul and Wayne Shorter, both now in their mid-40's, are co-leaders of the most successful jazz group of the '70s. After two decades of consistent musical brilliance, Weather Report, although they now appeal to an audience large enough to get their albums into the Top 50, are still an abrasive and daring outfit, ready to take chances all the way. Only now they now have a lot more people watching while they do it.

Zawinul was born in Vienna in '32 and moved to the States in '59, where he worked with Ben Webster and Dinah Washington, amongst others, before joining the late Cannonball Adderley's group and remaining with them for most of the '60s.

It was towards the end of that decade that he joined Miles Davis' band, contributing to a series of albums that began with "In A Silent Way" and "Bitches Brew" — the birth and still one of the few real triumphs of jazz-rock fusion.

"I felt that in the late '60s jazz had become so boring. When Sly Stone came out first, and Jimi Hendrix — their music had this other quality that jazz unfortunately didn't have."

This other quality he can't easily define, but he thinks it was an attitude more than anything. "The bands I was in always had this attitude: it was not us who held anything back. I was in Cannonball's band for a long time and we could knock the people out, while playing music.

"And finally in Weather Report we are reaching the people on the streets. Not the critics, but the people. And we don't play down to the people ever — we play what we play, and for the people to come up there with us, that is the greatest feeling."

Lester Bangs once wrote that he suspected Zawinul of having more to do with Miles' explosive injection of rock into jazz than was ever credited. Certainly it's true that of the bands spawned by Miles' music — Return To Forever, Herbie Hancock's groups — and the plethora of jazzers that have crossed over since, only Weather Report have shown the creative acumen required to be more than just old players with a funky riff and a new paint job.

Still, since their formation in '71, Weather Report's personnel has changed often, and considering their lacklustre first night at the Rainbow, I asked the obvious question.

"Yeah, I'm happy with this group. All the guys we had in the band, they were incredible musicians, but, well, I want to grow, and I don't want anybody to hold me back and I don't want to hold back no-one.

"I'm sorry that happened the first night because I myself was disappointed." (He's referring to bassist Jaco Pastorius' over-long bass solo, which drew a vociferous negative reaction from the crowd.) "Because we were recording he thought he should get enough on tape. I explained to him later that it didn't matter, we're playing for the people and if it's good it's on the record, if it is not then it won't be. Looking back I think everything was alright, but it never really took off again because the feedback was not right after that.

"Second night though, from the very first moment on it was smoking."

Which is just as well, because the London gigs — the culmination of a long European tour — will be the basis for a live Weather Report album. Zawinul is also working on a solo album, for which he has enlisted the aid of Miles Davis. Only three tracks have been recorded so far, and he promises that it will be a departure from Weather Report's music. Beyond that, plans for the band have yet to be made.

What is sure in Zawinul's mind, though, is this:

"I have thought this for a long, long time," he declares. "It is not necessary to play bullshit in order to become popular."

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS

The Lone Groover — BENYON

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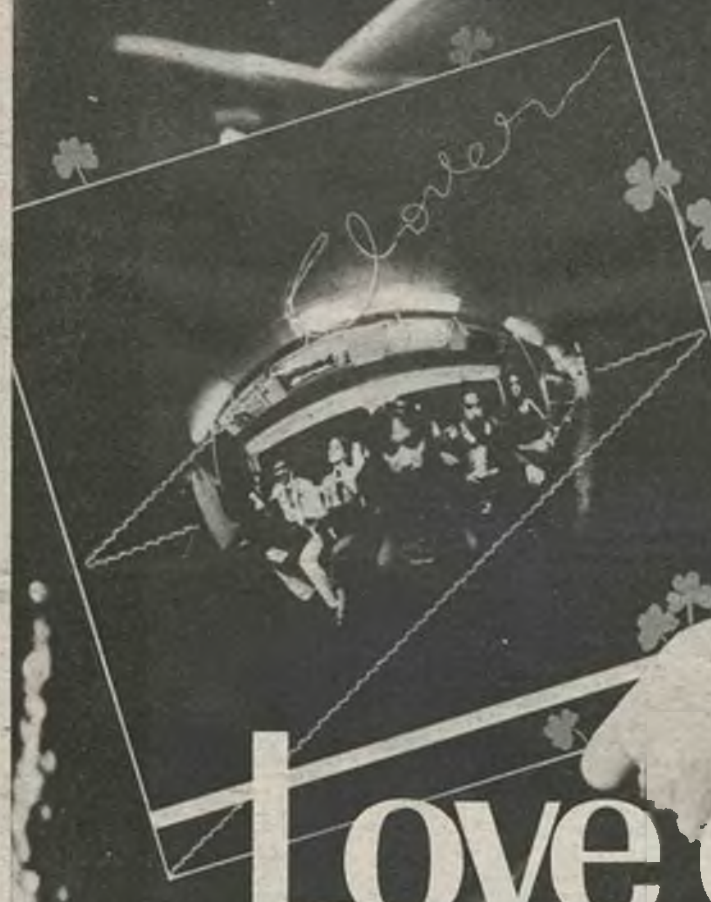

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NOVEMBER		22nd	EXETER University
17th	NEWCASTLE, City Hall	25th	OXFORD, New Theatre
19th	BIRMINGHAM, Odeon	26th/27th	LONDON, Rainbow
20th	CROYDON, Fairfield Halls	28th	BRISTOL, Colston Hall
21st	BOURNEMOUTH, Wintergarden	29th	BRIGHTON, Dome

Produced by Robert J. Lange

marketed by phonogram

PROMOTERS WAZZ ON DEVIANTS TOUR — FARREN GANG PLAN NEW YORK BLITZ

THE SCENE IN the pub next door to Stiff Records was set for a bizarre Daymon Runyon story: the drop-out class of musical bandits circa 1969+ were having an indentikit Lewis-leather heap-important pow-wow, propping up the bar.

Very prominent citizens (Mick Farren, Paul Rudolph, Larry Wallis, Dave Goodman) whose talents have given blood in aid of such bands as the Deviants, Pink Fairies, UFO, Hawkwind and Kicks, first discussed the difference in zipper lengths on their leather jackets, and then the sudden cancellation of the Mick Farren and the Deviants "Nasty Nostalgia" tour. It was sad news.

The history of the ill-fated event reads thus: Farren was spotted by a talent scout at CBGB's club in New York. Was he the famous MF? Would he like to make a record? He pleaded guilty on both counts and the result was the platter, "Play With Fire" on the Ork label.

Then, back in the UK, Stiff Records provided recording time at Pathway Studios for an EP titled "Screwed Up", released this week, featuring Farren, Rudolph, Wallis and friends.

Hunched over the pub bar last week, it emerged that three months ago a dozen gigs were pencilled in for the band. Unfortunately, the dates were scrubbed when the promoters found larger name crowd pullers in the same market.

Wallis, survivor of the recent Stiff national tour, is eager to get out on the road again. "I think Mick should be a recording person again, don't you? Stop writing and start singing. It's a bummer the tour is off — I wanted to see the recording culminate in live gigs. I hate the idea of not being able to go out and do it."

"Yeah," Farren agreed. "What more can you say? It's a fuckin' drag!"

On my mention of Farren's possible vocal limitations, Paul Rudolph offered: "I think you can say that in the old Deviants, as I remember it, Mick was trying to sing like other people. Now he's just being himself. It's better: he sings in time and in tune!"

A proof-sheet of the EP sleeve found its way onto the bar and was the cause of much concern. Had artist Barney Bubbles gone mad? It looked like an artistic interpretation of the true identity of Jack the Ripper: a lacerated image of Farren's face after a hack-surgeon had done a patchwork job on a razor slashing.

Manager/agent Dave Goodman spoke of future plans: "We may do a couple of Christmas shows, the Nashville, etc. Right now we're looking at a U.S. tour at the end of January.

"We're being sent the air fares for four people by Ork. They'll put us up in New York for ten days. We'll go into the studio and see what happens.

"The band will be Larry Wallis — guitar, Wayne Kramer (MC5) — guitar, Farren — vocals, a New York bass player and Alan Powell ('Wind/Kicks) on drums."

Paul Rudolph took news of his omission in his stride. "Well, I thought we were really cooking in the studio. You know, I co-wrote three of the EP tunes. What a shame!

"I got on a plane in Vancouver in 1969 to fly to London to join The Deviants. We did that crazy American tour that ended up with The Pink Fairies being formed.

"Now two days ago I flew up from Malaga, Spain, for the tour, and here there's a *free* air trip? And I didn't even make the reserve team? Shit, that's showbiz, folks!

"I'm going back to training in Spain, at least until early '78 — when I'll be back in town to record with Eno."

We'll keep you peseta'd.

JAMIE MANDELKAU

For more incestuous NME backslapping, see ***On The Town.***

CHAMELEONS RISING

NONA HENDRYX (TOP) AND PATTI LABELLE UNVEIL THEIR NEW ASPIRATIONS

PUT AWAY your schoolbooks mes enfants; for the duration of this piece one into three only gives us two. From that formidable trio once known as Labelle, only Patti of that name and Nona Hendryx have so far emerged with the first fruits of their solo dreams.

Patti has gone for the disputed Queen Of Soul title, confirming her reputation as an extraordinarily emotive singer with a penchant for dramatic ballads and rough funk.

Nona is aiming to be the First Lady of rock 'n' roll.

Whatever the outcome of their split, you can quickly see why Labelle amicably agreed to call it a day.

"It was inevitable," Patti explains with a smile and no trace of bitterness. "It was 16 years of being together and doing everything alike, even though we had different likes and dislikes with regard to music. If Sarah wanted to do, say, 'Ring Around The Rosy', Nona and I would do it because we were all together — not really wanting to but compromising because of the group.

"We grew to a level where we all wanted to do different things and realised the compromise was really hurting. Rather than end up becoming ugly with one another on stage it was better to split.

"I think there's a time when ladies become a certain age, particularly in groups . . . what I mean is, I don't know if we could have rocked and rolled together too much longer without bumping into one another and knocking each other down. We'd have become too old up there together."

Patti was talking to me on the morning after her CBS convention appearance, for which she received a standing ovation.

Backed by The Waters Singers, her own rhythm section and an orchestra directed by producer/m.d. David Rubinson, her crucial debut set hinged mainly on material from her forthcoming solo album.

Patti came through with funky colours flying.

Nona, a more independently-minded lady who writes the bulk of her own material, chose to work in New York with her own small group and an unknown producer, Michael Sherman. But even if she hadn't discovered Sherman she wouldn't have plumped for Rubinson.

"The 'Chameleon' album that we did with David came off very sterile.

"The mix came out not sounding like Labelle; it was a David Rubinson mix. It took me quite a few listenings to come up with a good spirit to even talk to people about that album. I won't ever let that happen to me again."

Labelle was a rebellion against the party-dress to Vegas-gown route previously expected of female singers, but even as part of Labelle Nona found she was restricted musically and personally. The industry still operates a hypocritical double standard.

"I'm a party type of person, a nightbird. I like to be on the road and I like to enjoy myself afterwards; I'm no homebody. In the unlikely event that I ever get married my husband would have to understand that.

"But I've found that, whereas it's recognised that male singers can enjoy themselves on the road, have their groupies and such, if a woman is of the same mind she's not respected. Well, why can't I be expected to have the same desires as a man?

"As for music, I've always loved rock; always been into listening to the Stones, The Who, Randy Newman, Bob Dylan, but it was never really feasible to apply it to what Labelle were doing.

"Right now I feel strongly about punk or new wave music; I think it's good. I love 'Anarchy In The U.K.' It's healthy to have these eruptions otherwise everybody becomes so cosy in their position. Somebody's gotta say, 'Hey, watch out, don't just rest there on your laurels, something else is happening'.

"So while there have been a few white females singing a kind of black R'n'B thing, I want to change it around and see what happens. I want to sing rock and see guys turned on like girls get turned on by male singers. And I don't just mean sitting in their seats gaping, I mean up there screaming. Not just because of sex either; from the music point of view too."

CLIFF WHITE

SEX AND DRUGS AND ROCK AND ROLL AND VIOLENCE AND HOROSCOPES

THE RECENT DRAMATIC reversal in teenage behaviour, from "peace and love" to "hate and war", may be due to a shift in the slow-moving outer planets, according to a recent edition of *Horoscope* magazine.

Whereas the "hippie" generation was born with Neptune in Libra — the sign of peace, harmony, and "relationships" — the succeeding generation, born 1955-62, arrived with Uranus in Leo and Neptune in Scorpio. Thus, according to Daniel Wexler in his article "The Cruelty Of Today's Youth", they "face a life-and-death conflict in their collective psyche.

"Questions of apocalypse, reincarnation, and individual survival in an extreme situation are of paramount concern to this group, whose planetary placement of Neptune in Scorpio indicates a fascination with death and the beyond.

"Uranus in Leo square Neptune in Scorpio translates to mean self-will vs. self-loss — an arrogant desire for freedom coupled with a simultaneous longing for death. In practical terms, this means the individual has to put himself in a life/death situation to get 'turned on'."

Does that sound like anyone *you* know?

Elsewhere in the article Wexler commends us to look at the writers of the '50s who unconsciously reflected the new mass-conscious (Uranus in Leo, Neptune in Scorpio) some twenty years before the generation born at that time would reach "astrological maturity" and make their impact on society.

"The sexual precocity of the young today was anticipated by Nabokov, who published his *Lolita* in 1955, and by Tennessee Williams in *Baby Doll* (1956). The cruel potential of children was explored by William Golding in *Lord Of The Flies* in 1954, and decadence was examined earlier by John Van Druten in *I Am A Camera*, the play from which the musical *Cabaret* was later derived.

"Juvenile delinquency first caught public attention in the 1950s and was immortalised on celluloid in 1955 with *Blackboard Jungle, Rock Around The Clock*, and by James Dean in *Rebel Without A Cause.*"

Wexler goes on: "The need to do one's own thing borders on the edge of anarchy (Uranus in Leo); yet this is in conflict with a subtle dream to be taken over by another (Neptune in Scorpio).

"Scorpio does not tolerate shades of grey; and with Neptune here, there is a longing for things to be either black or white.

"Maybe this explains the glamourisation of the 1950s by this group whose cruel, violent, revolutionary, and elemental planetary placements seem to have little in common with the happenings of that placid time in history, yet in fact are of the same archetypal essence of the art of that period.

"These are the 'rock babies', the first generation whose initial breath coincided with that of rock and roll . . . and on conscious levels in some ways are more like the 1950s than the 1950s were."

Mr Wexler goes on to point out that the last time Uranus entered Scorpio was 1890-1, coinciding with the death of Rimbaud, the suicide of Van Gogh, and the publication of Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray.*

"Dorian's ennui (pissed off, punk) with the humanitarianism of the reform-minded Victorian Age parallels our own disenchantment with liberalism, our own apathy. Like the youth today who have despaired of technology to save us from apocalypse, the gay '90s hosted a generation which felt itself doomed to extinction. It was a now generation in perpetual readiness for the new thrill, who opted for full indulgence of the intensity of the moment over salvation at some future date."

And at some future date . . .

"What do you make of all this then, squire?" I asked Krumbling Kevin of The Pucking Fits one night recently at the Vortex.

"Couldn't tell yer, mate," he quipped. "I'm only here for the gear."

FYFE RUBINSTEIN

Punk's super-hunk, Clash-man Paul Simeno, ain't the kinda guy to argu with! He might have big so eyes like Bambi but he's a snarling temper.

A string broke on his ba guitar during one gig so he kicked it right across the stage nearly knocking out the rest of the band. A nic fella to take home for tea, e Give Granny something to talk about!

From Pink magazine, 29.10.77 — the punk with the Bambi eyes, sent by Mark Honan of Barnes.

YEEUCCH!

A SIX-YEAR-OLD boy in Cleveland recently died after he became hooked on salt.

He craved it so much that he even put it in his milk and soft drinks. In the end his abnormal appetite led him to ingest a "grossly excessive" amount at dinner one night, which caused his heart to stop.

The coroner ruled it was homicide, claiming that his foster parents should have protected him from himself.

DICK TRACY

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19th **OXFORD.** New Theatre
21st/22nd **BRISTOL.** Colston Hall
23rd **SHEFFIELD.** City Hall
24th **BRADFORD.** St. Georges Hall
25th/26th **MANCHESTER.** Free Trade Hall
28th **BRIGHTON.** Dome
29th **PORTSMOUTH.** Guildhall
30th **BOURNEMOUTH.** Winter Gardens

December

2nd/3rd **BIRMINGHAM.** Odeon
4th **WOVERHAMPTON.** Civic Hall
5th **LEICESTER.** De Montfort Hall
7th **SOUTHAMPTON.** Gaumont
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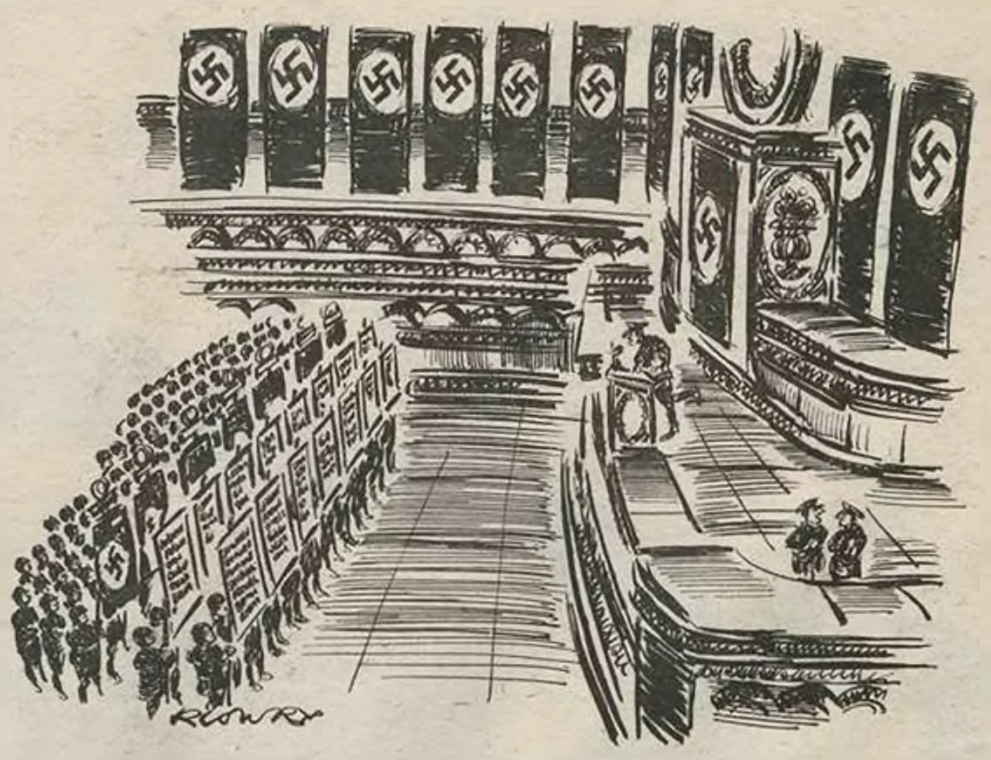

"Didn't you know that? The first two rows always hold up his cue cards."

CRIME DESK

ORGANISED CRIME is taking over the rock promotion business in America, the US Government believes. It has recently instigated Federal Grand Jury investigations in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and Las Vegas.

For years there have been rumours about Mafia involvement in the music business, but no formal accusations have surfaced. Sources close to the Grand Jury are now claiming however that these investigations are only the tip of the iceberg. It is believed that rock promotion is just the first step by a crime alliance which intends to move on into the larger entertainment areas of records, films and television production.

Among documents being studied by the Grand Jury is a history of criminal involvement in the entertainment business dating back to the 1920's. If you should happen to come across a copy, *Crime Desk* would be most interested to hear from you . . .

TWO FORMER GUARDS at a zoo in Memphis, Tennessee, have been charged with grand larceny after police raided their apartment and found two young 50-pound baby ostriches grazing on their living room rug.

SCOTLAND YARD have just introduced a new £3 million computerised fingerprint system capable of storing the dabs of two and a half million people. Called the Videofile, the new system will speed up the identification of fingerprints by five times or more. New prints will be stored on videotape and can instantly be compared with others in the data bank by the push of a button.

BRITAIN'S FIRST robbery by skateboard was reported recently in Hull when four kids snatched a woman's handbag and were away before the astonished victim knew what had happened.

TED HINTON, the last survivor of the six law enforcement officers who ambushed Bonnie and Clyde and shot them to death, recently died himself, aged 73, in a Dallas hospital. Hinton claimed that after the shooting he jumped over the bonnet of the car, opened the side door and then Bonnie fell into his arms, where she died. His full account of the couple's last moments is apparently recorded in a hitherto unpublished manuscript.

SHOPLIFTING AND THEFT by employees now account for losses worth $1.6 billion a year, claims the National Retail Merchants Association, which represents some 30,000 major department stores around the world. This figure represents 2% of the stores' annual sales. Commented a spokesman for the NRMA, "Many of the shopliftings are carried out by people with too low an income, others by those who need ready cash for drugs. Some people, of course, feel it a moral duty that what is owned by a store chain should instead be shared out."

Meantime figures from the *Security Gazette* claim that the amount stolen by burglars in Britain has trebled since 1967. Last year a total of almost £150 million worth of goods and money were taken — the equivalent of a week's take-home pay for the entire 55,000 workers at the Ford Motor Company in Britain.

A CANADIAN INVENTOR, Paul Le Blond, has developed a new weapon against rapists. Called Rapel, it's a tiny capsule of synthetic skunk oil which women can pin to their underwear and squeeze at the moment of danger. The attacker cannot escape from the lingering smell but the victim can, using an effective deodoriser supplied with the capsule. Mr. Le Blond made 1,741 tests over an eight-month period to discover the deodorising agent, and expects to sell some 66 million Rapel Kits in the first year of marketing.

WHEN WILLIE SMITH was found guilty of a series of crimes — including the mugging of a 93-year-old crippled woman — Judge Nathan O. Cohen of Manhattan told him: "Throughout this trial your constant charges of police brutality have irritated me no end." His Honour then left the bench and, before astonished court officials could intervene, punched Mr. Smith on the nose, knocked him down, and kicked him.

Resuming his seat and, presumably, his dignity, Judge Cohen continued: "That's a sample of real, honest-to-goodness police brutality. If that's what they did to you, then I suggest you apply for a retrial on those grounds.

"But if that's not what the police did to you, then go serve your sentence like a good criminal should."

See you in court.

THRILLS

THE SHOOTING OF SUPERMAN

*THE SALES PITCH for the upcoming 25 million dollar **Superman** movie reads: "In 1978 the cinema world will still be divided into the HAVES and the HAVE NOTS. Those who have **Superman** and those who don't."*

*Logistically the making of **Superman** rivals the D-Day landings. Producer Ilya Salkind is actually shooting two movies at once — known for now simply as **Superman 1 & 2** — a technique pioneered by his father on **The Three/Four Musketeers**. On top of that, he has to co-ordinate the work of two directors: Richard Donner (**The Omen**), who is handling the main shooting unit at Pinewood; and Richard Lester (erstwhile Beatles/**Three Musketeers** director), who is supervising no less than four units, one of which is devoted entirely to flying sequences.*

● *Continues opposite, Batman!*

SEX vs SANDWICHES —THE PRESS DECIDES

AT A LAVISH RECEPTION in a London hotel ballroom, the star rating of Donna Summer is foolishly put to the test by a nudging, winking, leering PR ploy.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," says a voice over the PA system. "Will the gentlemen of the press please note that Miss Donna Summer is in the room opposite. Thank you."

The gentlemen of the press, who are gorging themselves on a vast range of drinks and food, pay little or no heed to this announcement.

What the hell do these people expect? That everybody's going to start frothing at the mouth and trample each other to death in the rush to get at the Queen of Heavy Breathing?

After a few minutes, there's a further announcement, with just a trace of desperation.

"Will the gentlemen of the press note that Miss Donna Summer is in the room opposite. Just across the corridor, *please*."

A further pause, and a dozen or so hacks ease towards the door, barely diminishing the huge crowd of guzzling free-loaders.

As far as Fleet Street's concerned, Ms Summer is a sex object, and any views she may hold on any other aspects of her life and work inevitably take second place.

In fact, to slip into the vernacular, the lady turns out to look remarkably unlike a sex goddess. She's got up in a demure, long green velvet dress. Nothing risque or ostentatious about her appearance or her manner.

It's a hackette who puts the inevitable question: "Donna, do you like being known as a sex symbol?"

Ms Summer is ready with an evasive, slightly trippy response. "Everything is fine," she says, a little strangely, "But everything is not fine, if it's taken to an extreme."

The hackette insists. "That does not answer my question. Do you like being known as a sex symbol?"

Ms Summer offers an analogy. With the carpet — of all things. She's not suggesting that people walk all over her, or that they wipe their feet. The *colour* of the carpet is the point.

"Parts of the carpet are red, parts of the carpet are other colours. It's not just a red carpet. I don't just consider myself a sex symbol.

"Anyway," she says, turning the tables, "do *you* like being known as a sex symbol?"

The hackette reddens slightly. "I'm not known as a sex symbol. I wish I was." Laughter from the assembly. First blood to Ms Summer.

Ms Summer goes on to tell us that she doesn't necessarily want to make sexy records, that's just the way she is. She is also, apparently, very religious — "I can't get to sleep at night unless I pray" — and she still sings in a church choir.

The object of the reception is to promote Ms Summer's single "Down Deep Inside", and the movie soundtrack of *The Deep*, from which it's taken.

The Deep is a basically a glorified version of that old Lloyd Bridges TV series *Sea Hunt*. The movie stars Robert Shaw, and is written by Peter Benchley, the *Jaws* man. American reviews suggest it's a bit of a beached whale.

Ms Summer doesn't appear in the movie, but has news of a movie she *has* made. Believe it or not, she wants to be a comedy actress.

Her movie's called *Thank God It's Friday Night*. Ms Summer describes it as "a disco comedy, a comedy set in a discotheque, that is."

The potential for laughs does not sound immense. Indeed, the movie's title sets the lady off on a maudlin train of thought.

"For you," she tells the hacks, "it's Friday night tonight, but for me it's never Friday night. It's never Sunday, either. You never get any holiday. You forfeit your privacy. You forfeit your private life.

"There's no way of getting off the bus, because there's 'x' number of people on the bus with you. You can kill yourself, of course. That's one way off the bus."

Curious how millionaire pop stars get so melodramatic and self-pitying. You'd expect someone whose music is essentially frivolous to be a little more cheerful. Alas, not so.

Ms Summer tells us how she was selected by her German record company from 300 people who auditioned in New York.

She lived originally in Boston, and began singing when she was eight. "When I was a child, when I was just born, my mother just stuck me down in front of the radio, and left me there."

After that kid in Florida who blamed television for his violent traits, no doubt that explains Ms Summer's enthusiasm for radio pap.

She acknowledges that her career was going nowhere until she moved in with the Germans. The principal criticism of the style that they've created is that it's a bit mechanical. In fact, very mechanical.

"I Feel Love" was laden with electronic effects. How did she manage to sing in an erotic way, when all she could hear in the background was machines?

"The harder the sound," she explains sweetly, "the softer I feel like singing."

If that sounds like just the sort of female stereotype that Fleet Street loves, then it may be misleading. From this brief glimpse of her, it seems that Donna Summer is rather sharper than her image or her publicity suggests. She appears to be a normal, intelligent Bostonian who's going along with the hype because you don't turn down a fortune, unless you're a fanatic or a dummie. The demure appearance is a small rebellion, though.

Back in the ballroom, the eating and drinking go on unabated. This frenzied activity stops for a while, as Ms Summer enters and makes a few polite remarks, then on it goes again.

Far from being the main event, Ms Summer proves to be no more than a diversion, upstaged by the food and the booze provided by Pye. Clearly, voyeurism is no substitute for satisfying real appetites.

BOB EDMANDS

THRILLS

DC Comics have spent 3½ years negotiating over the script — by Mario Puzo of ***The Godfather*** *— as they're so concerned about their hero's morality. It was stipulated in their contracts that the actor and actress who play Superman and Lois Lane must never have appeared in any porno movies. DC have also ruled that Superman must play no love scenes and must not swear, and every inch of film must be monitored by the comic corporation.*

Salkind has the ***Superman*** *rights for 25 years. He also has actor Christopher Reeve (pictured right, as Superman and left, as his alter-ego Clark Kent) on a seven- or eight-film contract, and has his huge investment covered already by selling the film in every world territory except Brazil.*

The movie toplines Marlon Brando and Gene Hackman, with Margot Kidder as Lois Lane. Release is planned for late '78.

DICK TRACY

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

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GRILLING THE TOAST OF MANHATTAN

ROY CARR SHOWS YOU HOW

BLONDIE ARE BACK in Britain. So soon? But they only went home about a fortnight ago. *Thrills* went to greet the band last week to find out why the precipitate return.

In keeping with most American new wave bands, Blondie have yet to be honoured in their own country. Big in Britain, Celebrated on the Continent, Admired in the Antipodes, Japan is next on their itinerary.

In much the same way as many Southern boogie bands receive little more than a Bronx Cheer *(American for rude noise — Ed.)* north of the Mason-Dixon line, Big Apple new wavers mean little outside of New York.

Both Debbie Harry and her guitar-playing beau *(French for boyfriend — Ed.)* Chris Stein pinpoint the major obstacles. "First," states Stein, "the American scene is still so very regionalised that unless you're real lucky and have a massive hit, it takes a lotta hard work and years of touring to reach the mass-market.

"Secondly," he continues, "there's no equivalent to the British press in the States. Whereas in Britain the press predicts the scene, the American counterparts are always months behind half of what's going on." He cites *Rolling Stone*'s recent long overdue Sex Pistols cover story as being typical.

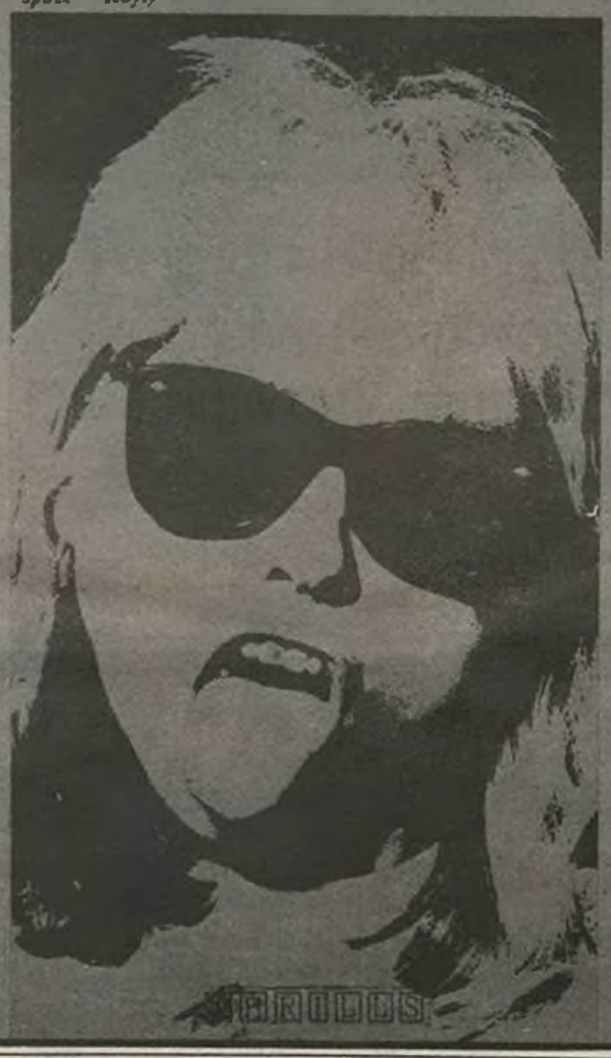
It's entirely due to the British press, insists Debbie, that such American bands as Blondie, The Ramones, Runaways, Television, Talking Heads, Dead Boys, Richard Hell and The Heartbreakers are not only better known but infinitely much more successful in Europe than back home — where many of them still work local bars for $250 a night.

The present lack of instant-information *(McDonaldspeak for news — Ed.)* in America, argues Debbie, "doesn't prepare the public for what's happening in cities like New York and L.A." On their recent coast-to-coast tour with Iggy and Bowie, they often appeared before college crowds who seemed totally oblivious to the present musical upheaval.

Their record company didn't help educate the public.

Having amassed favourable critiques, they hit the road — only to discover that in each town they played the local stores weren't carrying their album. Blondie's label insisted that such matters as promotional back-up were the concern of the group's management. "Anyway" — to quote Debbie — "they thought we'd made a crummy album".

Blondie's agreement with Private Stock was promptly terminated and a new deal pacted with Chrysalis. *(Is this enough? Stick in a nice big Chalkie pic if you need to fill more space — Roy.)*



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THE HOLLYWOOD BINLINER

THERE ARE 70 PUNKS IN L.A. — HERE'S MOST OF 'EM

IF INDIA SANK into the sea the *Los Angeles Times* would probably run the story on page 34 at the bottom of column seven. That's about the measure of importance the Angelenos attach to the rest of the world. Southern California increasingly sees itself as an insulated Garden of Eden that just can't be touched. It's sunny and affluent, and as far as its inhabitants are concerned nothing, but nothing, can happen to change that.

One night, not long ago, after a few whisky sours, I pointed out to a typical Hollywood person that if Los Angeles continued to march unheedingly along its carefree isolated path, one day a column of starving Puerto Ricans would march on the city and eat everyone alive. The typical Hollywood person giggled.

"They wouldn't get very far, we'd bore them to death before they got past the city limits."

An expatriate New Yorker sitting opposite scowled.

"I've heard your IQ drops two points each month you live in L.A. It's something in the air."

Such air as there is, in between the smog.

Whether it's the air, the sun or the money, there's certainly something very wrong in the city of the angels.

Although L.A. is the undisputed capital of the music business, precious little new, creative music is being produced under its blue/brown skies. Sure, the big, important, famous bands do set up house in the big, important, famous studios with the bars, swimming pools, saunas and colour TVs, and even, in some cases, emerge with finished albums.

Equally important and famous bands also commandeer the abandoned movie sound-stages to rehearse their forthcoming global tours.

Even the late night drinking-joints suffer from this Big, Big and Nothing But Big attitude. No spiky haircuts or black leather jackets lurk in dark corners. The style is all Queen/Frampton/F. Mac. The talk is about people like Heart, Angel or The Babys. Glitter kids, everywhere else an endangered if not extinct species, abound. It's like being transported back to 1974 (and I never did like 1974 that much).

Nowhere do you hear rumours of a hot garage band who might become the new Doors or the new Beach Boys.

The new wave in Los Angeles is hardly more than a ripple. The smart joke is that there are just seventy punks in the whole city, but they move fast so they look like more. This may be snide but it's also, unfortunately, all too close to the truth. There's little room in Los Angeles for the kind of amphetamine anger that is so much a part of the scene in London or New York.

The kids in southern California seem to coast along on a psychodiet of quaaludes, booze and valium. Life is too easy to raise the kind of raging boredom that looks to anarchy as a blessed relief.

The L.A. punks may be few in number, but they do make up for it in terms of energy. The direction is possibly dubious, they seem to spend an awful lot of time poring over the pages of London and New York rock papers to cop the turn of the trends, but they have managed to produce a fortnightly paper and a handful of bands.

The new bands are hardly cutting a

Free sex & drugs & rock & roll

Stiff Records have deleted Ian Dury's 'Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll' single.
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Now it just so happens that we've come into a few copies ourselves.....
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WHERE PLATTERS MATTER

Third World

96° IN THE SHADE

BURN YER EARS

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ISLAND

Los Angeles UK punx, clockwise from bottom left:
Penelope of The Avengers, The Weirdos, Backstage Pass, Tomato du Plenty of the Screamers, two Nuns, and, just to show that punk's now spreading thoughout the whole wide world, The Suburban Reptiles from somewhere in New Zealand.
All American pix courtesy of Creem magazine, from the camera of Jenny Lens (Screamers) and Jonathan Postal (the rest).

broad swathe through the music business corridors or power. They even find themselves overshadowed by bands like **The Nuns** and **Crime** who developed in the slightly more real atmosphere of San Francisco.

One of the main problems in L.A. is that the new wave bands simply don't have a place of their own in which to play and make their mark. Nothing even slightly resembling CBGB, the Roxy or the Vortex exists in the city. If you want to play in L.A. you've got to toe the line and work according to the ground rules of the big money interests. A town that's bought and paid for by the record industry is hardly the place to raise the banner of rebellion.

The bands do, however, exist and, despite the survival struggle, a few are making their mark, albeit on street level. The most popular are the five piece **Weirdos.** They are loud, raw, confused and tend to sound as though they were inspired by a Ramones album and a care package of UK fanzines.

The Dills describe themselves as "urine-stained communists". In hammer and sickle T-shirts, they adopt an anti-dope, anti-booze, anti-business stance that extends onto their first single "I Hate The Rich" on What Records.

The Zeros are actually from San Diego. Somewhere along the line they seem to have picked up the tag "the Mexican Ramones". As the world's first ethnic new wave band they have two singles out on Greg Shaw's Bomp label, "Wimp" and "Beat Your Heart Out".

Backstage Pass are a quartet of unashamed groupies plus a male drummer called Perv. Most of their time is spent rehearsing in a basement next to the gay cruising strip on Hollywood Boulevard. They claim to have a special relationship with Stiff Records.

Beyond these four, there are also **The Germs,** who proudly boast that they can't actually play; **The Screamers,** an Eno-influenced outfit who are quoted as saying "We're not trying to play music — we're trying to create an anxious sound"; and **Vom,** a rock critics' band led by Richard Meltzer, one time associate of Blue Oyster Cult.

The immediate prospects for any of these bands are hardly encouraging. It will probably take a business-backed British invasion (The Jam have already made the trip amid some interest) spearheaded by The Clash and the Pistols before any of them find a place in the spotlight. How they'll make out, even then, is of course a whole other question.

MICK FARREN

. . . AND THE ANIMAL LIBERATION FRONT HITS USA TOO

SINCE OUR coverage of Animal Liberation Front activities in last week's *NME*, the ALF tell us that the American medical establishment is worried that ALF style activities could spread over the USA.

In the lead story in the October bulletin of the National Society for Medical Research, they explain who ALF are, and quote the experience of Dr Lester Aronson, a researcher carrying out experiments on cats at the American Museum of Natural History.

On August 8, 1977, all the residents of the town of Hillsdale, New Jersey, received details in the mail of Dr Aronson's experiments "so that they can know how their neighbour earns his money."

The writers continue: "As long as there is live animal experimentation at the Museum of Natural History and people to carry out that experimentation, there will be continuous and untiring protest. When the laboratories are closed down and the experiments stopped, then the protest will also stop."

The letter called on the townspeople to write to their Federal senators demanding their tax money "not be spent for torture of live animals in research."

The address of the Committee to Stop Cat Sex Experiments in New York City is listed on the letter, but committee members deny any involvement. Because the letter contains Dr Aronson's personal address and telephone number the incident constitutes a crime of assault, and the senders are also open to Federal prosecution for using the mails in the execution of a crime.

The bulletin also mentions another incident where an unnamed pharmaceutical company have been threatened with a full-page newpaper ad calling for a boycott of their product unless they stop using pound dogs for laboratory testing. At present the company has agreed to comply with these demands.

The Bulletin comments: "The escalation of anti-vivisection activities into illegal pursuits poses serious dangers to science. We deeply regret the company's capitulation to the blackmailer. Experience should have taught that the only thing accomplished by giving into a blackmailer is to encourage him to do it again.

"We must remember that the only way to stop illegal acts is to bring the full force of the law to bear on the criminal. This requires the victim to have the courage and conviction to report the crime.

"The NSMR is very concerned about these disgusting developments and encourages all to report any suspected illegal activities to this office."

DICK TRACY

● **THE OTTER last week legally became a protected species. It is now a crime to kill otters, and remember . . . ONLY ROTTERS HUNT OTTERS.**

THE END

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SINGLES

And first, the bad news . . .

SINGLES REVIEWED By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

STOP THE PRESSES

HOLD EVERYTHING! Leave your sandwich uneaten! Don't even stop to do your flies up! This is The Modern World, man, and I've got two of the worst records of all time to lay on y'all, so forget this "Single Of The Week" meritocratic garf and awaaaaaaaaaaaay we go . . .!

UNBELIEVABLY TERRIBLE SINGLE OF THE WEEK

MANFRED MANN'S EARTHBAND: California (Bronze). Just for openers, I really don't know why Manfred and his boys bothered to put this out as a mere single when it's really crying out to be a commercial. For what, I'm not sure, but it could be any one of the following: (a) lemon-lime shampoo (pH balanced), (b) suntan lotion, (c) cocaine, (d) potted palm trees, (e) American Express cards, (f) fake turquoise jewellery, (e) The Runaways. It starts out with acoustic guitar and some falsetto voice carolling "Californyaaaaaaa" before the rhythm section come in and the same voice overdubs a harmony. I'm afraid I got too sick to listen much further. These boys are wasting their talents making pop singles. They should be earning their bread at a real MAN'S TRADE: selling things to people. This numbskull packaging of the California lifestyle should sell well to wimps everywhere so — on second thoughts — why should the Manfreds waste their energy selling other people's product when they can sell their own? This is about the nastiest thing I ever stood still for. Buy one today. You know it makes sense. You'll never regret it. Etcetera.

SECOND MOST ABSOLUTELY TERRIBLE SINGLE OF THE WEEK

JIMMY DEAN: A Cowboy's Prayer (CBS). First the harmonica comes in with the opening phrases of "Home On The Range", Then: "*You might not know me, Lord, 'cuz I ain't much for prayin' in them churches where people gather to hear yo' holy wurd, but I guess you might have seen me, Lord, out on the lonesome plains looking after the cattle . . .*" It's lump-in-the-old throato time, folks, as Jimmy Dean — no, turkey, not the one who died in the car crash — recites "A Cowboy's Prayer" (from the album "A Country Christmas"). It's god-awful. You'll love it, especially since it's — gulp, throb, twitch — it's a *Christmas record*. On CBS Records and Tapes, a leisure service of Corporate U.S. Imperialism (the label that brought you The Clash). Watch for it!

ORDINARY MORTALS GOING ABOUT THEIR DAILY BUSINESS

BOOMTOWN RATS: Mary Of The Fourth Form (Ensign). While schnurdos everywhere are trying desperately to suss out whether The Boomtown Rats are *actually punks* or not, me and a bunch of other people are quite happy to dig 'em for the music, guffaw at Modest Bob Geldof's outrageously inflammatory statements to the national press and groove on regardless. "Mary Of The Fourth Form" is an alternative version of their album track of the same name backed by "Do The Rat", "a popular stage number" (to use technical music business jargon) of theirs. "Mary" is a hard-charging Feelgoods-derived song about a horny, tantalizing schoolgirl which never descends into Strangled misogyny and is a nice enough single, but after "Lookin' After Number One" it's a pity that Geldof & Co. didn't have a chance to get into the studio and cut a Real Single as a follow-up. Still, like the voices go at the end of "Do The Rat": "But what has all this got to do with punk rock?" "Uh . . . ummm . . . nothing at all."

BOB SEGER: Turn The Page (Capitol). Introspective life-on-the-road song in a quiet mode far removed from the standard Detroit Demolition stuff for which Bob S. is — quite justifiably — renowned. Even the way Seger deglamorises the life he leads in fact glamourises it, but it's nice to know he cares about the way people see him. Never be a hit in a million years.

WINGS: Mull Of Kintyre (Capitol). Nice cover pic of the Isle of Davaar on the West Coast of Scotland. This is a tribute-in-song to the area in Argyleshire where Friendly Macca has his twee little hideway. The Campbeltown pipe band, with whom Wings posed for the cover of *The Campbeltown Courier* all sound good, especially Johnny Sinclair, but the song sucks on ice.

MINK DEVILLE: Cadillac Walk (Capitol). It's easy to tell from this that Willy used to be blues singer as he slips and slides over a muted street beat. Highly wonderful, and no relation to "Cadillac Moon" as performed on the "Live At CBGBs" album.

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS: Jamming / Punky Reggae Party (Island). "Punky Reggae Party" was celebrated before it was even released because of all those references to The Clash, The Jam, The Slits, The Damned, Dr. Feelgood etc. etc., but it's more of a vague goodwill gesture to the punks than anything else, sort of like those "hello hippies, this is the spades calling" records that the likes of The Chambers Brothers used to make nine years ago. It's best to regard this Lee Perry/Bob Marley collaboration effort as just a welcome, worthwhile B-side to the excellent "Jamming" (from the "Exodus" album, natch) than any kind of kosmic statement of any kind. "Jamming"'s great so if you don't have the album, lay some money down and get happy.

GREG KIHN: For You (Beserkeley). A pleasant wimpy bland-out of the Bruce Springsteen song from the "Greetings From Asbury Park, N.J." album. Less frenetic than our Brucie's version (didn't he do well, ayyyyy?), but Kihn's mild-mannered plaintive approach doesn't get in the way of the song — which is just fine — so it's therefore a good single. Okay?

PENETRATION: Don't Dictate (Virgin). Listen, so many of the punk records out this week sound unreal that I'm seriously beginning to wonder how many of them are real punk records and how many are gangs of jaded sessionmen gathered together for a larf. This one, happily, sounds properly orfennic and it's by far the best thing of its ilk this week. Set to a wild mutation of Alice Cooper's "I'm Eighteen" riff, singer Pauline Noname howls defiance in a suitably spiky/sensitive manner. On the basis of this and their *So It Goes* performance, Penetration have a degree of Klass which, if there's any justice, is going to whisk them out of the Punk Div 4 limbo and into a genuinely — ahem — *creative situation*. One of the week's better small ones.

LEO SAYER: There Isn't Anything (Chrysalis). Chord sequence along the lines of Brenda Holloway's "Every Little Bit Hurts" and then Leo comes in singing in his wino voice. I hate it, but it'll be number one in the States — since it sounds like "When I Need Love" and that was a massive hit. It'll have 'em swooning in the Bacardi and cokes in all those places where people with taste wouldn't be seen except dead or horny. File under "Foul".

DON McLEAN: Prime Time (EMI International). After the first few bars I thought maybe McLean had gotten off his lard-arse (hi, T.P. welcome to Cliche City) and finally written a rock and roll follow up to "American Pie". Two verses on and I realised he hadn't, but nice try all the same.

ROBIN TYNER & THE HOT RODS: Till The Night Is Gone (Let's Rock) (Island). God, bring these people over to do a bit of writing like and they're

■ *Continues over page*

THE BEST OF KILBURN & THE HIGH ROADS

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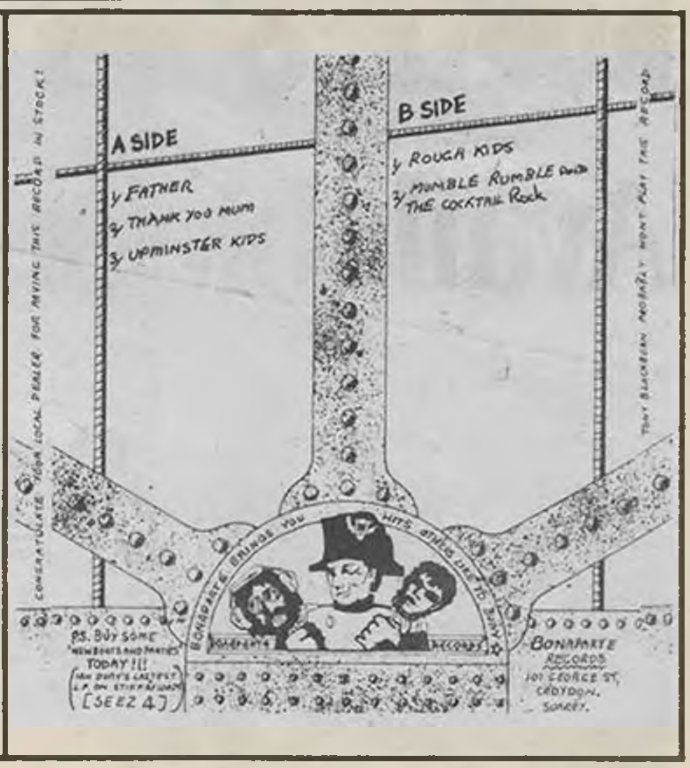

off into the bleedin' studio with local pop groups before you can even start hassling them for their copy. The former MC5 lead singer proves that despite his increasing age and girth he can still let fly when he opens his mouth even though on this showing The Rods can't muster the manic Detroit muscle of the original 5, though it might have helped if Dave Higgs had shown up at the studio to play some rhythm guitar underneath Graeme Douglas's scorching lead. The song gives your friend and mine Mick Farren a quick mention; old would-be hoodlums with frizzy hair and leather jackets stick together. Which reminds me . . .

MICK FARREN AND THE DEVIANTS: Screwed Up (Stiff). An E.P., no less, headed up by the excellent title song in which Micky displays a dangerous tendency to sing in tune. Keep this up, Micky, and your career as a vocalist is through, mate. Admirable stun-blast guitar throughout from Larry Wallis: old would-be hoodlums in leather jackets stick together. Which reminds me . . .

JULIE COVINGTON: Only Women Bleed (Virgin). Little lady with punk haircut sings old Alice Cooper song backed up by motley assortment of ex-Fairports under the guidance of famous nutter John Cale, produced by Joe Boyd. Noteworthy principally for the acute absence of the exquisite lead guitar part counterpointing the vocals. B-side features an amiable but underpowered version of Little Feat's "Easy To Slip." Quality Product; only slightly boring.

AMANDA LEAR: Blood And Honey (Ariola). ve like zer muzik! ve like zer disco sound OOHHHH!!!! (with a bit of trendy s&m thrown in for the chain gang out there). eradicate. D-E-S-T-R-O-Y!

YES: Going For The One (Atlantic). Starts out like bad Zeppelin. Gets worse when the chords start opening out. Lamentable.

GENERATION X: Wild Youth (Chrysalis). Ramalamafafafa! Another great Who record from the death-defying Gen X. Several degrees hotter than the last one and a cert for a gen-uou-wine Big Hit. It's also specially noteworthy for the B-side "Wild Pub" — the first extant attempt to do a dub version of a rock and roll track (as opposed to clumsy rock reggae), something that a lot of people have been yakking about for quite some time, but Gen X are the first to actually *do*. Hail star!

ADVERTISING: Lipstick (EMI). A considerably better punkisation of old-style clever-clever cutesy-poo pop of the sparks ilk than — say — sailor's new single. i still think that the entire genre is a drag, but someone's got to do it. now about that P.A. system, boys .

BEST 12-INCH OF THE WEEK

DR. FEELGOOD: Baby Jane/Lookin' Back/You Upset Me Baby (U.A.). The A-side is a brave attempt at a choppy Wilko-style mean-machine riff with an acetaste Nick Lowe production (if only basher lowe had produced "Sneakin' Suspision" . . . sigh) from der new album, but the killer is the live version of B.B. King's "You Upset Me, Baby" with John Mayo whipping out classic Chicago lead and Brilleaux singing with unbridled ferocity over a real swinging jump beat, kids. B-L-U-E-S deluxe like I ain't heard from a British band in ages. If only they could get decent original material together, the Feelgoods'd be in like Flynn for the next five years.

STATUS SINGLES

ELECTRIC CHAIRS: uck Off (Sweet F.A.) Wayne County's band of well-behaved urban menaces extend their first toe into the dark and tepid waters of the British singles market with a tasteful little toe-tapper that you'll never ever hear on the radio unless somone gets Charlie Gillett too drunk to care about what'll happen to him the moment his show finishes.

"If you don't wanta fuck me baby, fuck off," intones Wayne sweetly over a marvellously rolling Chicago blues groove embellished by the piano of Squeeze's Jools Holland and the slashing guitar of Greg Van Cook. It goes into a standard punk rock "One-Chew-Tree-Faw" riff at the end and then back to the blooze for the ride-out, and I love every minute of it. Anyone who's been teased lately will identify even more strongly with this than with "She's A Windup" or any of The Stranglers mutilation-revenge fantasies. It's almost in the Elvis Costello league except that it lacks the subtlety.

KILBURN AND THE HIGH ROADS: Best of Kilburn And The High Roads Featuring Ian Dury (Bonaparte E.P.) Why Kilburn And The High Roads Never Made It Part 17 (b); you couldn't bleedin' 'ear Ian bleedin' Dury on their bleedin' records, couldja squire (cough)? The songs are great — I think — but Dury's voice is so buried on things like "Rough Kids" and "Father" that he might as well have been in the khazi. Pity, but nowadays Ian Dury's making records where — cough — you can 'ear every wurd, guv'na.

CELIA AND THE MUTATIONS: You Better Believe Me. (U.A.). This is on a major label, so there's no reason for it to be a Status Single except that it's so dreadful that the only reason for having it is to be able to claim that you know one of the musicians and got it as a gift. Choose from Terry Williams (drums), Jean-Jacques Burnel (bass) or Terry Williams (drums) or — if you wanna push your luck — Celia herself. It's terrible, but we at Status Singles never let that get in our way.

LOCKJAW: Radio Call Sign/The Young Ones (Raw) Tepper and Bennett never knew what they started when they composed this innocent piece of teenage fluff as the title song for a 1961 Cliff Richard movie. First it was done hideous damage by Viv Stanshall last year (and Harvest have just released the single to prove it), then a group called The Secret had a whack at it, and now Lockjaw. It's on the B-side of a really lousy single and if it wasn't so badly played I'd think it was a Larf by members of some jaundiced Heavy Metal group.

THE NOW: Development Corporations (Ultimate). Well-intentioned identipunk. For specialists only (unless the lead singer gets on the cover of *Snouds* next week, is hailed as a genius, interviewed in *Ritz*, does the Peel show, gets on *So It Goes*, etc.)

JOHN COOPER CLARKE: Innocents E.P. (Rabid). Lester Bangs heard this and sez that it confirms his theory that punx are the real inheritors of the mantle of the Beat Generation (or something like that, anyway. I wasn't listening). Mr. Clarke is a witty and perceptive person, and I'd take him over Mr. John Dowie (his closest competitor) any day of the week. Plus Rabid Records have such a *nice* green label!!!

SOME CHICKEN: New Religion (Raw). More identipunk. Maybe it's because Some Chicken and Lockjaw share the same producer, or maybe it's because I'm finally going deaf, but it sounds as if they're the same group. Or maybe that's just where the '70s are at, maaaaaaaannn. . . .

● *For where to buy these obscure masterpieces, see Andy's Platters Stall, page 68.*

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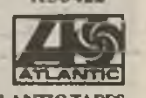

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The MOTORS Show

N. Garvey

STUCK FOR a suitable opening gambit? You could start with the name, I guess.

Motors, right? Not a *bad* name, really — redolent of vim, pep, good clean fun — but all in a fairly non-specific way. An adequate enough moniker for either heavy-metal (motor-machine-grungerama) or punk (like a roadrunner going down the highway) purposes.

At its best though, it stands aces and eights away as the perfect handle for a 70's styled . . . uh . . . 'beat group'.

You remember beat groups, don't you. The term itself flourished up to and during the mid-60's before the advent of supergroups and that other trend which dictated firmly that all rock corporates wishing to display even one dint of musical integrity should henceforth refer to themselves as 'bands'. Progress and all that.

A few points about beat groups, though. They always had their members identified only by Christian names and usually favoured album cover photographs of the collective inoffensively mucking about while holding guitars.

Onstage, they had to be highly versed in knocking out veritable reams of pep-sated, energised dancing numbers, pausing only to dash off the obligatory 'wet' ballad and prefacing the pace-change with a tart "and now here's a slow one for the girls". Thoughtful types, these beat-group geezers.

And only now, after well over a decade of crusty obsolescence, here come The Motors single-handedly primed to dust the cobwebs off that hoary old term, and resuscitate it back to fab, fab, facile, fun-packed — uh, life. Is it details you want here? Look no further.

I mean, but just give the accompanying photo the proverbial once-over for starters. Sure, there have been collective mugs as nada-indented as those you're currently scrutinising but — fair do's — never has there been a group *more* visually unspectacular, less appealing to the mincers and that — I mean, I'm surprised you've even bothered to read the accompanying bumf, so unbearably faceless are my subjects.

AS IT happens, mind, the group that came before The Motors — from whence were spawned its two inspiration-forces — were even uglier than this current model. Ducks Deluxe weren't a beat group really, cloistered as they were most constrictively within the whole pub-rock circuit from where, unless your name was Dr Feelgood, there was no immediate escape.

The Ducks were invented primarily as a vehicle for one Sean Tyla — something of a veteran music biz jack-of-all-trades who by the early 70's had found his spiritual home blagging his talents from the comparative security of Andrew Lauder's A & R offices at United Artists flanked by various members from the whole Help Yourself, Man, Brinsley Schwarz axis.

Slowly Tyla recruited ex-B Schwarz roadie Martin Belmont for lead guitar duties, ex-Man Ken Whaley on bass and a pretty-looking drummer name of Tim Roper. When Whaley wanted out after a few months of rehearsing, one Nick Garvey, an ex-public school lay-about with a slight weight problem and touring experience courtesy of a year just spent roadying for then-malcontented U.S. exiles the Flamin' Groovies, appeared by chance, offered his services and after one curt audition, was hired.

This four-piece went on, under the managerial aegis of Dai Davies (at that point also handling the Brinsley Schwarz conglomerate) to sign with RCA, make a promising first album, tour Europe, usually supporting Lou Reed — all to ultimately little avail.

R. Branson

A second album was rush-recorded showcasing in part the addition of a fifth player, Scottish Andy McMaster on piano (whose occasional composing predilictions brought the band the closest they ever came to releasing a pop single in "Love's Melody") as well as providing proof, in the fact that the record itself was a frustratingly lacklustre affair, that the Ducks Deluxe days were numbered.

Bassist Garvey and McMasters were the first to split, leaving Tyla's gargantuan egoistic bluster to call the shots for a time. Then RCA dropped the band, drummer Roper exited and Tyla was finally left with the business side of Ducks Deluxe — principally publishing deals backfiring, unpaid rent on the old communal gaff in Finchley etc — surrounding him in ugly, barbed-wire ribbons with only a small pocket of Gallic fanaticism centred in Paris to console him.

SLOWLY THE various constituents of the D.Ds found alternative employment. Tyla first set off on the long, gruelling road to self-establishment leading The Tyla Gang through conditions almost as dire as the various bands he formed using the name often sounded.

Only after two years of constant pub-circuit skiffling has he finally even been allowed one proverbial foot in the door, with his current band of ex-Winkies at last securing a decent record deal with Berserkley.

Guitarist Martin Belmont next surfaced, having settled in as joint lead guitarist in Graham Parker's raucously accomplished Rumour, sharing said duties alongside former employer Brinsley Schwarz.

Drummer Tim Roper — "the pretty one" — suffered the fate of

De MOTORS. Pic: MATTHEW TAYLOR

By NICK KENT

accommodating the various whims of an American wife, slipping uncertainly from here to L.A. and back, seeking out that perfect gig which so far seems to have eluded him.

Bassist Garvey, arguably that group's most talented composer — though certainly as confused as he appeared accomplished — went on to lead a fairly uncertain, indolent existence, working on building sites for pin money before being lured back to the old blighted pub circuit as guitarist for The Snakes — a similarly motivated though unrelated enterprise to Joe Strummer's 101'ers in that they played a very fixed repertoire of Chuck Berry-type rockers plus a couple of Flamin' Groovies items in casual settings which unconsciously had them primed, by dint of their backgrounds, as hardy propagators of that curious animal 'squat-rock'.

The Snakes, though, weren't exactly anything more than a most casual and diffident occasional "fun"

combo — hardly primed for future highlights — while the marked absence of Garvey originals in the repertoire forced those acquainted with his potential talents as a composer to feel most frustrated at the piddling nature of the whole endeavour.

Garvey, however, had a friend in one Richard Ogden, principally known as an independent publicist who goes out of his way to pick up the most critically-despised bands possible as clients (everyone from Black Sabbath to Smokie, though recently he did display the breathtaking good taste to refuse Uriah Heep).

Ogden, originally an old school-chum of Garvey's, had involved himself in the ex-Ducks bassist's past already, having introduced him to The Flamin' Groovies and their touring schedules.

Just as The Snakes were beginning to be considered by all involved as something of a waste of time and energy, Ogden appeared, having formulated a plan to manage a group from the primary stage of its inception right through to virtual world domination, intent on initiating Garvey into the venture as the creative centre-pin.

It was a long shot certainly, but after a suitable period of dithering, Garvey, by then on a frugal wage from his new manager, played Ogden some demo-tapes of songs he'd been working on with the Ducks' old pianist McMaster. Garvey himself describes the partnership, which has since gone on to provide The Motors with all their material, as a case of two pairs of ears being better than one in honing down nascent riffs, hook-lines et al to a suitable essence.

While in the Ducks, Garvey's songs were all adequate 12-bar rock 'n' roll retreads, followed by a period of solitary experiments with a Revox attempting cute Beatlesque tunes and harmonies.

"I could never hit upon a style or an attitude, though — certainly during that time anyway — that said anything at all while at the same time allowing me to feel comfortable performing it."

When Garvey struck up with McMaster again the Scotsman had just singed a publishing deal for which he was knocking out songs that possessed great hook-lines while never possessing any real tangible direction of style of their own. Garvey, though, found himself able to slot in with McMaster, adding and subtracting riffs and ideas from the first batch of songs they wrote together, from amongst which appeared most of the tracks later to find a home on the first Motors album.

In forming an actual performing unit, Garvey and McMaster didn't appear to meet that much opposition, though both figures made decisive volte-faces in choosing their particular musical roles in the band. Garvey, a former bassist by trade (though he claims that he'd scarcely ever touched a bass fret-board before the Ducks audition), decided firmly on playing guitar — or, more specifically, the aged six-string Rickenbacker that has shaped the whole skeletal fabric of the patented Motors sound, providing an effectively light-but-terse texture to off-set the bully-boy bluster of his and McMaster's joint vocals.

McMaster himself decided to turn to bass on the spur of the moment, having to be taught the instrument from Lesson One by Garvey, though this sudden change was apparently nothing new. McMaster had, in fact, only picked up on playing piano on the off-chance after being invited to join a band by fellow-Scot Frankie Miller.

■ *Continues over page*

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THE MOTORS

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY
Pic: Matthew Taylor

■ *From previous page*

Finding a drummer, next, was easy enough as one Richard Slaughter had been living just down the road from Garvey, not to mention having played drums with the latter In The Snakes. So that iced it. A second guitar player, though, was more complicated and an initial choice which favoured some long-haired 200-notes-a-second whizz-kid over the later-appointed Bram Tchaikovsky caused mucho friction and frustration until the situation was thus corrected.

SO FAR, manager Ogden's masterplan has been adhered to almost down to the proverbial Tee. If the band took something longer than normal to gain the requisite instrumental ability and confidence for stage work, their studio endeavours have always been remarkably cock-sure, starting with the first demos straight through to the first Motors album wherein a corporate identity and patented sound was forged with remarkable alacrity.

Right now, two new songs have just been recorded not merely re-stating the established sound but adding an ever-more redolent toughness — and without the aid of producer "Mutt" Lange this time.

This has to be The Motors' high card up the sleeve after all. I can't think of a band in the last few years, barring the cartoon monomania of The Ramones, say, and The Sex Pistols' fearsome unit-work, who sound, straight off the top, like a fully cohesive group with their own sound and who, even if accusations of eclecticism are rife, still manage to sound much greater than the sum of their parts.

The sound itself, is of the high-velocity pop-product range aimed at 'now' people, mating a 60's sense of textured embellishment — that Rickenbacker 'chime' predominates — against a relentlessly butch propulsion that could (and *has*, over and over again so far) been likened to Status Quo.

Only The Motors make that latter-'distaff' stiffling combine sound like the weeds they really are by comparison.

Also as a live band they've finally seized their time, certainly when it comes to playing the clubs anyway. The only Motors gig I've witnessed — at a Top Rank in Wales' own capital city of the dead, Cardiff — was a quite disarming experience. The corporate 'punch' and highly accomplished arrangements noted on that first album were amped out at a quite miraculously adept pace. One couldn't help but be impressed.

The next stage — after conquering the British Isles and Europe — is America of course. P R Ogden, you see, has been linked professionally with Aerosmith's managers Leber and Krebs for some time now and it's more than apparent that he's been taking notes on exactly how New York's dynamic duo of rock management operate.

Ogden, mind you, has his shortcomings in this respect. A most unfortunate quote, for example, appeared in a *Melody Maker* news-story on the group a while back, calmly mentioning that 'his boys' would be pushed as a new wave band in England and a heavy-metal band in the States where an Epic/Virgin link-up has hastened the first album's release.

In today's tetchy faction-obsessed climate, a single quote of that nature could rob any band of solid bottom-line credibility, however excellent their product might sound.

Yet, over and above all that, The Motors' patent lack of commitment to anything beyond honing out good pop product with a sharp feisty sting to it, brings us right back to the old 'beat group' slot.

Fun is still most indubitably the watchword — no poe-faced teeth-gnashing, no blathering exhortations to riot-baiting and no soft centres either. Accomplished fun with a heady sting in every hook-line. Now all they need to work up for the set is a slow one . . . "for the girls in the audience".

N. Kent

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SILVER SCREEN

MR ALPHONSO comes to grief in an unholy COMMUNION

Silver Screen returns with some horse-sense:

NOT ALL FILMS ARE CREATED EQUUS . . .

Some are good. Like "Communion".

Communion (X)

Directed by Alfred Sole
Starring Linda Miller
(Hemdale)

BEING A no-frills horror shocker, *Communion* has been unceremoniously treated by (most) critics and distributors alike. A shame, because 33-year old Alfred Sole's first film to be shown in this country (it's actually his third) is an extremely neat exercise in audience manipulation, complete with enough frissons to fry your Y-fronts.

Opening with a truly appalling murder at a church communion, the film's carefully nurtured atmosphere of menace is sustained throughout a plot replete with a Grimsby-trawler-load of red herrings.

A self-confessed Hitchcock fanatic *("He's the epitome of the film-maker as genius, a magician")*, Sole is ultimately closer to Brian de Palma's Hitchcokian stylisation than The Master himself. And what's wrong with that? *(Not a lot. — Ed.)*

Set in the mildly run-down Catholic area of Paterson, New Jersey in 1961 (allowing for a more considered view of sexual repression/religious oppression *and* a few throwaway decor conceits — JFK's photo in the police station, a *Psycho* poster on the railway hoarding), *Communion* makes as much of the ungainly trappings of Catholicism as de Palma's estimable *Carrie*, the contemplative shots of various crosses and icons as disquieting in their way as the terrifying knife attacks which punctuate the plot as viciously as they punctuate their victims.

For the first half of the movie we are led to believe that the knife-welder is 12-year old Alice (Paula Sheppard), a dumpy adolescent living in the shadow of her sunny sister and prone to playing malicious tricks.

"She's a weird little girl," remarks her horribly matter-of-fact inquisitor after a police lie detector test. "Did you notice her tits?"

Inevitably, matters get "curiouser and curiouser" as the plot thickens to molasses-level. The brilliant sleight-of-hand which enables Sole to pull off a satisfyingly foxy ending puts one's earlier doubts about the TV-ish dialogue and histrionic acting into perspective.

Perspective is a commodity totally lacking in *Tintorera*, a late-comer in the *Jaws* rip-off stakes which is doing the rounds in *Communion's* august company.

The dead-hand of dubbing is well in evidence as broad-beamed bathing beauties and deep-tanned men with protruberant pectorals are torn apart by 10-foot tiger sharks. The gruesomely graphic effects — making the floating remains of victims resemble nothing so much as wellie boots stuffed with sheep innards — provoke mirth rather than horror and the brassily bastardised "rock" score, straight out of a fizzy drinks ad, adds to the air of stunning banality. Avoid it.

But don't miss *Communion*.

Monty Smith

Equus (AA)

Directed by Sidney Lumet
Starring Richard Burton
(United Artists)

PRIME PROOF that good theatre doesn't guarantee good cinema.

An elaborate reconstruction of the events precipitating a young stablehand's vicious blinding of six horses, Peter Shaffer's *Equus* was compelling stageplay.

It was damnably weird to watch a cast prancing and pawing about in high horse hoof heels and masks of wire and leather. It was weirder still to let the power of sheer dramatic artifice suspend all belief, to willingly accept the complete visual deception.

But as for this interminable film (2 hrs 17 mins) scripted by Shaffer himself, it simply doesn't pull the same punch.

First though, the common thread. Alan Strang is brought up by a neurotic, highly religious mother and a glum, authoritarian father. He seeks release from the confines of his home situation through an obsession with horses *(equus* being the Latin for horse, see).

The boy conceives of the animal as a god, as a sort of Christ figure suffering a perpetual Passion on earth below, constantly abused by mankind, a reluctant beast of burden. Come puberty he readily includes the horse god in his masturbation rituals, even assumes the animal's role by wearing a rope bridle and methodically beating himself.

Finally, after a disastrous initiation into the mysteries of the orgasm by a girl stablehand, the boy flips and exacts his gruesome revenge on horsedom. No more horse heroes, no more horse eyes.

Pretty much your standard Freudian case history with just a dash of D. H. Lawrence thrown in for good measure. Pretty kinky too, I suppose, but at times unnervingly probable — thanks to Shaffer's high art and the fact that the horse *is* an undeniably potent symbol of animaline life force.

The film of course is Real Life Drama. Horses is horses and folks is folks. Such naturalism often reinforces Shaffer's intentions. The cathartic blinding scene is appallingly gory. Lumet's

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Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias.

JENNY AGUTTER prepares for passionate horse-play in EQUUS. "She's the thinking man's calendar girl," says DICK TRACY, who wants to go on record as an Equus-supporter.

direction is a model of painstaking craftsmanship.

Equus might have made the home stretch but for Richard Burton's preposterous psychiatrist in residence, Martin Dysart.

Dysart engages considerable pathos as a character. By driving out Strang's demons, he receives them into his own psyche to become equally fascinated by the horse. At the same time he wrestles with his professional conscience about the pros and cons of "healing" Strang, of destroying the boy's only passion, of accepting what society judges "normality".

In other words, a lot of philosophical grist to chew. But this man Burton — to hear ponderously intoning some litany of pain over lunch with a woman friend is laughable, like hearing *Hamlet* over endless Barry White records.

His soliloquies are even worse — so relentlessly laden with word perfect dictaphone inflection that he manages to transform Dysart into some petty, petulant solipsist, some dreary little bourgeois tyrant obsessed with the hideously grandiose. A bad case of miscasting, I fear, especially in the light of strongly observed performances from Peter Firth as the boy, Colin Blakely and Joan Plowright as his parents.

Burton's lamentable lack of tact makes *Equus* what it need never have been: a play that should have stayed a play.

Angus MacKinnon

Draws (X)

Directed by Chuck Vincent (Oppidan)

A THINNER concept around which to hang a film would be hard to find. Group a dozen or so comedy sketches together under the title *Winner of 10 Academy Awards* — the awards in question being, for example, The Squeaky Fromme Award for Sports Commentary (I think you have to be American to understand the joke there), which after a Pythonesque cartoon intro leads into a spoof about an Olympic Sniping competition where points are scored by gunning down hapless citizens.

Other targets for send up are Soap Opera, fly-by-night religions, *Jaws*, *King Kong* (in the awesome shape of King Dong), the Happy Hooker (here the Happy Cooker, who provides nourishment, literally, for a price) and the T.V. Game Show (where the contestants, in the words of D. Costello, trade in their baby for a Chevrolet).

The humour level is zany American, rather than anarchic British and the spoofing is straight out of the pages of Harvey Kurtzman's *Mad* magazine, though not as inspired. Don't be confused by the title *Draws*, which was the result of the Motion Picture Academy taking exception to the original title, and don't worry about seeing this film unless it happens to be on with something good — strictly low budget humour, unsuitable for those with a low boredom threshold.

Paul Rambali

Black Joy (X)

Directed by Anthony Simmons
Starring Norman Beaton (Hemdale)

BLACK JOY is the first black British movie, but its significance doesn't extend a whole lot further than that.

It's a film that doesn't know how seriously to take itself, and as a result slides between gritty *cinema verite* and big screen sit-com in what approaches an unholy alliance of *The Harder They Come* and a black *Likely Lads*.

The story's simple, predictable even; hick country cousin (Spar, played by Trevor) steps off the plane from British Guyana and hits big city ghetto — Brixton — where he's rooked for everything he's got by loveable rascal crooks and is subsequently further initiated into the seductive mysteries of city life by conman/hustler/partner Dave (Norman Beaton), an almost Dickensian character who informs his protege: "Every man has to have a speciality. My speciality is collecting social security cheques, smoking ganja, chasing pussy, and spreading universal joy." Philosophy t'raas.

The movie's been attacked by liberals black and white as confirming prejudice with its racial stereotypes — a bit like slagging *Steptoe and Son* for its depiction of scrap dealers. They must have forgot to laugh. It's true that *Black Joy* largely bypasses black respectability (credit to it for that), but unfortunately it also glosses over many serious issues — the police, for example, are conspicuous by their absence.

Still, the film — made on a shoestring budget makes no great claims as a piece of socio-realism, and provides a standard of entertainment several notches above the sanitised likes of *Car Wash*. The soundtrack being so rigorously promoted on TV, incidentally, bears scant relation to what's actually in the movie. Worth checking out.

Neil Spencer

March or Die (A)

Directed by Dick Richards
Starring Gene Hackman (Columbia Pictures)

DICK RICHARDS seems like a film maker much obsessed with the cinema's past. His *Farewell, My Lovely* paired Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling against the Bogart and Bacall of *The Big Sleep*. Both films were based on Raymond Chandler thrillers, and Richards' emerged as not only a warm tribute to another celluloid era but also intriguing in its own right.

Sadly, *March Or Die*, which purports to be a French Foreign Legion movie after the manner of *Morocco*, *Four Feathers* and *Beau Geste*, fails on both levels.

Gene Hackman's tough American professional soldier is a strong and accomplished performance — and also the film's only saving grace. Even Hackman is at times rendered onedimensional by an unconvincing plot and leaden script.

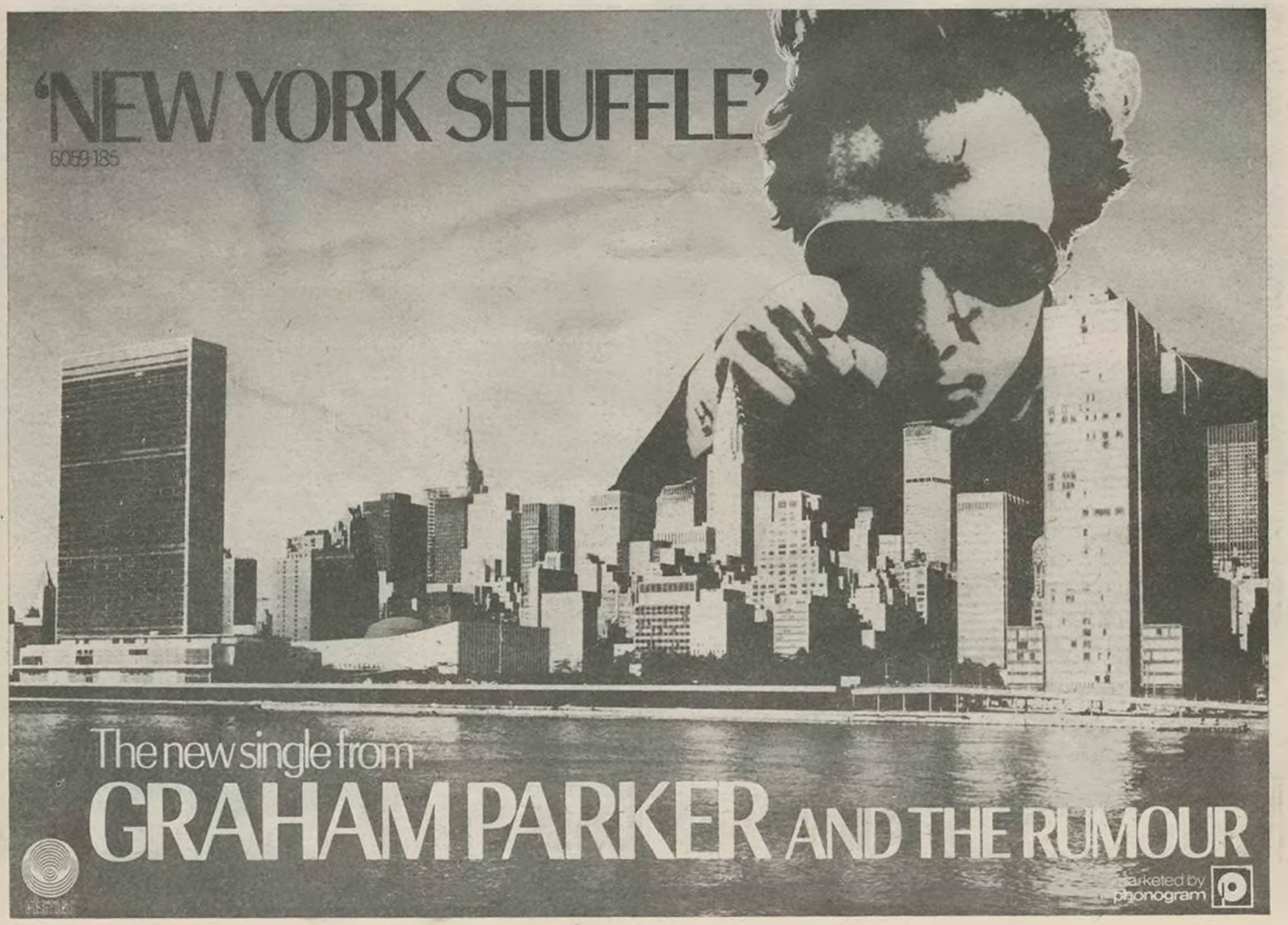
In short, nothing coheres, least of all Catherine Deneuve's Beautiful Widow Among Fighting Men. Her convenient appearances on balconies at strategic moments are risibly absurd.

Despite authentic attention to detail (down to the last machine gun sight) and striking desert location, *March Or Die* soon spools into crass and sentimental parody as it tries to reconcile nostalgia for Romantic bygones (The Legion as maligned but courageous misfits, honour among thieves, etc.) with contemporary ethics (The Legion as occupying colonial show of strength).

Events wheeze with crippling slowness towards The Final Battle. Hundreds of Arab tribesmen are brutally mown down. Hackman is despatched by a bullet to the heart, honour of a kind is restored on all sides, and Richards himself retires hurt (I hope) to make a better feature next time round.

Angus MacKinnon

GENE HACKMAN: "Zis is not good enough . . ."



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Rebels with new cause

WHAT'S HAPPENED to Jean Paul Crocker, Paul Jeffreys and Milton Reame James, the original members of Cockney Rebel? — **RICHARD OSPEDALE, Coatbridge, Lanark.**

● **I dunno where Jean Paul Crocker has got to, but Jeffreys and Reame-James, who briefly formed part of Bebop De Luxe, now operate a band called Chartreuse which they describe as "A New Wave band with a difference". The line-up for this outfit is Reame-James (keyboards), Jeffreys (bass), Jeff Faulkner (lead guitar), Malcolm Ashmore (drums) and Rob Elliott (vocals). Faulkner and Ashmore were previously session-musicians who met Reame-James while he was producing his musical "Venus And Superdad", while Elliott, who's the brother of synthesiser-supremo Ken Elliott, was previously with Strider and Seventh Wave.**

Though no albums by the band are available, Chartreuse's version of The Kinks' "You Realy Got Me" was released as a single on the Klik label just a short while back.

COULD YOU list *all* the albums recorded by The Crusaders, including those made during the band's Jazz Cruasers period? — **JOHN GIBSON, Godalming, Surrey.**

● **After receiving one or two similar requests, I grabbed the nearest copy of Jepsen's *Jazz Records*, plus a pile of *Schwann* catalogues, and — many hours later — came up with the following list of fax ... After cutting some sides as The Nighthawks for Pacific Jazz, Wayne Henderson (trombone), Wilton Felder (tenor sax), Joe Sample (piano), Roy Gaines (guitar), Jimmy Bond (bass) and Nesbert "Stix" Hooper (drums) became The Jazz Crusaders, recording their first album, "Freedom Sound" (PJ 27) in May, 1961. Though the band's personnel frequently changed — jazzers such as Joe Pass, Clare Fischer, Monk Montgomery, Leroy Venegar, Bobby Haynes, Larry Gaskin and others, all recorded as Crusaders at some point — the band continued to record for Pacific Jazz throughout the '60s, cutting "Lookin' Ahead" (PJ43 - 1962); "At The Lighthouse" (PJ57 - 1963); "Tough Talk" (PJ58 - 1963); "Heat Wave" (PJ87 - 1965); "Chile Con Soul" (PJ20092 - 1968); "Lighthouse '66" (PJ20098 - 1966); "Talk That Talk" (PJ20106 - 1966); "Festival Album" (PJ20115 - 1967); "Uh Huh!" (PJ 20175- 1968); "Lighthouse '68" (PJ20131 - 1968); "Powerhouse" (PJ20136 - 1969!; and ::Lighthouse '69" (PJ20165 - 1969).**

Then, following a "Best Of" on PJ20175, the band re-appeared on Liberty, providing that label with "Give Peace A Chance" (Lib.11005), while a Blue Note release, "Young Rabbits" (BN LA530-H2), provided a further glimpse at some of the material cut by The Crusaders during 1962-68.

Now a less jazz-oriented band and associated with the rock movement through appearances on such items as Pacific Gas And Electric's "PG&E Suite", Hooper, Sample and Co. moved on to Chisa and Motown, recording "Old Sox-New Shoes" (Chisa 804), "Pass The Plate" (Chisa 807), and "Hollywood" (MoWest 118), an "At Their Best" appearing on Motown 796). In 1972, Bob Krasnow signed the band to Blue Thumb, since when we've had "Crusaders 1" (6001), "2nd Crusade" (7000); "Unsung Heroes" (6007), "Scratch" (6010), "Southern Comfort" (9002), "Chain Reaction" (6022), "Those Southern Knights" (6024), "Free As The Wind" (6029) and the inevitable "Best Of" (6027). All the catalogue numbers listed throughout are the original U.S. releases, the majority of the band's early releases being available on import only. However, all of The Crusaders' Blue Thomb sides are in the British catalogue, on the ABC label, and are readily available from your friendly neighbourhood record dealer.

WITH REGARD to your request for more info on the recordings of The Guess Who, I can list two albums you didn't mention, these being "Hey Ho" and "It's Time", both released on the Canadian Quality label. "It's Time" was the first album to feature Burton Cummings' vocals and was also the first listed as being by The Guess Who, "Hey Ho" being recorded under the name of Chad Allen And The Expressions. The personnel on these albums is Cummings, Bachman, Peterson, Jim Cale and some other turkey whose name I can't remember. I suppose I could list the producer and suchlike but they've 'local talent' and you've probably never heard of any of them.
LES WRIGHT, Winnepeg, Manitoba, Canada.

● **Thanks for the maple leaf-wrapped report on the early doings of Cummings and Co. But don't knock the local talent. I mean, any country that can produce Joni Michell, Oscar Peterson, Gordon Lighfoot, Hank Snow, Klaatu, Maynard Ferguson, Anne Murray, BTO, Chilliwack, Gino Vannelli, The Band, Neil Young, Mahogany Rush, Crowbar, Murray McLaughlan, Bruce Cockburn, Patsy Gallant, Margaret Trudeau and the entire cast of the RCMP can't be all bad.**

COULD YOU tell me who produced Bob Dylan's "Hard Rain", Billy Swan's "I Can Help", Stealers Wheel's "Ferguslie Park" and Bruce Springsteen's "The Wild, Innocent And The E Street Shuffle" and "Born To Run"? The reason I'm asking is because I collect cassettes and the record companies that provided these particular releases didn't bother to list the produceers' monikers on the inlay cards. — **STEVE BERRY, Pontefract, W. Yorks.**

● **"Hard Rain" was produced by Dylan and Don DeVito"; "I Can Help" by Chip Young and Billy Swan; and "Ferguslie Park" by Leiber and Stoller. "The E Street Shuffle" was pieced together by Springsteen, Jon Landau and Mike Appel, while "Born To Run" provided work for Mike Appel and Jim Chetecos. It's noticeable that four out of these five releases are marketed here by CBS and says much about the way that company — and others — treat tape enthusiasts. After all, cassettes have now been around for a considerable number of years and it's surely about time that the manufacturers' began providing tape buyers with the same amount of info on their inserts as record buyers receive on their album sleeves.**

IS THERE a Genesis Fan Club in existence these days? I know there used to be one known as the Hogweed Youth Organisation (or something like that) but I think this folded around the time that Peter Gabriel left the band. — **SMITH, Warmley, Bristol.**

● **No Genesis or Peter Gabriel fan club currently exists though an information service for both is operated by Geoff Parkin, 54A Elizabeth Street, London S.W.1.**

CHARTREUSE: version of "You Really Got Me".

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JOAN JETT. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

GENDER AND OTHER TRIVIA

Trouble with being a female rock 'n' roller is that male audiences just won't lie back and enjoy it. They seem to feel there's some kind of threat involved. JULIE BURCHILL talks to The Runaways' JOAN JETT and expounds on the theory.

"IT'S CLOSING time in the gardens of the west, but in its bed the rock and roll terminal case rails feebly for another shot to prolong its better-than-oblivion agony. As the life-blood-belief drains away with every betrayal, the gimmick gets wackier. Surfing, flower power, bisexuality, nihilism . . .

"Bring on the nubiles!" chant the students of Sheffield University as The Runaways set up. These young princes are typical victims of the majority-rule Runaways reaction — the nudgenudge smudgesmudge of spiritually impotent old men/boys. Nearby stands an atom of that tiny but fanatical clique who view Kim Fowley as the Second Coming and The Runaways as logical heir to Andy Warhol's soup-cans in the exploitation-as-art-form market. Except a soup-can was never such a *threat* as Joan Jett.

Threat? You bet. It's logical for girls to grovel in the mezzanine while the stud struts his stuff *up there* — in our minds and on the stage. He's on top in a manner that the staunchest missionary would admire.

But boys make lousy audiences because they won't ever just lie back and enjoy it. They can't weep and plead and wet themselves — that would be role-reversal-rape. So devaluation is employed in place of awe, ridicule for adoration i.e. "Bring on the nubiles!" (a favourite of the Sheffield academics), "Get 'em off" *ad infinitum*.

Relax, guys — them's just guitars in those girls hands, not meat cleavers. You'll go home intact . . .

"OF COURSE, heavy-petting hallfulls of young men to a pulp was just a twinkle in Kim Fowley's eye when The Runaways played their first gig ever on top of an apartment house back in '76.

Five hand-picked pieces of young female flesh — who could better chronicle getting old and bored in hothouse California, where to be natural is to have a very clever make-up artist? The girls acted dirty until they got a recording contract, whereupon they zipped up their lurex catsuits and cut an album.

"The Runaways" was cute, catchy and just pretentious enough to be readily acceptable. They sang about sex, though always through a veil of vague crassness that Barbara Cartland would be hard-pressed to class as explicit. Hyped as rebel queens, The Runaways were re-vamped smut-innuendo, flinging around phrases like *"I'm cookin' like an oven"* and *"Oh my baby you're a hurricane."* Cherie Currie does a fair bit of gargling while Joan Jett's aspirations to cool only serve to make her small voice sweeter, especially on the trashy soaperetta "Dead End Justice."

Their second album, "Queens Of Noise," was a fat pain. By some miracle Cherie had incorporated the soul of a 27-year-old topless waitress into the body and snottiness of a 17-year-old brat, the result of which was a voice full of overkill and affectation, and a penchant for torch songs.

Sooner or later the serious-minded Runaways kissed off the corset, along with straight-'A' student dumb Jackie Fox. They showed no such taste in dealing with Mr. Fowley, and their third album almost chokes on its own bile.

"THE BLONDE Runaways are mildly attractive, girls you might look at twice if they encouraged you excessively. Lita is loud, Sandy is tough and Vickie is watchful.

Joan Jett is at once the friendliest and most impressive Runaway; small, pale, round-limbed, a tyrannical teenage complexion never detracting from her beauty. She cruises on her nerves singing snatches of Sex Pistols songs and moving fast with long lowered lashes.

Occasionally she recalls standard answers and uses them expertly; mostly she sprawls in an armchair, alien, off stage. The Buzzcocks said it for a whole lifetime of glitter-kids; "Always anticipating revelry!"

A Runaway in our hotel room in the midnight hour? My fiance and I raise alternate eyebrows, recalling chaperone/bodyguard revelations of other Runaway jaunts. When chief hustler Smythe comes in to request that Joan accompanies the rest of the band to dinner with some local big-shots, she smiles and shrugs and shakes her head. "I'm not moving."

She has probably done most things that the modern California girl lingers with, but no reaction or attitude exposes her as the jaded, world-weary, willing victim of capitalism's malaise that other scam might persuade you. In her case, familiarity seems to have bred curiosity as opposed to contempt.

Do you get bored a lot, Joan?

"Not when I'm on the road. I don't. I love seeing different things, staying different places. I don't get bored much at all."

A lie of denial could never be so casual. I remember what Fowley once said of Joan and cohorts: "They are all just assholes who didn't understand the hustle." How much longer does he get to keep his teeth in your necks, Joan?

"We're in the process of splitting now. Kim's had offers from people like Sinatra. He wants to be where the money is, and I respect him for it."

Joan Jett is very American, and paradoxically very moral. She cusses The Damned, sneers off The Stranglers and makes a damning judgement on a Kiss.

Joan Jett is the only girl I have seen transcend gender trivia on Sunday night at the Hammersmith Odeon. I thought she was trying to be a boy until I realised that this was no male-impersonation, but pure power, the property of no category. Walk on the audiences' hands? She could have walked on their heads.

"People think I'm really hard, tough, but I can be . . . romantic, I guess. I wrote 'Wait For Me' for this person I really cared about — called him up and read it out. I was crying and stuff. Then I put the phone down."

Neophyte hard — but, singing L.A.'s praises: "The streets are ruled by gangs — bunches of bull-dykes and Mexicans. And ten-year-old hit-men. The police think everyone's a runaway . . ." She stops, unsettled by her own humour ". . .no, a real runaway, and if they see a car with a girl in it they'll take you in, beat you up . . . our gun-laws are all wrong."

"Los Angeles kids take downers. It's speed in England, right? I used to take downers to go to school when I was 13."

You used to dance at Rodney Bingenheimer's English Discotheque.

"There'll never be ANYTHING like Rodney's again . . . no place where you can be so INDIVIDUAL. 'Hellraiser' and 'Ballroom Blitz' . . . 11-year-olds in silver mini skirts screwing in the bathroom. You could be completely INDIVIDUAL, do ANYTHING, and people would never put you down. Punk's coming from where glitter was coming from."

Or rather, glitter was the aclimatisation to big-business boredom, with baubles, bangles and beads to ornament the apathy. The final fling before the solid emptiness of now, the final con-nihilism as industry.

"I saw Iggy Pop when Blondie toured with him. I'd never seen him before. He looked fine, dancing and stuff. Then later, Debbie and me were talking to him back at the hotel when Cherie walked in and sat on the floor. And you know how Cherie is like OBSESSED with Bowie? She kept asking "Iggy, can you introduce me to Bowie?" Around the sixth time he turned on her and said 'If you want to be aggressive, Cherie, I'm not gonna be your pimp.' He really took her to pieces."

As Cherie might have done to The New Runaways, had not the Whiskey waitress intercepted three ashtrays the night the band flaunted corset-print T-shirts and sang a caterwauling "Cherry Bomb" — a graceless gesture also employed in their latest tour.

"Cherie likes soft music, not rock and roll, and besides she has this thing about being a *singer* . . . vibrato and stuff. But she really wanted to be in the band, and she's really, really stunning-looking . . . she's going to tour Japan soon, she's very popular there. The blonde hair; you see — she dyes it almost white. But first her twin goes there — *she's* cut a disco album for Phonogram."

The Cherie and Marie show?

"They're identical. When the band first got popular, people would run up to Marie and ask for her autograph, and she'd sign Cherie's name . . . she was really jealous.

"When The Runaways toured Japan, we appeared on a TV show which is like the equivalent of our Johnny Carson show, and we had to walk down all these steps, live. Lita and Sandy were at the bottom when all this dry ice appeared, and Jackie stopped just in front of me and Cherie. So Cherie says 'Move, bitch!' and shoves her. And Jackie slides right to the bottom of these steps — live — in front of millions of Japanese.

"The final thing was when Cherie did that photosession — one day I just picked up this magazine and she's sat on this really green grass in her corset with this look on her face like a . . . like a DOG. And another picture on the back. THE RUNAWAYS in huge letters on the front. We don't need it.

"But things have changed now. When I was with Cherie I was just totally another person. None of the band would talk to us, so our manager split us up. And straightaway I was myself again, getting rowdy and drunk and stuff. Cherie made me much more . . . sophisticated, I think."

Joan Jett is the world's last rock and roll star.

Watching The Runaways play would be second best only to admitting that (as Kim said) "Rock and roll is dead," and calling it a day

Julie Burchill

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Entries must be received by December 5, 1977.

(Move over Roger Dean & tell Hipgnosis the news!)

FED UP WITH persistently being fined for defacing posters? Have your talents as a graphic artist gone unrewarded? Sometimes felt like cutting off your ear? Maybe £200 would help ease your frustration?

Home Of The Hits — Beserkley Records — will shortly be airlifting The Rubinoos into Britain to back up the release of the group's first album "The Rubinoos" (a hot import).

As The Rubinoos' first UK single "I Think We're Alone Now" recently skated the charts, Beserkley are looking around for some nifty artwork for the follow up sleeve.

This is where all you budding graffiti artists come into the picture.

What you have to do is to colour in this drawing of The Rubinoos. Or, if you prefer, make another line drawing to colour so long as it's based on the above illustration.

Any medium can be used: crayons, felt tip, oils, water colours, ketchup, blood, filth.

So what can you hope to score for your artistic endeavours?

First Prize: The best entry will be used for the front sleeve of The Rubinoos' next single, and Beserkley will pay the winner £200 — that's right, two hundred greenbacks for the use of the artwork. Not only that, if you've got natural flair the winner may be asked to produce various other artwork and designs for Beserkley Records.

Second Prize: The runner-up will cop a night out with The Rubinoos when they are in London, free tickets to one of their concerts, a copy of their album and the possibility of an opportunity to see the band record.

As a consolation prize, copies of The Rubinoos' album will be awarded for the 25 most original runners-up.

So stop moaning about how nobody ever gives you a break. Your future is in your hands, start daubing pronto.

RULES:
The Rubinoos/NME Colour Competition is open to all readers in the British Isles (including Northern Ireland) except employees and their families of IPC Magazines, Beserkley Records and the printers of NME.
All entries must be accompanied by an entry form. The decision of the NME/Beserkley judging panel and the editor of NME is final. No entries will be returned. No correspondence can be entered into.
Closing date for all entries is December 5, 1977.

STEELEYE SPAN.
THE NEW ALBUM.

'STORM FORCE TEN' IS BREATHTAKING

Steeleye's new album 'Storm Force Ten' is out now. And so is their new single, which you won't find on the album, a track called 'Boar's Head Carol', backed with 'Gaudete'/ 'Some Rival'.

What's more, don't miss Steeleye Span at the Hammersmith Odeon, Dec. 17th.

Chrysalis Records & Tapes

The Latest Rod Stewart Album . . .

TONY STEWART makes the Atlantic Crossing to queue up for a Night On The Town down Millionaire's Row (oops, sorry, Gasoline Alley) with ol' Smiler himself.

JOE STEVENS proves Every Picture Tells A Story. Don't it?

THERE WAS AN INDICATION THAT Rod Stewart would prove to be as much a gamesman when dealing with the media as he is on the football field even before the reporter joined the singer's American tour.

The assignment was explicit: fly over to Washington on Friday, see The Concert the following day, travel on to New York on Sunday with Rod and do the interview, and then either return to Britain on Monday or catch another gig in Buffalo before leaving.

But on the flight out of London his travelling companion, tour photographer David Steen, said he doubted that the reporter's plans would go as smoothly as anticipated. Steen, his tongue loosened by duty free gin and brandy, began to recount his unpredictable and often hilarious dealings with Rod.

There was one particular experience that a year ago had annoyed him, but which he now related with some amusement, illustrating the kind of charades Rod enjoys playing.

At some expense he had been employed to fly over to Stewart's Hollywood home and shoot some glamour pictures for world syndication. For five days he patiently waited to get Rod in his viewfinder, but the man always found some excuse to leave the sessions until another day. Eventually, exasperated by the delaying tactics, Steen threatened to fly home immediately if Rod didn't agree to pose.

The ultimatum was treated seriously, and preparations for the session began.

First two girl hairdressers from Teasy Weasy's went out to the house to style the Stewart barnet, doubtless under Britt's beedy eye. While one girl snipped off the split ends, the other brushed the shredded hair off his clothing.

Afterwards Rod retired to his dressing room, spruced himself up in an expensive suit and then headed back into the grounds where Steen had positioned his cameras. Then, just as he strolled past his swimming pool he *accidentally* slipped and toppled into the water.

Soaked to the skin, his costly hairdo now a bedraggled mess, Stewart heaved himself on the the side of the pool and with a mischievous grin told the photographer: "Looks like we'll have to do the photos tomorrow, mate."

OF COURSE that was an incident in Rich Rod's social heyday, the reporter reminded himself — a period when Rod and Britt were The Glamour Twins, seemingly intent on establishing a high society image, with rock'n'roll relegated to the position of being nothing more than a sordid financial income to support their high living.

Since then things have changed. Britt was two-timed and subsequently stamped out of Rod's boudoir and into the law courts with a £6 million claim for alleged services rendered.

Then there was the new album, "Foot Loose & Fancy Free", which gladly reminded the reporter of Stewart's early recordings.

With some conviction Rod had taken his powerfully talented band into the studios and successfully created a brew of rock 'n' roll so potent in sexual fantasy that it strutted clean across the turntable with images of whory LA ladies wearing hot pants and cracking black whips.

His determination to establich himself as one of rock's greatest singers was totally convincing, and the set is equally cathartic emotionally.

The bitterness over Britt's petulant hostility manifested itself in "You Got A Nerve", yet he also sang one of his most poignant love songs, "You're In My Heart", and included, "If Loving You Is Wrong", on which the theme of a married man with a mistress must have been reflective in the jovial irony Rod saw on the situation of being caught messin' round with another girl while Britt was away.

By the time the reporter came to the final statement of the album, "I Was Only Joking", he was completely

The New York gig was great - almost as good as the Scotland - Wales game. Me and the lads had a right loon...

impressed by Stewart's lyrical sincerity, and believed that, at last, the man was totally dedicated to his music again.

This song especially seemed as autobiographically frank as "Every Picture Tells A Story", with Rod projecting himself as some street corner Valentino. But the final verse was perhaps the most significant revelation, suggesting Stewart no longer needed the artifice of posh threads or the assumed breeding of a socialite.

He remembered the lines clearly. *"Quietly now while I turn the page / Act one is over without costume change / The principal would like to leave the stage / The crowd don't understand."*

When told by Stewart's PR, Tony Toon, that the interview had to be delayed until Monday because Rod was flying to Florida on the Sunday, the reporter reminded himself of the album's contents. He even dismissed the ludicrous idea that the delay was some kind of sport the Stewart canp indulged in for on tour entertainment.

A week later he decided it was at that meeting with Toon in a Washington hotel suite that the whole publicity pantomine began.

EVERYTHING ON "Foot Loose & Fancy Free", even the title, indicated that Rod Stewart was once again living the rock 'n' roll lifestyle, and this was compounded by the activities surrounding the concert at the Capital Centre on the Saturday night.

The entourage of band members in flowing black Zoro capes, Rod's personal masseuse, his wardrobe and make-up girl, publicist, personal manager and media people, entered the 20,000 seater sports centre in a fleet of sleek limos.

In the dressing room a rough mix of the album blasted from a stout Sony placed on the table top.

Stewart was already dressed for the gig in a black leotard with glass sequins down the side of the legs. He greedily slurped at a large glass of port and brandy; cocked his leg while the wardrobe girl made last-minute repairs to his costume; played a recording of the commentary to the match in which Scotland finally qualified for the World Cup by beating Wales; posed for a few photos for Alan Ballard from *The Sun*; then put on the "Foot Loose", cassette again.

"Wotcha think of the album, then?" He bawled at the reporter, his heavily made up face only inches away as he crouched down. And when told it was great he jogged away, apparently satisfied with the answer.

Five minutes later Stewart and his six musicians trotted up on to the stage still hidden from view by the white theatre curtains. They were

Here's me doing the ol' hands, knees, bumps-a-daisy on stage - well you know what THAT's about by now. It don't half shag you out though - I was as knackered as a Don Revie England squad. Thank God for the LIMOS!

spotted by the fans overlooking the backstage area and their howls of delight soon spread through the stadium, drowning The Stripper theme blaring through the PA.

But the roar of crowd suddenly became deafening as the band broke into "Three Time Loser" just as the curtains opened and the lights blazed onto the stage. Stewart, his arms outstretched, saluted the audience with a stiff bow to each side of the arena.

Another concert was underway — one in which madness on the stage never quite matched the audience reaction.

As Stewart sprinted and jumped around the completely white platform with the group toiling through the numbers, the casualties were taken from the hall. Every five minutes a body was bundled through the backstage fencing by security men. Girlfriends clawed desperately at the guard's burly arm as their boyfriends were dragged off. Victims who struggled were punched viciously or kicked. One unfortunate was deliberately dropped on his head.

It was when they reached "Maggie May", just over half way through the set, that the mayhem intensified.

Amidst the yelling, cheering, dancing crowd, one girl at the front pulled her skirt up to her waist in an attempt to catch Rod's eye. At the side of the stand a tearful blonde leaned over the railings desperately waving a white silk handkerchief whenever he moved in her direction.

An ol' Roller won't let you down.

When that failed to show results, she pulled out her boobs and waved them instead. But not even the heavies could forcibly restrain the jubilant mob when the band walloped into "Stay With Me", and Stewart booted footballs at the thousands of grasping, fighting hands. The frenzy was so total that the reporter wondered how they'd escape from the stadium without injury.

However, the getaway was well rehearsed as the band's playing.

As soon as they'd completed their second encore the curtains closed, and a recording of "You're In My Heart" fooled the audience for a valuable minute as they waited for Stewart to reappear. In that time the band and leader were in the limos racing out of the building.

By the time the eager fans had reached the massive metal doors sealing off the backstage road, the cars were a mile from the venue.

Even so, an assortment of fans, groupies and rock 'n' roll pimps did make it back to the hotel. And after a meal in the restaurant and a few hours of boozy partying, Rod was later discovered in his room with half a dozen young things all willing to undress and sleep with him.

He chose one and the rest were told to leave. Funny thing is, she was never named in the nationals as his latest girlfriend.

"NOW IT'S a known fact Rod's not with Britt and he's on the road on his own again," Carmine Appice explained, "all the heavy, horrible groupies are going to be out looking for him."

Whether it was the predatory pussycats that scared Stewart off or some other reason, he disappeared on the Sunday and was not seen again by the reporter for two days.

Any plans for the interview had once again to be postponed, the pantomime dame Toon told him. The Buffalo gig was pulled, and Rod travelled not to Florida but New York, where his throat had to be nursed back to health after the torturous rigours of two weeks on the three month coast-to-coast tour.

"I think he'd rather be on the road with somebody he loved," Carmine mused aloud.

"When he was with Britt he used to get to sleep earlier and his voice was always in good shape because of it. That's why he went to New York, because he knows if he'd been with the band he would have been up partying."

There were 36 concerts to go and the reporter remained on the tour for another four. It was obvious to him that Washington was the only example of traditional and predictable rock 'n' roll lunacy, because on the days before conquering New York the band deliberately subdued themselves.

"We're building ourselves up for the two Madison Gardens gigs," guitarist Jim Cregan said in Philadelphia where he and his wife, Linda Lewis, and the reporter sat boozing in a hotel bar.

The writer enjoyed those days spent getting to know the band, who were considerably more accessible than their leader and never revealed any of the arrogance normally exuded by musicians with a hit single ("You're In My Heart") and the capacity to sell out any of America's biggest venues.

There were nerve-racking flights on their private plane between towns, with the cabin video showing a film of the RSB playing four tracks off the album. Drunken meals in an Irish restaurant; long raps with Carmine, Jim and guitarist Gary Grainger, who revealed that when Rod contacted him to join the band he was down on his musical luck and had resorted to driving lorry loads of bananas round London shops.

But for all the friendliness they would never reveal how much they were being paid, or anything about Stewart's private life. Above all they had total respect and admiration for the singer which even transcended their own ambitions.

"I've never had any real driving desire to walk out on the street and hear people say, 'That's Gary Grainger'," the man in question said. "I'm pretty certain I wouldn't like that.

"Rod's still the main man. If Gary Grainger was playing Philadelphia no one would give a shit. They'd all go bowling or stay on and watch the telly. Because Rod's here it's giving me a chance to go on the stage with him, ponce about and even get drunk or something," he laughed.

Even Carmine, who, because he's American and formerly of Vanilla Fudge, Cactus and BB&A, has a strong following over there, claimed he was content to be a sideman.

"When you first come into the business", he explained, "and you're beginning to make it, that's when you have your ego trips. After you've gone through that, and the longer you're in the business, the more humble you get."

They never talked about upstaging the star, not even Billy Peck who was first recruited because Stewart saw him blow Chuck Berry off-stage, but instead enthusiastically discussed Rod's lyrical strength on the album. As the reporter later wrote in the concert review from New York, their collective aim is to become the world's greatest rock 'n' roll attraction.

"Rod's done it all," Carmine commented. "He's got to set a goal."

Like, the reporter encouraged him, becoming bigger than even the Stones?

"Without a doubt," the drummer stated simply.

"He's always seemed to be in competition with them. Maybe it's because Woody's in the Stones and he's got to stay one step ahead of him.

"But I think he just wants to be bigger than *anyone*, because he feels he can do it at this point, and he's got the best of everything."

That's why this American tour is so long; why they half prepared the next studio album; and why they propose to play Wembley Stadium with Fleetwood Mac next year.

"They're talking about making that the biggest thing that ever happened in England," he said.

"If everything goes off the way it's planned, then I can definitely see next year being Stewart's biggest year. It'll be like," he chuckled smugly, "Stewartmania!"

WHEN NEW York fell to Stewart after their first concert there on the Thursday night, the nervous tension of a band waiting to devour the whole Big Apple lifted.

Two nights earlier they'd played the Philly Spectrum but, by their own admission, turned in only a mediocre set. Rod had immediately flown off, followed the next day by the band and media people. The reporter had then spent a fruitless two days pestering The Dame for the interview, complaining that meetings with Stewart were being continually blown out.

"Be patient," Toon advised somewhat petulantly, although the writer had now been around for six days, in which time two British nationals had managed to file copy.

How appropriate it was in that publicity pantomine for the reporter and *NME* photographer Joe Stevens to tumble down the steps on the hotel dining room exactly on the stroke of midnight. Between them, his arms thrown around the lad's necks, Rod Stewart the elusive superstar, dangled like a pet chimpanzee.

"You realise," Toon hissed, "that we've refused to see John Rockwell of The *New York Times* so that you can do your interview."

In the restaurant the honoured reporter saw to his horror that at least 20 people were seated around the long table, obviously under the impression this was a celebratory meal with Rod. Yet they were ignored for two hours as the Conquering Hero warmed to a talk session, going to the considerable length of seating the reporter next to him, much to the disgust of the pretty young lady who found herself displaced.

And his companion in New York, Bebe Buell, wasn't too delighted by the intrusion as she clung possessively to her escort's arm, frequently attempting to interrupt the interview, and eventually having to content herself with nicking the reporter's cup of tea.

Such gestures revealed a lot.

Stewart, however, was in an exuberantly talkative mood.

One of his greatest talents, seldom mentioned in articles, is that rare ability to be the calm, tarty superstar at one moment, and then suddenly revert to his roots as one of the boys. With some admiration the reporter thought that Stewart could mix it well with the plebs, but he also wondered which facade was the most accurate reflection of the singer.

"I tell ya," he nudged the journalist excitedly, "I wish I'd formed this band three years ago. They're so fuckin' good.

"Ron Delsener, the guy who owns the Garden, came up to me tonight and said, 'I have never seen anything like it. I've seen the place jump, but I've never seen the press box jump'.

"If I haven't got the best rock 'n' roll band in the world, then I don't know who has.

STEVIE NICKS ↓ ME ↓ BEBE ↓

Yeah, I enjoy my job - being a rock star and everything. Here's me footloose & fancy free with the birds. Never a dull moment what?

Well - not many! (I like this one - the star struck tragic lover pose is very fetching).

"And I think, unless I'm wrong, there's an incredible love between the seven of us. And admiration. When we go out to a gig it's like Scotland walking out to play England.

"It was nothing like that with The Faces. We always used to be hours late. This band pisses all over them. You know that, and I'd like you to say that please.

"Like in *The Sun* the other week I said there are two loves in my life; no women, just the Scotland football team and my band. And I want them to be recognised because they've given me so much power.

"Old Gary," he said with fondness, "used to sell bleedin' bananas. All of a sudden he's at Madison Square Gardens. Phil Chenn's never seen a bigger audience than one at the Marquee.

"I saw them tonight before we went on — dry lipped and nervous.

"I'm not going to take any credit for the fact I knew a few names and I put them together," Stewart explained with unexpected modesty. "And I've said it a million times before, it's more luck than judgement.

"But I'm so proud of them all. It's a great team, and I really hope it stays like that. I hope it doesn't get all silly like The Faces did, where everybody thought they were stars."

Such comments proved that Stewart was a man of extremes. His zealous praise for something he liked was equalled only by his excessive malice for something else he disliked.

During the interview the reporter noted innumerable derisory remarks by Rod: a casual mention of attending a Queen concert at Earl's Court was underlined by the fact it didn't sell out; when he talked about plans to call the new album "Boys Will Be Boys" he said the title had to be dropped because of "silly bollocks" Roger Daltrey releasing a set called "One Of The Boys".

On the other hand, Graham Parker and The Rumour were treated to a half-hour appraisal, his enthusiasm for them such that he considered recording several of Parker's songs on "Foot Loose". Eventually he stood up and shouted across to manager Billy Gaff that the group should be invited to play the Wembley gig.

"Mind you," Stewart added, sitting down, "he's probably an awkward bastard and won't accept it. But, if he knows I'm shouting for him . . .

The writer didn't have to ask what Stewart's opinion of the new album was; he was told quite forcefully it was the best yet — although later he revealed doubts that had preceeded the recording sessions.

"You know how good this band is," he stated, "and we have managed to get it on record. Before we started recording that was always a panic. We'd proved ourselves on stage, played Olympia, wiped out the whole myth of The Faces, and I wondered if I could get them on record."

Yet the suggestions that he seemed to be deliberately rejuvenating the spirit of his early albums, such as "Gasoline Alley" and "Every Picture Tells A Story", was met with an immediate denial.

"You must know this by now," he informed the journalist, "There is no intention to capture anything when you make a album. All you have to do is write the best songs you can and play with the best band you can get.

"Now, it just so 'appens I've got the best band, and it's a great time in my life to write great lyrics."

The reference of course was to the split with Britt, which happened during the recording of the set. Perhaps it says something about Stewart's character that instead of having a negative affect on his writing, it helped him come up with what are arguably the best songs he has written in six years.

It was Carmine who had, a couple of days earlier, told the reporter: "You can hear a lot of the aggression he was going through with the whole Britt scene in the lyrics. So maybe it was all the better for the album that he went through all that.

"If he'd just kept flowing along, him and Britt being totally in love and everything, it would have been a totally different groove on the lyrics."

The same thought occured to Stewart.

"It could have been a bad time," he remembered. "The funny thing about it is that me and Britt were really tight when I thought of the title, and then all of a sudden it's all falling into place.

"All of those songs that I'd written, like 'Born Loose' saying 'just let me

● *Continued over page*

● *From previous page*

out of everything, no responsibility, fidelity don't mean a thing to me', and 'I Was Only Joking', were very sexual songs, and then we broke up."

Because of the songs?

"No, no,no . . ."

Because while writing the songs you suddenly realised you wanted to finish with the girl?

"Yeah. That's the way it was. The songs came first.

"I didn't actually think, 'Well, I'll put it in the songs and hope she hears them and knows what I mean'.

"But I mean," he laughed boisterously, "it's ironic that the album title and the songs came out as they did. I don't think people are going to believe it's genuine. They'll probably think we're going to get back together and drag the albums out."

He maintained, though, that his feelings expressed in song were completely sincere.

"I've never owned up so much as I have done with three or four tracks on the album. But the thing is, I don't really want to talk about it, because it's up to the people to buy it.

"The worrying thing is that this is the only album I will play. I'll listen to it and I think, 'Shit, that's good'.

"I can't listen to all the other albums I've done . . . so it might be a bad omen. All of a sudden I might realise that I've overdone it. I hope not. I'm desperately proud of that album."

THE SELF-doubts contained in those statements didn't pass unnoticed, and at times they seemed like some elaborate ploy on Stewart's part to draw sympathy and reassurance from the reporter. It was doubtless all part of Stewart's renowned astuteness at manipulating the music press.

The reporter was never quite sure whether or not Rod was setting him up in the same way that he'd been kept waiting for the interview. To pursue this matter was difficult in the circumstances: Rod frequently

CHUCKIN' OUT TIME (specially for that ol' bore TONY STEWART, why didn't NME send ol' STEVE CLARKE?)

digressed on to the subject of football, other bands, and at several points even encouraged Carol Bayer-Sager, who was sitting opposite, to join the rap.

But anybody who's seen the album cover of "Foot Loose" will also be aware that it conveniently projects a seedy and soiled image of the singer which perfectly compliments the set's lyrical contents. In as much as the last verse of "Joking" marks the end of his Des O'Connor days of "A Night On The Town" and the beginning of new phase on his career, so does the visual projection mark the end for the present marketing campaign.

That observation only infuriated Stewart, who claimed somewhat naively, "It fell marvellously into a category where one stage of my career was over . . . but the thing is no one on this earth is going to believe that it never was planned."

Exactly, what with visual images being so important to the promotion of an album these days.

But Rod was surprisingly reluctant to admit that, until the reporter asked him why he kept changing the colour of his hair, it being blonde at the time.

"Oh shit, Tony, fuckin' 'ell. I change the colour of my hair because the bird I happen to know that week tells me to change it.

So you don't think image counts to any degree?

"A great deal," he eventually conceded, "but I *won't* let it guide my life. There are no fucking safety pins falling off me. I'm my own man and I follow what I want and do what I like.

"When people don't like it, then I'll say, 'Thank you very much, it's been a very good time', and I'll bow out.

"Now *you* know that's true."

At about this point the interview was becoming decidedly uncomfortable, but not through any fault of Rod's. On one side of the reporter the displaced young lady was persistently telling him to hurry up and landing a few well aimed elbows in his ribs. While from across the table Toon was insisting that Rod be left in peace so he could enjoy the meal.

Somehow, after a long discussion about LA being a rock 'n' roll town and Rod declaring that he could never have made his last three albums elsewhere, the interviewer and subject draw what must be the most obvious distinction between the RSG and his old cohorts The Faces: professionalism.

"I dunno," he hesitated, rolling a large measure of brandy in the bottom of his glass. "It sounds like the chauffeur business when you're talking about professionalism.

"There's enthusiasm, not professionalism. There's a genuine spunk about this band, which is great. They kick me up the arse, they really do. Drive me to things that I didn't think were possible.

"With The Faces we could never have played,'Georgie'. We couldn't play 'You Wear It Well', or 'Maggie'. Woody did his best, but it was never the same.

"I'm speaking now because we've done a British tour and we've seen the reactions."

He paused, and considered his answer. Then, with a smile of realisation concluded, "Okay, it's professionalism. You're right."

With the conversation subdued, Toon saw his opportunity to close the interview. They were going upstairs for a drink with the manager, he told Rod, and, hovering over star and reporter, made sure Stewart got up to leave.

"There's something I want to tell you," he commented, lingering longer by the table, "but I can't think what it is.

"The great thing about the business that we're all in is that it isn't as calculated as you seem to think. I do an album, with my thoughts and lyrics put out on a piece of plastic and that's it: as simple as that."

Whether the interview had been the same was something the reporter was not sure about when, eight days after his arrival, he flew back to London.

There were flashbacks: the star shouting at the writer across the exclusive Regine's where a party had been held in his honour; the drained bleached face of a weary rock 'n' roller at the Philadelphia soundcheck; Stewart's reluctance to finish the interview, although with so many distractions it was impossible to continue.

But one picture froze in the journalist's mind: that of Rod Stewart crushed into the back of a hotel elevator by a dozen or so friends also going to have a drink with the manager. For a split second before the lift doors firmly closed, a look of almost desperate insecurity flashed ove Rod's face.

It was as if the trappings of the celebrity's lifestyle were a burden, and irrelevent to the arrogant singer in his natural habitat, strutting across the stage in some vast American stadium.

The thought probably occurred to the reporter because of something Carmine Appice had said over a drink in a hotel bar.

"If Rod ever died he'd probably love to go during a gig in a stadium while playing soccer and getting fucked or something."

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ALBUMS

Pix: WALT DAVIDSON

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THE RAMONES
Rocket To Russia (Sire)

"PURE POP for now people." Nick Lowe may have coined the phrase but it's The Ramones who really make it come to life.

Hey but Christ, initial exposure to this new work doesn't exactly lead one to drive the biro ever onward to inspiring prose; it's the third album OK but there's nothing at all innovative discernible in any of these newly pressed grooves, no dramatic departures. A formula has been established and all that needs to be broached here is its further refinement.

All the old fetishes are worked over again. The Ramones anthem — creating affection for retards gets a deft re-run with the gorgeously inane "Cretin Hop" for example, while a song like "Teenage Lobotomy" is simply the last album's "Shock Treatment" revamped for the larger contingent of Ramones vinyl investors that Sire Records boss Seymour Stein evidently hopes his recent affiliation with Warner Brothers will provide.

The comparatively ballad-like "I Wanna Be Well" gives the first album's "Boyfriend" chord progression a resurrection, while "I Can't Give You Anything" and the record's closer "Why Is It Always This Way" could just as easily have appeared on "Leave Home" without any drop in continuity.

Where the band have shown some quotient of moxy this time out is in their more luxurious adaptation of '60s surf-bop music as a change from constant head-banging. Dee Dee Ramone's "Rockaway Beach" is as naggingly addictive as the last efforts underrated ersatz "Litte Honda", "Uh Oh I Love Her", while the group also display the superlative gonzoid good taste to work up The Trashmen's cataclysmic artefact of pure dementia, "Surfin' Bird". All told, they give the latter epic a good run for its money, though the lamentable conclusion must be that the original does have the edge if only in terms of its hyper-manic intensity.

The same conclusion has to be drawn concerning The Ramones' revival of Bobby Freeman's much covered "Do You Wanna Dance". Here again, the prototype they rifle their version from — this being The Beach Boys' brilliant cover — outstrips The Ramones amp-up by a country mile in terms of sheer presence, harmonic texture, and all purpose *Joie de vivre*.

The old single "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker" is also present by the way.

Before writing this album off as just little more than the sum of the aforementioned parts, I should draw your attention to its masterwork. "We're A Happy Family" is The Ramones at their most brutally funny, making even their pinhead paeans lame by comparison. The lyrics alone prove that these guys are no way the dummies they seem to want to the media to view them as, blithely recounting their happy family *"eating refried beans / Gulping down Thorazines ... Daddy likes men / Baby's eating flies / Mommy's on pills / I'm friends with the President / I'm friends with the Pope / We're all making fortunes / Selling daddy's dope."*

Give or take a track or two, that's it ("I Don't Care" from the last single is also present). Maybe the fact that this latest Ramones chapter has appeared at almost the same time as the Pistols' elpee has brought on my jaded reaction to it; perhaps actual passion, neurosis and frustration are the real meat of rock'n'roll.

And maybe I'm tired of cartoons, however adeptly amped up they come; even *fun* can get boring sometimes after a while y'know.

Nick Kent

CARTOON COP OUTS

BOB WELCH
French Kiss (Capitol)

FIRST, A few relevant facts. Guitarist Bob Welch joined Fleetwood Mac in April 1971 as a replacement for God-head Jeremy Spencer. After cutting five albums with Mac, Welch cashed in his chips at the end of '74 to form Paris, an artsy power trio that cut two undistinguished albums and then disappeared without causing a ripple.

As three years have elapsed since he left Mac, it seems probably that Welch will avoid being tagged a former Mac sideman, because this album stands not by association but on its own merits.

"French Kiss" is worth knickin' for the sleeve and buying for the contents. Personally, I'm highly-suspicious of the one-man-band syndrome: where the artist *insists* on playing everything he can lay hands on. The reason that I don't go a bundle is simply because such projects seldom work. They just stand as an exercise in studio wizardry and the artist's pomposity.

There are always exceptions; "French Kiss" is one. For with just the aid of drummer Alvin Taylor and, on the opening cut (a remake of "Sentimental Lady" from Mac's "Bare Trees") Christine McVie, Lindsey Buckingham and Mick Fleetwood, the daper Mr. Welch pulls the gamble off with amazing fortitude.

"French Kiss" is to paraphrase a Stiffism "Pure Pop For Now People", oozing with exhilirating ideas and with John Carter producing and Warren Dewy at the controls, doesn't sound — in these days of proven formulae — like anyone else's album.

The songs (all Welch originals) are superbly structured, skilfully performed and deftly mixed. The hooks are instant, the tonality varied, the arrangements (especially strings) spot on. I believe "Ebony Eyes" has been culled as a single. A difficult decision because almost any one of the 11 tracks would serve as a taster — "Hot Love, Cold World", "Mystery Train" are both great car radio songs.

So the love won/love lost lyrics may not leap off the page at you, but that doesn't impair enjoyment of the album. It's the overall crisp, dry and highly dimensional sound of "French Kiss" which attracts the listener. This album could easily go platinum by New Year, not as a surrogate Fleetwood Mac purchase but purely on Welch's personable talents and the flair with which he conducts himself.

Wonder what he'll call his next album — "Drummer's Roll?"

Roy Carr

GARY GLITTER
Silver Star (Arista)

THIS MAN is an innovator. He is also funny. I won't hear a word said against him ... well, not many words anyway. How many of you know his debut album was a masterpiece of lethal rock'n'roll, also the one and only essential disco record?

Who was the first man to build his music on the solid base of skin-tight, metronome, machine-drumming and lace it with irresistible fuzz-guitar? Who is the most outrageous, larger-than-life rock star of the decade? No, not Demis Roussos, don't be silly.

It's time to set the record straight on Gary Glitter. He was The Man of his time and I'll still watch him on TV because he's even funnier than Bob Harris. Music has never made me laugh so much, and I'm laughing with him as much as at him.

So what about his latest artefact? More of the same. His voice was never great, his material always pedestrian, so he's hardly faded at all over the years. The raw sound of his earliest work is gone, fattened with strings, brass and backing vocals rather than shouted chants.

"Rock and Roll (I Gave You The Best Years Of My Life)" is his first step into the MOR swamp where he'll inevitably end up, but right now you get two hits for your money, "You Belong To Me" and "A Little Boogie-Woogie".

Plus "It Takes All Night Long" for the little girls out there. Plus a handful of quality dance-numbers including "Heartbreaking Blue Eyed Boy" which approaches the spirit of the first LP and out-Gibbons Gibbons.

To say that Gary Glitter was a crucial influence on both The Clash and Donna Summer (which I think he was) might be stretching a point, but anyone who's ever bothered to listen to him now knows that even turkeys can rock and roll.

Kim Davis

JOHN MARTYN
One World (Island)

THE SABBATICAL has done the man good. John Martyn has returned with a remarkable album, his first studio work in two years.

What attracted me to Martyn's music from the very beginning — well, since "Stormbringer!" actually — was the extraordinary sturdiness of his best songs ("Go Out And Get It", "Would You Believe Me?", "May You Never", "Root Love", "Look In", the list is long indeed), evincing a simultaneously tough and tender approach.

"I'd like the nasty bits to get nastier and the gentle bits to get more gentle," was the way in which he summed up his new direction. And Martyn has never been one to stand still, each successive album displaying a marked step forward rare in rock music.

His characteristically pugnacious qualities are well to the fore on "One World", his romanticism remaining blowsy, his rhythms bluesy.

"Smiling Stranger" is an insistent example of the complexity of Martyn's music, the lattice of sound — voice, guitar, moog, bass, drums, tabla, sax and strings — brilliantly orchestrated and thrillingly hypnotic. He has a Scotsman's non-conformist way with words, too: *"Standing at the Welfare, with the payoff in my hand/Waiting for the gimme from the much obliged man/I'm a smiling stranger, smiling stranger every day."*

TUFF 'N' TENDER

Martyn's first for two years —

There are few voices so splendidly equipped to deliver his lyrics, which by turn are sensitive, sly, obsessional and elliptical, but always passionate. The man is palpably besotted with life, communicating his warmth *and* torment through words and music. Perplexing words, absorbing music.

"Dealer" is a tremendous, compulsive opening cut. Vicious propulsion is supplied by echoplex guitar, thunderous drums and sinuous moog as Martyn's throaty snarl snaps out the threatening narrative: *"They tell me that they dig my shit/So I sell it to them cheap/I bring my scales and check the deal/Are you scared that I might cheat?/Well you're just the spit and polish/On a fat man's shiny shoes/I think I'd hate them for it/And I think they hate me too."*

The other 'nasty bit' is "Big Muff", the outcome of Martyn's trip to Jamaica for 'exploratory' sessions with Lee Perry and Jack Ruby. Co-written with Perry, "Muff" isn't overtly dub (Martyn wouldn't be that obvious) and Lord knows what it's about, but it sounds vaguely indecent as the music inexorably draws the listener into its dense rhythms.

As for the 'gentle bits', they're probably best exemplified by the title track, in which Martyn adopts his sorrowful slur to expound his utopian UN idealogy. It's amazing, really, that anyone embracing all this useless old hippy shit can actually be convincing, but total commitment is part of Martyn's genuis.

Anyhow, it's musically arresting, the multi-tracked flutes seductively meshing with the mellow, 'traditional' side of the echoplex. The love songs on side two are instantly affecting, a resonant bass line and organ as sweet as a double-dollop of honey gracing "Couldn't Love You More", and Rico's rasping trombone elevating "Certain Surprise" to an exhilarating, exultant expression of glowing warmth.

"Dancing", a likeable upbeat lig, grows in stature (like all the other songs) with repeated listening, before Martyn closes the album with the eight and a half minute "Small Hours". It's a mysterious affirmation of life continuing, a synthesized heartbeat underlying the languorous, unsettling incandescence of the music.

Throughout, the musicianship is exemplary, Martyn's accompanists including Stevie Winwood, John Stevens, Hansford Rowe, Morris Pert and Tristran Fry.

Mean, moogy and magnificent, "One World" is the most mesmirising album I've heard this year. More complete, even, then Bowie's. Just plain better than everything else. **Monty Smith**

ZING WENT THE FLING OF MY DARTS *(Sorreee)*

DARTS
Darts (Magnet)

THEY PROBABLY won't thank me for saying so, but there's no getting around the fact that there are marked — if only coincidental — similarities between this bunch of affable loonies and the defunct Sha Na Na, the American rockanbopshoowop showband whose retrospective compilation was reviewed in last week's *NME* by Bob Edmands.

The music that inspires Darts is much the same as that which Sha Na Na so fondly recreated and, just like the Yanks, Darts serve it up with great style, musical diligence and immense good humour. In fact most of the accolades that Edmands so rightfully conferred on Sha Na Na are equally applicable here, especially his final remark, "If you want to understand the spirit of rock 'n' roll, they are almost as good a source of reference as the originals. They're certainly a good deal more fun at times." The face of Darts is never po.

I'm not sure why the American team eventually fell apart but doubtless a couple of the reasons were relatively poor record sales (despite their concert successes) and lack of good new material. Darts are already winning on both counts.

While their zappy version of an old Rays' b-side, "Daddy Cool", bops into this week's Top 30, six of the 11 tracks on this debut album show them to be capable of originating songs that might well be confused with the genuine oldies. Just as Miami Steve reworks early '60s R&B themes to such great advantage for Southside Johnny or the Lowe/Edmunds clan shuffle familiar rock 'n' roll riffs for a fresh deal, so assorted Darts have rummaged through their old London-American singles by the likes of The Shields and The Willows to come up with new songs that you'll think you remember from times past.

Most splendiferous is "Sometime Lately", an aching doowop performed in sparkling, harmonic acappella — or wivout the band, as we say here in the rock press. "Bells In My Heart", a lively little item that also gives the singers a chance to flaunt their talent, and "Too Hot In The Kitchen", a rocker led by Rita 'I remember Ruth Brown' Ray, are two more goodies, and although we only get one verse of "Fancy Man", the fact that it slots comfortably into Den's eye-rolling "I'm Mad" medley of famous oldies can't be all bad. "Shotgun" and "Stay Away (From Them Girls)" aren't quite so impressive but that's mainly because the others are so good, not because the latter are so very terrible.

Of the real oldies, "Young Blood" (written by Leiber/Stoller for The Coasters) and "Zing Went The Strings Of My Heart" (as performed by The Coasters) deserve special mention for being the best alternative versions of songs associated with that legendary group, and a slinky new arrangement of "Sh-Boom" justifies Darts' decision to include such a hoary chestnut in their repertoire. I'm not sure that producers Tommy Boyce and Richard Hartley are equally justified in their decision to add strings to the track but no doubt such an alien device will seem more acceptable after several dozen plays.

Finally, a thumbs up to the Darts' musicians, who do an excellent job throughout; to the producers, who demonstrate their love of the music by keeping everything clean and tidy (perhaps a shade too tidy): and for the notable fact that Britain has finally given birth to a group that can properly handle music that has previously been a well kept American secret. I'll drink to that.

Cliff White

Darts: More of us than you thought, eh?

10CC
Live And Let Live
(Mercury)

I LIKE 10cc, honest. Maybe I should rephrase that. I *liked* 10cc.

They made two spiffy albums before falling prey to the How Can We Out-do Ourselves And Be Recognised As Serious Artistes? schtick exemplified by the involuted narcissism which marred the dopier passages of the Mercury records.

Now they're truly 5cc and there's no getting away from it. It's written all over this live double (natch) album. Vinyl shortage? *What* vinyl shortage?

"This is a live recording, so we hope you'll really let your hair down and ENJOY YOURSELVES!!"

As much, no doubt, as the lighting, stage and transportation crews, the booking agents and every other bleeder who gets a name check on the cover credits, which for sheer longevity put *Gone With The Wind* to shame.

We're 10cc, love us like we love you and we'll jack up your shrieks of approval in the final mix. Which has been done, to irksome effect. You get the whole, entire encore too, an appositely wearisome "Modern Man Blues".

What's the point?

With its grandiose minimoog intro (for what is essentially a prissy piece of posey-philosophising), "Feel The Benefit" sums up the entire project. The time allocated to it is way disproportionate to its worth as either a 'live' souvenir or a clever-clever example of modern mobile recording techniques.

It is possible to coldly admire the sophistication whilst being bored rigid by the intractable style as 10cc wend their convoluted way through smart-arse time changes and silly puns. Only on "Ships Don't Disappear In The Night", substantially different from the studio cut, do they actually sound like a live band, not some starch-backed waxworks attempting to emulate note-for-note what's already been done to perfection (and death).

All the Stewart-Gouldman ditties are here, including most of "Deceptive Bends". And if you were at Hammersmith or Manchester, you're on it too.

Monty Smith

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"Don't Touch Me There"
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Look for details of our *back numbers service*, too. Over the last couple of years we've featured fuzz and other guitar effects, units and amplifiers, electric organ effects units, and other musical projects that might grab you.

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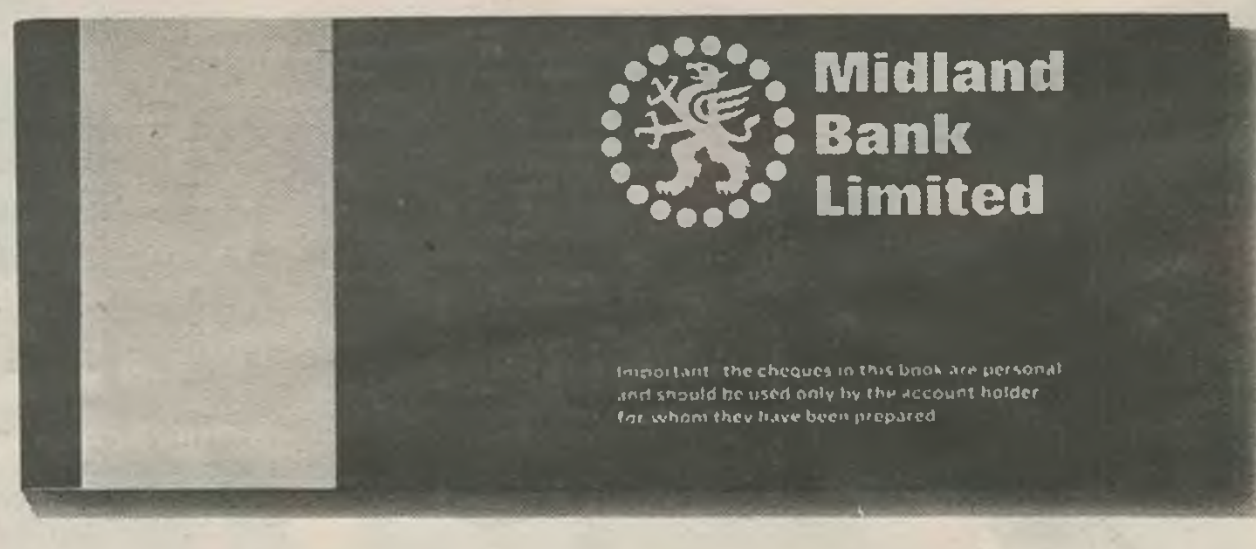

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The Little 'n' Lesser Richards Show

LITTLE RICHARD
Little Richard Now
(Creole)

AT IRREGULAR intervals throughout the 20 years since he cut about a dozen of the greatest rock'n'roll records ever made, Little Richard has re-re-recorded the very same songs.

One doesn't need a Mensa mentality to judge that the reasons he keeps repeating himself are almost certainly money, insecurity and lack of new ideas, not necessarily in that order. Unfortunately for all concerned, his various re-recordings have only emphasised his confusion and deterioration instead of sustaining his reputation. Until now.

These 12 further re-recordings were taped in Nashville last autumn under the supervision of Stan Shulman, who deliberately attempted the seemingly impossible by instructing his white studio band to play exactly like the original black sessioneers and, a far more difficult task, persuading Richard to emulate his younger self.

The fact that the results are far greater than anyone familiar with Richard's self-destructive career could possibly have hoped for speaks volumes for the talents of Shulman and his musicians. More important, it provides evidence that Richard has still got it in him to blast aside all contenders for his homemade crown.

Gone are most of the affected whoops and camp histrionics that have plagued the majority of Richard's recordings and helped to destroy his stage act. Back is the exhilarating power of a voice that soars to the edge of uncontrolled frenzy without imploding into a tuneless screech.

Gone too are the clumsy accompaniments and arrangements that Richard or his various producers have intermittently employed in a vain attempt to update his talent. Back is the simple but deft rhythmic interplay of genuine rock'n'roll. The music is timeless, it needs no fixing to keep it relevant.

Now here's the snag; the "if only" qualifications. However impressive these tracks may be, many of the original versions were perfect. Literally. There's no way that Richard or anyone else could improve upon them. And since the Speciality recordings are all still available in Britain, I couldn't bring myself to recommend this album above them.

I couldn't do that even if these 12 tracks were precisely the equal of the originals but in fact they're not, mainly because some of them have a slightly clinical feel, a flat sound, a lack of atmosphere. Low presence is possibly the term I'm groping for.

However, not *all* of Richard's Specialty recordings were unsurpassable. For instance, "Keep A Knockin'" was, for all its riotous energy, a bit of a mess (legend has it that it was patched together from rehearsal tape) and "Chicken Little Baby" and "She Knows How To Rock" were incomplete workouts that were left in the can when he 'retired' for the first time.

In contrast, this new version of "Keep A Knockin'" is dynamite; so good in fact that I shall commit heresy by opining that it's better than the original. So if only Shulman and Richard had tackled a few more of the less successful Specialty recordings this could have been a better album.

Or perhaps they did. When I spoke to Shulman earlier this year he intimated that they'd cut about 20 titles, in which case, if only Creole had been more generous with the tracks this could have been a better album.

Better still, if only Shulman and Richard had taken the time and trouble to find good new material this could have been a *great* album. But then it's all rather academic 'cause Richard has been and gone and retired again since recording these tracks. Some people never learn.

Cliff White

CLIFF RICHARD
40 Golden Greats (EMI)

THE VERY first edition of *Top Of The Pops* in 1954 carried a goodluck message from Cliff Richard. Even at that stage he was head boy of the school of British pop performers.

A decade and more later, he's still acting out the same role. He's still neat, deferential and responsible; he still hasn't moved on to higher things.

This collection belatedly compiles some of the songs that have enabled him to retain his pre-eminence. Although 40 tracks might seem a luxury, Richard's material has been so chart-orientated for so long that it's actually a squeeze. Faced with such decisions, the compilers have boobed.

They incorporated a representative sample of material from throughout his lengthy career. The years when he was far and away and the foremost figure in British pop ('52–'62, say) are hardly covered more fully than any others. This is a bad mistake, since whatever credibility Cliff retains with his original fervent audience is based on his performances over those years.

The opening track, "Move It" (according to the sleeve notes by Hank Marvin and Bruce Welch, is "a rock'n'roll classic, and anyone who says otherwise obviously disagrees") shows he could have maintained his early appeal as a straightforward rock'n'roller if "Living Doll" hadn't performed the same service for him that "It's Now Or Never" did for Elvis Presley.

But the other frenetic songs of this period — "Schoolboy Crush" and "Mean Streak" — are missing, as is his

fondly-remembered version of "Willie And The Hand Jive". Most perversely of all, there is no "Voice In The Wilderness", Cliff's original spiritual.

These tracks should have taken preference over some colourless ballads of Richard's comparatively lean years — "Wind Me Up" is thoroughly expendable — when, like others of his vintage, he almost got swept under the psychedelic carpet.

One of Cliff's surest talents, however, has been for survival. His formula has been simple, and usually turgidly undemanding, his choice of material almost cravenly unadventurous. He has regularly boarded bandwagons some years after they left town; he recorded a Stones' number, "Blue Turns To Grey" in 1966, his tribute to hippy philosophy, "Sing A Song Of Freedom" four years after the summer of love, and a Lennon-esque anthem, "Power To All Our Friends", two years after "Power To The People".

On the credit side, there was the appealing huskiness in his voice and the invariably pretty tunes that at their best almost diverted attention from the vacuousness of the songs themselves. Nevertheless, this collection concludes with the revival he's enjoyed of late: "I Can't Ask For Anymore Than You" showed that his vocal range was greater than most imagined, and "Devil Woman" that he could still turn in a gutsy performance.

In fact Richard might be capable of much more yet, but he's so determinedly inoffensive that we're never likely to find out what. Already his mini-recovery of status has been stymied by the annoying "My Kinda Life" which, in the context of such a pantheon of hits, is even more lyrically inappropriate than it was as a single.

Finally, no complaints about the stereo reprocessing, which is expert.

Bob Woffinden

STATUS QUO
Rockin' All Over The World (Vertigo)

STATUS QUO are a pop group at heart.

This is not an album to play at massive volume, to marvel at the exciting performance; like all those Quo singles that make you tap your feet as they boogie along faintly on the pub jukebox, this is for playing quietly, reassuringly, predictably. Wallpaper music.

Their songs come straight out of the '60s. "Baby Boy", for example, is almost one of those quasi-Greek pop songs like Sonny and Cher's "Bang Bang", based on a jogging two-note bass line, the melody as predictable as a folk song. In fact, folk song melodies constantly inform Quo's oeuvre — all those simplistic guitar patterns that dance around the chord like a packaged Celtic jig, most prominent here on "Hold You Back".

That's it. Them's the sum total of my observations on the new Status Quo album. I'm sure it's pretty similar to the last one; very competent, very innocuous, sentimental chord changes, superficially heavy, no surprises.

Their adeptness makes me suspicious; if they're as good as they seem to be, why play such uninspirational music? Easy answer: bucks — or rather, quids. Giving them the benefit of the doubt: maybe they actually enjoy it. Rather sweet, don't you think?

Deliberately expressionless music that strikes a chord of security in the listener's heart . . . Quo are like *Coronation Street;* a soothing constant in the midst of life's turmoils, an opiate.

I know of old that the band will get aggrieved at this inference of manipulation; they're just regular dudes who happen to have hit on a formula, sorry, artistic expression, that appeals to large numbers of young people.

I also know of old that if I intimate that to buy the new Quo album is like switching on some bland TV show or picking up the latest tranquiliser prescription. Large numbers of *NME* readers will also get aggrieved.

Look, I don't want to annoy you. I can appreciate *Coronation Street* as much as the next person, and I can snooze along quite pleasantly with Quo. No hard feelings, huh? I mean, I find it best just not to think about it.

Phil McNeill

MAN's Deke Leonard and Bristol Fighter prepare for take off elsewhere.

The Rights (and wrongs) of Man

MAN
All's Well That Ends Well (MCA)

SO FAREWELL, Manband.
When the solos didn't go on too long, you were very very good indeed.
On this album, only "The Welsh Connection" and "Spunk Rock" suffer
From this particular Celtic malady.
When you rocked out on numbers like
"A Hard Way To Live" and "Romaine"
Or got sneaky-sinister with "the Ride And The View"
Or played superb R&B on "Let The Good Times Roll"
Like you do on this farewell album
Recorded at the Roundhouse on your last tour
You fair gladdened my heart, boys.
So have fun with Rockpile, Terry Williams,
Have a good time like with the Flying Aces, Phil Ryan
And good luck with the new bands or whatever
Micky Jones, John McKenzie
And especially Deke Leonard
Every time we get too out of it like
We'll think of you
And hope you're the same way.
Keith's Mum always said you were just a bunch of
Boring old hippies
But she was always stupid like that.

E. Shaarvis Murray

ALLMAN AND WOMAN
Two The Hard Way (Warner Brothers)

THERE IS schlock and there is schlock. They are both on this album.

First of all, there's Gruntin' Gregg Allman's personalised variety of sullen mushmouth fonky-honky ranblings. Then there's Cher Allman's I'm-too-elegant-to-be-singing-this-song MOR haughtiness. Both represent schlock developed to the point where it almost spills over into the realms of pure tack. Schlock squared. Schlock to the power of *n*.

Still, let's leave the technical jargon out of this. "Two The Hard Way" is purest California blancmange, as might be expected from an album that has to accomodate two such disparate — uh — *talents.* Gregg has had to tone down some of his customary excesses — no bad thing in itself — but Cher meets him halfway by trying to sing "soulfully" and the result is musical toothache.

The material isn't to blame. Innocent victims include such classics as Little Milton's "We're Gonna Make It" (imagine the woosome twosome crooning *"We may not have a cent to pay the rent but we're gonna make it"*), Smokey Robinson's immortal "You Really Got A Hold On Me", Jimmy Webb's "Do What You Gotta Do", Jackson Browne's "Shadow Dream Song" and various lesser chunes. After The Miracles, The Beatles and Laura Nyro/Labelle you might've thought that there was nothing more that could've been done with "You Really Got A Hold On Me", and you'd've been right.

Because of the Allman's career as stars of stage, screen, courtroom and gossip column, this album commands a degree of public interest totally out of proportion to what it actually delivers musically. Gregg has been through it over the last few years — what with the deaths of Duane Allman and Berry Oakley, the acrimonious breakup of The Allman Brothers Band, the Georgia connection with Prez Carter and his on-again-off-again-on-again marriage to Cher and the Scooter Herring bust, but all this suffering clearly hasn't helped his singing any.

On the cover, Gregg and Cher look like a couple of shop-window dummies who've fallen over each other in the display case of some Hollywood boutique.

And the billing! Jesus, at least Sonny Bono gave Cher a name check on the labels of the the records, but "Allman And Woman" is so disparaging that anyone more sensitive than Cher would probably have been quite offended.

The duo's total assets would seem to be one cute navel and three good Hammond organ blues licks. You can't see the former or hear the latter so "Two The Hard Way" is pretty much a write-off.

One last thing. The album is dedicated to the kids, Chastity and Elijah. When they get old enough to hear this album and realise the kind of people they live with, if Chastity and Elijah got any sense they'll leave home.

Charles Shaar Murray

Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes On Tour

'This Time It's For Real' EPC 81909

'I Don't Want To Go Home' EPC 81515

Earlier this year Southside Johnny's first UK tour took town's apart ... one by one. Now the band's back with Cafe Jacques ... for a repeat performance!

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Leeds University

Thurs. Nov. 24th
Hammersmith Odeon

Fri. Nov. 25th
Cardiff University

Sat. Nov. 26th
Strathclyde University

When Johnny & The Jukes are on stage and cooking, the electrifying atmosphere and presence that only a big band can generate will overwhelm you.

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21st / 22nd MARQUEE London

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TOUR NO.2 STARTS SOON.

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VARIOUS ARTISTS
Streets: Select Highlights From Independent Labels (Beggars Banquet)

TURD-BRAIN-rock? *New Faces* New Wave? Garage Band muzak that settled for Dad's garden shed? Highlights *(sic)* of numerous independent record labels that sprung up in the wake of The Sex Satori?

Go treat yourself to a Zandra Rhodes safety-net and then tell me why people exercising their rights as citizens by creating a god-awful parody of Art with a capital F in the privacy of their tower-block always get these ego-bloated delusions of grandeur provoking the need to inflict their scribblings on the rest of humanity?

Go ahead — play, sing, write, paint, piss in your pants. Just don't stick it under my sinus expecting me to tick your card so you can go get your six-figure record contract.

This is puerile, trite, corny, crass, gutless, joyless and humourless; it rips off the mediocre and ruins it. Lyrically, it makes Eddie and the Hot Rods look like Bob Dylan. Musically, it makes The Muppets' "Mah-Na-Mah-Na" look like "Anarchy In The UK".

Like "Trash" by The Doll; lamebrain Vibrators' "Petrol" riff over flitty limp-wrist posturing, like a Cleethorpes rent-boy trying to come on like Loopy Lou Reed, trite Mrs. Mills piano and devastating rhymes of *"Honey"* and *"Money"*.

Or "Fear On The Streets" by The Members, "Be My Prisoner" by The Lurkers and "No More Rock 'N' Roll" by Tractor; the first a lack-lustre Damned rip-off (and The Damned themselves have been arseholes for a year), the second mere Billy-Cotton's-band - plays - The Ramones, the third chronic mock-erection Boys Club misogyny — the wanker on lead vocals won't go to bed with a girl unless all the rest of the band can come too, presumably to flick wet towels. Betcha their mamma bought the band's equipment.

This is so pathetic that some of it is really hilarious, although that should be qualified by adding that the thought of anyone paying money for their chortles fair turns me gourds inside out.

Much mirth on the Erik Von Daniken pratitudes of Arthur Comics' "Is God A Man?", the Wibbly Wobbly Way *"Hoo-hooh! Tickle my tummy, Auntie Jean!"* ambience of The Dogs' "19", and the slumming submission into proletarian primitives of The Nose-bleeds' "I Ain't Bin To No Musical School".

Trouble is the guffaws are somewhat stifled because — as if you couldn't sodding guess! — all of the album is puked out amidst corny cropped cacophony like The Zero's "Hungry", Slaughter And The Dogs' "Cranked Up Really Bad", Cane's "College Girls" and "Lookalikes" by The Drones, perhaps the most perfect expression of just what this album is about, which is nothing much. Or as The Drones put it, *"You just wanna be yourself / You don't wanna be like anybody else / I don't wanna be you and you don't wanna be me / And we don't wanna conform to you . . ."*

Listen. You can hear the Government trembling at its foundations, it's a Brave New World, The Monstrous Tyranny Of Rock Culture ploughs on to the promised land-estate of a Seditionaires in every High Street — and John Cooper Clarke is a great poet and why the hell he allowed himself to be talked into howling some sanitised pap over a punk-aural-backdrop when he could be making albums of true worth, I just can't fathom.

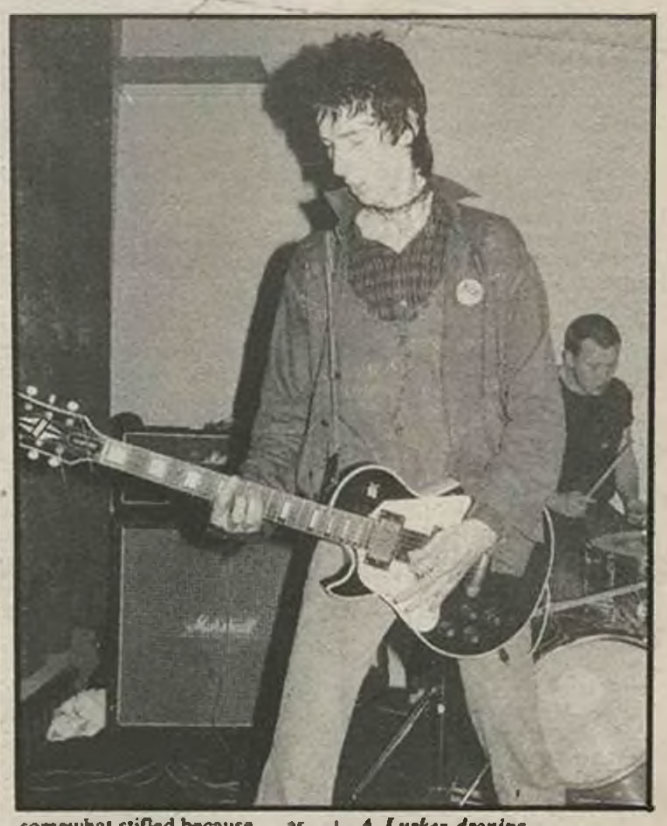
Albums like this make me miss the days of vinyl-shortage. As The Zeros' sum up so succinctly, "It comes from being bored".

As in shitless.

Tony Parsons

A Drone lurking . . . *Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS*

IDENTI-PUNK
PUNK
PUNK
PUNK


A Lurker droning . . .
Pic: WALT DAVIDSON

STEELEYE SPAN
Stormforce Ten (Chrysalis)

ROUGH WEATHER; troubadours in trouble. Bob Johnson and Pete Knight are out, John Kirkpatrick and — for the second time of asking — Martin Carthy in.

Rock more or less abandoned for roots; if only they'd matched the stark lucidity of "Please To See The King". As it is "Stormforce" seems woefully drab 'n' dreary.

Unsurprisingly perhaps (since both Kirkpatrick and Carthy were members of Albion Country Band that recorded the excellent "Battle Of The Field") the current Steeleye sound a lot like Ashley Hutchings' erstwhile company. You know the deal — that sparse yet eloquent English Electric approach. Sadly though, "Stormforce" lacks any of the 'creative tension' that the Albions wrestled from their internal schisms.

There's precious little strong or suitable material here. Maddy Prior appears as comfortable singing two long-faced Bertold Brecht songs as she would on a TV ad for Xerox copiers. Other *faux pas* include "Chimney Sweep", an all vocal stretch that drags on for far too long, and "The Victory", another interminable seafaring tale. Even "Treadmill Song", a piece that Carthy would do proud on one of his solo albums, comes over as merely mawkish.

In addition, Carthy's admirably terse electric guitar style seems to cramp the Kemp and Pegrum rhythm axis; they sound subdued, almost flat-footed throughout. And Kirkpatrick's accordions are no real substitute for Knight's fiddle.

"Stormforce Ten" simply isn't the strong set this band could (surely will) make. Here's waiting on you, Spansters.

Angus MacKinnon

DAVID BEDFORD
Instructions for Angels (Virgin)
GORDON GILTRAP
Perilous Journey (Electric)

BOTH BEDFORD and Giltrap appear to be obsessed with the appearance of a Grand Scheme in their musical doings. Bedford, it seems, wouldn't even consider doing an album without some overall thematic concept: Homer, Coleridge, and now Kenneth Patchen have all come under his axe, none of them any the better for it.

"Instructions For Angels" originated as a short orchestral piece written to celebrate the renovation of some fifteenth-century carved wooden angels in a Kings Lynn chapel. Appropriately enough, Bedford composed some carved wooden music for the occasion. Then he was struck by the numerous references to angels in Patchen's poetry, and expanded the original piece to fit an album, each new variation supposedly inspired by a chunk of Patchen's verse.

Listening to the finished work *in toto*, one can only conclude that it would have been better all round had Bedford never heard of Patchen, most of the variations sounding like improvisations over Rileyesque repeated keyboard phrases. The triumph of form over content ...

Whereas Bedford's grand designs may be the result of his classical training, Gordon Giltrap has no such excuse for perpetrating the classical-rock tedium of "Perilous Journey" on an unsuspecting world. Starting out as a virtuoso folkie guitarist with a penchant for medieval rusticity, he made a sharp change of style with last year's "Visionary", and continues the trend on this new album. Indeed, the similarity of cover design and the statement *OPUS 2* on the back cover suggest a direct continuation of the earlier work.

Most of the pieces progress from Giltrap's hot acoustic intros (which are fine in themselves) to full-blown band riffs (which are not). I'll not embarrass any of the musicians involved by mentioning their names; giving them the benefit of the doubt, their contributions are but workmanlike readings of Giltrap's limp tunes and Rod Edwards and Roger Hands' bland arrangements.

Both albums are examples of what happens when composers refuse to come to terms with their dearth of ideas and imagination: repetition of a "theme" throughout a work does not imply an overall concept, though some may be fooled into thinking it does.

Andy Gill

BURLESQUE
Burlesque (Arista)

BURLESQUE "of derisively imitative kind", it says on the sleeve. There's certainly a little bit of everyone here, but that's not automatically a bad thing. This music is strange, sometimes patchy, but when the pieces fit neatly you get good songs.

In the meantime, the puzzle itself is fun. How about "Burlesque are funny-sad-clever-dumb jazz-punks playing techno-R&B?" How about "Burlesque are odd?" It might take me a long time to come to terms with this album. It might never happen. This is a musical kaleidoscope, attractive and frustrating, bright but confusing and all I can really tell you apart from that is where the tunes are.

The best one is on "I Got Me (Babe)" which merges from "Latest Flame" to "I Ain't Got You" and flaunts flash lyrics. "Take It Out On The People" is a steam rolling heavy rocker pastiche with screams of "Judas Priest!" and a great hook.

"Steel Appeal" is a masterpiece of crip-rock, a love affair with a withered hand and a wheelchair. "Jerkin'" is a naughty lights out toe-tapper and "Bizz Fizz" is a real cute montage of snappy little tunes which would have graced any Roxy Music single.

The other tracks aren't so immediate. "Space-Age Blues" and "Rochdale / Rock stale" are apparently deliberate studies in tedium which make me yawn instead of grin. "Going Dutch" is a great lyric with mediocre tune; "15%" starts cheerful but slips into laid-back jamming which is above my head.

Very unusual stuff from a band with humour, energy and melodies. It's nothing great but sometimes it sparkles.

Kim Davis

Levon Helm of The Band

LEVON AT THE HELM *(Ouch!)*

LEVON HELM AND THE RCO ALL STARS
(ABC)

IT HAS been suspected for some time that The Band are rather unsure of their reasons for being together. The most telling evidence of dissolution so far is this, Levon Helm's solo album.

Levon Helm was the kid who went north in the late 50s with a rockabilly singer called Ronnie Hawkins, whose talents were dime-a dozen in Arkansas, but fairly unique in Canada. Together they recruited local musicians into Levon And The Hawks, who after a few years broke away from Hawkins and after a few more years linked up with a young, then reckless Dylan looking for a rock'n'roll sound.

The Band were Levon Helm's band before they became Bob Dylan's band (Helm, incidentally, in a fit of pique refused to join them for the first Dylan tour). Then for a few glorious years they were *The* Band, finally becoming Robbie Robertson's band, and then making to my mind merely good — not great — music.

Helm, the founder member, is significantly the first to make a solo album — some fifteen years after The Band's inception. It was recorded at RCO studio in Woodstock ("Big Pink" territory) and is presented as one of those friends get-together-in homely-studio-and-play-the-music-they-like-best jobs.

Once past the mawkish cover though, the music is genuine. The assembled friends are, from top to bottom, musicians of impeccable calibre. Helm plays drums and sings, Booker T. Jones, Steve Cropper and Duck Dunn (The MGs) play keyboards, guitar and bass respectively, Dr John adds guitar and keyboards, and Paul Butterfield's growling harmonica provides more than anyone ever thought possible from the instrument.

All of these players have a background similar to Helm's. They are all (except Booker T.) white, but respected for years of playing black blues and rhythm and blues — the kind of music The Hawks played and the kind of music Helm's playing on this album.

But here it's no longer a wild, illegitimate music. Instead it's mellowed and assured of its rightful existence — which is exactly what nags me about it.

The best cut is "Milk Cow Boogie". It's here that Helm demonstrates an unequalled ability to play tough, funky drums and sing with a mouthful of grit. He almost does it again on Earl King's "Sing, Sing, Sing". For the remainder he works manfully on what are, apart from a lilting workout of Chuck Berry's "Havana Moon", basically rhythm and blues songs, either Bobby Bland style or filtered through a relaxed, rural shuffle.

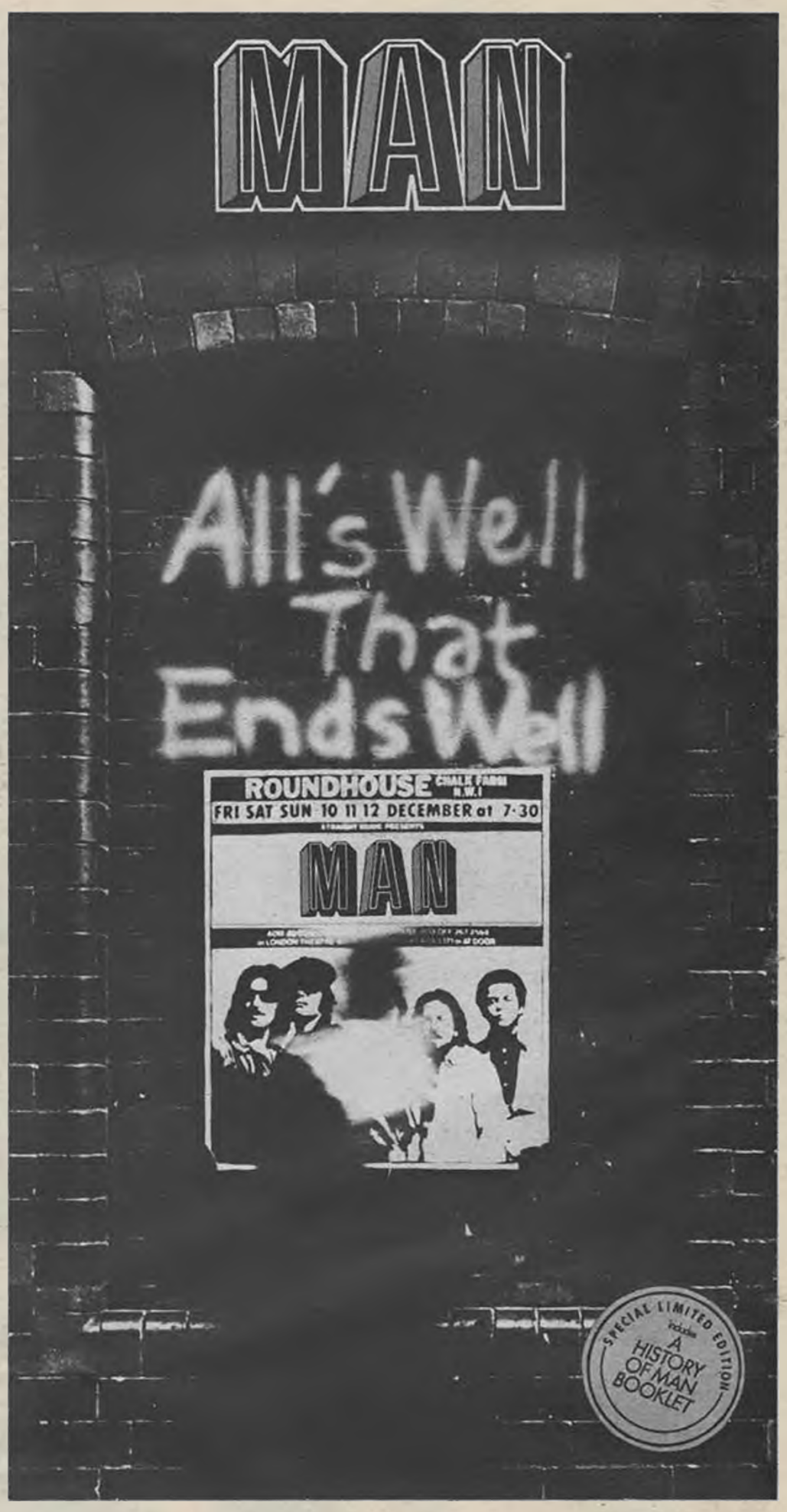
Inevitably it sounds like The Band, and not, as the R&B might suggest, The Feelgoods. But like recent Band albums it suffers from coming too naturally — everybody knows they're in a class of their own so they don't have to prove it anymore — and without Robertson's richly crafted songs as compensation.

If you already know this music exists in a class of its own then, like me, you'll like this album. I only wish they would prove as much again. Just once even.

Raul Rambali

Radio Toons
No.3 Nothin' Happened Today

Songs for Swinging Lovers
Radio Stars on Chiswick



"All's Well That Ends Well" is a live recording of Man's last three shows at London's Roundhouse.

Featuring seven of their most popular tracks including "Spunk Rock" and "Romain," together on one album.

As an added bonus the first 12,000 copies contain a special history of Man leaflet. This is a collectors' item – so hurry to get your copy while stocks last. MCF 2815.

MCA RECORDS
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The Nitery Pianist's Progress

BEN SIDRAN
The Doctor Is In
(Arista)

IN SOME ways Sidran is an anachronism. Though he's got something of a rock pedigree after paying his dues as sideman with Steve Miller, he pans out as a reincarnation of one of those ultra-hip pianist-vocalists who once proliferated at many Stateside nighteries during the end of the big-band era.

By being such a throwback, he's also become the only player on the ballpark, the guy who's refreshingly different. While most other keyboardists have moved on to bewilder via an abundance of electronic gear that has much in common with Mission Control, The Doc — he won a PhD at Sussex University — still has a love affair with a Steinway, using it here to pay due homage to Thelonius Monk with an individual version of the oft-recorded but ever-welcome "Goodbye, Pork Pie Hat", before wending his acoustic way through "Silver's Serenade", receiving an invaluable assist from the economic, thoughtful hornwork of ex-John Mayall sideman Blue Mitchell, who played trumpet on Horace Silver's original version of the number, back in '63.

Vocally too, Sidran is somethin' else. His delivery is sophisto-sharp; super-honed Georgie Fame and then some. When he's on mike, everything swings lightly and politely, such long-term cohorts as Phil Upchurch (bass), Larry Carlton (guitar) and Tony Williams (drums), providing Sidran's generally jaunty, jump-happy songs with the kind of lift that emanates from men obviously enjoying their appointed task.

For several years now Sidran's been merely a cult figure in this country, a situation not aided by the reluctance of certain record companies to provide the philosophical one with a British album release. But now, with the aid of this, his second Arista offering, plus the added impetus of some live and TV dates, Sidran should gain a little more in the way of well-deserved kudos. For though he may well present a classic case of two steps back and one step forward and maybe moving nowhere in particular, there's little doubt that he's doing it in personal and highly satisfying style.

Fred Dellar

IMPORTS

JOY OF Cooking were a hot little number in '71-'72.

Headed by Wisconsin's **Toni Brown** and Berkeley's **Terry Garthwaite**, two talented female singer-songwriters, the group ploughed their way into the charts with a single called "Brownsville", cut three albums for Capitol and even logged some action on movie soundtracks, Toni Brown contributing to Roger Corman's *Gas-s-s*.

But now the Garthwaite-Brown duo is operational once more, working under the name of The Joy and having an album of that title out on Fantasy. Perhaps "The Joy" isn't all that it might have been and, sad to say, the girls don't always pan the gold-dust. But Toni Brown's "Snow", a tale of laundromat love, should do well for Daz sniffers everywhere and the girl's quick shuffle through Van Morrison's "Come Running", with Taj Mahal spraying hot harp all over the place, also comes up hale and hearty.

Label switching appears to be the name of the game this week. **Don McLean**, after spending yonks with UA, currently appears on Arista with an album titled "Prime Time". And **John Stewart**, who we last met on RCA, is now on RSO with "Free In The Wind", a Mentor Williams produced job; while **Blood, Sweat And Tear**, who've been with CBS since the day Al Kooper gave them birth, have "Brand New Day", their latest offering, out on ABC.

Do all the leading female country singers now wear cross-over bras? The point occurred after viewing the material employed on **"La Costa"** (Capitol), the newie from Tanya Tucker's elder sister. For her songs include The Stones' "Honky Tonk Women", England Dan and John Ford Coley's "Showboat Gambler" and Billy Joel's "Stop In Nevada" — none of 'em Opry favourites but probably what you'd expect from a country singer who cut a version of Smokey Robinson's "I Second That Emotion" for release as a recent single. The subject of country gals and their mammary supports reminds me that **Dolly Parton** has another RCA release in "Here You Come Again".

US Capitol, who gave the lead on **The Beatles'** "Rock-'n'Roll Music", forcing EMI Britain to release the album, have followed up with "Love Songs", a 25-track double-album compilation featuring such previously released titles as "Girl", "P.S. I Love You", "This Boy", "Michelle" etc. A well-produced songbook is also included for those who wish to singalongatrax.

The Sex Pistols' "Anarchy In The UK" single is now arriving from France in a 12" version. Somehow it sounds a lot more vital than the 45 rpm edition — but then again it costs a lot more bread, retailing for around £2.50.

Yet another **Loggins and Messina** live one has surfaced on Columbia, in "Finale". Big band veterans continue to riff on, albeit often in the guise of funkmeisters. On CTI **Urbie Green**, trombonist with Gene Krupa back in '48, offers "Senor Blues", while at Epic they've dug out **Doc Severinson**, a high-flying trumpet man with Charlie Barnet in 1947-9, who's been provided with a band formed by Richard Tee, Eric Gale, Lee Ritenour, Tony Jackson and Ralph McDonald and allowed to indulge in his "Brand New Thing", an album produced and arranged by the ubiquitous Tom Scott.

Finally, there's the re-emergence of two female singer-songwriters, one being **Jackie De Shannon**, whose "You're Only The Dancer" (Amherst) features Randy Edelman and charts by "The Lone Arranger", while the other is **Chi Coltrane**, once a CBS star but now part of the T.K. production line, her "Road To Tomorrow" appearing on the Clouds label.

Fred Dellar

Methinks Jah protest too much

BUNNY WAILER
Protest (Island)

ONE MILITANT reggae critic dismissed Bunny Wailer's last album, "Blackheart Man", as a mere 'rock album'.

Bunny would probably have taken that as a compliment. His stated intention was to give the album a "hard rock feel", and he evidently wanted it to possess the magical 'crossover' appeal; not merely to haul in the extra readies but to *spread Jah word*.

Like many Jamaican musicians, Bunny Wailer — aka Neville Livingstone, co-founder of The Wailers vocal trio — feels his inspiration is divine, and his greatest passion is to convert the faithless and delight the faithful with exquisite, heavensent music.

With "Blackheart Man" he arguably did both; it was an intricately crafted 24-track 'studio' album of ten stately, elegiac songs old and new that found popularity in both black and white camps and which in its purity and reflectiveness struck a strongly spiritual note. Its songs were medodious, catchy, crisp and challenging. The whole enterprise was too lacking in robust spontaneity for some but. . .

What a letdown "Protest" is then. In comparison to its predecessor it's heavyhanded, ill-considered, disjointed, expediant and unconvincing; all the more so for being so determined in its efforts to teach us all a lesson.

Now, by intention or not, all art makes moral statements, but art's duty is to entertain before it teaches and moralises — a spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down.

Too often on "Protest" Bunny comes across as merely hectoring, the tone of his 'protest' little more than that of an incensed Sunday school teacher. And that ain't right — reggae, Rasta and Bunny are all more exciting than *that*.

The music tends to be a mere adjunct to the lesson for the day rather than an implicit part of it. Most of the tunes flop around lifelessly, and the standard bunch of topline JA sessioneers brought in to supply the backing — Wallace, Shakespeare, Lindo, Harvey, Smith, etc — are hard put to supply anything more than the glibly adequate.

Of the eight songs, two are old Wailers' numbers, one borrowed from elsewhere, and five new Bunny originals. One of these, "Follow Fashion Monkey", has already seen the light of day as an American 45. It's an interesting insight into Bunny's intentions; a song attacking "black Yankees" for their lack of roots culture and crass, hedonist, materialist ideals, it's set to what's almost a parody of Philly disco style, flying hi-hat and all.

See, to get the people you want to convert to listen, you

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first take on their guise; rather like setting a lyric advocating the joys of free enterprise and cheap labour to a Durham miners' ballad, and about as attractive.

The Wailers' "Get Up, Stand Up" also receives a slightly ungainly disco treatment. The song's popular with white audiences though its motivation is militant Rasta — *"We know and we understand that Almighty God is a living Man"* — rather than political, as is usually assumed, and this version means that all three original Wailers have now recorded it solo — Marley on his live album, Peter Tosh on "Equal Rights". I'll take either of those versions, the original or Big Youth's languorous reading of the song above this mechanical jogalong.

Other old faves that receive a mauling include The Slickers' "Johnny Too Bad" (widely known from "The Harder They Come") which is reworked into a drawn out and clumsy moral tale reassuring us that Johnny really had a heart of gold inside the shell of "robbing, stabbing and shooting" — but far less convincingly and delightfully than the original. Again, moral overkill.

Then there's the ancient Wailers' number "Who Feels It Knows It"; the reincarnation succeeds fitfully when curtailing it to the three-minute mark would have made it a success; a criticism that applies to the other four tracks that are allowed to drag themselves out needlessly.

"Moses Children" and "Wanted Children" both have good riffs that could have been the basis of good songs of they'd been subjected to the same discipline that shaped the "Blackheart Man" album but here they're lost in a welter of biblical overkill and shapelessness; "Quit Trying" and "Scheme Of Things" lack even the backbone of a memorable riff.

BUNNY WAILER. Pic: KATE SIMON

The cover's already been christened "the first punk collage roots reggae sleeve" (daft when you consider collage was invented sometime around World War One). Punks often display abysmal taste in reggae, but only the old hippies among them are going to swallow this.

Hey Bunny, listen (he won't — he considers it vanity to read his own reviews) — there's more protest implicit in old Wailers' singles like "Simmer Down" or "Small Ace" than on all this album. Back to the roots.

The rest of you — if you want a Bunny Wailer album go buy "Blackheart Man"; If you want a reggae album there's plenty others to try; better still, consult *NME's* 'Rocker's Time' next week and splash the cash on singles.

Neil Spencer.

ALVIN STARDUST
Greatest Hits (Magnet)
SWEET
Golden Greats (RCA)

HOW SOON yesterday's legends become tomorrow's fag-ends.

But for me and all the other English pre-teens, early Alvin and Sweet were gospel. Much more heart-on-sleeve than tongue-in-cheek. So squeaky clean and yet so smutty — but it was a nice smut, as spankingly shiny as the black leather Alvin and assorted Sweets were wont to wear.

Even a lust for leather can't beat old age. Still, a touch of eyeliner and a mass of echo — who needs the elixir of youth? Just be all hints and smoulder and no blood — just the way the world and its big sister likes it. All *risque*, nothing risky.

Bernard Jewry, Shane "I'm A Moody Guy" Fenton to Stardust, and just see that pumpkin turn! In the future everyone will be famous for four singles, and the luck of the draw are "My Coo Cha Choo" (first thrill, never duplicated), "You You You" (numb blood-eyed obsession), "Jealous Mind" (sadistic beat married to cringing, whining lyrics) and "Red Dress" (Pop Star as benevolent bedroom dictator).

"Sweet Cheating' Rita" and "Good Love Can Never Die" hit too, though their fangs crumbled to dust even as they sunk in. What a cool fool to throw away the production of Roger Greenaway after Peter Shelley served you so well! The inclusion of "Bony Maronie", "Move It", "Come On" and Springsteen's "Growing Up" (should have changed it to "Going Bald", Al) demonstrates how easily John F. Kennedy could have made the wrong decision in 1962.

All this and heaven too? Alvin was a Government-sponsored training scheme, preparing tender young girls for the torture which awaited them as fully-fledged women, to a whimsical orchestration of jingle-jangle East End upright parlour piano clashing ecstatically with guitars screeching like a faked orgasm and a beat custom-made for the heady half-a-shandy shuffle executed at school discotheques.

Or for hints of the holocaust breathed through the tannoy, sample Sweet, the Four Grossmen of the Apunkalypse, who first insinuated themselves onto the airwaves with catchy innocence that even your parents could buy in "Funny Funny", "Co Co" and "Poppa Joe" — Phase 1.

None of that trash here. What you get is Chinn and Chapman's discovery of free-form prose in Phases 2 (Sweet as Teeny HM heroes: "Blockbuster", "Hellraiser", "Ballroom Blitz", "Teenage Rampage"), 3 (You've come a long way, baby, and now you've got a long way down: "Fox On The Run", "Action", "Turn It Down", "Lies In Your Eyes") and (Blatant Flops: "Fever Of Love", "Stairway To The Stars", "Lost Angels") by which time The Sweet were just another bunch of limp wimps though longer in the tooth than most.

But as placebos go, they were great. Brickies trying to look like flits or flits trying to look like brickies? Who knows or cares? The screeching, the explosions, the repetition, the stupidity, the colours, the frenzy; the only word that can fully convey the feel of their music is (yawn) Apocalyptic. They always made you feel like Something Was About To Happen — the oldest palliative in the world, so why do we keep falling for it?

"Up and join the Revolution/Get yourself a constitution/And join the Revolution now!" Who wrote those words? Strummer? October? Na, Chinnichap. The Revolution Will Not Be Consummated. Though from Sweet such glib salvation was vastly more forgivable; they dressed in weird clothes and smooched each other like best burlesque, never once claiming a tower-block heritage.

The problem is that throughout their career, Sweet dealt in IMAGES as opposed to REALITY (not one Sweet song examined line by line makes sense) and therein lay the appeal and the danger of these bands, through The Sweet to Roxy Music to The Clash — they only mean what you think they mean.

No public virtues and private vices for *this* breed of teen idol, though: just sweet, blatant artifice all down the line. No lies, no let-down, not like now. Dance to keep from thinking. Dance to keep from rebelling.

The Sweet record is great, the Stardust album less so. The last word on Rock And Roll As Voice Of Youth comes from The Sweet's "Ballroom Blitz": *"Reaching out for something and touching nothing's all I ever do."*

Julie Burchill

An easy choice?

Not unless you get them both. On the one hand you've got **'Front Page News,'** a stunner from the band who've consistently come up with the goods.

Then again there's Lynyrd Skynyrd's **'Street Survivors,'** another fine album.

With a choice this difficult, buying them both isn't just wishful thinking – it's plain good sense.

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ON THE TOWN

Sensational Gigs Inc. proudly present Parker, The Tubes & The Rumour (though not in that order)

They came, they outraged, they conquered

The Tubes

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

THE TUBES recorded their two debut London gigs for a live album. This was indicative of either supreme confidence or supreme folly — probably a mixture of both.

The Tubes, you see, had no sure idea how a British audience would react to their onstage outrage. Prior to their arrival here and its attendant publicity the band were very much an unknown commodity.

That is beyond the odd story filtering through from the States. Like how when they first appeared some two years ago they were banned by a good percentage of American townships for overt stage nudity, or that they were prone to doing things like showering John McLaughlin audiences with white sliced bread . . .

The obvious recourse is to record your live album in front of an audience you know will go bananas the moment you walk on stage. The Tubes weren't even sure they had an audience, much less whether that audience would be remotely sympathetic.

That this gambit paid off is a tribute to their confidence and the effectiveness of what they do.

They are not strictly a rock band, neither are they a show, a satire, nor a marriage of rock and theatre, (although they admit early inspiration from the original *Rocky Horror Show*).

The Tubes are a spectacle, unlike any other.

They present a relentless two-hour onslaught of humour, outrage, parody, idiocy, music and costume — a feast for the senses.

If you saw them you will probably feel conned next time you hand over the notes to watch some other group merely stand there and play; if you didn't then this review will give only an inkling of what you missed.

Wire, the support band, played terse, monochrome songs with an admirable sense of style and potential scope that was lost in the hollow, warm-up atmosphere.

The Tubes began in white lab-technician coats with a Tubes Medley and two new songs that were low-key in the ensuing tentative, anticipatory atmosphere.

From left to right, the line-up is: Vince Welnick, playing keyboards and looking like the Mascara Snake reincarnate; Roger Steen (lead guitar), re-introduced that way every time he took a solo; Rick Anderson (bass); Tubes below-console leader Bill Spooner (guitar and occasional vocals); spoilt Hitler youth Michael Cotten (synthesisers).

Behind them on the drum podium are Prairie Prince and ex-Santana percussionist Mingo Lewis, and scattered around the stage are five video monitors that come into play with various obtuse film sequences throughout the set.

Operating amongst all this are four dancers, two stage hands, props, the sometimes glamorous and perverse Re Styles and method frontman Fee Waybill.

The stage exists in a continual chorus of activity that veers from anarchic chaos to precision orchestration with virtually no breathing space.

This becomes obvious as the expectant mood gave way to astonishment for the first sequence. The dancers somersaulted on stage in Star Wars garb and Waybill entered as an outlandish space warrior.

Together they enacted an instrumental light-sabre duel that ended in Waybill's costume being torn away to reveal the host for "What Do You Want From Life?", a cutting paean to consumerism couched, like everything The Tubes tackle, in ridiculous excess.

From then on it was simply one conceptual assault after another. The band continually assailed the senses of the audience with extremes of spectacle. At least five times I thought that's it, they're not going to top *that*; each time they did.

Like when after doing their duet of "Don't Touch Me There" from a motorbike, Waybill strapped Re Styles between two video monitors for "Mondo Bondage", and they followed that by debasing the whole cheap titilation routine they had just been through with "La Vie En Fuver" — a song about the psychological pressure caused by the proliferation of such cheap thrills in this world.

Or when they advertised and also mocked their albums through an absurdly funny Waybill monologue on the video screens that revealed, when the lights went up, all eight Tubes in young generation dress dancing to a pre-recorded tape of themselves.

Admittedly, there were points when they dropped to a fairly predictable level of humour and histrionics (for instance the Johnny Bugger And The Dirt Boxes sequence, which was redeemed only by the spectacle of Waybill singing "I Saw Her Standing There" while wielding a chainsaw) but these moments were few and only to be expected in a two-hour plus set.

The finale was the appearance of Quay Lewd, Waybill's obnoxoious British Rock Star replete with three-feet high platform shoes, beer can and glitter regalia.

Quay did "Boy Crazy", fell over, insulted at least half the audience, fell over, did "Stand Up And Shout", fell over , then told us: "This is the audience participation bit. When I say stand up and shout, you lot all shout . . . erh . . . 'go down on me you bitch'.

Eventually he settled for having the whole audience shout "you bleedin' wankers" on cue, fell over, and finally was buried beneath a toppling 50-foot speaker column.

Only to be revived for the encore, or final spectacle; All members of the Tubes, three fat angels, two white punks, a doctor, a human quaalude, an alien, Re Styles in roller skates, a gorilla, a circus fire-breather, Quay Lewd, two midgets, and a baby's arm holding an apple.

I have never witnessed anything remotely like The Tubes. Neither, to judge from the rapturous response and conversations overheard afterwards, had anyone else.

Amazing.

Paul Rambali

Pic: FIN COSTELLO

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

Do nothing until you see this band

Graham Parker & The Rumour

EDINBURGH

YEAH — Graham Parker & The Rumour — it even looks right on paper, doesn't it?

The first time I encountered this inspired combination was on their last tour with Southside Johnny; me, I reckoned there was only one side in it, and it wasn't the Americans. Yer actual vox populi thought so too, staying on after the house lights had gone up to demand more — the best reception I've ever seen in this traditionally reserved city.

It doesn't do to expect Olympian feats twice running, but GP and the Rumour pulled it off — a stunning show that easily topped their last one.

It even neatly bypassed my two main reservations about the man.

Firstly his tendency to rewrite himself is made far less noticeable by culling his own strongest songs from all three albums and strategically reinforcing them with superb covers like Ann Peebles' "I'm Gonna Tear Your Playhouse Down", so that the material is consistently forceful throughout.

Secondly, that rather monochrome voice is more than adequately compensated for by his stage presence: his skinny little frame, all in black outfit and shades, scuttling about the stage like a scorpion.

A great performer.

But it's the Rumour I go for. Now there is a band — every man a hero.

There's so much going on that's skilfull, powerful and spot-on that it almost overwhelms the senses — Steve Goulding's lively but beautifully understated and varied drumming, Andy Bodnar complementing him well with his energetic, pumping bass work, the hyperactive Bob Andrews one-man show zestfully zipping in those keyboard lines and fills, the perfectly counterbalanced guitars of the nattily dressed Brinsley Schwarz and Martin Belmont, marvellously economical and lethally sharp . . .

Nor would it be fair not to credit their supertight and punchy brass section: John Earle — saxes, Dick Hanson — trumpet, flugelhorn, Ray Beavis — tenor sax, and Chris Gower — trombone . . .

Put them all together and you've got the perfect balance of power and subtlety to drive home Parker's brand of hard nose, hard working, rousing r'n'b.

There were highlights galore, especially in the searing bursts of axe work, but one song, "The Heat In Harlem" deserves to be singled out for special praise.

The oh-so-tight interplay of the guitars, the piano build-up, swooping bass, great drumming, choice brasswork, and with the stage bathed in red light, you could practically *feel* the temperature rising up at you. The heat treatment, indeed.

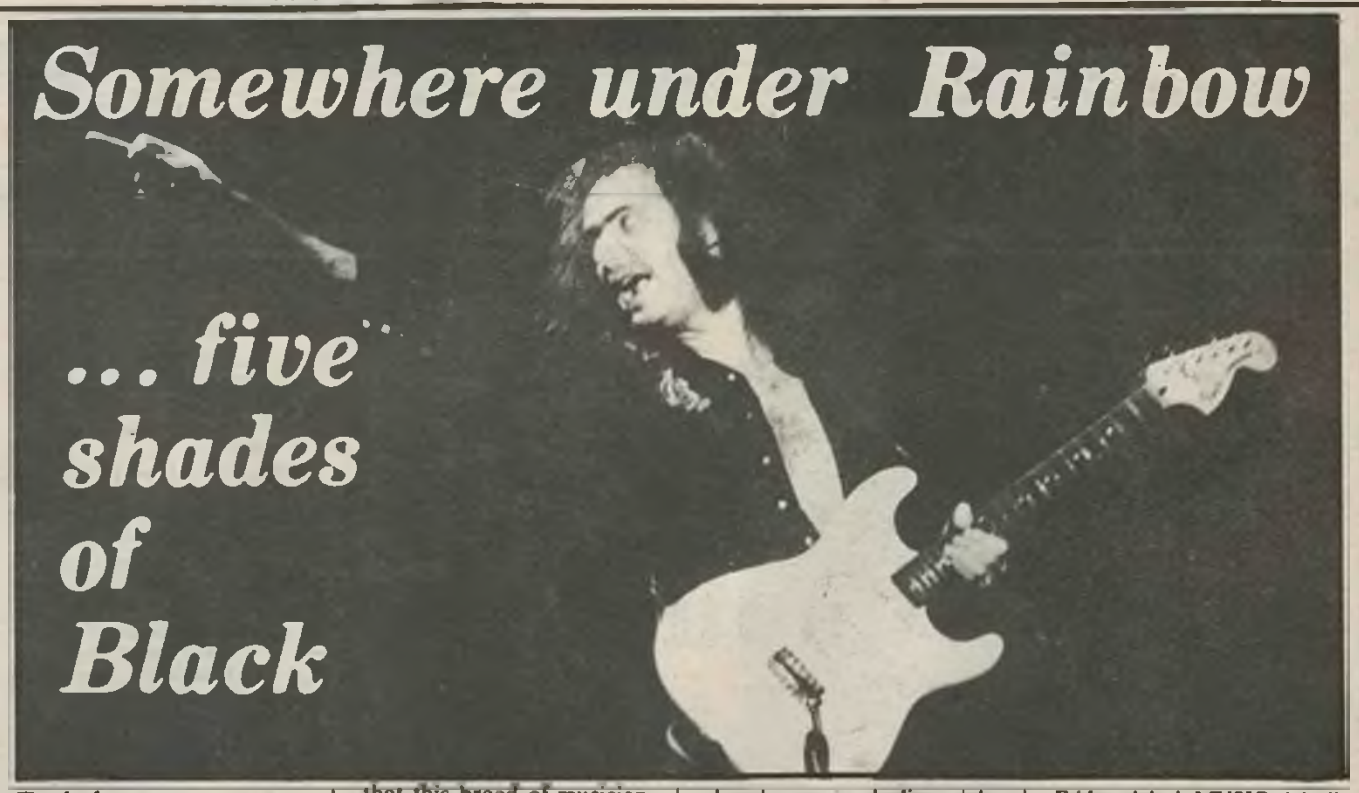
And with Parker's own intensity and feeling spearheading the delivery, it's small wonder that they were getting ovations long before the end of the set.

Verily a band among bands. The range of their individual and collective talents and qualities, and their gift for slipping in so many deft touches amid all that power, put Graham Parker & The Rumour into what is literally a class of their own. Miss this one at your own considerable personal loss.

Support band Clover suffer heavily by comparison. Alex Call is a mediocre singer and his guitar was almost inaudible, as were Sean Hopper's keyboards. (In fact, it's not at all clear why Hopper is in the band if they're not going to let him contribute anything other in the set's strongest song.) Huey Louis' vocals and harmonica and John McFee's guitar work were both good, but Clover rely too heavily on these two stretching out weak ideas.

Ian Cranna

Somewhere under Rainbow



... five shades of Black

Rainbow

NEWCASTLE

BLACKMORE IS one of the few remaining Guitar Heroes, and it is apparent that this breed of musician is far from being out of favour with the rock audience in general. This alone explains the continuing pre-eminence of Rainbow when so many Heavy Metal bands are in decline right now.

What with sackings and the difficulties finding replacements, Rainbow have recently had their fair share of difficulties leading to the delay in starting their world tour. The nucleus of the band, however, is vocalist Ronnie James Dio and Cozy Powell on drums — along with Blackmore of course.

On stage you can basically forget about the new guys, Bob Daisley (bass) and David Stone (keyboards) because their contributions are minimal.

Considering that Dio, a pretty reasonable singer, and Powell, who's a strong player, have difficulty coming anywhere near the standard Blackmore sets in his playing, both Daisley and Stone will need to shape up, fast.

At Newcastle City Hall, Blackmore, who previously I'd never rated so highly, was brilliant. In rock today there are probably only a couple of guitarists who can match his subtlety, feeling, spirit of adventure and total control over the instrument.

Sadly he was let down by the quality of the material that was invariably ordinary and at its worst ("Long Live Rock 'n' Roll", the title track of their next album) dismal.

Ironically it was an old Purple number, "Mistreated" which stood on its own and was not merely a vehicle for their elaborate dynamics.

It is certainly Blackmore who will ensure Rainbow's survival, and the only aspect of their act to compete with him was the stage spectacular.

Housing 3,000 light bulbs, an arc about 30 feet high spanned the stage, and this was (naturally) the visual projection of the band's name.

As Ritchie gradually wound himself into a frenzy, so the effects became correspondingly more dazzling until Powell's drum podium rose high into the air, followed by an almighty explosion.

If Blackmore was surrounded by talent as great as his own, then quite possibly he could lead one of this country's greatest bands.

Blast Furnace And The Heatwaves

LONDON SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL AND AFRICAN STUDIES

HOT 'N' SWEATY, dapper 'n' diminutive, mean 'n' moody, fast, feisty 'n' fat . . . Blast Furnace dances like an amphetamined Panda (bear as opposed to car) across the planks of the L.S.O.A.A.S. (yeah, that's what I though, too) slashing with the self-conscious panache of a veteran of countless one-night stands and bedroom mirrors.

His bright red 1961 Gibson S.G. Junior snaps to erection.

"We're The Heatwaves and Friday night is MUSIC night," he shouts in a thick Reading drawl. By the end of the loose - but - lethal garret-band's set of Blooze Comes In Spurts rock 'n' strut 'n' strool, the students were dancing, singing, clapping and screaming for more like that ain't done since their last grant came through.

They were also chanting an audience affirmation of the "A Star Is Born" slogan that Blast were like a badge of courage across his pigeon-chest.

"WE LOVE YOU BLAST!" was the peoples' verdict on the proceedings. "MOOOOOOORE!!!"

"I'm just outa fags, John, sorry", quipped the enigmatic Afro-Crop resplendant on battered leather jacket, knee-ventilation Levi's and sleezy sneakers.

The Heatwaves play a pastiche of South Side blooze and Oil City rhythm that fair warms the cockles of your new D.M.'s. Blast himself handles lead vocals of tarnished innocence quality on Ted Taylor's "Rambling Rose" (done *a la mode de la* MC5, though these days Rob Tyner ain't fit to lick Blast's plectrum), Willie Dixon's "I'm Ready" (a worthy tribute to Blast's avatar Muddy Waters), Robert Johnson's "Me And The Devil" and — best of all — Eddie Cochran's "Somethin' Else", (which he dedicates to a mate in the audience and cocks the words up on) . . . plus other gems like Wilbert Harrison's war horse "Kansas City" and Mike "Don't Call Me Monkee" Nesmiths "Grand Ennui".

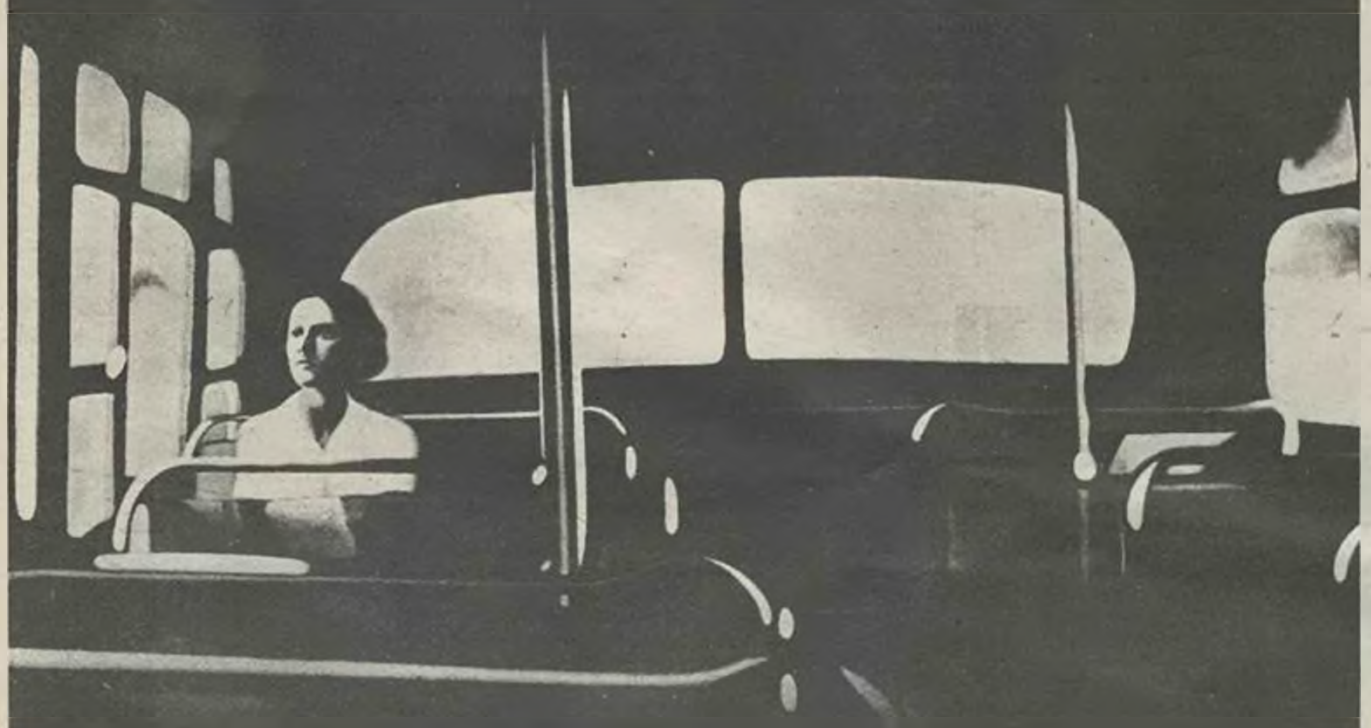
On the latter his warbling is accompanied by that of the tonsils of harp wailer / singer Skid Marx, who also handles the lyrics on Howlin' Wolf's "Worried 'Bout My Baby" and B.B. King's "Rock Me".

If The Clash are the U.K. band most responsible for channeling the spirit of J.A. into white kid rock 'n' roll then the Heatwaves surely fulfil the same function with their kind of town, Southside Chicago.

The rest of the band are Teen Appeal Tom Tom on skins (who, with Blast, is the sole possessor of decent barnet-length in what is a band of extremely rancid-looking individuals,) Blitz "Would You Believe Me If I Told You I Was Naturally Curly" Krieg sharing lead and rhythm guitar chores with the man himself, and B.Bop on excellent voluble bass-lines (although he should keep his North And South shut between numbers when he's introducing the songs he's got like Jimmy Reed's "Shame, Shame, Shame" as his talk 'n' stutter mumbling bonhomie tends to take the sting out of the set's tension).

All in all it was great, and I say that not in the spirit of the "Be Gentle With Him" Heatwave reviews that have appeared within this rag in the past, because I feel that Blast has got the bottle to assault the heights *if* he's got the manic

Isn't It Strange.



Radiator

Ex-Lindisfarne members Alan Hull and Ray Laidlaw, together with fellow musicians Peter Kirtley, Kenny Craddock, Colin Gibson and Terry Popple are Radiator. 'Isn't it Strange' ROLL 14 is their first album.

CATCH RADIATOR ON TOUR.

16th Nov BRADFORD University
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*24th Nov Apollo GLASGOW
*25th Nov Empire LIVERPOOL
*26th Nov YORK University
*27th Nov Palace Theatre MANCHESTER
*29th Nov Rainbow LONDON
*1st Dec PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic
3rd Dec University of Essex COLCHESTER

*With Horslips

drive (a matter which must remain in doubt as he's a frozen-trifle reluctant to quit his day-job right now).

I enjoyed the Heatwaves more than I enjoyed the last three Clash gigs . . . and I can't put anything higher than that.

Tony Parsons

Albion Dance Band

COTTESLOE THEATRE

PROFESSOR AHSLEY Hutchings, looking like some benign Master of the Revels, led the Albion Dance Band through an entertaining and invigorating set at the National Theatre's small Cottesloe Theatre, where the Albions have been busy supplying music for *The Passion*.

On stage were half the seminal Fairport Convention line-up, in the shape of Hutchings, Simon Nicol and Dave Mattacks, ably abetted by accordionist and master of the shaggy dog story John Tams, woodwind virtuoso Phil Pickett and the added bonus of Haringey's favourite librarian, June Tabor, who contributed three beautiful unaccompanied songs to the Albion set before joining them to add her undoubted vocal attributes to their instrumental ones.

It really was the Albion *Dance* Band as they careered through a three-hour set which included polkas, jigs, estampees, reels and, of course, the Albion Morris Men who gave a dazzling display of hoofing proficiency.

At times the stage looked like an all winners edition of *New Faces*.

The material varied from 16th Century court dances to an encore of Lennon and McCartney's 'I'm Looking Through You'. In between were Tams' moving rendition of "Gresford Disaster".. a sprinkling of Richard Thompson songs and a stirring sea-shanty.

An incongruous duff note was struck when they attempted a version of Handel's "Sarabande" (the theme from *Barry Lyndon)* which struck me as heavy-handed.

At one stage during the evening Hutchings described the band as "the English Santana"; true enough, excepet the Albions were far more fun.

Patrick Humphries

Pacific Eardrum; Simon Townshend Band

MUSIC MACHINE

THE SPARSE attendance at the Music Machine, Camden Town, combined with the palais-de-danse decor and an elevated stage more suited to pantomime than rock music to produce an atmosphere of bizarre unreality.

Why so few came is a slight mystery, as the reputation of Pacific Eardrum's Dave Macrae and probably the young Townshend's biggest gig to date would seem to make for an evening of more than passing interest.

I'll come clean and admit I was mainly there for the support act, though all I knew of Townshend minor was gleaned from a Roy Carr mini-feature, in which Simon expressed a préference for "Who's Next" rather than "Tommy" and "Quadrophenia", putting me on his side from the start.

At first I thought he was the guitarist with the Ronnie Wood haircut and Keith Richard moves and fell to imagining elder bro's disappointment at such a blatant lift.

Anyway, he got off some neat, if not thrilling, dual lead with his baby-face partner and I was just noting that the black bassist seemed to be sharing vocals with the pianist when the former introduced a new number as "one of Simon's — that's him on keyboards".

Siblings of the famous always get a rough ride, even if they're pretty good (Livingston Taylor, arguably a sharper, less soppy version of James, for instance), so S. Townshend's choice of instrument is fortunate in precluding one odious comparison.

He plays well, sounding a bit Supertrampish on his own "Shylock", but the guitarists take most of the solos. "Criminal Investigation" is another pleasant original, though the lyrics are again a bit too literal.

"Sail On Sailor" shows Simon to have better taste in Beach Boys numbers than the young Pete (who remembers The Who's "Barbara Ann"?) but the vocals are thin and lack identity, a general failing.

Still, pleasant, melodic rock bands don't need nit-picking reviews before they've been able to develop and the Simon Townshend Band have only copped this one because of their leader's name.

Pacific Eardrum were a pleasant surprise, they were fluent rather than disjointed, avoided excess electronics and used technique as a means to an end.

Isaac Guillory, known to me only as a worthy acoustic soloist, avoided the predictable on electric lead and Jim Cuomo (sax) kept his nose clean, but it was Macrae's piano and Joy Yates' vocal that provided the warmth so often missing from this type of music.

Rock fans can expect an interesting evening

Harry Robinson

Townshend minor (keyboards, vocals); avoiding odious comparisons. Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

Cleo Laine

LONDON PALLADIUM

FIRST NIGHT audiences at the Palladium rate like Halitosis Eddie in my book, and divide conveniently into Rolf Harris and those loudly spotting Rolf Harris.

That I weathered all that and went on to enjoy the show speaks volumes for the musicianship of John Dankworth and the greatness of Cleo Laine.

The first half was mainly Dankworth, the orchestra — jazz on the right, strings on the left — and a musical history of that august body from the pioneering Be-Bop Dankworth Seven, through hits like "Three Blind Mice" and "African Waltz".

The usual criticism of Dankworth is that he purveys a bloodless 'Surbiton Jazz': well, he may not let it all hang out, but what hangs out works.

"All emotion, no feeling", Lennie Tristano's classic cool defence, could be enlisted on Dankworth's behalf, for his own playing on alto, soprano and in particular, clarinet, shows great imaginative gifts, secure chops, and a courtly deference to the tune.

Wisely in the all-Rolf Harris context, he cast his net widely.

The novelty "Variations On A Theme Of Paganini" produced a good arco bass solo from Daryl Runswick and a great drum solo from Kenny Clare, who avoided the temptations of facile flash in favour of a Klookish display of control and form. The buggers had Bop and liked it.

I hadn't thought about Kenny Clare in a decade, and I'm ashamed of myself: cat's a guvner. Classical guitarist John Williams was featured on the beautiful "Asturias" by Albeniz, an appallingly crass orchestration of Bach by Stanley Myers, and a gestural working of Rodrigo.

Cleo's half commemorated 25 years in The Biz, and despite a little more beef on the brisket, she still comes on like a hungry southpaw.

Whether she's as good as Sarah Vaughan in her heyday is like the arguments about Getz and Zoot: at most, a whisker divides them in the technical stakes, and the divinity lies in the ear of the behearer.

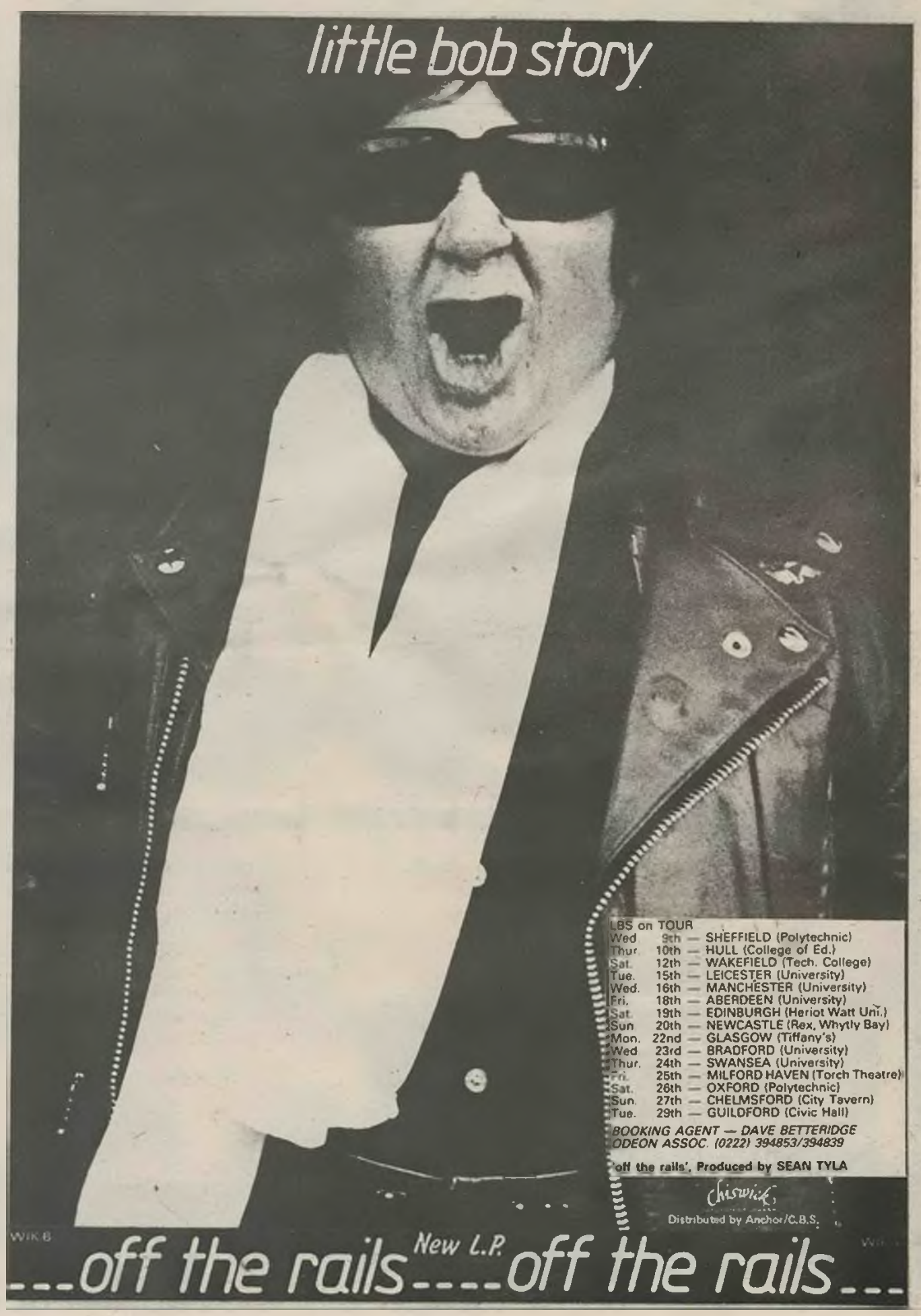
The jazz training is there in the vocal gymnastics of "Blues In The Night" — the high register miaow caught up from below by a gust of sirocco-like contralto, the energy so baffled, tucked, cuffed and flared that the listener should be issued with a coconut coaster mat. Rock has always confused this convention with check-ups At The Ear, Nose and Throat, and is thus the duller.

The two songs on the theme of loneliness, "Streets Of London" and "Eleanor Rigby", suit the cavernous quality in her lower register, shuffle rhythm on the latter, dubious morality on the former: does contemplation of lonely newspaper vendors really work as a tonic?

A duet with John Williams highlighted her diction and timing on "He Was Beautiful", but, as with Sarah, I find the Bogart sibilants affected.

A well-paced and varied evening's music. Her version of Spike Milligan's "English Teeth" brought the house down.

Brian Case



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DON'T

Radio steps into the future

Wanna make a hit record on your radio? Our man in the era of modern technology tells you how.
BY ROY CARR

DUNNO IF it's all down to sheer laziness or, worse still, media brainwashing, but a helluva lot of people out there don't realise that there's much more to radio than either the BBC or your local commercial station have to offer in the name of entertainment.

The fact that more portable radios than ever before incorporate cassette recorders, makes radio an even more attractive proposition to music buffs.

As it so happens, when discussing **Sony's CF-900S Rhythm & Studio Mixer Portable Cassette Radio** (suggested retail price £165), the three-band radio (FM/SW/MW) could almost be regarded as an added extra.

The main feature of the CF-900S is a built-in six-tempo rhythm box: an electric pulse which simulates snare drum, bass drum and a hi-hat choke cymbals. And this innovation is much more than a gimmick to pander to the insatiable appetite of the jaded hi-fi buff who has everything.

The CF-900S incorporates both a microphone and guitar input jacks which, when the cassette is switched on, allows you to make recordings with an appropriate rhythm backing. If desired, the rhythm box need not be used.

The basic rhythms are: waltz, ballad, bossa nova, swing and a choice of two rock beats. To further simplify matters, a rhythm pattern chart is included (see illustration).

And one is not restricted to just these six rhythms. When recording, it is possible to employ a combination of any of the rhythms and, with the aid of rhythm tempo control dial, to regulate the speed to suit your requirements.

For instance, I permutated the two rock buttons with the one marked ballad, set the tempo control to just over the halfway mark and got a tight back-beat that would have done the Feelgoods proud.

A combination of waltz and one rock rhythm, when set at full-tilt, sounded like Rat Scabies at his most manic; and linking the CF-900S to an **Akai 4000DS** reel-to-reel stereo recorder enabled me to make numerous rhythm overdubs to the point where I'm seriously thinking of jacking all this in and auditioning for Kraftwerk.

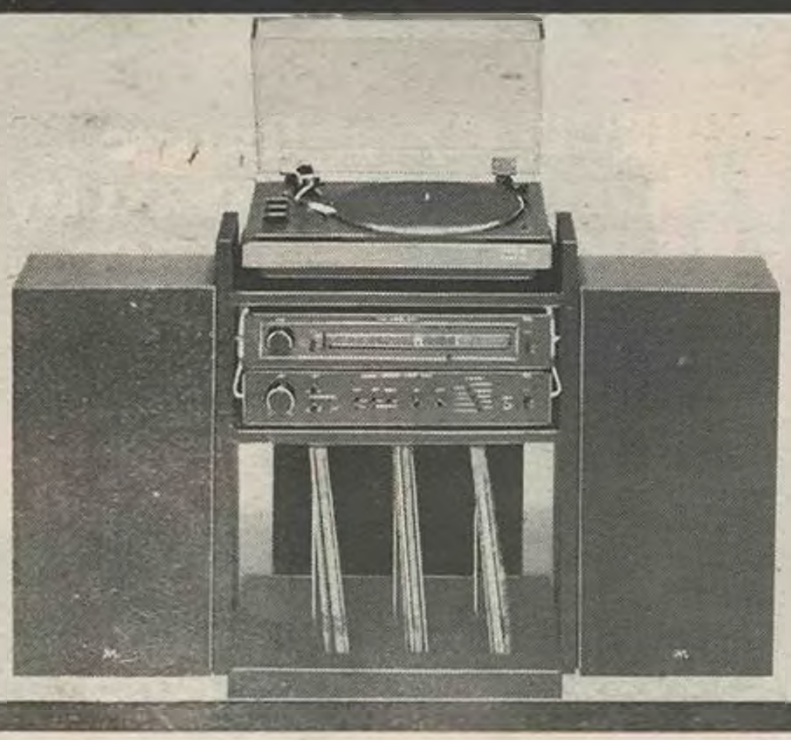
Like most portable cassette-corders, the CF-900S is para-military in design, yet considering that the facilities also include a mixer with four input switches and level controls, the instrument panel is extremely well designed, clearly marked and easy to operate.

The dimension of the CF-900S are 15⅞ × 11⅜ × 5 inches and, (including batteries) it weighs in at only 12 lbs. As an optional extra, there's a remote control foot pedal to facilitate rhythm box recordings.

In the past, I've bemoaned the undeniable fact that in many cassette-corders, the cassette machine is inferior to the radio receiver.

As far as the CF-900S is concerned (and this seems to apply to all Sony machines) such complaints don't exist.

Whether making direct recordings (an ISS switch reduces MW interference), taking a line off a TV, playing pre-recorded cassettes, transfering from disc to tape or



Hors d'oeuvres.

To all of you who, with a twinge of regret, have thought that JVC couldn't possibly be your first stereo system, we have a special announcement to make.

From today you can buy an entire JVC Stereo System for under £300 including VAT. Just look at what you get to start you off.

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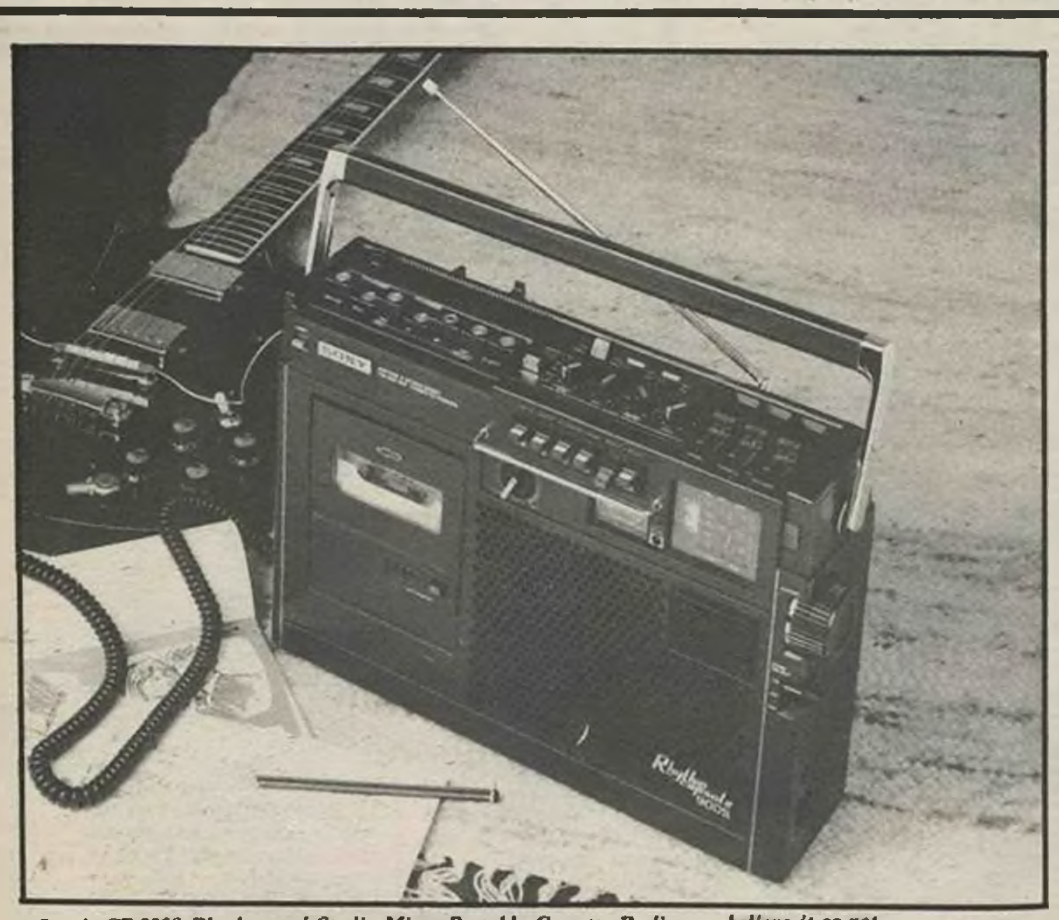
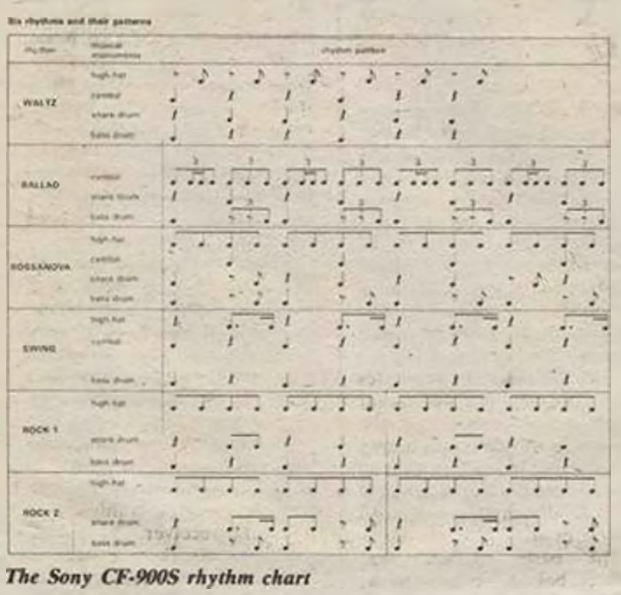


Sony's CF-900S Rhythm and Studio Mixer Portable Cassette Radio . . . believe it or not.

employing the built-in Electret condenser microphone (especially the latter), the playback through this machine's 6-inch (woofer), 2-inch (tweeter) was excellent. Indeed.

Furthermore, the CF-900S can, if desired, be used as an auxiliary speaker. As a final test, I linked the CF-900S up to a **Sansui** amplifier and using it as a tape deck played back all my test recordings through my loudspeakers. Despite the fact that I hadn't used a Dolby, background noise was still quite minimal.

I've discovered that many portable stereo cassette-corders lay claim to the terminology by default, in that they often sound like two mono radios welded on either side of a cheap cassette machine. Sure, when stereo speakers are in such close proximity to one another you can't expect to obtain a panoramic stereo spread, but truthfully, many manufacturers don't even attempt to solve this problem.



The Sony CF-900S rhythm chart

Up until I tested the **Sony CF-560S** (suggested retail price £150) I'd always used **JVC's** splendid **9475LSB** as a yardstick by which to measure all similar machines in this price bracket.

The CF-560S is a three band (FM/SW/MW) stereo cassette-corder, while the **CF-570L** incorporates a LW band and the nifty **CF-950S** (a machine I intend to test run at a later date) boasts five channels, two separate tuning scales and allows one to listen to the radio on headphones while at the same time, making cassette recordings with either the internal microphone or via an external line-in jack.

However back to the CF-560S.

Whereas many manufacturers feel the only way to a purchaser's pocket is by designing all their hardware to resemble Concorde's flight-deck, Sony have chosen to streamline the CF-560S for practicality.

It's 15⅛ × 10 × 5 inches in size, it weighs (including batteries) 12lbs 2ozs, and the two 5-inch speakers carry considerable clout without distortion. What I particularly liked about the CF-560S was that unlike similar four-band stereo jobs, the FM band wasn't plagued by atmospherics — definitely a major plus when taping continental stereo broadcasts from German and French stations.

In the mid-price range there are very few portable mono cassette-corders that I would afford house room. Again my complaints are levelled at the sub-standard performance of the cassette recorder.

The **Sony CF-210L** (suggested retail price £70) is a four-band module, incorporates a heavy-duty 4-inch speaker, measures 12⅞ × 10⅞ × 3⅜ inches and (including batteries) weighs 6lbs 12oz.

Though it incorporates all the regular facilities you get with other similar machines, its main advantage is its reliability. When I replayed the cassette recordings through my own hi-fi system they were most satisfactory.

These machines are currently being stocked by most hi-fi dealers. Remember, it costs nothing to fiddle about with them!

N.B. All prices are those suggested by the manufacturer which means that your local discount merchant will be offering them at quite a few quids off list price.

Liquid-cooled speakers

THE AMERICAN-based **Teledyne Acoustic Research** company are currently promoting their high-range speakers as being "Liquid Cooled!"

"Liquid Cooled" due to the fact that speakers often become over-heated . . . and AR have seen fit to suspend the voice coil in a magnetic soloution (costing $3,000 per gallon) which acts as a heat transfer agent.

"Liquid Cooled" could also apply to the performance. Though AR are attempting to make inroads into the rock market, I found that the AR18 bookshelf speakers (approx: £90 a pair) were infinitely more suited to jazz, classical and accoustic/MOR pop.

For the young executive bachelor pad a pair of AR18's are ideal. They'll fit unobtrusively next to the bound volumes of *Playboy* or amongst the rubber plants and with the volume way down low, purr pleasantly. However, when I jacked up the volume and slammed either a disco cut or some hard rock through the speakers, the overall sound wasn't distorted but flattened. The reproduction lacked that essential "warmth" that one expects from rock speakers.

When I resorted to Miles Davies of Simon & Garfunkel, the response was quite the reverse. The reproduction had far more depth and clarity.

Perhaps I was using the wrong speakers for the wrong music

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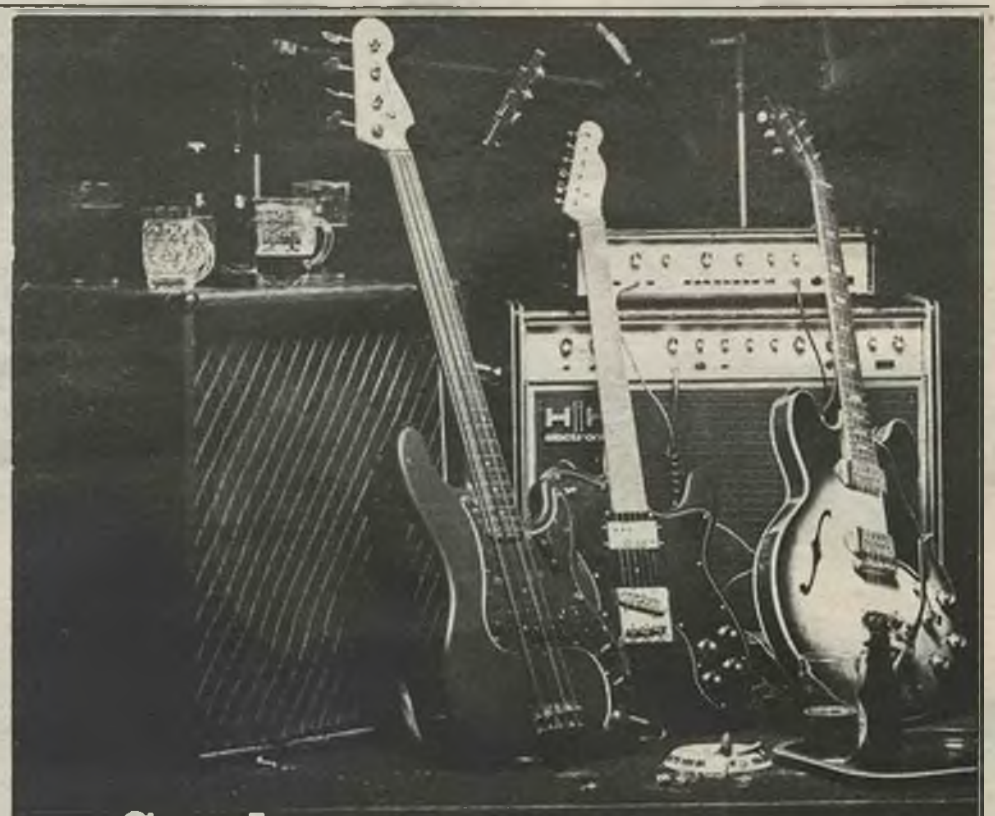

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His Holiness, the most reverend Doner Kebab

Demis Roussos

PALLADIUM

WITH STAINED glass windows as a backdrop, the stage of the London Palladium is transformed onto a church. With only one god.

Dense clouds of white smoke billowed from monstrous Greek urns. (How much does a monstrous Greek urn? More than he should). The smoke looks like incense, but appropriately smells like sun tan oil.

The mums, dads, and grandparents in the audience begin to choke quietly on the fumes, and giggle with embarrassment.

Upon high, celestial light bathes portraits of Christ and the Virgin Mary, but the incantations of the acolytes set these minor deities in context.

"Demiiisss Rooouussoss, Demiiisss Rooouussoss", they warble, in a remarkable approximation of the Holy One's own tremulous soprano.

In response, as though summoned forth from the underworld (or since we're near a tube line, the underground), the Spirit of the Continental Package Tours ascends from the orchestra pit.

Arms raised, like a debauched archbishop bestowing his blessings, Roussos gently rises up through swirling dry ice to tumultuous applause. Some hydraulic platform, this baby.

But was this the best they could do? The next time, maybe, they could roll away a stone.

At £7.50 a seat, worship here costs out at rather more than the usual church collection, but then you don't always get the founder of the religion along every Sunday.

In his way, though, Demis Roussos gives excellent value for money. He's on stage for almost two hours, and since the Majorcan exiles present clearly enjoy his act, they don't begrudge the need for second mortgages.

Demis runs through his hits. All both of them. And also offers much, much more in the same tear-jerk style. Oddly enough, the crowd appear to recognise everything he sings, even the songs in Greek. This is obviously a whole new sub-culture.

The only snag for Demis is that his view of the Roussos phenomenon, as he modestly dubs it, is somewhat at odds with that of his apostles.

For them, all this spiritual baloney is irrelevant, They're not there for an evening with a musical Maharishi. They just want a re-run of their fortnight on the Costa Del Sol.

No matter that Roussos is a Greek. The continent starts at Harwich, and he'll do, regardless of the precise geographical location of their own nostalgia trip.

During the interval, the bar takes on the look of a Marbella discotheque. Bank clerks got up to look like gigolos rub shoulders with flashy women in bouffants, bottled tans, and sculpted lipstick. It's a small mercy they don't hand round their photograph albums, or get out the projectors for home movies.

Back in their pews, the song that gets their strongest response turns out to be "Take Me Home Country Roads", not a Roussos song at all, but a John Denver number. This suggests some ethnic confusion in the solarium, but then limp fantasies transcend such barriers.

It's Roussos's novelty value as a singing doner kebab that remains to the fore, however. There's nothing camp about his appeal, even if it is odd that a man who looks like Peter Grant should sing like Jon Anderson. Roussos doesn't regard himself as the Liberace of the kaftan, and neither do his followers.

Their pleasure is strictly grim-faced and tightly-corseted. They even applaud with the rhythm of plodding commuters.

The saddest people around are the backing band. Roussos lets them do a number on their own, and it comes across as a weak pastiche of Yes, but the drummer works up his first and only sweat of the evening.

The response is stony, the applause ungenerous. Heavy rock has intruded like a heretic, albeit on tiptoe. Among people mourning their lost youth, such potency seems like a blasphemy. And, indeed, that's exactly what it is.

Bob Edmands

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STREETS
Includes Tracks From
The Art Attacks
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Tractor
The Zeros

THIN LIZZY LIVE

BAD REPUTATION TOUR 77

Supported by
Radiators from Space

NOVEMBER

16–17	Liverpool Empire
18	Bridlington Spa
19	Oxford, New Theatre
21–22	Bristol, Colston Hall
23	Sheffield City Hall
24	Bradford, St. George's Hall
25–26	Manchester Free Trade Hall
28	Brighton Dome
29	Portsmouth Guildhall
30	Bournemouth Winter Gardens

DECEMBER

2–3	Birmingham Odeon
4	Wolverhampton Civic
5	Leicester, De Montfort Hall
7	Southampton Gaumont
8	Cardiff, Capitol
10–11	London, Hammersmith Odeon
13–14	London, Lewisham Odeon

Bad Reputation
Album 9102 016
Cassette 7231 011

Nightlife
Album 6360 116
Cassette 7138 064

Fighting
Album 6360 121
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Album 9102 008
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Album 9102 012
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AT LONG CRENDON COMMUNITY CENTRE
Friday November 18th at 9 pm
The Punk Band from the Centre of the Musical University — Aylesbury
Bookings: 0296 668185
The Band would like to thank Skyline Promotions for our last run of gigs.

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16th. OSCARS - ILFORD
17th. MAXIMS - BARROW
19th. MANCHESTER - FREE TRADE HALL
20th. LINCOLN - THEATRE ROYAL
22nd. NEWCASTLE - CITY HALL
23rd. GLASGOW - APPOLLO
24th. HAWICK - TOWN HALL
25th. DUNDEE UNIVERSITY
26th. SOUTHPORT - NEW THEATRE
27th. LONDON - THEATRE ROYAL - DRURY LANE
28th. COVENTRY - LOCARNO
29th. KEIGHTLEY - VICTORIA HALLS
30th. BRADFORD UNIVERSITY
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Sunday November 20th
BURLESQUE
+ BAZOOMIS & D.J. PETER FOX
Sun. Nov. 27th: TOM ROBINSON BAND + No Dice
Sun. Dec. 4th: IAN DURY BAND

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A rare London appearance on
THURSDAY NOVEMBER 17th
FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE
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Every Monday 8.00 — 12.00

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ART ATTAX THE DOLL
Dirty Spike Sperm in attendance at all gigs

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THE DRONES
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Monday Dec. 12th
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Manchester Road., Huddersfield
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A Night For The Wild 'n Weird
DOCTORS OF MADNESS
+ The Skunks
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Tuesday Nov 29th
The Cream of Rox
Made & Making Talent
BURLESQUE
+ Sneakers

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22nd	LEICESTER De Montford Hall
24th	BASILDON Taingate Theatre
25th	CANTERBURY Odeon
26th	BIRMINGHAM Town Hall
27th	NEWCASTLE City Hall
29th	MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall
30th	PRESTON Guild Hall
Dec.	
1st	LEEDS Grand Theatre
2nd	LONDON Rainbow

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Cheap drinks Nearest tube Elephant and Castle
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Fairport Convention
+ Support
Tickets £1.30 in advance, £1.50 on door
Friday November 25th
The Rochdale Cowboy . . .
MIKE HARDING
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Tickets available from Social Secretary, or City Electronics, The Shopping Precinct, Uxbridge
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Monday November 21st & Tuesday November 22nd
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Support
Monday: DEPRESSIONS, MEAN STREET, SPIZZ 77 *DJ Nic Lee*
Tuesday: PENETRATION, JOHNNY CURIOUS, SPIZZ 77 *DJ Jerry Floyd*
Admission £1.50 each night

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Friday November 18th
KRAKATOA
(featuring Terry Bennett ex-Sassafras)
Saturday November 19th
PAUL BURNETT
(Radio One D.J.)
Admission from 50p both nights. Licensed Bar 8pm — 2am

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THE DAMNED begin their round-Britain trek this week, with dates at Middlesbrough (Thursday), Cambridge (Friday), Hull (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday), Birmingham (Monday), Coventry (Tuesday) and Sheffield (Wednesday) — with not a spare day to catch their breath. Support act on all gigs are highly-rated U.S. band The Dead Boys.

Thursday

BANGOR University: SWIFT
BARROW Maxim's Disco: BETHNAL
BEDFORD Mander College: HOT VULTURES
BELFAST Queen's University: FLAVIUM
BELFAST Whitla Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: ADVERTISING
BIRMINGHAMBarrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: XTC
BLACKBURN Lodestar: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
BLACKPOOL Downtown Bar: ACCELERATORS
BOURNEMOUTH Town Hall: YACHTS
BRADFORD Princeville Club: STRIFE
BRIGHTON Conference Centre: DEMIS ROUSSOS
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: 90° INCLUSIVE
BRIGHTON Sussex University: DAEVID ALLEN & PLANET GONG
BRISTOL Crockers: STONEY
BRISTOL Granary: MARSEILLES
BRISTOL Polytechnic: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
BRISTOL The Glen: WHIRLWIND
BRISTOL Yate Stars & Stripes Club: FLYING SAUCERS
BUXTON Railway Hotel: TATUM
CARDIFF University: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: THE STUKAS
COVENTRY Bulls Head: STAN TRACEY QUARTET
COVENTRY Mercers Arms: RENO
COVENTRY Warwick University: CHINA
CROYDON Addington Hotel: BUSTER JAMES BAND
DUBLIN Trinity College: FIVE HAND REEL
DUNDEE Caird Hall: ELKIE BROOKS / RICHARD DIGANCE
EXETER Groucho's: JULIAN PIPER'S ALL STARS
EXETER University: JOHNNY COPPIN
FALKIRK Maniqui: LITTLE BOB STORY
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: CLIFF RICHARD
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: MEDIUM WAVE BAND
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: THE JAM
LANCASTER No. 12 Club: STAMPS
LEEDS Polytechnic: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
LEEDS University: HORSLIPS
LEICESTER Granby Halls: RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW
LLANHARAN British Legion Club: BULLETS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: THIN LIZZY / RADIATORS FROM SPACE
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls; CADO BELLE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: ROCK
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE ADVERTS / WAYNE COUNTY / ALTERNATIVE TV / JOHNNY MOPED
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DOWNLINERS SECT / SMILING HARD
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Seven Dials: SWINGING STRINGS'77
LONDON EUSTON Green Man: VOID
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RIFF RAFF
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LANDSCAPE
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: LIGHTNING RAIDERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE PIRATES
LONDON KILBURN Gaumont State; DOC WATSON
LONDON Marquee Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: SPITERI
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: THE ACTORS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: THE CHIEFTAINS
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: LINDA LEWIS / JOHN OTWAY & SCRATCH (charity show)
LONDON Southbank Polytechnic: NIGHTHAWKS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DEPRESSIONS
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: CY GRANT
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: COLOSSEUM II
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: TURNING POINT
MANCHESTER Belle Vue: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: BERNIE TORME
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: THE ONLY ONES
MIDDLESBROUGH Penetration Club: THE DAMNED / THE DEAD BOYS
MORECAMBE Inn On The Bay: SHABBY TIGER
NEWCASTLE City Hall: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR / CLOVER
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: XTC
NORWICH Cromwell's: ROKOTTO
NORWICH Sunshine Rooms: EATER / MONOTONES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM University: THE NEXT BAND
OXFORD New Theatre: SANDY DENNY & FRIENDS
PLYMOUTH Drake Club: SKIN TIGHT
POYNTON FolK Centre: JOHNNY SILVO
ROMFORD White Hart: CADILLAC
SCARBOROUGH Ollie's Club: SCENE STEALER
SUTTON COLDFIELD Dog Inn: STAGE FRIGHT
SWANSEA Circles Club: SHAM 69
SWANSEA Nutz Club: CAFE JACQUES
SWINDON Wyvern Theatre: ALAN PRICE
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: RADIO STARS
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: GARBO / CELLULOID HEROES
WIGAN Casino: THE BUZZCOCKS
YEOVILTON Heron Club: GENO WASHINGTON

Friday

ABERDEENCapitol Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS/ RICHARD DIGANCE
ABERDEEN University: LITTLE BOB STORY
ABERYSTWYTH University: THE MOVIES
ASHFORD (Kent) Stanhope Hall: HEADACHE
BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: GENO WASHINGTON
BASINGSTOKE College Folk Club: FLAKY PASTRY
BATH Hat & Feather: JUNE TABOR
BELFAST Queen's University: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE ADVERTS
BIRMINGHAM Newman College: ARBRE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel:SPITFIRE
BRIDLINGTON Spa Pavilion: THIN LIZZY/RADIATORS FROM SPACE
BRISTOL Railway Inn: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH
BRISTOL University: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / MEAL TICKET
BROMLEY The Northover: WHIRLWIND
BURNLEY Bank Hall: STRIFF
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE DAMNED-/DEAD BOYS
CANTERBURY Kent University: CADO BELLE
CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: SANDY DENNY & FRIENDS
CARDIFF Top Rank: EATER/MONOTONES
CHELTENHAM North Glos. College: JOHNNY COPPIN BAND
CHESTER Arts Centre: TURNING POINT
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: SCREENS
COVENTRY Market Tavern: MERLIN
COVENTRY New Phoenix: RENO
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
CROYDON Addington Hotel: BUSTER JAMES BAND
DERBY Bishop Lonsdale College: SHAM 69
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: WILKO JOHNSON
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: TONY BENNETT
EDINBURGH University: CHINA
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: STAMPS
FARNWORTH Veterans Club: RESTLESS ROCKERS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: CLIFF RICHARD
GLASGOW University: BARBARA DICKSON
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre: DEMIS ROUSSOS
GUILDFORD Surrey University: JOHN MARTYN
HAMILTON College of Education: THE DARTS
HARROW Technical College: CAFE JACQUES
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Arts Centre: BEARS/ DEPRIVED/SUCKS
HEYWOOD Seven Stars: BODY
HIGH WYCOMBE College of Education: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
LANCASTER University: BERNIE TORME
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEICESTER Polytechnic: SETTLERS/JIM BOWEN
LEICESTER University: MUSCLES
LEICESTER Villiers Hall: MUSCLES
LINWOOD Clippens Inn: CHOU PAHROT
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: HARRY BELAFONTE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE BUZZCOCKS
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: YACHTS
LLANDRINDOD WELLS Grand Pavilion: XTC/THE PURGES
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: GRASS ROOTS
LONDON BIRKBECK College: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BONE IDOL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: WINDOW/LIGHTNING RAIDERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON Central Polytechnic: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE DICTATORS/999
LONDON City Polytechnic: XTC
LONDON COVENT GARDEN The Basement: THE STATISTICS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES/ROCKETS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE TICKETS
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: BULLET
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: DIRE STRAITS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE PIRATES
LONDON LEICESTER-SQ. Centre Charles Peguy: CORINNE & CO.
LONDON Marquee Club: X-RAY SPEX
LONDON PENGE Freemasons Tavern: THIEF
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: JOHN SPENCER'S LOUTS
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK & BLUES NIGHT
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: THE CHIEFTAINS
LONDON School of Economics: USERS/SOFT BOYS
LONDON SOUTHBANK Polytechnic: TYLA GANG
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FOUNDATIONS
LONDON STRAND King's College: STEEL PULSE
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: EBONY STEEL BAND
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: SPITERI
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: STAN TRACEY OCTET
MANCHESTER Valentino's Club: JET HARRIS & THE DIAMONDS
MARCH Cromwell's: ROKOTTO
MARGATE High Cliff: AMAZORBLADES
MILTON KEYNES The Netherfield: LEFT HAND DRIVE
NEW BRIGHTON Empress Club: AMERICAN TRAIN
NEWCASTLE City Hall: MIKE HARDING
NEWCASTLE Guildhall: HOT SNAX/SCRATCH-BAND
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: THE JAM
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
NORWICH Toppers: GONZALEZ
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: FIRST REFUSAL
NOTTINGHAM Test Match Inn: TATUM
NOTTINGAHM Trent Polytechnic: CHEAP FLIGHTS
NOTTINGHAM University: MUNGO JERRY
OXFORD New Theatre: THE WURZELS
OXFORD Westminster College: FIVE HAND REEL
RETFORD Porterhouse; KRAKATOA
RISCA Civic Centre: REDBRASS
SALFORD University: MOTORHEAD
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE ENID
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic; RADIO STARS/THE ESTRAS
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel; PETER BOND
STAFFORD Bingley Hall: RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW
ST. HELEN'S Cindy's Club; BROWNSVILLE BANNED
STIRLING University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
THATCHAM Hamilton's Club: GRAND HOTEL
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
WATFORD College; TRAPEZE
WEYBRIDGE National College of Food & Technology: THE PLEASERS
WHALEY BRIDGE Jodrell Arms: THE NEXT BAND
WOKINGHAM Rock Club: THE WORLD & 60 CYCLES
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette; ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
WREXHAM College of Education; SWIFT

Saturday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: DAVID ESSEX
ANDOVER Country Bumpkin: LOVE AFFAIR
BAGSHOT Pantiles Club: GENO WASHINGTON
BECKENHAM ABC Cinema (morning): JIVE BUREAU
BELFAST Queen's University: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: CHER & GREGG ALLMAN
BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare & Hounds: JOHNNY SILVO
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR / CLOVER
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: STARSTRUCK
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BOLTON Institute of Technology: RADIO STARS
BRADFORD Slackside Club: DOWNWEAVER
BRADFORD University: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / MEAL TICKET
BRIDGEND Recreation Centre: ALAN PRICE
BRIDGNORTH Leisure Centre: JOHNNY COPPIN BAND / PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER / NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: THE PLEASERS
BRIGHTON The Vault: XLS
BRISTOL Bamboo Club: EATER / MONOTONES
BRISTOL Granary: GRAND HOTEL
BRISTOL Langford House: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH
BROMLEY Chislehurst Caves: THE SLITS / THE TICKETS
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: STAMPS
CAMBRIDGE Kerridge Hall: TONY BENNETT
CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: STATUS QUO
CASTLE HEDINGHAM The Bell: THE CRACK
COLCHESTER Essex University: JOHN MARTYN
CORBY Nags Head: SCENE STEALER
COVENTRY College of Education: FLAVIUM
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: TIGER LILY
COVENTRY Market Tavern: MERLIN
COVENTRY Warwick University: CHEAP FLIGHTS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: WINDOW
CROYDON Red Deer: MICKEY MOUSE BAND
DARLINGTON College of Education: PIGSTY HILL LIGHT ORCHESTRA
DARTFORD College: THE ACTORS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: HERON
DURHAM New College: JAGUAR
EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: LITTLE BOB STORY
EDINBURGH Odeon: BARBARA DICKSON
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: ELKIE BROOKS / RICHARD DIGANCE
EPSOM Baths Hall: CAFE JACQUES
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: THE MOVIES
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: CLIFF RICHARD
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: CHINA
GLASGOW University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
GUILDFORD Technical College: SHAM 69
HAZEL GROVE Three Tuns: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
HENLEY-ON-THAMES Youth Centre: FROCK
HITCHIN College: FIVE HAND REEL
HITCHIN North Herts College: BUSTER CRABBE
HULL University: THE DAMNED / DEAD BOYS
ILFORD Barons Club: MISTY DREAM
ILKLEY College: THE BUZZCOCKS
JERSEY St. Helier Forum: THE DARTS
KETTERING Central Hall: FLYING SAUCERS
LEEDS Ace of Clubs: MUNGO JERRY
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: ICE NINE
LEEDS University THE JAM
LEICESTER University: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
LIVERPOOL C.F. Mott College: ARBRE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE REZILLOS
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: QUAD
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE ROLL-UP
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: S.A.L.T. / WARREN HARRY
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: HEAVY METAL KIDS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES / ROCKETS
LONDON EALING College of Higher Education: SCREENS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE HURRIGANES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: YACHTS
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: XTC
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: GONZALEZ
LONDON LEWISHAM Black Bull: DYNAMITE
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON N.11 Orange Tree: RED HOT
LONDON NORBITON The Grove: CLUTCH
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: OZO
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: EBONY STEEL BAND
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: THE CRUISERS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: STEVE GIBBONS BAND / BETHNAL
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: PACIFIC EARDRUM
MANCHESTER University: GEORGE HATCHER BAND / GORDON GILTRAP BAND
MARCH Grenadier Club: SOUL DIRECTION
MARGATE High Cliff: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
MATLOCK Black Rocks Club: THE NEXT BAND
MIDDLESBROUGH Teeside Polytechnic: THE ENID / BLITZKREIG BOP
MILTON KEYNES Stantonbury Theatre: SWINGING STRINGS '77
MORECAMBE Inn On The Bay: J. J. JAMESON
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: FABULOUS POODLES
NORWICH East Anglia University: COLLOSSEUM II
NOTTINGHAM University: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
OXFORD New Theatre: THIN LIZZY / RADIATORS FROM SPACE
PETERBOROUGH Focus Club: TRAPEZE
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: STRIFE
READING Target Club: BULLET
SHEFFIELD Bishop Otter College: JENNY HAAN'S LION

THE JAM headline a major tour taking in many of the country's top venues, and climaxing in a prestige London show. Their itinerary kicks off at Huddersfield (Thursday), Newcastle (Friday), Leeds (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday) and Cardiff (Tuesday).

MORE GIG GUIDE AND CLUB ADS OVER THE PAGE

GIG GUIDE

SHEFFIELD University: BURLESQUE
SOUTHEND Boston Hall Hotel: HYMIE BLOWS IT
SOUTHEND The Minerva: CADILLAC
ST. ALBANS City Hall: SPLIT ENZ
ST. ALBANS The Pioneer: WHIRLWIND
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
TAUNTON Odeon: THE WURZELS
TONYPANDY Naval Club: THE STUKAS
WATFORD Walthall College: SLIPROAD
WIGAN Casino: QUARTZ
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: WILKO JOHNSON
YORK Technical College: KRAKATOA
YORK University: STEVE ASHLEY

Sunday

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: FLYING ACES
AYLESBURY Kings Head: VIC VOMIT & THE KILOMETRES
BASILDON Treble Chance: HYMIE BLOWS IT
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BLACKBURNKing George's Hall:. MOTORHEAD /TRAPEZE
BLACKPOOL Opera House: DEMIS ROUSSOS
BRACKNELL Arts Centre: FLAVIUM
BRADFORD Alhambra Theatre: MIKE HARDING
BRISTOL Colston Hall: SANDY DENNY & FRIENDS
BRISTOL Hippodrome: HARRY BELAFONTE
CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: STATUS QUO
CARLISLE Coach House: DOWNWEAVER
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
CHELTENHAM Plough Hotel: FRANCES GILVRAY & MICK BURKE
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/CLOVER
CROYDON Greyhound: BURLESQUE
DUBLIN Greyhound: BURLESQUE
DUBLIN Olympia Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
DUMFRIES Bell Castle Hotel: THE DARTS
DUNDEE University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: DAVID ESSEX
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: CHER & GREGG ALLMAN
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: WHIRLWIND
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: STAA MARX
HITCHIN Folk Club: MECHANICAL HORSET-ROUGH
LINCOLN Theatre Royal: STEVE GIBBONS BAND-/BETHNAL
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: THE JAM
LIVERPOOL Eric's: FIVE HAND REEL
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: TONY O'LEARY
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Round-house: ANDREW CRONSHAW/MARTIN SIMPSON/JON GILLASPIE
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: PAT TRAVERS BAND/STRAY/NO DICE
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON EUSTON Shaw Theatre: REDBRASS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: ROCK
LONDON HARROW RD,Windsor Castle: TONIGHT
LONDON ISLINGTON Jolly Farmer: AMAZORB-LADES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: RADIO STARS
LONDON LEWISHAM Riverdale Hall: MAX COLLIE RHYTHM ACES
LONDON Marquee Club: ILLUSION
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pagasus: LAND-SCAPE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE CRABS
LONDON Victoria Palace: COLOSSEUM II
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDERC-LAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: NOEL MURPHY/NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW
MANCHESTER Belle Vue Elizabethan Rooms: THE DAMNED/DEAD BOYS
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: SAD CAFE
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: THE STUKAS
NORWICH Theatre Royal: ALAN PRICE
NOTTINGHAM Beeston Katie's: EATER / MONO-TONES
OXFORD New Theatre: THE CHIEFTAINS
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: BILL BARCLAY
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: THE WURZELS
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: HORSLIPS
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SALFORD The Willows: BROWNSVILLE BANNED
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: STEVE ASHLEY
SHEFFIELD University: TURNING POINT
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE ENID
SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: THE BUZZCOCKS
SOUTHAMPTON University: HOT VULTURES
STAFFORD Top of the World: WILKO JOHNSON
ST. ALBANS Goat Inn: PACKIE BYRNE & BONNIE SHALJEAN
STOKE BURSLEM George Hotel : JAGUAR
SUNDERLAND Empire Theatre: BARBARA DICKSON
WHITLEY BAY Rex Cinema: LITTLE BOB STORY
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: BULLETS

Monday

BARROW Maxim's Disco: FIVE HAND REEL
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Drake's Drum: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOPPER
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: CHINA
BIRMINGHAM Top Rank: THE DAMNED/DEAD BOYS
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's: TRAPEZE

REMEMBER OUR NEW ADDRESS

Gigs for inclusion in these pages should now be sent to:
NME Gig Guide, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY and the Asbury Jukes open their British tour on Wednesday at Leeds. Our picture shows them in action at Crystal Palace in the late summer.

URIAH HEEP have had more than their share of ups and downs recently, but they now seem to have a settled line-up, and they're all ready to start their latest concert tour at Edinburgh (Monday), Glasgow (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday). Pictured is Ken Hensley.

DAVID ESSEX sets out this weekend on his annual autumn tour with gigs at Aberdeen (Saturday), Edinburgh (Sunday), Sunderland (Monday and Tuesday) and Preston (Wednesday). His schedule culminates in a week-long London season immediately before Christmas.

BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/CLOVER
BRISTOL Colston Hall: THIN LIZZY/RADIATORS FROM SPACE
CANTERBURY Kent University: THE ONLY ONES
CANTERBURY Rutland College: BUSTER JAMES BAND
CHELTENHAM Plough Hotel: THE INDEX
CHESTER Quaintways: SCENE STEALER
CHESTERFIELD Hardstaff: MUNGO JERRY
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: COUNTRY SHACK
CLEETHORPES Lifeboat Hotel: DAGABAND
COVENTRY Mr George's: THE CRUISERS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
DONCASTER Outlook Club: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
EDINBURGH University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: URIAH HEEP
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS/ALTERNATIVE TV
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
INVERNESS Cummings Hotel: TURNING POINT
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: ICE NINE
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: THE CHIEFTAINS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MOTHER SUPERIOR
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MEDIUM WAVE BAND/SLIPSTREAM/LIVE WIRE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE HURRIGANES/SLANDER
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: ELECTRIX
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: KATMANDU
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: MARTIN SIMPSON
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE STUKAS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE BUZZCOCKS
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: FLAVIUM/ GARENT WATKINS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: STEFAN GROSSMAN/PETER FINGER
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: JOHN MARTYN
LONDON School of Economics: THE ACTORS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE TOOLS
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Votex Club: THE DEPRESSIONS / JOHNNY THUNDERS & THE HEARTBREAKERS/MEAN STREET
LONDON W14 The Kensington: LANDSCAPE
LUTON Sands Club: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW
MIDDLESBOROUGH Rock Garden: WILKO JOHNSON
PLYMOUTH Castaways: BRITISH LIONS
SHEFFIELD City Hall: DEMIS ROUSSOS
SUNDERLAND Empire Theatre: DAVID ESSEX
SUTTON COLDFIELD Good Hope Club: MUSCLES/ GARBO & THE CELLULOID HEROES
SWINDON The Affair: EATER/MONOTONES
UXBRIDGE Unit One: TAIL FEATHER
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: FLYING ACES.

Tuesday

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS.
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: STATUS QUO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRISTOL Colston Hall: THIN LIZZY/RADIATORS FROM SPACE
CAMBRIDGE Blimps: THE STUKAS
CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: RITCHIE BLACK-MORE'S RAINBOW
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE JAM
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Place: WAYNE FONTANA & THE MINDBENDERS
COVENTRY Locarno: THE DAMNED/DEAD BOYS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: THE WURZELS
EXETER University: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/CLOVER
GAINSBOROUGH: Yarborough Hotel: DAGABAND
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: URIAH HEEP
GLASGOW Saints and Sinners: TURNING POINT
GLASGOW Tiffany's: LITTLE BOB STORY
HIGH WYCOMBE Newland Club: EATER-/MONOTONES
HUDDERSFIELD Ivanhoe's: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: THE DARTS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: ALAN PRICE
LEEDS Queenswood Club: MUNGO JERRY
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: DEMIS ROUSSOS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: JERRY EADIE BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: STEEL PULSE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STRIDER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PICK-POCKET/BAZOOKA JOE
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: ASTRA
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE STRANGLERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE HURRIGANES/YACHTS
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key; FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits; CADILLAS
LONDON Marquee Club; THE BUZZCOCKS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke Of Lancaster; JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON North Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY
LONDON N4 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON Old Brompton Rd. Troubador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: TYLA GANG / TONIGHT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE WASPS
LONDON WANDSWORTH The Ship: NEMA
LONDON WARDOUR STREET Vortex Club: PENETRATION / JOHNNY THUNDERS / THE HEARTBREAKERS / JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS
LONDON W1 Speakeasy: WHIRLWIND
LONDON W.C.1 Collegiate Theatre: PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS / SUCKER
MALVERN The Phoenix: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: CHER & GREGG ALLMAN
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: WILKO JOHNSON
NEWCASTLE City Hall: STEVE GIBBONS BAND / BETHNAL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PLYMOUTH Castaways: THE ENID
PRESTON Guildhall: MIKE HARDING
SHEFFIELD City Hall: THE CHIEFTAINS
SOUTHAMPTON Guildhall Solent Suite: REDBRASS
SOUTHAMPTON The ANchOr: HOT VULTURES
SOUTHEND Talk Of The South: J.A.L.N. BAND
ST. NEOTS Kings Head: JUNE TABOR
SUNDERLAND Empire Theatre: DAVID ESSEX
WOKINGHAM King Of Clubs: EL SEVEN

Wednesday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: STATUS QUO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ZETH
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: THE WURZELS
BRADFORD University: LITTLE BOB STORY
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE STUKAS
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Place: MARVELETTES
DARLINGTON Civic Hall: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: NATIONAL YOUTH JAZZ ORCHESTRA
DUNDEE Barrallinard Hotel: EATER / MONO-TONES
EDINBURGH Nicky Tams: TURNING POINT
FIFESt. Andrews University: FIVE HAND REEL
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: STEVE GIBBONS BAND / BETHNAL
GLOUCESTER College of Education: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
GUILDFORD Wooden Bridge Hotel: HOT POINTS
HAINAULT Old Maypole: FLYING SAUCERS
HUDDERSFIELD Golcar Club: MUNGO JERRY
KEELE University: HORSLIPS
LEEDS University: SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & ASBURY JUKES / CAFE JACQUES
LANCASTER University: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / MEAL TICKET
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: URIAH HEEP
LIVERPOOL Eric's: WAYNE COUNTY
LIVERPOOLHavannah Club: THE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: ISAMBARD KINGDOM
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MICHAEL CHAP-MAN BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE ENGLISH ASSASSIN featuring NIGEL BENJAMIN
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PLUM-MET AIRLINES
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: THE HURRIGANES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: J.J. JAMESON
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE PIRATES
LONDON Marquee Club: XTC
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON SOUTHALL White Hart: WHIRLWIND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: PENETRATION
LONDON W.1 Gulliver's Club: ROKOTTO
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: RIFF RAFF
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: STEEL PULSE
MANCHESTER University: FLYING ACES
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
NEWCASTLE City Hall: THE CHIEFTAINS
NEWPORT Stowaway: RADIO STARS
NORTHWOOD H.M.S. Warrior: SOUL DIRECTION
OXFORD Corn Dolly: SAMSON
OXFORD New Theatre: CLIFF RICHARD
PLYMOUTH Castaways: TYLA GANG
PRESTON Guildhall: DAVID ESSEX
READING University: JOHN MARTYN
RETFORD Porterhouse: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
RYDE I.O.W. La Babalu: J.A.L.N. BAND
SHEFFIELD City Hall: THIN LIZZY / RADIATORS FROM SPACE
SHEFFIELD Dog & Partridge: FLYING LESSONS
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: BOOMTOWN RATS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE DAMNED / DEAD BOYS
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
SUNDERLAND Boilermakers Club: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: DEPRESSIONS

Residencies

BATLEY Variety Club: THE DRIFTERS Week from Sunday
BRISTOL Crockers: BACK TO BACK Monday for three days
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Place: HARLEMS Thursday for three days
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: CLIFF RICHARD Thursday for three days
LIVERPOOL Allinson's: THE BROTHERS Week from Sunday
LONDON Palladium: HARRY BELAFONTE Tuesday (22) for five days
LUTON Cesar's Palace: DANA Week from Sunday
MANCHESTER Fagin's: TERRY WEBSTER & DICTIONARY Week from Monday
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
PURFLEET Circus Tavern: GRUMBLEWEEDS Week from Sunday
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: BOBBY THOMPSON Week from Monday

RECOMMENDED TV

THURSDAY: If you fancy crumpet for supper, it's **"Miss World"** time on BBC-1, hosted by **Andy Williams**.
FRIDAY: Last of **Jack Jones'** four shows with **Bruce Johnston, Sarah Vaughan** and **Allan Jones** guesting (BBC-2); **Steve Tilston** and **Joanna Carlin** (BBC-West only); **Cher** and **Gregg Allman** in **"Russell Harty"** (London ITV); **Jack Palance** film **"Torture Garden"** (BBC-1).
SATURDAY: Supertramp in **"Sight And Sound In Concert"** (BBC-2 and Radio 1 stereo link); **David Essex** in **"Swap Shop"** (BBC-1 morning).
SUNDAY: "So It Goes" with **The Jam** filmed at Manchester Electric Circus and **Muddy Waters** at London New Victoria (some ITV regions, but screened on Saturday in London); **Bob Marley** and a feature on mobile sound systems in "The London Weekend Show" (London ITV); The **James Bond** film "You Only Live Twice" (ITV network).
MONDAY: Kenny Rogers in **"D★s O'C★nn★r Tonight"** (BBC-2).
TUESDAY: Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes in **"The Old Grey Whistle Test"** (BBC-2); **"The Goodies"** (BBC-2).
ROCK FOLLIES: The first three episodes of the second series are repeated by ITV as a two-hour special on Thursday, Friday or Monday, according to region. Episode 4 is screened for the first time at 9 pm on Tuesday.

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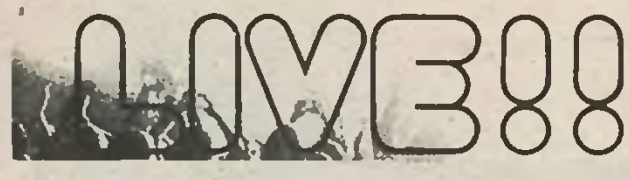

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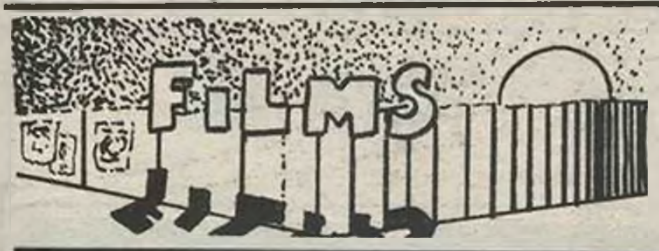

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Memo to aspiring bands:

Never follow The Pirates

Steve Gibbons Band
The Pirates
ROUNDHOUSE

IS MICK GREEN a genius? It sounds like it to me, and thousands watched him blow the Steve Gibbons Band out of sight at their prestige London headliner.

It's a big mistake these days for anyone to follow the savage R&B of The Pirates. Green, Spence and Farley at their best leave a hole in the stage big enough for any act to drop into. Since they creaked out of premature retirement some months back, Britain's best-loved fossils have evolved from a nostalgic curiosity piece into a marauding, meat-eating, rock 'n' roll dinosaur, prehistoric but awe-inspiring.

Spence and Farley are a simple, solid rhythm section, little more than a show-case for Mick Green's remarkable talents. Built like an all-in wrestler, he stands motionless, chin jutting, head jerking back and forth as his fingers produce two, sometimes three guitar lines from the one fretboard. This three-piece sounds like an orchestra and the audience asked for no less than six extra numbers after the first farewell.

The first climax was "Shakin' All Over", Green thrusting his instrument suddenly into space before picking out the unmistakable lead. His own composition, "Gibson Martin Fender" was another highlight but the highest peaks were reached in the encores. Racing through about three alternative solos before the vocals even started, Green led them into the most distinctive "Johnny B Goode" I've heard since Berry's. The final number, "Honey Hush", left the Pirate kings scorching in strobes under their buccaneer banner and the audience dancing in delight.

Follow that, Steve Gibbons.

After a dubious introduction (". . . and now for the next part of the evening") the Gibbons band wandered on and launched into a brisk boogie that they kept up with little variation for the rest of the evening. Looking fairly nondescript, their essentially efficient musicianship lay limp when thrown into violent contrast with The Pirates' stark, uncluttered excellence.

Suddenly, a tall, unkempt gentleman in an Alvin Stardust costume appears and starts spouting verse in a transatlantic drawl. "One Of The Boys", "Rollin' On", "Speed Kills", old favourites and new. With "Johnny Cool" he slips on his shades and starts to strike poses.

There's something persistently irritating in a vocalist who insists on delivering about 80% of his lines in a fake U.S. accent. Especially when he comes from Birmingham. Especially when he's a pleasant, if mannered, singer.

The audience are still on their feet, not dancing so much as swaying happily. They're even flapping a few peace signs (are they optimistic or just blind?) It's an appreciative crowd and a pleasing, if not triumphant, night for the SGB.

They reached full throttle at last with a sharp version of Dave Edmunds' instant classic "Get It" followed by the inevitable "Tulane". This sucked me to the front of the stage again, but "Tupelo Mississippi Flash", which to me highlights the group's main faults, drove me away.

The two guitarists screeching in patterned unison were annoying where Green's modest and always underplayed virtuosity was a continual pleasure.

Kim Davis

Farley in full cry

JAZZ DIARY

JAZZ CENTRE Society is arranging a tour by the Gil Evans Orchestra in March, 1978, on behalf of the Arts Council's Contemporary Music Network.

The Ken Wheeler Band will also be touring under the same banner in January, while the Globe Unity Orchestra — including Evan Parker, Peter Brotzmann, Albert Mangelsdorff, Peter Kowald and Alexander von Schlippenbach — tours this December. Mike Westbrook's Brass Band has been collaborating with playwright Adrian Mitchell again, this time on "White Suit Blues", a celebration of the work of Mark Twain. Thames TV are also recording a Mitchell play, "Glad Day" including the Brass Band as musicians and actors. Next year sees a film on Mike Westbrook under the sponsorship of the Arts Council.

The Star & Garter, Putney, has Terri Quaye's Moonspirit on 19th November, The 7 Dials has Ike Isaacs on 17th, and The Phoenix features Big Chief on 23rd, a band led by Dick Heckstall-Smith. The Band On The Wall, Manchester, has Jeff Clyne's Turning Point on 17th.

Battersea Arts Centre celebrates its third birthday on 17th November with George Melly & John Chilton's Feetwarmers, plus Riverside Five + 1.

EMI are considering distributing the US Fantasy label here. Make it, EMI. Don Weller's Major Surgery has released "The First Cut" on the Next Record Label, obtainable through all reputable jazz stores, or mail order at £3.50 from 120 Church Road, Croydon.

Projection Records at 9 Grove End, Rectory Grove, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, have managed to get the long-unobtainable "Actions" by Don Cherry & The New Eternal Rhythm Orchestra, plus Penderecki.

Impulse has released "Byablue" by Keith Jarrett, with Dewey Redman, Charlie Haden and Paul Morian. The same group also feature on "The Survivor Suite" on ECM.

Also from ECM, Ralph Towner's "Solstice — Sound And Shadows", and on the subsidiary JAPO, Ken Hyder's Talisker play the suite, "Land Of Stone", and Rena Rama — a Swedish quartet — offer "Landscapes".

The latest Pablo Live releases from Montreux are "The Count Basie Jam", "The Dizzy Gillespie Jam", "The Oscar Peterson Jam", "The Milt Jackson-Ray Brown Jam", "The Pablo All Stars Jam", "Ray Bryant", "The Tommy Flanagan Trio", "The Roy Eldridge Quartet", "The Benny Carter Quartet" and "The Eddie Lockjaw Davis Quartet."

Brian Case

George Duke
RAINBOW

THERE was once a time when I thought Duke's music had a lot going for it. This was when he was still a member of Zappa's entourage, making exceptional solo albums on the side. Since then I've come to the conclusion that Duke is committed to making the same album over and over again, and making it worse each time.

Although this opinion of his records remains, I admit that Duke has a capacity for giving the people what they want, giving them lots of it, and giving it good.

What they wanted was jazz-rock with plenty of concise, technically impressive solos and an obligatory dose of funk.

Lots of it meant a two-hour odd set with a planned intermission thwarted by the crowd's encore demands, which Duke happily complied with.

Giving it good meant pacing the set evenly, delivering the music with warmth and humour, and not allowing soloist histrionics to reach any sort of excess.

I was both surprised and entertained. Duke approaches his music with a refreshing (for the genre) lack of self-importance, and a tangible, communicated feeling that the band are enjoying what they're doing and doing it for that reason mainly.

Duke himself plays his instrument like B.B. King. He rocks his head around, his eyes become glazed, and he grimaces while playing. His actual synthesiser solos are also similar to King's. They are blues tinged but more closely related in their tidy, neat and almost classic construction.

In fact, ignoring the music for a moment, the set was delivered in much the same way as King plays his shows. There's an element of schmaltz and jive peculiar to live black music, but it's kept within tasteful boundaries. There's also a feeling that the music, though not shatteringly strong, has at least quality and class, and linked to that there is an aura of respect coming from the crowd.

It was these last points, and the band's obvious enjoyment of their capabilities, that prevented a bolt for the exit. Beyond Ndugu's supple, heart-beat drumming and the occasional Duke piano solo I still found the music too limited to convince on its own.

The Duke band has two basic licks. The first is a spacious jazz-rock samba which, despite different song titles, made up the main part of the set. The second is taking funk to heaven in '77, a hybrid of Zappa and Sly Stone that sounds like Parliament (aided by the fact that Ndugu raps just like Bootsy Collins) and arrived there more legitimately than Clinton's crew, but didn't do it first. And if these things don't convince, they at least entertained.

They finished with the latter lick and the biggest surprise of the evening — me shouting for more.

Paul Rambali

5 Hand Reel
LEEDS POLYTECHNIC

5 HAND REEL play Celtic rock with skill, passion and electricity.

They managed to arouse a torpid crowd into furious motion and in doing so, confirmed their challenge for the currently vacant crown of British folk-rock.

The cross-over from folk club to mass market is perilous but rewarding and 5 Hand Reel are ideally suited to make the leap.

Their formula is simple: they take the compulsive rhythm of the reel, add some beefy bass guitar and round it out with exquisite two, three and four part harmonies.

Jigs like "Lexboro Pony", "A Man's A Man for A' That" (the title track of the new album) and "Kennedy's Hat" are marvellously simple but powerful tunes; blood from the very stone of Celtic myth.

Tom Hickland (fiddle), Dick Gaughan (guitars) and Bobby Eaglesham (guitars and keyboards) are the front-line which sets the whirligig rhythms spinning. They swing, they soar and they stamp with the sheer joy of making music.

They're not entirely comfortable until the audience is up and dancing and they haven't yet learned the finer arts of audience manipulation, but when band and crowd are together, as on "A Pinch Of Snuff", the infectious joy is irresistible.

They have the sense to pace the set — it's not all galloping jigs and reels — and on the slower cuts the band demonstrates its class.

"Carrickfergus" is a melancholic lament for the "auld sod" that wrings the heart strings even through the Guinness-thick brogue of the lyrics.

This is not reverent revival music nor hearty folk-clubbing, but dramatic rock-oriented recreation.

5 Hand Reel pound to a climax with some Irish tunes, "The Orange Robe", "Kiss Me Darling" and "Dr. Gilbert" — jigs all three.

The band are revitalising flaccid folk-rock. They're potent and homegrown and owe little or nothing to rock per se. It's time that they were given a wider hearing.

Andrew Simmons

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Chris Spedding

MUSIC MACHINE

PUNK CREDENTIALS?

If Chris Spedding had ever seriously had such pretensions, they're thoroughly shot by witnessing his set straight after a brief, disturbing taste of The Ants' black, malignant aggression and volume at the Marquee.

Spedding's no punk, and his audience reflects that. The Camden Town Music Machine — whose horrible high stage, you'll be glad to hear, is shortly due for a saner replacement — is thronged with a wide mixture of longhairs, punx, sophisticate slummers . . .

All they have in common is the lukewarm reception they afford both Spedding and the tedious post-Feat rock-funk support crew, Astra.

A much misunderstood man, Spedding, despite his constant declarations of intent.

His first Rak album, "Chris Spedding" — the one that followed the "Motorbikin'" single — was superb in its sparse control, in some ways bearing the same relationship to pop rock'n'roll that Sharks did to rock.

The new album may be slightly disappointing in its comparative lack of good songs — though it improves with age — but Spedding still has a rare vision of understated, small scale rock.

The live set features only the great "Catch That Train" and the amusing "Guitar Jamboree" from "Chris Spedding", but it's still an extraordinary display of control, not a note out of place, and every note set free with the greatest reluctance.

Even the band's clothes — Spedding in black leather, the other three in black with white baseball boots — and the painstaking yet simple lightshow adhere to the policy.

The best moments came towards the beginning of the set, with Spedding playing breathtakingly clean, austere guitar on "Wild In The Streets", "Catch That Train" and "Silver Bullet". Had he carried on with songs like "Bedsit Girl", "Jump In My Car" and "Hungry Man", he could have sustained momentum.

On his more lacklustre material, however, his deliberate diffidence and his band's total sublimation to their leader's muse tended to become a little dull — the danger inherent in Spedding's chosen low profile.

He didn't play "Superwombling", but he *did* do Sharks' "Snakes And Swallowtails" (did that band *really* have both Spedding *and* Andy Fraser — how the hell did it survive a week?!!) as a reminder of the way Spedding has always been simultaneously the most practical guitarist in rock yet also one of its most hopeless idealists; a believer in expediency to the point where the stylised lack of embellishment becomes ridiculous.

In Sharks it constantly threatened to rend the music, as well as the band, apart; now Spedding gets away with it just as long as each song sustains its power to suspend the listener's belief.

Phil McNeill

Louisiana Red

100 CLUB

"It was a dream, dream I had last night / I dreamed I went to the UN, and set the whole nation right."

ABOUT 15 years ago, hot on the news of the Cuban missile base affair, "Red's Dream" was to take care of Castro with a Georgia Shave and Kruschev with a baseball bat and sharpen up the U.S. Senate by putting a few soul brothers in it.

"Ray Charles and Lightnin' Hopkins, and a guy like Jimmy Reed / Bo Diddley and Big Mabelle, all I need / It was a dream."

An impractical vision to say the least, but wittily written and superbly performed in a country blues style that was an anachronism even back then, especially coming from a young man like Louisiana Red.

Still a stripling by blues standards — in his '40s I'd guess without resorting to the archives — Red hasn't compromised at all in the intervening years.

Indeed, without accompanists for his first visit to Europe, the informal crosstalk between his crying vocals and erratically exciting electric guitar work seemed even more primitive than his best known recordings on Roulette and Atlantic.

Chopping and bottlenecking his axe like a seventh son of Muddy Waters, Red sat before the mike and eased his way through a too short set of about 10 songs, including his earlest recorded material ("Louise", "New Jersey Women"), his tribute to Victoria Spivey and songs associated with Earl Hooker ("I'm Your Main Man") and Jimmy Reed ("You Don't Have To Go"). "Red's Dream" was in there too, natch.

Perhaps not a king among bluesmen, but certainly a princely performance.

Cliff White

The Four Tops

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

THE FOUR TOPS are an act with a glorious past, an undistinguished present, and an unpromising future.

And that's a problem they haven't come to terms with, even if their audience have.

The reason that the Four Tops can headline at the Royal Albert Hall is that people remember with great fondness their string of hit singles on Motown between 1964 and 1967.

Those songs, from "Baby I Need Your Loving" to "Walk Away Renee", remain their greatest source of strength, but also lumber them with a heritage they can't hope to match.

The uncertainty is obvious from the start.

For one thing, those precisely choreographed dance routines have fallen apart. Two of the Tops go through the motions half-heartedly at best. One of them even breaks off to doodle at a keyboard from time to time.

Another indication of their indecision is the speed with which they polish off their greatest hits. A medley which includes "Reach Out I'll Be There" is over within the first quarter of an hour.

Naturally enough, it's immaculately performed and goes down a treat. But there's just no way they can follow it.

A supper club version of "Mac Arthur Park" provides some breathing space, but from then on an anti-climax is inevitable.

The Tops' fortunes originally declined when they lost their classic hit writing team, Holland, Dozier, and Holland, who quit Motown in 1968. They've scored chart singles since, but the music was never in the exuberant league again.

A pointed reminder of what might have been comes with a further medley towards the end of the act. This time it's a selection of songs from Stevie Wonder's "Songs in the Key of Life".

Levie Stubbs' superb voice really soars on songs like "Sir Duke" and "Isn't She Lovely", but as an admission of the weakness of their current material, it's inevitably damning.

If only they had access to an original repertoire of that class now.

Bob Edmands

Grand Hotel

STOKE NEWINGTON

GRAND HOTEL makes me think of six-star bed and breakfast, a stale cigar and a tophat. But not in the mythical music halls of Stoke Newington — *The Pegasus* on a Sunday night.

Like fireworks indoors — a good show, bright pop-gun music combines to make good times, even though the audience barely outnumbered the five guys in the band.

Suitably for a band with the sense to employ both clarity of voice with dynamic stop'n'go music, popeyed punters pint in hand harmless, legless maybe, Grand Hotel were audibly at exactly the right volume for the tuck-box. Or to say they were easy on the cardrums whilst being thoughtful and thought provoking. My toes tapped!!

"Powercut", suitably relevant, bustling foot music taught maybe at school. "School" punk piss-take that's not quite.

Debts throughout the set to lovely (never expected that word) Beatles, Queenish harmonies. Guitarist utilises pedals tastefully and in an exciting manner — lots of layers to get laid on. Stray dog drive and '60s insight, but then rocknroll is all contradictions. Am I wrong?

You want it straight? A band that looks good, plays great and makes you laugh without pain of embarrassment. Good pop-outs — pop into Grand Hotel.

They also do a movie oldie, a suitably operated on, transposed musical piece.

This last paragraph is an encore. They do them also.

Valerie Gaywood

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KEITH RICHARD
I only feel ill when I give up drugs.

SID VICIOUS
If I feel like killing a hippie, I will. I don't have to be angry to do that...I'm more of a robot than a person.

JOHNNY THUNDERS
We know our five chords.

CHUCK BERRY
The only Maybelline I ever knew was the name of a cow.

DAVID BOWIE
I can't feel strongly, I get so numb.

PHIL SPECTOR
My dream was to invent the word 'producer'.

JOHN LENNON
If there is such a thing as a genius, I am one y'know. And if there isn't, I don't care.

BRIAN EPSTEIN
I want to manage those four boys–it wouldn't take me more than two half days a week.

ELVIS PRESLEY
I don't know anything about music–in my line you don't have to.

MICK JAGGER
Me and Nureyev have flaming rows about whether it takes more talent and discipline to be a ballet dancer or a pop singer.

PATTI SMITH
I love to hear boys shouting for me–just like I used to shout for the Stones.

SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS
Don't forget–the penis is mightier than the sword.

FRANK ZAPPA
I think pop music has done more for oral intercourse than anything else that ever happened. And vice versa.

LOU REED
Frank Zappa couldn't write a decent song if you gave him a million and a year on an island in Greece.

MICK JONES
I never lived below twelve floors up.

PHIL LYNOTT
I am Johnny Cool, y'know.

LINDA RONSTADT
I finally learned how to sing. It's too bad I had to do all my learning in public.

ROD STEWART
I think Enoch Powell is the man. I'm all for him. This country is over-crowded. The immigrants should be sent home. That's it.

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There (still) ain't no cure for the Summer-time Blues

DONNA SUMMER
Once Upon A Time. . . (Casablanca)

WITH THE release of "I Feel Love", Donna Summer became as much an integral part of 1977 consciousness as either Bowie or the Pistols.

The only mass-market sex aid that anyone under the age of 18 could purchase without plain brown wrappers. Like practically all artificial stimulants, Donna Summer was efficient and totally soulless. In an environment where sex had become reduced to just another bodily function, Donna Summer proved to be yet another labour-saving device. Mechanical bliss, simulated ecstacy and synthetic sexuality set to the calculated coldness of a cocaine disco beat. On "I Feel Love" the machines took over. The regimented rhythm method became a reality.

Then Donna Summer made her big mistake. She should never have performed in public. She should have remained enclosed in the clinical atmosphere of the recording studio. An enigma. A graven vinyl image to sex by proxy. In person Donna Summer isn't, as one has been lead to believe, the insatiable multi-orgasmic nymph. Basically she's the cute girl next door, blessed with above-average sex appeal and fortunate enough to get a lucky break. She's no threat to no woman.

Like the comedian who hankers to play Hamlet, Donna Summer now strikes out against her status as aural sex symbol and courts artistic integrity. "Once Upon A Time . . .", which she co-wrote with her producers Giorgio Moroder and Pete Bellotte, is her Big Statement. A concept album no less and a double one at that.

In keeping with her new direction, gone are the Queen Of The Nile persona, the deep breathing and, with few exceptions, the mechanical overdrive. Instead Donna looks more like Dana after a two week vacation in the tropics and dressed all in white for her first ever Heavy Date.

"Once Upon A Time . . ." is good clean wholesome fun, its concept deep-rooted in the tradition of all fairy tales — the dreams of the everyday shop-assistant. Impressionable young girl from austere background awakens to womanhood, gets dumped by heartless lout, works for a crust in the lonely city, fantasies that she *will* go to the ball (the local disco), be swept off her dainty feet by a Knight in Shining Armour (actually some heavy dude in a white convertible) and live happily ever after (on his welfare cheque).

Naturally, after four sides of repetition, her dreams do come true. The ugly duckling is in fact a beautiful white swan and Mr. Right enters bang on cue. As everyone likes a story with a happy ending (especially if you can dance to it), this album's success is assured.

True Love is never having to say sorry. I'm sitting this one out!

Roy Carr.

All this without plain wrappers!

KLAATU
Hope (Capitol)

PEOPLE ACTUALLY mistook this bunch of Canadian wimps for The Beatles? Gee, no way. The Fab Four turned out some appalling tripe in their time but never anything as fundamentally pathetic as this.

And Klaatu haven't even got a reputation to hide behind. Everyone says they sound like Queen now, but that's the idea you get from just listening to the pseudo-classical single, "The Loneliest Of Creatures."

I've suffered every fun-packed groove of this album and it also sounds like Mike Oldfield re-making "Sgt. Pepper". Or ELP without the E. Or Yes playing blindfolded. Or a crowd of Planet Gong nutters let loose with the Royal Philharmonic.

The most absurd cut is a nine minute epic depicting the fall of "Politzania", a Tolkienesque neo-fascist state. They've also got an obsession with lighthouses — very interesting but not red-hot song material.

As Art this is Hilarious. As a record it will make a good table-mat.

Kim Davis

THE JACKSONS
Goin' Places (Epic)

GERMAN DISCOMAT is so contrived, crass and chronic that parallel product from the land of Uncle Sam seems quasi-positive in comparison! No psychotic grannies wielding dum-dum bullet sten-guns for these boys!

Doesn't their Gamble/Huff title track burst with a similar, if more mature job-bang which made the Jacksons' stunning Motown debut some seven years back with "I Want You Back" so indelibly memorable?

Likewise "Even Though You're Gone", again by Gamble/Huff with its sweet Chi-Lites "Have You Seen Her?" tang, conveys an Isley Brothers sense of cool in the face of unrequited crush with Jackie Wilson on stiff upper lip and Sam Cooke on trembling lower one.

There's no way you could pick your spots to "Music Is Taking Over" (as a pastiche it might have worked a treat). Their originals, "Different Kind Of Lady" and "Do What You Wanna", are overwhelmingly mediocre and prove that as songwirters they make superb cartoon characters.

Ah, I changed my mind. As an album this would have made a great single with "Goin' Places" on top and "Even Though You're Gone" underneath.

Tony Parsons

BILLY CONNOLLY
Raw Meat For The Balcony (Polydor)

THIS RECORD makes me chortle. I haven't chortled for some time. Derek and Clive made me snigger, Python raised a knowing smile. This offering from a far-flung corner of the Empire (Scotland) is real lung-bursting stuff.

When you learn the nature of Gandhi's revenge, discover the secrets of the ferocious Scottish infantry, hear the legend of Robin Hood's death and experience the erotic qualities of sellotape, I can guarantee that you too will be stifling at least a guilty smirk.

I can't believe you've never seen or heard Connolly before, so there's not much more I can tell you about the Big Yin's latest excursion into contemporary highland folklore without giving away the punchlines.

This is essentially a comic album with music rather than the more obvious reverse. Taken almost entirely from a performance at the Rainbow, one of the most immediately striking qualities of this record is the vivid, atmospheric reproduction. It puts you on the stage next to Connolly, rather than the back row of the stalls which most live rock albums seem to favour.

The exception to this is one very disappointing studio cut, "Isn't It A Shame." The new single, this is a straight pop song, and whereas Connolly uses music on stage very expertly to present his humour or to punctuate it, this serious aberration is best skipped over. It sounds like Rod Stewart trying to be funny.

Most comedy albums fade after a few listens. Indded, "Ying Tong Song" is the only comic cut that I can place as an exception, and that's lasted over 20 years! I've heard this one at least a dozen times, and despite the indulgent number of farting jokes, it's lasting better than most.

As the converted will already know, there's more to latch onto with Connolly than the jokes, specifically his minute observation of everyday life and his startling mimicry. The best example here is his perfect execution of a drunken singalong on "Closing Time" and the strident "Welly Boot Song".

Billy Connolly's appeal hasn't diminished since his original "Get Right Intae Him" masterpeice, probably because he's been almost permanenetly on the road. This is worth forking out for even if you only laugh at it once.

Kim Davis

DENNIS BROWN
Wolf & Leopards (DEB Music)

DENNIS BROWN is an entertainer who can do little wrong in my estimation, and this set exemplifies the fact.

"Wolf & Leopards" purveys Brown's most recent material, his Joe Gibbs recordings notwithstanding; it includes both his own productions and those with Sir Niney the Observer. The album represents the young singer at the peak of his talent; he barely falters throughout its length.

The title track was a monster pre-release and sound-system favourite last year that repeated its popularity via Third World release this summer, when it soared to the pinnacle of the UK reggae charts. I Roy's "Sister Maggie Breast" — Yvonne, y'all! — version was one of the most hilarious, and best, toasts committed to wax by that tongue twisting solipsist in his entire career.

"Immanuelle", following, caused a stir of considerable proportions the first time Shelly's sound cut a slate of it down the Four Aces Club earlier this year.

"Here I Come", a song of exceptional beauty, was another UK chart-topper; with Dennis urging *"live up roots children, live up Rasta children"* in memorable refrain. The tune is still played out at blues, and retains its power.

"Whip Them Jah" and "Created By The Father" are further chapters in the Dennis Brown success story, circa 1977. The former uses the same rhythm as both Tapper Zukie's "Pick Up The Rockers" toast and Junior Byles' "Can You Feel It" howl of nausea — i.e. the remarkable "Natty Chariot" dub so popular last Christmas.

Also of merit: Den's reworking of the Heptones' Studio 1 "Party Time", a version I prefer to the group's own recut of the song for Lee Perry, and "Children Of Israel", another big hit.

Dennis Brown is one of reggae's top artists; "Wolf & Leopards" a triumphal declamation of the same. How long will the rest of the world ignore him? How long will the wicked judge unjustly?

Penny Reel

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Keith Jarrett

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE

I LAST SAW Keith Jarrett live back in the '60s when he was the Superflash Kid in the trendy Charles Lloyd outfit.

His piano technique was astonishing, his ideas derivative and altogether less impressive, and the image — beads, kaftan, demented energy — seemed purpose-built to capture the public imagination.

Well, on his showing at Drury Lane, two of the ingredients have remained constant, while the third has been merely up-dated.

His touch, precise, plangent and instantly recognisable in the rhapsodic passages, lithe in the funkier parts, is something to be wondered at.

Jarrett still gets about the keyboard like nobody's business. Unfortunately, he still hasn't got much to say.

The two lengthy improvisations that comprised his two sets substituted manner for substance, the endlessly vamping manner giving way — slightly after my patience — to the Grand Delirium of his 19th century salon manner with the Moorish tinge.

Anyone who believes that Jarrett's phenomenal commercial success represents a return to taste, acoustic piano and the integrity of the artistic vision could well be misled: he spreads the ideas mighty thin, and the manner butterside up.

Recent solo piano concerto Dollar Brand and Paul Bley point the contrast.

Neither pianist possesses Jarrett's technique, but both use all their resources to advance their flights of imagination. Brand's use of vamp, clearly paralleled in Jarrett's second set where he worked right in among the rhythmic cycles, releases spiralling voicings from the piano. Under his attack, it sings, it moans, it moves. Jarrett got louder, deployed a threading melody line against the general boogie — the sole justification of that insistent backdrop.

Bley's subtle adjustments and re-alignments within chord structures — or Bill Evans' for that matter — illustrate the fertile interplay between harmony and melody. Jarrett's ideas tend to come in single notes and climb all the way up the scale to a gushing tiptoe summit. This is sensitivity somewhere between "The Eddie Duchin Story" and Ken Russell's Gallery of Inflatables.

The way he struts his stuff these days — throat exposed in ecstasy, fingertips poised to drop another plump pebble into the oldest millstream, or seemingly unable to play an entirely workaday rhythm without getting off the stool to writhe — renders visually obvious what is already aurally manifest. The manner is product.

Most of the audience greeted everything with reverence: Art. One dissenter in the lobby remarked that, Oh hell, he still liked the albums anyway.

Sure, they're better than this, and if anyone would like to hear what can be done with similar ingredients, plus structure, they can always check out Hampton Hawes' "The Green Leaves Of Summer" on Contemporary, recorded in 1964.

Brian Case

Sham 69

MARQUEE

A VERY cruel evening. Fascinating, exhilarating, but frightening.

This band has been so heavily praised by everyone that I was almost waiting for them tp put a foot wrong; I was looking for things to criticise because, despite my faith in the New Wave, I was sick of 1977 punk rock, bored by the dozens of fifth-rate imitators with nothing new to offer, frustrated by the audiences and their safety-pinned uniforms which have already become predictable and mindless.

There were only three punk acts that I considered worth seeing and one of those was too lethargic or self-important to face live gigs. Fortunately, Sham 69 were different.

Musically they owed everything to what had gone before. Their lyrics were strong in their innocence and every song had a simple, memorable hook. Solid stuff, but nothing different.

Jimmy Pursey is different.

He probably wouldn't like to be picked out from the rest of the band. Maybe he even hates the idea of being written about by the rock press at all, but everything you've read about him is true.

He's an average singer, a derivative stage performer, but he's also the most compulsive, rivetting, hypnotic Star (sorry, Jimmy) I've seen in recent memory. Only Pete Shelley compares, but in a totally opposite way.

Sadly, it's irrelevant to discuss the set in detail, because this gig was about violence rather than music.

A crew of authentic skinheads packed in front of the stage are chanting "United! United! Bootboys!" and associated pleasantries before the band even appear. Halfway through the first number, the capacity crowd erupts and surges back to avoid the inevitable brawl.

I saw three fights during the set, clinical face-to-face mouthwackings. Pursey was furious.

Twice he stopped the band to scream. "What do you think this is, a football match? We came here to enjoy ourselves, didn't we?"

No, they didn't.

The skins were waiting outside afterwards to challenge punks. Dozens of lawmen were wandering Wardour Street, their presence for once welcome.

"If you're gonna fight, we ain't playing again . . . anywhere!" yells Pursey. "I used to be a nobody . . . I don't need this. I can walk out tomorrow!"

Sham 69 are perfect because they are an exact reflection of today. 1976 was a year of enthusiasm, excitement novelty, of shaking people's fixed ideas with no holds barred.

1977 is a year of disillusionment, a sick tedious summer with society turning energy back on the catalysts in the form of violence or censorship.

This is a time of frustration and hatred and Sham 69 are staring into the darkness. Alone.

Kim Davis

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Tom Robinson; 7 McLaren; 8 T.V.Smith; 9 (Hall &) Oates; 10 "Changes"; 12 Max's (Kansas City); 14 "Seconds (Out)"; 15 "Instant (Karma)"; 17 Elvis Costello; 18 Julie (Covington); 19 Kiki (Dee); 21 Parsons; 23 Max Romeo; 24 "Tommy". **DOWN:** 1 Tom Verlaine; 2 Malcolm (McLaren); 3 Bee Gees; 4 Steve Hackett; 5 (Randy) Newman; 6 "(Seconds) Out"; 11 "God Only Knows"; 13 X-Ray Spex; 14 Stooges; 16 Savile; 18 Jimmy; 19 "Karma"; 20 Gram (Parsons); 21 Pogo; 22 Sire.

ACROSS

1 Gallantry after low profile in defiance of Cornwell, Burnel & Co. Cryptic, huh?
3 The lesser-known Traffic. (5, 4)
7 With cover artwork by A. Warhol, the Stones pledge their collective troth. (4, 3, 4)
10 See 22 down.
11 Original bassist with Rolling Stones, he went on to form the Pretty Things with Phil May. (4, 6)
13 and 25 Wait here Dave. Bang! (anag. 7, 5, 4)
15 Commercially hottest of the new wave bands.
16 and 18 Took over when the Rich Kid was dumped out.
17 Turner or Grocer.
19 Hash rag, man. (6, 4)
23 "Where Did Our Love Go" was their first UK hit.
24 See 4.
25 See 13.
26 Dan McCafferty's lot.
27 New wave preserve?

DOWN

1 Never mind "Viva Espana" here's the bollocks! (8, 2, 3, 3)
2 Sort of desert dub, dread in-a Cairo — or loopy Jonathan doing his stuff. (8, 6)
4 18 and 9 and 24 Spector's tour de force, snubbed by U.S. public — one of the reasons for his premature retirement.
5 Took over from 11 across.
6 Early Cockney Rebel hit. (4, 4)
8 See 16 across.
9 See 4.
12 Ex of N.Y.Dolls, formed Heartbreakers with Johnny Thunders. (5, 5)
14 Gregory the snitch.
18 See 4.
20 Now defunct they took their name from their keyboard playing leader.
21 Joni's last album.
22 and 10 Replaced Wilko in the Feelgoods.

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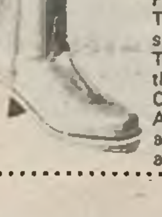

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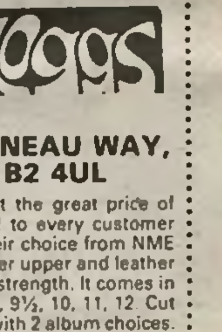

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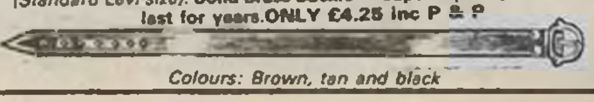

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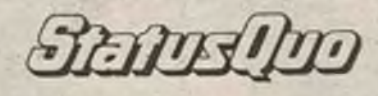

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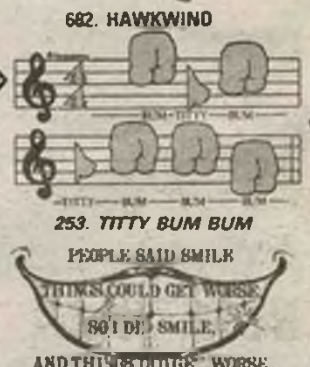

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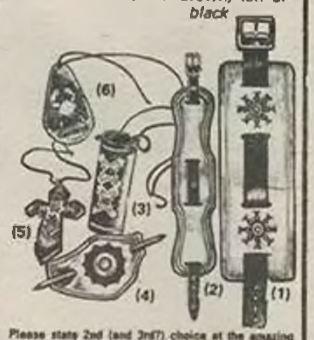

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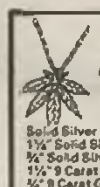

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CAREER OPPORTUNITIES

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/R & B drummer wanted. North London / Enfield area. Nick 01-366 2690.

SONIC GRASSLAND'S require bass guitarist for recording and gigs, into Zeppelin, Stones. Contact Nigel Dorrill, 13 Soho Square, London W1.

STRUGGLING GUITARIST lead / slide seeks other musicians, solid rock, R 'n' R, R & B, share interest. Write Paul 40 High St., Sturry, Kent.

NAME GROUP (theatrical rock) urgently require female lead and bass guitarist. Immediate work waiting. (No time wasters please). Phone Marilyn — 01-584 2902.

NEW WAVE drummer wanted. Must not be too experienced, but must live in N.E. London. Phone Kevin 01-551 2932.

YOUNG EXPERIENCED enthusiastic electric pianist required to complete original commercial rock band. Excellent recording, gigging prospects. Tony, Hatfield 63643 Now!

YOUNG DRUMMER for forming punk band, Camberley, Ascot area. Own gear essential. Marc, 45 Kingsway, Blackwater, Camberley, Surrey.

SOUTHAMPTON AREA. New wave bassist, drummer urgently required. Record deal imminent. No pensioners. Call, 24 Bonchurch Close, Bassett Green, Southampton.

PUNK LYRICIST (Pistols, Clash, Dolls) wants to contact brother / sister punks to form band. Phone 10am — 12am or 10pm or 10pm — 12pm weekdays (0268) 25353, Brian, Basildon.

DRUMMER FLEXIBLE efficient, wide minded, for original band ex-names. Rehearsing South Coast, conclusive accommodation available. Telephone 0304 20671 or 0304 207987.

DRUMMER, BASSIST / vocalist wanted to join 2 axe heroes in meaty rock band — no pros. Ring John, Walton-on-Thames 20158.

LUTON DRUMMER wanted. Upcoming R & B band. No previous gigging experience necessary. Phone Alan, Luton 596152.

CELLIST, BASSIST needed for newly forming group playing all original material. Details, contact 01-959 7207.

NEW WAVE artists, recording shortly, require proficient young lead guitarist with lotsa energy. 24 Bonchurch Close, Bassett Green, Southampton.

IMAGINATIVE MUSICIANS required. Bassist, vocalist and keyboardist to join rock / jazz band. Telephone Graham, Maidenhead 26800 or Kevin Maidenhead 27393.

KEEN UNMARRIED drummer needed for semi-pro rock band rehearsing near North London. Telephone evenings 01-807 9628 or 01-203 1640.

NEWER THAN new wave singer / songwriter guitarist seeks solid inventive band. Lead, bass, drums with own P.A. Phone 01-658 6792.

CHRISTI NME's actually got us a drummer, now how about a bassist to complete band, no punks. Gordon, Haddenham 291294 (daytime).

SONGWRITING DUO guitars / bass / mandolin) forming Richard Thompson / Byrds type band, need drummer and other musicians. Recording possibilities. Martyn, 01-904 3300.

DRUMMER FOR Uxbridge based band. Original material Lizzy / Rush — pro-outlook. Intensive rehearsals, work waiting. Transport essential. Phone Roy 01-575 3662.

EXPERIENCED TENOR / alto sax player wanted for a good jazz / rock band. Contact Angelle at 101 Halsbury Road East, Northolt, Middx.

CELLIST, BASSIST needed for newly forming group playing all original material: Details contact 01-959 7207.

DEDICATED GUITARIST wants to join new band. Am determined to succeed, prepared to move, can write. New-wave rooted style. Hastings 424380.

GUY, 19, bought guitar, too complicated so wishes to sing. Drummer, bass / lead guitarist, wishing to form new wave band. Telephone Dunstable 68854.

REALLY AWFUL electric piano player report for new orders. Be bold, ask for John Friday / Saturdays only. 01-221 4255.

LEAD GUITAR, drums, keyboards for Richmond rock band. Vocals and transport asset. No experience necessary. Phone Ren 01-876 7629 after 6pm.

IS THERE any good, and I mean good pro band out there who needs a better, crazier drummer? Phone 01-749 2937.

BASSIST, VOCALIST and guitarist required. Form group with drummer and guitarist. No pros / sulkers / punks. Ealing / Streatham area. 01-727 3283, Len.

VOCALIST / GUITARIST wants competent young band into Stranglers, Rods, Boomtowns, Skynyrd n'suchlike. No time wasters. Surrey area. Noel 01-546 4890.

ENTHUSIASTIC NO-EXPERIENCE f/vocalist (can learn instrument) seeks similar musicians early 20's to form heavy-rock / R&B band after lots of practice. Phone Moira 01-455 8258.

BASSIST FOR new wave future stars, now preparing for take off. No beginners, no Lumberjacks. Phone 01-328 0748 or 01-286 6542 (evenings).

BORED INEXPERIENCED enthusiastic musicians / people to join female vocalist early 20's to form heavy rock / R&B band. — Moira (01) 455 8258.

BASS / KEYBOARDS - tricksy - minimalist - respectively - no clever cloggs — well not too clever — just a bit — subversive mentality a help but not essential. Original material. Gigging soon. 01-969 3344.

GENUINE TALENT, wasted too long, seek bass, flute and management!! Futuristic acoustics, beyond acid, into new wave man. Jerry 'Mirror' 01-445 7245.

PUNKETTES WANTED to complete all girl group "XCETRA". If you can play anything or make suitable noises (?) we'd love to hear from you soon. Please phone 01-310 6682 and ask for Trace. Enthusiasm essential, exp. not essential.

EXCELLENT BASSIST required exciting and creative funk / punk / jazz / reggae fusion band with revolutionary commitment. Now, no ties. Stu, 01-986 7561.

GUITARIST SEEKS amateur musicians for jamming or band in Crystal Palace, Dulwich area. Fun only. Phone Alan 01-670 0881 after 6pm.

GOOD, SOUND guitarist and drummer. Transport an asset. Into Bowie, Cosmos. No stiffs. Phone 01-876 9449.

AMATEUR BUT good musicians wanted to form a group with great prospects. Good gear and transport essential. 01-828 2537 after 6pm.

DRIBBLING SNOTS (punk group) seek pogo style bass player. Good pickers and blowers only need apply. Bazza. Phone 01-727 8070 daytime.

WOULD CHRIS (drums) and PAUL (guitar) please ring Tim urgently where they will hear something to their advantage! 01 751 2974.

CREATIVE BASS / vocals required now! to complete line-up of modern psychedelic outfit. Own gear and transport necessary. 01-852 1329.

VERY GOOD DRUMMER for perfect semi-pro band. 01-642 9382.

BASS GUITARIST wanted for punk group. Mark Brown, 37 Fairway, Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

LEAD GUITARIST wanted by the Abortions. Punk only, no posers. Own material, ambitious, perverted, warped and 18 minus. 01-670 9586.

VOCALS, BASS wanted to join lead and rhythm guitarists and drummer into hard rock. Phone Geoff Moss, Runfold 2826, daytime.

LEAD GUITARISTS could you be an abortion? We want an aborted punk to help a band. No posers. Evenings 01-670 9586.

URGENT, NEW wave band need lead guitarist and drummer. Must be determined. Ready for big time. Write or call Sparky, 67 Kenworthy Road, Hackney, E.9.

BASSIST REQUIRED for over-the-top metal trio now rehearsing, gigging soon. Phone 01-229 8219 and leave number for John to ring you on.

SECOND HAND bass player wanted. Four fingers o.n.o. Phone Graham 01 736 5219 anytime. Yes, even you!

MANIC DRUMMER. Male/female for punk band. Transport essential. Phone Lance, 01 200 0202 or Steve 01 958 5047.

GUITAR (LEAD), for anarchistic, eccentric, nihilistic, venomous, ugly group. Play no tunes, rythms, beats. Just twangs away. W12 spots. Ring Sue 01 937 1234 X 7251.

LEAD GUITARIST and drummer (good gear) need other musicians to form rock band. No punks or funks. Good gear essential. Phone Harlow 30626.

ARE YOU loud, tight, ambitious? Drums, Bass/vocalist needed for R & R / Newwave combo. West London area. 01 567 2550 after 6 pm.

BASS, VOCALS wanted for RMS, old wave rock band with Hendrix, Stones, Cream, Who, Free influences. Phone Tak, Aldershot 23418.

ADVENTUROUS SAXOPHONE player required for rehearsing new wave band. - Enthusiasm essential. Contact Jezz 01 734 8242 Ext 256 (day), 01 556 2205 (evenings). Don't delay, we need you.

PUNK DRUMMER wanted for energetic new wave band. Willing to rehearse, work waiting. Phone Nick 01 994 3870.

UNBIASED MUSICIANS required for writer of songs. Young record company interested. All instruments required. 01 883 0232.

FEMALE VOCALIST into Iggy, New Wave, wants to form band. Anyone write, pros or not! Lust and life essential. Dolly, St. Paul's House, 87 St. Paul's Road, Southsea, Portsmouth.

HOWARD BOSSICK requires punk drummer for future gigs in Croydon area. Must be fast, pogoing type. Ring 01 653 6622.

SONGWRITER, GUITARIST into Yank 'noowave' stiff and R & B seeks competent musicians to form band. Patrick, 25 Vauxhall Grove, SW8.

DRUMS PLUS someone who can play 'em wanted by mucho tight band. Ring Jim 01 272 5873 or John, Hornchurch 54515. Pronto!

VOCALISTS WANTED

FEMALE VOCALIST must be versatile, attractive and able to sing in tune!!! (for soft rock, semi-pro band) Telephone Doug, 01-393 4435.

GOOD VOCALIST wanted for heavy rock band. Own gear essential, between 17-22. Ring Dean, 01-656 0238.

FEMALE VOCALIST required for melodic rock band rehearsing in Amersham area. Phone Brian, West Drayton 45660 after 6 pm most days.

LEAD VOCALIST for Uxbridge based band. Original material. Lizzy/Rush, complex rock, pro-outlook. Rehearsals, work waiting. Phone Roy 01-573 3662.

VOCALIST WANTED for newly formed, new wave influenced band. No experience. Equipment if possible. Must be local. 14-16 years. Phone Horley 71122.

VIXEN WANT a dynamic vocalist frontman into B.O.C, Alice Cooper, etc. We're no punk or old wave. Malcolm 01-449 6644 (evenings).

FEMALE VOCALIST/keyboards player needed for newly formed band. Phone Terry 01-980 8593 for details. Evenings only.

VOCALIST REQUIRED to join band. Rhythm guitarist preferably. P.A. an asset. Any interested callers welcome. Braintree 25558.

WORK WANTED

VOCALIST SEEKS work with natural band. Phone Horsham 69548. Punk, new wave, heavy rock.

AXE VICTIM seeks well paid working band into Faces, BeBop. Own gear, transport. No punks, junks, alchoes. Tony Cranleigh 6030. After 6.30 pm.

VOCALIST/LYRICIST wants to form/join Heavy Metal band. Into Purple, Sabbath, Rainbow, Yes. Ring Robert, Rangeworthy 597. No own gear.

CAPTAIN FELLATIO ain't no musician. Does have words, ideas, voice?? Call 17, Berrycombe Road, Bodmin. Ring 0208 2858. Hello D. D. and Blitz (etc).

PUNK GUITARIST around 17 wanted to complete group. Must be into reggae. No ego trippers. Ring Ike, Bristols 672455 today!

HANDY GUITARIST. No gig experience seeks similar musicians (primarily) just to play. Write: Winston, Chilteden, New Road, Draycott, Cheddar, Somerset.

ALL KINDS of musicians wanted to try and form group (amateurs). Telephone Cardiff 45243 weekends 7 till 10.

IMAGINATIVE INSTRUMENTALISTS with jazz learnings and balls welcomed by lonely bass and drums. — Mark, Melksham 704038 or Keri, Trowbridge 63908 — evenings.

VOCALISTS WANTED

FREDDIE MERCURY type, required by group, Cheltenham based. Please phone Bishops Cleeve 2182.

YOUNG VOCALIST required for Neil Young, Steely Dan, new wave inspired band who write their own material. Phone Bristol 651866.

WORK WANTED

ACCOUSTIC GUITARIST wishes to join or form group. Also writes own music. Hurry! Bethesda 600238 (Ian).

EXPERIENCED DRUMMER 18, excellent kit, seeks good pro/semi-pro rock band. No time wasters please. Phone Cardiff 763066. 6-7 pm.

SELL YOUR INSTRUMENTS IN THE N.M.E.

It's only 10p a word!

MIDLANDS

MUSICIANS WANTED

GUITARIST/VOCALIST wants to join tight young band. Influences include UFO, Pistols, Boomtowns, Motors, 'n' stuff. Surrey area. Noel, 01-546 4890.

RHYTHM GUITARIST seeks to join/form new wave band. Ideas more than talent. Contact Alex, 126 Evelyn Street, Deptford SE8.

CLOUDY ELUSIVE lyricist singer needs guitarist/rock band for work anywhere. Totally imaginative, competent, original creative lyrics. 7 Brinton Walk, Nicholson St., London SE1.

AUSTRALIAN GUITARIST wanting to jam/join or form band with local musicians. John, Flat 30, Monkridge, Haslemere Road, London N8.

GUITARIST SEEKS to join/form punk or heavy metal band. Has own gear. North London area. 01-804 0056.

DRUMMER WANTS a group, please. Slit rockers only, well mostly. In Brighton would be nice. Phone Carl, Handcross 400768.

FEMALE SINGER wants band into blues and rock with pro intention and a crazy sense of humour! (hardworking). Carolyne 01-937 8080.

DRUMMER WITH guts wants a band with guts (also writes lyrics) good Premier kit but no transport. Phone Steve, 01-851 3753.

NEW WAVE. Bowie, vocalist, lyricist wants to form band or join existing one, for Rock 'n' roll suicide. 01-941 0355.

GUITARIST SEEKS to join/form Nils Lofgren type band. No previous experience, many other influences. Nick Reade, The Elms, Bassetts Lane, Willingale, Essex.

SOUTH W.

MUSICIANS WANTED

BASSIST AND drummer needed urgently for humourous new, new wave duo. Own material. Must be ambitious. Phone Dave, Trowbridge 3735.

INEXPERIENCED GUITARIST seeks similar young (16-19) musicians, rehearse, form rivvum and blooze boogie band (Feelgoods, Quo). Ring Lee, Bridgwater 57877.

NEW WAVE VOCALIST/bass amateur wants keen amateur punks for making music. Anything considered. Own gear helps. Phone Swindon 763001.

COUNTRY/ROCK guitarist, vocals essential. Own transport and good gear preferred. John 021-449 0293.

TEST TUBE Babies, hot local punk combo want good drummer. Work waiting. Ring Tony, Shirebrook 2169.

DYNAMIC BASS and drums wanted for new recording band. Write for details: "Selbourne", Meddins Lane, Kinver, West Midlands DY76BZ.

BASS, KEYBOARDS for jazz-funk outfit. 16-20. Lifetime Jeff Beck influence, rehearsal facilities needed. Phone Dave after six. Walsall 29573.

BASS PLAYER needed to form punk band. 15-18 Coventry area. Learner acceptable but must be dedicated. Ring John (Potters Green, Coventry) 611517.

DRUMS NEEDED quickly for new wave band. Gigs will be ready when we are. Phone Jim on Brierley Hill 77709.

WANTED DEAD or alive pianist flautist, bassist, percussionists, singers, guitarist to join me for new venture. Please phone Mr Boat, Rugby 890504.

THE BEST undiscovered punk combo around want a good drummer who wants to be famous. Ring Tony, Shirebrook 2169.

STOKE BASED heavy rock band, 'Forbidden Image', require drummer 16-19. Kit essential, experience not. 'Purple/Free' type band. No punk! Write: Tony, 40 Pembridge Road, Blurton, S.O.T.

VOCALISTS WANTED

DYNAMIC VOCALIST for new recording rock band. Send for details giving past experience "Selbourne", Meddins Lane, Kinver, West Midlands DY 76BZ.

WORK WANTED

GUY WANTS to join band as singer, no live experience. Will work hard. Write: C White, 36 Latimer Close, Burton Latimer, Northants.

BASS GUITARIST, experienced, versatile, pro, 25. Good gear, seeks group or band with work at home or abroad, all offers considered. Phone 0905 425769. 6 pm — 7.30. Ask for Ted.

FEMALE GUITARIST rhythm/bass, harmony vocals seeks to join/form female country/rock group. Notts/Derby area. Chris, 67 Corn Close, South Normanton, Derbys.

VOCALIST WANTS work in band. Rock, new wave etc. 6 foot python willing to assist! Gary, 31 Edison Road, Stafford, o.k.

LEAD GUITARIST wanted by ambitious Coventry New Wave Band with gigs waiting. Must be adventurous. Interested? Write to: Max, 53 Burns Road, Wykes, Coventry.

E. ANGLIA

MUSICIANS WANTED

BASSIST/KEYBOARDS players required to form new band. Probably jazz-rock, blues, R 'n' B but who knows. Phone Nik Sheppard, Colchester 41839.

MUSICIAN WANTED. Rhythm guitarist wants to join or form heavy rock group. No experience needed. 15 Saffron Square, Catton, Norwich.

DRUMMER/BASSIST joining vocals, keyboard, guitar about 17 years. Into Animals, Beatles, Faces, Stones, etc. Proficient but no pros. Phone Cambridge 312563 evenings.

DRUMMER WANTED for pro-rock band. Original material, standards. Phone Cambridge 0223 880629 or 45559.

CAMBRIDGE AREA: Able bassist and drummer wanted (16-18) for new wave band. (No incompetents please). Phone Shelford 3631 after 6pm.

NORTH

MUSICIANS WANTED

POWERFUL VOCALIST and drummer plus PA required to form rock/new wave band. Hard workers. Ring Rod, Wakefield 257063.

TALENTED GUITARIST all styles, seeks Manchester band, new wavish, all offers welcome. Ring Kev, 061-766 5930 after 6 pm.

TYNESIDE, IMAGINATIVE, rhythmic and demented 'musicians' to form new wave group. Into Eno, Velvets, Buzzcocks. Andy, Newcastle 28935, early evenings.

MANCHESTER BASSIST needed for original new wave band. Phone Greg, 788 9608.

VOCALIST REQUIRES musicians/writers to form new wave group in or around Grimsby. Phone Carl, Grimsby 813411.

DRUMMER WANTED for new four piece group. Hard worker with no ties and pro-intentions. Ring Alan, Coxhoe 770687.

ARCHETYPAL HIPPIE instrumentalists to fuse drummer John and Jerry guitar. John, Leeds 675888 or Jery, 7 Rochester Terrace, Leeds 6. Peace.

DRUMMER WANTED for rehearsing band — good. Rock/jazz/funk music, excellent future in store for the right one. Halifax-Rochdale area. Hebden-Bridge 4271.

GOOD BASS guitarist (17-21) with own equipment and transport needed for Liverpool new wave band, work waiting. Phone Mick, 051-427 5298.

CO-SONGWRITER WANTED into funk, Costello, Joni, Sparks, 'Blakwax' lyrics, songs for vocalist/bassist forming band. Jonjo, 70 Harcourt Road, Sheffield.

BASSMAN WANTS to join fast, funky, punky band. Phone Mike, Halifax 58587.

GIRL/BOY drummer for new wave band. Must be good. Phone Warrington 68911 day/night.

BASSIST AND drummer Manchester area. Seek silly rhythm guitarist. No experience necessary. Phone 338-4446 (Dunkinfield) after 7 pm.

THREE AMATEURS require two similar people to form group 15-19. Bring own gear, irregular rehearsals. Windermere/Kendal area. Juke 09662-3494.

GUITARIST WANTED by The Fall. Imagination and gear. Phone Karl on 798-9939.

RHYTHM GUITARIST and bass seek absolutely anybody to form rock band in York. Phone Dave, York 791720.

GUITARIST/DRUMMER wanted to form first progressive new wave band??? with guitarist/bassist. Own material, North Liverpool area. Greg 051-525 9908.

SHEFFIELD-DRUMMER wanted for heavy three piece. Kit available but must have ability to drum. Socialist in outlook. Phone 331072.

COUNTRY MUSIC Acoustic guitar, vocals, interested in forming Waylon Jennings style band. Wants to hear from lead/rhythm, bass, vocals. Has no amps but could if it works out. Tom 051-645 4633 after 6 pm.

SOLID DRUMMER wanted for new band. Transport an asset. Enthusiasm for new styles essential. Write, Charlie, 73 Radford Boulevard, Nottingham.

YOUNG EXPERIENCED R & B — New wave guitarist seeks good band. Brian 021-477 7286 after 6.00 pm.

YOUNG BASS player for new wave styled band named 'Art Failure'. Equipment essential, transport helpful. Nottingham area. Neil, Nottingham 609343.

AMBITIOUS VOCALIST requires backing group with own gear. Reply to Mr Southall, Mount Hotel, Mount Road, Tettenhall Wood, Wolverhampton.

MUCUS MEMBRANCE has fab sounds — need up-tempo, with-it beat combo, female doo-wop trio. No prospects. 7 Oldmill Close, Wantage, Oxon.

DRUMMER, BASS wanted, into Alice, Bowie, Pistols etc. Just starting. Write, Gary, 31 Edison Road, Stafford.

BASSIST REQUIRED for rock night club group. Ready for road in April. Budgie, Purple, Free influence. Ring Dave, Atherstone 67213.

WANTED: BASS/drums/vocalist interested in trying to form band with guitarist into punk. Some gear. Ring Cris, Notts 202898.

BERLIN NEW wave/reggae/dub band require solid bassist and drummer. Grantham/Nottingham area. Urgent Gigs available, ring 0476 61577.

VOCALISTS WANTED

OLDHAM ROCK band need good vocalist with own P.A. Write Legende, 22 Cambridge Street, Royton, Oldham, Lancs.

WORK WANTED

BASSIST, 19, own gear, wants in with hard working band, Leeds/York area. Anything considered — Telephone Rufforth 289.

NEW WAVE guitarist seeks work with Pistols, Cash influenced band. Ring Bobby, 051-228 8567.

GIRL/VOCALIST/songwriter (21), acoustic/electric guitars, seeks pro-minded group into Harmony. Wendy, 202 Wilson Terrace, Spittal, Berwick-on-Tweed.

SCOTLAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

AMERICAN GUITARIST needs people to jam and exchange ideas. Aberdeen Fraserburgh area. Dave Zagrosky, 3 Mains of Cairnbulg, Fraserburgh AB4 5TQ.

VOCALIST/DRUMMER required for Rock band in Glasgow area. Own gear needed. No experience necessary. Into Free, Pistols. Phone Cumbernauld 21840.

VOCALISTS WANTED

FEMALE VOCALIST (Glasgow area) required for Country-rock band reforming. Contact John, 041-334 7782.

WORK WANTED

VERSATILE GUITARIST — lead rhythm and/or bass —seeks club band in Edinburgh area. Have good equipment and transport. Phone Bill 031-445 3844.

PROFESSIONAL DRUMMER/vocals seeks working band. Excellent reader plays with taste to powerhouse. Would consider North of England if lucrative offer. Transport. (Edinburgh) 031-653 4356.

SOUND ENGINEER seeks work with band. Pro, experienced. Consider anything. Bill Marshall, 55 Glendevon Place, Edinburgh. 031-337 4189.

IRELAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

NEW WAVE guitarist wanted for Belfast group. Enthusiasm a must. Phone Tom, Belfast 753151, preferably after 5pm. No posers.

BILLIE DOLLS and Shakey seek three musical extroverts 15-18 to form all-girl rock band. No punks. Belfast area. Whiteabbey 62571.

GUITARIST SEEKS others of similar taste to start group or join existing one. Into Steelye Dan, Stones, MCS, Sex Pistols etc. Call or phone Belfast 770006, 112 Fitzroy Ave, Ormeau Road. (Weekends only).

BASSIST FOR high energy new wave band wanted. Must have ambition, competence and equipment, transport an asset. Phone Andrew 662082 (Belfast).

WASHBOARD JUNCTION wish to expand to a four piece skiffle band. We need a zany percussionist and humourous multi-instrumentalist with just a little knowledge of skiffle or jug band music. Phone Mark at Dublin 288-052.

NME FREE CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

FILL IN THIS FORM (USING BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE) AND SEND TO: PETER RHODES, NME FREE CLASSIFIED OFFER, ROOM 2529, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

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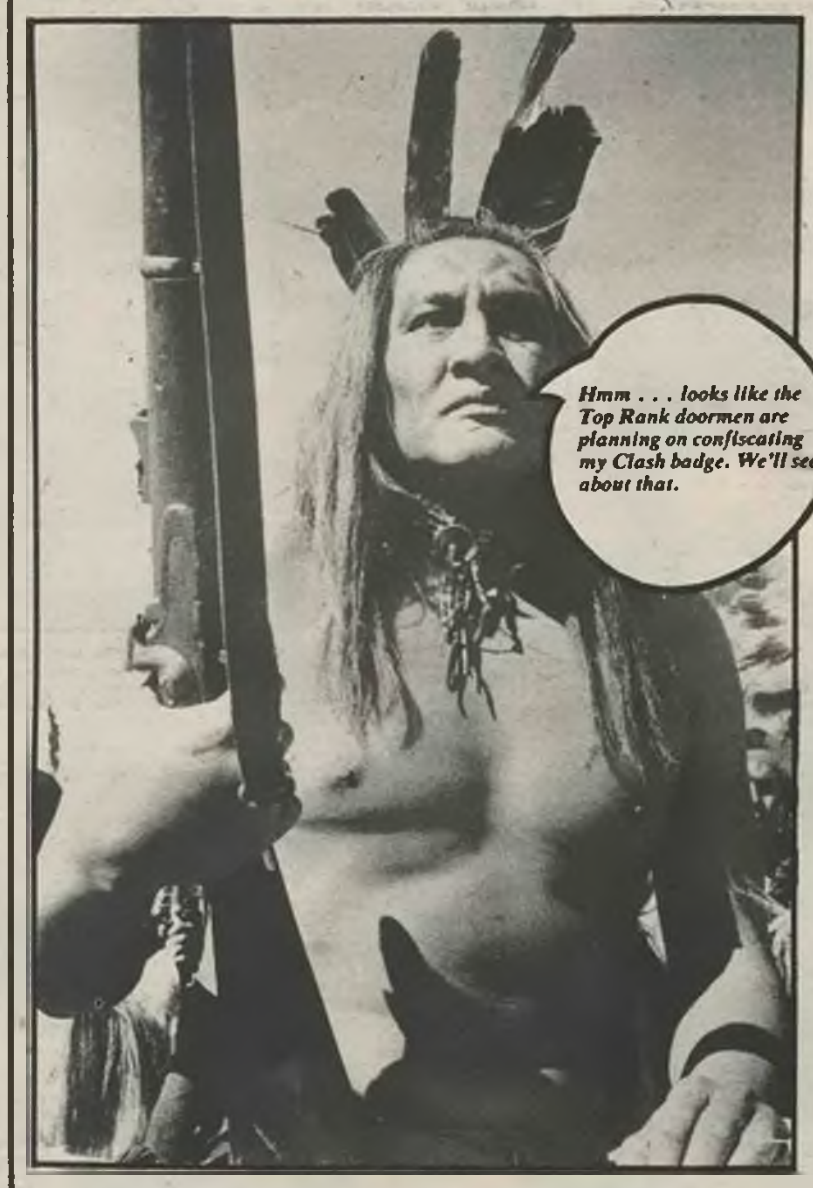

RED BAG

(No, not Commies ya fool, Indians.)

DEAR STEVE CLARK, Re. your review of Neil Young's "Decade" album (*NME*, 12th Nov.); you state that his one time band Crazy Horse was named after a chief of the Cochise Indians.

First off Crazy Horse was a war leader and medicine man of the Oglala Sioux Indians of the northen plains of America (see Mari Sandoz's *Crazy Horse: the Strange Man of the Oglalas: A Biography*, University of Nebraska Press), who, very sadly, was despatched from this world by the cold-bloodied hands of American troopers in about 1877; the exact date is not known and can only be guessed at. He was in fact murdered (stabbed from behing with a bayonet) by the soldiers while in captivity (voluntary captivity I might add), and was said to have immediately set up a strange chanting and singing which frightened everyone present, soldiers and Indians; his death song.

Second off, there was no such tribe of Indians as Cochise Indians. Cochise was in fact the war leader and subsequent chief of the Chiricahua Apaches, who became even more famous as a tribe later on in the 1880's under the leadership of the most famous and notorious Bedonlohe Apache, Geronimo. Cochise died of an (unspecified) illness on June 8th, 1874, the cause of which was subsequently traced to an enemy of the old chief of the tribe, who had bewitched him, for what reason no one knew then and no one knows now (see Dan L. Thrapp, *Victorio and the Mimbres Apaches*, University of Oklahoma Press, 1974, first edition).

I hope this clarifies the confusion some of your readers might have experienced at the sudden change of Crazy Horse's allegiance, especially when one considers that, over the years (oh too many to recount now), and via the dubious teachings of Hollywood, they have been forced to acquaint themselves with the fact he was a Sioux Indian. And likewise Cochise and Apache Indian.

I hope you will not hold it against me or think me a conceited old bore for correcting you, not that it would matter one way or the other whether you did or not. Knife to your scalp!
STANLEY CANNING.
Warwick.
Please, I beg you, no smart ass retorts at the end of my letter by way of a reasoned, structured reply.

Smartass about Red Indians? Who me? No way — everyone knows Crazy Horse was the original punk . . . seriously though, your scholarship and regard for a civilisation and race virtually extinguished by American genocide fills me with awe. Sorry about Clarke's ignorance, but he's a game lad. Quick, duck! Here comes this week's Clash Letter. — N.S.

THIS IS what happened to me on the might of the 7th November, when I went to Birmingham to see The Clash.

I arrived at 7.45 at the Top Rank Suite to find a queue stretching back halfway down the street (the show was due to roll at 7.30). I had to wait 1½ hours to get to the door.

The reason for this was that all chains, dog collars, badges, safety pins and even paper clips were having to be removed, and dumped into trash cans.

I removed all of my decorations, except my chain and lock which could not be unlocked — no keys. I didn't even know if I would ever see any of them again, as no one said anything about collecting them (no one under 18 was allowed in, incidentally, and the Brum cops were out to "supervise").

So, it was now 9.25, and still no action. Suddenly, on came Richard Hell & The Voidoids. They played a 20 minute set, and then gave up, due to heavy gobbing. I then went and reclaimed my regalia which was still where it had been put (surprise), and had to leave to catch the 10.15 train (last one) from New Street station.

I paid £1.75 for the ticket, my train fare, and I lost a badge, all for 20 minutes of lacklustre "entertainment". (And got treated like baggage into the bargain).

The Clash shout about rioting, but all the crowd took it without a whimper. No fun!
PHIL CLARKE

This sort of thing doesn't happen at student gigs. (That'll stir it up). — N.S.

CAN ANYBODY be foolish enough to imagine that the new wave scene is still with us? It has been manipulated by businessmen more easily than anything I can remember. The initial hope it conveyed has been totally destroyed by bandwagoners and hypers.

All the people who felt part of the scene in summer '76, and I include myself, were an innovative minority whose originality has been ruthlessly exploited by vultures and opportunists. I hope the original members of the scene will support my views. Mark Perry himself admits there is no scene left.

Bands are appearing left right and centre with nothing original to offer and wanting to do nothing but make a quick buck by conning their plastic audiences that they are new wave. It is not so much these bands that are to blame but those who control them. The [redacted] for example (a group of rock musicians told to cut their hair and dye it blonde and adopt a punk stance) perform their set with clinical precision. But can't people see through them? They own more equipment than all the original bands put together. I hope these people admit responsibility for destroying the original scene. These people laugh at the "punks" behind their backs. Safety pins are dead, so are "destroy" T-shirts (doesn't mail order punk gear make everybody sick?).

The scene is dead — but I am not sorry. I feel something new and great is about to happen again. Something interested in creating and not purely in making money. I hope you will print this letter — I know it could get you into trouble. The truth is always dangerous. I have remained anonymous for fear of repercussions.

Sounds heavy. Can't think who's gonna get you though, especially as we took out the libels from your letter. Post-punk creativity? Hope so. N.S.

1977 MAY have been the year in which the 70's came into perspective, but in the case of *NME*, it's a pretty distorted perspective. By classifying the music of the 70's from a post new-wave viewpoint, you've all too frequently falsified the music as it was when it was happening.

One example will make my point. Tony Parsons, in his article on punk, writes that the 'Glitter' stars were soon "as tedious as Old Warhorse geriatrics like The Stones, The Who. . . "Well, a quick look at *NME's* of 2 or 3 years ago revealed repeated ecstatic accounts of The Who. Just about every *NME* writer voiced his opinion that The Who were the greatest rock band in the world etc. Pete Townshend is probably amused at the volte-face, but it does seem a little too like the Ministry of Truth — punk rock takes over, so previous history is brought up to date in accordance with current punk dogma: all old *NME's* to be destroyed.

Incidentally, why are you so eagerly alert to any evidence of "New Wave disillusionment" *(Teazers)*? Are you impatient for its demise, so that you can write neatly finished histories of it?

Is this letter too serious to get printed?
CHRIS EVA, Cambridge.
Absolutely. — N.S.

I'VE JUST read the article on Punk in the "Consumer's Guide to the 70's" series, and while I agree with its conclusions (in the main) there's a few points I'd like to add.

1. Tony Parsons' comments on Punk's early days were all about London. I live in the Midlands and didn't even *hear* about the new wave until it was supposedly dead on its bondage strides. So how do I support this fading movement? Do I tell you or it to piss off?

2. Although the "first" wave of new wavers seems to be fading (except the Pistols) the second and third are still very much operative, *and* they haven't sold out.

3. Did you really except the new wave to change things? (almost a T. V. Smith line, that). *No* musical movement will change social conditions, living standards etc "at a stroke". Music's not for that. It's for pogoing, idiot dancing, boogieing, or foxtrotting to whatever happens to be your particular bent. Think on 't.
P. D. CLARKE (New Waveoid), The Midlands

1. Don't follow leaders, especially when they live in London. 2. Sure. 3. Yes. What's more New Wave *has* changed things no end — you've just got a short memory. — N.S.

EVERY SO often you get some thick bastard trying to be clever by pointing out the word 'Musical' is your name. If the genius from last week's letter page wants nothing but music he should read the bloody *Melody Maker*, they even have essay competitions for him to exercise his mind.

There are a lot of us out here who care about animals and who every day have to accept that all you jolly folk out there are cramming your bilious bodies with slaughtered creatures. But we're not supposed to say or do anything, we just have to watch obscene adverts telling us all how jolly it is to eat them, how much fun it is to wear them and how important it is that we keep their number down.

Thank you *NME* for sparing some thought for all those persecuted souls, and balls to the rest of you.
CLIVE WHITELOCK, High Wycombe, Bucks.

Thank you for your article on *Barbarians in the U.K.* It was welcome publicity. But Julie Birchill seems to think that upsetting fat rich slobs is the main idea behind being a hunt saboteur. It is not. Saving wild animals is the main aim, any upsetting of the hunters is just a welcome bonus. After all some of the sabs are fat, some are rich, some are slobs.

You do not have to be rich to enjoy sadistic mutilation of harmless wild animals, You do not have to be poor to attempt to stop the sadistic mutilation.

Could I also give some publicity to a Hunt Saboteurs collective Benefit called White Rabbit. It will be held on Saturday, 19th of November at 7.30 to 12.00 in Devonshire House, Exeter University.
A. SAB, Exeter.

ANDY GILL wrote a review of the Chris Spedding gig at Sheffield for *NME (5/11/77)* which was nothing short of ignorant.

Instead of reviewing the gig objectively, his whole piece was based on a preconception drawn from Spedding's "story so far". Likening Spedding to a "note-perfect concert pianist who's practised so hard he's ironed out any personal peculiarities, thus preventing himself from making any personal musical contribution to a piece" is not only pretentious enough for *Pseud's Corner* but also wrong.

First off, Spedding's guitar sound is tougher, thicker and more individually recognisable than any guitarist I know. His basic rhythm style (head-banging eight-to-the-bar, with which he pre-dated the new wave by several years) is built on a simple fifth at the pointed end of the guitar, which any non-virtuoso idiot could play after five minutes watching him, if only they had his style.

Even so, to suggest that technical virtuosity (do you really know how to recognise it?) negates inspiration is a load of bollocks. I could (but won't) name ten leading guitarists with the "virtuosity" of Spedding who couldn't even piss as high as him when it comes to inspiration and feel.

To penalise him for his session work ("jobsworth fretboard technician") is like penalising a novelist for once having been a brilliant journalist. Next you'll be telling us that Beethoven had no inspiration because he could read music.

Of course, if you didn't like the gig, Andy, you are entitled to say so, but the reasons you gave were pathetic.

Anyway, I thought rock 'n' roll was for enjoying yourself and jumping up and down. I saw Spedding at the Croydon Greyhound last week and there were plenty of people jumping up and down.
MIKE BATT, No fixed address.
P.S. By the way, if anyone wants to know why I haven't grabbed myself a nice lucrative punk band to produce, read the last paragraph of Tony Parsons' excellent appraisal of "Punk" on page 23 of *NME* Oct 29th.

After all those hit records Mike, I'm sure you don't *need* a nice lucrative punk band. I'm also sure Andy wasn't suggesting technical virtuosity precludes inspiration (I mean, him a Steely Dan fanatic and all); simply that in Mr. S's case the former outweighs the latter, an opinion shared by not a few others here at *NME* (sorry — you wouldn't want me to lie now would you?). Back in yer Womble suit and start jumping up and down. Personally I've always preferred dancing. — N.S.

THIS WON'T be one of the hundreds of letters you'll get this week moaning about the Pistols album or a letter congratulating Julie Burchill on marrying Tony (gulp) Parsons instead of Joey Ramone.

I am writing to say that in the last year of so the New Wave has produced more young female talented and tasty artists than the rest of history put together, thus making music a lot more enjoyable i.e. Celia (of Mutations), Gaye Advert, Patti Smith, Poly Styrene, The Slits, Blondie and Tina Weymouth (cute). But can you tell us who the lead singer of La Belle Epoche is and what chances have have I got of making it with her?
JIM BROOKS.

With the rest of your musical taste so out of touch with hers, very little I'd say. — N.S.

WHERE WERE you Velda when we needed you — Tony and Julie, now there was a *real* story.
PSEUD O'NYM.

Velda sent in the story from her LA hideaway, but it was, my dears, just too hot for even the *NMW* TO HANDLE. Gracious. V.D.

Q: I SAY, I say, I say. What do you get if you put Elvis Costello in your fridge?
A: A Frozen Stiff!
Ha, Ha, Ha. Alright, don't laugh then.
JULIE BURCHILL'S CHAPERONE, Carshalton Beeches, Surrey.

Julie would never be escorted by anyone from Carshalton. Think other credibility. — N.S.

WE AT Grouchos say Abbot is Costello.
BOZO McTOZO and FLAKERS McDAKERS, Grouchos, Exeter.

This smart-ass one-liner business is getting a bit desperate isn't it? — N.S.

Jolly Bagman: NEIL SPENCER

Remember: Post your most to GASBAG, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1B 1PG.

MONSTROUS BARGAINS!

(BUDGET AD FOR A HALF PAGE RECORD)

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teazers

YOU KNOW ALL this "Bollocks" about **The Sex Pistols**, right? Well, it's refusing to go away. It seems that the polce — apparently unperturbed by the alarming increases in armed robbery, mugging, football hooliganism and teenage prostitution — are not only hassling independent record shops under the 1889 Indecent Advertisements Act, but also some equally antique Vagrancy Act.

American pop artist **Jim Dine** was done under this by-law back in the '60s for exhibiting drawings featuring people's naughty bits. And now the dear old "Bollocks" album is, by virtue of its window displays, suffering the same fate.

The Vagrancy Act, by the way, was originally intended to prohibit veterans of the Napoléonic Wars exhibiting their wounds and stumps etc. for the purpose of begging.

Not even readers of the august *Sunday Times* are safe from the onslaughts of **Los Pistoleros,** for there, on the back page at the weekend, was an interview with manager **Malcolm McLaren** — enough to spoil your porridge and curl your kippers. "Yeah", said McLaren, referring to the lads, "You could say we hate each other's guts." In an engagingly sardonic piece, McLaren also gave the game away regarding, 'ow you say, *le punque:* "Christ, if people bought the records for the music, this thing would have died the death long since . . ."

However, 30-year-old McLaren, the world's first self-proclaimed *nouveau riche* punk's punk, is still pulling Les Pistles' strings. **J Rotten,** having enjoyed a recent **Hawkwind** gig, was asked by Charisma Records to write a review but Talcy Malcy nixed it . . .

Following last week's *T-Zer*, incidentally, one of **Stuart Henry**'s jingles for his new New Wave Radio Luxembourg show boasts the line: "The station that doesn't ignore The Sex Pistols". Better late than never, we suppose . . .

The boys, without Rotten, joined in the ligging at **The Runaways'** post-tour party during the course of which a 20-stone pumping-iron muscle-bound male stripper called **Roy** burst forth from a giant cake. Giggling **Vicki Blue** and guffawing **Sandy West** joined in a shambling rhumba with Roy before he dispensed with his G-string . . .

A more sombre note was struck when it was discovered that pro-National Front propaganda adorned the back of the bar. Phonogram PR **Lon Goddard,** aided by a **Rezillo,** swiftly removed the offending material as **Debbie Harry** spat: "Nazis suck!" . . .

Not in attendance were **999,** support act on the tour. Relations between them and The Runaways soured as swiftly as the first night, after **Pablo Labritain** broke down a Sheffield hotel door in his tireless efforts to get at Sandy West. A screaming Sandy was not amused and 999 were threatened with expulsion from the tour . . .

But they played in Birmingham the following evening, with The Runaways supporting *them*. The girls opted to go on first as it was a high-risk power cut night. 999 went down a storm, the girls looked a bit silly and verbal communication ceased forthwith . . .

"*AT LEAST IT was a fruit pie," joked anti-gay crusader Anita Bryant moments after being zapped in the mooey by a banana-cream confection (right), hurled at her by gay demonstrator Thom Higgins during a televised press conference in Des Moines, Iowa.*

Singer/poet Rod McKuen — a vigorous campaigner against Miss Bryant — actually witnessed the incident: "After the whap, there was this big silence. Suddenly, someone said 'Get him', but her husband said 'No, no, let him go. He's a sick man'."

After her initial witticism, Miss Bryant — a former beauty queen (Couldn't you have picked another word? — ed.) — began to pray and then started crying, saying "I don't know what I've done that would bring this about."

Someone yelled: "Maybe your inciting three or four people to commit murder." Miss Bryant, a sort of singing American Mary Whitehouse, is at present being sued by the mother of one murdered homosexual.

Although Miss Bryant's husband had publicly joined in prayers of forgiveness for the

demonstrator, outside the studio he snatched another pie from Higgins' lover and tossed it in his face.

"How do you like it, fella?" he jeered.

Miss Bryant's notoriety has spread as far as Europe, where Austrian singer Manfred Langer has released a single protesting her activities.

AS YOU can see, it's not always terribly chummy in the dizzy world of pop. Like, f'rinstance, **The Clash** refusing to have **The Pirates** on the same *So It Goes* show as them. Officially, it's because they feel their unruly followers would give The Pirates a hard time. But could be it be closer to the truth that **Strummer** and Co were afraid of being urinated upon from a great height by **Green**'s experienced combo? . . .

Is **Elvis Costello** considering a drastic change of stage image? Answer came their affirmative. But before **The Attractions** allow him to do it, they want new boots and panties too . . .

Jake "Don't quote me" **Riviera** has signed Elvis to a half million dollar deal for North America and Japan . . .

Meanwhile, at the house of Stiff (shortly to open a New York branch), **Wreckless Eric** is planning to do five London gigs in one night — two numbers at each venue . . .

Of 20,000 **Deviants'** "Screwed Up" EPs pressed, some 4,000 are advance orders for the U.S. . . .

Rat Scabies now making ends meet by selling skateboards . . .

But a couple of other drummers are keeping active in more predictable ways. **Motorhead's Phil Taylor,** recently recovered from two broken hands after a punch-up with an **Adverts** roadie, was soon back in action at his local launderette when four crazed Teds attacked him. The ensuing fracas was interrupted by The Filth but although Taylor was found holding a milk bottle, he was allowed to take his dirty underwear home.

Meanwhile, **Vibrators'** drummer **John Edwards** was full of himself after a recent

. . . can now be located just around the block from the Naked Tit strip club, and a few doors up from "French dresser — top condition — needs inspection"! Along with the rest of the NME Editorial, T-Zers has joined the bright lights generation and gone to Soho. Please despatch all future items of scurrilous gossip, half truths and downright lies to ***NME, 3rd Floor, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.***

Two TUBES toobed at their recent reception. "Bored, dahling? Of course we're not bored. Pissed, maybe . . ." Dancer Louisiana (left) is currently open to offers for her middle-period ENO impressions. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

SILLY SIGNS OF THE TIMES As MICK (above) auditions for his rhythm guitarist's forthcoming Sensurround spectacular "Birdman Of Toronto City Jail", Horslips drummer EAMON CARR (below) practises digital manipulation by the German roadside.

Canadian visit, bragging about their six Montreal dates: "For the first two nights the punters had glasses, but after that they had paper cups," says Edwards. "Shows you how well we went down . . ."

COMPLETELY out-of-touch prats, aren't they? *T-Zers* refers to BBC DJs and, in this instance, **Noel Edmonds** in particular. "I think there are a lot of average records around at the moment," chirps the Beebs golden boy, "And apart from **Rod Stewart** there's no other single artist or band currently capturing the imagination of the record-buying public as did **The Beatles** or even **The Bay City Rollers.**" Jeez, what do these guys do all day . . .?

For a cool million and a half dollars much-liked rock manager **Don Arden** has bought the late **Howard Hughes'** LA home . . .

PVK Records, optimists that they are, hoping to sign **Peter Green** . . .

Talking of barmy guitarists, **Wilko's** opening night at Middlesex Poly was a bit like an A&R man's convention. For the benefit of CBS' perplexed **Dan Loggins,** Wilko staged a minor epileptic fit in his dressing room. "I was testing him," said Wilko after Loggins had left in distress . . .

Graham Parker's Rumour and **Clover** caught in gale-lashed and flood-sodden Morecambe last week. When they finally made it to their sea-front hotel, the emergency lighting failed as they attempted to order food from a dago waiter called **Manuel** who couldn't speak English . . .

John Cleese offers his condolences to GP. And *he* may be doing radio ads for **The Dead Boys** . . .

London dealer **Brian Gatland** is refusing to carry **The Tom Robinson Band's** "Motorway" single because of the reference to the Free **George Ince** Campaign on the B-side . . .

Virgin preparing themselves for legal problems over **Derek And Clive's** "Come Again" album. *T-Zers* can't wait to hear the 11 and a half minute dissertation on masturbation.

As a joke, **Generation X** played The Roxy's audition night. They won (otherwise we probably wouldn't have heard about it) . . .

Moscow's first disco has opened. It's dedicated to, er, **Bob Dylan** (it says here) . . .

After current tour **Thin Lizzy** going into studio to cut three singles-which-won't-be-on albums.

Brian Robertson is definitely back in the band, and expect a "Lizzy Live" album soon . . .

After jamming with **Jim Capaldi** at Bath recently, **Steve Winwood** returns to the London stage accompanying **John Martyn** at the Rainbow next week . . .

FRANK ZAPPA, sueing Warner Bros for ten million dollars, includes his thoughts on the legalities in his stage version of "Titties 'n' Beer", in which Warners execs are forced to listen to disco and **Black Sabbaff** while strapped to an explosive enema called **Tower Of Power.** A court injunction has been slapped on the forthcoming four-record set, Zappa In New York".

After their trouble with the girl-in-a-Titanic-lifebelt ad, Smirnoff vodka had another run-in with the Advertising Standards Authority, which claimed their new poster (depicting a girl in a telephone booth cum shower and a man holding an umbrella for her) was 'too sexy' — because the man is black. When Smirnoff threatened to go to the Race-Relations Boards, the ASA graciously withdrew their objection . . .

Gregg "If it wasn't for Cher I'd be dead" **Allman** sueing Springboard Records over the "Gregg And Duane Allman" double album compilation of ten year old Hourglass material . . .

An appeal for a **Bing Crosby** memorial plaque at the Brighton Centre, where he gave his last concert, raised a total of £1.50 . . .

Big In Japan continue to languish at the bottom of the Sunday football league. At Hyde Park, even with the assistance of **Deaf School's Mr Average,** they went down 7-8 to a **Yachts/Rich Kids** XI. So much for Scouse football. **Clough** for England . . .

T-Zers recommends Trivia Press' *Public Enemy Number One* comic (especially **Lunchie Bunsworth,** who somewhat resembles *NME's* own **Monty Smith**), available from 50a Eastlake Road, London SE5. It's worth eight bob (40p) of anyone's money. Almost . . .

"Sweet music is doomed to peter out as a form," says **Stranglers'** manager **Dai Davis.** "Angry music like that of **The Doors** has always been successful." Tell that to **Paul McCartney** . . .

Macca already knows, really, since his 14-year-old daughter **Heather** is into **The Pistols, The Clash, The Damned** and **London** . . .

Following *Thrills* exclusive dossier on The Animal Liberation Front last week comes the timely paperback publication of **William Kotzwinkle's** *Dr Rat,* a brilliant attack on animal abuse much raved over when it appeared in hardback by *NME's* **Neil Spencer** who sees his accolade nestling proudly alongside those of *The Times The Guardian* and *The New York Times.* Price 85p in Corgi, and well worth forgoing your next picture sleeve single for . . .

And **Paul** seems to be working as hard as his daughter to forget **The Beatles** ever existed. On **Nicky Horne's** Capital Radio show, McCartney claimed never to have listened to the "Hollywood Bowl" and "Hamburg Tapes" albums.

But at least Liverpool remembers 'em. After months of indecision, a Beatles statue *will* be erected in the city. One Merseyside Tory councillor isn't pleased: "The Beatles can't sing for toffee . . ."

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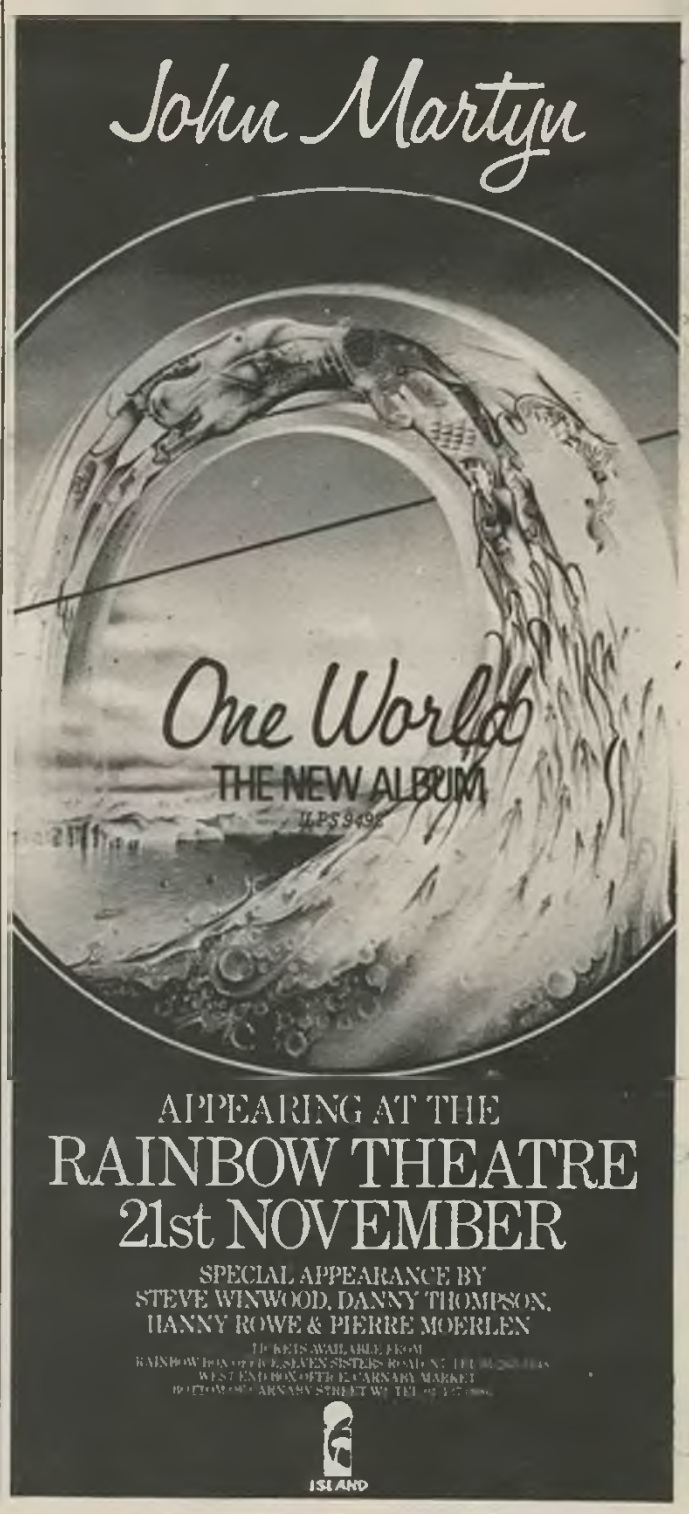

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England can go to hell

The Independent Television Companies' Association (ITCA) and the Association of Independent Radio Contractors (AIRC), the trade associations which examine advertising for commercial television and radio, have banned advertisements for the record. A spokesman said: "We considered the record itself was unsuitable for advertising on family media like television and radio."

The BBC said last night that it had banned none of the tracks on the record. ...

The controversial record cover

SEX PISTOLS IN A NEW 'FOUR LETTER' STORM

Shops ban LP by punk band

BY HILARY BONNER

THE Sex Pistols punk rock group, who shot to fame on a bandwagon of swearing and shocking behaviour, have created a new storm with their first LP.

The album, already guaranteed a gold disc with astonishing advance ...

tomorrow.

In London, record shop manager Mr Pete Sennett, has been warned by the police to cover up the word "bollocks."

Mr Sennett, manager of Small Wonder Record...

A spokesman said Capital would not play the record because of a line in the lyrics likening Belsen to a holiday camp.

Unanimous

Mr John Jackson, of the Independent Television Companies Association, said yesterday: "It is not the wording or the form of the ads but the product itself we object to. The decision was unanimous. 'But this ...

BLAMED: Princess Grace of Monaco.

POLICE SWOOP ON STORE IN PIS... DISC...

PISTOLS FILM SHOCKER FOR GRACE

BY BOB HART

A SEXY bedroom scene between Sex Pistols punk rock star Sid Vicious and actress Marianne Faithfull has enraged Princess Grace of Monaco.

After reading the film script, Princess Grace objected to the scene in which Miss Faithful plays Mr Vicious's mother.

The Princess is a principal shareholder in Twentieth Century Fox, who were putting £150,000 into ... film—Who ... called a ... and the ... withdrawn ...

Mr Al Clarke, press officer for Virgin Records, said: "The LP was released 11 days ago. It ...

James Johnson and Kevin Murphy

RECORD-SHOP manager was ... rested this afternoon in ... on with the displ... versial new pur... the Sex Pistol...

The record ... Bollocks, Here ... at No 1 in sor... a gold disc ...

Shocking

... names."

However, a detailed ... pearean knowledge ... needed to appreciate ... full implications of the record's title. For in Henry V, Act Two, Scene, Two, loud-mouthed, thuggish Pistol says:

"I do retort the solus in thy bowels.

For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up, And flashing fire ...

He was released on £20 bail after being charged under a section of the 68-year-old Indecent Advertisements Act. ...

NEVER MIND THE ! CENSORED!

HERE'S THE

The Sex Pistols record sleeve without THAT word

But ... a lot of wit in the words, there really is ... submerged ... a while it becomes two-chord ... in one long, ... like effect of bash, the cur... repeated which is ... head with a sock blow. Never mind what about ...

WEBLEY

...varned yesterday that ... for advertising the ...k-rock LP.

... the record's title may ... isements Act.

Television and radio ...

RECORD ... they ... co...

Sex Pistols ALBUM

New Sex Pistols record banned

By JOHN BLAKE

A SWEAR word in the title has led to the first album by the controversial Sex Pistols being banned by all branches of W. H. Smiths, Woolworths and Boots.

Yet the record, Never Mind The ******* Here's ...

THE ALBUM WILL LAST. THE SLEEVE MAY NOT.